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9 King Street,
Aberdeen.

JAMES DAVIDSON,
General Manager.



Vol. XI.—No. 5.]

ABERDEEN, April 11, 1891.

[ONE PENNY.]

THE
IVANHOE,
VERY OLD
SCOTCH WHISKY
A more Honest
Whisky
Cannot be got.
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Merchants in our La-
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Bottles.
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RHIND & CO.,
LEITH.

BOILING WATER OR MILK.

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

WARNING TO THE PUBLIC.

I OBSERVE in to-day's issue of the "Daily Free Press" and "Aberdeen Journal" a paragraph intimating that the sanitary inspector had collected samples of arated waters, and had them analysed by the City analyst. Three of them were found to be "Genuine," while the remaining ten were found to contain traces of lead, some of them in excessive quantity. In my own interest and that of the public, I beg to state that my waters have stood the test of analysis on many occasions—at the Aberdeen University and elsewhere—and in this case, as usual, I have headed in the list as "NO. 1 GENUINE." In future the public should see that they purchase only the "Genuine" waters, and not run the risk of being slowly poisoned.
Lemon St., Aberdeen, 12th March, 1891. WILLIAM THOMSON.

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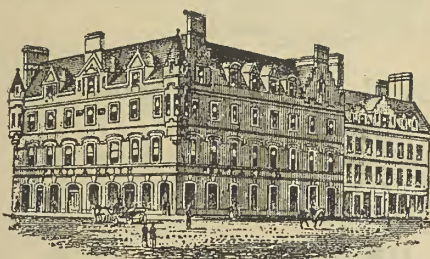
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Of which we are having very satisfactory Sales.

James Littlejohn & Sons,

TEA, WINE, & SPIRIT MERCHANTS,

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ABERDEEN.

The Letter Basket.



B. L. H. (Aberdeen.)—The sign of a gentleman nowadays is for a man to walk about with his hands in his own pockets. When a gent. puts his hands in another gent.'s pockets with intent, he is not a gentleman. There is another word for that, and the policeman's time is devoted to looking after such.

ARABELLA (Edinburgh).—Yes, we have often thought of having a lady on our staff—more to be a staff and a comfort than anything else.

J. H. B. (Portsoy).—Smoking is certainly most injurious to the sight. For instance, a haddock when smoked cannot use its optics to any great extent.

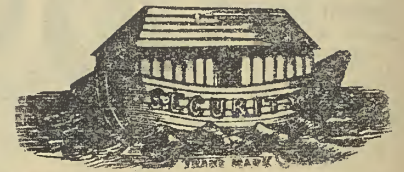
JENNY (Woodside).—We cannot fathom the use of those two long strings on ladies' bonnets as is the present fashion. Probably it is to keep their back hair oil.

CROESUS (Broughty-Ferry).—If you be in all truth a Croesus, you need not bother writing poetry. We have, however, no objections to change places with you if you feel so inclined.

J. R. C. (Buxburn).—We are always open for blood and murder tit-bits. We cannot, however, accept anything with less than four murders and two elopements for every chapter. We stick firmly to our "Chapter of Accidents" rule.

POET (Peterhead).—Tennyson is showing weakness, and if you have any thoughts of becoming the future Poet Laureate you had better stir your stumps in the poetic line. We do not know the salary attached to the post, but have, no doubt, it would figure out the respectable sum of about one penny per eight square yards.

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

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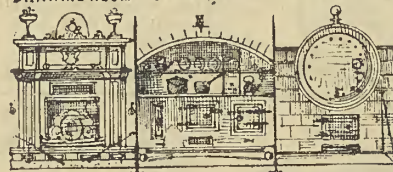
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L. C. (Aberdeen.) — You should never vow vengeance at your wife. In fact, never threaten, but act with the poker or anything that is handy. Deeds and not words are what a married man should do similarly placed as you seem to be.

LUCY (Stonehaven). — We hardly know how to advise you in such a delicate matter. Of course we can imagine what your feelings are when you see your "ownest" making palpable love to your widowed mother. The question seems to us to be, "Whether you wish him to be your husband or your step-father." Had we our say we should say the latter.

ISABELLA (Mannofield). — We do not as a rule give lessons in that art of writing poetry. However, to oblige you, we will devote the time of our war correspondent for a week to learning you the mysteries of rhyme. But you must, ere you begin, promise not to trifle with his affections.

JIM (Aberdeen). — We are not at all surprised to hear that you were found ineligible to contribute hymns to the *Police News*. Your sphere is aloft, and you should lose no time in shaking the dust of this weary world off your feet and ascend to brighter spheres. Let's hear how you get on.

B. C. (Aberdeen.) — If you have given your wrong age in the census schedule, the crime will haunt you day and night. Far better for your future peace of mind interview Lord Lothian on the subject, and get the matter rectified at once. A crime like this is punishable with the extreme penalty of the law.

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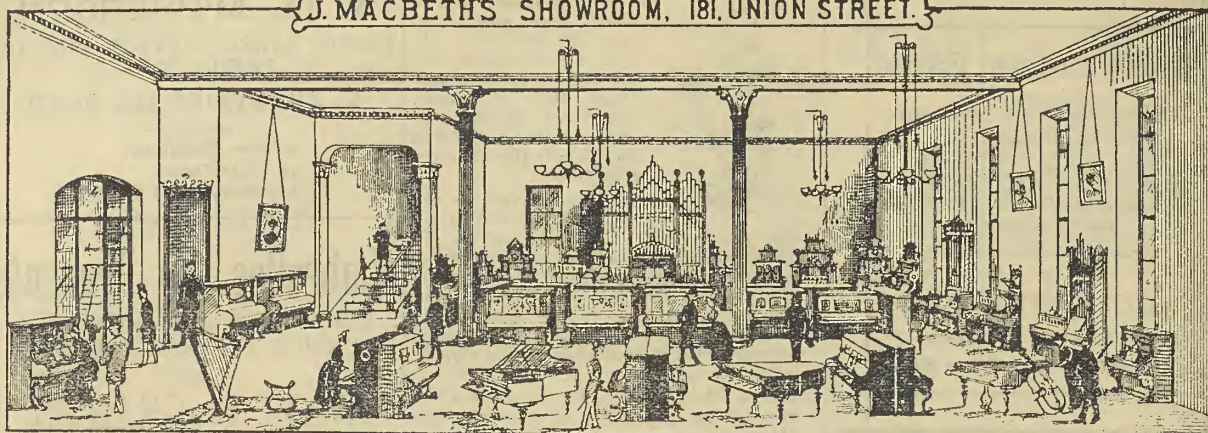
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PIANOS—Largest Selection at
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 Stock of
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 HAVANA & MANILLA CIGARS & CHEROOTS
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Feuing on Spital Estate.
EXCELLENT FEUS in King Street
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 At very Moderate Prices.
 Price-List Free. Orders promptly attended to.
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NEW MILLINERY!
NEW DRESSES!
NEW MANTLES!

Reid & Bain ARE
 now
 showing first deliveries of the above for Spring
 1891. Also, Newest things in CORSETS,
 GLOVES, UMBRELLAS, CURTAINS,
 GIMPS, GIRDLES, TRIMMINGS, &c., &c.
 Orders can now be executed either by the
 Dressmaker, Jacketmaker, or Milliner, in
Latest Styles, and we suggest the placing of
 these early to ensure prompt execution

“Welcome, always keep it handy,
Grant's Morella Cherry Brandy.”

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

DRINK
CURR'S
COFFEE
ESSENCE

Scenes from Scottish History—New Series.



"A MOTHER'S MEETING"—Dedicating the Babies to Wallace.

WHEN Edward I. kindly relieved Baliol of all responsibility in connection with the government of Scotland, he continued the business himself, placing in authority under him Lord de Warrene as Justiciary, W. Ormsby as Chief Judge, and Hugh Cressingham as Lord High Tax-collector. In one respect, at anyrate, the latter resembled our modern clergyman. He was rather over-zealous in making collections, and it was no doubt to the experience in this direction he had gained at his church that he owed the office. This touched the Scots in a sore place. Now they are a patient people, the Scots. A garrison of 7000 had been put to the sword—and they had borne that. Their chief men had been imprisoned—and they had borne that. English governors with autocratic powers were put over their towers, who took from them what they liked, and whose soldiers repeatedly insulted them—and they had borne that. Then the Rev. Hugh Cressingham went in, allegorically speaking, constantly sending around the plate—and they rose. This is the time to introduce William Wallace.

It is midnight. A man, beautiful as a Greek god, with golden flowing locks and a sad yet triumphant smile, is seen pointing with his sword to a distant castle. This is William. The castle is Lanark Castle, and he has come to avenge the death of his wife, who was murdered by the governor. Having killed the

villain, the people flocked to his standard. One of his most prominent officers in the early skirmishes was a Sir Alexander Scrymgeour, from whom the word "scrimmage" has probably been derived. At length his followers assembled in fairly large numbers on the cliffs at Loch Nubnaig, and here occurred the scene so eloquently described by Jane Porter in the "Scottish Chiefs":—

"The women wept as they clung to his hand, and one holding up her arms presented it to him. 'Look on my son,' cried she. 'The first words he speaks shall be Wallace, the second, Liberty.' At this speech all the women held up their children towards him. 'Here,' cried they, 'we devote them to our country. Adopt them, noble Wallace, to be thy followers in arms.' Unable to speak, Wallace pressed their little faces separately to his lips, then returning them to their mothers he hurried from the weeping group, and immersing amid the cliffs, hid himself."

Wallace, who never fled from a foe, bolting from the babies is good. And of all the hardships he experienced, this one arouses our sympathy the most. It reminds us of the incident related by Dickens in "Pickwick" at the election of the Honble Samuel Slumkey. The former scene immortalized by Porter, the latter described by Pott, doubtless, in the *Batonswill Gazette*. It will be remembered that six children were provided for the Honble

Slumkey to pat on the head, and inquire the ages of, and it was hinted that if he *could* manage to kiss one it would have a great effect.

"He has kissed one of them," cried Mr Perker, the agent, as a great cheer arose. A roar of applause that rent the air. "He has kissed another," he gasped. A third roar. "He's kissing 'em all."

A Hard Life.

I AM a wo-wo-woful man—
My gug-gug-goal I'll never reach,
Bub-ub-ecause I hu-have an
Imp-up-up-ediment of speech.

I lul-ul-loved a nice mum-maid,
And stut-ut-arted to propose,
Bub-but before my words were said
Sh-she fuf-fell into a doze.

I'd chances to wow-win a pile,
Bub-but wow-when I tried to speak,
The other fellow with a smile
Declined to wow-ow-wait a week.

Sus-so it goes in all I do,
Num-no mum-matter wow-wow-what ;
I'm always left tut-tut-tut to
Bemoan my beastly lul-lul-lot.

And this wow-wow-why I am
Nigh ready now to skeeh-kuk-creech—
Oh, dud-dud-dud-dud-dud-dud—n
Imp-up-up-ediment of speech.

C. S.

TELEPHONE Nos. 324 and 374.

Bon-Accord.

Proprietors { The BON-ACCORD PRINTING
and PUBLISHING COMPANY.
Office: PALACE BUILDINGS, Windmill Brae.

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ILLUSTRATIONS

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**WILL O' THE WISP**

JUST now when the School Board election is on,
Say, what shall we do in the matter?
Our number nine tacketty boots we will don,
To show what to do in the matter,
And give the Trades Council the force of our toe,
To teach what by this time they really should know
That they're not the bosses of each blooming show—
Aye, that's what we'll do in the matter.

Of course, men of standing is what we now want,
To help us along in this matter,
But not parson bodies who rave and who rant,
Though that really doesn't much matter!
'Tis men like Stopani we want at our Board,
To see that the parents of young Bon-Accord
A guid education their bairns afford,
And keep them well up in this matter.

And now that the Census man has been around,
Say, what have we done in the matter?
We've told him some whopping big lies I'll be bound,
Yes, that's what we've done in this matter;
For ladies, when met by the question of age,
Though smiling so knowingly, looking so sage,
Thought to tell what in bonnets is now all the rage
Would be a much easier matter.

Now that the calendar says that its spring,
Though not very clear on the matter,
The hoosewife, o'erjoyed, has a quiet little fling,
Which we call a regrettable matter!

'Tis then that you see us each seated in state
On a tub, while dinner is served on a plate,
Adorned with an emblem betokening the grate,
Such as soot, or some similar matter.

Now, where is the Oldmachar organ to go?
Is a highly important matter;
Alas! I'm afraid there are few folks who know
What is their own mind on the matter;
But some Free Kirk bodies, who music deride,
Would fain for their brethren this question decide
By leaving the instrument standing outside,
And thus put an end to the matter!

THE Temperance Society of Aberdeen, ever on the alert for a chance to testotalise the community, and in view of the recent decision of the House of Lords in the great English licensing case, have resolved to break out in the new place at the Licensing Court next Tuesday.

THEY propose to petition the Magistrates to withdraw three licenses in the centre of the city, and signed petitions are likely to be handed in in support of their prayer. In fact, the Temperance Society wish to assume the powers and privileges which we had thought had long departed with the dictators of ancient Rome.

THIS is decidedly quite a new move on the temperance chessboard, but in all probability they will get checkmated in one move.

ASSUMING, however, that these licenses are taken away, will the mere fact of doing so decrease intemperance in any way? We fancy not. It will simply have the tendency to throw an increased trade into the other places in the vicinity, and as everyone knows, when there is a congregation of friends meet, more liquor is consumed than what would be were there many more quiet places in town when friends could drop in and have what they want in quietness and peace.

TUESDAY next will in all probabilities be marked by one of the fiercest fights on record between the forces of the temperance party and that of their sworn enemies. The proceedings, however, which are expected to be of a hugely belligerent character, may be in favour of the T.T.'s, which will just afford the "country squires" another opportunity of teaching the temperance "Paul Prys" another lesson just to remind them that they are not lords of all creation yet awhile.

BAILIE MACKENZIE at Monday's meeting of the Council said that the "Rescue" should be supplied with a cap. Now then, ye town tailors, clothiers, and hatters, come along with your estimates.

IN the matter of the dirty state of the basements of the statues of Mr William Wallace and General Gordon, Mr Simpson thought that their bottoms might be washed once every six months. Why not every Saturday night, Mr S?

MR SIMPSON also suggested that the lettering round the upper basement of the

Wallace statue should be painted black, principally because, to use a Morganism, "The inscription is not meant to be red."

AT the meeting the question of the gas came up, which, by the way, has got into such a deplorable mess that we are quite unequal to tackle the problem without the aid of a pick to unearth all the intricacies of decimal points of candle power.

WE would, however, just point out that for some time past the gas has been simply abominable, and those at whose door the fault lies should be severely taken over the coals—the gas coals!

IN the matter of the proposed badge of office denoting the wearer to belong to the high and mighty municipal circle, Bailie Lyon's motion has received the gracious assent of a majority alike of old and new.

STILL, on the face of it the idea of ornamenting our councillors with badges is so puerile that it could only have come from a leader of the new party. The reason, however, is not far to seek. It is, we fancy, that the councillors—at least, those who voted for it—are so common-place looking and so devoid of municipal bearing that they must perforce be ticketed to make the public aware that "This is a Town Councillor."

IN seconding the amendment, Mr Scott rebaptised the leader of the new party with the fitting name of "Adonis." Very neat and apropos, Mr Scott. But we venture to say that the majority of the learned Town Council don't know who or what Adonis was, just as some of them asked information on the identity of "Mantalini." Shades of Dickens!

SEEING that this puerile motion, however, is carried, we may expect to see on the next occasion of a south deputation the individual members labelled, "Town Councillor of Aberdeen. With care. Perishable goods. This side up."



ON Friday evening the N.-C.O.'s presented their late commanding officer, Colonel Hall,

with a very handsome portrait of himself. Colonel Austice, who was accompanied by Captain Wood, made the presentation on behalf of the Non-Coms., and while expressing his pleasure at being chosen their commanding officer, said no one more than he regretted the occasion of it. Colonel Hall, who was present, was received with great applause, and his health having been proposed by the chairman, it was drunk with full honours.

CAPTAIN TAYLOR believes in badges. He got one himself lately. Well, why doesn't he wear it in the street to show that he is the *beau ideal* of the Ferryhill Ward? It is conspicuous enough, we fancy.

IN the course of the discussion, Bailie Lyon twitted Mr Tulloch and Mr Kemp about the decoration called the "Blue Ribbon." This is decidedly a little below the belt, Bailie, especially as you and your set owe your present position to those who are the temperance party, both in act and in deed.

IF the Town Council want a badge, let it be as in Titus Andronicus, "Nobility's true badge." For what sayeth our own bard of Scotland—the immortal Robbie—

The gowd is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the man for a' that.

AND yet again the best badge that certain members of the so-called temperance party could don would be "the blue ribbon." That would show they were consistent, at least.

YET another new party fad. What with official robes, badges of office, golden chains, blue ribbons (!) the Bailies of the future will be such a mass of ornamentation that their own mothers will signally fail to recognise them.

YES, Mr Taylor, let us have the old Russian guns removed from the obscurity of Gordon's College, and placed in some more prominent position. Why not put them back to their original places on either side of the Duke of Gordon? Or why not take them up to the Council Chamber to assist the Provost in maintaining order? Or why not melt them down and make "badges" of them as suggested by Mr Scott?

ALTHOUGH a compromise in the matter of a School Board election has been effected, and an election consequently avoided, we do not quite see the force of School Boards being made to order, so to speak, without the ratepayers having a voice in the matter. This procedure certainly smacks of the order "Hole and Corner." Although we have no objection to urge against any individual member of the new Board, we think that a better selection might have been made by the usual ballot mode.

LET us hope, however, that the "self-elected" will prove worthy of as much public confidence as that confidence which they seem to have of themselves in their own minds.

THE Band of the 1st V.B.G.H. held their annual assembly on Saturday last in the Albert Hall. Mr Fraser, in the absence of

Lieutenant-Colonel Cannon, occupied the chair, and the various events in the programme, which was short but in good taste, were much appreciated. An enjoyable dance filled the period between the concert and the dawning of the Lord's Day. The duties of M.C. were discharged by Bandsman Daniel, and the successful nature of the whole assembly was due to the energy of Sergeant Davidson.

BY the way, the band seems to be a favoured company in their being able to pull off a special licence for the occasion.

THE members of the Aberdeen Philosophical Society and their friends enjoyed a rare treat on Monday night. Rev. H. W.



Wright, the genial pastor of Ferryhill Church, one of the most accomplished local musical members of the cloth, lectured "on the past and present of musical art in Britain," in a manner which shewed his thorough knowledge of musical matters. The lecture was much appreciated, as also was the "stand up" made for Scotch music by the learned doctor of the Grammar School, and the musical assistant manager and secretary of the Great North of Scotland Railway.

THE Gas Committee propose increasing the price of gas 4d per 1000 cubic feet. Better increase the quality first.

THE Aberdeen Philharmonic Society's third and last concert was given on Tuesday night in the Music Hall, in presence of a large audience. Mendelssohn's 95th Psalm formed the first part of the programme, and was, in point of band, soloists, and chorus, an excellent performance, the soloists, Miss Emily Spada and Mr Philip Newbury, acquitting themselves in a highly artistic and admirable style. No less enjoyable was the second part, in which the capabilities of the band were shown to capital advantage. Perhaps the outstanding features of the latter part of the programme were the violin playing of Herr Miersch and the 'cello playing of Herr Hochstein, the rendering of Ernest's "Elegie" by the former being full of artistic expression and tender feeling.

Herr Hochstein was none the less successful in Schumann-Popper's "Traumerei" and Davidoff's "Am Spring-Brunnen." Herr Reiter is to be complimented on the success of the concert, which was a most enjoyable one.

IF the head of the family had been away from home on Sunday night, could he be said to be out of his own *Census*?

LAST Friday evening a most enjoyable concert was given by the members of the Skene Street Congregational Church choir, assisted by several friends, in the Church Hall. The first part of the programme was devoted to items of a miscellaneous nature, in which the various artistes very creditably acquitted themselves. The second part of the programme was devoted to Locke's music to "Macbeth," which was done in a manner, to say the least of it, highly complimentary alike both to the soloists and the choir. Special mention must be made of Miss M. Souttar, who presided at the piano, and did so much for the success of the concert.

WE have received a sample packet of Bell's "Corn-Cob" Bar, which we handed over for review to the poet—an adept at the consumption of tobacco. His opinion is that "Corn-Cob" is about the best smoke he has had for a long time, being at once mellow, solacing, and free from all the impurities so prevalent in the cheap tobacco of to-day. In fact, the man of rhyme says that "Corn-Cob" is the cob upon which he will lay his money and no other.

THE Spring Show of the Royal Horticultural Society, which is being held in the Music Hall, to-day (Friday), and to-morrow (Saturday), promises to be most successful. A large display of plants, flowers, and vegetables, is expected, and in addition there will be botanical lectures by Professor Trail, musical promenade, dancing, &c. Mr



Thomas Watt, confectioner, has charge of the refreshment room. Music will be supplied by a strong orchestra from the 1st V.B.G.H. The decorations are by Messrs Shirras & Son, Schoolhill.

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know if "fits are hereditary." Any boy compelled to wear out his father's old clothes could tell him they are not.

SOUTH ABERDEEN is anxious to have a "Champion M.P." What's ado with Mr Archibald Duff?

ON Wednesday last the workmen of Messrs Blaikie Brothers, engineers, Footdee, presented their foreman, Mr W. S. Booth, with a handsome meerschaum pipe on the occasion of his leaving to fill an important



position in Manchester. Mr Booth has acted as foreman in the boiler and bridge department at Footdee Works for over 15 years, and has been the recipient of more than one testimonial from the workmen under him, which shews the harmony and good feeling which exist at Footdee, and the high esteem in which Mr Booth is held by the men. Mr Booth will be missed in Torry, where he took an active interest in all that pertained to the good of the village.

We have received from a poet of the deepest dye an ode on spring. As, however, the weather in the beginning of the week was anything but of a spring nature, we refrain from publishing it—the poem, not the weather—in the hope that we may get a chance of spring weather before the year is out.

THE Ferryhill folks are saying that meerschaum pipes seem to be getting very scarce, as one of the best looking gentlemen of that vicinity was seen promenading up Bon-Accord Street the other day with a clay pipe protruding from his mouth.

SOME philosopher has figured out that if the sun were a burning sphere of solid coal it could not last six thousand years. The great value of this item lies in the reflection that the sun is not a burning sphere of solid coal.

"HONESTY is the best policy." We have all along said so, and we have just heard of another item which confirms our theory on honesty. The other day a little boy

chanced to pick up a cheque for over two pounds drawn in favour of a local baker. The finder losing no time hid him to the shop of the man of dough to make restitution of his find. He got his reward in the shape of a not over warm reception, and a "Thank you," which for warmth of tone might have been hatched in the immediate vicinity of the North Pole. Truly, virtue goes not unrewarded in this charitable world of ours.

ONCE more have a batch of budding philosophers and sucking sawbones been let loose on the world from the halls of King's and Marischal Colleges. Where all the knights of the scalpel are to find patients baffles us, unless they hie to the Arctic regions, and amputate the ice in order to clear a passage to the North Pole. This would be an *ice* recreation for them.

"STEWARD!" cried the miserable passenger. "Yes, sir. Anything I can bring you, sir?" "Nothing, steward, but an acre of real estate—anywhere—hang the neighbourhood, as long as it is good solid ground."

THE Cingalese students attending the Aberdeen University have formed a Union, and elected their office-bearers. The outstanding feature of the office-bearers is that they are bearers of names which would simply break the jaws of any Scotchman who persisted to any great extent in repeating their names.

AN advertiser in the *Evening Express* of Saturday last wants "50 Generals." We should have thought that direct application to the Horse Guards would have been the most businesslike method to secure them.

WHAT may be designated as a most dastardly act occurred last Saturday afternoon on the occasion of the march out of the 1st A.A.V. Just as the "procession" was on the point of leaving the rendezvous the captain in command gave the order for the bugle call to be sounded. The Bugle Major, in putting the bugle to his lips, found that the instrument had been tampered with, so much so that not a note could be got from it. On subsequent investigation this gentleman found the mouthpiece had been artfully stuffed with cotton wool. Whether this is the outcome of jealousy on the part of some would-be Bugle Majors or not, we earnestly hope that those in command will sift the matter to the bottom, and leave no stone unturned to unearth and unmask the idiot, who no doubt thinks the matter a huge joke, an opinion, however, which is not shared by with the members of the 1st A.A.V. nor the public.

THE *Evening Express* of Saturday contains the following imperial ukase from the Court of Peter Riach:—

PETER RIACH, 45 REGENT QUAY, begs to intimate from this date that he is Free from the Federation Agent. Nothing more to do with it. Signed by me, PETER RIACH.

This being so, we may safely conclude that the days of the Federation are numbered, and unless Peter reconsiders his decision, we don't see how the Federation is to survive the shock.

The Force of Habit Again.

A rising dramatist, having been accused of borrowing some of the incidents of his last original play from the Bible, wrote as follows to the newspapers:—

"ED. OF *Lullaby*."

"Dear Sir—My attention having been called to an article in your paper, wherein you bring against me the charge of plagiarism from the Bible, I would say that I never saw the work you mention until it was brought to my notice by yourself.

"I have not yet had time to examine a copy, nor do I know the author, whose name does not appear on the title-page. I think I can easily establish the fact, however, that my play was already written long before the appearance of the book you quote, and that, consequently, if any charges of piracy are to be brought, I am not the guilty party. In fact, a mere cursory glance over the pages of the book revealed a startling similarity in the phrasing of certain passages, which can point to but one conclusion. I instance the speech—"Let him that is without sin amongst you, cast the first stone"—the closing speech of my third act, word for word.

"Yours truly,
FAKE, *Dramatist*."

A Devout Woman.

"WELL, what did you think of the display of millinery?" asked Cumso as he and his wife left the church after the Easter service.

"Indeed, I didn't look at the hats, George, dear," replied Mrs Cumso, "I was so thoroughly absorbed in the service."



JOHN STREET.

DID any natural historian ever hear of a pretty polly which could manipulate the pen? There is such a *rara avis* in Elgin.



TO BE LIVED DOWN.

THE M.D. (whispering)—“Now, Jones, it's yours.”
 JONES (ditto)—“No, doctor, yours—it's sure death if you take hold of it.”

Bon-Accord Ballads.

NEVER AGAIN.

TIME was when I loved a most beautiful girl,

Till I well nigh got turned in the brain,
 In rhyme I compared her teeth unto pearl,
 And sonnets I wrote in praise of each curl,
 Till I got kicked out by her father, the churl,
 So you won't catch me do it again,
 Oh, no,
 You won't catch me do it again.

My love to a widow in turn I transferred,
 As sweet as a daughter of Spain,
 For she was as rich as a mine 'twas averred,
 But I shortly found out that in this I had erred,
 So I chucked her up too, and as might be
 inferred,
 You won't catch me do it again,
 Oh, no,
 I'll ne'er court a widow again.

My heart then got soft on a sweet buxom cook
 (And Cupid bound me with his chain),
 Who hung on my words and my every look,
 Till me for a bobby one day she forsook,
 So I heaved a deep sigh, and my farewell I
 took;
 You won't catch me do it again,
 Oh, no,
 I'll ne'er mash a cookie again.

Then a sweet little thing of some sixty odd
 years
 Tried hard to solace my pain;
 I loved her, oh, yes, till there came to my ears
 A rumour she liked—well, innumerable beers,
 Instead of the cup which people say cheers;
 You won't catch me do it again,
 Oh, no,
 I'll ne'er spoon a sixty again.

And so every maid I have spooned in my life
 I've broken with—much to my gain—
 Some were blessed with a *penchant* for kicking
 up strife,
 While others affected a poker or knife,
 And so in the matter of seeking a wife
 You won't catch me do it again,
 Oh, no,
 You'll ne'er catch me courting again.

Dot.

A “Peeler's” Confession.

I AM a policeman. I have been on the
 beat all my life, and that is why I make out
 so well. My only trouble is my flesh. I
 am so fat that I can't crawl into a coal-box
 to take a sleep, or hide behind a tree when
 there is a row anywhere. It would take an
 old memorial elm to hide me so that a foot
 of me would not bulge out on each side.
 When I have to run anywhere, I get out of
 breath before I have travelled half the dis-
 tance. I am so wide that no burglar can
 fire at me and miss. And then I am so
 heavy that the tramway company won't let
 me ride free.

I am such a capacious “peeler” that the
 publicans on my beat object to filling me.
 It costs me twice as much as any other man
 on the “Force” to get a suit of clothes, and
 when I go up into a rickety tenement, the
 stairs break under me and spill me in the
 cellar.

I am so fat that I button my shoes with a
 boat-hook. If I drop anything on the floor,
 I have to lie down to pick it up. If a
 burglar lies on the ground I can't take him
 in, I'd rather take in a football match
 than anything else I can think of just now.
 Furthermore, if the Town Council ever see
 fit to “break” me, I trust they will save
 the pieces.

An Observant Miss.

“WHY don't you and Charlie get
 married?”
 “We are too fond of each other. Why
 should we destroy our happiness?”

The Office-Towel.

OFTEN I think of the old printing-office
 towel. It was a beautiful towel to
 gaze upon when it was fresh and clean on
 Monday morning, for then it was a yard
 wide, and as sweet as a lily. But by Mon-
 day evening it had the devil's finger-marks
 on it, and they were more plainly impressed
 than any footsteps that were ever made on
 the sands of Time.

On Monday it was fit to wipe your face on
 for fifteen minutes after being put up.

On Tuesday it was a hand-towel—that is,
 it would clean a printer's hands, and soil
 any one else's.

On Wednesday it would put a patent-
 leather shine on a pair of brown-leather
 shoes. And then it got thin, too, and it
 kept getting thinner, until it almost looked
 like a shoe-string.

One day a compositor with the D. T.'s took
 it for a black snake, and rushing for the
 stair-way, fell all the way down over the
 devil who was coming up with an armful of
 pie wrapped in brown paper, and a pail of
 beer hanging on each finger.

By Friday the towel was so black that
 you could run it over a galley and pull a
 proof.

On Saturday it was wrung out into the
 ink-bottle, and then used in the press-room
 for drying the inktables.

On Saturday forenoon a compositor had a
 headache, and tied it around his head.
 Oxalic acid would not take the black off,
 and he had to dye his red hair black to es-
 cape ridicule.

Then a farmer bought it and took it
 home. He said some time after that he had
 used it as a fertilizer, and had a splendid
 crop of flax and winey shirts.



TRYING TO CATCH THE SPEAKER'S EYE.

The Dear Girls.

ETHEL—“The way that Clara flirts is
 perfectly shameful.”

MAUD—“Don't be too hard on her, dear.
 Remember that you were once young your-
 self.”

At the Flies.

The Theatre.

IF we were to ask the habitués of the gallery of Her Majesty's Theatre the question, "Is Life Worth Living?" we would be in all likelihood told that it is, in order if for nothing else than to see Mr Scudamore's stirring drama of that name. It is a little unfortunate, however, that it should come after such a high-class play as "The Private Secretary," at least so far as the better priced seats are concerned. Still, pit and gallery must be attended to with sensation in the same manner as the stalls and circle must have its legitimate and comic opera. Appealing as it does to those who go in for sensation, the play is full of "scenes" not "that are brightest," but which are full of striking situations, which in the minds of the "gods" is a "dasht sicht better." First and foremost among the actors is that remarkable Steam Roller, which, although it doesn't say much, has a great deal to account for, and does it in a way that all well regulated steam rollers are expected to act. Mr W. H. Hallatt and Mr Frederick Hall give a good account of the parts allotted to them, while Miss Blanche Steele and Miss Dora Deane are quite at home in their respective roles. The company all round is a capable one, and the scenery capital.

The Circus.

Mr John Henry Cooke has certainly no cause for complaint regarding the state of his house in Bridge Place unless that it is far too small to hold the audiences when such a spectacle as "The Water Sensation" is on. Now in the close of its third week, this remarkable burlesque shows more vigour than ever, and judging from the nightly packed house, is likely to be alive and kicking for a long time to come. The regular Circus programme is one full of freshness and variety, contributed to as it is by all the first-class talent of Mr Cooke's brilliant company.

PUBLIC NOTICES.

ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY OF ABERDEEN.

GRAND SPRING SHOW

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Admission—1s and 6d.

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LAST TWO NIGHTS of MR W. H. HALLATT and his Powerful Dramatic Company in the New Realistic Drama, in Four Acts,

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING ?

By F. A. SCUDAMORE.

Magnificent Scenery by Chas. Rider Noble and Snell.

MONDAY FIRST,

A VILLAGE PRIEST.

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

£100 FREE CASH PRIZE.

No entrance fee!! Open to all, and surprise Presents for all who enter!!! CLEARLY UNDERSTAND THIS IS NOT A SWINDLING COMPETITION AS THE MANY NOW BEING ADVERTISED BY UNSCRUPULOUS PERSONS, BUT ONE TO ADVERTISE GOOD AND USEFUL ARTICLES, AS ALL RECEIVING THEM WILL BE ASTONISHED AT THE VALUE, AND RECOMMEND THEIR FRIENDS TO PURCHASE. Count ALL the letters in verses only of the first chapter of "St. John," ordinary Bible. Write very, very plainly on a piece of paper your full name and address, and the total number of A's, B's, C's, and the other 23 letters of the alphabet, and total of all in the one chapter only. Post your list with 2s Postal Order and three penny stamps, on or before Monday, April 20th, not later, as Competition closes next day certain. For the 2s you will receive an article or articles guaranteed of not less than 2s value in any case, whether you win cash prize or not. Some are worth much more, and the great stock can now be viewed at the advertiser's address. They consist of Purses, 2s; Pipes, 2s 6d; Combination of Pen, Pencil, and Toothpick, 2s; Tobacco Pouches, 1s 3d and 1s 6d; Cigar Cases, 1s 6d and 2s; Cigarette Cases, 1s 3d; Fusee or Match Cases, 9d; Real Gold Pencil Cases, 3s; Boxes of 30 Birthday Cards as sold by stationers singly for 5s; Braces, 2s pair; Puzzle Pencils, 1s 3d; Nuttall's Dictionaries, price 9s 6d. Thus it will be seen some articles are worth more than 2s, and two of those that are under 2s will be sent. The 3d in stamps is to pay for postage of parcel and full printed result sheet, giving the correct number of letters and the winners' names and addresses, which will be posted together not later than May 1st. £100 Cash Prize to be "paid in full" same day certain, no matter how few send, to the one counting most correctly; if no one counts correctly, prize will be given for nearest correct work, and in case several count correctly the £100 cash will be equally divided amongst the correct counters. Anyone not wishing to enter the Competition can have any of the above-named articles post free by return, on receipt of Postal Order or stamps to amount mentioned against each. All are guaranteed of strong make to last a lifetime almost.

"A WEEK'S FREE HOLIDAY AT LONDON OR THE SEASIDE."

A Special Offer.—First Prize a £5 note and a new brown leather portmanteau, value £1 (just the thing for a week's holiday), other prizes five new 45s Silver Watches (either sizes) and 20 consolation prizes of 5s value. These 26 gifts to be given to the 26 persons getting most friends to enter the above Competition. Competitors trying for these special prizes must collect lists, etc., from their friends, and send all together in one envelope with his or her own, particularly calling attention to the latter, or one of your friends might get the "aver" and portmanteau instead of you. Write for a sample article or articles to-day, which will be sent by return post. You can then show to your friends proving 'tis no swindle, when asking them to compete, helping you to win the holiday. If two is the highest number sent the £5 note and portmanteau will be given. Each competitor must put either Mr, Mrs, Miss, or Master, whichever they may be, in front of name on list, to avoid any error in addressing parcel. Address letters; W. T. Pain, 14 St. Michael's Street, Folkestone, Kent.

JOHN HENRY COOKE'S ROYAL CIRCUS

BRIDGE STREET, ABERDEEN.

TO-NIGHT, and until further notice, ALLY SLOPER'S HALF HOLIDAY, CAR-NIVAL ON THE THAMES, and

GREAT WATER SENSATION.

Now in the Full Flush of its Success. The Wonder now is—"Where does the Water come from, and where does it go?" Be in time to secure Seats. Book early at Macbeth's, Union Street. TO-DAY (Saturday)—Day Performance. Doors open at 1.30. The GREAT WATER SENSATION.

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THE CONVENTION OF ROYAL "BURROWS."



THE MEDICAL GRADUATION—THE DEAN KEEPS ORDER.



Cricket.

James Forbes Lumsden, Advocate
(Late Hon. President of the Aberdeenshire C.C.).

Few if any districts in the country can lay claim to a gentleman who has done so much good and unselfish work in the cause of cricket than Mr Lumsden has done in connection with the game in the north of Scotland. The pioneer of cricket in Aberdeen, he was one of the originators—the principal originator in fact—of the Aberdeenshire. He was its first secretary, having been appointed at the formation of the club in 1857, and from that date down to 1888 he was the head and front of the Senior Club, "toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing," during all these years in his endeavours to mature and bring to perfection the noble summer game in these northern parts. His was indeed a labour of love, and his name will be held in pleasing remembrance for a long time to come, not only by the gentlemen who have been more intimately connected with him in his work, but by all cricketers who have in the least degree come in contact with him, and justly so, for it was his ambition to see the game advance, not only in his own club, but on the Links, and in the country as well, and nothing pleased him better than to see these clubs make a good appearance against the 'Shire. He was an excellent captain, with a thorough knowledge of his men, knowing all their strong as well as their weak points. Under his eye, "Attention!" was the word, and no one dare trifle with him. He was a thorough disciplinarian—patient with the beginner, kindly with the nervous ones, and always had a word of sound advice ready for the over-confident ones. Coming to his abilities as a cricketer, he was a fine straight bat, with not a little style, and almost invariably played sound cricket, and many a time and oft has it been our pleasure to sit on the slope of Holburn and witness his play. As early as 1859 we find him scoring a grand innings of 33 (not out) against Perth, and 24 against the Grange in 1860. He could play a capital uphill game, one of the best instances of his ability in this being his display against the county in 1874, when he, along with Frank Gardner—now a brother-in-trade of our common friend, "Spalding"—saved the town from defeat, scoring 24 and 33 (not out), and enabling the city to draw when it looked all over with them. Other good performances we could enumerate, but space forbids going further. Suffice it to say that as late as 1873 he led the batting averages with 21 for 19 completed innings. Mr Lumsden in his younger days tried his hand at bowling with fair success, for we find him taking 7 wickets in the match Depot Officers v. 'Shire at the opening of the Albyn Place Ground in 1859, and 4 wickets against Perthshire in the same year. He was a splendid field, and a sure catch, one of his finest efforts being in a match against Forfarshire, when he made a brilliant catch with one hand, the other being tied up in a sling, having been injured while batting. Mr Lumsden has been the recipient of several presentations at the hands of the Aberdeenshire, the first taking place in 1858, when he was presented with an oak box containing two bats, gloves, and leg guards, as also a silver pencil case, and the last on the occasion of the bazaar two years ago, when he was the recipient of his portrait and an address. With Mr Lumsden's professional career it is not our province here to deal beyond saying that as county clerk he has built up for himself a reputation as a business man of a high standard, and is as popular in legal circles as he is among the cricketing public of town and county, and long may he continue among us to adorn the profession of which he is such a worthy member.

Office-bearers have been elected by the following clubs:—

Stonehaven Thistle—Patron, A. Baird of Urie; captain, A. Ramsay; vice-captain, A. Wood, jun.; honorary secretary and treasurer, T. Mitchell, jun.; committee—Messrs J. T. Jack, J. P. Stewart, A. Wood, A. L. Wood, J. Dunn, and J. B. Murray. Play will commence on 2nd May.

Balmoral (Peterhead)—Captain, A. Henderson; vice-captain, A. Castle; secretary and treasurer, Al. Leask, 3 Union Street, Peterhead; committee—Messrs Samuel, Ritchie, Yule, Allardyce, and Robertson (convener). Senior clubs with open dates please communicate with the secretary.

The Peterhead C.C. will have the best team this

year in Buchan. With such crack players as Gibb, Moir, Stephen, Mackie, Dick, and Macgregor, they will be hard to beat.

Mr Isaac Norrie, who for the past four years has acted as secretary and treasurer of the St Ronald C.C., and who has now left Aberdeen for a situation in Russia, was the other evening presented with a handsome silver-mounted walking stick, with inscription, as a mark of the high esteem in which he was held by the members of the St Ronald. His cheery, obliging nature, and the readiness and energy he displayed in his office of secretary in furthering the interests of the club made him a general favourite with his companions, whose best wishes follow him in his new venture. Mr Wm. Reid, 184 Holburn Street, has been appointed his successor in office.

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COUNTRY ORDERS promptly attended to.

Cycling.

SATURDAY, April 11. — Aberdeen — Echt — Upper Justice Mills, 3-50. Bon-Accord — Stonehaven — Golden Square, 3-15.

WEDNESDAY, April 15. — Bon-Accord — Culter — Golden Square, 7. Culter — Park, 7. Stonehaven — Muchalls, 6-45.

SATURDAY, April 18. — Seafeld — Stonehaven — Old Toll House, 3-30. Stonehaven — Bervie, 3.

A number of the Aberdeen Club turned up at the appointed rendezvous on Saturday in order to proceed to Muchalls, but the majority funder it, the enervating breeze taking the starch out of them. However, "two brave boys" faced the trying ordeal. Good old Davie, you fairly put the youngsters to shame.

The Aberdeen are still extending their bounds in the matter of membership, and everything points to a season of unusual interest. Already it has been settled to have a 10 miles club road race, and a team race with other clubs has also been mooted. What, with the ex-Northern scorching novice, Johnnie, and other racers, the old club ought to be able to play an important part in any races they may take part in.

At their monthly meeting on Monday evening, the Bon-Accord Club took the opportunity of presenting Messrs Melven and Bonnyman with handsome meerschaum pipes, on the occasion of their departure for America. Captain Ritchie made the presentations, and both young gentlemen suitably replied.

By the way a coterie of Bon-Accordians have found out the truth of the passage in the Good Old Book—"It is not good for man to be alone," and while two have already parted company with "single blessedness," another meditates taking the fatal plunge in the near future. Good judgment, gentlemen. Bachelordom is all very well, but a "hoosie an' a wife o' yer ain" is very much better.

The pros. commenced the season at Wolverhampton, Dick Howell winning the mile championship in 2 min. 51 sec., beating young Robb, A. A. Robb, and Bob English in the order named. Young Lawrence, a lad of great promise, won the mile handicap in the easiest possible manner from the Robbs and Yeaman, North Shields.

Association Football.

The Junior Charity Cup.

This cup is now being exhibited, and a handsome one it is too. The youngsters ought to feel proud of their president, Mr Carry, for it is mostly by his indefatigable efforts that they can boast of having a Charity trophy all to themselves. Entries close on the 15th April with Mr Carry, 2 M'Combie's Court. Now then, gentlemen, be in time.

The Vics. in Form.

The Bridge Grounds combination did a very smart thing on Saturday in defeating the Dunblane, the Perthshire county champions. Playing with a strong wind at their backs, the home lads had all the play in the first half, bar an occasional rush of their opponents, and scored 3 goals to 1. On crossing over the Vics. played solely on the defensive, bringing some of the front line back. Their defence was severely taxed, but it stood the test to the end, the ground men winning by 3 goals to 1. This shows the Vics. are a smart team when found in the vein, for the Dunblane are one of the finest elevens in the north. Cannon got little or nothing to do in goal. Simpson played a fine game at back, although partly responsible for the solitary point scored by Dunblane. The half-backs are a strong trio, and on Saturday they played a fine game, Stewart and Duffus showing the way, while Ross was a good third. Turner, assisted by Sinclair, put in a lot of effective work. "Rab" is rapidly coming back to his best form. Sinclair also goes on in the right direction, and this wing gives every indication of very soon becoming as effective as the famous Turner-Leggat combination. Watson was also in good form, and worked like the proverbial nigger. Wallace and Ferries exhibited a rare turn of speed, several times showing a clean pair of heels to their opponents.

The Stripes again Draw with Montrose.

The Orion played a return friendly with Montrose at Central Park in presence of a fairly good gate. Winning the toss, and playing with the wind, the home team did not take full advantage of the chances offered them, and only scored once, and as the Montrose also scored, the teams crossed over equal—1 goal each. In the second half both scored twice—though the last point for Montrose was a very luckily got goal, going through off one of the stripes—and the game ended in a draw—3 goals each. The Orion threw away several chances in the first half, but otherwise played well. Low in goal was as smart as ever, and the backs were both in form. Edward's tackling of Keilor was a feature of the match, as the crack very seldom got past him. M'Kay was fair, and M'Bain we have not seen do so well this season. Leggat and Glog, as usual, easily took honours in front, though all were surprised to see Glog fist the ball through his own goal. Gordon was responsible for some good, serviceable work, but Andrews was clean off colour. Whitehead's play was highly commendable, being characterised by dash and not a little judgment. For Montrose, Allan in goal defended well, though we must say he was rather "fiery" at one point. Bowman is a splendid back, and had it not been for his strong clean kicking Allan must have been sadly taxed. His companion was not very far behind him, and the halves, though doing nothing absolutely brilliant, all worked with great energy. Keilor, it goes without saying, was the best of the forwards, and had he had a less able tackle to deal with than Edwards, most have given Low some trouble. As it was, the international now and again gave us an idea of his powers. He is uncommonly smart on the ball, possesses great speed, and dodges his opponents with remarkable smartness. Among the others Cairncross took chief honours. He is a smart little fellow—not far behind Keilor, in fact—who has a bright future before him.

From Bad to Worse.

The Bon-Accord crowned themselves with glory at Chanonry on Saturday when they defeated the Senior Club somewhat easily. From the beginning it could be seen the Links cracks meant to put in all they knew, as playing against a strong wind they scored the first point of the game by Morren. Key equalised after a nice run, and the teams crossed over level—1 goal each. On re-starting the whites came away with a rush, forced a corner, and scored. This raised the spirits of the Chanonry supporters, but it was only a flash in the pan, as the visitors, playing a resolute, clever game, scored 3 times, by Macfarlane, and J. Flaws (twice), and it looked as if the whites were to get a 4-2 dressing, but just on time the Bon-Accord halves let their opponents in, and goal 3 was notched for the ground men, the result reading—Bon-Accord 4, Aberdeen 3. The winners thoroughly deserved their win. They played with great spirit throughout, and with the exception of the goalkeeper, who ought to have saved the last two goals, the whole team were exceptionally good. Lamont and Flaws at back, M'Bain at half, and Flaws, Macfarlane, and Forsyth in front coming in for special notice. For the Aberdeen, Ketchen at back, Thomson at half, and Key and Brown in front, were the best of the team, which was—Mackie; Cobban and Ketchen; M'Donald, Thomson, and Robison; Ritchie, Innes, Key, Brown, and Whitehead.

Other City Matches.

2nd Aberdeen 6, Seaton 2; 2nd Orion 3, Renton 0; St Clement's 3, Everton 2; Belmont 2, Celtic 1; Granite City 0, Alert 0; Gladstone 1, Melrose 0; Telegraph Messengers 2, Fonthill 2; Belmont 2, Everton 1; Strathmore 3, Royal Oak 3; Heatherbell 1, Roselea 0; Baseballers 3, Culter Black Diamond 0.

In the Country.

The Peterhead Coopers F.C. met the Peterhead Shopkeepers F.C. on the Peterhead Links on Wednesday of last week, and after a very evenly contested game the Coopers ran out victorious by 3 goals to 1. For the Coopers the backs and right half-back were the mainstay of the team. Stephen was by far the best back on the ground. For the Shopkeepers Gibb and Wilson were the pick.

The Elgin Rovers and Forres Mechanics drew—1 goal each—in their Elginshire Charity tie. Keith is getting on famously. Fancy giving Bishopmill a 4-2 dressing. Well done, boys—go it. Huntly and Gordon's Schools drew—3 each.

The Defeat of Scotland.

England 2 goals, Scotland 1 goal. At Blackburn. The defeat of the Thistle was a great blow to the supporters of the game in Scotland, the more so as the English were granted a palpable off-side goal, the referee not being in a position to observe the point. Though the representatives of the Rose were fortunate enough to secure the verdict through the error of judgment on the part of the referee above referred to, they proved themselves the better eleven. The combination of the forwards was really excellent, and in this respect the Scottish players were completely outclassed. The halves and backs seemed also to thoroughly understand each other, and general cohesion prevailed even there. Millward and Chadwick, the Everton left wing players, were very conspicuous throughout the entire game, while Gordon also displayed consummate skill and judgment. Holt and Shelton played a true game at half-back. Howarth and Holmes covered Moon with such admirable effect that he had very little to do. The Scottish display was very disappointing. Baird got little or nothing to do, but when an opportunity occurred he made the most of it. Berry also played a pretty game, but the forwards as a whole failed to combine. Hill easily carried off the honours at half, his all round display being excellent. Arnott and Smellie by their powerful defence saved Scotland from a heavier defeat. Wilson was unequal to goal, but he saved many shots in famous style. The result would seem to indicate that Scotland, in consequence of the unfortunate dispute with the League, practically made England a present of the match.

The Northern League.

The Northern League is now a settled fact. The office-bearers elected are:—President, Mr Doig, St Johnstone, Perth; vice-president, Mr Stewart, Aberdeen; treasurer, Mr Smith, Montrose; secretary, Mr A. Williamson, Our Boys, Dundee. Eight clubs include the League, namely:—Our Boys, East End, Harp, (Dundee); Arbroath, Forfar Athletic, Montrose, St Johnstone (Perth), and Aberdeen. Fair City Athletics, Johnson Wanderers (Dundee), Orion and Victoria United (Aberdeen), were voted upon, but by large majorities left out. The first objection we take to the composition of the League is the inclusion of the Harp, a combination that has of late been in a very weak state. The second is the exclusion of the Orion, the Aberdeenshire Cup holders, who, during the past season have done some excellent work, beating the Harp hollow, drawing twice with Montrose, and otherwise showing excellent form against southern teams. The Vics., though they have not such strong credentials as the Cup holders, have also done remarkably well in their southern fixtures at home, the latest being their defeat of the Perthshire Cup holders on Saturday, and they certainly had much better claims than the Harp. Between the Orion and Aberdeen there is not much to choose, but the new organisation has made a most palpable blunder in not including both teams in their ranks, and this will be found out before the League is many months old. North of Edinburgh no town can boast of such large "gates" as these taken in Aberdeen, and, we opine, we had as good a right as Dundee to have two teams in the League.

Short Kleks.

The Vics. were in proper form on Saturday, and scored a decidedly brilliant victory over the Perthshire cup holders.

When in trim the Bridge Ground men are capable of doing wonderful things, and on Saturday they held the trump card from start to finish.

The Orion were very nearly bringing off a victory against Montrose, which they would have undoubtedly done had some of them not been so hurried in goal mouth.

No local team can afford to trifle with the Bona, and if the Whites thought they had a soft thing on they got a rude awakening.

It was bad policy of the latter club to cross blades with the Links cracks with Caithness, Wood, and Cobban away.

The Aberdeen supporters were terribly put out, one gentleman remarking—"This is indeed the crowning point."

The Links lads played a strong game, and held the key to the situation all through.

Forsyth, the centre, was very smart, and Flaws' two goals were indeed capital efforts.

The Aberdeen has got a place in the Northern League, and the Orion and Vics. have been thrown overboard.

Dundee is to have three teams—including the mediocre Harp, whom the Orion thrashed pointless not long ago.

Why this should be is indeed a mystery. We have bigger gates in Aberdeen, and both the Orion and Vics. are head and shoulders above the Irishmen.

The Peterhead F.C. is without a doubt the best football club in Aberdeenshire (out of the Granite City). So says a Blubberopolis correspondent.

The Elgin Rovers and Forres Mechanics again drew—1 each.

The Rovers had two disputed goals, which the referee did not allow—much to the disappointment of the spectators.

It is a great pity the Brothers Russell were not together on the left wing, for had they been in their usual places we venture to think the result would have been different.

"Jeemack" from Forres has still got his good supply of harmless banter, and his name is now a household word in the Cathedral City.

The *Highland News* ought to have a stand erected for the accommodation of its boy—the *swift* laddie.

The Culter F.C. has just completed its first season. In all twelve matches have been played, of which six have been won, four lost, and two drawn. For 22 goals registered against them they have registered 46, or exactly double, and seeing that it was nearly the middle of the season before they started, they have been very successful.

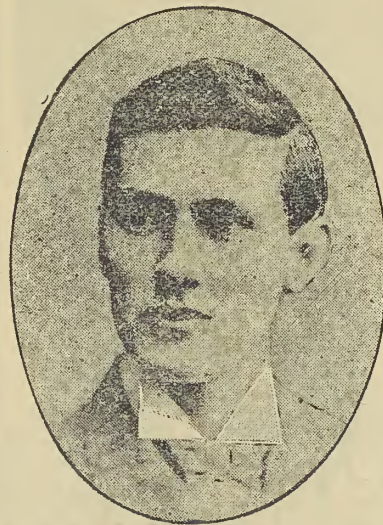
The Brochers are evidently keeping up with the times. An Association has been started, and at present we understand collections are to be taken towards getting a trophy for next season.

We hope there will be a handsome response to the call. G. Cumming, *Herald* Office, is secretary.

The Wanderers F.C. did honour to a brother player last week, who has departed for America.

Now please have a little patience. In reply to last week, asking for photo of leading Broch team, we have received half-a-dozen offers. Before we insert them the following query will have to be answered:—Which is the leading Broch team? One at a time please.

WERE! Rugby Football.



W. A. Ironside (Secretary, Thistle Football Club).

Mr Ironside, one of the most esteemed Rugby players in town, and a member of whom his club is justly proud, began his football career at Whitgift School, Croydon. On leaving school Mr Iron-

side gave up playing for three years, but commenced again on coming to Aberdeen in 1888. He was unanimously elected secretary of the Thistle Club at the beginning of this season, a position by no means easy to fill, but the efficient manner in which he has discharged his duties has won for him a name and reputation as one of the most energetic and enthusiastic upholders of the carrying game in the city. As a player he is one of the Thistle's best forwards, a distinction which, it is unnecessary to add, speaks for itself.

Brilliant Play by the Internationals.

The Rugby football season closed on Saturday with a match between the Scottish Internationalists, under the captaincy of A. R. Don Wauchope, against the Northern Counties. A large crowd witnessed the game with interest. The locals played with the wind in the first half, but the strangers soon pressed, and tries were quickly obtained by Macgregor and Wauchope, from which goals were registered. The North team, nettled with these reverses, got past the South backs twice in succession, but the tries were not improved on. In the second half, with the help of the wind, the strangers had matters all their own way, and obtained 6 tries, 5 of which were converted into goals. The back division of the South men were seen to good advantage. A. R. Don Wauchope at quarter and Macgregor at centre-half played a beautiful game, especially the latter, who gave a finished exhibition. The forwards, amongst whom were Berry and Boswell (the famous emergency drop) were by far too many and well trained for the North men, and hemmed them in the second period in their own territory with the greatest of ease. Strath at back played well, while Shepherd's saving at centre kept the score from being much larger. The forwards as a whole played a good game, considering their opponents, and deserve credit for scoring twice. Of these Clyne, Alexander, and Cowie were the best.

Honouring the Internationals.

In the evening a highly successful and enthusiastic smoker was held in Watson's in honour of the International team, presided over by Mr D. M. M. Milligan, advocate, who proposed "Our Guests," to which Mr A. R. Don Wauchope replied. Mr W. O. Duncan gave "The Scottish Football Union," Mr A. G. G. Asher replying in a way that showed him to be a real chip of the old block. The last toast was that of "The Northern Counties," by Mr D. Macgregor, coupled with the names of the chairman, J. D. Campbell and Mr Ironside, the courteous secretary of the Thistle. The toasts were interspersed with songs, the most successful artistes being Messrs Williamson Ross, whose "In Days of Old" was very well rendered; A. Walker, who stirred up the dry bones with two comic ditties; Caldwell with a football song, with a taking chorus; Cornwall, Roy, &c. The bag-pipe contribution, too, was excellently well rendered. The gathering was very well attended, though it suffered (?) considerably from the absence of the students, who had gone hence.

Ancients v. Moderns.

We had thought the visit of the Internationals would be the last Rugby match of the season, but just as we go to press we learn that a team of ancient gentlemen will meet a team of modern youths at the Varsity Grounds to-day (Saturday). This will undoubtedly be the tit-bit of the season, and should be seen by all. We would just throw out a timely hint to the moderns, namely—Keep your eye on the worthy secretary if you don't want to be taken home in little bits. Should he fall on you, young sirs, "great will be the fall thereof." Teams:—Ancients—A. Clark; Ramsay, Marshall, Sleigh, and Duff; Harvey and D. M. M. Milligan (captain); Foggo, A. P. Walker, Gill, Kelly, W. O. Duncan, M'Culloch, Catto, Gray, Anderson, G. Walker, J. K. Greig, J. Wilson, J. Watson, J. Thain, J. D. Campbell, Dr Williamson, and A. S. Sutherland. Moderns—S. Pope; Strath, Rae, and Ogilvie; Pringle, Mackenzie (captain), Gibbon, Alexander, Greig, Gordon, Henderson, Lewis, and A. Vollum.

Drops.

The North team didn't get such a thrashing as they expected from the "big guns."

By scoring twice the locals at least showed they were good for something.

Macgregor's display in the centre took the breath away from the local lads—it was magnificently fine—and Asher's dropped goal from the centre of the field simply paralysed them.

Boswell didn't try any of his famous drops, evidently thinking the poor North had been too severely dropped on without his intervention.

Wauchope is as dashy, tricky, and speedy as of yore, his runs being worthy of his best days.

Rugby doesn't seem to thrive out Strichen way, when only two men can be got to turn out for a match. How's this, Mr Charles?

Banff.

A virtuous people doth inhabit thee (?),
And this, O Banff! thy greatest praise must be.

A TRAGEDY.

DEAR "BON.,"—Thou prince of jokists, king of my heart, list to my tale—a grim joke. Ere the illuminator of the universe shall have entered the constellation of Gemini, my race will be run—a sun shall have ceased to shine o'er the society of Fopopolis. Mourn not for me, ye fair squaws, middin queans—Bamffi's glory. Drop not a tear for me, lest my ghost squeak at your bedside in the hours of dark midnight; lest the bony fingers of the dead tickle thy ribs and rouse thee from pleasant dreams, with your false teeth chattering, and your borrowed feathers sticking up, and the paint streaming down in tiny rivulets from your fevered cheeks. My heart bleeds for you, ye virtuous fair; and it grieves me, yet amuses me, to watch you, as with stately steps and the mein of a duchess, strutting along the streets of our ancient town, decked out in the latest "tippeny" fashion, and your noses struck up at an angle of 90 deg. heavenward, and withal soaked in the essence of pride. Watch the siren. Perhaps the daughter of a once poor cobbler. See how she trips along with a seeming unconscious dignity, poor deluded little thing. Mark her well. An old friend passes, but who has the misfortune to wear a seedy coat. She bestows on him half-a-nod, and such a grim smile! my, enough to make our seedy friend take the jaundice. Follow her up. Look how, with that piercing, restless orb of hers, she takes in at a glance the habiliments of her sister friends. Ah, what now? a great smile overspreads that hitherto discontented-looking face, and the nose is suddenly brought low. How's this? Behold! There goes a draper. What a magnificent shine—all in the glory of lavender gloves, tile, choker, spats, &c., &c. Such an uproar. Up goes the tile, and in response the lady gives a queenly courtesy, and such a howling eat-me-up "Good evening." I fled from the scene. What a contrast to the reception of seedy coat, honest man; but a little voice whispered in my ear—All is vanity. Well may you blush with shame when you meet your plain, homely, sociable sisters across the water. Shame on ye! Turn ye, turn ye from your foolish ways, ye gaudy simpletons, that you may share the respect due to your sex. But I must leave you. My time is short. Who am I you will ask, that should cast such calumny on a virtuous people. I am a nob of Bamffi. High jinks, with a sma' income, has sunk me into the Slough of Despond. Sad is my tale.—Early in life I took a fancy for the "dash," and envied the masher much the same as a young lady would do a gaudy dress ornament, but I was yet in the tatterwallops of a rollicking youth, consequently there was no way of "coming to" with the saints. But after I had got my first brow turnout and could go a cigar, I was affectionately embraced in the brotherhood, mostly composed of clerks, drapers, grocers, druggists, with salaries ranging from two-and-sixpence to fifteen bob a week. To recognise that dirty tradesman, or printer's devil, would have been a heinous crime, and our rules strictly pro-

hibited us from so doing, in fact, if you couldn't sport your spats, cane, &c., you wasn't our man. We clubbed together and bought a stock of halfpenny cigarettes, and a job lot of penny Havannahs by way of a change; we lived on half rations to get drink, and as a consequence mark that hollow eye and ghastly facial expression which predominates amongst Bamffi's brave; we ran the tailor on "tick," and our spare time is taken up parading the principle streets, encircled in a halo of cloth, linen, brass studs, and in Bacchanalian riots in the evening. Few were so deft at ogling as we were, and flirting with the dressmaker deemies, and if dad treated us to an extra tip we could go a drive to a neighbour town on a Sunday, and get drunk, but to keep the world and our mashers in ignorance of our bad doings we tramped out of town, and the machine came along and picked us up. We have as good an idea of politics as our great grandfathers would have of a phonograph—just a lot of jackdaws. What remorse fills my breast now, how my brain whirls, what tumultuous passions are raging within. O misery! How I envy the honest tradesman. Were your heart as black as your face, ye foundry deevils, I would not be a fit companion for you; and, O ye printers, thou jolly dogs, the life of the town, what would I not give for a handshake with you. But I shall soon see the last of this mockery. I am weighed to the ground with remorse and unpaid bills, and to crown all, my Nannie's awa', for with the decay of the tailor's confidence decayed my fancy dress, and with the decay of my fancy dress, decayed the love of my Nannie. The bills shall make my funeral pyre, and my ashes, friends, ye shall cast to the four winds of heaven, as I cast the advice of Wisdom during my life. And take my advice, ye brazen pups, come back to the ways of your forefathers, lest the fate which has befallen me be your portion, for I behold the winding sheet of futurity, and your miserable carcasses soon it shall enshroud. I am, dear friends, miserably yours,

NED.



HEAD GEAR, a la CARPENTER.



TARLAND has just lost her leading lady—
"Sailing, sailing, over the bounding main."

THE "Keen curler" in Ballater who has lately donned the chess-board overcoat should be persuaded to have it turned, and indeed the get-up altogether savours strongly of Vaterland.

THE "grand" concert given by the Crathie folks on Friday evening has passed off and the "select kire" skirled in rare form.

NEAR Stonehaven one night last week about ten o'clock an extraordinary shower of turnips took place. A pair of lovers who had gone out to look for stars through the clouds were caught in the shower, and "Romeo" had the misfortune to intercept the flight of a "Swede" with the small of his back. The cause of the phenomenon was a couple of practical jokers who, well under cover of the darkness, commanded a heap of turnips in the immediate vicinity of the star-gazers. We cannot imagine a punishment too severe for the heartless disturbers of an hour so full of peace and contentment, and we do hope that the owner of the "neeps" may succeed in tracing to justice the destroyers of his property.

ELGIN SQUIBS—

That the sole topic in town just now is "sweet twenty-one."

That the super. seems very despondent.

That matters will soon reach their normal condition at 22.

That the young "scaffy" did not make a very good "bobby" on Saturday night.

That he will need some training.

That the H.N. boy may be seen any Saturday night opposite the Cafe waiting the arrival of the "pinks."

That he seems to delight in watching the mill girls reading his Elgin notes.

That a "white horse" has still an attractive parrot, and polly is as gay as ever.

That some young clerks still go *jinking* about the low-roofed domicile.

AN Aboyne loon wishes to know if the late "Cruden" chorister man sees anything green in the roof of the Parish Church on Sundays. Perhaps it is only "the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling." This at any-rate may explain the upturned gaze. Solutions to be left at the Club, Aboyne.

MACDUFF folks are well aware of this being an advertising age, but never have they heard of old hats of the newest style given in exchange for a dose of books.

"WHERE there are *Wills* there are also ways." So, at least, the members of that body of gentlemen commonly or vulgarly termed the Montrose School Board now realise.

THE costume (zebra pattern) worn by the two Tarland young ladies fairly takes the cake, but "my tocher's the jewel."

THERE is to be a presentation to a certain "taking" gentleman at the Enzie Sawmills some of these fine days, on account of his contributions to the art world. In all probability the testimonial will take the shape of a leather medal.

WOULD the ladies in a certain choir out Kennemont way please substitute jujubes instead of the large "teuch" conversations, as the facial contortions and awful crunching are really painful to behold and listen to. Besides it looks bad.

THE cronies of a certain young man in Elgin may consider themselves lucky, as he is as good as a pass for a "wet" after the "witching hour" has struck. Last Saturday night he took in two of them, and left out two. If the guardians of the peace would like a hint, let them keep their eyes open.

A CERTAIN young man in Ballater was lying calmly in bed the other night reading a book, when he was startled by the opening of the outer door and a fearful "racket" in the lobby. Thinking it was some of the "boys" come to visit him with a "pintie," he was preparing to get up and welcome them, when the bedroom door was thrown open, and the poor fellow received a snow ball in the mouth, and before he had recovered from his surprise his assailants had fled. Determined to discover the perpetrators of the outrage, he ventured to the door, and there, careering down the street, were two of his dearest lady friends. His feelings may be better imagined than described.

TIPS FRAE DUNECHT.

That a certain gentleman attended the window of the dancing room on Friday night. But whether he was on the outlook for our special, or watching his fair one at the light toe fantastic, is not yet known.

That it is a fact that certain Waterton wives have started the cattle-dealing.

That we hope they will have more luck next than what they seem to have had lately.

That a few of the poultry farmers are about to raise a black flag on account of the numerous deaths of dark "dorkings."

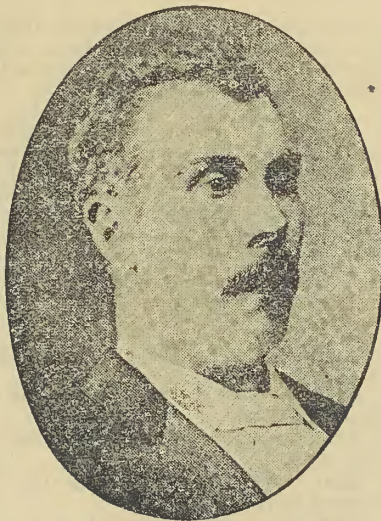
THE Peterhead ladies' ambulance class was invaded by a mouse the other evening. The intrepid rodent sat smiling at the door, while the learned Doctor was explaining how to rescue a person from the jaws of a Bengal tiger, with the subsequent treatment in a case of the kind; and all the ladies thought they could do it. This was too much for the mouse, who, whisking his tail in the air with a loud yoycks, proceeded to annex as lawful prize and contraband of war the quarter of a rice biscuit that had escaped from the pocket of a thrifty student. In a second the whole body of female first aiders, true to the hereditary feud between the women and the mouse, rose and shrieked. The mouse shook his head, and remarked, as he trickled into a crevice left by a pine knot in the panelling, "None of your ambulance ladies for me. I reckon if I get into the

jaws of a Bengal I'll have a regular doctor. My fixed resolution, ladies. Ahem."

THERE was a political meeting held at Stonehaven last week, and several gentlemen of the Kirk finding the house too hot for them came out to the "caller air." We now hear, as we understand, that those gentlemen "make their principles a secondary consideration." Now, now, let us have common sense with a little fair play. Was it not rather their "principles" that brought them out? When a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals finds his leg fast between the jaws of a bull-dog must he smile and strive to look happy and contented on "principle"? Not at all—the animal needs a good taste of cane on the spot, and afterwards a thoroughly effective muzzle.

THE Banff Amateur Dramatics are again to the front. Well done boys! Show that you do not stand oppression. The Banff people will have once more an opportunity of watching your talent, and *Bon.* wishes you luck in your plucky endeavours. Turn out now Banffers, and give them bumper houses, as the cause is a good one.

THAT there is to be a farce may be seen by the bills, and it is whispered abroad that local hits are to be given. With the aid of two lady professionals it is expected the plays will be the best that have ever been produced by the amateurs.



R.W.M. CRAIGELLACHIE LODGE 241,
GRANTOWN.

THE public meeting in support of a Free Library for Elgin last Friday was nothing short of a fiasco. It served to prove what people are beginning to see, that the inhabitants of Elgin are in no way interested in the movement, and were it not for the wire-pulling of the Free Library clique, the verdict of the ratepayers on Wednesday would be what it has been on the last two occasions. Query—How long does an auctioneer take to prepare a speech?

HUGH'S "Lossie briggie" is fast approaching the realms of oblivion. Like the *Pons Asinorum* of Euclid, it has proved a stumbling block, not for lack of enthusiasm on the part of the Bishopmill Lord Provost, but owing to the very poor response given to his pathetic appeal for funds.

ONE of our Peterhead correspondents wants to know if that young Peterhead amateur actor is not pleased with the reception he got when he went out in the Peterhead tug-boat, "Pride of Scotland." He should rent some barn to practise in, rather than expose himself as he did.

TOWIE TELEGRAPHS—

That the last of a course of lectures was delivered the other evening.

That the juveniles had this time each to pay one penny for admittance.

That it was imposed as a fine for an outrageous assault on a couple of gentlemen.

That the new School Board would work like magic if they could only get a clerk to suit them.

SWEAR not at all, ye young men of the needle at Lonmay Station, neither in the hearing of *Bon.*'s correspondent, nor at the end of a railway verandah. For rememberest thou that whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.

ONE night last week a number of the "professional horsemen" in the vicinity of Inchgarth met to initiate a few of their younger brethren into the secret mysteries of horsemanship. The light attracted the attention of two girls, and not knowing what was going on they asked "what they wanted there," whereupon the company "fled," leaving behind a few bottles of whisky, a few dozen of beer, loaf bread, and a quantity of jam. The girls called the man in blue, but he declined to have anything to do with it. The "boss" was then called, and on seeing the state of matters took possession of the drink and eatables, and left the ploughmen to "Whistle o'er the lave o't."

BADENOCH GOSSIP.

That one of the railway quill-drivers is to be booked for "Croftgown."

That the distance is three miles, and gossip has it that he is to get an "iron horse," so look out for the bare-back rider.

COULD the traces of the three Elgin knights of the pen on their way home last Saturday night be recorded on paper, we are afraid the sketch might bear a strong similarity to the tracks of a self-registering weather gauge, or the fluctuations of the weekly grain market. The number of times one of the "covies" had to stoop to pick up his stick off the street was astonishing.

STRATHDON NOTES.

That an emotional and tearful scene was witnessed at the presentation last week.

That owing to the service in the E.C. being conducted in the vestry last Sunday, the usual *billet-doux* didn't pass between members of the choir.

That we warn the choir to be on their good behaviour in future, as our special has his eye on them.

BANCHORY SAYS—

That the Free Kirk folks would be happy if they got a preacher like the one they had one Sunday lately.

That the Mission Rooms' folks have to fit.

That they are to build a kirk.

THE Sibyl of Virgil's *Æneid* comforts the wandering *Æneas* by telling him "easy is the descent to hell." One thing is certain, that the Trojan prince had not to pass through Batchen Street, Elgin, on his downward journey. The Stygian groves had no doubt to be reached through dark valleys and infernal caves, but the ups and downs of Batchen Street causes take the prophetic bun. The corns on the feet of Elgin pedestrians must have a rare time of it. But the first laws of sanitation are also at a discount in the busy thoroughfare. The drains of the gutter are usually strewn with a select variety of kitchen refuse. Rotten potatoes, fish guts and egg shells, *cum multis aliis*, seems to be quite agreeable to the eyes of Elgin's amenity kings. Talk of Elgin's lovely streets!

BITTIES FAE BANFF.

That a certain aristocratic clerk has lately taken to teaching bicycling.

That the whole affair is complete—minus the fiddle.

That the would-be cyclist got a good few *Sappie* falls.

That if it *Had'ent* been for the superhuman efforts of his teacher, destruction would have been certain.

"Six days shalt thou labour," seems to have been omitted in the catechism from which the good folks of Auchnagatt learned their commandments. The other Sunday one of its most respectable tradesmen having been seen opening his shop and admitting two customers, who came out a short time afterwards carrying a nice little parcel. There certainly is "nothing like leather," but just for the look of the thing, the parcel might have been tied with a piece of twine instead of a common leather "pint."

A CERTAIN Buckie photographer was seen hurrying along East Church Street on 1st April with his apparatus. On arriving at his destination, however, he was chagrined to find that he had been sent on a "gowk's" errand, and went back to his studio a sadder and a wiser man. Who was the author of the hoax? Ah! find that out ye Buckie gossip-mongers.

TIPS FROM SKENE.

That the School Board "heckling" is past.

That all the candidates present were in favour of female teachers—the auld carles.

That "Broadie" and his favourite parish of Peterculter got sat upon.

That he should emigrate there.

That tenor singing in the gallery of Old Zion is a *howling* success, and—nothing more.

That it was rather hard lines for the foreign lady to be taken for a tramp.

That Sunday draughts playing is nothing unusual.

Who will say the days of chivalry and romance are gone. Not long ago a farmer in

the Cateraig vicinity was seen following the object of his affections one stormy night picking up and pocketing the particles of snow that fell from the lady's shoes. Such love is rare. We trust that his devotion will be rewarded.

DID our friend "the professor" hypnotise the organist of the Macduff Free Church last Sunday, in order that the congregation might have an opportunity of hearing what a grand addition they had got to their choir, or was it because the organist knew her instrument wouldn't have the ghost of a chance against our friend's tone?

GREAT is the grief of a certain young lady out Keig way, caused by her lover leaving for pastures new. Indeed, it is the "sawdust" affair that has happened in Keig since the "old maid" has recovered from his illness.

THE love making of a well known Turriff worthy, who directs his steps in almost nightly visits to his loved one's abode, is about at his zenith, at least it would appear to be so from the way he behaved himself on Sunday last while paying his usual visit.

THE merry quarrier and chum who visited Whitehouse last Saturday night and stayed till Sunday morning, are requested to stay at home in future.

THE young ladies in Old Deer E.C. choir should really behave themselves better in future. Is it the young men with the snuff "mull" that causes the merriment?

CAN anybody in the Monynusk district give any information as to how a certain gentleman's horse is so often seen tied to the new Schoolhouse door?

THE Elgin milliners of the yellow sign are a cosmopolitan crew. Ever since they have ascended upon high they have had an unconquerable desire to see what is passing in the world beneath. What a wonderful anatomy they must have to be able to look through a window, blind, and screen, and yet do their work at the same time.

BITTIES FRAE ABOYNE.

That the Primrose League meeting and dance has come and gone.

That the Grand Old Man was left with no legs to stand on.

That the speeches were loudly criticised next day.

That many donned the badge for the evening only.

That the dance was carried on in the teetotal principle. Young men take note.

LOVE seems to be of a very strong kind out Huntly way when it can make a young man perambulate about for two mortal hours in a stormy night waiting for the queen of his heart.

WAILS FROM ROTHLENORMAN.

That some of the female sex have made but little advance in age since last census.

That the rabbits are getting scarce.

That it is no wonder, as the youth in knickers along with his bell(e) are to be seen every Sunday in the woods.

"We're a' John Tamson's bairns," that is the Broch "John" we mean. Anyone not found under the protection of his wing on and after this date are liable to expulsion from the ancient burgh.

BADENOCH GOSSIP.

That at a recent gathering of friends a great shock of an earthquake was felt. Was the tide at its height?

That it was a fitting opportunity for directing the people's attention to the various ways in which some can manage other affairs than their own.

That unless the Badenochers come to a full understanding regarding the cause of this shock, a cold bitter feeling will exist.

KING-EDWARD QUERIES. — Why and where did that young farmer of the "vested interest" betake himself to at such an early hour on the morning of the "mutual"? Did he come to the conclusion that "it was nae ese ava, as he hadna half a chance," when he left the object of his visit and admiration to the care of the "Banff chappies," or did he prefer sitting on the style to see her pass in the embrace of another gent?

THE occasion of the taking of the census at Stonehaven has brought about a good joke or two. Here is one. Enumerator (stepping into apartment, schedule in hand) — "I've a present for you to-day, mistress." Guid Wife (eyes on schedule) — "Wale, ye may jist tak' yersel' oot o' this as quick's ye cam' in, for diol a bawbee will ye get fae me." Enumerator — "Oh, but it's only a census paper, I don't want money at all." Guid Wife — "The fat ca' ye't?" Enumerator — "A census schedule—for your names, you know." Guid Wife — "Oh, beg pardon, I see fat ye're aifter noo—as sure's I live I thoct ye'd come about the police taxes."

THE census man has come and gone, And fairly earned his wages, And the ancient maids are bragging on The way they penned their ages. They've shown a mind intelligent Upon life's valuation, For they've taken fifty-five per cent. Off for depreciation.

WANTED, for Lonmay Station, during the summer evenings, a few young mashers to escort out the female counter-loupers. Apply, with three copies of testimonials, to the Dramatic Company.

OLDMELDRUM NOTES.

That it seems that Oldmeldrum has had a visit of a supposed Aberdeen *incendiary*.

That the band concert was conspicuous by the want of the *Major's* "company."

That there were a number of unruly clowns.

That nothing short of a *railway* "chair" applied to their heads would have quietened them.

That good music is simply thrown away on the like of them.

THE census enumerators of the Broch have been on the warpath, and one of them threatened to punch the heads of some of the householders if they did not give him the correct numbers of inhabitants. Happily, a little *Jossling* was all the damage that was done.

So the Elgin draper's model in the female line is human after all. Who would have thought it? Before Sunday she personified the words of the poet, "a *thing* of beauty is a joy for ever." Since she has got a "lad," the "for ever," he's abruptly terminated, and she has descended to the (doubtless happier) level of common mortals.

RUMOURS IN FYVIE.

That the monthly concerts will not take.
That the Sunday collection will be a failure.

That it looks as if the choir will do the same soon.

That the chairs are a real *Mull*.
That they have more need of "cats" or mouse traps.

A MACDUFFIAN clerk on the fiddle
Wa-*Skene* to play "hey diddle, diddle,"
But he played with such zest,
That his strings, tho' the best,
Continually split in the middle.

But talents can't always be hidden,
And genius bursts forth, tho' unbidden,
And the neighbours in numbers
Are aroused from their slumbers,
When he play "the hen's march to the midden."

STANLEY has no lack of rivals in his writing of "Darkest Africa," but the Broch literary man intends taking the wind out of Stanley's sails in the forthcoming production of "Darkest Broadsea, and the way out." Well done, *Cooie Mow*, your native band will do you honour on the publication day.

ALL Elgin was dumfounded last week on account of the mysterious disappearance of one of its most officious officials. Young men were bewildered, "boys in blue" ran in search of each other, and even the scavenger brigade patrolled the thoroughfares in the forlorn search. When the true story oozed out, groups of striplings could be heard trying to rival the American lady whistler in "Off to Philadelphia in the morning." One young wag was heard to remark "It's more a bitter than a *sweet* business this." Moral—The celebration of a marriage can be carried too far.

DOES a Bishopmill plasterer think it a great bounce to parade High Street, Elgin, with his arm in a sling?

THE following is very suggestive of the lively manner in which matters of a Parochial kind are occasionally discussed in Peterhead. Citizen—"What a fearful thunderstorm we had last evening, Mr B." Mr B.—"So I have been informed, but the fact is we had a meeting of the Peterhead Parochial Board at the time, and none of us heard any of it."

MONTROSE wants to know who the four mashers were last week who made such a fuss on horse back in the streets. Perhaps some Englishmen can give us a clue, if not, might we ask Beechwood?

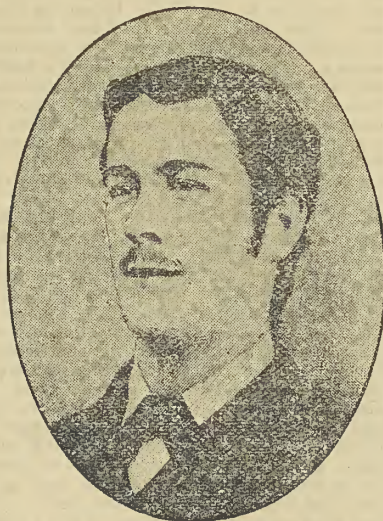
SHAME on the young men of Crathie when two young ladies were allowed to go home a lone from the ball in the "sma' oors o' the m ornin'." Had a certain young gent, been there, one lady at least would not have had to tread the lonely road alone. Surely this

will be a warning to the young men in future, so that they could ask the ladies if they might have the pleasure to escort them to their abodes.

WHY does a certain loquacious and clerical-looking, "knight of the scales" out Tough way carry an umbrella and two pairs of kid gloves to church on Sunday? Is it because the distance is about a hundred yards?

"I WAD dae, what wad I nae for the sake o' somebody," seems to be the sentiment of one of Auchnagatt's bell(e)s when she dressed in her best and went to the Railway Station to meet her "somebody." But finding she was the victim of an April hoax, her feelings were considerably marred. We understand that by a judicious application of "The White Soft Soap" she soon recovered.

THE old lady of Fraserburgh (age not known) who has such a charitable turn of mind was outwitted in her benevolence last Monday afternoon. A few of the Broch's coming race devised a plan whereby they could invest in a quantity of sweets, and the plan was soon put into execution. One of the tribe approached with a most heartrending appeal, and in accents very low explained that his chum had fainted in a close over the way. The boy was hastily sent for brandy, while the lady went up the close to examine the would-be fainter. Judge her surprise to find no one there, and after waiting patiently for the return of the brandy youth, she was content to seek consolation nearer home.



LATE OF ELGIN.

THE Gartly folks say—
That one of the collectors has struck work.
That he could give no reasons for doing so.
That there should be collections made at both church.
That a clod-hopper ball would be the thing to create surplus funds.

WAS it on business, or was it really to prevent the census man from knowing her age that that young lady left Newtonhill until the eventful night was past.

FOR downright good fiction and instruction recommend us to the *People's Friend* for April. The serials are of the same taking interest which has for so long stamped the stories of the *P. F.* as the sterling material. In the versification line we observe a song from the pen of John Stuart Blackie, and a sweet little poem by Isabella F. Darling.

THE "barley bree" of Keith must be of a stronger kind than the average "donal" procurable in Elgin. This statistical fact is deduced from the condition of one of the Bishopmill football players who visited Keith last Saturday. During his evening peregrinations he was none the worse of the support of two companions going up High Street later on.

LAST week the musical association of Crathie held their annual concert, which terminated this year with a ball, and so far proved a success. But what came over one young gentleman that he was conspicuous by his absence during the ball, also a young lady? The greater part of the evening, doubtless, they wanted a quiet chat together in some secluded spot, or perhaps they were practising a duet for the next concert.

THE fighting St Crispin of the Broch was taken down a peg last Saturday in his encounter with a cart; for once in his brilliant career he came off second best.

THE fundamental scientific fact that three together form a better basis for standing on than three individually seemed to have penetrated even the drink-sodden brains of the three clerky "chappies" who came bowling down High Street, Elgin, on Saturday night last. The tallest of them, who has somewhat of a reputation with the fiddle, very aptly formed the central "lean to."

WANTED an explanation of the conduct of those two ladies in the Free Church choir at Kintore, who kept up such a continuous giggling during the sermon last Sunday.

PORTSOY WIRES—

That the School Board election is down for next week.

That the party who stuck up the paper on the Established Church gate containing the names of the members of next School Board deserves promotion to the *Dickie*. He might do well to practice artistic lettering with a respectable heather besom.

THE whole talk of the Cathedral City at present is the elopement of three-striped "sweet twenty-one." The long list of gossips is ably capped by Mrs Toot-er-oo, whose inquisitive propensities were the subject of much comment when she resided in the East-End. 'Twas just like her old lodger to go astray.

THE flirtation epidemic out Kennethmont way is rapidly spreading, and has now attacked a promising youthful knight of the trowel and chisel, and judging from the endearments he bestows on a certain lady under the domes of a stately mansion within a hundred miles of Leith Hall, we would expect that nothing but a marriage cake would remedy this contagious disease.

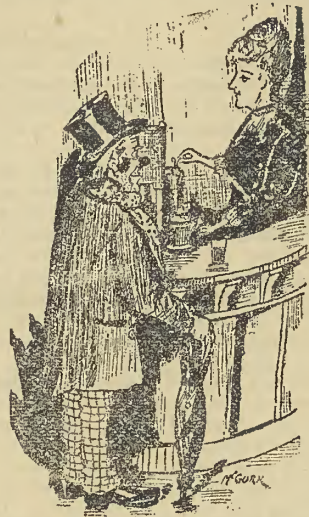
Birse, School Board Candidate.

DEAR MAISTER EDITUR,—Gin ye hinna heard the latest news o' yours truly, I hasten tae lat ye ken that I hae been requestit tae stan' as a candidate for the honours o' belangin' tae the Aiberdeen Skweel Boord. Noo, ye needna lauch doon yer sleeve at this, as I think I'm jist as gweed a man in mony wyes as there is at the Boord. I may tell ye in the byegyan that this new honour is far frae my ain seekin'. Ye see, haein' aye ta'en a kin' o' an interest in educational matters, an' as that is weel kent throughout the toon, twa or three influential gentlemen o' Aiberdeen call't upo'



me the ither nicht, an' then an' there propos't that I sud alloo mysel' tae be nominatit as a candidate for the Skweel Boord. At first I wisna carin' aboot it ava, haein' plenty on my han's i'thenoo, bit as they said that they wintit an educatit man tae look aifter their interests I fell in wi' their views, an' made it a bargain. Ye'll mebbe be wintin' tae hear fat qualifications I hae? I thoct that! Weel, first an' foremaist, I've a gey gweed tongue in my heid, an' a body that winna be sitten upo' by onybody yet that I've seen. I'm a capital speller, an' can spell ony mortal wurd in the English language fan there's a dictionary within reesonable reach. Another gran' qualification I hae is that I'm thoroughly conversant wi' a' the details o' Scripture knowledge, haein' at twa different times contit the correck number o' N's in Joshua, an' the G's in Revelations. That sud gyang a lang wye, I'm thinkin', tae pit me intae the Boord. I'm possess't o' a temper that I hae fu' command o', an' can fecht, if need be, ony man my ain wecht an' size. I can dee a sum in simple addition wi' onybody I iver cam' across, excep' my auld frien', Maister Rennet in the Golden Square. I can speak on ony subject, frae analysin' lemonade up tae discussin' the new Koch treatment for consumptives. Further, in the maitter o' eddication, I can read the advertesments in the *Daily Free Press* fan they are pitten in muckle tye without makin' aince a mistak'. Gin these are nae qualifications fit tae pit ony man intae the Skweel Boord, I dinna ken fat qualifications are. I wis taal by my supporters that I wad hae tae address a meetin', whilk I wis verra wullin' tae dee. Weel, the meetin' wis fix't for Tyesday's nicht in the Meesic Hall, an' lang afore the time o' beginnin' the outside wis a perfeck seethin' crood o' fouk. Fan I gaed doon I cud see

them fechtin' an' strivin' tae get tae the door, an' sae weel ples't wis I at the thoct o' haein' sic a muckle audience that ye widna hinner me



frae gyan intae the Grill tae weel my mou' as a sort o' a preface tae the nicht's proceedin's. Weel, as my meetin' wis tae be in the Ball Room I hauds awa' in there, bit deil the ane wis on the seats ava. I consol't mysel' that they war jist waitin' outside tae the 'oor o' yokin', bit fan that time cam' the room wis as empty as a team egg-shell. I hauds awa' outside, an' instead o' seein' the crood still there I didna see a single livin' soul. Haudin' awa' roon' by the Silver Street door I fell in wi' Maister Pattieson, the advertesin' agent. Says I tae 'im, "Far's a' the fouk gane tae that wis comin' tae my meetin'?" He said he didna ken. Syne I taal him that fan I haed come in-aboot there wis a perfeck crood, an' noo there wisna a single soul. He gya a kin' o' a lauch, an' said they war a' intae the Philharmonic Concert. I wis determin't, hooiver, that my meetin' sud gyang on, sae I waitit aboot in front o' the Meesic Hall tae I waylaid an auld wife, an' lur't her inside the Ball Room tae be my audience. She wisna verra wullin' at first, bit on the promise o' giein' her half a pun' o' tee she consentit. Weel, the proceedin's begun, an' I maun say that, tae dee justice tae my audience, she fell in wi' my views on eddication, an' didna even conter me in ony wye. This wis due principally tae the fack, as I aifterwards fan oot, that she wis as deaf as a door nail. Hooiver, the meetin' towards the en' wis ane o' the quatest that I hae iver seen, for my audience fell soon asleep, an' niver wauken't tae it wis time tae gyan hame. I winner gin the rest o' the candidates can say wi' ony trowth that their meetin's war as quate? I doot no. Weel, I saw the wife hame, an' she bein' gey frail kin' took my airm, an' we keepit up a conversation as weel as a body cud expect tae dee wi' a deaf wife. Jist as I wis gyan up Victoria Street fa sud I meet bit the gentlemen fa wintit me tae stan'. Weel, I'm thinkin', fan they saw me it wis their turn tae stan' an' glower tee. They war fair domfooner't fan they saw me wi' the wife hingin' gracefully on my airm. They stoppit me, an' taal me that it wis a perfeck scandal that I sud be seen oot at that time o' nicht wi' another man's wife on my airm, an' that that fack alane wis enuech tae play auld harry wi' ony chance I haed at the election. They widna bide tae hear ony explanation frae me in the maitter, bit awa' they gaed, an' taal Kirsty aboot that fou I wis seen gallivantin' aboot at the deed 'oor o' the nicht wi' an umman, wi' the result that Kirsty an' me are jist on nae verra speakin' terms ower the maitter. Hooiver, I hae nae doot bit fan I'm electit as a Boord man

on Tyesday that it will be a' richt, an' peace an' joy an' School Boord principles will reign aince mair in the noo rather cloudy hoose o' thine,

PETER BIRSE.

A Fraudulent Trade.

WHAT schemes in some vocations lurk,
Where men delight to cheat and rob!
For instance, the house-builder's work
Is nothing but a put-up job.

Sight Unseen.

CLEVERTON—"You say that the beautiful Miss Crane refused to go to the theatre with you? That's queer. She went to the ball with me the other night."

DASHAWAY—"True. But you forget that it was a masked ball."

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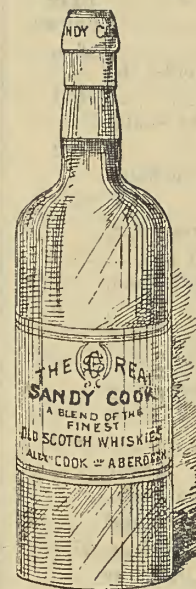
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