

BON ACCORD



Burns
Number.

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As the road turned around the hill I came upon a mule and a cart and a man, writes a traveller in Alabama. The wheels of the cart had sunk down in a mudhole, and the mule stood with head down and ears lazily working to and fro. As for the man, he lay on his back in the shade of a tree and seemed to be taking solid comfort.

"What's the matter?" I asked as he sat up and looked at me.

"Mewl has balked," he slowly replied.

"You mean that he has refused to pull the cart out of the mud?"

"'Zactly."

"But it's a big load and a small mule," I urged. "Why don't you give him some help?"

"It's agin my principles. I've yelled at him and I've licked him till I'm tired, but I'll be dog-goned if I take anything off that load or boost that cart! No, sah—we stay right yere till the pesky critter gits up and humps hisself and pulls that cart out o' the mud!"

"Then you are not in a hurry?" I queried.

"No, sah, no hurry 'tall," he replied, as he hitched back to get more shade.

"My son Dan is plowin' out co'n with the cow, the old woman is fixin up the fences, and I've a gallon of whisky and a pound of terbacker in the cart. It's a question of bein' sot, and if I can't stay sot longer'n a \$80 mewl then I'd better move out of Alabama."

Five days later I met the man at Greenville and asked him how the "sotness" came out.

"Oh! yes!" he replied with a grin. "Wall, I camped right thar' fur two days and nights, a-singin' hymns and restin' up an' havin' a good time, and then that mewl, a-seein' that when it cum down to sotness he wasn't in it with me, took right holt and pulled that cart outer the mud and galloped all the way home!"

Did It for the Best.

MRS HIRAM—"And have you any references?"

APPLICANT—"No, mum. Oi tored 'em up."

MRS HIRAM (in surprise)—"Tore them up? How foolish!"

APPLICANT—"Yez wudn't think so, mum, if yez had seem 'em."

Wouldn't It be Horrible?

MIRIAM (impressively)—"We will soon be wearing tight sleeves again. Do you imagine that bloomers will—will—ever—"

MILICENT (in horror)—"That would be terrible!"

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Fall not to record in your memory's book,
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MR WM. CADENHEAD.

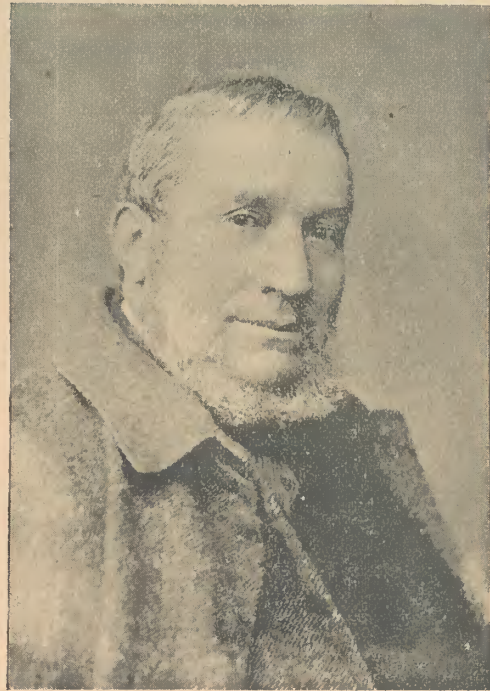
MR WILLIAM CADENHEAD, one of the Bards of Bon-Accord, is a self-made man, but not one of those self-made men who are eternally praising the makers. Mr Cadenhead was born in the Granite City in 1819, and when only nine years of age was sent out to earn his living. Consequently he was not over-educated; but the "stalk of carle hemp" was strong in the lad, and by diligent application he speedily overcame this deficiency.

Mr Cadenhead early courted the muse, a study of Beattie's "Minstrel" having led the way. In 1839 Mr Cadenhead published "The Prophecy," a fulfilment of the Rhymer's prediction regarding the Brig o' Balgownie.

In 1853 was published "Flights of Fancy and Lays of Bon-Accord" which was very favourably received. The guide book to the city which Mr Cadenhead wrote, and which has gone through several editions, discloses his rich antiquarian knowledge and poetic gift, while even here the pawky humour of the man comes refreshingly out. At Burns dinners Mr Cadenhead is to the front, and many an ode to the memory of Burns has left his pen.

Long may he be spared to celebrate the anniversary of the immortal Robin!

We have contented ourselves with simply mentioning the outstanding facts in the lives of these worthy sons of Bon-Accord as they will in due course appear in Our Portrait Gallery series.



MR WM. CARNIE.

MR WILLIAM CARNIE, the secretary of the Aberdeen Burns Club, is known in Scotland wherever music is known, and especially church music. This by reason of "The Northern Psalter and Hymn Tune Book," which he edited. Mr Carnie was an engraver to trade, and among the friends of his youth are many who have taken high places in the world of art. Leaving his craft, Mr Carnie became an inspector of poor; and at one time was precentor in Banchory Devenick Parish Church. About 1853 Mr Carnie, having acquired a knowledge of phonography, became a professional shorthand writer and a sub-editor on the staff of the *Aberdeen Herald*. Mr Carnie was also precentor in the West Parish Church; and as an authority on church music and musical subjects generally he was *facile princeps*. His Psalter, which appeared in 1872, in less than ten years had a sale of some 50,000 copies to Scottish churches alone.

Mr Carnie, as is known far and wide, is now clerk and treasurer to the Royal Infirmary and Royal Lunatic Asylum, and in that capacity has done valuable work for the institutions.

As a poet, Mr Carnie, for his pictures of Scottish rural life and subtle reading of character, takes a front place, his "Waifs of Rhyme" containing several homely pieces which will live as long as Scots are Scots.

All on Tick, Too.

"HUMPH!" grumbled the clock. "I don't know of anyone who is harder worked than I am—twenty-four hours a day year in year out." And then it struck.

The Longest Day.

SCOTCH MITHER—"Now, Agnes, whan's the shortest day?" Agnes—"Twenty-first o' December." Scotch Mither—"An' whan's the longest day?" Wee Johnny—"I ken—Sawbath!"



Miss Bon-Accordia to the Ex-Treasurer.

A LITTLE AFTER BURNS.

Tune—"I'm ower young tae marry yet."

HE'S nae the city's ae bairn,
An' me I doot he'd weary, sir,
I canna think tae tak' him back
To be my ain kin' dearie, sir.
It's ower sune, it's ower sune,
It's ower sune, for George jist yet ;
It's ower sune ; 'twad be a sin
Tae tak' him fae his "study" yet.

Ambeition's smiles he's coortin', sir,
For higher game he rovest yet ;
It winna be the Blacksmith's blame
Gin Bisset bena Provost yet.
Bit it's ower sune, it's ower sune,
I canna think about it yet ;
It's ower sune ; 'twad be a sin,
He's nae come tae his senses yet.

THE Aberdeen Burns Club celebrate the anniversary of the birth of Burns on Saturday. Mr W. Milne Gibson, of the *Northern Figaro*, will occupy the chair, and give the toast of the evening, "The Immortal Memory of Burns." The club is in a very healthy condition, thanks in great measure to the kindly interest of the treasurer, Mr John S. Stuart, G.N.S.R., whose time has been given ungrudgingly to the work.

WE have a little piece of work for the Burns Club to execute. A cousin of Robert Burns (once or twice removed) lies buried in the Spital, with never a mark to indicate the spot. Probably it would be difficult now to find the exact place of interment, but the club might make inquiries and put a stone over the spot if found. We do not make this suggestion simply because the man was a relative of Burns, but because his own contributions to the literature of Scotland were important ones, and we know the Burns Club does all it can to foster the love for Scottish literature. This bardie's name was John Burness, and "Thrummy Cap" and "The Ghaist o' Garronha" were written by him.

ANOTHER thing the Burns Club might do, viz., organise Saturday afternoon trips to the Home of Burns' Ancestors as described in our special article. The whole trip could be accomplished for the matter of half-a-crown.

YESTERDAY the Tonic Sol-Fa Institute gave their annual Burns concert to a crowded house. The chief attraction was Mr Charles Chilly, who is to appear again on Saturday, when the concert is to be repeated.

IT was the fate of a practical and patriotic Scotsman to assist at a meeting of a certain improvement society while a Shakespearian scholar dilated upon the virtues of his favourite writer. At the close of the meeting the stranger approached the lecturer, and the following dialogue ensued :—"Ye think a fine lot of Shakespeare, doctor?" "I do, sir," was the emphatic reply. "An' ye think he was mair clever than

Robbie Burns?" "Why, there's no comparison between them." "Maybe no; but ye tell us the night it was Shakespeare 'at wrote, 'Uneasy lies the heid that wears a crown.' Noo, Robbie wad never ha'e written sic nonsense as that. Robbie wad ha'e kent fine that king, or a queen either didna gang to their bed wi' the croon on their head. They hung it owre an airm o' a chair."

HAVING had to go early to press in consequence of our Burns Number arrangements, the report of the licensed victuallers' annual ball has been deferred till next week, when portraits will be given.

AN instance of throwing one's self about was witnessed this week at a concert in the city. A young lady when asked to give an encore, first *tossed* her head and then *pitched* her voice!

"A MAN overboard" in a stormy sea is nothing to the consternation in a Regent Quay hotel last Sunday when at roll-call one of the guests was found to be missing. Two travellers arrived in town on Saturday, and after putting up at the hotel, set out to do the town. One was picked up, more than water-logged, at Queen's Cross, and steered home; but the other was driven before the wind to Cults, and was picked up by a passing craft on Monday.

GERMAN banders in this country are inwardly cursing their erratic emperor, for since the anti-German feeling became so pronounced the coppers flow less copiously into their caps. The only way they can show their want of sympathy with the emperor is by blaring out the bars of the National Anthem. On Saturday evening in Bon-Accord Terrace, four of these sausage-eating musicians were heard tearing up "God Save the Queen" as if they had been bandmen in Her Majesty's army. But the dwellers in Bon-Accord Terrace are loyal people, and the bandmen blew in vain.

HERE'S that irrepressible Rosemount wag again. This time he breaks new ground. Listen—

Inform me, editor, if you please—
If 'tis dangerous to walk by shooting trees?
Art thou the spirit of my father?
The brandy bottle answered "Rather!"
Tell me please, if you can, my friend,
How the world being round, can come to an end?
To answer this, my friend, please try—
Can a man with whiskers tell a barefaced lie?
Just one question, then I've ended,
Tell me can broken sleep be mended?

The question this Rosemounter will have to answer is, Can broken heads be mended?

THE builders will shortly make a commencement with the new suite of rooms and large hall for the Trades Council. Needless to say, the workmen employed will receive the standard rate of wages. By his re-election as president of the Council, Mr John Keir is likely to realise one of his most cherished ambitions, viz., to see the new building completed and opened during his period of office.

THE war in Ashantee is at an end, the Venezuelan fizzle is likely to be satisfactorily arranged, and quietness is restored in Johannesburg; consequently stocks and shares are on the "rise." Therefore, as speculators, let us sing—

The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof,
And gold shares shall spring from the sword
So the Pioneer blesses the Maxim gun,
For his shares will rise when its work is done.
While the darkies are swept by the board.

CERTAIN Aberdeen chess players indulge in their favourite game on Sunday. They compound by checkmating with the Bishop instead of the King!

It was almost a certainty that in the long list of names of prisoners taken by Kruger at the battle of Krugersdorp at least one Aberdonian should be found. There may be others, but hat there is one we now know. Mr Hector, one of Jameson's men, was for several years in the office of a large firm in this city, and was well known among the Engineer Volunteers, of which corps he was a member. Mr Hector about six years ago left Aberdeen for South Africa, and on the outbreak in Matabeleland volunteered his services to the Chartered Company, and went through the campaign which resulted in the death of Lobengula. Mr Hector then joined Dr Jameson's force, and fought in the battle at which they were outnumbered and overcome by the Boers. Mr Hector was taken prisoner, and is now with his comrades at Pretoria.

THE humanity of the Boers is well illustrated by a statement in an Aberdeen evening paper of Tuesday. In a description of the prisoners at Pretoria, it is stated—"The sanitary arrangements, too, had been very bad, and the vermin were swarming. They are now allowed to sleep outside." The Boers must either be very humane or very lazy, for it is not customary for people to give vermin the chance to sleep outside.

WHY is ex-Ballie Pyper at the Parish Council meetings like a bee?—Because he always carries his point!

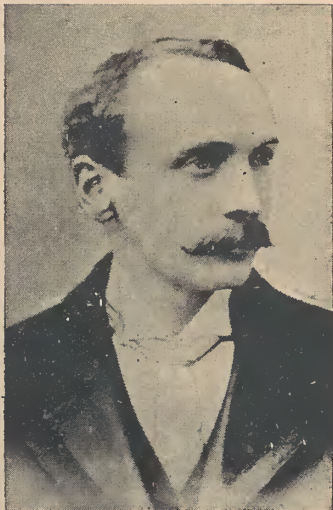
THERE is little change in the officials of the Trades Council. Mr Keir was unanimously re-elected president, while Mr John Wisely, who will prove more than an ornament in the chair in the absence of Mr Keir, takes the place vacated by Mr John Anderson. Mr Johnston continues his services as secretary at the unanimous request of the council.

THE principal contest, as was the case last year, was for the treasurership, for which office Mr Forbes declined renomination. Three candidates were proposed. In the final vote Mr J. K. Pirie defeated Councillor Cooper by 45 to 38. In one of his first speeches at the Town Council, Mr Cooper predicted that some day he might be appointed city treasurer, and, modest man that he is, he evidently desires to try his 'prentice hand with the finances of the Trades Council, but for the second year in succession he has been denied that opportunity.

IN making a boot Aberdeen shoemakers *begin* by using a *last*.

MR GEORGE GIRDWOOD, the designer of the casket presented

to ex-Lord Provost Stewart last week, is managing assistant to Messrs Geo. Jamieson & Son, jewellers. Mr Girdwood is also an ardent amateur photographer, and at the meeting of the Aberdeenshire Amateur Photographic Society carried off the society's certificate for the best enlargement, Mr James Milne, Holburn Street, taking the second place. There was a large number of entries, and the prints showed great merit. Mr Girdwood's enlargement was Elgin Cathedral. The subject of our notice has also come to the front rapidly in the making of magic lantern slides.



MR GEORGE GIRDWOOD.

A MOST irrelevant debate inaugurated the second evening meeting of the Town Council on Monday. Some little time ago the Council resolved to advertise for offers for police clothing, the contracts to be open to Jews and Gentiles, especially to Jews. On the committee's report coming up on Monday, a first-class "standard-rate, home-versus-foreign" debate sprang up, and the whole thing was exhaustively re-threshed.

THE Dean of Guild, as a rule very sensible on this question, supported the pernicious doctrine of buying in the cheapest market. We know the Dean does not mean that. The Dean is a humane man; and if he knew what "buying in the cheapest market" means to the poor seamstress who sews

. . . . At once with a double thread
A shroud as well as a shirt,

we know he would repudiate his speech of Monday as heartily as Mr Middleton repudiated it.

THE debate could only be defended on the ground that those who wish the contracts kept in the city are justified in pressing their claims in season and out of season.

MR MIDDLETON gave a good sample of what we may expect from him when he becomes City Treasurer. His model lodging-house scheme was intelligently laid before the Council, and although the putting it into effect involves an outlay of some £13,000 or £14,000, there seems no reason why it should not pay. Although the financial aspect has to be looked at in a matter like this, it should not be the main consideration. The principal thing to be kept in view is the proper housing of the unfortunate class by which common lodging-houses are frequented. The debate was adjourned for a fortnight in order to give members an opportunity of looking more fully into the matter.

THE dignity of the bench must be maintained! There are members in the Council who dare to oppose the bench, and ex-Ballie Henderson is one of them. The bench—or a section of it—wanted to go jaunting away to Edinburgh in first class carriages, with an allowance of two guineas a day, in order to confer regarding the early closing of public-houses, but ex-Ballie Henderson objected, and in the end had to go himself.

WE expected to hear some warm speaking on the cold subject of the removal of the snow from foot pavements by the Council. Mr George Reid raised the question, and, as was unsympathetically remarked, the debate was a "frost!"

THE evening meetings of the Council has a soporific tendency, for at the first one several of the councillors succumbed, while at the second "Nic" from Loanhead Terrace slumbered peacefully while Mr Henry Gray prosed about the new post office.

If you wish a five minutes' shock take the Galvanic Battery Bus to Torry; but if you wish a gentle "see-saw"—not so fierce as a switch-back—mount the car at Queen's Cross and ride to Union Street. The motion is delightful, and although your head goes like a pendulum that makes no difference to the Tramways Company. Mr Mooney has reliable conductors, and there's no danger of being pitched off. That's one comfort.

IN the Mannofield Parish Church next Wednesday Mr J. M. Nisbet gives a grand organ recital. Interspersed with Mr Nisbet's pieces are to be anthems by the choir and solos by Miss Jeannie L. M'Intyre. Mr M. M. Stevenson is conductor.

THE car conductor who was knocked down by a piece of ice thrown by a lad, is recovering. He showed no signs of intelligence for a day or two; but even this is not so bad as several of the members of Aberdeen City Parish Council who have shown no signs of intelligence since they were elected, about a year ago.

THE HOME OF BURNS' ANCESTORS



HOW much the north has to do with Robert Burns comparatively few people know; and how much of what was best of the man—his nobleness of heart, his loftiness of mind, independence of thought and speech, his deep religious feeling—is traceable not to Coila but to the Mearns no one can ever know. Of this we are certain, however, that from the poet's paternal forebears, who for at least two hundred years struggled manfully in the cultivation of the sour and unyielding soil on the hillsides of Kincardineshire, he inherited none of those uncontrolled passions which have been the blot on the escutcheon of one of the noblest sons Scotland has conceived.

The home of Burns' paternal ancestors is not a Sabbath day's journey from Aberdeen: it can be readily reached and traversed throughout in an afternoon. Knowing this, one morning ere

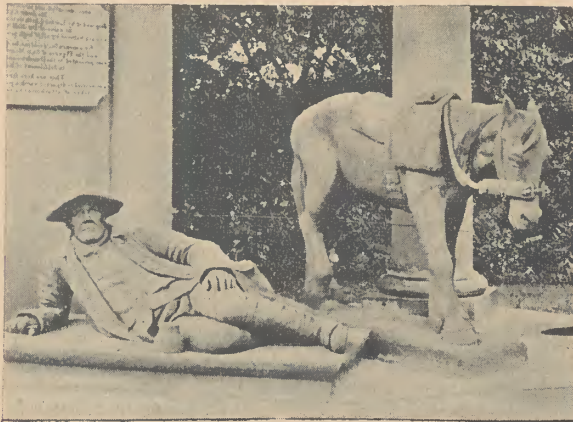
... Chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare,

two "tramps"—one armed with a camera, the other with a pencil—left the city, their destination being the Mearns, their object the collection of material for this Burns Number.

Dunnottar Churchyard.

From Stonehaven Station, which is reached by one of the many, Caledonian or North British trains, the road to the northern land of Burns leads the pedestrian through the lovely woods of Dunnottar, past the lonely God's Acre in which is an object of national interest. This is the gravestone erected to the memory of those prisoners in Dunnottar Castle "who died . . . for their adherence to the word of God and Scotland's covenanted work of Reformation."

It was in this churchyard, by the way, that Sir Walter Scott met Robert Paterson (the Old Mortality of his famous novel) when the devoted Cameronian was engaged in his self-imposed task of repairing the Covenanters' simple monument.



OLD MORTALITY AND HIS PONY.

"An old man was seated upon the monument of the slaughtered Presbyterians. A blue bonnet of unusual dimensions covered the grey hairs of the pious workman. Beside him fed among the graves a pony, the companion of his journey, whose projecting bones and hollow eyes indicated its antiquity."—Sir Walter Scott, in Introduction to "Old Mortality."

Sir Walter himself mentions this interesting fact in the introduction to "Old Mortality," and gives a vivid description of the old man and his pony, whose quaint figures we reproduce. Sir Walter was spending a few days with the then minister of Dunnottar—the Rev. Mr Walker—who made an attempt to draw Old Mortality into conversation, but it was useless, for, as the wizard says, "the old man's spirit had been sorely vexed by hearing in a certain Aberdonian kirk the psalmody directed by a pitch pipe, . . . which was to Old Mortality the abomination of abominations."

The Country Side.

Past the bye-way leading to the churchyard and the manse, the road turns to the left at Dunnottar House, and a walk of a few hundred yards over a carpet of leaves brings the pedestrian to the turnpike road, which crosses a bridge over a delightfully-wooded ravine, at the bottom of which the Carron rattles noisily to the sea.

Beyond the woods of Dunnottar the road strikes into one of the barest cultivated country sides in Scotland. Hardly a tree breaks the monotony of stone dykes and barbed-wire fences; and the only picturesque things in the landscape—the ploughman and his straining horses, look all the more picturesque on that account.

Never a bird is to be seen save the prettily-coloured chaffinch and the ubiquitous sparrow, and, strive how we may, we cannot associate Burns' love of Nature with the surroundings of his father's home.

Where Burns' Father was Born.

About four or five miles from Stonehaven, two or three hundred yards retired from the toll road, is Clochinhill, where Burns' father was born.

The farm of Clochinhill, it is almost needless to say, is greatly altered from what it was a hundred and fifty years ago, when the poet's father was literally starved out of it. To Burns devotees, however, the building must always be interesting, for although Clochinhill is now a neat modern dairy farm, part of the walls which sheltered "the saint, the father, and the husband" of the "Cottar's Saturday Night" still remains.



Burns' Jacobitism.

What effect the sternness of the country has had on the poetry of Scotland we dare not suggest; but if, as many of Burns' admirers maintain, the fire and impetuosity of the bard were hereditary, they certainly were not inherited from his immediate paternal forebears—dour, stern crofters of the Mearns, living out their unpoetical lives in a continual struggle to make ends meet, and being ultimately driven from the soil by its barrenness and the uncongenial climate. But there were many traits in Burns' character which came entirely from his father. His deeply religious nature—for Burns *was* a religious man, though as he confessed himself he was "frequently the sport of whim, caprice, and passion"—his championship of the cause of the weak, and his Jacobitism were mainly from his paternal forebears. His Jacobitism was essentially of the north, for his father and grandfather were subjects of one of the most powerful Jacobite families—the Keith-Marischals of Dunnottar, who were attainted for their share in the Jacobite rebellion of 1715. When Burns' father went to Edinburgh the Jacobite rising of 1745 must have been fomenting, and it is extremely probable that William Burness was in the capital when Prince Charlie entered the city and took up his quarters at Holyrood. For ten years no trace of Burness can be got, and it has been suggested that he had sided with the Pretender and been "out" in the '45. There is no proof of this, however, but his actions must have been open to suspicion, for when he turned up in Ayrshire he carried a certificate testifying "that he had no concern in the late wicked rebellion."

How Burns' Father left the North.

It was the disastrous winter of 1740 that ruined the poet's grandfather in Clochinhill, and drove him to seek the shelter of a small house on Dunnottar; and it was the same cause that drove Burns' father from the scenes of his childhood, to seek his fortune in the south. On the rising ground overlooking Clochinhill Burness and his brother parted, as Gilbert Burns says, "with anguish of mind, each going off his several way in search of new adventures, and scarcely knowing whither he went."

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The Army Supply Drapery Stores,
CASTLE STREET, ABERDEEN.

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 Busy Alike Morning, Mid-Day Noon, and Evening.

No wonder we are doing a daily increasing trade, seeing that we Sell the Most Superior English Manufactured Goods at Prices never before attempted in the City.

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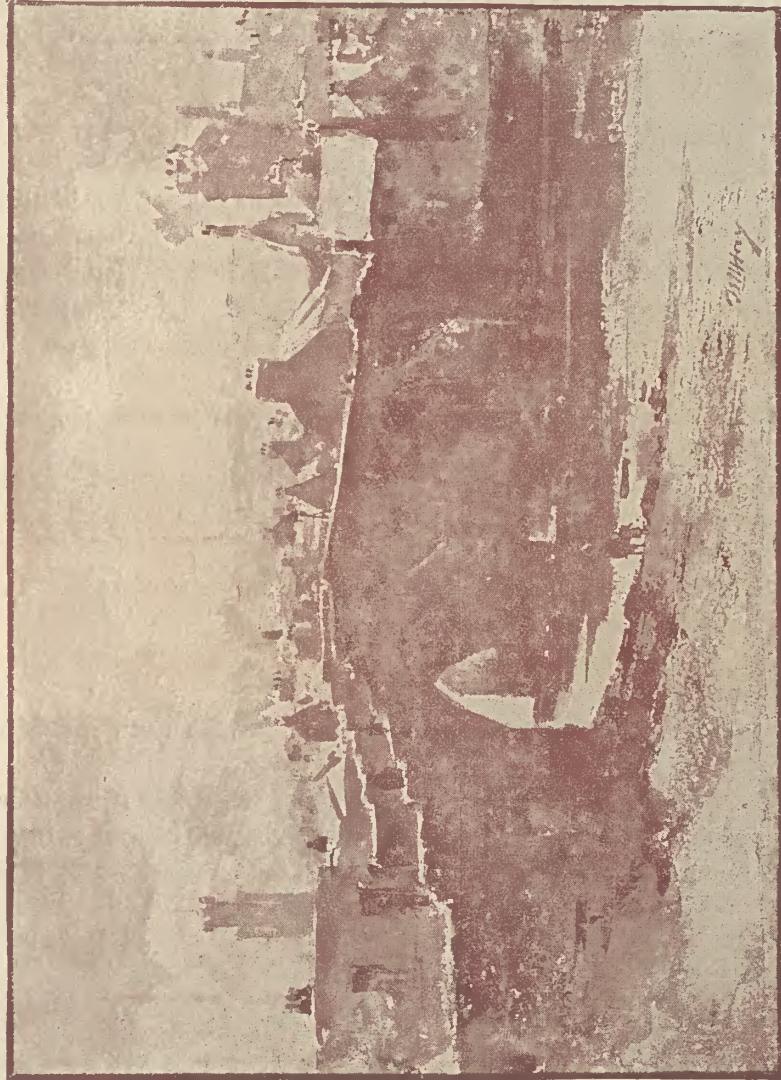
Our Stock is over £10,000 in Value, and our premises are the Largest and most Modern in the City. No expense has been spared to make the ARMY SUPPLY STORES the best shop for the People. If you want any Article in any class of DRAPERY GOODS, MILLINERY, or FANCY GOODS, we can Save you money. If you want an OVERCOAT or SUIT, or any item of Clothing we can show you the most Marvellous Value ever placed before a Discerning Public.

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AULD BRIG OF AYR.

"I'll be a brig when ye're a shapeless cairn."—*The Twa Brigs.*

The Home of Burns' Ancestors.



BRAWLINMUIR, WHERE BURNS' GRANDFATHER WAS BORN.



THE FARM OF CLOCHINHILL, NEAR STONEHAVEN,
THE BIRTHPLACE OF BURNS' FATHER.



TOMBSTONES OF BURNS' ANCESTORS IN
GLENBERVIE CHURCHYARD.

CURR'S

Essence of Dandelion

COFFEE

IS RECOMMENDED BY THE
Highest Medical Authorities

To those who cannot take Ordinary
Tea or Coffee.

<p>HAS THE FINE REFRESHING FRAGRANCE OF FRESH ROASTED COFFEE</p>	<p>CURR'S COFFEE ESSENCE</p> <p>PREPARED AT THE ABERDEEN COFFEE WORKS AND SOLD EVERYWHERE.</p>	<p>GAINED HIGHEST AWARDS WHEREVER EXHIBITED BOTH AT HOME AND ABROAD</p>
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William Burness, as is known to the world, ultimately arrived in Ayrshire, and erected the "auld clay biggin'," where on the never-to-be-forgotten 25th of January, 1759, a son was born to Scotland, who with all his failings is yet her favourite son.

He rose and sang and Scotland heard—
The round world echoed with his song,
And hearts in every land were stirred
With love and joy and scorn of wrong.

The Castle of Fiddes and "Thrummy Cap."

About half a mile from Clochinhill a striking but by no means picturesque object in the landscape is the old castle of Fiddes, which is associated in a peculiar way with the Burns family.

John Burness, the ballad-maker, author of the immortal



OLD CASTLE OF FIDDES.

"Thrummy Cap," was a cousin germane of Robert Burns, and was born at Bogjorgan (reached later on). He was in turn ballad-maker, farm-servant, baker, militiamen, playwright, and book canvasser, his life being as full of vicissitudes as his distinguished cousin's was. His death was a peculiarly sad one. In the pursuit of his calling as a book

canvasser, he was overtaken at Portlethen by a snow storm, and was found dead in a drift. His body was taken charge of by a relative in Aberdeen and interred in the Spital Churchyard.

John Burness was the author of several very popular Scotch ballads; and though his verse is without polish, there are found passages with more than a suspicion of the homeliness of the National Bard. John wrote his "Thrummy Cap" while he lay at Dumfries with his regiment, and Burns, at his kinsman's request, looked over the manuscript, made several corrections, and told the writer of it that it was "the best ghaist story in the Scottish language I have ever seen." The scene of the ghost story so weirdly told in "Thrummy Cap" is laid in the Castle of Fiddes, which seems to have been a dower house or castle of defence. Now the bleating of sheep and lowing of cattle are heard within the walls which have doubtless echoed with song, and sent back the shouts of noisy revellers.

Drumlithie.

Past Fiddes the country loses some of its bareness, and as the village of Drumlithie is reached the landscape has a more cheerful appearance. Drumlithie has neither beginning nor end: it is all centre. It clusters round its Steeple as a hive of bees clusters round its queen. Naturally one expects to find woven round the Steeple an interesting story; but such a one is doomed to disappointment, for the Steeple was erected for the prosaic purpose of hanging a bell with which to arouse sleepy weavers, and to otherwise regulate the life of the community.

The Gravestones of Burns' Ancestors.

We are now fairly in the Burness country, and about a mile and a half beyond the village lies the Churchyard of Glenbervie, the ancient burying place of Burns' ancestors.

There is no need to point out the last resting place of the poet's forebears, for the visitor instinctively follows the beaten path among the long grass and finds himself beside two flat stones, resting in cavities in sandstone blocks, and supported by pedestals. These latter were provided in 1885, when attention was drawn to the wretched condition in which the tombstones were. One of the stones was erected to the memory of Robert Burns' great-grandparents, and the other to the memory of his great-granduncle. The Kirkyard of Glenbervie is a picturesque little spot, below which is, on the banks of the Bervie, the residence of Mr. J. B. Nicolson, the convener of Kincardineshire.

Brawlinmuir and Bogjorgan.

Past the Parish Church and up the brae the road leads through a pleasant country, and after half-an-hour's brisk walk

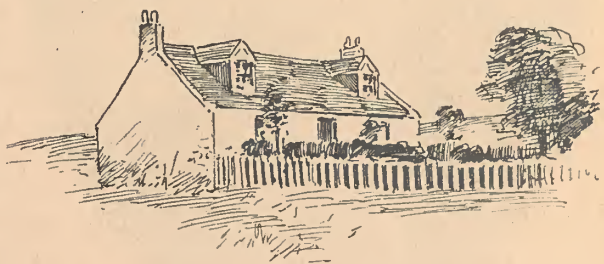
a height is reached from which several of the farms tilled by Burns' forebears are seen. High on the face of the hill to the left sits Brawlinmuir, which Burns' progenitors in the direct line cultivated; while in the immediate vicinity are Bogherb, Bogjorgan, and Cleugh-head, all at one time in the hands of the Burnesses.

The Origin of the Name.

The origin of the name Burness or Burnes has long been a subject of dispute, and although it is really a matter of small importance whence the line of Robert Burns sprang, the name of the bard has become so dear to the hearts of patriotic Scotsmen that the merest trifle regarding him becomes to his admirers a matter of great importance.

One set of theorists has it that in the troublous times of the seventeenth century one Campbell of Burnhouse, a member of the Argyle family, for reasons which one may quite readily guess at, desired to efface himself, and consequently fled to the lowlands, sought shelter in the Mearns, dropped his surname, and adopted in its stead that of his late home—Burnhouse. The word got corrupted to Burness, Burnes, and was ultimately changed to Burns by the national poet. Another theory is that from a place named Bernis, now called Burnhouse of Kair, in Kincardineshire, the surname Burness took form; while yet another was started by a member of the family (Dr James Burnes of the Bombay Army) to prove that the name took its rise from the old Parish of Burness in Orkney.

From mere conjecture regarding the family we come to facts, and although for three hundred and fifty years there were Burnesses in those parts, it is only when we reach the poet's great-great grandfather that we are on safe ground. This member of the family—Walter—was a shoemaker at Stonehouse of Mergie, not many miles from Stonehaven, and being (very unlike his distinguished descendant) industrious and frugal, he was able ultimately to settle in Bogjorgan, on the braes of Glenbervie.



BOGJORGAN, THE EARLY HOME OF ROBERT BURNS' ANCESTORS.


James Burness, a son of this tenant of Bogjorgan, took the adjoining farm of Brawlinmuir, and a son of James occupied Clochinhill. This was Robert Burness, Burns' grandfather, whose name the poet took.

What is now a highly-cultivated, though still bleak, country side was, when the Burnesses occupied it, little better than hill pasture, and if Burns was never far from poverty's door, he but lived the life of his progenitors on the hillsides of Glenbervie.

Historical Associations.

The road to Stonehaven leads the pedestrian through the clachan of Tannachy, past Elfhill, which was tenanted by a granduncle of Burns, and through the woods round Fetteresso, one of the most delightfully-situated demesnes in the north of Scotland. Fetteresso Castle was at one time a stronghold of Jacobitism, being the home of the Keith-Marischals. After landing at Peterhead, in 1715, James, the Old Chevalier, went to Fetteresso, where he was warmly received and hospitably entertained.

Just as the "tramp" emerges from the woods the towers of Urie are seen peeping from the surrounding woods. Urie, which is now owned by Mr Baird, the Lord-Lieutenant of the County, was at one time the property of the great Quaker family, the Barclays. The first of the Quaker Barclays of Urie was the soldier of Gustavus Adolphus, and father of an equally

eminent man, viz., the author of the "Apology." These two men and other members of the family are buried in the 'old Howff, the chapel-like building on the sky-line to the left. 

In the valley between the Cowie and the Carron—between Urie and Fetteresso—it is supposed by good authorities, Galgacus and his army of 30,000 skin-clad warriors fought a great battle with Agricola's armour-clad Romans, and in the ocean below, the Roman fleet were anchored.

A Roman Grave.

Nearer the station, on the south side of the road, there will be seen a tumulus, surrounded by a paling. This is the grave of one of the early kings of Scotland, Malcolm the First, who was killed here in 953.

At Stonehaven Station the tour has been completed; and, given good weather and agreeable company, no more interesting Saturday afternoon tramp could be arranged than one through the northern Land of Burns.



Robert Burns

Boghead of Kintore.

The Burnesses had connection with Aberdeenshire as well as with Kincardineshire, for a granduncle of the poet tenanted the farm of Boghead of Kintore, and a small house near the farm is yet pointed out as the cottage where Burns slept a night when on his northern tour, and in Aberdeen a year or so ago a bedstead was exposed to sale, the seller holding out as a plea for a good price the interesting "fact" that the National Bard slept on it while at Boghead of Kintore!

Burns in the North.

Burns was deeply impressed with the Highlands, the romantic scenery of which inspired several fine word-pictures. The Fall of Foyers and the seat of the Duke and Duchess of Gordon fed the muse; but his visit to "bonny Castle Gordon" was interrupted by the sudden whim of his travelling companion William Nicol. In the midst of the Duke and Duchess's hospitality Nicol imagined that he was being over-looked, and declining to

play Boswell to Burns' Johnson, he posted off in a pet to the south. Burns forthwith left his brilliant patroness, but from Edinburgh sent a letter to Mr James Hoy, the librarian, in which the poet prayed—"May that obstinate son of Latin prose (Nicol) be curst to Scotch mile periods, and damned to seven league paragraphs, while Declension and Conjugation, Gender, Number, and Time, under the ragged banners of Dissonance and Disarrangement, eternally rank against him in hostile array."

Burns in Aberdeen.

After leaving Gordon Castle, Burns visited Duff House, and then, after in all probability visiting his relatives at Kintore, proceeded to Aberdeen.

Here Burns met, in the printing office of Chalmers, Bishop Skinner and several of the literary men of the day in the city. Burns expressed his disappointment at having missed seeing the author of, as he called it, "the best Scotch song ever Scotland saw—"Tullochgorum's my delight!" and when Bishop Skinner next wrote to his father he communicated the poet's words of regret. This occasioned the penning by old Skinner of a "Familiar Epistle to Robie Burns, the Plowman Poet, in his own style," which Burns pronounced "the finest poetic compliment I ever got." The epistle is as long as it is "familiar," for there are over a hundred lines of it. It begins—

O happy hour for evermair,
That led my chill up Cha'mers' stair,

and concludes with the following "P.S."—

This auld Scot's muse I've courted lang,
And spar'd nae pains to win her;
Dowf tho' I be in rustic sang,
I'm no a raw beginner.
But now auld age tak's dowie turns,
Yet, troth, as I'm a sinner,
I'll ay be fond of Robie Burns
While I can sign—JOHN SKINNER.

Burns was not very favourably impressed with our Granite City, for in the diary of his northern tour he despatched it with the curt entry—"Aberdeen a lazy town."

Burns in Kincardineshire.

After leaving Aberdeen, Burns paid his only visit to the home of his ancestors. At Stonehaven, where he spent two days, the poet stayed with his aunts, Jean and Isabel, and met a relative "Robert Burns, writer in Stonehive, one of those who love fun, a gill, and a punning joke, and have not a bad heart." Here also he met his cousin, Mr. James Burnes, who when friends were most sorely needed, stood by the poet, sending him money and offering to educate his son. From Stonehaven on his journey south, Burns passed Clochinhill, where "the best of fathers" was born, and at Laurencekirk, where he rested, he met a member of his favourite sex who he set down as "a jolly, frank, sensible, loving-inspiring widow."

Although he makes no mention of it in his diary, Burns must have passed, in his journey towards the capital, Monboddie, the home of one of his divinities, "the heavenly Miss Burnett."

Then at Montrose he was entertained by his devoted cousin, to whom the poet wrote for assistance, having been reduced to the pitiable position of beggar. "Save me from the horrors of a jail!" he wrote to his warm-hearted kinsman, ten days before his death, and in response came the wherewithal to pay the debt.

But we have no desire to harrow the feelings of our readers with the miserable story of Burns' latter days, when those who championed his cause and blazoned abroad his name when the world cheered, passed him by without a word when misfortune overtook him. Our object is simply to bring under the notice of our readers Burns' connection with the north, and how very near we are to the country whose characteristics doubtless moulded the man whose influence on Burns was greatest—"the priest-like father," over whose tomb in Alloway Kirkyard the poet wrote—

O ye, whose cheek the tear of pity stains
Draw near with pious rev'rence and attend!
Here lie the loving husband's dear remains,
The tender father and the gen'rous friend
The pitying heart that felt for human woe;
The dauntless heart that feared no human pride
The friend of man, to vice alone a foe;
"For ev'n his failings leaned to virtue's side."

PUBLIC NOTICES.

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OF

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THURSDAY.....AS YOU LIKE IT.
FRIDAY.....MERCHANT OF VENICE
(And Screen Scene from "School for Scandal.")
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General Manager,.....MR ERNEST SHELDON.

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1896,

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STAR COMPANY.

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Half Time to Orchestra Stalls at 9 o'clock, 1s.

Aberdeen Tonic Sol-Fa Institute.

Grand Burns Concert,
IN MUSIC HALL,
SATURDAY, 25th January, 1896.

ARTISTES—

Miss MARY FINLAY, Soprano.
Miss MARGARET DUFFUS, Contralto.
MR CHARLES CHILLEY, TENOR,
One of the Foremost Tenors of the day.
Mr DICKSON MOFFAT, Reader.
Mr BURWOOD NICHOLLS, Accompanist.
Chorus of the Institute, 230 Voices.
Prices of Admission—Reserved Seats (Numbered), 2s; Other Parts of the Hall, 1s.
Tickets are now ready, and can be had from Mr James Macbeth, 181 Union Street; Mr G. Mitchell Moir, 82 Union Street; Mr J. Adams, 1 St Nicholas Street.
Reserve Seat Tickets at Mr Macbeth's only.

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PRINCE HENRY OF BATTENBERG, K.G.
MUSIC HALL, THURSDAY, JAN. 30TH

HARRISON CONCERT.

VOCALISTS—

MISS EVANGELINE FLORENCE.
MADAME ALIÖE GOMEZ.
MR BEN DAVIES.
MR ANDREW BLACK.
AND
THE ROYAL WELSH LADIES' CHOIR.
Solo Violin.....Miss ETHEL BARNES.
Solo Piano.....Mlle. MALLELEINE JENHAVE.
Accompanist.....Mr JOSEPH SPEAIGHT.
Tickets—6s, 4s, 3s, 2s, 1s—at J. Marr, Wood,
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Grand Organ Recital,

BY

MR J. M. NISBET,

On WEDNESDAY, 29th JANUARY,

AT 7.45 P.M.

ANTHEMS BY CHURCH CHOIR.

MISS JEANNIE L MCINTYRE.....Soprano.
MR M. M. STEVENSON.....Conductor.

Tickets—6d and 1s—to be had from Music-
sellers, Members of Choir, Church Officer, and
Shops at Mannofield.

ABERDEEN EDUCATIONAL TRUST.

**GIRLS' HOME AND SCHOOL OF
DOMESTIC ECONOMY.**

There are at present 8 VACANCIES on the
FOUNDATION—6 for Indoor and 2 Outdoor.
Foundations must be girls who have lost either
or both parents. Indoor Foundations must be
not under 14 nor above 16 years of age, and have
passed Standard V. Outdoor Foundations must
be not under 10 nor above 14 years of age.

The Vacancies are open both to the City and
County of Aberdeen, and the Parishes of
Banchory-Devenick and Nigg. Nigg Parish has a
preference for 3 Vacancies at this election.

Schedules of Application may be had at the
OFFICE of the TRUST, which must be filled up and
lodged not later than 28th inst.

ALEX SIMPSON, Clerk.

352 King Street, Aberdeen, 9th January, 1896.

CLEARING SALE.

**ALL MANTLES to be CLEARED
WITHOUT RESERVE**

AND AT

GREAT REDUCTIONS.

GARMENTS BOUGHT,
ALTERED FREE OF CHARGE.

AFTERNOON TEA PROVIDED.

INSPECTION INVITED.

Miss STEPHENSON,

158 UNION ST. (FIRST FLOOR).

To Tailors, Dressmakers, and
Others.

MR D. RITCHIE, 164 UNION STREET,
has Patented an Apparatus for MEASUR-
ING, by which Correct Cutting is taught on
purely Mathematical Principles.

This is one of the Finest Systems ever brought
before the World, and ought to secure a first place
in the Art of Cutting.

Terms on Application.

Tailoring of every description at Cutting Prices.
D. & A. RITCHIE.

NOTICE TO VIOLIN PLAYERS.

Very Best Accrebells, 3 Lengths, Yellow
Ends 2d Each.
A, or 2d Strings, .. 2½ Do. 2½d do.
D, or 3d Do., .. 2½ Do. 3d do.
G, or 4th Do., 2½d do.

Carriage Paid.

Apply to WILLIAM FORBES, 68 WALES ST.,
Aberdeen.

PROPERTY FOR SALE.

**VALUABLE PROPERTIES IN
CASTLE STREET FOR SALE.**

There will be exposed for sale, by Public Roup,
within the CHAMBERS of Messrs WILSONE &
DUFFUS, Advocates, 146 Union Street, Aberdeen,
on WEDNESDAY, 5th February, 1896, at Two o'clock
Afternoon (unless previously disposed of by
Private bargain).

The PROPERTY consisting of SHOP, Nos. 40
and 41 CASTLE STREET, with DWELLING-
HOUSES, &c., above same, and in NATIONAL
BANK COURT. From its central position the
property lets readily, and forms a desirable
investment. The Shop is a large double one,
suitable for any kind of business.

THERE IS NO FEU-DUTY.

Further particulars may be had, and the Titles
may be seen on application to Messrs Wilsone &
Duffus.

**BUSINESS PREMISES IN
EXCHANGE STREET.**

There will be Exposed for Sale, by Public Roup,
within the CHAMBERS of Messrs WILSONE &
DUFFUS, Advocates, 146 Union Street, Aberdeen,
on TUESDAY, 11th February next, at Two o'clock
Afternoon (unless previously Sold by private
bargain).

The WAREHOUSE and OFFICES, 13 and 15
EXCHANGE STREET, Aberdeen, occupied by Mr R.
G. Garvie and the Singer Manufacturing
Company. The Premises which have frontages
to Exchange Street and to the Lane running from
Hadden Street, were recently rebuilt, are well
adapted for mercantile purposes, have extensive
Storage, are fitted with Lift, &c., and are in the
immediate vicinity of the Corn Market, Railway
Station, Docks, &c.

Upset Price, £2330.

THERE IS NO FEU-DUTY.

For Cards to View and further particulars,
apply to Messrs Wilsone & Duffus, in whose hands
are the Title Deeds and Articles of Roup.

DESIRABLE INVESTMENT:

**CORNER OF HOLBURN STREET
AND GREAT WESTERN ROAD.**

There will be Exposed for Sale, by Public Roup,
within the CHAMBERS of Messrs WILSONE &
DUFFUS, Advocates, 146 Union Street, Aberdeen,
on TUESDAY, 4th February, 1896, at Two o'clock
Afternoon (unless previously disposed of by
Private Bargain).

The PROPERTIES, 110, 112, and 114 HOLBURN
STREET, and 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 GREAT WESTERN
ROAD, Aberdeen. The Properties are sub-
stantially built, are in excellent repair, and are
fully let at very moderate rents. The situation is
one of the best in the city.

Feu-duty for the whole ground, £2 10s.

Upset Price, £3000.

Cards to View and further particulars may be
had of Messrs Wilsone & Duffus, in whose hands
are the Title Deeds and Articles of Roup.

THE COTTAGE, No. 9 ARGYLL

CRESCENT, will be Exposed for Sale, within
the OFFICE of JOHN CRAIGEN, Solicitor, 7 Union
Terrace, Aberdeen, on TUESDAY, 4th February,
1896, at 2 o'clock P.M. (unless previously Sold by
Private Bargain). It contains Six Rooms and all
usual conveniences, and is in good repair.

Feu-duty, £3 5s. Upset Price, £475.

Further particulars and cards to view House on
Mondays and Fridays, from 2 to 4 p.m., may be
obtained from Mr Craigen.

**DUTHIE TERRACE.—Self-Contained
COTTAGES, Six Rooms, for Sale; Entry
now or at Term. Apply to Wm. MURRAY, 73
Duthie Terrace; or JOHN CRAIGEN, Solicitor, 7
Union Terrace.**

SALE OR LET, Self-Contained

HOUSE, 50 ST SWITHIN STREET, belonging to
Mr John Sangster, Baker, Ashley Road,
consisting of 3 Public Rooms, 6 Bedrooms,
Kitchen, Scullery, Drying Loft, and Bathroom;
Hot Water Circulation. Apply to MR JOHN
ROBERTSON, Solicitor, 115 Union Street. Seen on
Tuesday between One and Two p.m.

THE "A1" GOLF BALLS.
PLAYFAIR, UNION BRIDGE.



THE Students' Union is getting more popular every day. With Professor Hay's alleged suggestion for compulsory joining we have



Photo by [Edmund Geering, Aberdeen.

MR A. I. FORTESCUE.

dent are presented. Mr A. I. Fortescue, a member of the well-known family of Fortescue of Kingcausie, is the first president, and has filled the position with great credit to himself. Mr Fortescue is at medicine, has taken a high position in his class, and has carried off at least one gold medal. The president of the Students' Union is very popular at Marischal and also among his many non-Varsity friends; and his conduct of the Union business is characterised by great tact.

What the students have to say about the 'Varsity Ball "rumpus" and what the professors, are two altogether different stories. The students say *they* have the power, while the professors—and especially the "better half" of them—decline to rub shoulders with any damsel an indiscreet student may have the audacity to pick up a passing acquaintance with. Of course it is the female part of the professoriate who object, not the male! Oh, dear no! Fancy a professor object to anything save a bigger salary!

Mathematical.

IN King Street halls a tutor young,
'Tis said, once met his fate;
He taught her in the Calculus
To differentiate.

They're married now—at meal times oft
Discord invades their state;
For he has found that she with him
Would differ when she ate.

What is the name of that medical student who when asked to tell what he knew about the femoral artery told his examiner

no sympathy. Many a lad from the country comes to college, not as Shon Campbell came, "because he wanted to," but because of the ambition of his parents, who have not the wherewithal to properly clothe and feed their son "with pairts." Such a lad has enough to do to scrape a living, even with the assistance of the "sack of meal" and the "bagful of tatties" sent along with his "kist." No, no; Professor Hay, let each lad choose for himself.

We intend giving photos of the officials of the Union, and to-day the familiar features of the presi-

an ingeniously concocted story of the construction of a woman's brain? He got mixed up between feminine and femoral. The prof. let him off, as he, too, knew something about being mixed up with the names of his divinities.

A youthful Kingsman, fresh from the cow's tail, entered a tobacconist's shop in Union Street and asked—"D'ye keep penny cigars?" "Yes," said the shopman taking down the box. "Ye feel gowk," returned the gownsman, "ye shid sell thim!"

The support of the widow—and also one or two medicals—Corsets.

Pros and cons—no, prose and verse—wanted from King's and Marischal.

In the Bar.

LAUGH, oh fool, the cup runs over;
One toast more—the comrades smile;
Taste thy liquor! Don't thou waver,
When we fortune may beguile?

Clank of glasses, soon there passes
With a gurgle down each throat,
The nectar of a thousand curses
That too dearly have been bought.

"Here's thy health, boys"; empty glasses
Tell a tale; a joy is won;
Why we have but quaffed a round yet,
And the frolic's but begun.

"Take another! Each one's brother,
Jovial boys we all are met
To forget the world's endeavour,
And we'll do it now, I bet.

"Glasses round here, waiter, bring us."
"Ha, ha, ha! Yes, sirs, I will";
We are met to drown life's sorrows,
And the demon care to kill.

Gurgle, gurgle, flows the liquor;
Bright the eye, and flushed the cheek
Of the drinkers as they hiccup
Off their earnings of the week.

Healts are pledged, great deeds narrated;
Everlasting friendships vowed;
Each glass speeds the current stronger,
Sinks them deeper in the cloud.

Quit your hold of the reeling counter,
Stagger home—go sleep it off;
But, I beg you, take your Beecham's,
Else to-morrow you'll feel—Ugh.

PLOUGHSHARE.

Impossible.

VOICE AT THE TELEPHONE—"Major, will you please bring your family and take supper with us next Sunday?"

SERVANT GIRL (replies back through telephone)—"Master and mistress are not in at present, but they can't come to supper, as it's my Sunday out."

Beaten.

THE New Woman stamped her foot, and her eyes gleamed with rage. Words of wrath were evidently on her tongue, though she could not utter them. Slackening her *fin-de-siecle* costume in various places, she twisted and wriggled until the collar-button, that had slipped down her back, fell on the floor. As she picked it up and adjusted it in its proper place, a look of defeat settled upon her countenance. She lacked the courage of her convictions. Though the occasion undoubtedly demanded profanity, she could not swear.

Her Majesty's Theatre.

MR OSMOND TEARLE concludes his engagement this week. Every night sees a more enthusiastic reception and there is no doubt that on Friday evening when Mr Tearle takes his benefit there will be a record house. On Monday evening we had a second representation of "Virginius." Everyone is familiar with the story and Mr Tearle and Miss Hansen, and particularly among the others Mr Charles V. France, made a special triumph of the piece. Tuesday "Romeo and Juliet"; Wednesday a second representation of "Pygmalion and Galatea"; "As You Like It," in which Mr Tearle is new to Aberdonians, on Thursday; "Merchant of Venice" and the screen scene from the "School for Scandal" on Friday; and "Ingomar" on Saturday forms the conclusion of a unique bill of fare.

Next week Gilbert and Carr's "His Excellency," and the week after D'Oyly Carte's Repertoire Co.

Concert, Social Meeting and other Notes.

On Saturday evening the Aberdeen Madrigal Choir gave the first of their season's concerts in the Ballroom. There was a good audience. Mr Kirby has to be congratulated on the successful appearance of his choir, and the applause which greeted their efforts must have gratified him. There is no occasion to pick out for notice any of the pieces, for all reflected credit on the choir and its conductor. Mr Kirby accompanied.

Miss Florence Christie and Mons. Julien Rossetti, assisted by Miss L. Christie, gave a song and piano recital in the Ballroom. Music Hall, on Wednesday last. The programme contained many choice items, vocal and instrumental. Miss F. Christie had ample scope, in the variety of her selections, for displaying her perfectly trained powers of vocalisation and the purity and artistic finish which characterised all her efforts were probably never before so apparent to an Aberdeen audience. M. Rossetti executed several classical compositions in a masterful manner, and will be welcomed again whenever he cares to return to the Granite City. Miss L. Christie was thoroughly at home in the songs she essayed and also rendered admirable assistance as accompanist to her sister. The programme concluded with a duet, "Sunset," by the Misses Christie.

A good audience patronised the concert of St James's Episcopal Church Fellowship on Monday. The concert was a novel one, toy symphonies, guitar and violin selections, dances, and vocal solos alternating. Mr G. S. Mackay jun., excelled himself with the violin, and Miss Leith and Mr G. S. Esson contributed solos. A most enjoyable evening was spent.

Although the Welsh Ladies' Choir will be to many the principal attraction at the Harrison Concert this day week a musical treat will be provided by the solo vocalists. Miss Evangeline Florence, Madame Alice Gomez, Mr Ben Davies, and Mr Andrew Black are a quartette of singers whose powers are already known to lovers of high-class music. Messrs Marr, Wood & Co.'s name is sufficient guarantee that the arrangements will be perfect.

Who has not heard of Chubb and Chubb's locks! Certainly nobody with anything to steal. Those who have not heard, can have no excuse for pleading ignorance after Tuesday, 28th January, for on that day in the Ball Room, Music Hall, Mr Harry W. Chubb delivers a lecture on Locks and Keys—Ornamental and Mechanical. Dr Alexander Walker presides.

The Snowflake Minstrels, whose eccentricities and genuine ability have made them first favourites in the city, gave a capital entertainment last Wednesday on behalf of the Sunrise Relief Fund. St Katharine's Hall held an audience of from 400 to 500, who enjoyed a treat of a high character. Mr Riach's band gave an intelligent rendering of the opening overture, and the troupe thereafter kept the house in an animated state. Mr J. W. Forrest had his men well in hand, and the programme did himself and them great credit. Messrs P. Bisset, J. Morrison, J. Runcie, W. Giles, A. Murray, A. Milne, A. Dalgarno, and J. Philip contributed. The second part was composed of character songs and dances by Messrs A. Paterson, A. Dalgarno, R. H. Sutton, and G. Milne. At "Rum uns from Rome" the audience simply roared, the characters—Messrs J. Thom, K. Douglas, A. Dalgarno, J. Christie, G. Milne, and J. Runcie—being particularly well delineated. Mr Douglas's arrangements were perfect in every respect, and the charity benefits considerably by the concert.

The London Aberdeen, Banff, and Kincardine Association held their business meeting on Saturday, 11th inst., at the Guildhall Tavern. Dr Farquharson, M.P., occupied the chair and was supported

by Messrs W. E. Nicol of Ballogie, G. C. Singer, W. S. Mackenzie Dr J. Galloway, Dr J. Kennedy Will, Mr Will Gibson, Dr David Ross and others. The secretary's report for 1895, which was read, showed that the Association was still doing useful work, and the treasurer reported a slight addition to the balance carried forward from last year. Dr Farquharson was appointed hon. president, Mr W. E. Nicol, president; Mr James Gilchrist, hon. treasurer; Mr G. S. Snowie, hon. secretary, and the following five gentlemen elected to the vacancies in the committee:—Messrs Grigor Smith and Joseph Hay (re-elected); Dr David Ross, Alexander Milne, and George Jamieson. A most enjoyable smoking concert followed, at which all the artistes showed first class form. Mr W. L. Cockburn has earned great praise for the rendering of his songs, and Dr Farquharson specially complimented Mr C. after responding twice to encores. Old favourites like Mr Joseph Hay and Mr Bob Rae contributed to the enjoyment of the evening. Messrs J. C. Smith, J. R. Donaldson, Will Forsyth, G. G. Watson, and H. Randolph also assisted. Mr George Pownall as accompanist was a great success.

The annual dinner takes place on "Burns Night," when northern friends would be welcomed. Tickets are only 5s 6d and may be obtained from any of the committee. Holborn Restaurant (Venetian Chamber) is the dining place.

Mr George Clark of the goods department, Kittybrewster, informs us that the arrangements for the annual re-union were carried out, not by him, as we stated, but by Mr A. Young, of the passenger department. We beg Mr Young's forgiveness, and thank Mr Clark for his correction.

Leaves.

THE PICTURE MAGAZINE (6d).—The January number of this bright publication begins a new volume, and if the present be any criterion of the quality of the numbers to follow, subscribers are to get value for their money. "The Child Handel," the frontispiece, is a reproduction of the famous picture by M. I. Dicksee; and "There's no Place like Home," is from one of Sir Edwin Landseer's paintings. Alma Tadema and George Cruikshank are also copied. The side splitting illustrated jokes "bring down the house."

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD for 1d.—The bald announcement of such a fact is almost all that need be said. Of course you needn't expect to get "The Vicar" bound in calf for the "brown"; but in this book of 88 pages you have a clearly-printed absolutely unabridged copy of Goldsmith's immortal story.

THE STRAND MUSICAL MAGAZINE (61).—"Maidens of Tangiers," a fine half-tone reproduction of Sichel's pictures form, the frontispiece to the January number of this magazine. "Chopin—a sketch" is a well-written story in which Chopin's love affairs are told. The story of the evolution of the clavichord to the pianoforte is told and well illustrated. Other illustrations are Herr and Frau Mottl and Madame Calvé. The feature of the *Strand*, however, is the music. Twelve pieces (for piano, violin, banjo, and the voice) are included in the January number, which is worth three times the money charged.

THE ART BIBLE (Monthly Parts, 6d).—"The Art Bible" is a fine specimen of the enterprise of George Newnes, Limited. It is a profusely illustrated text, issued in parts, the seventh of which is to hand. This number comprises the books of Nehemiah, Esther, Job, and part of the Psalms. In the 100 pages of Part 7 there are some 62 illustrations, including a full page one of the Psalmist. The type is clear, and the illustrations are good.

THE ARMY AND NAVY ILLUSTRATED (Price 6d).—Messrs Newnes have hit the nail on the head with this their latest publication. With the country brimming over with patriotic sentiment, the many fine plates of army and naval subjects should prove specially attractive. Interesting letterpress accompanies each photograph.

ROUND LONDON (Price 6d).—Part 7 of this valuable portfolio is up to it precursors, having 24 lovely photographs of scenes in and around the metropolis. Among those in this part are King's Cross and The Tower.

A HOUSEHOLD WORD:

Brown's Millinery.

The People's Palace.

A VERY efficient company of artistes are appearing here this week, and on Monday night they faced a large audience. Heading the programme are the Fletcher Troup of skaters, who give one of the most interesting performances that has visited the Palace for some time. Nala Damajanti succeeded in creating no end of excitement by the clever feats she performed with a number of snakes. Arthur Roseden, who is a capital singer, was well received, as was also Beanland Bros, who draw pictures of the leading celebrities of the day with great success. Vosper, "the man of many faces," provides a splendid entertainment, his representations being very life-like, that of Robbie Burns being cheered to the echo. The eccentric character songs of Joe Wesley are extremely laughable, and the Black Apollo proves himself a capable musician. The Three Toms and the "Half" are capital fun providers, their comic sketch keeping the audience in roars of laughter. A pleasant turn is also provided by Miss Cavendish. With such a programme the Palace ought to be filled nightly. Next week the great George Ripon.



CYCLING.

Though still in the depth of winter the local clubs and agents are making preparations for the coming season, which promises to be a record one. The ladies—bless them—will play a prominent part in '96, and it is rumoured another ladies' section is on the tapis; but bloomers are to be prohibited. Oh, what a shame!

Mr Adam A. Smith again leads the van in '96 for the Bon-Accord, Sandy Cooper fills his old post of secretary, John Cromar looks after the bawbees, George Petrie and Andie Walker will toot the bugle, Gordon Marr sits in committee, and Charlie Robertson is delegate to the N.D. Council.

St George's holds its annual meeting this evening in the club-house, George Street.

Mr Porter, of the firm of John Hardy & Company, photographers, and one of the members of the club, gave the Aberdeen lads and lassies a delightful couple of hours' amusement last Friday evening, when he "exhibited" the snap-shots taken during the past season in the club house.

Some of the slides afforded great fun, especially to the Ladies' Section, which, by the way, was largely represented.

Mr P. orated in quite a Wallace Moir fashion, and Captain Anderson acted his part well.

Gentlemen, will you let's have another look at the slides? Many were disappointed at not seeing the show.

An impromptu dance followed, Miss Will kindly acting the part of pianist.

Query—Why did the gentlemen hit themselves away after the lecture? Gallantry used to be a strong point with the old club.

We were pleased to see Tom Binner present. It gives matters tone to have the veterans with us.

The fever increases! Close to Geneva the Baroness de Rothschild is laying out a private track. What a time is in store for the privileged few.

The so-called high-class weeklies have lately been talking bosh on cycling matters, but the culled-from-all-sources *Tit-Bits* fairly earns the biscuit with the gold nugget joke that the London County Club netted £40,000 over Shoreland's last Ouca Cup race. The greatest idiot born who follows cycling would not commit such a monstrosity.

Another of the crockery-ware weeklies is making a bad mess of its sporting columns. And no wonder when the writer is an Aberdeen cast-off! Canny Aberdeen never throws away anything worth keeping.

Oh, what a go! All the cracks "lying off" in the six hours race at the Paris indoor path; the brothers Linbon were booked a certainty, but away comes an ex-soldier in the French army named Bange and beats them both.

The "Anstral Wheel" meeting at Melbourne was an immense success, the Governor patronising the gathering.

The half-mile flying stakes fell to Martin (America) in 1m s. Parsons (immerman's victor) beat Martin in the five miles, and Orisp, son of

a Wesleyan minister, scooped the £200 Anstral Wheel Race, the blue ribbon of the meeting.

The mile international race final heat was contested by Martin (America), Parsons and Kirk (Australia), and A. W. Harris (England). The Yankee won a terrific finish by a length from Parsons, with the Englishman a wheel behind, third. The last lap was done in 81 3-5s.

The closing scene is thus described:—Martin walked off on the arms of two friends to be decorated with the blue ribbon. Harris could hardly stand, Kirk was in a dead faint, and Parsons collapsed and had to be carried off the field.

Parsons now rides a "Nimrod-Zimny" machine. "There's aye some water faur the stirrle droons."

FOOTBALL.

THE RUGBY GAME.

Scotland v. Wales.

Practically a new team has been chosen by the Welsh Union to oppose Scotland at Cardiff on Saturday. Only six of the fifteen who took part in the match with England a few weeks ago have been re-elected. All the others are old internationals, who won their spurs years ago, or new aspirants. The team as a whole appears to be selected on sounder principles than marked the one which was so badly beaten by England. The forwards are heavier and well up in the niceties of the science, and there is more versatility in the backs. The teams are:—

Wales—W J Bancroft (Swansea), back; A J Gould and F H Danney (Newport), Cliff Bowden (Llanelli), and G Nicholls (Cardiff), half-backs; R B Sweet Escott and S Biggs (Cardiff), quarter-backs; H Packer (Newport), J Evans (Llanelli), W Morris (Llanelli), W Cope (Blackheath), D Evans (Penygraig), O; B Nichol (Llanelli), Hutchinison (Neath), and W Davies (Cardiff), forwards.

Scotland—Smith (Oxford), back; Gedge, Campbell, Gowans (London Scottish), and Scott (Langholm), three-quarters; Simpson (High School) and Paterson (Hawick), half-backs; George Neilson, Couper (West of Scotland), Balfour, Smith (Watsonians), Dods (London Scottish), Morrison (High School), M'Ewan (Academicals), and Scott (Hawick), forwards. The team is considered on the boards to be a good one. The four three-quarters system has again been adopted, and the only new comer from the old brigade is Scott, who is gifted with grand speed. At quarter, Paterson is purely a scoring man, but in Simpson he has a partner to play the proper game. The forwards are all good men and true, and will hold their own against any pack—Welsh, English, or Irish.

The Local Clubs.

After a somewhat tame exhibition, the 'Shire, who had much the better of the play, defeated the 'Varsity by 6 points to nil—the tallest whipping the students have been subjected to this season. By 10 points to nil the Nomads fell before Forfar County at Montrose. E Rae and Russell were prominent for the Aberdeen team, who played gamely, if without success. Nomads A team got an awful thrashing from the F.P.'s by 27 points to nil, despite the fact that the victors played only twelve men. In the first half Pope and Webster scored, and Pope converted both times; in the second half Bruce, J Milne, and M'Kenzie scored, and J Milne dropped a goal. The F.P.'s place kicking was very good, and Mackay had hard lines in not scoring a goal from the touch line against the wind, the ball only falling short by about a foot. E Rae and Russell were the best of the Nomads.

Nomads A v. 'Shire A.

To the Editor.

Dear Sir,—The writer of the report on the above match, appearing in *BON-ACCORD* of 9th inst., does not deem it necessary to reply to "A Spectator's" letter, as only a very few would be interested in such a correspondence. I have only to refer your readers to the third paragraph of his letter in *BON-ACCORD* of 16th inst. to show his inconsistency.—Yours, &c.,
MANNOFIELD.

THE ASSOCIATION GAME.

In wishing us the compliments of the season, William M'Bain, late of the Orion, and now resident in Liverpool, bemoans the plight his old club is in. He fairly wept over the big thrashings they were subjected to during the holidays, but has hopes that "the boys will, as usual, make a grand surprise when least expected." Billie says the Liverpoolians held the New Year with *great vigour*—quite as merry as in Aberdeen—and concludes by cracking a joke thusly—"We had some whisky from Sandy Cook, and it fairly cooked us!" Oh, you nickin'!

** Portraits, with sketches, of the late Mr James Bennie and Mr George Murray may be had at *BON-ACCORD* OFFICE. Fine Paper, 3d; Satin, 1s 6d.

Mr William Clark,
Orion F.C.

No one possessing the slightest knowledge of the history of Association football in the city will fail to recognise the features of this well-known player. We are often chaffed by southern critics as to the poor class of our players, but we opine that in the person of Billie Clark will be found as accomplished a little forward as some of those more favoured individuals who "sport silk" in the First Division of the League.



Reared in our midst, Clark is one of the smartest lads we have turned out. On the Links he was put through his first lessons, coming prominently into notice while playing for the Bon-Accord—a club which produced some of the very best of our local talent. On the Bons, securing Holburn Ground, he continued to play for them, and his work had much to do with the success which followed their removal from the People's Park. A stonecutter to trade, Clark followed the example set him by so

many of his class in Aberdeen, and migrated to America, and was resident for about a couple of years. On his return to Aberdeen, he got a place in the Victoria United, for whom he played till the end of last season, when he signed on for the Orion. Gifted with a capital turn of speed, when "Clarkie" gets away he takes some catching, and his parting efforts are invariably well on the spot. Before he went to Cattofield, he was inclined to lie on the sphere too long, but now he plays an open game, and naturally the character of his play has been enhanced thereby. A high spirited, jolly lad, Billie has lots of friends—and no enemies.

THE SPORT PRIZE.

The prophetic souls of our competitors were very sweet on the chances of the Celtic, no less than eight sending in coupons of 4-2 in favour of the Irishmen, but there were quite a number who fancied the old club. Two sent in the correct result, and coupons of 4-1 in favour of them were received from three parties. The lucky dividers of the 5s are—Mr P Dickie, 43 Jopp's Lane, and Mr James Dower, 105 Gallowgate. The match for solution this week is that between the Fair City Athletics and Orion.

BON-ACCORD, 23rd January—FAIR CITY..... ORION.....

CONDITIONS.

Letters must be endorsed "Football Competition," with the word "Tie" added when necessary.

The correct result must be given, and if no one strikes the actual figures the sum will be allowed to accumulate till won outright. In the event of several tying a fresh competition will be submitted, the nearest among the ties to become the winner.

Coupons, which must be attached to address, to be in our hands by 1 p.m. Saturday.

Winners of prizes will please call for the money.

Hurrah for the Spiders!

There were two outstanding matches in the first round of the Scottish Cup on Saturday, the famous old Queen's creating quite as much surprise by defeating the Celts by 4 goals to 2 as the Dumbarton drawing with the Rangers—1 each. The other results read:—Third Lanark 6, Leith Athletic 0; Ayr 3, Abercorn 2; Port-Glasgow Athletic 4, Arthurie 2; Annbank 3, Kilmarnock 2.

Another sudden death! Mr James Aiken, of the West-End Billiard Saloon, passed away on Sunday, after a short and painful illness. Jamie had his peculiarities, but he was a good sort take him all in all, and had gathered round him in Bon-Accord Street a select but staunch body of friends who held him in respect.

THE COUNTY CUP—The Glory Departed.

The glory has indeed departed from the Cattofield combination, and their supporters are drinking the bitter cup of disappointment. The other week they bade good-bye to the "Gershon," and on Saturday the all-conquering Victoria United ousted them from the "County." It was no fluke either, but genuine superiority. The loss of Thom was, of course, a great misfortune for the Stripes, but even had he been *en evidence* I don't think it would have mattered much. The Orion had a splendid opportunity given them by winning the toss, and playing with a high wind behind them, but altogether failed to turn it to account. They had often hard lines, no doubt, but their shooting for goal was erratic, and play in the open feeble and badly judged. The feature of the initial half was the splendid exhibition of the Blues, who not only defended gallantly, but paid a good few visits to M'Bean. On getting the elements in their favour, the visitors for a time made little headway, but once they tasted blood the opposing defenders had a sore time of it, being kept almost continuously on tip-toe. Altogether the Vics. scored four times, and thus passed into the final by 4 goals to 1.

THE PLAYERS.

Gillespie got some rare handfuls in the first half, and dealt with them very creditably. There wasn't much to choose between the backs. What little there was, however, went to Jimmie Ririe, who kicked superbly against the wind. The halves all played a hard game, and stand for choice. Both individually and collectively the forwards were vastly superior to the Stripes. Forsyth gave us some idea of what a good player he is when he centres his whole attention on the ball. He fairly put his clever companion in the shade, exhibiting a mastery over the sphere which was not only pleasing to look at, but very creditable to the player. Little Maconnachie, though he was well held by Donald Currie, brought off some clever things, and when he tried for goal, his shots were invariably well on the spot. Gale played a dashing game, keeping his men well supplied with the leather, and Burnett and Ritchie made a capital left wing, playing into each other's hands in the most unselfish fashion. As to the vanquished, M'Bean in goal acted his part well, considering the shaky defence in front of him, time and again in the second half turning aside almost certain shots with a bevy of his opponents on top of him. M'Kay and Ross were far from safe, at no part of the game coming within miles of their best form. Wight and Currie worked with great earnestness and success, the only redeeming feature in the Orion's defence. Donald and Mac had some amusing bouts, the Orionite having the best of the deal. The play of the forwards may be summed up in few words. Scrimgeour—a complete failure; Clark—terribly feeble till about twenty minutes to go, when he had some fine runs; Stopani—fair all through; Leggat—the best of the bundle. Mr Campbell, Edinburgh, was referee, but I can't say I was enamoured of him. The fourth goal of the Vics. was palpably off sides, and other of his decisions didn't seem to give satisfaction.

Plucky Stand by Culter.

The lads from Culter made a good stand against Aberdeen, and were in no way disgraced in being defeated by 5 goals to nil. True, with such a strong breeze behind them, they might have scored in the first half, but when we take into account the fact that Aberdeen only got through once and Orion failed altogether in teeth of the wind, the villagers did fairly well. The Whites and Blues will now fight for premier honours. May the fittest get home first.

The Minor Events.

2nd Vic. Untd. 4	Garfield..... 4	Jr. Yallaro..... 3	Jr. Melrose... 0
Royal Oak..... 2	Favourite..... 2	Ferndale..... 4	Kingsland.... 1
Athletics..... 6	Abercorn..... 2	Royal..... 2	Union..... 1
Shamrock..... 8	Argyle Rovers. 2	Jr. Gordons... 2	Hilton Thistle 2
Fairweather... 4	Jr. Rovers..... 0	Stonehaven... 5	Orion (Abdn.) 0
Rangers..... 3	Welgtn. Rvrs. 1	Ferndale..... 4	Kingsland.... 1

The Albert Lose Its Secretary.

Johannesburg is shortly to be reinforced by a Uiltlander from Aberdeen in the person of Mr Hugh Scott, secretary of the Albert Football Club. On the occasion of his departure, the club entertained him in the Royal Hotel last Friday evening, when he was presented with a handsome travelling bag and "kit of necessaries." Mr William Ewen, president, was in the chair, supported by the hon. president, Mr James M'Kay, King's Highway; and Messrs G Nelson, A Troup, Robert Clark, and Frank Robertson (Bon-Accord Press). Mr Ewen, in a short speech, introduced the business, and after a few songs had been rendered, Mr M'Kay performed the ceremony of the evening, passing a high encomium on Mr Scott, who had been one of the Albert's hardest workers on and off the field since he became connected with it. "Scottie," who had a rare reception on stepping to the front, having shortly replied, Mr F Robertson added a few remarks, and thereafter a pleasant evening was spent with cigar, song, and the barley brea. Of a capital list of singers, the clever little forward Mr Harry Ross was specially well received in his parody on "I've worked eight hours this day," while good old "Twice as more" cut his mark with his vocal accompaniments. Mr Scott, who also received a handsome set of pipes, &c., from his fellow-workers in Messrs G & W Fraser's, left Aberdeen on Tuesday, and takes with him the goodwill and best wishes of his many friends.

J O W, Aberdeen.—Have failed in our search. Consult the secretaries.

THE SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

Only one match was played in this competition on Saturday, viz., that between Dundee and the Hibs., the Irishmen winning by 3 goals to 1.

	Played.	Won.	Drawn.	Lost	For.	Against.	Pts.
Celtic.....	17	14	0	3	62	24	28
Rangers.....	15	10	2	3	49	33	22
Hibernian.....	17	10	2	5	55	39	22
Heart of Midlothian.....	17	10	0	7	61	36	20
Dundee.....	17	7	2	8	32	39	16
Srd Lanark.....	13	6	1	6	36	38	13
St Bernard.....	16	6	1	9	31	48	13
Clyde.....	14	3	2	9	31	46	8
St Mirren.....	15	3	2	10	23	46	8
Dumbarton.....	17	4	0	13	36	67	8

THE ENGLISH LEAGUE.

The feature of this competition on Saturday was the defeat of Sunderland by Notts Forest by 3 goals to 1. The other results and table are appended:—West Bromwich Albion 0, Derby County 0; Aston Villa 3, Sheffield Wednesday 1; Small Heath 3, Wolverhampton Wanderers 2.

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	For.	Against.	Pts.
Aston Villa.....	22	15	4	3	55	31	33
Derby County.....	21	14	4	3	57	25	31
Everton.....	21	13	4	4	52	23	30
Bolton Wanderers.....	22	11	8	3	33	26	25
Stoke.....	22	12	10	0	42	31	24
Sunderland.....	21	8	7	6	29	30	22
Sheffield Wednesday.....	21	9	8	4	33	41	22
Preston North End.....	21	9	9	3	33	40	21
Blackburn Rovers.....	18	8	7	3	29	29	19
Notts Forest.....	20	8	10	2	33	34	18
Sheffield United.....	20	7	9	4	24	34	18
Burnley.....	21	6	11	4	26	34	16
Bury.....	19	6	11	2	31	36	14
Wolverhampton W.....	20	6	13	1	36	43	13
Small Heath.....	18	5	12	1	28	55	11
W.Bromwich Alb.....	21	3	13	5	21	43	11

THE NORTHERN LEAGUE.

	Played.	Won.	Drawn.	Lost.	For.	Against.	Pts.
Aberdeen.....	6	5	0	1	26	13	10
Forfar Athletic.....	6	4	1	1	30	17	9
Arbroath.....	5	3	2	0	13	6	8
Montrose.....	6	3	2	2	23	20	8
Wanderers.....	6	2	1	3	18	20	5
Lochee United.....	7	1	3	3	9	16	5
Orion.....	6	1	1	4	20	19	3
Fair City Athletic.....	5	0	0	5	4	32	0

GOLF.

Mr R. Anderson,

Victoria and Electric Golf Clubs.

Mr Robert Anderson, assistant in the surveyor's department of Aberdeen Post-Office, was entertained at supper by



his companions in the office and fellow-members of the Victoria and Electric Golf Clubs, previous to his departure to Ayr, where he has secured an appointment. The supper was served in the Royal Hotel, Mr Abbey being in the chair. The Chairman expressed the feeling of those in the office at Mr Anderson's departure, and at the close of a neat speech presented the guest with a reading lamp, a copy of Burns' works, and 26 volumes of Waverley. On behalf of Mr Anderson's friends in the Victoria, Mr William M'Hattie handed over a lovely dressing-case and silver-mounted walking-stick, and in doing so made a fitting speech. Mr Anderson made a feeling reply, in which he said how sorry he was to leave his many friends in Aberdeen, but at the same time expressing the belief that his departure was a step in the right direction. With song and sentiment the hours passed pleasantly. As a golfer Mr Anderson graduated at

Montrose, where he played some very fine games. Eight years ago he joined the Victoria, and has been a very useful member, having a best score of 74, and played with success in all the club's representative matches.

Archie Simpson has had the great honour conferred upon him of being invited to take part in the golf tournament to be held at Pau, France, next month. The Council of the Aberdeen Club have granted their professional leave of absence. The tournament is open to professionals, and in company with Archie, Herd, Taylor, Vardon, and Auchterlonie go to France. The expenses of these gentlemen are paid, and in addition the committee guarantee at any rate as much as will recoup them for any necessary outlays. We are pleased to see that Archie Simpson as one of the world's best golfers, is being recognised as such.

On Monday the members of the Ladies' Golf Club competed at Balgowrie for the timepiece presented by Mrs Dyer. The competitions are monthly. Scores:—Mrs Wight, 141; Miss Wilson, 144; Miss L Ferguson, 145; Miss E B Craigie, 147; Miss M Farquhar, 148.

CRICKET.

The Coming Australian Team.

News by last mail from Australia informs us that our colonial friends are much exercised over the selection of a fast bowler, the most popular "expresses" for honours being O J Eady, the Tasmanian, and Jones, of South Australia. The latter was looked upon as having the better chance of the two. Some critics suggest that two fast bowlers should be taken in view of the success which generally attends them on English wickets, and if Eady were also to come it would mean the addition of a very fair bat on the form of his double century for Tasmania against Victoria last winter. F T Iredale, of New South Wales, a dashing batsman, and Clem Hill, of South Australia, the most promising bat in the colonies, are looked upon as certainties. A H Jarvis, Johns, and Percy Lewis are said to be likely wicket-keepers, and Lewis is expected to run Jarvis close. Harry Graham is said to have quite recovered his old form, and the brothers Trott, H J H and A E, are pretty safe. J Darling, of South Australia, a cool and reliable bat, is also highly favoured by many. J J Lyons is considered doubtful, but many are of opinion that the presence of such a hitter will be necessary. The general opinion seems to be that H J H Trott will be captain, and it is stated in different papers that George Giffen is not unfavourable to his selection.

A Professional in Clover.

Since the arrival of J T Hearne, at Patiala (India) in October last to coach (for the second season) the Maharajah of Patiala and his team in cricket, Hearne has had a very pleasant time of it. So far only two cricket matches have been played by the Maharajah's team, in one of which they were successful, Hearne accounting for seven wickets at a cost of 22 runs only, whilst in the second they suffered defeat by 65 runs. Hearne says he has many promising players in the team which he is instructing, and that His Highness the Maharajah, having specially caught on with cricket, is very keen and enthusiastic on the game all round. Since his arrival in India the Maharajah has placed a carriage at the disposal of Hearne, taking him "round the town," and in every way His Highness shows his appreciation of the way in which our well-known cricketer is bringing his pupils on.

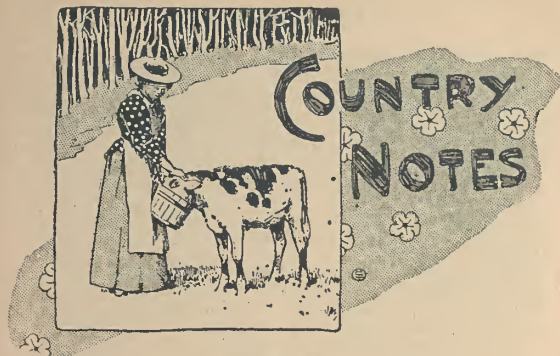
Lucky W. G.!

Mr W. G. Grace is a lucky man. At a period of time when most cricketers are content to talk of the deeds they performed in their youth, he accomplished feats which surpassed any he had previously placed to his credit. The public were delighted, and now W G is gratified with the manner in which they have shown their appreciation, for he is £8,500 better off than he was a year ago. Of course, he has to thank the proprietor of the daily paper with the "largest circulation in the world" for the bulk of his handsome present, still the MCC collection and the list opened by the "Sportsman" and the Gloucestershire County Cricket Club brought in substantial sums. The latter was closed last week, when a total of £1,300 had been reached. A cheque for that amount has been handed to the Champion by the hon. secretaries, and there will be no formal presentation.

The coming boom in Aberdeen cricket next week.

The long service medal has lately been awarded to Colour-Sergeant A Merson, Sergeants D Anderson and W Barnett, Privates G Aitken, G Anderson, and J M'Kenzie, of the 1st V.B.G.H.; and to Gunners G Gordon and J Mitchell, of the 1st Aberdeenshire Volunteer Artillery.

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Turriff.

QUEER THINGS AND CURIOSITIES—No II.

At a Turriff market quite recently an inquiring man thrust his fingers into a horse's mouth to see how many teeth he had. The horse closed his mouth to see how many fingers the man had. We believe the curiosity of each was fully satisfied.

A raw country lad "frae the borders o' Byth," visiting some friends in the Silver City, was cautioned by maternal authority before leaving always to say "If you please," when asked to partake of anything. When having tea the hostess repeatedly asked him if he would have another cup, to which Johnnie always replied—"If you please." After finishing his ninth cup the hostess asked to be excused while she got some hot water, whereupon he turned to the person next him and exclaimed—"Thank guidness for the lull, for I'm juist fair baggit!"

A worthy old couple from the "Braes of Buchan" sent off by rail a bag of potatoes as a New Year's gift to a friend in town. Nearly a fortnight elapsed, and no acknowledgment of them returning, the "guidwife" was grumbling to Dauvit, the guidman, one day after the postman had been round. "Patience, Janet, Job had patience, ye ken." "Ou, ay," retorted Janet, "but Job never sent awa' a firlo' o' tatties!"

A "raffle" on behalf of "Francie Markis" was held at Middlehill, Greens, one evening lately. A dance followed, whereat "Francie," in person, did some remarkable executions on the "sma' fiddle." Mr Napier and Mr Walker contributed to the enjoyment, *a la* with special song and dance—very much so.

SIMON SIMPLE.

Echt Volunteer Ball.

PETER BIRSE wisna investit tae this annual githerin', bit "Jimmie Aulton" hes sent the followin' report:—"As usual this event cam' aff i' the Balcarres Hall, an' wis ane o' the maist successfu' affairs held atween Hill o' Fare an' the deep sea. The ball wis led aff bi Captain Snythe an' gweed leddie, the procession bein' heidit bi' twa pipers wha skirlt (like Tam o' Shanter's deevil) wi' micht an' main. Daucin' wis cairriet on wi' much speerit (Ivanhoe) till a halt wis made for supper at midnight. The captain, of coorse, wis at the heid o' the table, an' Lieutenant Smith wis his croupier. I cau tell ye we laid in a gey packin', an' nae winner, for iverything wis sae tempin'. The kind hostess kint she hed hungry Heelinders tae deal wi'. We hed sangs tae, bonnie sangs, sic like's "I lo'ed nae a laddie bit ane," "Hame, sweet, hame," an' "Dark Lochnagar." I've doots about the truthfulness o' the lass at sang "I lo'ed nae a laddie bit ane."

Fa wis belle o' the ball? Ha, ha, catch ma tellin' ye that. Weesht! She hedna far tae come tae the ball. The mirkiest dancer wis the lass in fite fae Skene. The thanks o' a' present wir specially due tae the Kinnellar Ban' for its music; Sergeant Hanna, secretary; Privates Peter Weir an' Geordie Abel, wha acquittit themselfs as M.C.'s; an' Sergeant Peter Cooper, Porcine Avenue (braid Scotch, Swine Terrace), wha made the toddy.

P.S.—Of coorse, Willie Brodie wis there. Fatna gaetherin' wid be complete without 'im.

New Deer.

MR MILNE was born at Burnside of Aslead, Monquhitter, and received the rudiments of his education at Maryhill, under

the late Mr John Fowlie, who was a poet of considerable local fame, and whose "Scottish Minstrel" was widely read. Afterwards for a considerable time he came under the influence and the "taws" of Mr A. B. Jack, Cairnbanno Public School; and latterly attended for some time the Parish School of Monquhitter, under Mr D. Duff. Endowed with a bright intellect, and being a keen observer of men and things, Mr Milne has acquired such a vast amount of shrewd common sense that he has been enabled to fight successfully with his compeers who, perhaps, have



MR MILNE of Brucehill.

enjoyed greater educational advantages. Even in his boyhood he took a great interest in the plough, and consequently became a first-class ploughman. He commenced farming at Brucehill on his own account at the early age of 19, the farm being then in a wretched condition. Mr Milne, like a true Scotchman, "set a stout heart to a stey brae," and in a few years succeeded in getting the whole of it reclaimed, and in getting a nice, commodious steading erected on it. At one time he took a lively interest in the volunteers, serving for a number of years in that force under his respected officer, the late lamented Captain Fordyce of Brucklay, at whose demise he resigned. He has always been a highly public-spirited man and a keen politician. In politics he is a thoroughgoing Conservative, and at election contests he goes in so enthusiastically that one would almost fancy he is determined to carry his "man" by his own personal influence and efforts. His services were appreciated by the community of Monquhitter as a member of the Parochial Board for ten years. He also occupied a seat on the Parochial Board of New Deer for twenty years. He was chosen to represent the Board in the County Council of Aberdeen during its last term of office. He took a very active interest in the proposed extension of the Buchan Central Railway from Maud to Turriff, *via* New Deer. The people of New Deer certainly hope that the day is not far distant when his labours on their behalf will be crowned with success. When the Brucehill Cycle Club was formed he was unanimously chosen to be its president, and he has never failed to discharge the duties incumbent on his position with his characteristic ability and tact. Mr Milne is a bachelor, but in all probability he will not remain so for long.

As the Ballater Fire Brigade have received no dollars for the water carried from the Dee at the last fire, it is said that the next fire that occurs can "burn itsel' oot." In fact, no more will—

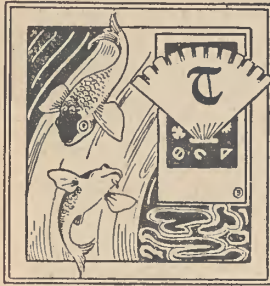
Jack and Jim go up the hill
To fetch a pail o' water,

nor will—

Jack fall down and crack his crown
And Jim come tumbling after!

THE municipal authorities of the burgh of Ballater are agitating for a public prosecutor (must be also an experienced hangman); so look out ye slaughterers of fowls, and pilferers of coal and sundries. Cows with iron tails (plentiful in the district) will be looked after.

Huntly.



HE good wishes for the New Year expressed by the chairman at last meeting of the local Commissioners were heartily appreciated, but some of them would have been better pleased had he "dampit" his expressions of good feeling, and given the order to "tit the towie."

"What's in a name?"

Well, not much, but surely anything is better than nothing. Why do not our local wise men

provide a name for that new street in the New Feus? The residents down there don't know where they are staying. Hard lines, too. Perhaps after the "washing" from the priest sustained by the Board they are not able to cope even with such a small matter as this.

At the kirk on Golden Square the other Sunday the beadle got a bit of a fright. As usual, he went to show the parson into the pulpit, but on going into the ante-room found no parson there. Needless to say the minister had already ascended and commenced the service. But the beadle did look scared and no mistake.

Dancing, with young Huntly, has long been known as a favourite pastime, and trippers of the light fantastic are often found in large numbers congregated together. Gentlemen, however, are apparently very scarce, for at a recent finishing assembly it was found impossible to have the usual grand march at the beginning for want of gentlemen to do it with. The orchestra did well, if not exactly up to what was advertised.

Saturday last drew a good crowd to the Milton, the tradesmen's ploughing match being the source of attraction. "Johnnie," though not ploughing, was present and criticised all round, admonishing the architect to "Stand back; fut did he ken about plooin'." As usual, he was heard to exclaim—"My name's John H—n yet, than."

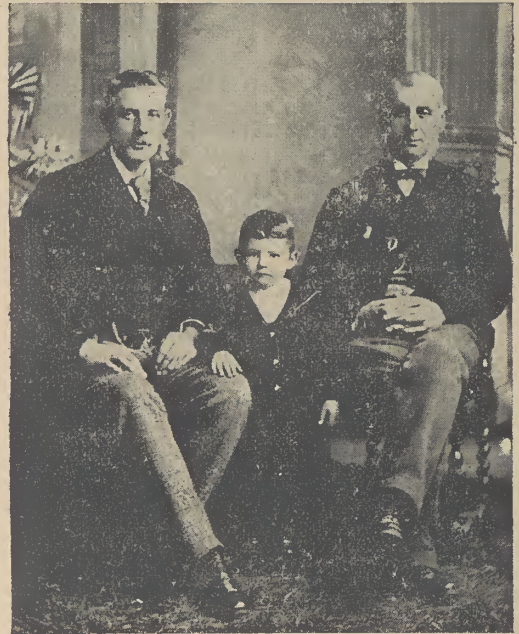
Peterhead.

EXPERIENTIA DOCEAT. Mr Burnett and his youthful choir with the assistance of some "grown ups" gave a series of representations of "Maritana" last week. The youthful element were, taken all over, very good; undoubtedly Miss Bella Beattie as Lazarillo has made the best impression and she really was head and shoulders above her fellows. Mr Burnett as Don Caesar had too big a fish on his line and Mr Simmers did not do himself justice. The training of the choir was evident, but even there the magnitude of the undertaking weighed on the children, and occasionally they appeared to be in danger of a collapse. No labour or expense was saved and the spectacular effect was all there. The band was conducted and led respectively by Messrs Wood and J. Cassie, Aberdeen, and one remark I overheard was—"The band alone was worth the money." Now what did that remark really mean?

The feelings of the public will not be easily allayed until a full and strict inquiry sifts the conduct of the local lifeboat crew in connection with the wreck off Scotston Head on Thursday. From what I saw I fully believe that a lifeboat should be launched in less than 20 minutes.

The fibbs' on Saturday ended in a close shave—12-2 in favour of PHD. There was no fighting; it was evidently unnecessary. Of course, we all know nowadays that we are capable of giving even the best junior teams from Aberdeen a "licking"; and what surprises me, is to find such a number of people week after week go to see the same slaughter of the innocents. Natheless the Yallaroi stood it bravely for a considerable portion of the first half. In the second half, however, they only played *one man!* Well, what I mean is only one man played, and he was Russell, the right half, undoubtedly the best on the field. I wouldn't be surprised to find him in a senior eleven soon.

Stonehaven.



THREE GENERATIONS OF ROBERT BURNESSES.

THE above group represents three of the Kincardineshire Burnesses, whose relation to Robert Burns is detailed in our article on pages 8-10. Robert Burness, the elder, has been for over 30 years a master slater in Stonehaven, and is held in high respect among the community. He speaks with pride of his relationship and his many mementos of the poet and his relatives. Robert Burness, jun., is in partnership with his father. He is a lieutenant of the Fire Brigade, and a very worthy townsman. The younger Robert shares all the brightness and intelligence of the race.

The "Shirra" is quite eclipsing the parson as a "joiner" among loving swains in this district. The little trip to Aberdeen is an enjoyable holiday, and the brief telegram later on succeeds in breaking the ice and gives the neighbours time to collect the rice. Some people seem to have a *special licence* for this method of tying the nuptial knot.

Much amusement was afforded last market day by the efforts of an ox to make its way into the Crown Inn. The general opinion was that it had taken a fancy to mine host's "Brig o' Turk" and wanted a "nip," but instead it was treated to a stick.

Wives are surely plentiful in the north if it is true that one intending swain had only to hold up his little finger to get eight. And he was only the ninth part of a man, too.

The cantata at St John's Church on Sunday evening turned out an exceedingly good draw. It drew all denominations there, and they were rewarded by a very able exposition of sacred music.

Some of the "corner men" paid the piper for their loitering propensities at the Burgh Court this week. One of them on being asked to cross-examine a policeman grinned almost from ear to ear, but failed to ask a single question. Where the grin came in nobody could see, but probably he thought it a bit of a joke to shift a policeman after they had so unceremoniously shifted him.

"A MAN from Murtle" writes regarding what he calls a pointsman porter (evidently he means a pint of porter) who does not put the signal lights out at the laundry near the station. "When you see the red lights there's danger on the (clothes) line."

Deeside Notes.

BALLATER is to have a Police Court of its own in a short time. Provost Barnett and Bailie Lawson are now in training and will no doubt prove excellent magistrates.

The Banchory Free Church must be in a bad way just now for deacons. A youth barely out of his teens has been elected first on the list. The fact of his being a provost's son was perhaps the turning point with many of the voters.

Vague and imaginary stories are floating about the Burgh of Banchory just now anent the fact that a local spirit dealer has netted several thousand pounds in speculative investments. Needless to state the fabulous tales are without foundation.

We regret to hear that Commissioner George G. Sharp, Banchory, has withdrawn his motion that the houses in the Burgh should be numbered. We trust he will bring it forward again soon, and fear not the bald and paltry objections of Messrs Bisset and Hunter.

The Annual Burns' Anniversary Supper, under the auspices of the Banchory Good Templars, came off on Tuesday, and proved the usual success.

Lonmay.

THE Cortes Mutual Improvement Association had as a subject of debate on Wednesday evening—"Whether has the sword or the pen done most for civilisation?" Mr J. Scott led for the pen, while Mr Charles defended with the sword. The sword carried its point by one of a majority. Mr Wm. Scott presided. The Association is looking forward to the 29th with great eagerness, when the anniversary of Burns will be celebrated at Cortes Gardens.

The Parish Church choir held a social gathering and dance in the public school on Friday evening. Rev. James Forrest presided.

The parish stands greatly in need of two halls. The necessity is to be attended to in the lower division of the parish. The providing of a church hall is the all important question of the day. Councillor Jeams is up to date with the remodelling of Cortes Hall. Subscriptions however small will be thankfully received.

Banff.

Imagine a war scare rousing Banff! We have always been in the belief that only some terrible subterranean convulsion could have done that, but we've been beautifully sold; that's all. The rumoured mobilisation of the "grande volunteer armee" created intense excitement from captain to full private. It is said one or two of the officers of the artillery company fainted, but some of more gun-metal calibre kicked high, and are very earnest in their attention to the manipulation of the big guns and sharpening of their side-arms. If our men are all right so are our guns—capable, any of them, of smashing an average herring boat at 30 yards range.

But the gay Gordons. What of 'em? They, too, have shared in the heroic outburst of national sentiment, and there is a monster petition got up among them, craving for kilts. They want kilts these warriors of cold steel! No doubt most of these petitioners have difficulty in getting their feet through an average pair of breeks, but then there is no small minority of the other sort—those who are rather spare of calf, and naturally they will object, as it is unlikely that Government will supply wads along with the hose.

Rothes.



ROTHES is a lively spot and no mistake! Poor Father Christmas visited it bringing his wonted good cheer, but ah me! he was unaccustomed to our ginger cordial. He swears he'll never visit us again, yet he is wae to part with that bottle in his hand. No doubt he has recovered by this time, and is eagerly beseeching Kronos to roll away another year, and bring him back to the bonnie banks of Spey. Ochoone! for your hills and your heather, Your whisky and joys! For a drink of the one or the other I'll give all my toys.

WE understand that Singer's Coy. have kindly given permission to exhibit their patent as a curiosity at the opening of the Ballater Public Hall.

SUGGESTED lecture for the Ballater "Mutual"—The land of the rising Blue Moon, its political, social, moral, physical aspects, described by the "Old Obadiah." Chairman (as usual).

Elgin.

WE are sorry to state that our Elgin correspondent was several days ago drawn into a discussion on the Transvaal crisis, which from Jameson and the Boers landed in Venezuela and Kumasi, and when last seen he was jibbering away about Armenia and the drink traffic. How he got mixed no one knows, though some have been measly enough to say it was all due to *mixing*. We have suggested the cold water cure, and expect to hear from himself next week and not through his keepers. Bad things controversies.

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YOUR ACCOUNT BOOKS MADE
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DONE ON THE PREMISES
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A. SIM, Lessee.

Saturday Night in the City.



YOU know the Grove—Union Grove I mean—the “new married” street. Well, I was on my way one Saturday night lately to the Grove, and at the corner of Victoria Street I went bang up against a man impaled on a railing. At least that was my impression. Being somewhat imaginative, I thought the man had tried to climb a tree, and had fallen into his present position.

I approached him, and found him alive and kicking—or rather hanging. Now, a man hanging, or hung, I fancy, has neither the time nor the opportunity to say much; but this man said his say in a much more truthful and philosophical way than the average man in a more comfortable position would.

Why had the man climbed the tree? I mentally queried. Ah, I have it. The “Real Sandy Cook” and the famous Ballochmyle have elevating tendencies, you know, but probably if you don’t know you’ve heard or seen.

“Where do you stay?” I boldly asked, and prompt and clear came the answer—“I stay here.”

In my simplicity I imagined he meant the house behind the railing; so I suggested I should help him inside.

“You are a brave man,” was the reply. “I stay at—Union Grove, but I intend hanging on here until I’m able to go home.”

And so I left him. But he had said I was a brave man. What did he mean by it? Did he mean I was brave in the Good Samaritan sense? Did he mean that in such a respectable neighbourhood he had fallen among thieves? Was it possible the good people of the West-End had all passed him by on the other side?

He is a brave man who can go against the conventional ideas of his time, who can turn aside and be honest, and love his neighbour as himself. The idea is that our neighbour is able enough to take care of himself, and that I have enough to do when I look after Number One. There is an air of independence about it which no doubt is the mainspring which keeps it going. But—there is always a but—is it altogether true, is it right? We have a lingering, conscious feeling that we could improve on this idea, and that we come short of the possibilities of a true social life by being too exclusive. The time may come when we may take a turn, but to-day we are in the same position as the man I discovered hanging on to the railing. We hang on desperately.

I left the man in this contemplative mood, paid my respects in Union Grove, passed several demonstrations of the elevating power of Silver Bell, Ivanhoe, Old Scotch, Old Irish, and the Real Mackay, and on turning into Baker Street met another “case.”

Baker Street being not far from the Viaduct, was rather “dubby,” and this “case” was doing all he could to wipe it



up. He began with the pavement. After a few turns at it he seemed to feel that it was rather easy—below his power, so to speak—so he tried his hands and his back and his front on the street, and was doing fine, surrounded by an admiring crowd who seemingly were unaccustomed to this new mode of street cleaning.

A young policeman arrived and even he was astonished: he seemed speechless with amazement, but at last began to feel that he ought to do something. It dawned upon him that this man was taking another man’s job—taking the bread from his mouth, so to speak. The Guardian of the Law approached the “case” in a timid manner and asked him where he stopped. Now it is hard to say where he might have stopped as there is a bit of a brae in that street. “Denburn” was the reply. The policeman seemed to be more astonished and bewildered, and one of the crowd had to come to his aid and ask what number; but the “case” was not particular about a number, his intention seemed to take in the whole street.

“Denburn” was the determined reply. It was too complicated a “case” for the man of law so he went away for his chum, in the belief that two heads—even helmets—&c.

During the policeman’s absence the good Samaritan came along and lugged the “case” in the direction of the Denburn.

“Strange,” thought I, “the people ‘kick’ about the dirty streets, and when a man volunteers to clean up a bit he runs the risk of getting arrested. There must be a screw loose somewhere. I made another friendly call before wandering home to my own abode. We indulged in the usual expressions and other things peculiar to Saturday night; and after that I went home to meditate on the man “elevated” in Victoria Street and that other man grovelling in Baker Street.

BILL BON.

George Washington Nowhere.

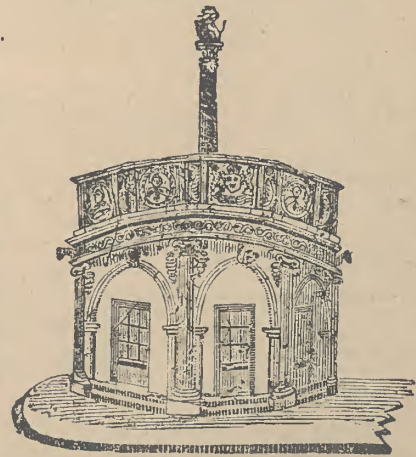
“DID you ever read the history of America, Mac?” “Aweel, I canna say that I hev,” replied M’Haver. “Ah, I must lend you the book! You ought to read about George Washington,” said his friend quietly. “An’ whit about him?” inquired Mac, curiously. “Well, you might learn something from that great man’s character,” was the reply. “George Washington, you know, is celebrated in history as the boy who ‘could not lie.’” “Could he no’?” returned Mac. “Man, there’s no muckle to boast about in that! He couldna lie, you say? Noo I hiv a higher standard o’ veracity than that. I can lie, but I winna dae’t!”

A Good Reason.

BOY—“Half a pound of steak, but let it be very tough.”
 BUTCHER—“Tough? What’s that for, my lad?”
 BOY—“‘Cause if it’s tender, daddy’ll eat it all himself.”

The Cross of John and Jane.

Chap. 1.
 John
 Yearns,
 Jane
 Turns.
 Eyes
 Meet;
 Love—
 Sweet!
 Jane
 Stops;
 John
 Pops.
 Both
 Wed—
 ‘Nough
 Said.



Chap. 2.
 John
 Mad,
 Jane
 Sad.
 Both
 Fight;
 Sad
 Sight!
 Whole
 Week
 Won’t
 Speak.
 Re-
 Course
 Di-
 Vorce.

SOME people spend enough time grieving over spilt milk to buy another cow.

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This series comprises the Show, the Scenery, Punch, Judy, Baby, Toby, Policeman, Clown, Bellman, Hangman, and Scaffold.

Series No. 4, VILLAGE FAIR.—

This series comprises Circus, Round-abouts, Wild Beast Show, Marionettes, Big Wheel, Shooting Gallery, &c.

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TO
OBTAIN
THEM.

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For any ONE of the Series, 12 SUNLIGHT or LIFEBOUY SOAP WRAPPERS.
For any TWO of the Series, 24 SUNLIGHT or LIFEBOUY SOAP WRAPPERS.
For any THREE of the Series, 36 SUNLIGHT or LIFEBOUY SOAP WRAPPERS.
For the Whole Series 40 SUNLIGHT or LIFEBOUY SOAP WRAPPERS.

GREAT ANNUAL CLEARING SALE.

CCAMPBELL & COMPANY, INDIA-RUBBER AND WATERPROOF MANUFACTURERS, 18 BRIDGE STREET, ABERDEEN, commence their GREAT ANNUAL CLEARING SALE on FRIDAY, the 24th inst., when the WHOLE OF THEIR VALUABLE STOCK will be subjected to HEAVY REDUCTIONS. The Stock consists of—

LADIES', BOYS', and GENTLEMEN'S WATERPROOF GARMENTS. The Reductions made in this department will be very marked, in order to effect a clearance before Spring arrivals.

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TRAVELLING TRUNKS, TARPAULIN CASES, all at immensely reduced prices.

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SEE WINDOWS. INSPECT STOCK

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And famed in the West End,
The whisky that has stood the test?
The far famed CLAREMONT BLEND.

What whisky cheers the cast down heart
And is a bosom friend,
Aye plays to man a friendly part?
The far famed CLAREMONT BLEND!

What whisky is the best that's made,
That from ills will defend
All mankind, yes, of every grade?
The far famed CLAREMONT BLEND!

What whisky is the best in town,
And will aye to the end
Of all time coming, wear the crown?
The far famed CLAREMONT BLEND.

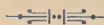
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occasionally, but ill-shod, never! I get Rattlin'
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"UNCLE ALLEN," asked the caller, "do you know of anything that's good for a cold?"

Uncle Allen Sparks opened his desk, took from one of the pigeon-holes a large bundle of newspaper clippings tied with a string, and threw it into the other's lap.

"Do I know of anything that is good for a cold?" he echoed. "My young friend, I know of 627 infallible ways of curing a cold. I've been collecting them for 49 years. You try those, one after the other, and if they don't do you any good come back and I'll give you 116 more. Bless me!" added Uncle Allen, with enthusiasm, "you can always cure a cold if you go at it right."

He dug a bundle of yellow, time-stained clippings out of another pigeon-hole and the visitor hastily coughed himself out.

Both Good Shots.

"My wife is an expert in handling a rifle. Put up a coin for a target and she'll hit it in the centre every time."

"That's nothing. Mr wife rifles my pockets of all the coin in them and never misses a dime."

In Death they are not Divided

VISITOR (at a Virginia hospital during the war)—"Janitor, what do you do with the arms and legs that are amputated here?"

"Well, Marsa, to tell de troof we most in ginerly save 'um a day or two, and den we buries 'um wid de bodies."

His Object.

HE—"Do you think you love me well enough to be my wife?" SHE—"Yes, George." HE—"Well, I only asked to ascertain how you felt on the subject, so in case I ever should want to marry I should know where to come."

Successful.

FRIEND—"Were you successful with your first case?"

THE DOCTOR—"Yes; his widow paid the bill."

The pity of It.

A ONE-LEGGED man can never experience the thrill of pleasure which permeates every fibre of the fellow who scratches one foot with the other.

Easier.

VERE DE VERE—"I have an idea which I think I shall carry out."

VALENTIA—"Carry out? Why not open the window, and throw it out?"

She who Hesitates is Lost.

JUDGE—"How old are you?" ELDERLY FEMALE—"I am—I am—I am—"

JUDGE—"You'd better make haste; every minute makes it worse."

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