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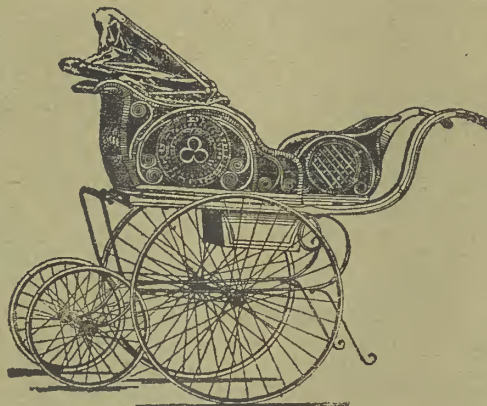
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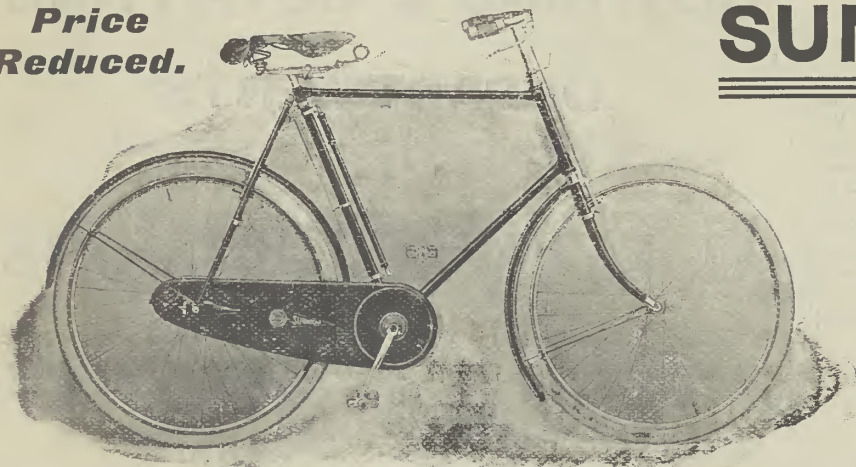
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NOTES & COMMENTS.

"Alak-a-day-dee! sighed the Aberdeen reporters, as the train steamed out of the station on Saturday with the King of All the Abeokutas on board. And well they may, for Alicky, as he was popularly called, had provided them with many a "par." in the off-season, even to the chronicling of the amazing fact that the Chief had porridge and herrings for breakfast. It is only on such auspicious occasions that the reporters can "let it rip," to use a popular phrase, and "let it rip" they did. They rang the changes on "the dusky monarch, the dusky chief, the dusky potentate, the dusky this, and the dusky that," till even the Alake himself, though his English is "scrappy," must have tired of the very look of the word.

SOME of the accounts of the Alake's doings were not, however, without their droll side. In its description of the reception which the students gave the Chief, one of our evening contemporaries made the startling announcement that

"Principal Lang, officially 'robbed,' was waiting to receive the visitor."

We have heard it said that some of our local officials have a keen eye for the main chance, but we would scarcely have believed they were as bad as all that.

THE policy of the Improved Sunday continues to make progress in every part of the country. The latest town to decide in favour of a brighter first day of the week is Bristol, whose City Council has, by a majority of 43 votes to 19, decided to open the new Art Gallery to the public on Sundays. A resolution against Sunday opening was passed by no fewer than 80 Bible Classes and other bodies. "Bodies" is the right word to apply to institutions that are "dead" to a progressive world.

Judy, in its "Jeu D'Esprits," says that some unimaginative Scotsmen are alleged to have objected to the line in Mr. William Watson's sonnet to Aberdeen:

"Grey, wintry-featured, sea-throned Aberdeen!"

"Presumably," continues *Judy*, "there are other features of the city which Mr. Watson has overlooked." There are, *Judy*, there are! But isn't it about time you and the other Cockney papers had given Mr. Watson and his much-talked-of sonnet a rest?

THE Rev. Dr. Hunter, whose translation to the metropolis was heralded with such a flourish of trumpets a few years ago, seems to say with the Private Secretary in the play, "D'you know—I don't like London!" At any rate, he has announced that he is to return to Glasgow, and soon the King's Weigh House congregation will be left lamenting that they ever took the trouble to fall in with the ways of such an erratic Congregationalist. As a preacher, the Doctor's style is theatrical to a degree, and many hold

that his ritualistic tendencies do not agree with the spirit of Congregationalism. The *Daily News* has been saying some straight things about the needless trouble and expense to which the congregation of the King's Weigh House has been put to meet Dr. Hunter's new-fangled notions as to what a church should be; and on the face of it, his action in thus leaving his London flock looks not a little ungrateful. If ministers continue to throw over their charges in this cavalier style, the Striptural warning will have to be altered to "Put not your trust in parsons."

EDINBURGH has added a Summer School of Theology to its other "attractions for the season," but it may well be doubted whether the entertainment there provided will be popular with visitors. Professor Iverach, who is one of the lecturers, last week delivered the first portion of a paper on "Attempts to Eliminate the Supernatural from the Gospel History." If the lecture is as long, proportionally, as its title, there will be a good few longer faces in that theological Summer School.

In the summer,
Nothing glummer
Than the plumber,

says an old rhyme. But it was written before the coming of the Summer Theologian, compared with whom even the most pessimistic plumber of our acquaintance is as merry as Old King Cole. Yes, Mr. Unspeakable Scot Crosland is quite right. Scotsmen *do* take their pleasures sadly.

An engineering paper has been able to prove—we suppose to its own satisfaction and certainly to other people's diversion—that the Liverpool Corporation expends £35,000 annually in stopping its tramcars to let passengers on and off. This sort of information is on a par with that of the medical paper which recently informed an amused public that it was dangerous to eat contaminated oysters! Will the wiseacre writer of such "information for the people" next tell us whether the Liverpool Corporation would have this £35,000 to spend on stoppages if its cars didn't halt for passengers at all?

In his "Railway Reminiscences," Mr. George P. Neele, late superintendent of the London and North-Western Railway, gives a description of a visit which he paid to Aberdeen in 1863, at which time, he says

"The Great North of Scotland Railway had a separate terminus at the harbour side at the north-end of the quay, and was in no way connected with the Deeside Company, the connecting line through the Denburn (though the valley looked almost fitted by Nature for a railway track) not being in existence."

That parenthetical remark about "the valley being fitted by Nature for a railway track" could only have come from a railway enthusiast. What would we not give to-day to put that railway track out of sight! The new station may help to improve the prospect—it cannot possibly make it worse—but we cannot hide it from ourselves that the view from Union Bridge to the present Joint Station is one of the ugliest in Scotland.

Those who wish Fashionable Millinery, Mantles, and Dresses, should visit "33 Union Street."

ROBERT HENDERSON, Drapery Warehouseman.



THE Town Council programme of business gave little or no indication that Monday's meeting would last for almost two hours. To the mere outsider it was one of the "dreichest" of documents, and consisted largely of serried rows of "Accounts Sanctioned," formidable-looking "Mortality Tables," and "Weather Records" of the previous month. True, there was an appalling "Appendix" of eight closely printed pages of letters which had passed between the Town Council and the Baker Incorporation in regard to the granting of a water supply from the city mains to the Lands of Kincorth and Craigshaw; but we naturally thought that after the "Compleat Letter-Writers" on both sides had spilled so much ink on the subject, there would be little left for our City Fathers to say. But in this we reckoned without their infinite capacity for taking pains over trifles, and for the greater part of the meeting the debate flowed on—to quote Tom Moore—in "one long, weak, washy, everlasting flood."

To give Councillor Watson, the convener of the Water Committee, his due, the torrent of talk was none of his seeking. He set an excellent example in his brief but adequate speech, and pity it was he found so few to follow his lead. But the Councillors were in a loquacious mood, and for fully an hour-and-a-half they debated whether the Bakers' Incorporation should pay £1,750 or £1,524 for the proposed water supply. The wordy conflict eventually ended in favour of the bakers; and if they are equally fortunate in securing the financial help of the Town and County Councils for their proposed bridge over the Dee near Allenvale, the near future may see a start made with the new suburb of Kincorth.

THE announcement that a sub-committee of the Public Library had reported against Sunday opening is, we understand, somewhat misleading. The members of the sub-committee were not asked to give their views on the principle involved. What they have been engaged in during the past few weeks is the discussion of the practical side of the question, and from what we hear the feasibility of the scheme is not disputed, even by those who are opposed to it on Sabbatarian grounds. It is to be hoped when the question comes up for settlement by the Library Committee that it will be discussed on its merits, and with freedom from that Sabbatarian bias which has so often proved a stumbling-block to progress in Public Library management.

WITH the publication of the Alake's kindly-worded letter of thanks to the Students' Representative Council, the last has probably been heard of the disgraceful incident which has given such an unenviable notoriety to the University of Aberdeen during the past few days. And, in our opinion, this is the most

serious aspect of the whole affair. Time and again, in recent years, the students have been guilty of flagrant breeches of the peace that would have disgraced a crowd of hooligans, and time and again, for reasons best known to themselves, both the police and the University authorities have failed to take action against the culprits. It is not too much to say that had an ordinary street rough openly insulted the Alake in the way this caddish student did, he would be lying to-day in Craiginches prison. To say that the police have failed to identify the culprit is little short of a farce. Had he been, say, an erring coal-heaver, he would have been run to earth by the Lodge Walk beagles long ere now.

BUT when it comes to tracking a student, there is always the risk that the quarry may turn out to be the son of Mr. Somebody, and the result is that the authorities allow an excess of discretion to temper their customary zeal. So lost to all sense of decency were some of the University hooligans who took a leading part in hustling the Alake, that for a day or two after the affair they went about wearing "button-holes" composed of the embroidery which they had torn from the Chief's beautiful robes. But when the spoilers realised that their "fun" was likely to land them in trouble, we hear that these "trophies" promptly disappeared. From this it may be inferred that the University cad very closely resembles the common or ordinary type in having a wholesome regard for his skin.

OUR last week's cartoon of "The King and Daniel" proved very popular with the citizens, more especially with those who go down to the sea in trawlers or who are in any way interested in Fish Market affairs. Proof of this is found in that amusing yarn told by Friend Rambler in the *Evening Express* of Saturday last. The sum of 23s. is certainly the biggest price ever paid for a single copy of *Bon-Accord*, and we congratulate Mr. W. F. Walker on his successful "deal." But why drag in that halibut? In the circumstances, a "cod" would have been a more appropriate fish to have given away.

IN the course of a pro-Conscription article which recently appeared in the pages of a well known London weekly paper, the writer bewails what he calls "the unfair charges" imposed on Volunteer officers. What those charges are only those who have served in this capacity can accurately estimate, and there can be little doubt that the lamentable lack of officers in many of the southern Volunteer battalions is in great part due to the heavy expenditure involved in connection with such appointments. In some of the battalions, Volunteer officers have to spend absurdly large sums on regimental finery, and we should judge that this expenditure on "purple and fine linen" is a particularly heavy item among the officers of such battalions as our own Volunteer Gordon Highlanders.

NEVER before did we fully appreciate how gorgeously our Volunteer officers are attired till we went home with one of them in a tramcar the other night. What with his tartan, and red, and yellow, and gold, he was "really too nice for anything," as our

Ladies' "Marabout Stoles" are the "height of Fashion." Special lines at 8/11 and 13/6.

ROBERT HENDERSON, 33 UNION STREET.

lady friends would say of their millinery, and that is not exactly the kind of thing that should be said of a soldier and a man. Whether all this excessive expenditure on clothes is according to regulations we do not know; but surely such extravagance but ill accords with the khaki simplicity of active service uniforms. In short, Haberdasher Highlanders are not impressive as citizen soldiers.

THAT hardy annual, the Visitation of the boarded-out Orphans and Lunatics by the members of the Parish Council, came up for discussion at last week's meeting, and gave Mr. John Croll another opportunity of protesting against the extravagant expenditure that has hitherto characterised the outing. According to Mr. Croll, money might easily be saved on both the driving and the refreshments accounts, and if his statement that last year's visitation cost the ratepayers some £70 is correct, it certainly looks as if the Council could succeed in driving a better bargain on behalf of the ratepayers by lopping off some of the luxuries to which Mr. Croll referred.

Unfortunately for the public interest, Mr. Croll's protest was as a voice crying in the wilderness. He found no one willing to support his gospel of economy. So the visitation will follow the usual "use and wont" routine of previous years. We do not believe that the ratepayers would grudge the members their "day in the country" if it were arranged at a reasonable cost, but to spend a sum of £70 seems out of all proportion to the benefits conferred either on the orphans or on the members themselves.

THE judicial humorist we have always with us, but the jocular prisoner at the bar is something of a rarity. The erring pedlar who, in reply to a question put to him in Court last week, answered that "all he wanted was liberty," is just the sort of man to take his punishment in a spirit of philosophic calm. His is the merry heart that "goes all the way"—even to Craig-inches.

IN making his well-timed protest against what he describes as "the alarming increase" in the Kingseat Asylum staff, Mr. Murdo Robertson will have the support of the vast majority of the ratepayers, who are viewing with ever-increasing disquietude the huge outlay that will be involved in the upkeep of that expensive institution. About 70 officials are now engaged in looking after a few hundreds of inmates, and Mr. Robertson is evidently of opinion that such a huge staff is, to put it mildly, somewhat out of proportion to the work they are called upon to perform. At the opening of the Asylum much was made of the fact that there was few of those stone walls which, notwithstanding the opinion of the poet, often make a prison of such a place as Kingseat. But there is little call for ramparts of stone and lime to enclose an asylum that is apparently surrounded with a veritable wall of officials.

It is freely rumoured that the heathen gods and goddesses in the new Sculpture Gallery are exceedingly disappointed with the portraits of themselves which are appearing from time to time in a local evening paper. They think that it is bad enough that they should have to figure as more or less fragmentary plaster saints and sinners in a public gallery, without

having to run the gauntlet of press publicity along with the Alake of Abeokuta and his Fish Market friends.

THE announcement that one of the "saloons" at the beach is "to be set apart for a hairdresser's establishment" inspires us with the hope that the enterprising barber will get enough custom to live by his sad sea shaves.

"THE official leaders of the Liberal party are incorrigible." So says the *Free Press* in a leader in which it bewails the adherence of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Lord Spencer to Home Rule. And, as all Aberdeen knows, the *Free Press* is a good judge of the incorrigible in politics. "Fortune," continues our weather-cock contemporary,

"has favoured the party to a remarkable extent and in various ways during the last couple of years, but they appear to be determined that it should not profit by the advantages that have thus been put in its way."

Is this our contemporary's modest way of reminding Liberalism that one of Fortune's favours is the "support" that is again given it by Union Street journalism? "Support" of this sort may well be described by local Liberalism as something that "has thus been put in its way." We are sorry that a regard for truth precludes us from calling it one of Fortune's "advantages."

The Black Man.

"WHAT went ye out for to see?"
A crowned and robed Alake?
"God's image in ebony?"

King! then laud his dignity,
Pay tribute to sov'reignty,
Respect dusky majesty.

If any loon dare to jeer,
Touch his costume with a sneer,
Offer straw-crown with a leer;

Let him for his wanton freak,
Simmer in thick tar a week,
Have it rubbed into his cheek.

Then let him be bound with straw,
Set on fire up to the jaw,
Thus to teach him honour's law.

But what of common nigger:
The slaving, sweating jigger,
You keep as your gold-digger?

You had him as your chattel,
Drove, sold his race like cattle,
And scorned them in your prattle.

What care ye for him to-day,
But to make your mining pay,
And big dividends array!

Whether he has meal and straw,
Anything for back or maw,
Hardly troubles you ava'.

Honour the King, but take care,
Honour with the slave to share;
Of despite to him beware!

M. P.

Arthur, Bertie, and Some Girls.



ULLO, Artie, where are you bound for?"

"Hullo, Bert, I was just going round to ask you whether you were coming out."

"Well, now we are out, what do you propose doing?"

"Oh, anything or nothing. Up the river, or to the Park to hear the band, or anywhere else you please."

"Well, old chap, I'm too tired to go fagging up the river to-night. Let's go to hear the band."

This conversation took place between two bosom friends whom we call Arthur and Bertie. They are typical of a class.

In due course our friends arrived at the bandstand. According to the programme, the band was playing the popular *Valse Bleue*. It was indistinguishable, however, to most of the people on the outside of the crowd, owing partly to the shuffling of feet on the gravel, and partly to the small youths who thought they were helping the band by whistling the principal melody. Still, we question whether the crowd cared much, as it was composed chiefly of young men, who seemed more intent upon attracting the notice of pretty girls than upon listening to the music. It is to be regretted, too, that many of the girls did not appear averse to these attractions, some, indeed, going as far as to wink back. Anyway, there they were. Arthur and Bertie belonged to the species of young man just described, although perhaps in a higher grade. On this evening they would have preferred to listen to the music, but, as we have said, it was impossible to do so without inconvenience, the fine weather having brought out so many people. They, therefore, proposed to "pick up a girl," as they elegantly expressed it. Those who are not familiar with this process will glean some information by reading the following.

First, they stood back a bit to "take stock" of the young ladies parading round the bandstand in pairs. They always hunt in pairs.

Said Bert: "What do you think of that stylish thing in grey?"

"Not much, too much powder for my taste."

"Powder! Fiddlesticks! There's no powder there, and you haven't been asked to *taste* it yet." Bert chuckled at his little joke.

"You're very young, Bert. To prove what I say, come a little closer and watch her as she comes round again."

And sure enough, there was a good deal of powder on the lady's face. Bertie gave in gracefully, and they resumed their places in the background.

"Actress, I suppose. Well, that's off, anyway. Here's something nicer and simpler, though. She caught my eye, too. Her companion is nearly as pretty. Good enough, eh?"

"Yes, I don't mind."

Off they went, walking round in the opposite direction to that of the last-mentioned young ladies.

"Did you see that, Artie, they smiled. To you or me, eh?"

"I don't know, but I've told you before that I won't be called Artie before all these people. My name is Arthur."

"All right, old chap, very sorry."

"There they are again. They seemed to smile right between us."

"Well, what do you say to speaking to them next time they come."

There the two girls came again, still smiling. Our friends went boldly up, raised their hats, smiled, and said in unison: "Good evening. How do you do?"

To their surprise, the smiles froze quickly. The elder girl sniffed her nose, and remarked indignantly: "I beg your pardon, I'm afraid you have the advantage of me," and passed on.

"Snubbed, by Jove."

"Well, not exactly by Jove, let us rather say 'Snubbed by Venus.' She was pretty enough."

"Clever. Why on earth she smiled in our direction, I can't make out."

"Nor can I. Er—I mean. Why, look over there. There's the cause of the smiles. That fellow who was strolling behind us all the time is the culprit."

"It's a good job she didn't speak loudly, or the whole beastly crowd would have laughed at us. Still, we don't seem to be having much luck to-night."

"Never despair, my boy, we shall have something yet. Here are two stylish maids. Rather pretty, too. Shall we try our luck again, Artie—I beg pardon, I mean Arthur."

"As you will, it can't be worse than before."

"Well, here goes. Lovely evening, Miss, h'im—Hang it, I've forgotten the name. This is my cousin, Arthur, Miss—"

"Smith," she replied demurely. "And here is my friend, Miss Brown."

"Delighted, I'm sure."

At this point Bert skilfully "paired off," and as we can't go with both couples, let us follow Bert and Miss Smith. They turned away from the bandstand.

"Well, Miss Smith, what have you been doing since I saw you at Brighton last?"

"At Brighton?"

"Margate, was it, then. I hope you enjoyed the rest of your holidays."

"Oh yes, thanks."

Bert suggested that they should sit down. To this she acceded. Bert had a very painful time forcing the conversation, as the utmost she could say was "Yes" or "No," and perhaps repeat what he had said himself.

"What do you think of the band?" he ventured. "Not up to a great deal, is it?"

"No, it isn't up to much."

"This is awful," he murmured softly, "but I'll have another try."

"Been to any theatres lately?"

"Yes, I saw 'Arry Lauder last week?"

"Did you? That wasn't at a theatre, was it?"

"Yes, the Tivoli."

"Why, that's a music-hall."

"It's all the same."

"Oh."

A pause.

"What did you think of him?"

"Who? Of 'Arry Lauder? He was very funny as a Scotchie in a short plaid skirt."

"Heavens," thought Bert, what would my friend Mac think of that?"

Another lull.

"What play do you like best, Miss Smith?"

"Oh, I donno. I think *The Belle of New York* is the best, but some of the gals in the shop like *The Sign of the Cross* better. What do you think?"

"What do I think? I think—oh yes, what *do* I think? Did you say 'What do I think?'"

"Yes."

"Oh, yes."

Another pause.

"I ain't seen *The Prince of Pilsen* yet. Have you?" She looked up so pleadingly.

Bert, however, was quite deaf to the appeal. He would be extremely glad when he saw the last of this feather-headed girl, and bethought him of a plan for getting rid of her.

Some desultory conversation followed, but Bert was decided.

He looked at his watch, suddenly. "Five past nine," he exclaimed. "Great Scott! I should have been at the Marble Arch at nine. Are you going that way? No, eh? Well, I'm sorry I shall have to leave you. Good night. See you to-morrow."

It is not necessary, we suppose, to add that the engagement at the Marble Arch was wholly imaginary. In these circumstances, it was very ungallant to take leave of the lady in that abrupt fashion.

As we go to press we hear that Arthur's experience was even worse.

Lunch Time..



It is not given to every man to have the privilege of correcting his own obituary notice, and it is only in such places as Anaconda, a town "out west," that such experiences take place. The following is the letter of a native of that ilk, who, having lived to read what the editor of the local paper said about him in the obituary column, was, naturally enough, disappointed with a few very obvious discrepancies in his life-history:—

"Sir,—I desire to call your attention to a few errors in your obituary of myself of Wednesday last. I was born in Washington, not in Wheeling, and my retirement from the flour and feed business in '96 was not due to ill-health, but to hard times. The cause of my death was not pneumonia."

Coming from a rough and ready miner of Anaconda, U.S.A., such language can only be described as unexceptionable in tone, and it says a deal for the onward march of American Civilisation that the "corpse" didn't come fooling around that editor's office with a revolver and a bowie-knife. Nothing quite so rich in this line has been seen since Mark Twain sent off his world-famous telegram, "Reports of my death grossly exaggerated."

THE papers have been telling us all about Lord Dundonald's scientific forebears, one of whom, the ninth earl, is said to have succeeded in extracting soda from salt. And now people are wondering whether the principle of heredity accounts for the present Earl's success in "precipitating" his own resignation.

JAPAN and the Japanese are being dragged into everything just now, but even the most enthusiastic Pro-Jap will think that this craze is being a trifle overdone when policemen have taken to practising the Japanese "arm-lock" on the common malefactors who fall into their hands. A London bobby, we are told, overcame a rather violent thief in Clerkenwell last week by the effective use of the Japanese wrestlers' "arm-lock." This may sound all very fine and Japan-easy. But other things being equal, I should imagine that the "arm-lock" the average thief would prefer would be the common or ordinary British hand-cuffs. But perhaps the trouble is in their application, for, when it comes to a question of hand-cuffs, I am, to use the Balfourian phrase, "a child in these things."

THE discoverer of the Klondyke goldfields—a certain Mr. Henderson—has been given a governmental position. According to report, Mr. Henderson's discovery, through a series of unfortunate incidents, has been of little value to himself personally. The unfortunate Mr. Henderson might have gone further and fared worse. Government positions are sometimes as good as a gold mine, and oft-times a great deal better. Just look at the price of "Kaffirs"!

It is stated that the printing of nine novels on wood-pulp paper in America took no fewer than 4,000 trees to provide the

pulp. We are left in doubt as to whether the style of these romances was as wooden as the stuff they were printed on, but at the best, the cutting down of all these fine trees for such a frivolous purpose seems to have been a waste of good material. Even one leaf from a tree is worth the leaves of many American romances.

A New York paper, *Harper's Weekly*, bewails the lowering of the ideals of the home. Childless firesides, it says, are taking the place of the family circle.

"It is the ring of the telephone we hear nowadays"—says Dr. Coyle—"and not the cry of the baby."

This is very pathetic, no doubt, from the doctor's point of view. But the ring of the telephone has at least the merit of seldom disturbing us in our sleep. And besides, we can, at the worst, get rid of the telephone; but where is the man who, with any hope of success, can say in the watches of the night to his infant son and heir, "Peace, be still!"

Dr. Robertson Nicholl, of the *British Weekly*, says that for ten years he has possessed no umbrella. And now his friends in Scotland, who have hitherto regarded him as the acme of respectability, are wondering what sort of company he keeps when living in Modern Babylon.

Few people, says the *Ladies' Field*, pathetically, "seem to have anything pleasant to say about women in these days." This is indeed sad. But may I be allowed to suggest, "Let women themselves commence." They are each other's worst critics.

No fewer than 102 students have recently been called to the Bar in London. It is otherwise in Aberdeen, however, where the average student finds his way to the bar as if by instinct.

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“Freedom.”

HIS melodrama, by Mr. G. F. Rowe and Sir Augustus Harris, is not one of the most effective pieces even of its class. Indeed, it is one of the least satisfactory. The long arm of coincidence is very long, and incoherence is even more incoherent than is usual in melodrama. I don't know whether “Freedom” has been freely cut. At all events, it doesn't matter quite so much as the cutting of opera at Covent Garden. The less you think about the coherence of melodrama the better, especially on a warm evening in June. The fact is that it is easy and even helpful not to think about it. “Freedom” is well put on the stage, and it is capably played, especially by Miss Sidney Crowe, Miss Tremayne, Mr. Skardon, who is a gallant hero of the days when men were heroic, on the stage, and Mr. Holloway, whose gestures are less violent than is the case with some of the others, who might copy him to their and our advantage. The piece was warmly received by a popular house, which shouted and whistled its delight.



The Failures of the Season.

Very few plays have been successful. The following plays have had no luck:—“Captain Dieppe,” “The Rich Mrs. Repton,” and “The Edge of the Storm,” at the Duke of York's Theatre; “My Lady of Rosedale” and “The Bride and Bridegroom,” at the New Theatre; “The Sword of the King” and “Cynthia,” at Wyndham's; “Ruy Blas” and “A Marriage of Convenience,” at the Imperial; “Amorelle,” at the Comedy; “A Maid from School,” at Terry's; “A Man of Honour” and “A Gentleman of France,” at the Avenue; and “Love's Carnival,” which was played four times at the St. James's Theatre. “Who's Who?” at the Savoy, and “A Gentleman of France,” at the Avenue, each ran for six nights. “The Love Birds,” at the Savoy, lost £15,000.



The Glory of the Stage.

“A week ago,” says the theatrical chronicler of the *Sunday Chronicle*, “I stood in Bedford Street talking to a friend, when the awful figure of a woman, ragged, dirty, bloated, lurched across the road. ‘You don't know me, or you won't know me, which is it?’ said a hoarse voice. The speaker was a popular favourite of the Gaiety some twelve years ago—a beggar I saw; a dipsomaniac I learned. Well, next day I saw an article in a daily paper. That read like an expansion of the preceding lines. I supposed some other journalist had had my experience. But a day or two later the name of his lady was revealed, and it was not the name of mine! So there are two such cases! It is pretty bad, is it not? Grim old Gaiety!”



Miss Mary Anderson played in Belfast, last Thursday, the balcony scene from “Romeo and Juliet.” *Nomad's Weekly* of that city, a clever and independent paper, which knows the theatre well, devotes nearly two pages to an interesting article on Mary Anderson. It must be more than fifteen years, at least, since I saw Miss Mary Anderson play Juliet in the balcony scene to Mr. George Alexander's Romeo. It was at the Haymarket Theatre.

Mr. Tree's Repertory Company.

The *Sunday Chronicle* was responsible, last week, for the statement that Mr. Tree's Repertory Company would not go out in autumn. I have the highest authority for saying that this is quite incorrect. The misapprehension has been caused, no doubt, by the fact that the early part of the tour was cancelled. It was found necessary to do this, as otherwise the rehearsals of the repertory company, which Mr. Tree himself conducts, would have been going on at the same time as the rehearsals for the next production, in autumn, at His Majesty's Theatre. As it is obviously impossible to rehearse two companies at the same time, Mr. Tree decided not to send the repertory company out so early as he had at first intended. The tour will begin on September 26th at Mr. Mulholland's excellent theatre, the King's, Hammersmith, and will last until the 10th of December. Mr. Tree's company, which, as we saw it, was one of the strongest ever sent on tour in the country, will play for a fortnight in Manchester.



Mr. Tree is playing, at matinées, some of the Shakespearean plays in his list. Miss Margaret Halstan, a well known actress who played with the German company during its London season, is playing Sweet Anne Page in “The Merry Wives of Windsor” and Calpurnia in “Julius Cæsar.” The *Athenæum* says that Mr. Tree has accepted a play by Mr. Frank Harris, who was for some time the editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, and, later, of the *Saturday Review*, and made them remarkable periodicals.



Miss Ellen Terry is playing Mistress Page in “The Merry Wives.” Miss Terry will not play again in London this year.



MR. HERBERT SKARDON,

Who plays a brave young naval officer in “Freedom.”



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A Popular Player.



Photo by]

[Mr. Wm. Grant, Bucksburn.

MR. JAMES WOOD, STONEYWOOD C.C.

The Cup-Ties of Saturday.

The 2nd round of the cup contest has come and gone, and three of the matches ended as I said they would. I kept an open mind on the fourth match, that between the Braemar and Huntly, and both clubs obliged me as to the result. It was a grand game at Huntly, the best I have witnessed this season, and if the replay is as good, then the Aberdeen spectators (assuming the game is played in the city) are in for a treat. But I hardly think they will get such a game. For one thing the wicket in the Duthie Park will never play as the one at Huntly, which, from a batter's point of view, was perfect, but it broke the hearts of the bowlers, as can be readily imagined when I say that 327 runs were scored for the fall of 12 wickets. Such scoring is, I believe, a record in the ties, and will not likely be beaten this season. To both teams nothing but praise must be accorded, for they gave displays worthy of their best traditions. Brebner and Clark gave their side a grand lead, and it would be difficult to say whose was the prettier batting. Clark, of course, deserves the greater praise, for he scored 20 more than Brebner, but Brebner showed the way, and to be sent back with the stroke that he was caught by was decidedly hard luck—but in saying this I cannot forget that it was an equally grand catch. Clark batted for a long time after Brebner had left, and looked as if he would stay in all afternoon, but at a weak moment he returned one to Hynd which he had no difficulty in holding. With Clark and Brebner breaking the bowling as they did, it was easy for the others to score, and some of them took full advantage of it. S. Hunter followed Brebner with a careful—too careful, I think—25, and then J. Hunter and Craib with 14 and 13 each helped to swell the total. Charlie Brown and Slessor disappointed themselves as much as

they did their club-fellows, while Billy Robb, after giving us a promise of fireworks, departed with only 7 to his credit, one of his strokes being a 6 hit. The last two men for the Braemar, W. and J. Donald, both did well, the last-named also emulating Robb's example with a 6 hit. The last two players looked like making as big a stand for the last wicket as was made for the first, when the Braemar captain, with the score at 196 for 9 wickets, applied the closure. If for nothing else than for the look of the thing on paper, the Braemar captain ought to have waited until 200 had been reached before he closed, and he was batting so well himself that he would not have had to wait long.

One could have excused the Braemar eleven if they fancied their chances of winning with such a score to their credit, but if they did so, to their credit, they kept all such opinions to themselves, for I did not hear one of them say that they had the Huntly in the hollow of their hands. The Huntly opened as if they felt that the task was beyond them, for their first two wickets fell for less than 6. I have heard it said that the Huntly cannot fight an uphill battle, but never let this be said again. J. Scott and James Rhind gave this the lie. They both opened carefully, and no team knows how to do this better than the Huntly. But they soon found out that the bowling was, like their own, rather indifferent. This discovery made, they opened their shoulders and laid on the wood to such an extent that even the Braemar began to see visions. The visions I leave to the reader's imagination. Gradually the score rose at an alarming rate—for the Braemar at least—and each hit was cheered as only the Huntly crowd can cheer. The rate of scoring was prodigious, for off one over of Clark's Rhind treated himself to 14, three hits producing 12 runs. I have not seen anything like his hitting for a long day. Everything was runs that came to his bat, and when Craib eventually held him off Brown's bowling his score stood at 68. J. Scott, though he did not score so fast, gave a grand display, and the 49 that he got was what his cricket deserved. With the score at 131 the game had to be stopped, for a G. N. S. R. train waits for no man—not even the Braemar C.C.

Had it been possible to finish the game, I rather fancy the Huntly would have carried off the honours. J. Scott looked like being able to bat for a long time, and there was still others left who were sure to get a few runs each. And the Braemar must have been feeling tired. The Huntly wanted the services of Duffton and their bowler Richardson—both good men in their places. What Richardson could have done on such a wicket is a matter of conjecture, but I wouldn't have relished the idea of standing up to him. The replay should be a capital game, but as for the result it would be a difficult question to answer.

The Stoneywood had not much trouble in their little affair with the Alford, indeed, it was such a one-sided game that it calls for little notice. Alford have never been a match for the Stoneywood, and the 51 runs they got on Saturday is a pretty fair index of their strength. Kitson, Wood, and Knowles were equal to the task of passing this score among them. The bowling and fielding of the Stoneywood team could not have been improved, and the more one sees of the team the more I'm convinced, with a friend, that they will prove a powerful eleven to defeat anywhere.

The Turriff-Kintore game was remarkable for the large number of runs scored by both teams, another instance of the effect of dry weather on the pitch. Tall though Turriff's score is, 107, it was mainly got by three players, Downie with a 43 leading off, followed by Greig, 26 not out, and Johnstone 16.

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The largeness of the Turriff's total did not put a damper on the Kintore men, Cormack and Mackie, who opened, showing the Turriff bowlers that their deliveries had little terror for them. Cormack was the first to go with 29, and Ramsay, who filled the breach, raised Turriff's hopes a little by failing to add to the total. But Moir soon put matters right for Kintore, and he and Mackie stayed together until the Turriff's total was passed with only 2 wickets down. Mackie batted excellently for 40 not out, and Moir, who scored at a faster rate, had a fine not out innings of 31.



The St. Ronald fulfilled all the expectations, and gave the Crescent their quietus in the ties. The match, I am told, was not a great one, the only noteworthy feature about it being the innings of G. L. Gibb for the St. Ronald. All along I fancied the St. Ronald would pull it off; but had G. Gibb failed them the result might have been different. George Gibb has always done well at critical moments, and his exhibition of Saturday last was only what was expected of him. Pressure of space compels me to keep over other notes on the ties.



Among the other matches played on Saturday were Cornwall's and Rose A. Cornwall's had an easy win, in which Hendry was easily top scorer; Hendry is the same player who was second in the Bon-Accord League batting averages last season. He is at present home from America, and should prove of great assistance to Cornwall's. The Redhall made small work of the 2nd Cattofield at the Links, winning by 106 for 4 wickets to 54. Wright and Sherriffs played well for the winners with 56 and 21 respectively, and Booth (21) was the best man for the Cattofield. The Sunnyside were again on the wrong side this week, the Rose easily defeating them. Really, the Sunnyside will have to put on the break, or they will be at the bottom of the hill before they know where they are. Their opponents, the Rose, have fully recovered from the bad start they made, and nothing now seems too good for them. What do you think of this? Aberdeen Granite Works 25, Y.M.C.A. 9. Lawson was responsible for the Young Men's downfall as he has been for many another club. He is the best bowler in the Bon-Accord League this season. We are pleased to see that the Westburn did so well against the Varsity Wanderers. The win was a good one, and thoroughly deserved.



Granite City Cricket League.

Lochside evidently thought the 3rd Braemar too strong for them. At anyrate, the Braemar got the points without playing.

The great rivals, Clifton (A), and Crusade met on Saturday—but who won? Even the secretary of the League can't put us right there. Crusade claim a win by two runs, and Clifton claim a draw. According to the League will hold "an enquiry" on Monday and settle the matter.

Crusade went down in our estimation by reason of the conduct of a few of their players. The Clifton were not very much better, and the coming meeting will probably be a stormy one.

Shepherd again proved himself one of the best all-round players in the League. Besides taking 6 of the Crusade's wickets, he scored 20 for his side before being caught out. Fordyce, Wright, and Morrison were the only other Clifton men who did anything like well, each having 7 runs.

Crusade divided their honours more equally, Duncan havin 15 and Reid a very well played 15 not out. Ewart and Sangste

also did well with the bat, the latter adding four wickets to his batting honours. Mavor proved the more successful of Crusade's two bowlers, having five wickets.

The fielding by both sides was very poor. We were surprised at the number of catches dropped by the Clifton team. A slight improvement in their fielding would have meant the two points for them.

Crusade meet Hawthorn on Saturday, and here we will have another good match. We are afraid Hawthorn will prove too much for Crusade. Hawthorn are sticking in to practice, and have several new men to trot out for this match.

The match will be a close one, we have no doubt. St. Clair encounter the Thirds, and there is not much doubt as to the winner here.

We would remind clubs to have their memorial sheets ready by Monday night at latest.

Arrangements are being made for matches with the Warehousemen's League and the Bon-Accord League.

We give the table up to date, omitting the disputed Crusade-Clifton match.



	Plyd.	Won.	Lost.	Drn.	Pts.
3rd Braemar, ...	5	5	0	0	10
Crusade, ...	4	3	1	0	6
Clifton (A), ...	4	2	2	0	4
Hawthorn, ...	4	2	2	0	4
Lochside, ...	7	2	5	0	4
St. Clair, ...	4	0	4	0	0



FOOTBALL SECTION.—The following office-bearers have been elected. Hon-president, Mr. Jaffray; Hon vice-president, Mr. Jessiman; president, Mr. Douglas, (Macdonald Thistle); vice-president, Mr. Munro, (Violet). Mr. Shand was re-elected secretary. The League decided to join with the other Leagues in town in affiliation with the Junior Association.

CHETWYND.



A Bon-Accord Cycling Club Presentation.

On Friday evening last the Bon-Accord C.C. club-house, (which, by the way, has undergone a transformation, having been re-painted and decorated), was the scene of a large gathering of members and friends for the purpose of making a presentation to Mr. James Innes, one of the club buglers, on the occasion of his marriage. The president, Mr. A. A. Smith, occupied the chair, and, in name of the club, congratulated Mr Innes on the happy event, and asked him to accept a handsome easy chair and overmantel as a mark of the esteem in which he was held by his fellow-members. The hearty applause which greeted the chairman's remarks must have been very gratifying to "Jim," as it gave further evidence, if such was needed, of the good feeling existing between himself and those present, and also went to show that "in the ranks" of the B. C. C. he is regarded as "one of the best." Our quoting the names of certain military plays is not altogether out of place, for besides being a cyclist, Mr. Innes was also an enthusiastic volunteer, having been for long a member of the local Artillery corps, from which he retired last year with the rank of sergeant. The musical part of the evening was of a high class order, among those contributing to the programme being:—Messrs. J. H. Jackson, W. Sandison, A. Windsor, H. Rideout, A. A. Smith, J. Robb, W. Mitchell (cornet), J. Clark (violin), etc. Mr. W. Smith acted as pianist in an able manner. A special word of praise is due to Mr. John Calder, the genial secretary of the club, for the energy he displayed in his endeavours to make all enjoy themselves, a task at which he was very successful.

CRICKET.

CRICKET.

CRICKET.

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The Junior Cup Ties.

If some clubs did disappoint us in going another way from what we said they would in the ties, this charge cannot be laid against the Cults, who rose to the occasion in such a fashion that the Balmoral never got the least look in. It was a case of the Cults first and the Balmoral nowhere. From what we have heard of this game the Cults played in such a good style that we fully expect to hear of them figuring in the ties for some time yet. The 2nd St. Ronald was another club that did not disappoint us, and they have our thanks. They were in

A GREAT SCORING MOOD

were the 2nd Saints, and the Kemnay bowlers' analysis suffered accordingly. Murray and Fenton were the hardest on the Kemnay bowling, both topping 40. The Kemnay were expected to make a better show than they did, but like other clubs, when anything is expected of them, they failed to rise to the occasion. The 2nd Saints have, we believe, sworn to retain the cup for another year, and it looks long odds on them doing so. At the present moment we do not know a team that we could say were equal to beating them. At anyrate, we would not say the 2nd Steenies could do it, though they made the St. Andrews feel as if they had played their last match on Saturday. While we give the Steenies all credit for the win, they must admit that the St. Andrews are

CAPABLE OF BETTER THINGS

than what they did on Saturday. It was a wretched exhibition they gave, and we feel it all the more because we tipped them to win. Never prophecy unless you know is to be our motto in the future. Like the 2nd St. Ronald, the Thistle in their score against the Stewart Park also exceeded the century, while the latter team came within one run of it. The recent dry weather must be to blame for all these tall scores, and the bowlers are beginning to wonder when they are to get a look in. The Thistle have played most consistently all this season, and rather fancy their chances of the cup. Mackie played a fine innings for them, and was easily the highest scorer in the two teams. We congratulate the St. Clements on their win over the Clifton, all the more so because we spotted their opponents to enter the 3rd round. In this game, at anyrate, scoring was low, the Saints made only 48, while their opponents

DID SO BADLY

that 33 was all they could manage. McKernan once again showed his worth as a bowler for the St. Clements, and it was mainly due to him that his club is where it is to-day. The 8 wickets that he got cost him 9 runs. Can any other bowler point to such a good day's work? With McKernan in such form the future rounds should have little terror for the Saints. We notice that the 2nd Crescent keep on piling up victory after victory to their list. It was never expected that the Balgowrie would get the better of them, but we never imagined that they would have been got rid of for a mere 26 against 123 for their opponents. It was Wright and Boice that upset their calculations, and when these bowlers do find a spot it is long odds on a team doing anything in the batting line. But the 2nd Crescent are batting well, too, this year, and altogether are a

WELL-BALANCED TEAM

that should be heard of when the honours are going round. Not that we mean they are to win the cup—we would not say that just yet, but few clubs have got such a good record to show this season as the 2nd Crescent. It was an easy task that the Ferryhill had set them to enter the 3rd round, and they made light of it. Batting first the Combwork Clerks got together the respectable score of 73, but nothing daunted by this total, the Ferryhill replied so well that when the game stopped for 4 wickets down they showed 87 runs. The Ferryhill are showing that our opinion of them—one of the rising clubs—

IS A TRUE ONE.

The last game to be noted is the Balnagask and Inverurie Paper Works, one which the Balnagask had no difficulty in winning. This is the last of the ties for a week or two, and the clubs that are left should make a most interesting 3rd round—but of this more hereafter.

Prodigious Indeed!

A Nottingham correspondent writes to the *Daily News* as follows:—Sir,—I notice your remarks *re* Jas. Iremonger's two great scores of 189 and 221, both not out, these in succession. You say, perhaps, in the far away past W. G. did something equal. The most wonderful consecutive innings' record in first-class cricket undoubtedly stands to the credit of the greatest cricketer of all time, the one and only W. G. Grace. Here it is, taken from "Bat v. Ball."

August, 1876, W. G. Grace scored—	
3, 4, 5—South v. North, at Hull	126
	and 82
7, 8, 9—Kent and Gloucester v. England (Canterbury week)	91
10, 11, 12—M.C.C. v. Kent (Canterbury week)	344
14, 15, 16—Gloster v. Notts, at Clifton	177
17, 18, 19—Gloucester v. Yorks, Cheltenham	*318

Total 1,138

*Not out.

Fifteen days (consecutive) cricket. Six innings, once not out, total runs scored 1,138, average 227.3. In July and August, 1876, W. G. Grace played 15 innings of over 50, seven times exceeding 100, twice 300, and once 400 against 22 of Grimsby. Total runs 2,225, average 202.3. Prodigious, indeed!

C. B. Fry's Magazine.

The fourth number of the above Magazine—an enlarged summer number, by the way—with its fresh, attractive cover, fully maintains the standard which was reached by the preceding issues, and is a splendid sixpennyworth. It has for the monthly "outdoor man," Admiral Sir John Fisher, a man much to the fore in the public eye just now. "Woman at the Wicket" is a subject which Mr. Fry treats himself in his usual illuminating and authoritative style, and the article, which is capably illustrated, cannot fail to appeal to ladies as well as to men. "Climbing English Crags," is the title of a very timely article on British mountaineering by Mr. C. E. Benson. Mr. Archibald Williams, the author of "Rights and Wrongs of Cycling," which created so much interest among readers, writes a strikingly original contribution on the "Ways of the Motor Cycle," and draws the attention of all motor cyclists to the many points and little-known "knacks" which he has gained by personal experience. Besides the usual features, poems are contributed by Mr. Harold Begbie and Mrs. Farmar. "Athletics for the Brain" might well be the title of Mr. H. E. Dudeney's "Problems in the Open," and a pleasant and instructive hour or so may be spent in deciphering the "brain puzzlers" which he gives. These and many other interesting articles and well-produced photographs form the July number of *C. B. Fry's Magazine*, "the magazine which no one should miss."

The Great Motts Fast Bowler and his Leg Break.

Middlesex have suffered defeat for the second time (writes D. L. A. Jephson in last Thursday's *Daily Chronicle*) It was partly their own fault, partly the fault of the rain and wind, and considerably the fault of J. Gunn and Wass.

What a strange bowler this Wass is. He poises the ball in the right hand, he glowers at you for over a second, and you can read in the stern-set miner's face, as he stands fronting you, the grim determination to do or die; and I can assure you that on a fiery wicket there are many more pleasant spots in which to reside than between the creases when this Tom is hurtling them down from the other end.

He possesses a natural leg-break—it is not a finger spin—but the arm comes round at a medium attitude, and the ball, given a biting wicket, "does" on occasion three to six inches from leg—and don't forget it, the ball does not sit down on the pitch and look at you, as do the deliveries of all our leg-break artistes on a sodden wicket; it flies at you and you scratch forward? c Oates, b Wass 0!

There is only one other bowler who could bowl a real fast leg break, and that is Barnes. I must not be taken to imply that others cannot bowl them, but I have never met, bar these two, any man who could bowl a length with it.

How are the mighty fallen! The team that includes our good friend Warner, who recovered the "cinders"! will have to buck up a bit,

Caledonian Railway Train Alterations.

THE Caledonian Railway announce a number of alterations and improvements in their train service from Aberdeen, commencing 1st July. The Glasgow and Edinburgh portion presently running by the 10.5 a.m. train will leave Aberdeen as a separate train at 10.35 a.m., and a new through express train for Glasgow (Buchanan Street) will leave Aberdeen at 12.55 p.m. This train will run from Perth to Glasgow without a stop, thus making a splendid finish to the journey. Another express train will leave Aberdeen for Glasgow at 3.40 p.m., and be due Buchanan Street at 7.20 p.m. This train will only make four stops between Aberdeen and Glasgow—viz., Forfar, Perth, Stirling, and Larbert, and will rank next to the 5.25 p.m. train from Aberdeen in point of speed on the Aberdeen-Glasgow service. The 5.25 p.m. train from Aberdeen which commenced in May to run from Perth to Glasgow without a stop will continue this splendid run and reach Glasgow at 9 p.m. The service by the Caledonian route between Aberdeen and Dundee (East) will also be greatly accelerated and improved.



The Increasing Preference for Vi-Cocoa.

THE reason for this is simple.

In the fierce struggle for existence, both individual and national, the intelligent selection of diet is, even now, playing a decisive part, and the final victory will inevitably go to those who succeed best in maintaining "a sound mind in a sound body."

As a rule the British Public have not been very discriminating in this matter, but hygienic education has been making great strides in recent years, and the marked and rapidly increasing preference shown for Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa is a striking proof of intelligent discrimination on the part of the public, and, at the same time, a guarantee for the future health and vitality of the race.

You must have read the striking testimony that is being published daily respecting the merits of Vi-Cocoa. And yet you have not tried it. We advise you to do so at once.

Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa can be obtained in 6d. packets, and 9d. and 1s. 6d. tins from all grocers and stores; or the Proprietors will send you free a dainty sample tin upon receipt of a post card to 60 Bunhill Row, London, E.C., asking them to do so.



At School.

"If I say," said the teacher, "The pupil loves his teacher," what sort of a sentence is that?"

"Sarcastic," said the boy.

Woman's Way.

A WOMAN entered a grocery store the other day, and stepping up to the proprietor, said, "I want you to send round to my house directly and take away the big bag of flour you left yesterday."

"But," protested the grocer, "we have already changed the flour twice, and each bag was the special brand ordered."

"Nothing of the sort," said the indignant woman. "Both bags were of an inferior quality, and you know it."

"Excuse me, madam," said the grocer, "it surely is not to our interest to deceive customers to ask them to accept a substitute for a thing they like."

"But," retorted the woman, "perhaps you are not aware that I had two bakings out of the first bag before I sent it back?"

"And," said the grocer, "you got a full bag in return. Doesn't that prove—?"

"Prove nothing," she interrupted. "The first two bakings out of the first bag I got were pretty bad, but when I went to get flour for the third baking out of the second bag I—"

"Yes," interposed the grocer, eagerly, "what did you find?"

"I found the saucer I always use as a scoop, and which I had left in the bag I had sent back," was the answer.

And the woman swept triumphantly out of the store, leaving the grocer to realise instead of tricking her he had been tricked himself.



Bacchanalian.

Leaves have their times to fall,

And so have I.

The reason is the same with both—

It comes of gettin' dry.

But then there is this difference

"Twixt leaves and me—

I often fall much harder and

Also more frequentlee.

W. M. BRECHIN,

COAL MERCHANT, Maritime Chambers, 164 MARKET STREET (Opposite Fish Market), ABERDEEN. Best

English House Coals; Large Treble-Screened Nuts; Best Scotch Coals. Delivered by own Carts Free into Cellars. Orders Promptly Executed. TELEPHONE No. 630.



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WILLIAM SMITH,
Printer and Publisher.

Telephone 324.

The New Suburban Tramways.

The New Suburban Tramway to Bieldside (ultimately it will be extended to Culter) will be opened to-day. The line was inspected on Tuesday on behalf of the Board of Trade by Colonel Von Donop, and he was thoroughly satisfied with the manner in which the line and all the electric appliances had been constructed by the contractors, Messrs. J. G. White & Co., Ltd. The cars are, of course, of the latest and best design, and run smoothly. Everyone in Aberdeen and the "twal mile roun," and the many beyond who radius that wish well to our district, also wish well to the new undertaking that, under Treasurer Wilkie's management, will be inaugurated to-day. The Donside section of the line is fast approaching completion, and will be opened in a short time.



A New Newspaper.

THE first number of *The Stonehaven News* came too late for notice in last week's *Bon-Accord*, and though our welcome to the new-comer may sound somewhat belated, it is none the less warm on that account. Besides, the delay gave us the chance of following up, at a more sedate pace, our preliminary canter through its pages, with the result that what we thought good when glanced at casually, we found better on closer inspection. *The News* is well written, well arranged, and well printed, and we should imagine that it will prove popular in Stonehaven, both with citizens and visitors. Specially interesting is the article entitled "Stonehaven a Hundred Years Ago"—the first, let us hope, of a series from the same pen. Altogether *The Stonehaven News* makes an excellent start with its first number, and we congratulate the editor, Mr. D. Waldie, on the enterprise which has prompted its publication.



Same Thing.

A Philadelphia man found himself in jail on the day he was to have been married. He took his situation very calmly and philosophically. He said he would have lost his liberty anyhow.

The Cleansing Superintendents' Conference.

In choosing Aberdeen as the meeting-place of their conference this year, the Association of Cleansing Superintendents have paid a compliment to the city and more especially to the Corporation Cleansing Department. The opening meeting of the conference will take place in the Council Chamber on Tuesday next, on which occasion the delegates will be welcomed by Lord Provost Walker, who has kindly consented to be present. At this meeting, Superintendent Findlay will deliver his presidential address, the subject being "The Cleansing of the City of Aberdeen;" and in the afternoon the conference delegates and members will be entertained to luncheon in the Town and County Hall. Wednesday and Thursday will be devoted to Conference affairs, and on Friday an all-day excursion to Balmoral has been arranged. The conference bids fair to be a great success, and the opportunity afforded of seeing a finely equipped Cleansing Department should be of practical value to the delegates.



When Sunset Fades.

WHEN sunset fades, the world grows dim and grey,
From field and tree the colour slowly dies,
The sea moans sadly to the darkening skies,
And solemn looks what erst looked glad all day,
When sunset fades.

Though silence reigns, the world keeps rolling on,
Dawn breaks, and all the stars do dimmer grow
Where first the grey of night doth show its tone,
When sunset fades.

Soon in the east, with brighter golden glow,
The sun will rise, birds loud again will sing,
The earth rejoice, though sad looks everything
When sunset fades.

WILLIAM S. AITKEN.



TO GOLFERS.—Golfers should see our stock of Clubs, Balls, Carriers, etc. Clubs, 4s. 6d.; Balls, 6s., 7s. 6d., and 9s. 6d. per dozen. Carriers, with ball pocket and handle, 6s. 6d. We hold the largest and best selected stock in town. Campbell & Co., India Rubber Manufacturers, 18 Bridge Street, Aberdeen.

BROWN'S MILLINERY.

Ladies will find the Largest and Best Selection of
NEW SEASON'S GOODS in the City at BROWN'S
EAST END HOUSE, 31, 33, 34 and 35 Castle Street

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THOMAS W. HAMPTON,

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ORDER YOUR SPRING SUIT

At 110 JOHN STREET. Fit and Style High-Class. Prices Very Moderate for Prompt Cash. New Goods now arriving, Smart Suiting and Trousering and Summer Coatings.

A few Rainproof Coats to clear out at 16s. and 18s. 6d. Usual Prices 21s. and 25s.

Patrick Meldrum,

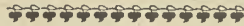
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110 and 112 JOHN STREET.

Where the Pretty Tea Room
and Ladies' Parlour are.

The Holidays.

HINTS OF THINGS LIKELY TO BE WANTED.



NOW that the Holiday time is approaching there are many things to think about 'twixt now and the going away. Let us help you. Here are ready to wear Linen and Flannel Costumes from 15/6. Useful Dress Skirts from 3/11. Pretty Blouses and Shirts from 2/11. Waterproof Coats and Capes from 17/6. Panama, Linen, and Muslin Hats in great variety. Splendid Selection of other needful items, such as Underskirts and Underwear. Hosiery and Gloves, Sunshades and Umbrellas, Travelling Rugs and Straps, not forgetting the Fancy Work for dull days.



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The
People's Park :

A COMPLAINT.



BLACKPOOL may be the brightest, and breeziest, and cheeriest seaside resort in the country; but it hasn't got, what Aberdeen has, an esplanade that has already taken years and years in the making, and whose end is still afar off. Yet—such is the ingratitude of mankind—on every hand we hear complaints against the Links and Parks Committee that they should tolerate the scattering of dirty rags, filthy papers, broken bottles, and fragments of obscene china all over that part of the Links which borders the sea.

All in vain have we protested that such relics are interesting from a bric-à-brac point of view. A friend of ours, with whom we urged this side of the question, was mean enough to say that there was too much "brak" about the pieces of crockery for his taste, and that however useful some of them may have been in a dim and distant past, when he encountered them on the green sward in a more or less fragmentary condition, he could scarcely bring himself to regard them as *articles de vertu*.

This same chronic grumbler even found fault with the perfume which is wafted from the esplanade citywards when the zephyrs blow gently from the sea, all forgetful of the fact that the esplanade perfume was at least a change from "Napier's" the abominable. He also scornfully described as "comic opera" the employment of boys for picking up, one by one, the dirty papers that are dumped down by the cart-load at the esplanade, only to be immediately blown all over the Links, to the annoyance of those who have any regard for cleanliness, and to the manifest endangering of the immortal souls of the golfers who go swearing and grubbing about for lost balls.

To this part of our friend's indictment of the Committee we had to give a reluctant admission, for we occasionally do a round of golf ourselves, and know what a trying thing it is to refrain from making cursory remarks in such exasperating circumstances. This partial agreement with his views failed, however, to mollify our friend. Why, he asked, cannot the making of the esplanade be stopped during the summer months; or, if it can't be stopped, why don't the Links and Parks Committee insist on the thorough wetting of the refuse before it is carted across the Links? And couldn't the committee, he continued, contrive to erect a temporary light fence opposite that part of the esplanade where the rubbish is being dumped, so that the scraps of paper would be caught when the wind blew from the sea?

As the answering of these conundrums is, however, outside our particular province, we have pleasure in passing them on to the Links and Parks Committee, in the hope that they may be able to answer them to the satisfaction of our friend, and to the thousands who, we find, think with him.

THE OWL.

A New Photographic Studio.

AN important addition to the photographic studios of the city has been made by the members of the well-known firm of Messrs. W. L. Dunn & Son, photographers, King Street, who have opened a finely equipped west-end studio at 407 Union Street, where they have made admirable arrangements for carrying on the business in all its branches. The new premises, which are situated on the second story of the building, have been specially remodelled to meet all requirements, and the various rooms are decorated and furnished in excellent taste as reception and dressing rooms. The studio itself is a spacious apartment, and is admirably lighted and equipped with the most modern accessories for producing high-class work. The walls are decorated in green, with an artistic frieze running all round the chamber, and a fireplace in wrought iron and embossed-copper adds to the general effect. The furnishings of the studio are in keeping with the other rooms, and a feature of the room is the excellence of the side-lighting arrangements, which can be regulated by the photographer at will. Special furnishings have been added for the photographing of children, to which branch of their profession Messrs. Dunn are to devote great care and attention. In close proximity to the studio is an excellently equipped dark-room and retouching room, and it is evident that the firm has left nothing undone to make their west-end studio up-to-date in every way. Placed throughout the various apartments are numerous examples of the firm's work, one of the most interesting of which is a picturesque group showing the Alake of Abeokuta, Lord Provost Walker, and his guests at the door of Richmondhill House.



The Pic-Nic Season.

"Good heavens! what's the matter?"
"Hurt in a railway accident."
"Collision?"
"Yes; kissed the wrong woman in a tunnel."



Cynical.

CRAWFORD—"What advantage is there in marrying for money?"
CRABSHAW—"Your love lasts longer."



MINISTER - FINE PIC
THAT MR O'FLANAGAN

O'FLANAGAN - AY SORR IF WE
WORR ONLY ALL OF US AS
FIT TO DIE AS HE IS

Peter Birse and Alacky.

YE maybe saw by the pepperies that His Highness Maister Alacky o' Abeokuta wis here. For ocht I ken ye maybe saw him. Man, he's naething forby. He's jist a man like oorsel's; an fat maitter daes it mak' fudder ye ha'e a black face an' a puer hairt, or ha'e a fite face, as ower mony ha'e, an' a black heart? Deil a bit. Black an' fite are a' the same gin they be gweed; an' atween you an' me (bit yer nae needin' tae lat a'body ken), there's maybe mair gweed in a black face than there is in mony a fite ane. Man, I aften think gin it wisnae for fat's ca'd the enterprise o' the fite race—I dinna ca't enterprise, I ca't doon richt heepocretical maistership—there widna be sae muckle o' the deevilment an' impudence i' the world that we hear aboot. The black fowk are black, an' the fite fowk are fite, an' fin ye come tae think ower't there's nae difference, ony mair than if ye ha'e a fir an' I ha'e a birk kitchey table. Fowk fin they come intae yer hoose dinna speer fat yer table's made o'; sae there's nae rizen for makin' a world's winner ower a man wi' a black face. Na, deed no, there's nae that; an' I'm thinkin' gin a' the oots an' ins o' some o' oor ain fowk's forebears were laid out like a sheet on the bleachgreen, nae a fyoun o' them wou'd be blacker than Alacky tae luik at.

Bit that's nae here nor there. I wis doon at the stashon meetin' Alacky, an', man, I wis rale ta'en up wi' him. He's a fell hame-ower man, an' him an' me got on wonnerfu' weel. Nae seener did he get intae the stashon than in aboot I gangs an' hands oot my hand, an' awaut, he gied me a rale hairy shak'. He's nae nean o' yer pick-sniff, prood kin' o' fowk; na, haith, he's nae that. Nae sooner wis oor han'shakin' ower than I says tae him in the hearin' o' the birkie wha ca's himsel' an' interpreter (that's aye that speaks for anidder tae the idder)—Ye'll be sure tae enjoy yer trip tae Aberdeen.

O, ay, said the interpreter cheelie, he wull that.

Disnae he speak himsel'? said I.

Yes, yes, said the interpreter, but I'm afraid you don't understand his tongue.

Haud yer whest, man; I ken mair aboot haudin' the tongue than ye'r maybe awaur o'. Man, hereaboot they are afa' claiks. Ye widna beleev't till ye bide a flie amon' them.

I then said tae his Highness Maister Alacky—Ye'll be gaun tae start trawlin' fin ye gang hame?

Alacky gyau a lauch an' said—Kama-de-ti-tu-edwarta-prese-long-ta-kinuma-da.

I'm nae jist a'thegiddid sure o' fat yer meanin, said I; bit as far's I can mak' oot, you've made a mistak', I'm thinkin'; for fin Edward (that's the King, ye mean) cam' he didna bide lang. Man, ye maun bear in min' he his sae mony roads tae gang, he canna be expectit tae bide lang in a place. He's jist like yersel', fleein' aboot like a harriet cyaird.

Fin I said that, he began tae say something else, bit his interpreter began newsin' tae him, an' I stood still. I wis gaun tae say that he wid be takin' a toomstane hame wi' him frae the quarry when he gied oot by tae Kemnay, bit I never got it said, for sae mony fowk comin' in aboot. Ilka ane seemed mair anxious than anidder tae get a luik o' him, gin nae a news, an', man, I hid hardly a chance o' gettin' my wurd in again. A' that I managed tae say wis—Ye'll ken that Leweywankie wis here sometime syne. He'll be a far-aff frien', nae doot. He hid tauld ye aboot oor fishin', oor stanes, oor hardheidness, an' oor fusky.

The interpreator cheelie says—Whist, sir, whist. Alacky's a teetotaler.

Teetotaler! said I. Man, that's a winner. I thocht a' black fowk were fond o' fusky.

Na, na, he made answer, bit the feck o' them can tak' it.

I wis thinkin' that, said I.

The interpreter then whispers laich in tae me—Dinna speak aboot fusky. Ye see, in oor country the maist o' fowk wants

fusky, an' the sma'er number his tae want it. Fin a cargo o' fusky is ordered a' the taxpayers his tae acknowledge it; an' gin ony o' them say there's been an evil committed, we tak' the empty barrels an' pit the compleeners in, an' aifter hoopin' the cask, we send it adrift doon the watter, an' so prevent what's ca'd prohibitory tendencies makin' dispeace in the toon.

Man, said I, ye dinna mean that?

Awaut, said he, it's rale true. You English fowk preach mair nor practice. We practice first, an' preach aifter.

Nyod, ye're maybe qweer in yer wyes; bit, haith, ye hae some sense.

I wis gaun tae say mair, fin Maister Alacky wi' a crack o' his fup pat me aff o' my eggs, an' I hid tae stan' while he spake, for Maister Mearns an' the Provost cam' stepin' in aboot.

Aifter he wis throu, I says—Ye're in gweed hands wi' Danwil. Danwil wis oor Provost, an' we've kent him frae infancy. Ye winna get his match, yer Excellency, in mony toons ye gang tae. An' Jeems Walker, oor present Lord Provost, is a rale gweed breit. He's nae, ony mair than Danwil wis, ony o' yer prood fowk; an' I'm sure atween the twa ye'll be rale weel treated. Ye'll be oot at Richmond Hill tae yer foreneen piece, an' I'm sure ye'll enjoy it. Jist ae wurd mair an' I winna hinner ye langer. Dinna be gyaun awa' hame an' be tellin' a' the fowk ye wis oot seein' the "Lass o' Richmond Hill." It's nae the same Richmond Hill ava. Bit gin ye tak' a rin throu' tae Glasgow, the Lord Provost there may drive ye oot tae far the Lass o' Richmond Hill dwalls. Some wull hae that it's the Surrey Richmond that's meant, bit ye're nae needin' tae believe that less ye lik. I'm jist tellin' ye this in the bygyaun, bit ye're nae needin' tae lat on.

Man, a' the time I'm layin' aff this rigmarole, His Highness Maister Alacky stood lauchin' a' the time, an' crackin' the fup like an auld coach driver. Jist at this pint the Lord Provost an' Danwil began ruggin' him awa', an' gweed kens fu' mony mair cam' in aboot a' gaipin' an' glowerin' the while the carriages were waitin'.

Aifter shakin' han's, an' wishin' me a' gweed things, an' gi'en me an invitashon tae come ower bye tae the Gold Coast for an aifterneen at coup-le-ladle, I hid tae bid His Highness gweed day. Sae nae mair at present frae yours
trooly,

Peter Birse



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Messrs. Newnes's Publications.

THE June number of that excellently edited magazine *Technics* completes the first volume, and Messrs. Newnes, Ltd., are to be congratulated on their success in tapping new ground, so to speak. The success of the magazine shows that there is an ever-growing class of readers of technical literature of all kinds, and the June issue of *Technics* is a capital example of all that a monthly of the kind should be. The article that is most likely to interest readers in this district is Mr. Clayton Beadle's contribution on "Paper and Paper Manufacture," and among the other specially contributed articles we may mention "The Periodic Arrangements of the Elements," by Sir William Ramsay, K.C.B., F.R.S., of whom a full-page portrait is given; "Incandescent Gas Lighting," by Mr. Harold Royle; "The Modern Motor-Car," etc. "Answers to Correspondents" continue to form a very useful feature of *Technics*, and a series of instructive competitions, for which handsome prizes are given, help to add to the popularity of this useful magazine, for the first volume of which binding cases are now ready.

One of the most serviceable of the many publications issued by Messrs. Newnes, Ltd., in recent years is the *Survey Gazetteer of the British Isles*, which is being published in parts at the moderate price of 7d. each. The seventh part, which brings the *Gazetteer* to the letter G, contains finely lithographed town plans

of Liverpool and Bradford, and the work, as a whole, is a credit to the careful editing of Mr. Bartholomew. The publishers intimate that the earlier parts may still be obtained, and that handsome covers are being prepared for binding the volume when completed.

♦♦♦♦

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"Oh, Effie, your new gown and hat are stunning."

"Yes; Alfred hasn't recovered yet from the shock the bill gave him."

♦♦♦♦

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