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Vol. XXXVII.—No. 11.

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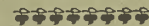
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SCOTTISH ROMANCE

—BY—

Annie S. Swan

ENTITLED

Nancy Nicolson,

OR

WHO SHALL BE HEIR?

SEE THIS WEEK'S

PEOPLE'S FRIEND.

OF ALL NEWSAGENTS—ONE PENNY.

NOW READY.**WON BY STRATAGEM,**

BY

ALAN ADAIR,

AUTHOR OF

"LORD DORIAN'S DAUGHTER," &c., &c.,

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OF ALL NEWSAGENTS.

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HAVE NOW THEIR FULL RANGE OF

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FOR

AUTUMN, 1904.**JACKETS.**

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We have a well-selected lot in the Costume Department in Blacks, Tweed Mixtures, and Plain Colours, at prices to suit everybody, from 25s. to 75s.

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Aberdoniana.



MORE GHOSTS.

WH should we not worship the Spirits of our Ancestors more than we do? They are near to us and should be dear to us. This ancestor worship is nearly all the religion the Japanese have got, and in place of a better it is standing these thoughtful pagans in very good stead in their mental and physical contest with the Russian Christian and his Eikon. Of course it is "gross superstition" I suggest, but it is none the worse on that account, for in many ways we are no better than when we were more superstitious. And I don't mean that is worship of the spirits of the just made perfect should be a substitute for religion, but an auxiliary thereunto. For are not the ghosts that traverse our city right good company one and all, and well worth our study and discriminate adoration? And here are some more of these same spirits.

From the precincts of the jail comes the weird shadow of Johnnie Milne, the town's hangman, on his way to his official residence at the foot of the Hangman's Brae. It is Friday, and Johnnie has been collecting his dues, for he carries a basketful of peats, collected singly from the cottars' carts, and from his crooked fingers hang by the gills the finest fish selected from the creels of the white-matched wives seated on the steps of the plainstones. Though well dowered, Johnnie's reception at home will be warm. But matters there might be worse, for although he allows his spouse is a liar, and a drunkard, and a thief, and something worse, she's been a good wife to him; and she ad a skin like alabaster. The hangman was a common-sense philosopher, and took to the "drop" in preference to serving out a sentence for annexing some bees' scapes in an up-through arish. "Dinna shiver that wye, dawtie," Johnnie is reported to have said to a poor lass over whose head he was slipping the rope, "I winna hurt ye, an' it'll seen be a' over!" He had a high idea of the dignity of his office; and he challenged the town Clerk—it must have been one of the Carnegies—to a duel on account of some remarks he had made.

There "walk" the sour and dour shadows of the Rev. Andrew Cant with his brethren of "The Tables," who refused to partake of the hospitable Cup of Bon-Accord—a proceeding which scandalised the magistrates, for "the like was never one in Aberdeen in no man's memorie." The churlish refusal of the customary dram did not facilitate the "subscribing" of the Covenant by the townsfolk, who very irreverently travestied the Litany by singing—

"From Dickson, Henderson, and Cant,
Apostles of the Covenant,
Good Lord, deliver us."

A grim and a versatile phantom of this same period is the Marquis of Montrose. Time and again this champion of diverse causes visited Aberdeen, and in his train came fire and sword and red rapine. No wonder the mothers of Aberdeen made of his name a fearsome bogie wherewith to subdue refractory bairns—

Hae ye seen that terrible fellow Montrose,
Wha has iron teeth an' a nail in's nose,
An' into his wallet wi' laddies he throws?
Showdie-powdie!

The shade of William the Lion, our great benefactor, and many another gallant king and his queen pass in the throng. They came and received our hospitality, departing with many a valuable propine (present)—maybe freely given, maybe not. Charles the Second was here, and with him sundry "limmers," to the great scandal of the ministers in his train. One of these admonished him; but discreetly ended by advising the graceless royal satyr to "draw the blinds" when he galavanted with his favourites. Charles held, although he signed the Covenant, that Presbyterianism was no religion for a gentleman—and I don't wonder that he did so, considering the specimens of that sect he encountered here. From that monarch's time till Queen Victoria landed in 1848, not even the shadow of royalty visited Aberdeen. But stay, surely I am wrong. There glides the Pretender. Privily passing through Aberdeen, he dined in this same Castlegate at the inn of Skipper Scott, and so south away as far as Montrose he went, and from thence sailed safely back to France. That's not the way kingdoms are won. A poor bloodless thing, truly—not even the ghost of a ghost. But here's his son, Prince Charlie, the gallant and the gay—and the last of the Stewarts as far as we are concerned—going south with his Highlanders to Holyrood and on to Derby. Poor Johnnie Cope, scratching his pate, has broken his camp on the Doocot Brae (where now stands the Bon-Accord Office), and is crossing the Castlegate with his phantom troops to embark for Dunbar, where he was taught the art of war, as saith the song. Warily and warily—but still gay and gallant—the Prince returns to the friendly north, and away to where "the clans at Culloden are scattered in fight." And so pass the Stewarts. But in the literature and romance of our land the victors are the vanquished, for wherever the Anglo-Saxon language is to-day spoken Bonnie Prince Charlie is a vital power to move the heart, while his opponents are but shadows.

Could there be a more interesting group of "pilgrim shadows" than here can be seen? Burns and Johnson, Thackeray and Dickens, Hill Burton and Robertson, Clerk Spalding and Edward Raban, "the laird of letters" and "master printer the first in Aberdene," Gladstone and Disraeli, Lord John Russell and Richard Cobden, Lord Derby, the "Rupert of debate" and the "learned thane, Athenian Aberdeen"; and there, too, is the boy Byron (who latterly penned the phrase quoted), fresh from the sea he loved so well, and from romping on the Links with his fellow-scholars from the old Grammar School in the Schoolhill. James the First is there, for do not some maintain that the scene of "Christ's Kirk of the Green" was in the valley under the shadow of the hill and castle of Dunnideer at Insch. There is Mark Lemon, of *Punch*, arm in arm with James Adam, of the *Herald* (as I saw them in the flesh); William Forsyth and William Alexander; the poets, William Thom of Inverurie and William Anderson. In the group is Alexander Bain and his student William Hunter, toon's bairns both, and with them Professor Minto. There is the gentle authoress, Harriet Beecher Stowe, the creator of "Uncle Tom," and the destroyer of slavery in America. She is returning from the Cathedral, and thus one is reminded of

Barbour—intent upon "The Bruce"—
Scougal—that mild and gentle star;
Boece—the learned and abstruse;
And Elphinstone and Gawin Dunbar.

And reminded also of Saint Colomba and Saint Machar, and many another besides. And whose is that more than shadowy form round which our ghosts all gather? Can it be Shakespeare's?

And near by are the kindred spirits of the artists—Jameson, Phillip, Dyce, Pickersgill, Cassie, and Giles; the brothers Brodie, and Steell and Stevenson; and worthy of such comradeship, James Gibbs and Archibald Simpson; with French, master mason of the old Brig o' Dee, and Davie-do-a'thing, who removed the huge rock named Knock Maitland from the harbour channel; and also John Montgomery, the clever mason from Rayne, who built our beautiful Cross, at a cost of about £100.

(To be continued.)

U U S.

"They are a Treasure."
Standard.

"They come as a boon and a blessing to men,
The Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley Pen."
Oban Times.

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Mr. Murray, the chairman of the Lunacy Board, is a masterful man, and usually succeeds in carrying out any policy on which he has set his heart. During the past few years the way has been made smooth for him by the subservient Sites and Buildings Committee of the Board, the majority of whom have been on most occasions quite content to register his decrees, however extravagant these may have been. But he has recently discovered that there is a limit to the madness of even the Lunacy Board. When, a week or two ago, he brought forward his preposterous proposal to give a grant of £100 to the Clerk of the Board, we stated our belief that he had at last gone too far, and we have evidence of the accuracy of our surmise in the opposition of Mr. Anderson, the convener of the Sites and Buildings Committee, who, up till now, has usually been found on the side of the chairman's big battalions.

As convener of this committee, Mr. Anderson must have had special means of forming a judgment as to the justice of this request for a special grant, and his opposition proves that in his opinion the claim was inadmissible. Even the "Official Organ" of the Board—though protesting that the Clerk's services in connection with Kingseat were "entitled to be recognised"—admits that "the matter was raised at an inopportune time—too near November and the dread of the elections." But it fails to explain how a claim that "was entitled to be recognised" could not bear the scrutiny of the electors. After Tuesday night's discussion, the last has now been heard of this Honorarium Mystery, which deserves to be bracketed in the history of the Lunacy Board with that other incident in its career—the Mystery of the Mason's Schedule.

In his farewell message to our citizens, General Booth makes a passing reference to "the crowds who lined the streets of Ferryhill," right on to the Music Hall in Union Street. This local allusion is a trifle wide of the mark, for the veteran evangelist entered the city by Holburn Street. But when we consider the number of towns and villages which the General has visited in the course of his pilgrimage by motor-car, it is not to be wondered at that his "local colour" gets a trifle mixed.

THOUGH there seems to be some doubt as to the precise origin of the proposal to invite King Edward to open the new Regent Bridge, there can be no possible doubt whatever that the Harbour Commissioners have exercised a praiseworthy sense of proportion in deciding to abandon all idea of asking the King to perform the opening ceremony. We willingly allow that the new bridge has proved a big undertaking, but

even though it *was* begun some time last century, we do not see that the substitution of a new bridge for an old one is exactly the kind of thing to ask a King to come and be merry over. The common-sense decision of the Harbour Commissioners has provided a ready way out of an awkward situation, and has saved the Board a considerable expenditure on the royal ceremony which some of them had in contemplation. May we be allowed to suggest that the money thus saved should form the nucleus of a fund to provide that much-talked-of dockers' shelter?

THE Guild Street bridge, which, according to the time-limit, was to be finished by the end of August, is still a-building; and it is now plain to be seen—as plain, in fact, as is the bridge itself—that a considerable time must now elapse before the structure is completed and thrown open to traffic. This delay will press very hardly on the shopkeepers of Bridge Street, who have already suffered so much at the hands of the Crowbar Brigade. During the past few years Bridge Street has been "up" time and again, and the building of the new bridge has diverted much of the summer visitor trade from this street to other channels. Judging by the extension of time already granted the contractors, time-limits are made to be broken. It cannot be said that an excess of ornament is causing the delay, for a passing glance over the barricade is enough to convince anyone that the bridge is as plain as the pike-staff of the proverb.

If we may judge by the pictures in the papers and by the part of the edifice already built, the new North U.F. Church will compare but ill with Simpson's graceful North Parish Church on the other side of Queen Street. Simpson was, however, one of Aberdeen's "master builders," and was, no doubt, allowed a fairly free hand, in a financial sense, when the North Kirk was erected. But what the North U.F. Church may lack in looks it may make up for in usefulness, and we are sure that every denomination in town will join in wishing the Rev. Mr. Stewart and his church all success in the work to which they have set their hands in the east end of our city.

IN the course of a leaderette in which it criticises the Trades Union Congress proposal to start a Labour newspaper, the *Evening Gazette* says that the Congress has in view the formation of

"a staff equal to serving a whole army of masters, and giving expression to an endless variety of views! The task will not be an easy one."

Considering that the *Gazette* is an adept at this weather-cock game itself, having been in politics everything by turns and nothing long, it might give the Labourists a tip or two. As to "serving a whole army of masters," we know of no paper with a wider experience of this servile sort of service than our contemporary. Its turn-coat record is known of all men in Aberdeen. It has worn by turns—and sometimes made the ridiculous attempt of wearing them all at the same time—the liveries of Gladstone, Rosebery, Balfour, and Chamberlain, and it is now in process of fitting on the uniform of Campbell-

Innerman, whose name—when our versatile contemporary was in the height of the khaki fever—it could not mention without affecting a patriotic rising of the throat. After such a “versatile record,” the *Gazette* is no doubt a good judge of the difficulties involved in “serving a whole army of masters.” But doesn't it savour of cant for a paper with such a past sneer at Labourists because they and their journals have sometimes spoken with two voices?



Mr. Cran, the respected City Chamberlain, was missed from his accustomed corner at last week's Town Council meeting. We cannot remember a Budget Day without Mr. Cran, who, of course, has always a special interest in the Treasurer's annual report on the town's finances. It is to be hoped that City Chamberlain will have a speedy recovery from the serious illness from which he has been suffering during the past few weeks. The Corporation official stands higher in the opinion of the Town Council than Mr. Cran, and in his own particular department his administrative ability has won for him widespread recognition.



DURING the past few years Aberdeen has lost many of its men of mark—those men who have done so much to make our city the great commercial and educational centre that it is to-day. Such a man was Mr. William Ferguson of Kinnmudy, by whose sudden death there has been broken another of those links that bound our younger citizens to an older generation. Though he took an active interest in many of our local institutions, it was as chairman of the Great North of Scotland Railway that Mr. Ferguson was best known to his fellow-townsmen, and not a little of the success of that railway must be credited to his enterprise. In regard to one branch of railway management he was, however, behind the age. He resolutely refused to give his countenance to the running of Sunday trains on the Great North system, and it was well known locally that as long as he was chairman such a proposal would never be entertained. Though he had lived beyond the allotted span, Mr. Ferguson remained active till the end, and his keen face and alert figure will be missed in many public and social circles in town and district.



“THE Bakers' Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall,” says a local contemporary, “is remarkable this year, as it was last, for the conspicuous absence of north of Scotland prize-winners.” This somewhat grandiloquent way of referring to failure makes success seem a thing scarcely worth striving after. But perhaps we mistake the true inwardness of the writer's meaning. He has left us, however, wondering whether the local bakers failed “to take the cake or were too proud to attempt to take it.”

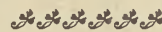


In this week's *County and Municipal Record* there appears an excellent portrait of Mr. Kenneth Cameron, chief sanitary inspector of the city, along with a full report of the presidential address which he delivered to the members of the Sanitary Association of Scotland at the annual congress at Perth. From a civic point of view, the address was of the greatest interest and value, and it well deserved to be issued in this permanent official form in the pages of this week's *Record*.

THE opening of the new branch reading-room in Castle Street has given rise to some correspondence in the papers on the entertaining subject of “Library Draughts.” Now there are library draughts and library draughts. There is the kind that comes through the window and often forces the hardiest reader to put his collar up, and there is that other variety which has often a like effect on the choleric even that kindest of all creatures, the Gentle Reader. And it is the last-named kind which is causing the trouble just now. It seems that the reading-rooms of both Torry and Holburn have their “dambrod” men—the adjective, we hasten to explain, has no bearing on the ecclesiastical views of the players—and the question that is agitating the minds of several of the newspaper correspondents is why a like privilege should not be conferred on the Castlegate news-room.



BUT the draughtsmen who delight in the rigour of the game are not having it all their own way. It appears that there are some people who hold the opinion that public reading-rooms are really intended for readers, and not for folks who go there merely to kill time over a game at draughts. Hence the wordy warfare that is going on in the local press. With the reader who wants to read in peace, undisturbed by the clatter of draughtsmen—both wooden and otherwise—we have every sympathy, for we know how aggravating it is to try to read in the midst of distracting din; and, after all is said and done, a reading-room is a reading-room—or should be. But perhaps the Library Committee may some day find a way out of this branch-library difficulty by providing rooms apart for game-players, where they could indulge in play to their hearts' content without making discontented the hearts of other people.



Love in Autumn.

THE dying fires of Autumn softly fold
The time-worn woods in gold;
Like our swift lives the waters of the river
Drift from our sight for ever;
The setting sun has drawn a misty veil
Over the waters pale,
And bathed your hands and brows in dreamy light,
Fading and bright.

So let us, love, in these dream-haunted ways,
Remember those bright days
When love awoke beneath the whispering pine,
And your brow drooped to mine—
For though life be at Autumn-time or Spring,
And joy or sorrow bring,
You are the Queen of each enchanted hour,
O breathing flower.

F. P. S.

Lunch Time..



ST. LOUIS is the great city of marvels this year, so I am not greatly surprised when I am asked to believe that

"A St. Louis man who has a heart which beats with a musical sound has sold it to one of the universities for £1000. He has just received £100 on account, the balance to be paid to his widow or heirs at his death."

We are not informed as to whether or not this musical heart continually plays "Yankee Doodle," but as patriotic sentiment is as popular in the States as elsewhere, I should fancy that it is the least that a musical heart would be expected to do. But there is just one drawback to all this musical felicity. A day will come when even "Yankee Doodle" will fail to smoothe the domestic relations of that St. Louis man. And when that day comes, his wife will think longily of that long-standing balance, and will put something among his soup. And I for one can't blame her. A musical box is bad enough in a house, but a musical chest——!



THE opening of a School for Sleep in Paris, where persons are to be taught "how to sleep well and gracefully," seems to be a work of supererogation. Most of us already know how to sleep, if not gracefully, at least too well.



A WAR telegram says that Kuropatkin, the Russian general, "is still following his original plans." I suppose this means that he is still following his nose—northwards.



THE Paris correspondent of an English contemporary reports that

"When two Paris ballet girls quarrelled the other day about a bouquet which both claimed, one bit off the other's nose."

Whatever it may have been at the beginning, by the time the end was reached this must have been a rather "featureless" performance. And yet people say that Paris is a gay city.



THE manners and customs of our allies the Japs continue to be a never-ending source of "copy" to the pressmen of this country. We all know that the Japs are an extraordinary people in many ways, but I should imagine that few of us know that they have hitherto got along quite well without those emblems of a higher civilisation—buttons, buckles, hooks and eyes. Yet an

authority on the Japs and their ways assures us that this is even so, and that

"cord serves every purpose of fastening, and furnishes artistic possibilities seemingly without end."

Now, though I am quite prepared to believe that cord "serves every purpose of fastening," I refuse to credit that "artistic possibilities," even when made of Japanese cord, are "seemingly without end." It's a long cord that hasn't two ends, and I should fancy that if it were used say for such a purpose as stringing up a man by the neck, the victim would fail to see where the artistic possibilities came in, however much of an artist the Japanese Billington may be.

THE PEPPERBOX.



The 'Hole i' the Wa'.

DOON bye near the brink o' the Dee's bonnie basin,
Whaur grim railway arches stretch oot in a raw,
For many lang years, 'neath a brick biggit circle,
Has nestled that hoosie, the Hole i' the Wa'.

When lots o's were loonies, an' huntin' at hi-spy,
We ran till the feint o' ae breath could we draw,
Synne truce was declared, and, in mids' o' the parley,
We feasted oor een at the Hole i' the Wa'.

It had a bit winnock weel stockit wi' dainties,
Pies, puddin's, an' pastry, rock, sweetsies, an' a';
Forbye, there were candy bools, toffee, an' aipples,
A' ranged on the shelves at the Hole i' the Wa'.

There were fizin' drinks, sherbet, spruce beer, an'
stone ginger,
A' filled into bottlies big, middlin', an' sma',
An', maybe, a "cinder" to slocken the thrapples
O' big fowk, was sellt at the Hole i' the Wa'.

'Twas a cantie bit bieldie, baith outside an' inside,
As bricht's a new saxpence, it had na' ae flaw;
The shopman, auld Symon, was couthie an' kindly,
An' made lots o' frien's at the Hole i' the Wa'.

But tent ye a wee, an' a secret I'll tell you—
Victoria, lamented, oor sovereign sae braw,
Aye stoppit neist door on her wye tae Balmoral,
An' whiles teetit in at the Hole i' the Wa'.

The totum o' time turns a' topsy-turvy,
An' monarchs an' merchants belyve hae tae fa';
Ae comfort remains in the modest survival—
That quaint little hoosie, the Hole i' the Wa'.

JAY.

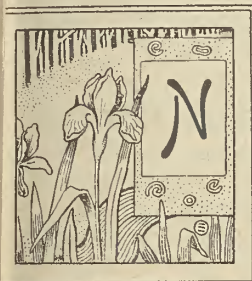


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NEW AUTUMN COSTUMES, JACKETS, and MANTLES, are now delivered. See the Windows.
ROBERT HENDERSON, 33 UNION STREET.



“Over the Hill Crest.”



NEIL GILCHRIST, reclining in the darkness in the depths of a great chair before the red glowing fire, stirred and cried out inarticulately. Bowed down with sorrow and deep pain, he had fallen asleep in the library of the old house, and dreamed a strange disturbing dream. He felt himself struggling in the stress of great seas, that beat upon him and flung him on

their angry white crests, from the great green depths against granite shores. Overhead he saw the sky blue-black, and shot with streaks of angry, vivid scarlet—the sun a glowing ball of dull fire. Afar, trees naked, spectral, shivering under a mad tempest of wind that tore through the branches like Time's cythe through the world. All about him dim flitting figures, grey and impalpable, wringing bloodless hands, and hurrying by in hopeless, voiceless agony. Somewhere in the purple distance a voice he loved called to him in piteous longing, himself seemingly utterly isolated in a world that had lost form, and order, and meaning, and was a whirling chaos.

The falling of a great live coal aroused him, and he arose shiveringly to stir the fire and switch on the lights of the gloomy room. He was a very lonely, very longing man now, and deep sorrow looked out from his eyes, restless as troubled waters after the storm has swept them. Only a week since—the very eve of their marriage—the beautiful woman who was the very light and hope of his life had finished her toiling up the Hill of the World's End, and he had found himself at the end of all meeting—parting. Sooner or later the unseen powers lay winter on every human heart, as surely as winter falls on flower and tree, and the song of birds; and with Neil Gilchrist the snows of grief were abiding. Passionate resentment had possessed him against the unseen forces he could not move by prayer, or anger, or burning desire; but now as he walked to the window and looked out into the night, peace for a moment seemed to reach out white hands to him. It is a vain thing for weak wings to fly against a mighty wind, he thought—what is to be, *will* be.

The library windows on the eastern side looked out on the hills, covered now with shadows, violet and grey; and he could just discern on the highest peak, faintly silhouetted against the sky, the little church of “The Man of Sorrows” in the vaults

of which the body of his beloved had been put to rest. The silence was intense, broken only by the faint ticking of the clock beside the fireplace. He drew the curtains close, came back again to his chair, and looked at the time. It was late—in fifteen minutes midnight would strike. He thought suddenly of a truth someone had once spoken in his hearing, forgotten until now, that the second before each new hour unfolds, Death stands at the door and breaks the link that holds the going and coming in one bond. He turned the thought over and over in his mind, and it linked itself with another thought he found good—“The end of all striving—peace,” he said.

He sat musing and dreaming, shadowy-eyed, strangely contented, until the gong of the clock gave out the midnight hour, and then, seemingly from somewhere afar on the dark hillside, there reached him a strange piercing sweet music like the playing of an elfin flute compact of wind and shadow. He went to the window and looked out and upwards to the little church, and as he looked he rubbed his eyes as though awakening from sleep and looked again—There was a strange white mist moving in the churchyard over the graves, and surely the windows were all alight? Again the elfin music of the flute came to him, strangely alluring, and drawing him with its irresistible appeal, and without hesitation he turned to the hall, found his hat, and unbarred the great door made his way out.

Through the garden; out on to the roadside; across the meadow, and up the hillside he made his way, the music of the flute reaching him in fitful snatches, changing at last into a low wailing melody, and finally abruptly ending. For a moment he stopped as he gained the peak and looked round, feeling the peace of the hills enter his heart. Then he went on.

As he approached, the gate of the churchyard swung noiselessly back, though ordinarily it creaked and groaned in movement. Strange sighing voices whispered among the waving trees, and where the ancient tomb had stood there were open graves. A mystic glowing light shone through the stained glass windows of the old church, and the faint echo of strangely moving music came down the path from the half-open door of the nave. He felt that some unseen presence walked beside him, but had no fear, and walked resolutely on through the creeper-covered porch and into the strangely lighted chapel.

Dimly conscious that the holy place was full of strange shadowy, spectral forms, he walked unfalteringly on until he reached the altar rails, then sank down on the stone steps and bent his head.

He knew now by some strange spiritual instinct what had come to him—that the voiceless longing of his agonised heart had reached the Divine Love, and that the speechless prayer of his soul was being answered. When he lifted his head his heart's desire knelt by his side, and, as he took her hand and lifted it to his lips, a shadowy form stood in front of them, and the solemn words of the marriage service were sounding in his ears. Then, as the blessing fell upon them, there rang out in the old church the notes of a triumphant song of praise, rising in a swelling chorus of transcendent beauty.

There were strange stories at Riverlea of an uncanny, wailing music played on the hill on the eve of All Souls' Day, and the sexton declared that, fancying he heard the playing of the chapel organ after midnight, he had looked through his bedroom window and seen strange lights moving, and had in great terror crept to his bed and hidden under the clothes. There was surprise, and sorrow too, deep and profound, when it became known that Neil Gilchrist had been found dead in his chair in the library of his lonely house, his face smiling as the face of one who looks upon unfading beauty. He had not been ailing, said the village doctor, and there was nothing to account for his demise.

But the sexton's old mother reminded her son that she had told him but yesterday that Neil was not long for this world, for, said she, “For sure, when he walked up the hillside in the quiet afternoon the trees bent low and touched him.”

HUGH NOLAN.

Her Majesty's Theatre.Managing Director, **MR. ROBERT ARTHUR.**Early Doors, 6.45; Ordinary Doors, 7.15;
Commence, 7.30.

LAST THREE NIGHTS OF
CHARLES COLLETTE
In the Three-Act Farcical Comedy,
Jones's Jaunt
Box Plan at J. Marr Wood & Co., 183 Union St.

MONDAY NEXT—
RETURN VISIT OF
A COUNTRY GIRL.

REVIVAL OF HIGHLAND GAMES
IN ABERDEEN.

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OPTIONAL CONCERT, 4th October, 1904.—
KUBELIK and PARTY.
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Madame CLARA BUTT and PARTY.
SECOND CONCERT, 8th December, 1904.—
ORCHESTRAL; SCOTTISH ORCHESTRA
—Dr. COWEN, Conductor.
THIRD CONCERT, 9th February, 1905.—
ORCHESTRAL; SCOTTISH ORCHESTRA
—Dr. COWEN, Conductor.
FOURTH CONCERT, 21st March, 1905.—
'GOLDEN LEGEND,' and MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT.

The Executive begs respectively to intimate to last year's Subscribers that their Seats will be kept for them till 20th September only. After that date all Seats not taken up will be let, as application is made.

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AT THE PLAY

Mr. Charles Collette in a New Piece.

THIS is a case in which, as frequently happens, the play matters less than the company. There are nine persons in the cast, and every one of them is of service to this farcical comedy. This can be seldom said, though, on the other hand, a piece with a small cast often shows us very good acting. It is so here. "Jones's Jaunt," too, which is the not very striking title of this farcical comedy, is so far well built that it gives an individual part to each of the players, and not merely to the player. It is true that some of them are familiar types, and that they smell rank of the footlights. Very many playgoers, however, take them to their hearts all the more readily. From the critical point of view they are almost negligible. Yet here they are made, with a good deal of genuity, to fit the story, and they have an air of verisimilitude. All that is necessary to say of the story of the piece is that it is a fairly effective skit on certain sides of an explorer's life. The tall tales told by so many explorers explain, perhaps, their brief vogue. Really, however, there is more in "Jones's Jaunt" of the life of theatres and music halls. The strolling player, with his little vanities and his taradiddles, has appeared on the stage several times of late. Mr. Jones's latest play, "The Chevalier," eats him. Even in farcical comedy, however, the actor turned journalist is frankly impossible, and, besides, I doubt whether the public cares very much to know about the woes of the travelling actor. The representation of a music hall lady, however, especially when she is played by Miss Sophie Harris, who has been one herself, is really amusing.

Mr. Collette, in one sense, is the head and front of this musical comedy. His sense of comedy is as strong and individual as ever it was, and it is the result of wide experience and of an alert intelligence. After a few performances Mr. Collette's Jones will be delightfully amusing, and will let his host of admirers see that, in these degenerate days, there are some comedians who are worthy of the name. It is fair to say that no less good a piece of acting was the showman of Mr. J. R. Crawford. In a little time his will be extremely good. Miss Sophie Harris, as I have hinted, shows a music hall singer so faithfully that she even addresses the audience directly, and gets off at the wings in the music hall way. Miss Rosamund Rokeby plays the young lady of the piece with a grace, and freshness, and charm all too rare in most of the companies that we see. Miss Rokeby's charm is of very great service to the playwright and to the play. Mr. Orlando Daly plays with agreeable humour. Miss Mabel Luxmore, whom one remembers well, is a clever comedian, and could do better work. Mr. Ernest Wintour's sketch, as Jones's scapegoat, is as good as possible. The "Birdikins" of Miss Irene Ross, also, is very bright and like the real thing. Mr. Edmond Beresford plays one of Dollie's admirers, whose frenzy has a short life, capably enough. Mr. Collette was warmly applauded, both when he came on and at the end. Mr. Lilford Arthur's company is thoroughly good.



Mr. Tree has made much of the dances in "The Tempest." He has introduced a children's ballet. Mr. Tree has arranged the five acts of the play as three. The greatest interest has been shown in what Mr. Tree would make of Caliban,

Coming Engagements.

THE D'OVLV CARTE COMPANY.

I am able to tell you, on the best authority, that the D'Oyly Carte Company will play in Aberdeen in the second week of November. Sir Henry Irving, as you know, is coming three weeks later. Other engagements are those of "Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner," which Mr. Lewis Waller has made very popular in London; Mr. James Welch, in "The New Clown"; and Miss Annie Hughes, a well-known London actress, in "A Country Mouse" "The Girl from Kay's" will pay us a second visit in a week or two. Many playgoers will be glad to know that "The Cingalee" will be in Aberdeen, probably in spring.



"A Country Girl."

My readers scarcely need to be reminded of the second visit to Aberdeen of "A Country Girl." Admirers of musical pieces found "A Country Girl" altogether pleasant. Some of the music at Daly's Theatre is always good, and, in this piece, it is especially good. Mr. John Osborne and Miss Veronica Brady, as I have already mentioned, are in the cast, and other members are Miss May Glenn, Miss Maud Harvey, Miss Aimee Roberts, Mr. Cyril Thompson, Mr. George Mudie, junior, who is the son of a popular comedian, Mr. A. J. Bowyer, and Mr. W. Hartill. Mr. George Dance's company is under the management of Mr. Hugh Nolan, who is one of the most insinuating Irishmen and managers.



Mr. Hugh Nolan, the manager of the "Country Girl" company, contributes a short story to the present number of *Bon-Accord*.

GALLIO.

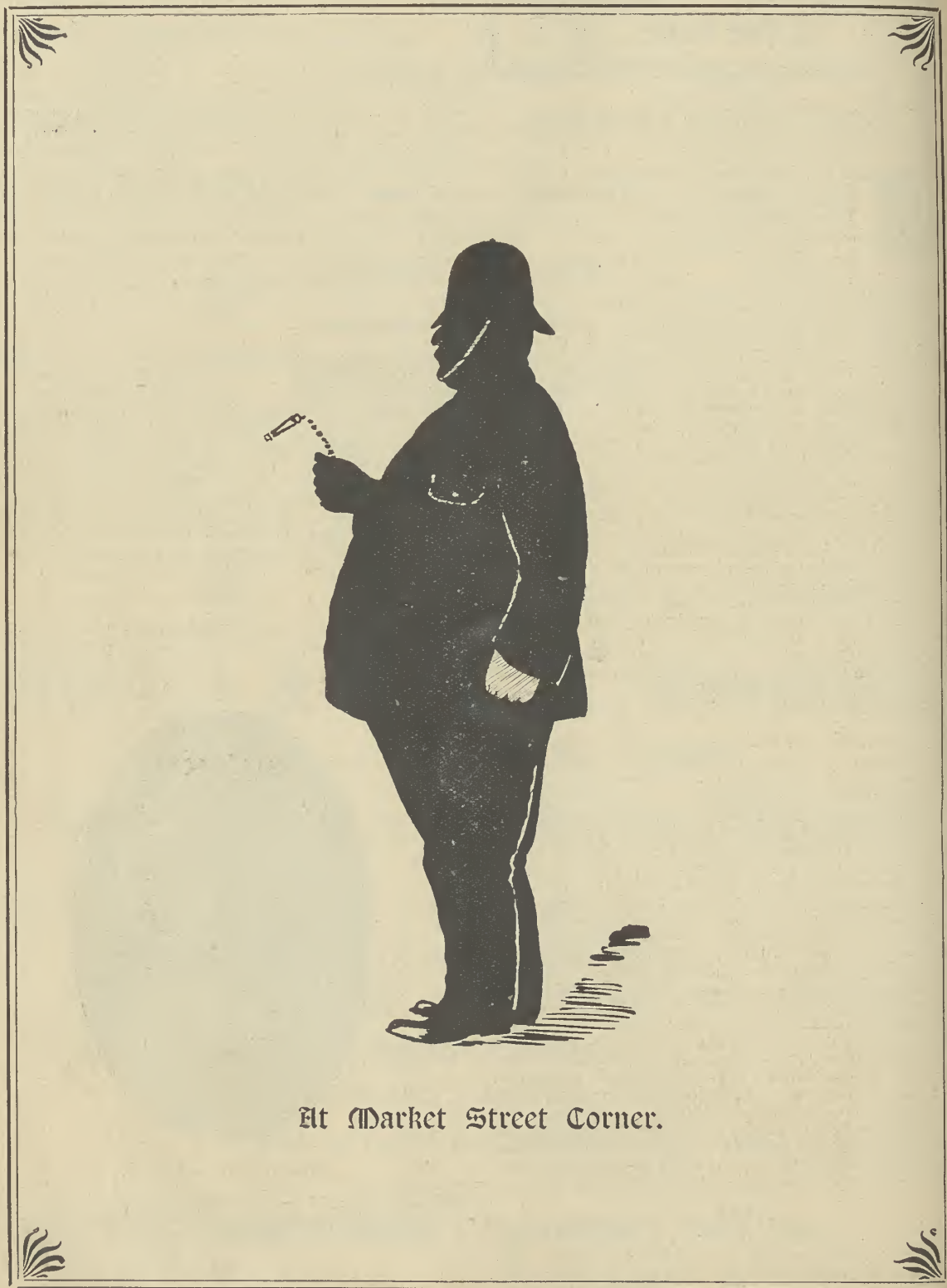


MISS ROSAMUND ROKEBY,

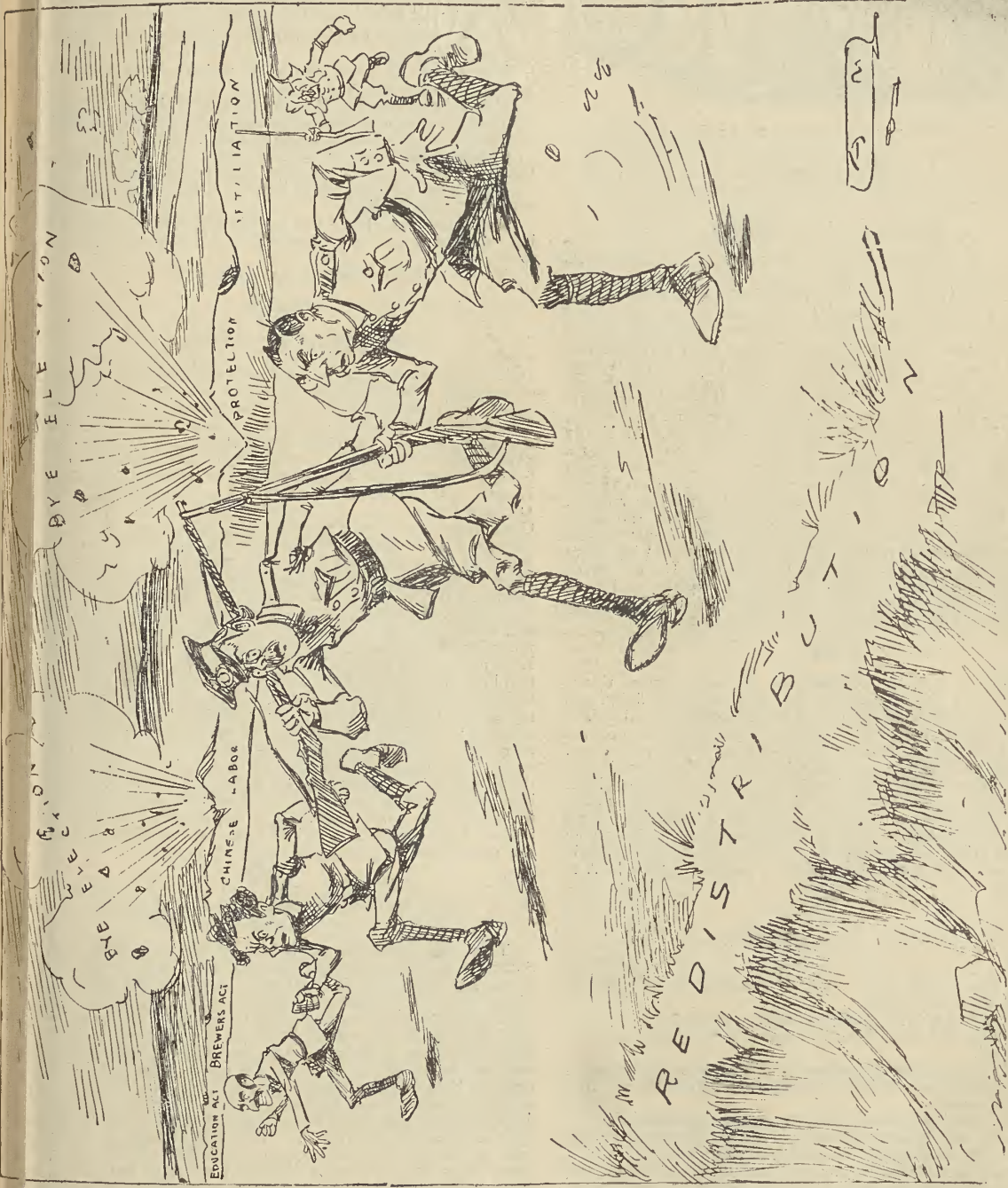
The very graceful and intelligent young actress at the Theatre this week, played at His Majesty's Theatre, with Mr. Tree, in "The Darling of the Gods."



For other theatrical notes see page 19.



At Market Street Corner.



Parliamentary Manceuvres.

General Balfour heads a strategic retreat to the rear.

From "Morning Leader."

[The Government is credited with the intention of introducing a Redistribution Bill next session.]



Football.

Defeat Follows Defeat.

It was very gratifying to see such a good crowd at Pittodrie on Saturday when the Aberdeen A met their namesakes from Dundee in their first home fixture of the Northern League competition. A strong north-westerly wind blew across the field of play when the teams lined up. The homesters having lost the toss, Cruickshanks kicked off, but Dundee got possession, and McHardy made tracks for the home citadel, but the sphere went behind. The wind was troubling the Aberdeen's front rank, and even the halves found it difficult to gauge the wind correctly. The home goal underwent a severe onslaught for a time, and latterly Barrett saved at the expense of a corner. McHardy planted the sphere in a grand position, but Thomson missed a splendid opportunity by kicking over the bar. The Whites now took up the running, and Johnstone gave his partner Shiach a nice chance to open the scoring. The inside left took the opportunity, and beat Reilly with a good shot ten minutes after the start. After some play of a most ragged description, Johnstone and Shiach had some lively runs along the wing, but their play went for nothing owing to the centre's ineffectiveness. Dundee made a raid, and Brown had a grand try, which was equally well saved by Barrett at full length on the ground. Just on half-time Brown equalised for the visitors from a scrumage.

On resuming, with the wind and sun in their favour, things looked rosy for the locals, but the wind was very fluky, and Dundee were managing to gauge it exceedingly well. The visitors at once settled down to some nice passing, and did not take long to put on the leading point—Wilson being the scorer. This unexpected reverse put the Whites on their mettle, the forwards, backed up by the halves, trying hard for the equaliser. A fine centre from McKay was muddled by Shiach shooting past. Thomson, at centre half, was working hard and keeping his forwards well supplied with the ball, besides having a shot which almost took effect, but nothing came of the chances. The whistle sounded time up with the homesters still pressing. Dundee A 2, Aberdeen A 1.

Points from Pittodrie.

There was a very fair crowd at Pittodrie to witness the opening game of the reserves.

£48 won't do the club or the directors any harm.

Dundee, besides using feet and weight, used their brains to win the game.

The homesters ought to have reserved their wind and strength until the second period, and played defence during the first portion of the game.

As it was, they were fairly fagged out after crossing over.

In Reilly the Dundonians have a really class keeper, whose clearing on Saturday was both sound and safe.

McNaught and McKenzie are a pair of hard and clean kickers, but slightly deficient in speed and in tackling.

The halves were the real mainstay of the visitors side, and, as a trio, played excellently.

Their shooting was marked by accuracy.

Wilson was the best and hardest worker of the quintette.

Brown made a fairly creditable first appearance in the "missing link" position for Dundee.

McHardy had some good sprints, but that was about all; while Thomson, at outside left, showed a rather nasty temper.

It was a great pity that the home team lost, as on play they were certainly value for a draw.

Barrett's one mistake cost his side a goal and a point, but otherwise his display was good.

Both backs played well, but the palm must be given to Murray, who tackled and recovered in perfect fashion.

Brener never impressed one with the idea of safety, but gave a good display.

The home centre half and captain—Thomson—was about the best half on the field.

He worked like the proverbial trojan, and it was certainly not his fault that the team lost.

Ritchie was poor, but Robertson kept McHardy well in hand.

The left wing were easily the best of the five forward players, and were always trying to make headway.

Cruickshank lacks experience, with the result that good forward work was lost for want of a good man in centre.

Robertson showed a slight improvement, but did not seem to work well with McKay.

Three matches played and no points does not look at all well, but we can hope for points even yet if the reserves will only persevere.

Mr McArthur refereed the game all right. C.

Qualifying Cup Re-Plays.

The amount of draws in the first round of the Qualifying Cup competition necessitated no fewer than sixteen clubs fighting for entry into the second round on Saturday when they ought to have been otherwise engaged. And it is not over yet, for after another ninety minutes Galston and Parkhouse failed to come to any arrangement, and in the words of the old song, "live to fight another day." It is a feather in the cap of the Northern League that the Cowdenbeath should be able to defeat a Second Division League club in these ties, this honour falling to the Cowdenbeath who, at Kirkcaldy, got the better of the Raith Rovers by 2-1. Kirkcaldy must have been surfeited with good things on Saturday, for yet another cup-tie was played in the Lang Toon, the clubs engaged being the Kirkcaldy and the Hearts of Beath. As a consequence, the Hearts will not trouble the ties any more this season. One more reference to Fifeshire, and we are done with them for a week, as far as this competition is concerned. Lochgelly had to replay the Dunfermline, and the Loch men got on top at the finish. It was a fine game, of the usual cup-tie order, and the Lochgelly showed form that augurs well for them this season. The St. Bernard had the best of the game with the Black Watch, the "sodgers" never looking like winning; while the Bo'ness had virtually a walk over in this game with the Adventurers at Edinburgh. Pitlochry was the scene of the game between the Vale of Atholl and the Dunkeld, the former club winning by 4-3; while, as a result of the game between the Forres and Elgin, the Aberdeen have to meet the former in the next round. And to judge by the result, 8-2 in favour of the Forres, they will have to leave nothing to chance in the encounter.

The Second Division of the League.

There was a paucity of fixtures in the second division on Saturday, only three matches being played. The principal one, as you know, was played at Hamilton between the Academicals of that town and our own local eleven, to wit, the famous Wasps. We have not been sparing of our criticism on the doings of the first eleven of the Aberdeen, believing that criticism of the right sort will never do harm. And now that the team has done so well we hope we will not be the last to give them their due praise. Previous to the game being played, everything pointed to the Aberdeen being defeated, their past record, and the fame of their opponents being the strongest reasons advanced against the non-success of the Wasps. The changes made in the team seem to have turned out for the best, and, while we are quite aware that the Academicals are not the same team they were last year, the Aberdeen did more than well in being able to draw after undergoing such a long journey. The run of the game is already well known to all followers of the game, and, by general consent, the majority of the press give the Aberdeen credit for being the better team of the day. No doubt Duncan McNeil's presence had much to do with Aberdeen's improved form. He worked like half-a-dozen backs, and he had need to, for his

paper was decidedly off his game for the day. Henry Lowwood as he has never done before, and Strang was also effective, though by no means up to Low's standard. Ruddiman, though inclined to be on the light side, played a fair game, considering that it was his first appearance in what we may term class company. M'Nicol, the forward, distinguished himself by scoring two of the Aberdeen's goals, more than a fair proportion of the number scored. All over, the Aberdeen gave the best display of the season, the only regret that can be expressed about it being that it was given away from home. We shall expect all the more from them when next they play at Pittodrie. We hope we shall not be disappointed.

The Falkirk have got their first defeat in this league, and that from their friends and neighbours the East Stirlingshire. The Falkirk did not get much chance against the Bainsford team, who were in rattling form, and the 2-0 victory got by the East Stirlingshire was well deserved. The other league game was played at Barrhead between the Arthurlie and the Ayr. The Arthurlie made a sorry show of the men of Ayr, and their 5-0 win shows how the play went.

Saturday's Fixture at Pittodrie.

The second round of the Qualifying Cup Ties between Aberdeen and Forres is, we are pleased to say, to be played at Pittodrie. This is good for Aberdeen, and equally so, we should say for the Forres club, who as a consequence will put money in their purse. Had the game been played at Forres it would have resulted in a sure financial loss to the Aberdeen, and while this downward event may also happen in Aberdeen it will not be such a heavy one. As to the result of the game, it can have only one meaning—a win for the home club, and while we expect this we have nothing will be left to chance. A club that can defeat, as Forres did, Elgin by 8-2, will require some watching. Forewarned is forearmed.

Swimming Extraordinary.

Springburn Baths, Glasgow, was crowded to the door on Monday evening, the occasion being the annual gala of the Clean Club, Glasgow. The event of the evening was the half-mile race between W. Stewart, half-mile champion of Scotland, and Billington, the English mile champion. Stewart, who was recorded 50secs. of a start, commenced in strong fashion with the overhead stroke, but before half the distance was covered Billington made up on Stewart, who thus early was showing signs of fatigue. Seeing his rivals weakness, Billington used the side-on stroke stronger than ever, and finished fully three lengths ahead of the Scottish champion, Stewart. The time taken by Billington to cover the half-mile was 11 min. 35 secs., 15 secs. faster than the world's record. The holder of that record is R. Cavill, of Australia, who established it at Norwood on 1st August, 1902.

Granite City League.

HAWTHORN—Finished third, equal with Crusade on the table. They won five of their matches, losing four (twice to 3rd Braemar, once to Clifton A, and once to Lochside), and tying one—against Crusade. Hawthorn and Crusade undoubtedly take the ke for providing the most excitement in the League. Their last match ended in a tie, and their return ended in a win for Hawthorn by one run. We think this will take some standing as a record. Their average runs were, for 52, and against 52. They had in Hutchison a good bat, a splendid bowler, and an admirable secretary. We have met in with a good few secretaries in our time, but not till we met Mr. Hutchison have we struck anything so near our ideal. Middleton was a reliable bowler, and Forbes was a man to fall back on in difficulties. Beverley and Winchester did good work with the bat, and taken together the Hawthorn were a good team. We expect great things of them next season.

CRUSADE—Finish equal with Hawthorn, having eleven points. They beat St. Clair and Lochside twice and Clifton A once. Their season was remarkable for the close play against Hawthorn as noted above, they lost by one run in one match and tied in the other. Their average runs for were 50 and against 32. Clifton A inflicted the greatest defeat—21 for one wicket to 19. Bowling was their strong point, Mavor being especially strong

in this line. Pope and Reid were probably the only others of account, the latter more especially being a splendid bat. Like the Hawthorn, the Crusade were served by an indefatigable secretary. Should the Football section not succeed in getting a neutral man to fill their vacant secretaryship, we would advise them to approach Mr. Ewart. We are sure that, with a little persuasion perhaps, he would be pleased to undertake the responsibilities.

We shall finish our *resumé* next week with Clifton A and 3rd Braemar, and give the complete table.

DO YOU KNOW—

- That things seem a bit slack just now?
- That Royal Albert gave the points to Garfield?
- That Crusade did likewise to the Violet?
- That in a friendly game the Violet whacked Crusade—5 to 1?
- That the Thistle—the MacDonal, we mean—beat North End by an almost similar score?
- That Pinewood and Stoneywood Favourites failed to put in an appearance against Granville and Victoria Thistle respectively?
- That Pinewood have gone by the board—at least, so we have heard?
- That the Stoneywood Favourites have gained admission to the 3rd class league?
- That that doesn't alter our opinion of them?
- That "we" of the G. C. F. L. consider ourselves far superior to "they" of the 3rd class F. L.
- That tastes and opinions differ?
- That it is our opinion that Garfield will suffer at the hands—or, better, feet—of the North End on Saturday?
- That Crusade should have the upper hand of the Royal Albert?
- That if you wish to see a really class match, you should visit the Violet-Mac, Thistle one?
- That Violet will have the full points this season?
- That that doesn't mean the Thistle have deteriorated, but that the Violet have improved—vastly?
- That we may have a look in at this match ourselves?
- That the Granville (who should be playing the Favourites of Stoneywood) might visit Torry, and take the place of the Pinewood against the Thistle of that ilk?
- That the North End referee might oblige?

CHETWYND.

Northern League Notes.

	Goals.						
	Pl'd	Won	Lost	Dr'n.	For.	Agst.	Pts.
St. Johnstone,	4	2	0	2	6	1	6
Dundee A,	3	2	0	1	9	1	5
Arbroath,	3	2	0	1	4	2	5
Montrose,	2	2	0	0	4	0	4
Cowdenbeath,	2	0	0	2	3	3	2
Dunfmline Ath,	2	0	0	2	2	2	2
Stenhousemuir,	3	1	2	0	2	4	2
Kirkcaldy,	2	0	0	2	1	1	2
Lochee United,	3	0	1	2	3	6	2
Wanderers,	3	0	1	2	4	11	2
Lochgelly Uni.,	2	0	1	1	1	2	1
Forfar Ath.,	2	0	1	1	0	3	1
Aberdeen A,	3	0	3	0	3	6	0

Two points for a win; one point for a draw.

So many of the Northern League clubs had to replay their Qualifying Tie matches that the league got a little upset on Saturday.

The upsetting of fixtures has commenced early this year, which is unfortunate for the clubs concerned.

It is surprising the commotion that one or two clubs can make by being thrown out of a fixture for a day.

However, cup-ties are in front of league games, and the association insists that cup-ties take precedence of league ones.

Eight clubs only toed the mark last week.

Of these two played in Aberdeen.

The report of this game will be found elsewhere.

As yet we have not had an opportunity of commenting on the A's play as a winning team.

This is a "pleasure yet in store" for us.

Montrose are continuing their victorious career of last year in the league.

They have yet to get defeated.

And they have had no goals scored against them either.

This is the proper sort of form to show.

The pity is that they can't show the Aberdeen A the way how to do it.

In their three fixtures the Aberdeen A have been defeated by 2-1 on every occasion.

Well, to come to the Montrose game of Saturday.

It was the Stenhousemuir they had at Montrose on Saturday, and a good game resulted.

Keilor and Bowman again had a deal of the credit of the Montrose's victory.

Which makes us wonder what sort of a team they would be without these two veterans

The Stenhousemuir's backs played a great game, and it was due to them that the score was only 1-0 against them.

The Dundee Wanderers did well to draw with the Arbroath at Gayfield.

It was an open secret that the Arbroath were counting on the full number of points.

The Wanderers excelled in defence, and had their forwards been half as alert, full points would have been their reward.

The defence of the Arbroath nearly lost them the game.

Ireland again gave one of those displays with which his name has now become associated.

In the last few minutes of the game he performed miracles against the Arbroath quintette.

As a keeper he has few equals in the league.

Fancy the St. Johnstone of Perth being at the top of the table.

The position is a new one for them.

A glance at the table will show, however, that theirs is likely to be only a temporary occupation.

The Dundee A are their nearest rivals as yet, and Montrose are not far behind.

They could hardly have failed to win on Saturday, seeing it was the Forfar Athletic they were playing.

Forfar are next to the last on the table, the last place being taken by the Aberdeen A.

Judging by present form it looks as if the two of them would remain in this position for some time.

We are nothing if not patriotic, and we would prefer if the Forfar would oblige us by dropping one down.



Cricket.

There may yet be a few games to play before the season is finished, but to all intents and purposes cricket is over for the year. And looking back on the season just closing we, like many others, have to admit that it has not been so successful as we should have wished. The local association suffered a severe blow by the unexpected death of Mr. Wm. Paterson, at the commencement of the season, and while his successor, Mr. Mackay, has worked like a trojan for the good of the game and the association, there is no doubt that in many things he has been handicapped. The season was in full swing before he was appointed, and it is always a difficult job to get clubs to make alterations in what has been already settled on. The non-success of the league can be traced to the late start, and this is one of the things that Mr. Mackay has all along spoken out against. But his was a voice crying in the wilderness. The clubs knew better, and we have the result.



We are second to none in our admiration for what the Aberdeenshire Club has done for cricket in this district, but at the same time we cannot overlook the fact that they are in a great measure to blame for the non-completion of the league this year. They asked too much of the clubs when they were playing

county championship matches, and as a consequence, clubs which could have put their full strength in the field on such days were left without a fixture at all. This is the most serious question that the association will have to face in the future. And the sooner it is tackled in a businesslike way the better. If the same tactics are employed next year as this, it will only be a few, a very few years, before senior club cricket is a thing of the past in Aberdeen. The city of Aberdeen is not such a small place that the 'Shire cannot get suitable recruits for their clubs without taking away the cream of the other clubs in the district. The experiences of a few who have tasted the sweets of Mannofield this year should, we think, make others chary next year before they decide to show their paces before the large array of critics—who for the most part never played at the game—who are to be found at Mannofield. The clubs must protect themselves next year from the Mannofield danger, and there is only one way of doing it. If there are players who decide to join, say the Braemar or the St. Ronald, and also become members of the 'Shire, let them choose at the commencement of the season which club they are to play for regularly, and if the 'Shire should be the choice, it is for the club committee to see that they are allowed to stick to their first love. It will give more deserving players the opportunity they have been waiting for so long. No man, least of all a cricketer, can serve two masters.



2nd Crescent and 2nd St. Ronald met in a League match at Torry Park, which resulted in a heavy defeat to the Junior Cup-Holders. 2nd Crescent proved themselves the better team and won all along the line. W. Duncan was in irresistible form with the ball, capturing 7 wickets for 10 runs. Scores, 2nd St. Ronald 40 (W. Murray 18). 2nd Crescent, 46 for 3 wickets (E. Webster 16, T. Findlay 14). The 2nd Crescent have played through this competition during the season unbeaten to date, and have now won the Championship for the fourth successive year, viz.—1901, 1902, 1903, and now 1904.



Wicket, Bat, and Ball.

[The author of the following poem, Mr. William Carnie, still takes a great interest in the game of cricket, and during the season now closed was often seen at Mannofield following the game with evident pleasure.]


O! Dick may gaily hunt his bounds,
And Jack set sail for sea;
While soldier Ralph courts fame and wounds,
Bill loves the forest free:
Let Jack, Dick, Bill, rove at their will,
And brave Ralph proudly fall,
Their sport can ne'er with ours compare—
The wicket, bat, and ball.

Chorus—The jolly bat and ball,
The merry bat and ball.

No sport say I, 'neath heaven's blue sky,
Like wicket, bat, and ball.

There's Ned he is an angler keen;
Tom boasts a rifle true;
Fred holds high "court" on tennis green
With Mabel, Maud, and Prue.
Let Ned go fish, give Tom his wish,
And soft Fred vow "loves-all"—
We envy not their choice and lot—
Be ours the bat and ball.

Then prosper aye our noble game:
To none it e'er shall yield
While we can cheerily chant its fame,
And strike, guard, run, or field;
'Gainst stump and bail, e'en age won't rail—
Their pleasures never pall:
Strength, courage, youth—hope, patience, truth,
Meet round the bat and ball.

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The Well in the Green.

The above illustration is one of a series of six picture postcards
of the Old Wells of Aberdeen.

Theatrical Gossip.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt professes to be unable to tell the date of her birth on the ground that her mother, who had as many as eighteen children, was never able to remember the particular year in which her most famous daughter was born.



Miss Nora Kerin, who plays Miranda in "The Tempest," which Mr. Tree produced at His Majesty's Theatre last evening, was in Aberdeen a few years ago with one of Mr. George Alexander's companies. She played with great intelligence, as I said at the time. Miss Kerin now plays at His Majesty's Theatre for the first time.



"Chirgwin" is a very big name in the music halls. As such, we suppose, is the most important engagement that Mr. Sheldon has yet made. There are some good judges who think that Mr. Chirgwin is one of the very best, if not the best, of the drolls. He is extremely funny. Wasn't it Chirgwin of whom Sir Henry Irving said that he was a fellow of infinite jest?



Norwich, like every other town, wants its entertainment hot and wants it cheap. I find from *Daylight*, a weekly paper of the old cathedral city, that the beautiful Opera House is to be converted into a Concert Hall, while the old Theatre is once more to be a house for theatrical entertainments. There is strong opposition at the Hippodrome, a popular music hall at cheap prices.



The King's Theatre in Glasgow was opened on Monday evening by Mr. E. S. Willard, one of the best of our actors. The King's Theatre is in Bath Street. It has been built by Messrs. Howard and Wyndham, who already control the Royalty and the Royal Theatres in Glasgow, theiseum and the Theatre Royal in Edinburgh, and the Tyne Theatre in Newcastle. The King's Theatre, it is certain, will be the home of the best actors. Sir Henry Irving will play there in November, the week before he comes to Aberdeen. Sir Henry will play in Dundee first, then in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen. The King's Theatre is opened under the happiest auspices.

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THE greatest interest will be taken this season in the splendid musical programme which the Choral Union has announced. Arrangements have been completed for no fewer than five high-class concerts, the season being opened with a visit from Kubelik, the famous violinist, who will be accompanied by his own concert party. For the succeeding concerts the artistes engaged include Madame Clara Butt and the Scottish Orchestra; and the season will be brought to a close with a performance of "The Golden Legend" and a miscellaneous concert. Music-lovers will be grateful to the Choral Union executive for giving them an opportunity of attending such an excellent series of concerts, the booking arrangements for which are in the hands of Mr. James Macbeth, Union Street.



Highland Games in Aberdeen.

ON Monday, 26th September, the Autumn Holiday, will be held a great athletic gathering at Central Park. The revival of Highland Games in Aberdeen is sure to be welcomed by all who take an interest in this form of sport. All the champions have entered for the competitions, and the meeting of such men as A. A. Cameron (holder of 14 world's records), Morrison, and Johnstone is enough in itself to draw a huge crowd. There is to be a great wrestling competition, and given good weather there is no doubt but what the gathering will be a successful one.

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At the Palace Theatre.

THE company at the Palace this week is quite up to the usual standard of excellence. The Three Rickards, as acrobats and balancers, display grace and agility in their various feats. The O'Malley's, comedians and dancers, made a welcome reappearance after a long absence, and were heartily received in their genuinely funny act. Will Mitcham, vocalist and instrumentalist, proves versatile in the latter accomplishment. Little Dando, undoubtedly the smallest comedian on the variety stage, Maud Ross, vocalist and dainty dancer, Bransbys, duettists with an original style, Cribb and Cribb, comedians, Flo. Banks, a comedienne who dresses in style, Sam Redfern, negro comedian, and the Bioscope all contribute to the success of a pleasant evening's entertainment.



On Monday first that talented trio, the Sisters Sprightly, open a two week's engagement, and along with the famous G. H. Chirgwin will make next week one of the records of the season.



Of Mr. Charles Morton, the manager of the Palace Theatre, London, who celebrated his 35th birthday some days ago, there is a good story. Once he had some words with a well-known comic singer, who was somewhat inclined to over-estimate his importance, especially when he took too much drink. "You don't seem to realise who I am," said the comedian, during some discussion or other. "No," was the reply, "for the moment I confess I don't. You're not the celebrated teetotaler, are you?"

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"Mary o' Argyle:"

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HAVE heard the moo-cows singing
Their love-songs in the barn,
I have seen the he-mule flinging
At a furze-bush hung "astarn";
But a sweeter sound has cheered me,
Cheered me till my marrow froze,
And my hair "riz" up in terror,
While the kinks got in my toes.
'Twas thy gentle Pa, my Mary,
With his artless kicking style,
Booted me quite out of Eden,
Bonnie Mary o' Argyle!

Tho' his eye may lose its brightness,
And his head go "barfit" too,
Still his feet ain't built for lightness,
And with, boots they hurt—a few.
He's a most emphatic "rearer,"
As I for one can own;
And I think my solemn duty
Is to wait until he's gone.
From your gentle Pa, my Mary,
I will linger 'bout a mile,
He's the serpent in our Eden,
Bonnie Mary o' Argyle!

A. H.



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.



NOT WELL DESCRIBED.

MRS. WELLBILT.—Well, what do you think of my masquerade costume?
am a page.

MR. WELLBILT.—A page? Heavens! You look like a whole volume!

Birse on Sixty Years Ago.

THING we dae in this world has its consekwences—aye, consekwences whilk canna be apprehended or altered in ony wye, dae what we like—ay, consekwences which, aften without oor ever jeloosin' it, are the cause o' new influences, whilk again produce idder results, whilk create ither ishhus in an endless suckeshon, till it's past a' comprehension. The present war atween Rooshia and Japan—nae only that, bit the present peace, or the disagreement, atween nashons, families, or twa fowk—is naething mair nor less than a consekwence o' days o' lang syne. Deed, aye, an' they days o' auld lang syne again is jist a consekwence o' deeds an' events whilk opened gweed kens foor far back—weel, tae the beginnin' o' time for that matter. Noo, ye'll see by fat I've said that fat happens in ae day is the forerunner o' the aenae that comes aifter it mooldin' its karakter. Ye min' fat the auld proverb says—neglekit present mak's a needy future. That's rale true. Sae it's better aye tae look afore ye loup, an' nae say or dae the day that wull mak' ye rue the morn. Tae say weel's gweed, bit dae weel's better. A gweed wurd spoken the day, a gweed wurd done at ony minute, is aye sure tae prepare ye for a gweed epshon maybe whaur ye didna expect it. Weel, onywe, as I'll see, it's deeds, nae wuids or consekwences, that we hae in our pooer. This is the law o' nature, an' there's nae gyaun ainst it. It's weel kent that it's nae a gweed thing tae be either positive, for a body may be vrang, hoovever sure they feel. Memory plays mony curious tricks, an' nae aenae kens that better than mysel'.

Noo, tae begin tae my story. As a consekwence o' Saunders' vision lookin' in tae see me the idder day, I nearhaund made an terrible mistak'. Saunders is ower the three score years an' a, an' brags o' a gweed memory. He wis a servan' at Muckle-low mair than sixty years syne. He wis there at the time o' the Disruption; an' awaut he says a bonny hullabaloo it wis, an' there wis ony gweed came oot o't, he declares it wis only in pounds, shillin's, an' pence, lowsin' the purse strings o' a nutle that keepit aye a knot tied afore. In mony instances, he says, gin they'd aye keepit them tied it wou'd hae saved a lot o' fer din. As a consekwence o' sixty years' generosity, we'll see naething noo for sixty years tae come bit tribble an' din over the siller that micht hae been mair wisely essed, an' dune a' tae keep up the frame o' the hard-wirkin' Scot, instead o' sein' a' thing tae keep his nizz on the grin'stane, an' luttin' them eider in the puir hoose or at hame in starvashon. He says they 43's hae gotten something like seventy millions in the sixty years, and speered at me gin there were sixty million biterd pair fowk in the pairshes, sixty million cotters livin' in places, sixty million ten-poun'-in-the-year servan's gettin' sixty poun' in the year, sixty million mair auld an' young in heaven an' there wou'd hae been gin the Disruption had never tean aye? He fairly blaikit me tae gie him an answer. It wis ver cryptomatick for me. I gyaun the thing up. Gin ye're veed at solvin' puzzles, ye can tak' a try o't. It'll devert ye for me time, I'm thinkin'. A' that I say on the matter is that when fowk come tae learn that gweed can be accomplished without siller—buyin' it an' lookin', like a Cop. member, for a beviden'theological squabbles will be a thing o' the past, an' there will be a britherhood a' the warid ower. Ye'll min' Robbie Burns prayed for that.

Bit that's nae the pint. Saunders wou'd hae rizzen or near at I wis the ring-leader o' an escapade that happened shortly aifter the Disruption.

At a fairm in the pairish o' Leslie there wis a fairly o' seven, man, a wife, three laddies, an' twa lassies. They ca'd the man ob Hailstanes. They bade in a thackit bit hoosie at the corner o' a park, close tae a wid. Bob wis considered, as weel as his wife, tae be saft kin'. Whedder he wis saft or no I canna tell a, bit ae thing I min', there wis hardly ony furniture in the hoose, an' as for dishes, jist a fyoun bowles and plates wi' a crack

or a bit oot o' the lip. Bob, the wife, an' the bairns were a' in tatter-wallups, an' fat wis waur, they were hobblin' wi' beasts. Gin ye wantit tae speak tae Bob ye didna gang in, ye jist cried roun' the cheek o' the door an' Bob made his appearance. He wisnae that ill a wirker, an' got aye jobs at whilk he cou'd wirk at alone, as ye see idders werna keerious o' wirkin' alangside o' him for fear o' gettin' mair nor they bargained for.

As I said afore, Bob wis weel likit, an' nae a craiture did him ill willin'ly, tho' aften terrible jokes were played on him. Tae tell the haulf o' them wou'd near haund full a buik. All nae begin gyaun ower ony o' them or than there micht be nae stoppin' o' me. I'll jist gie ye the aenae that Saunders' blames me o' daein. It wis at the tail en' o' a hairst, an' Bob wis engaged as ban'sher. It wis gweed munelicht, an', as the cuttin' wis near haund dune, they were wirkin' wi' the licht o' the mune. It wis wi' the scythe, there were nae machines heard tell o' thereabout than. Weel, onywe, aifter lowsin' time, it micht hae been about nine or thereby, we young chieils made it up tae play a rakkit on Bob at his hoose, whilk wis about a mile frae the fairm toon. It wis agreed tae tak' twa win'lins o' strae an' stap them doon the lum fin Bob wis bedded. This wis dune. Four or five o's gied mairchin' up wi' the win'lins, climbed up tae the riggin', stappit the strae weel doon the lum, an' when this wis dune set fire till't, syne gied fleedin' hame as gin the deil bid been aifter's.

We werna weel hame fin gweed haith, man, the low grew bigger an' bigger till at lang length it cou'd be seen that the baill thack wis bleezin'. Some gied roun' an' tauld Mains they were sure Bob Hailstane's hoose wis burnin'. Mains cam' tae the close, an' wis convinced o' the fire. Rin, boys, said Mains, ye're swacker than me, an' see that the craitures are nae a brunt.

Aff we gied, an' wisnae meenits o' gettin' tae the place, when we saw the seven Hailstanes a stan'in' maistry red nyakit lookin' at their burnin' dwallin'. Nae lang aifter us cam' gweed kens foor mony fowk, an' Mains amon' the rest. I dinna min' exactly a' that passed, bit I min' the Hailstanes were tean awa' tae get claes an' beddin'.

Neist day Bob cam' tae his wark a new man. Ye widna hae kent him. He wis clean washed, an' hid on clean claes. Frae that day Bob wis a different man. Bit that's nae a'. The wife an' the bairns were cheenged tae. They got anidder hoose, wi' bits o' furniture, an' the wife vrocht like a hatter about her new dwallin'. As Saunders said, there's naething like fire for purifein'. It purifeed the Hailstanes, onywe.

I've tauld ye the story; bit I didna alloo Saunders tae gang awa' wi' the impresshon that I set fire tae the strae, an' the strae set fire tae the hoose. Na, na, it wisnae me aye. It wis Johnnie Fyde; bit, puir chiel, he's awa' mone a year syne, an' say's auld Bob Hailstanes. A' this rigmarole cam' oot o' Saunders speakin' about kirk an' fires. It's the auld story ower again—A little spark mak's muckle wark. His spark has gared me vreet mair than I inten't, sae excuse yours trooly,

Peter Birse



"Farmer Sawyer, what is your daughter Mary going to be when she finishes at college?"

"Wall, I kinder reckon she'll teach school. She thinks she'd like the vacations."

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"Britannia Rules the Waves!"

THE skipper of the tramp steamer, Bumping Billy, was engaging a new crew. "What's your name?" he said to the foremost applicant.

"Guiseppe Grinolieri," replied the man.

"Eyetalian?"

"Yees, sair."

"Very good; step to one side."

"And yours?" he went on to the next A. B.

"Ivan Ikanoff."

"Russian?" "Bolish, sare."

"Right; step alongside of Yewseppy. Next man?"

"Wilhelm Zwillanguzl."

"German?"

"Ja."

"Very good; over you go. Next?"

"Manuel Oliveira. I Portuguese seaman, senior."

"Step over, then Manniwell. Next?"

"John Thompson, sir."

"What?" "John Thompson, sir." "What in th-thunder—

what the—what nationality?" screamed the horrified ship-master.

"English, sir," replied the man.

For a full half-minute the unhappy skipper stood speechless, his countenance turning from purple to orange, and from orange to grey; and then, with a gurgling gasp of "English, by Gum!" he tottered, staggered, and fell prone upon the ground.—*Liverpool Post.*



WHY is a kiss like a sermon? Because it requires two heads and an application.



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