



THE
RAILWAY
1879-80.

V O L
15.-16.



The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

MEN YOU KNOW.—VOLUME XV.

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The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

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'MEN YOU KNOW—No. 365.

OUR Radical friends have placed themselves on exhibition to-day. Messrs Burt, Macdougall, and Fortune, the illustrious trio who are ambitious of controlling the politics of the City, are "conferring" together, attended, of course, by a whole host of satellites. But the "conference" is not the only feature of the show. A lion has been caught, in the shape of Mr JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, M.P. for Birmingham, and he will be placed on view by Mr Burt in the City Hall this evening. It would have pleased the Directors of the Conference if they could have secured the attendance of some better specimen of the king of beasts than the Brummagem notable, but such was not to be had; and on the principle that when you can't get the sun you must put up with the moon, and failing the moon go for some of the minor luminaries, they have accepted "JOE." And really, all things considered, it is difficult to see how they could have done much worse. Mr CHAMBERLAIN is a species of typical Radical. He is wordy, fluent, and self-conscious; an article has been accepted from his pen for the *Fortnightly Review*; on one occasion, at least, he accused the Premier of personal mendacity; not long before the rising of Parliament, he threw over Lord Hartington in the House of Commons, refusing to acknowledge him any longer as his political leader; and, to crown all, he has a fad of his own on the question of licences. Surely no equal combination of unpleasant traits and conceited doings is to be found even in the Radical ranks "below the gangway." Mr CHAMBERLAIN made his money—and he is supposed to be worth considerably more than a million sterling—by the manufacture of wood screws (*i.e.*, screws for use in wood),

of which trade he has obtained a practical monopoly. What may be termed his public career began something like ten years ago, his first appearance as an orator having been made at a local debating club. Our hero, however, soon gained a name for himself in Brummagem. He was a bold speaker, and he indulged, especially in his early speeches, in humorous stories. Artemus Ward, Josh Billings, and Mark Twain were often made use of, and he seemed to have Joe Miller's collection of jests at his fingers' ends. All this tickled the Birmingham folks, in whom George Dawson had created a taste for the humorous. At the same time Mr CHAMBERLAIN can hardly be said to possess a very happy style of speaking. His pronunciation is painfully Cockney in its character, and while his more important political addresses are anything but remarkable for originality, they are also too laboured and essay-like. Much given to hard hitting in Town Council debates—he has been Mayor of Birmingham oftener than once—he has therefore little or no claim to be shielded from personalities himself. In Birmingham, where, naturally, he is best known, our friend is losing much of his former popularity. While Mr Bright and Mr Muntz—the other borough members—are never called by a nickname, Mr CHAMBERLAIN is invariably dubbed "JOE." The working men, moreover, dislike him, on account of certain of his decisions in wages arbitrations. In one case it was alleged by his critics that his award was too friendly to the employers' side, and since that time he has eschewed arbitration altogether. Another reason for the hostility shown him by a portion of his townsmen, is found in the plea that he has surrounded himself with favourites in the municipal work of Birmingham, and that he allows those favourites to govern for him, giving them *carte blanche* in the carrying out of his various

projects. Together with his friend the borough architect, Mr CHAMBERLAIN planned the Birmingham Improvement Scheme, which after three years is in a very backward state, and is said to cost the ratepayers something like £20,000 a year. The Man you Know has been married three times, and is a widower at present. A magnificent mansion is, however, being built for him in the neighbourhood of Birmingham, and it is hinted that a fourth Mrs Chamberlain may be found to grace the head of his table when the edifice has been completed, and he enters on possession. Some two or three years ago the local admirers of Mr CHAMBERLAIN resolved on the erection of a statue in his honour, and £5000 were subscribed towards this end. Ultimately, however, the notion of a statue was overruled, and the memorial, which is now nearly finished, is a Gothic erection, and includes a fountain and a medallion of our hero. The BAILIE has no means of even guessing at the results that are likely to spring from to-day's proceedings. The preliminaries to these have shown a state of discord, and an amount of petty jealousy among what may be termed our local Liberals, which are as amusing as they are astonishing to an outsider. The Magistrate doubts, moreover, whether Mr CHAMBERLAIN'S oration at night will do much towards healing any dissensions that may have arisen during the day. Altogether, were he a supporter of the Opposition, he would feel quite sad at the prospect before him; but being, as he is, an out-and-out Tory, he is correspondingly jubilant and happy.

IMP-UTING A BAD "MOTIVE."

Bauldy, Senior—I canna mak' oot whit's the maitter wi' ma watch the day. It gangs a wee while an' then stops, an' by-an'-by gangs on again. I'm thinkin' the de'il maun be in't.

Bauldy, Junior—In that case, faither, it maun be the "Nick o' time" I hear folk talkin' aboot sometimes!

"RAISING A SMACK."—They made a great fuss the other day down Bute way about "raising a smack," the operation lasting a whole fortnight before it was successful. So much for modern degeneracy. In our young days "raising a smack" was a very simple matter indeed—wasn't it, Mattie? (Retort from Mattie:—"Is't a smack on the lug ye're meanin', BAILIE?")

FERGUSON'S EDINBURGH ROCK is the best present from Edinburgh. 1 Melbourne place, near the Castle

The Hielan' Innkeeper's Prayer.

YE powers apove! keep her from sin,
And efery sign of evil,
Send rich folks only to her inn,
And puir folks to the teevil;
If she maun gather siller wealth,
The simplest way is surest,
A saxpence she'll no teuk by stealth,
Na! she'll pe skin the tourist.

Send doon! send doon! by rail and poat,
Rich peoples by the hunder,
Their daily bills she'll wisely note,
And nefer mak' a plunder.
They come to view our heather land,
Of claymores, spears, and targes,
And may they all like warriors stand
Her honest Hielan' charges.

They come to shoot our Hielan' game,
And fish our ponnie rivers,
O! teach their hearts it is a shame
To pe puir siller-givers.
She loves mankind with all her heart,
But och! she loves them creater,
Who with the siller freely part,
Like shentlemens by natur'.

Now should puir peoples here sojourn,
And at her charges grumble,
May they no more to her return,
O keep them puir and humble.
Och! Hielan'men, like ither men,
For siller pray unceasin',
So nefer let the Saxons ken
They're sheep for Hielan' fleecin'.

Glendreich Inn.

TUGAL MACCASH.

TWO CHANCES.

(Scene—County town; two friends meet.)

1st F.—Dae ye ken whar Rab is?

2nd F.—Playin' cards wi' big Wull, he's nae chance ava.

1st F.—Ou aye he's twa chances.

2nd F.—Twa! Hoo d'ye mak' that out?

1st F.—Oh, he's got yin tae loss an' anither tae wun.

"TOUTE LA LYRE."—In answer to a correspondent, the BAILIE begs to state that, though M. Victor Hugo is occasionally inaccurate, it would be incorrect to translate the title of his new book "The Complete Liar."

VEGETARIANISM TRIUMPHANT.—The vegetarian eloquence of Mr Fortune and his friends has not been without effect. A local firm announce that they have "fish-eaters" for sale. These "dangerous nuisances" have evidently come to the conclusion that they are of no further use to themselves or their friends, and so offer themselves to the highest bidder.

Smokers, Wallach's Mixture is the best you can smoke, 6d per oz.; only to be had from D. CARMICHAEL, 161 Ingram Street, and 121 Buchanan Street.

"Temperance" Logic.

THESE "temperance" folks are sadly illogical sometimes. One of them the other day, after elaborately proving that at the end of last century Scotland was a temperate Paradise, and that the consumption of spirituous liquors, "and the consequent growth of crime and pauperism," had increased ever since, went on to "point to the great and gratifying efforts of temperance reformers and societies." The efforts may have been great, and they may have been gratifying, but they do not seem, on this gentleman's own showing, to have been very effectual.

"THE LAST STRAW."

(Scene—Grocer's shop in Cowcaddens; Enter female customer.)

Customer—A ha'pney worth o' sape.

Shopman (who has got irritated with a succession of small sales)—Ye'll be for washing the canary, Mistress?

"OH THAT I WERE A GLOVE UPON THAT HAND."—It seems from a report of the proceedings of the Aberdeen Town Council that the gloves recently presented at the maiden assize in the Granite city to Lord Young and the beauty, Mrs Langtry, cost the ratepayers the tidy sum of £9 18s. If Mr Romeo of Verona had had to pay £4 19s for a pair of gloves, he might have been a little less gushing when paying his evening addresses to Miss Juliet, also of that city.

Some folk in their unguarded moments occasionally make curious confessions. Councillor W. R. W. Smith, speaking at the meeting of his ward the other afternoon, said that "he was intimately acquainted with the police." The Animile remarks, in this connection, that he also is acquainted with the police, but he has the good sense, he adds, to "keep it dark."

JUMPING AT A CONCLUSION.—The London *Daily News* says:—"The Huascar is of English build, having been constructed on the Clyde." So the Great Eastern, remarks Bauldy, must be of Scotch build, as it was constructed on the Thames.

Under the impression apparently that she is quoting Scripture, Granny talks of giving a "scorpion instead of bread." The old lady should not venture on unfamiliar ground. Where's the big ha' Bible, ance her "mither's" pride?

Famed 8d Dinner and 6d Tea Service, City Commercial Restaurant, 60 Union Street, Matthew Waddell,

The Coming Men.

AS the BAILIE foreshadowed the other week, the coming Town Councillor has made his appearance in the person of Mr Alexander Godfrey. At a meeting in the Globe Theatre last week, he lectured on finance, *à la Mail* and Neil, was accepted on the recommendation of Mr Martin as a "fit and proper" representative, and characteristically opened his campaign by appealing to his friends for largesse—or, as he preferred to put it, "ammunition." Mr Martin suggested as suitable colleagues for his *protégé* Messrs J. M. Cunningham and Neil M'Nish. The BAILIE trusts that the public like the prospective successors of the "nothings," "ninnies," and "faddle-de-fums"—*vide* report of meeting—who now rule us, and that they will be liberal with their "ammunition."

A FACT—WITH A MORAL.

(Scene—Sauchiehall Street; News-boy accosts Swell, who, fresh from the tailor that *made* him, is surveying himself in mirror behind the window of tobacconist's shop.)

News Boy—Evenin' Citz, Times, or BAILIE? Swell (loftily)—Noa, noa! Git away, boy!

N. B. (staring open-mouthed at Swell)—Not read the BAILIE, sir?

Swell (passionately twirling something on his upper lip)—Confound you and the BAILIE, too! What are you staring at?

N. B. (naively)—Oh *naething*, sir!

[Moral—Read the BAILIE.]

A singular discovery in connection with the Baptist denomination was made by a Congregational minister in Glasgow last week. It is that Baptists are exceptionally "robust" and indifferent to wet weather. No attempt was made to account for this physiological phenomenon, and we are thus left in doubt as to whether it is due to the peculiar tenets of the sect or to the galvanising oratory of the gentleman whom the Lord Provost declares to be "the first preacher of the age."

A phenomenon has turned up in Liverpool in the shape of "an educated policeman." Couldn't Captain M'Call import him, and exhibit him to his myrmidons? The sight might possibly move some members of the local "force" to noble emulation.

LONDON SCOTCH RESORT, 3 Water Lane, Ludgate Hill, London, the only House for "Real Johny" Scotch Whiskies of all Brands, Scotch Ales, &c. Neil Mackay, Proprietor.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—Mr Sims Reeves and his party appear to-night, and Wednesday night, and—well, perhaps another night, during the present week, at the Gaiety Theatre. He is accompanied by a capital party, and the attendance—why, the attendance will only be limited by the size of the theatre.

On Tuesday Mr Bernard takes his second annual benefit, and on this occasion the house will be again packed to the doors. Certainly no one deserves a bumper house better than Mr Bernard. An enterprising manager, and personally the kindest, although also one of the shyest of men, his claims on the attention of people who care for the theatre are beyond all question or doubt.

We are promised another glimpse by Mr Bernard of that old man humorous, Mr F. H. Lloyd. On the evenings of Friday and Saturday next Mr Lloyd will reappear on the Gaiety "boards" in the rôle of *Paul Pry*.

Mr Sidney proposes this week to give us a look at "Queen's Evidence," an exciting drama, and one in which he is seen to excellent advantage. Indeed the play, apart from its own merits, is worth a visit for Mr Sidney's capital acting alone.

Saturday afternoon's ceremony at the new theatre in Sauchiehall Street—to be called henceforth "the Royalty"—brought together quite a representative gathering of what might be termed Bohemian Glasgow. There were painters and musicians and journalists, professors and lawyers and merchants, and, most charming of all, quite a bevy of fair ladies. When the memorial stone had been placed in its proper position, and the various speeches delivered—Sheriff Clark's graceful and even eloquent, Mr Toole's humorous and telling, and Mr Knapp's short, but becoming and expressive—the company assembled on the stage, and the manner in which everybody seemed to know everybody else made the occasion look, for all the world, like a big meeting of personal friends.

Among those present, by the bye, was Mr George Loveday, Mr Toole's manager, and his close personal friend. Mr Loveday left Glasgow on Tuesday evening, spent Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday making the necessary arrangements regarding Toole's Theatre, in King William Street, and arrived back in Glasgow on Saturday morning. In spite of his week of hard work, Mr Loveday was as bright as ever on Saturday; indeed he is one of those fellows whose brains never seem to grow dull, and who could hardly be unpleasant if he would.

At one period of the afternoon, while Mr Toole and Mr Sims Reeves were standing close together, the band struck up the tune of "He never comes home to tea," when, turning sharply to his companion, "Johnny" clapped him on the shoulder, saying at the same time, "Now, look here, Reeves, that's my song, don't you think of singing it."

Quite a crowd assembled outside of the building on Saturday afternoon, and at the close of the ceremony, when Mr Toole made his appearance in Sauchiehall Street, he was greeted with a succession of loud cheers, and multitudes pressed round to secure the honour of shaking his hand. Had he been a General returning from winning a battle, the enthusiasm could not have been greater.

Some of the "properties" worn by Mr Toole in his various pieces have an almost historical interest. Thus the ragged trousers of the *Dodger* were at one time owned by the late W. H. Murray, and must have been seen and handled by Sir Walter Scott; while *Tom Cranky's* red vest dates from the days when Toole was at the Lyceum under Charles Dillon, a time when he renewed his acquaintance with Charles Dickens, with whom "The Birth-place of Podgers" was a special favourite.

Among the contributors to Routledge's Christmas Annual—which will be ready at the end of the present month—are Mr Irving, Mr Toole, Mr Barry Sullivan, Mr and Mrs Bancroft, and Mr John Hare.

Mr Irving has published an "édition de luxe" of "The Iron

Chest," the play in which, competent judges affirm, he has gained his most signal artistic triumph.

Mr Toole appears to-night at the Manchester Theatre Royal, and on Monday next he opens the Liverpool Alexandra Theatre, the interior of which has been completely re-modelled during the past summer.

The drop scene of Mr Knapp's theatre has been painted by Mr Hawes Craven, the eminent London artist. It recalls, in some measure, the well-known picture, by the late E. M. Ward, R.A., entitled the "Happy days of Charles I."

Mr E. L. Knapp has appointed Mr Beckwith, at present the director of "H.M.S. Pinafore" company, as his acting manager. Mr Beckwith is young, handsome, and courteous, and exceedingly popular among those who know him.

There are few things more irritating to a reader than that hashing of familiar quotations which is one of the besetting sins of our "ready writers." The journalist and the lady novelist compete for "bad eminence" in this respect, and I fear I must be ungallant enough to give the palm of inaccuracy to the lady. We had even George Eliot glaringly misquoting Tennyson in "Daniel Deronda," and the other day—to come down the ladder a bit—the clever author of "Vivian the Beauty," in *Temple Bar*, talked of a "goddess 'ripe and real, worth all the beauties of your stone ideal,'" evidently imagining that she was quoting Byron. This is a literary vice which deserves no mercy.

I know no writer more provoking than George Meredith. His latest work—now drawing to a close in the *Weekly Herald*, and announced for publication under the title of "The Egoist: a Comedy in Narrative"—shows him at his best and at his worst. Full of the cleverest, the most subtly suggestive writing, it is at the same time uninteresting and tedious to a degree. Its author simply lacks the one thing needful for success in his craft—the narrative faculty.

At least one trades-deacon is alleged to have been troubled with a difficulty in hearing at the dinner of the Incorporated Trades on Wednesday night. It was after dinner—of course that the difficulty came on. Who, I wonder, was the afflicted one?

People talk of the scarcity of money in Glasgow, yet on Saturday evening the Kibble Palace, the St. Andrew's Halls, the City Hall, the Prince of Wales Theatre, and the Gaiety, not to speak of the Good Templars' meetings and the various music halls, were all crowded. Does this look like hard times?

To-morrow—Tuesday night—those gallant young volunteers who escorted the Queen during her visit to Loch Katrine twenty years ago are to dine together in St. Enoch Square Hotel. Out of 500 who were present on that occasion, no more than 45 are now left in Glasgow.

Talking of dining, may I be permitted to remark that the manner in which Mr Guildford set forth the table of "The Grumphies" on Tuesday night was—well, was quite beyond criticism.

"They say" that the capitalist concerned in the re-opening of Her Majesty's Theatre, is Mr Strathmore, whose recent appearance in "Peril" at the Prince of Wales Theatre didn't—well didn't send any of us into ecstasies.

Mr David Williams announces a capital entertainment, to be given in the Grand National Halls, South-Side, on the evening of Monday the 20th. The programme, which includes the names of a number of popular artists, embraces songs, recitations, solos on the pianoforte and violin, and scenes from "Rob Roy" and "Guy Mannering." What could the most omnivorous pleasure-seeker wish more?

The proprietors of the Royal Albert Music-hall mention, among the other fresh attractions for this week, the performance of the Alberts and Edmonds Comic Ballet Troupe, and those diabolical personages, the Wisers.

At the City Hall, on Saturday evening, we are to have the ever-welcome Arthur Lloyd, who will be once more assisted by his veteran father—"F. II.," the sempiternal.

Shakespeare on some Local Men and Affairs.

DR. YELLOWLEES—"I'll be a curer of madmen." *Troilus and Cressida*, act v., sc. 1.

"Jeems" in the Council—"Faith, I can cut a caper." *Twelfth Night*, act i., sc. 3.

Sir James and Local Option—"Beshrew me, the Knight's in admirable fooling." *Twelfth Night*, act ii., sc. 2.

Superintendent Bryson—"A fellow that always loved a great fire." *All's Well that ends Well*, act iv., sc. 5.

The Animile—"A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience." *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, act v., sc. 1.

Quadrille Assemblies—"A pastime passing excellent if it be husbanded in modesty." *Taming of the Shrew*, act i., sc. 1.

The Annexation Failure—"This blot shall be wiped out in the next Parliament." *I. Henry VI.*, act ii., sc. 4.

The Female Walking Match—"Went they not quickly? Of all mad matches never was the like." *Taming of the Shrew*, act iii., sc. 2.

Mr W. M. Miller—"I will carry no crotchets: I'll ray you, I'll fah you; do you note me?" *Romeo and Juliet*, act iv., sc. 5.

Bailie Morrison to his Critics—"If you suspect my husbandry, or falsehood, call me before the exactest auditors, and set me on the proof." *Timon of Athens*, act ii., sc. 2.

The BAILIE to the Lord Provost—"My Lord, I know not what the matter is: but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont." *King Lear*, act i., sc. 4.

Councillor Neil v. Bailie Morrison—"Comest thou with deep premeditated lines, with written pamphlets studiously devised? If thou canst accuse, do it without invention, suddenly as I, with sudden and extemporal speech, purpose to answer." *I. Henry VI.*, act iii., sc. 1.

Bailie Morrison v. Councillor Neil—"Speaks an infinite deal of nothing. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them; and when you have found them, they are not worth the search." *Merchant of Venice*, act i., sc. 1.

DUKE "SENIOR" IN THE FOREST.

And this our scribe, exempt from public life,
Finds debts increase, "cooks" at the running books,
Causes in stones, and bad in everything.

"THE ROYALTY."—On Saturday a good "house"—drawn by Mr Thomson, and filled by Mr Toole and Mr Knapp.

Megilp.

THE most important artistic event of the week in Glasgow is the exhibition in Mr White's North British Galleries of Turner's picture of "Boats carrying out anchors and cables to Dutch men-of-war in 1665."

This work was exhibited in the Royal Academy exhibition of 1804, and was purchased by the late Lord Delamere for his own gallery. In 1856 it was sold at Christie's for 2000 guineas, a large price in those days, and it has since then, I understand, remained hidden in a private collection in an obscure street of London.

The picture is very fine. It was painted at a period of Turner's life when, in artistic power, he was in many respects at or approaching his best. He had then got rid of all mere slavish attention to topographical accuracy, but had not allowed, as he often did in later years, his regard for form to be entirely overmastered by an absorbing passion for daring colour and splendid and mysterious suggestiveness. The weak point of the picture is the sky; its great feature is the sea—with its mighty roll—transparent, fluid, and full of motion and depth. The action of the boat is admirable; the ships lying to in the offing really float on the water, and feel every impulse of its restless waves. No one but a master could paint such a sea.

Mr White has also on view a beautiful example of Mr J. C. Hook. The freshness and thoroughly healthy tone of this picture are truly delightful. The sparkling sea, edged with foam, shows Mr Hook's best points; in execution it is more satisfactory than the figures of the children.

Mr David Murray is still at Tarbert. The weather—with its dreary mists—has been against him, but I hear he is engaged on a large picture which promises to turn out very well.

Winter is coming on us now, and artists who are not determined to see the last red leaf flutter to the ground are beginning to flock back to town. Studios are being set in order, and, in a week or two, most of our painters will be steadily engaged in finishing and perfecting amid "the sweet security of streets" the work that took its origin from the influences inspired by "the unspeakable rural solitudes."

Mr James Alfred Aitken is still at Dunoon, and is finding a subject in "Morag's Fairy Glen" which, I venture to predict, will turn out even better than did his picture, last year, of "Loch Achray."

Among the artists who have returned are Mr Tom M'Ewan, who comes back invigorated and recuperated from his three months' stay on the shores of Loch Etive; Mr A. K. Brown and Mr Duncan M'Kellar, who were at a loch with an unpronounceable name within hail of the sound of Jura; Mr Davidson and Mr J. D. Taylor from Loch Tay side; Mr Boyd, who spent several Autumn weeks at Haddington; and Mr Wellwood Rattray whom I met on Monday afternoon fresh from "the school master's house" at the Brig o' Turk.

The day for receiving pictures for the fourteenth exhibition at the Dudley Gallery will be Monday, 3rd November.

THE INTEREST TAKEN IN THE CRISIS.—"At the annual meeting of the electors of the Eighth Ward, there were not more than a dozen gentlemen present."—*Newspaper Report.*

A THING OF BUTE, EH?—The average Briton dearly loves a lord—and so seemingly does the Institute of the Fine Arts. Hitherto it has had an artist as its president, Grahame-Gilbert, the great colourist, and after him, MacNee; but now it must have a marquis. Is it that there is no artist in Glasgow worthy of the honour, or is it that the Institute, like the University, might be none the worse of a dotation?

Quavers.

THE Caledonian Railway Musical Association has this year made a step in advance, at least one work of the cantata class having been taken up, with a number of pieces smaller in bulk, but of artistic worth. "The Vikings" of Eaton Fanning, a stirring composition, as one might expect from the subject, is the chief piece selected. Next is the scenic sketch by Bishop, "The Halt of the Caravan," but little known, though not at all deserving of neglect, for few have understood the kind of work, and done it better, than our great English lyrical musician. Macfarren, we remember, had a series of articles in the *Musical Times* some years ago, chiefly to prove that Bishop had written little else than trash. But if abiding popularity goes for anything, then the opinion of the probably more learned Cambridge professor is outweighed completely. Returning to the C. R. Association, however, one notices, among the smaller numbers, an arrangement of "Auld Robin Gray," by Pearsall, who is but little associated with this style of piece. Mr William Moodie is now the conductor.

Ebenezer Prout's setting of "Hereward" has been selected by the Bellahouston Society this year. The subject is just such an one as will be fancied most fitting to the somewhat bold and vigorous pen of the distinguished organist and critic, and the music is said to be very effective. An unusually excellent choice has been made of the lighter music for study—Benedict, Barnby, Hiles, Hatton, and Leslie being among the composers drawn from. Mr Moodie is conductor as formerly.

Now that amateur orchestral practising has begun for the season, it occurs to one to ask how it is that the tenor clef, abandoned so completely in vocal music, is still perpetuated in instrumental music. It would not surprise one to learn that the part has often to be omitted altogether should the tenor player be absent. Write on the G clef, and any intelligent violin player can take up the part at a moment's notice. Transpose a fifth up from the equivalent treble, and you make the matter simpler still, for the "stepping" then is the sole difference between playing the two instruments. For one player who understands the tenor clef, there are a thousand good violin players who do not. Some reform seems desirable, and is probably only a matter of time.

A circulating library of music should be as much required, we would think, as one of literature. We have one such in Glasgow now, the Scottish Musical Library located in Hillhead, the catalogue of which has come under our notice. There are not fewer than between ten and eleven thousand pieces of music, or other musical publications in the library, embracing pianoforte compositions, songs, duets, trios, and quartets, dance music, &c. The newer operas, it is understood, are to be had for consultation, but in the interests of a large proportion of musical people, we recommend the addition of part-song numbers, involving cantatas, masses, &c., for reference, if they are not already in the library—an institution which we cannot but wish the utmost success to.

Opera-bouffe holds but a middling rank in musical art, but from the last three weeks' experience here, there seems to be a desire in one company at least to render the class of work in the most artistic manner. Madame Soldene is a careful, conscientious, and well-trained vocalist, as well as a clever actress, and her remarkable success in "Carmen" is an instance in point. Little doubt the tunefulness and precision of the troupe in her charge are largely due to the artistic example the manageress herself sets in this respect. By the way, the harmonium continues to be used, in these smaller operatic orchestras, to good purpose, the effect of some of the deeper instruments being wonderfully well supplied, and usually by the conductor himself, with the unemployed left hand.

Mr Channon Cornwall, organist of Sandyford Church, and one of a not too numerous class of well-instructed musicians from the South becoming settled in Glasgow, has recently exercised his talents on the favourite air, "Caller Herrin," which he has arranged as a part-song for four and six voices. The fishwives' cry, it will be remembered, is supposed to mingle with the chimes of the bells of St. Giles. The arrangement is full of

musician-like conceits, the most noticeable of which is the introduction, ingeniously managed, of the air "Highland Laddie" going on simultaneously, at one part, with the first melody, as if it were a new air from the bell tower, or one in the street. A bag-pipe drone enters in too, as from an itinerant piper. We can give the part-song hearty commendation. It is published by Boosey & Co. in the *Choralist* series.

A capital programme was submitted by Mr Lambeth's Choir on Saturday evening at St. Andrew's Halls. The music was for the most part of a lively nature, and the singing seemed altogether to afford delight to the very large audience assembled.

Among the choir's best displays may be instanced Macfarren's setting of "The Three Fishers," which highly descriptive piece of music was most carefully presented. The much-admired arrangement by Mr Lambeth of "A wee bird cam," and Mr Cornwall's "Caller Herrin," above alluded to, may be also selected from the programme, both, in their respective styles, excellently sung.

Madlle. Hetta Lippmann created a genuine impression in her two pianoforte solos. This young lady will be gladly heard again, there can be no doubt. Of Mr Lambeth's organ contributions, Durand's "Menuet," in the musette manner, was probably the most acceptable; it and the "Brook" (Mr Lambeth's own) were played with much taste.

Artistic taste marks every appearance made by the Glasgow Select Choir, and the concert of Saturday evening in the Kibble Palace (especially under Mr Archer's baton) was of course all that could be desired in this respect.

SOMETHING TO WEAR.

(Newly married lady displaying her wedding presents to an old Highland servant maid, shows a fancy tea-cosie.)

Servant Maid—That'll pe a ponny present.

Lady—It is indeed.

Servant Maid—Aye, an' you'll pe shurely wear this at a crand party.

THE NEW 'A'PENNY.—There is no truth, it seems, in the statement, so freely circulated throughout the city regarding the projected morning newspaper, that the first few numbers are to be printed on parchment, the surplus stock of the City Bank. Neither is it the fact that the celebrated James Morton is connected with the enterprise, unless it be that the "James Morton, M.A.," who is to be the manager, stands for James Morton, milk agent.

In the returns of one of our crack volunteer regiments the chaplain has been described for some years as a *non-efficient*. Surely, remarks Peter, this demands the immediate attention of the Established Presbytery. For one of their "great guns" to be thus stigmatised must be not a little galling.

LEAD.—Somebody wants "four tons of lead." Why not try skimming contemporary "leaders" instead of advertising?

BICYCLES—New, Second Hand, and Exchanged. Patent Saddles, Oil, Wrenches, Lamps, Sandries.—West of Scotland Bicycle Co., 104 Renfield Street.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT last week's meeting of Council was graced with the usual number of "scenes."

That the fun began with a discussion anent the "ploy" at the opening of the Dead Meat Market.

That Councillor Colquhoun waxed particularly eloquent and indignant over the subject.

That Councillor Martin was particularly quiet and reserved concerning it.

That Bailie Torrens "didn't see anybody 'half-seas over'" at the Market spree.

That being a tectotaller perhaps Mr Torrens is unacquainted with what "half-seas over" means.

That the Council meeting closed with Councillor Neil on his legs.

That the Councillor is a man of figures.

That his figures are sometimes as puzzling, however, as his grammar.

That "Jeems" got censured for giving the lie to Councillor Morrison.

That Jeems would much rather be censured than not noticed at all.

That the Lord Provost didn't improve his position by the address he delivered to his constituents on Friday night.

That he is going to explain everything in a pamphlet.

That it was the publication of pamphlets commenting on the fearful extravagances of former Provosts that originally brought Councillor Collins into notice.

That the Directors of the Maternity Hospital despised sound advice on Thursday last.

That the complications of the Directors are not lessened by the result of the meeting.

That the promoters of the New Hospital may possibly get "the baby" to nurse.

That they will find this out when they apply to the public for subscriptions.

That "dry rot" and "an odour as of sewage" are not the greatest evils in connection with the hospital in Rottenrow.

That the management and not the building is pressingly in need of reconstruction.

That Sir James Bain is making himself wonderfully busy in city affairs.

That he already feels himself a Parliamentary representative of the Second City.

That the nobodies who want to get into the Council have commenced their campaign.

That Godfrey wants to know if his supporters are willing to provide the ammunition.

That the hecklers are having a jolly time of it.

That the list of applications for new spirit licences shows that the beer trade must be a profitable one.

That the quarrel between Dr Cameron and Councillor Morrison is a very pretty one as it stands.

That it will not result in "pistols for two and coffee for one."

That Councillor Morrison is a siccar chiel to deal with.

That Granny is annoyed at so much attention being paid to a contemporary.

That had the statements appeared in "our columns" the matter might have been different.

That when Malcolm M'Ewen's "whistle" was sounded by Granny she cackled noisily enough.

That until the *Herald* gets a seat in Parliament she never will be satisfied.

That the Trades' House at its meeting on Wednesday last dismissed but did not answer the protests.

That such conduct will not maintain the traditional dignity of the House as a Court of Appeal.

That we may hear more of the subject ere long.

That the House has shown signs of revival in the election of Mr Andrew M'Onie to the office of Deacon-Convener.

That the new Deacon-Convener is a man of metal.

A DISCLAIMER.

(Parish minister visiting his flock finds Mrs M'Phun standing on her door-step, and the following conversation ensues.)

Minister—Is the guid man at hame the night?

Mrs M'P.—Oh no, sir, he's just this minute awa tae some meeting o' his.

Minister—Oh yes, I understand he's a free mason.

Mrs M'P.—Na, na, he's nae free mason, he's a bricklayer.

"WIRE IN, JEEMS!"—The old boast of the whole French Academy having been beaten by one man—"the great lexicographer"—applies, with slight variation, to recent events. It has taken a whole German "Committee of Experts" to arrange a new system of orthography—a feat already accomplished by one Glesca Cooncillor.

"Ground Annuals"—Yearly tenants.

UNSHRINKABLE
WOOLLEN SHIRTS.

WE are not aware that anyone in Scotland has devoted so much time and careful attention as ourselves to the production of Woollen Shirts. We are satisfied, at all events, that Gentlemen cannot procure elsewhere so large a Variety of Choice Styles, so High-Class Materials, or so Perfect-Fitting Shirts.

This Season we have introduced a NEW WOOLLEN SHIRTING, perfectly unshrinkable, and guaranteed to wear well. We may state that all our Woollen Shirtings are prepared so as to shrink as little as possible in the washing; but this is the first time we have been able to produce perfectly Unshrinkable Woollen Shirts. We have no doubt but that our efforts in this branch of the Shirt Trade will meet with due appreciation.

RILEY, WEBSTER, & BORLAND,
86 AND 88 ARGYLE STREET.

WALTER WILSON & Co.,
The COLOSSEUM, 70 JAMAICA STREET.
We are now showing all the NOVELTIES for Autumn and Winter Wear in LADIES' and GENTS' HATS.
Great Variety of LADIES' New BEAVER HATS.
The Largest Stock of Hats in the Kingdom.

COOPER & CO.'S
FRUIT SYRUPS.

LEMON and GINGER Especially Recommended.
1S 9D BOTTLE FOR 8½D,
3S 6D " " 1S 3D,
A Tablespoonful of the above in a Tumblerful of Cold Water makes a most refreshing and inexpensive Summer Drink.

To be had only from the Makers,
COOPER & CO., 10 and 12 Howard Street, and Branches.

MORNING WHIFFS, Cigars, Morning Whiffs.

10S 6D PER 100.

Highly recommended, Manufactured from Choicest Tobacco, possesses a delicate aroma and delicious fragrance.

Sold only by
ANDREW MACCUBBIN,
TOBACCONIST & CIGAR MERCHANT,
83 QUEEN STREET.

Single Boxes of Cigars at Wholesale Prices.
Meerschaum and Briar Root Pipes, Finest Qualities.

SUPERB TEA at 2s 4d Per Lb.

FAMILIES who are being supplied at "Wholesale Rates" (so called) by Wholesale Grocers, and West-End Co-Operative Stores, should compare what they are buying at 2s 6d, 2s 8d, and 3s per lb. with the above Tea. There is nothing like it in Scotland. Note the value of our Sugars, and compare.

FINE WHITE, 2½d; LARGE CRYSTALS, 3d; FINEST LOAF, 3d.

STUART CRANSTON & CO.,
TRAINED TEA-TASTERS,
76 ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW.

SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS

AT THE

CALEDONIAN HOUSE.

MR COPLAND'S RETURN FROM PARIS AND LONDON.

ARRIVAL OF

NOVELTIES IN PARIS AND LONDON MADE COSTUMES,
FRENCH AND GERMAN JACKETS, FUR-LINED JACKETS AND CLOAKS,
MISSES' COSTUMES, MILLINERY, FLOWERS, FEATHERS, &c.

MESSRS COPLAND & LYE invite the Public and all intending Buyers, previous to making their Winter Purchases, to walk through the various Departments of the Caledonian House, there to inspect the many and various specimens of Ladies' Toilette, all of which are the latest productions of the most famed artistes of the day. The Goods on Sale are all of the Highest Class, and yet at the most Moderate Prices.

N.B.—This Warehouse will be Closed at 7 o'clock on Saturdays until further notice.

COPLAND & LYE,
CALEDONIAN HOUSE, SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

**SHELDON'S
HAIR RESTORER**

RESTORES Grey Hair to its Youthful Colour. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER Causes a New Growth of Hair. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER Removes Dandruff and all Impurities from the Hair. SHELDON'S HAIR RESTORER Prevents the Hair from falling off or turning Grey. May be had of any Chemist or Perfumer.

Price, 3s 6d.
DEPOT, 121 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.
HENRY THOMSON & CO'S
OLD
IRISH WHISKY.
SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—
ROBERT BROWN, 17 HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.

DAVISON'S
**CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE
GINGER BEER.**
A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE YEAR ROUND; WARM, GRATEFUL, AND AROMATIC. As Supplied to the Western, Junior, New, and other Clubs.
THOMAS DAVISON,
DISPENSING CHEMIST,
126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

* * The present number of THE BAILIE begins Volume XV. A Title-page for Vol. XIV. may be had from the Publisher.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 15th, 1879.

LAST week's proceedings at the Town Council have certainly done nothing towards improving its position. The constant disputes and bickerings, the want of tact and temper manifested by the majority, and the ignorance and conceit displayed by the minority, together with the facile weakness that characterised the style of conducting the business adopted by Lord Provost COLLINS, has only served to provoke still further the laughter of the citizens. Mr ALPHABET SMITH declares that the body of which he is a member is fast falling to the level of Pittenweem, and the assertion, however unpleasant, is so far true. Bad, moreover, as is the existing state of things, the outlook for the coming year is still worse. The contemptuous indifference displayed towards municipal affairs by the better classes of the community can have no other result at the November elections than that of strengthening the hands of the "NEIL and MARTIN firm." And if Mr NEIL and Mr MAR-

TIN succeed in making head against the rest of the Council when they stand by themselves, how much bolder and more aggressive are they likely to become when they are supplemented by Mr GODFREY, Mr CUNNINGHAM, and "wee JEEMS?" In good truth, the subject is getting fairly past a joke. It behoves our foremost men, the people who really assist to maintain the prosperity and the general position of the city, to make some move in the matter. The good name of Glasgow is intimately bound up with the direction of her municipal affairs, and these must not be allowed to sink to any lower level than that to which they have already fallen.

Up and Down.

THE passenger-wharf question has been "up" again. It is now once more "down." At last week's meeting of the Clyde Trust "the Harbour Committee reported that there were submitted drawings for the reconstruction of the Steamboat Wharf, and the erection of a shed, waiting-rooms, &c., for the accommodation of steamboat passengers, together with report thereon by the engineer, but in respect of the work recommended being estimated to cost £19,000, the engineer was instructed to reconsider the matter and submit a cheaper and simpler design." Just so. Why, in the name of common-sense, was not the engineer instructed to submit a suitable design in the first place? When that New Zealander is "around," he will have a chance of sketching the completed passenger "shed" at the Broomielaw.

Two Ways of Looking at It.

THE BAILIE used to consider the Rev. Dr Wallace rather a "smart man," and he was therefore somewhat surprised to find him last week treating an audience to a *rechauffé* of Sir Wilfrid Lawson's "jokes" anent an exhibition of "publicans' finished goods." That *rechauffé* was appreciatively received — which may be taken to prove either that a course of cold water has such an invigorating effect as to enable an audience to digest "cauld kail het again," or else that its effect is so debilitating as to induce the victim to laugh at anything. On the whole, the latter seems the more probable explanation.

A Needless Remembrancer—Mattie saying that she, too, has sowed flowers upon a bed. She has, but 'twas in the garden.

A Question.

ONE of the orators at the late "Temperance Jubilee"—one would think, by the way, that nobody had ever been "temperate" till the year 1829—went the entire animal very much indeed. He not only denounced alcoholic beverages, but made a furious onslaught on the "worthless stuff" called tea, and the "trash" known as coffee, asking, with peculiar point, what we wanted with the former when we had nettles, or with the latter when we possessed pease. Now, the BAILIE is willing to make a good many sacrifices for the sake of harmony. Supposing—only supposing, mind—he were to give up not only his toddy, but also his matutinal coffee and the "five-o'clock tea" of which he occasionally deigns to indulge, and to take to nettles and pease—supposing so, would this rabid personage undertake not to discover, at a more "advanced" stage, that nettles are nonsense and pease poison? That's the question.

HANDY—VERY.

Funeral Society Collector (canvassing for new members recommends his society to Mrs M'Cracken)—Ye'll never miss the pennies, Mistress, and you'll fin' it varra' haundy when ye get twa or three poun' in your liff when you dee.

CUT—NOT COME AGAIN.
In gouns an' hats they got attir'd,
Noo tir'd they're o' their situations.
An' mak' decree retir'd to be,
Entirely free frae Ward relations.

BURNAND'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE.—Among the other pieces of information afforded us Scots by Mr Burnand's brilliant and tasteful articles in *Punch* is one to the effect that on "Sawbbath" we carry prayer-books to "the Kirk." Thus does one live and learn. We call Burns "Burrns," and we use prayer-books. Good. What next?

"SMART."—It is evidently a very easy matter to get up a reputation for "smartness" in the Eighth Ward, the general opinion there being that Mr Smith "did a very smart thing" when he seconded the celebrated Martin-motion. Mr Neil ought to look after the Eighth. Perhaps he might find somebody there to think *him* smart.

The History of Art Needlework—From Kleopatra's needle to Howe's sewing-machine.

Dansons are now ready for preserving. M. CAMPBELL, 18 Gordon Street, will supply any quantity at lowest market prices.

What the Greenock Folk are Saying.

THAT the parting with the ward was less gushing than it was expected to be.

That the Bailie displayed all the zeal of a pervert.
That a bad quarter of an hour awaits him should he venture to Westminster.

That the Treasurer showed he had the courage of his convictions.

That the hecklers elicited more from him than they liked.
That the Chief lowered his dignity by only speaking his mind under pressure.

That if the chairman had been worth his salt the "old salt" would have been summarily ejected.

That a totally different "shaw" must be unearthed to ensure a potatoe of the proper kidney.

That the "humble listener" hardly expected to get the "bit of turf" thrown at his head in such a fashion.

That if he is wise he won't attend any more ward meetings.

That the mighty C. and not the busy B. is said to be the coming P.

That it is wonderful what spleen and disappointed ambition will lead men to do.

That councillors are occasionally met with who are willing to sell their birthright for a Bailieship.

THE SERVANT-GALISM OF THE PERIOD.

(Two servants meet after a number of years, Jane is at present in a place where Maggie used to be.)

Jane (after inquiring after all the family, &c.)—And, Maggie, how is Collie (the dog)?

Maggie—Oh, poor beast, he's dead now.

Jane—I say, Maggie, you'll be most awful busy now; you'll have all the dishes to wash yourself.

AN ATROCITY.—We have heard a great deal of late about "atrocities." The latest find in that line has been made by the Rev. Dr Thomson, of the Paisley Free Presbytery, who has discovered that the national rejection of the Permissive Bill is "a perfect atrocity." What does Dr Thomson think of himself as an atrocity? Come now!

Granny has of late suffered her columns to be inundated by a flood of ill-tempered twaddle on the subject of "Voluntaryism in Scotland." To the BAILIE'S mind the most remarkable illustration of voluntaryism in Scotland would be the case of a man who should voluntarily wade through this weak, washy, everlasting flood.

THE LORD PROVOST AND HIS COURAGE.—Asinus honestly admits that he doesn't altogether see the force of his friend Mr W. R. W. S.'s allouse-ion.

SENT ANDREW.—"A king may mak' a belted knight," but to MacOnie Deacon-Convener is the business of the Trades' House.

Uncell's Beefsteak Grill, 88 Virginia Place (Rear of Union Bank). Steaks, Chops, Kidneys, &c., cooked in large room.

Hero and Martyr.

AT the Trades' House dinner the other day, Mr Charles Tennant, M.P., remarked, in replying to the toast of the Members for the City, that there was "a want of earnestness about the conduct of the business of the House of Commons, which would not be remedied until there had been an appeal to the constituencies." As one of the results of that appeal will undoubtedly be the rejection either of Mr Tennant or of one of his Radical colleagues, the honourable gentleman must be congratulated on his calm, philosophic view of the situation. A dauntless bearing at the near approach of deadly peril is one of the truest tests of genuine heroism, and, judged by this standard, Mr Tennant is a hero. Should events turn out as even his warmest supporters must in their heart of hearts sometimes fear, he will be martyr as well.

THE NEW LAW OF MARRIAGE.

Established Church Clergyman (to couple who come to him to be married)—Have you been duly proclaimed?

Female (loquitur)—No, sir, but we've been exhibited. (Produces registrar's certificate.)

PUTTING IT MILDLY.—The BAILIE'S "reportorial" friend is at it again. One of his latest achievements is to tell us of a detective's ears being "greeted with cries which indicated that no small proportion of individuals were anxious to relegate his Holiness to a place which shall be nameless, but which will be well understood." There's "Euphues his style" for you, and no mistake!

A MARTYR.—Mr John Stewart, late of Ayr, "does not think himself in the slightest degree guilty of moral wrong." Several gentlemen, late of Duke Street, are understood to entertain precisely similar opinions with regard to their own cases. It is sad to think how often honest conviction is borne down by the weight of a thick-headed and tyrannical majority.

A local paper declares Pompeii to have been "a superior sort of Helensburgh or Rothesay." Superior, indeed! What have the rival "Brightons" to say to this?

An Alter Ego—All in my "eye."

"Love is the ace of hearts and it trumps"—a deal too loudly.

Beveridge's Guaranteed Mixed Pickles, Red Cabbage, Mushroom Ketchup, Sauces and Table Condiments, unrivalled for purity and flavour.

The Lion Aroused.

REFERRING, at the Trades' House dinner, to the irreconcilable element in the Town Council, the Lord Provost observed that "those who lived in glass houses should make certain that those houses were strong enough to resist all the stones that might be thrown at them; and they should also remember that stones had sometimes an awkward habit of returning, and they might get more than they bargained for." What mean, William, these dark and ominous hints? Art thou preparing to smite the "Martineil firm" hip and thigh, and prove to the ribald Smith thy superiority to that insect-unmentionable-to-ears-polite whose "courage" he exalted above thine?

"The Lasses O!"

OUR Glasgow lasses evidently made a deep impression last week on the hearts of our Baptist visitors. One of them—a reverend Principal frae Lon'on—publicly declared that "Scotchmen were one of the warmest, kindest, and most earnest races of men living," and that they were surpassed in these respects only by Scotch women—a declaration which was received with applause. The BAILIE trusts that Mrs Principal—if there is a Mrs Principal—hails from the Land o' Cakes. Otherwise, there must have been a shine in the tents of Shem when Mr Principal got home.

DULL TRADE.

Affable Commission Agent (to private watchman in Argyle Arcade)—Well, John, how's a wi' ye the day? How's business?

Private Watchman—Weel, I dinna ken hoo it's in your line, bit we're awfu' slack. I've only seen yae seegar the day, an' the shabby beggar put it oot afore I had time to chack him.

A REPUDIATION.—Mr Fortescue Harrison does not, apparently, consider it "greatly to his credit" that "he is an Englishman." He has been foisted upon us more than once as a Scot, Sir Wilfrid Lawson being his latest would-be naturaliser, and he has not thought fit to deny the soft impeachment. Under these circumstances, the BAILIE has much pleasure in denying it for him. Poor old Scotland has had enough to bear of late without being made responsible for Fortescue Harrisons.

What's Wanted for the Council—"Men we know."

Mullin's, 5 Gordon Street, Havannah, Indian, Manilla Cigars; Cigarettes—French, American, Algerian, Russian, German.

FORSYTH'S "GEM" SHIRTS
 FROM STOCK
 3/6, 37/6 & 43/6 per 1/2 Dozen

T H E G A I E T Y.

Proprietor and Director, Mr C. BERNARD.
 TO-DAY (TUESDAY), OCTOBER 14,
 BENEFIT OF MR C. BERNARD,
 "CASTE,"

By LADIES AND GENTLEMEN AMATEURS.
 Open at 6-30. Commence at 7-30. Prices, 6d to 5s.
 Box Office Open Daily from 10 till 4.

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager, Mr SIDNEY.
 GRAND REVIVAL, with New Scenery, of the enormously
 Successful Princess's Drama,
 QUEEN'S EVIDENCE,
 Isaacs, Mr SIDNEY.
 Supported by the Prince of Wales Company. Preceded by the
 Comedy, AN ENGLISHMAN IN FRANCE.
 Box Plan at the Theatre, 11 to 4.

**CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING
 CONCERTS.**

SATURDAY, 18TH OCTOBER, 1879.
 TWO HOURS' GENUINE FUN!
 ONE NIGHT ONLY.
 Mr AND MRS ARTHUR LLOYD
 And their Celebrated COMIC COMPANY, including the
 VEIERAN COMEDIAN, MR H. F. LLOYD!
 And other Favourite Artistes.
 Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats on Side Galleries,
 2s. Tickets for Reserved Seats to be had at the Office, 58
 Renfield Street. Doors open at a Quarter to 7; Concert at a
 Quarter to 8.

JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

**ROYAL ALBERT MUSIC HALL,
 BRIDGETON CROSS, GLASGOW.**

Note.—Cars to and from Queen Street to Hall every three
 minutes till 11-20. Fare, 1d.
 Engagement Extraordinary (for this Hall only), To-Night and
 during the week, of the
 W O R L D - F A M O U S W I S E S
 (Les Trois Diables),
 In their Follies Fantastique, direct from Bordeaux, France,
 Also, the Great ALBERTS and EDMUNDS COMIC
 BALLET TROUPE,
 In their celebrated Burlesque, entitled "Paris," viz. :—
 WILL ATKINS, Robsonian Comedian; FANNY SAUN-
 DERS, Balladist; W. H. HOWARD, Great Comic Dancer
 and Banjoist; The SISTERS MACK, Duettists; Professor
 CODMAN, Punch and Judy; WALTER WHITE, Specialty
 Artiste; Miss LIZZIE VILLIERS, Champion Pedestal Dancer;
 ROSE VIVIAN, Serio Comic.

**G R A N D N A T I O N A L H A L L S,
 127 MAIN STREET (South Side.)**

MR DAVID WILLIAMS' GRAND EVENING CONCERT
 In the above Halls,
 MONDAY, 20TH OCTOBER.
 New Pianoforte Solo, "Caller Herrin'," Air, with Variations,
 by David Williams. New Scotch Song (D. Williams), Master
 DAVID THOMAS WILLIAMS (Boy Vocalist, 12 years old).
 Miss EMMA NORTON, from Australia, Niece and Pupil of
 Mr Williams, will make her first appearance, in addition to a
 Splendid Company of Professional Vocalists.

WESTERN BOOK CLUB, Established 1841.

All the Best Books of History, Biography, Theology,
 Travels, Sport, Poetry, and Fiction are added immediately on
 Publication, and in large numbers. Catalogues of the recent
 additions to the Library, and of all the books in circulation may
 be had post free on application. Boxes of Books sent to all
 parts of the Country by Rail or Steamer. List of terms, &c.,
 may be had on application. New Catalogues of Surplus Books
 for Sale, now ready.

JAMES MACLEHOSE, 61 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.

T H E R U S S I A N T E A S.

The Russian Tea Company are now selling a parcel of
 Extra Fine First Crop New Seasons Tea at 2s 6d per lb.
 N.B.—A Tea equal to this is seldom to be met with under
 3s per lb.

PROPRIETORS—CROMBIE & FLINT,
 457 SAUCHIEHALL STREET,
 GLASGOW.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Thursday and Friday,
 16th and 17th October.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT PUBLIC SALE OF AN
 EXTENSIVE STOCK OF RARE AND CHOICE FURS,
 Rich SEALSKIN PALETOT JACKETS,
 Beautiful SABLE FLOUNCINGS, CAPES, SUITES, and
 TRIMMINGS,

A Choice Assortment of CIRCULAR CLOAKS,
 Lined with Squirrel, Astrachan, Minx, Jennette, &c.
 The Trimmings are Sable Tail, Fox, Raccoon, Beaver,
 Chinchilla, Otter, Musquash, Opossum, and Skunk.
 (Realised to cover advances).

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. are instructed to

Sell the above Extensive Stock, by Auction, in the Royal
 Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Thursday and Friday, 16th and 17th
 October, commencing at Twelve o'clock each Day.

Details in Catalogues, which may be had on application, and
 the Goods on View Mornings of Sale.
 Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 13th October, 1879.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Tuesday, 21st October,
 at One o'clock.

EXTENSIVE PUBLIC SALE OF
 HIGH-CLASS WINES AND SPIRITS,
 PORTS, SHERRIES, CLARETS, SPARKLING WINES,
 BRANDIES, AND WHISKIES,

All specially selected by extensive Importers, and now forced
 upon the Market to meet pressing obligations; and
 3000 COCONDA and RANGOON CIGARS (specially se-
 lected for private use).

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell the above,
 by Auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, North
 Court, St. Vincent Place, on Tuesday, 21st October, at One
 o'clock.

Catalogues may be had Day prior to Sale, and Samples
 Tasted on Morning of Sale.

Royal Exchange Sale Rooms, 13th October, 1879.

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

IMPORTANT PUBLIC SALE OF
 HIGH-CLASS MODERN PICTURES,
 From the Studios of the most eminent Artists of the British and
 Continental Schools, and all strictly guaranteed.
 (The Property of Messrs Hollender & Cremetti, of London,
 Paris, and Brussels.)

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. have pleasure in
 announcing that they will Sell as above, in their Art Gal-
 leries, Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, towards the end of this
 month.

Particulars in future Advertisements.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 13th October, 1879.

GLASGOW SCIENCE LECTURES
ASSOCIATION.

Honorary President,
Sir WILLIAM THOMSON, M.A., LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.S.
CITY HALL, SESSION 1879-80,

THURSDAY, 6th November, 1879.

Professor ROSCOE, LL.D., F.R.S.
Subject: "The Chemical Action of Light."

THURSDAY, 27th November, 1879.

Sir WM. THOMSON, LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.S.
Subject: "Liquid, Gas, and Steam."

THURSDAY, 11th December, 1879.

Professor SCHÄFER, F.R.S.
Subject: "The Relation of Structure to Function in Animal Organisms."

THURSDAY, 29th January, 1880.

Professor TAIT, M.A.
Subject: "Thunderstorms."

THURSDAY, 19th February, 1880.

Rev. W. H. DALLINGER, F.R.M.S.
Subject: "The Latest Researches into the Origin and Development of the Least and Lowest Life Forms."

THURSDAY, 4th March, 1880.

GEORGE J. ROMANES, Esq., M.A., F.R.S.
Subject: "Mental Evolution."

Tickets for the Course, 1s, 2s 6d, and 5s; Reserved Seats (Numbered), 10s 6d.

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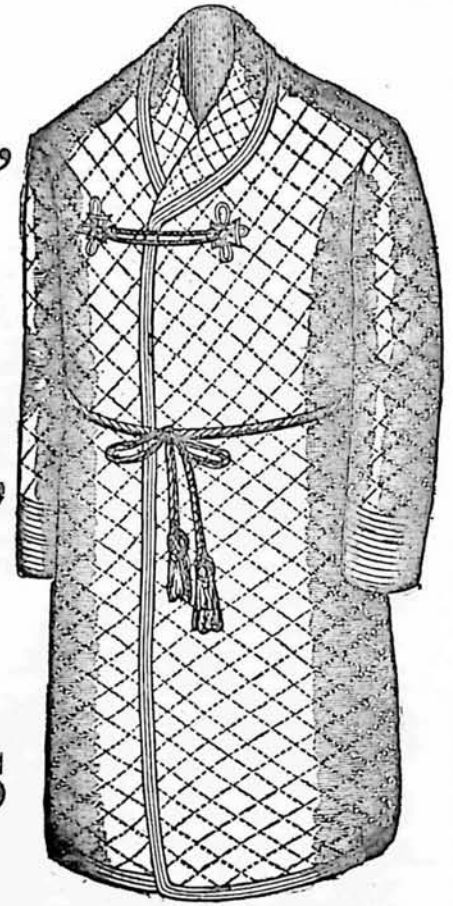


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The Bailie

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 366. Glasgow, Wednesday, October 22nd, 1879. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 366.

IT is the well-known function of the BAILIE to recognise, to reveal, and to reward distinguished public merit. This is his *raison d'être*; this the very purpose of his being. In the discharge of this high function he knows "nor sex nor station." "My conscience" is his motto and his guide. His eagle eye sees merit only. His glance of recognition is its reward. He needs not, Diogenes-like, to hunt for public virtue with a lantern. It shines around him. He sees it. Week by week he tells it unto men. The world smiles approval as he crowns it with the laurel wreath. Rarely has that envied wreath been more worthily won or more cheerfully bestowed than in the case of Mrs GAMBLE, of Ashton, Gourock, whose familiar countenance this week forms and adorns our cartoon. It is happily not a rare thing among us to find the possessor of ample wealth employing it for none but worthy ends. Yet wealth and wisdom do not always go together. When they do, be sure the BAILIE takes a note on't and does not stint his praise. The burgh of Gourock is an important, albeit not a fashionable watering-place. It has one of the very finest outlooks to be found on the Clyde and, by consequence, in the world. Prophets foresee the day when its splendid natural harbour will be crowded with the ships of the nations. The project of a railway to connect it with our railway system was recently all but accomplished. The project will be revived and next time it will result in success. Landing passengers at its pier within five minutes of Greenock the line will make Gourock the principal outlet for the lower reaches of the glorious Clyde. This prospectively mighty burgh is, on the 24th, to be not *en fête*, but in tears, for its best benefactor, Mrs HENRY

GAMBLE, of Ashton, is about to depart from its pleasant shores. Her well-ordered and hospitable mansion is to pass into other hands. The little burgh which has known her so long, which has been brightened by her presence and beautified by her gifts, is to know her no more. It is the burgh's time to mourn, and the BAILIE condoles with it, that purposes of health have led its genial and kind-hearted patron to seek at Torquay the benefits of a warmer clime. A life of unwearied benevolence has already won for Mrs GAMBLE the favour of our gracious Sovereign, among whose many princely qualities not the least is a quick sympathy with all that is generous and good. We gladly embrace the occasion alluded to to tender to her what she and a discerning public must regard as next to the favour of the Queen, the notice of the BAILIE. "My conscience!" Mrs GAMBLE belongs to an historic Scottish family, the Oswalds of Dunning, being the daughter of the brother of the late well-known bearer of the name. She was educated abroad. Possessed of high mental as well as personal attractions she was married, while still a girl, to the late James Saltmarsh, Esq., of Saltmarsh, Yorkshire, a gentleman of good family, who had inherited, and by railway speculation had increased, a great fortune; and who had inherited and preserved, what is even better, an honourable character and stainless name. The marriage was a long and a very happy one. At the death of Mr Saltmarsh his widow was life-rented in the interest of his fortune, which afforded her a splendid income and an ample opportunity for gratifying the instincts of a benevolent nature. Several years afterwards she married the Rev. Henry Gamble, an Irish Presbyterian clergyman, an intimate friend of her former husband, and one in whom she found a worthy helpmeet and a prudent and conscientious guide in her charit-

able labours, and whose loss she has never ceased to deplore. While there are few benevolent objects or institutions, especially in the West of Scotland, which for many years have not received her cheerful and substantial aid, those who know her well are aware of the large amount which she annually spends on private charity. Of late years her two best known benefactions have been the establishment and endowment of a theological library in Queen's College, Belfast, and the establishment, with a view to endowment, of an Institute in Gourrock. Both institutions bear the name and are lasting tributes to the memory of her late husband. With regard to the first no word can be uttered but one of hearty commendation. The higher education throughout the empire, and especially in the sister island, needs encouragement, and it can get it only from those who are at once wealthy, cultured, and far-sighted. Infirmaries, hospitals, convalescent homes, and so on, will never fail of support. They appeal to the common human instinct and draw from an enormous reservoir of benevolent energy. The Higher Education draws from a much more limited source. Had the BAILIE been at Mrs GAMBLE'S ears he thinks—for he is wise—that now and then he might have turned the stream of her benevolence into channels that would not have run as dry as—and nobody knows this better than herself—some of hers have done. But—"my conscience"—let that flee stick to the wa', and let us thankfully "take the will for the deed." In these lucubrations the BAILIE'S thoughts, as usual, have been outrunning his pen. The Gamble Institute was built four years ago at a cost of about £8000. Its one fault is that it is too good for the place, being more suited for the Gourrock that is to be than for the Gourrock that is. But that is a fault which is always mending. Its advantages as a Club, a Library, a News-room, a Coffee-room, &c., cost only 4s 6d a-year. Notwithstanding it can hardly be said to have met with the encouragement and support which its amiable founder desired and deserved. The BAILIE comforts her with the assurance that this need be no cause of wonder or discouragement. It is the law of such institutions—success comes slowly up that way. They must so far create the need they were meant to supply. She has sown the seed, let her trust the harvest, which most certainly must come. A critical world may suggest that the BAILIE has all of a sudden changed his nature and turned the subject of his present notice into a

Latter-day Saint. The gallantry of his nature so far overpowers him that he bows at the shrine of female excellence. But the BAILIE never forgets his duty. While he carries a laurel in the one hand, he carries reproof in the other; though tenderly in the present case does he reprove. There is much in the good lady which entitles her to his canonization. She has very many of the qualities that go to make up a saint, in the BAILIE'S eyes. She has a large heart and a liberal hand. She has a well appointed house and a well appointed yacht. She is an admirable sailer. She has blank thousands a-year. But there is one fatal objection to her apotheosis. As Devil's advocate and counsel for the defendant, it is the painful duty of the BAILIE to state this objection—she preaches and prays, or rather she did preach and pray in public, clean against the highest authority which the BAILIE knows but one, the Saint who has made our western world, and is known as St. Paul. Nevertheless, the BAILIE joins with her many warmly-attached friends in wishing that every happiness may go with her and abide with her in her new home at Torquay.

SEEING IS BELIEVING.

Nephew (to maiden aunt)—Well, auntie, how did you sleep last night?

Auntie—Oh, I have seen me sleep better and I have seen me sleep worse.

A SELL—Jones, observing an advertisement of a "Tobacconist for Sale," hopes that this is the unprincipled tradesman who has so frequently "sold" him (J.) by foisting upon him brown-paper rubbish as genuine Havannahs.

EXCELSIOR!—Percy believes in flags as among the signs of the times, not merely flags trodden underfoot, but flags flying overhead. His boots may come down upon the one, but it's a toss-up if they reach the other. But perhaps the other's for the top-boots.

THE ORIGIN OF THE POTATO.—"Nobody," observes a contemporary, "knows precisely where the potato came from 'originally.'" Indeed! No particular potato being specified, the BAILIE would not like to be positive, but he has no hesitation in saying that the odds are in favour of its having come from the green-grocer's.

October Brewin's—Stock Exchange Bears.

FERGUSON'S EDINBURGH ROCK is the best present from Edinburgh, 1 Melbourne place, near the Castle

Sheriff Clark on Literature.

SHERIFF CLARK, who is nothing if not literary, has been saying a good word for the late Mr Shakespeare. The works of that author are, according to the learned Sheriff, "all good;" and with them he couples the writings of Scott—whom, by the way, he puts first—Beaumont, Fletcher, and "our recent celebrated historical novelists," whoever they may be. His Lordship goes on to warn young men against those immoral authors, Messrs Ovid and Horace, and also—singular conjunction—against "controversial literature on religious subjects." Altogether, this dissertation, which was delivered before the Hamilton Young Men's Christian Association, may be taken as a most valuable and original contribution to our store of literary criticism.

♦♦♦
"A LARGE EIGHT."

(Scene—"Giniral dailer's shop" in Cookstown ; Enter commercial traveller.)

C. T. (addressing owner)—Are you Mr Mulligan?

Mr M.—That's moi name whin the woife's not in.

C. T.—How's that? Does she sit on you?

Mr M.—Partly. Luck at that black oye an' my hid.

C. T.—Was it her hand or her foot did that?

Mr M.—Shure sorr, it was her hand—a large eight. Fancy that comin' doun on your oye, you'd be nowhere entoirely! Whaisht, she's comin'.

[C. T. retires hurriedly to catch the earliest train.]

OUR "ROYAL" BURGHS.—We have not been greatly accustomed to Royal favours in our good city hitherto, but the tide seems turning. Not only does a "Royal Dook" come down to review our garrison, but during the same week an advertisement appears in the *Herald* for "a Nurse for a Princess!" My conscience!

Somebody, writing to the *Herald*, is very indignant that railway-carriages supposed to be reserved for ladies should be occupied by members of the sterner sex. Such conduct on the part of masculine creatures is no doubt highly reprehensible; but what about those fair ones who insist on taking their seats in smoking-compartments?

Not for "Joe"—Glasgow Liberals "united."

LONDON SCOTTISH RESORT, 3 Water Lane, Ludgate Hill, London, the only House for "Real Johnny" Scotch Whiskies of all Brands, Scotch Ales, &c. Neil Mackay, Proprietor.

Neil Tragic.

IT is the fate of certain people to be intensely funny when they least intend it, and of these Mr John Neil is undoubtedly one. Even Mr Neil's most ardent admirers will hardly claim for him the title of humourist, his remarkable "Professor-and-Highlandman" anecdote notwithstanding; but he certainly was very amusing last Tuesday. His views on newspaper management, his demonstration of the invigorating properties of biscuits and water, and his complacent boast of having "taken Mr Morrison down very well," were all good. He was greatest, however, when he assumed the "Ercles vein." Hear him:—"During the last five or six years you have been listening to flippancy of tongue without judgment, and the result has been that the Bailie (Morrison) has led the Trust's affairs into a quagmire, and those who encouraged him in his line of policy I hold are guilty of the blood of the prophets. They have encouraged and supported him in principles of evil that have become rampant and predominant. I hold that the men who have rejected a right policy and preferred a wrong policy belong to the hierarchy of evil, and ought to be cast forth as unclean things!" Friend John should continue to cultivate this style of rhetoric. It forms an effective offset to the polished sarcasms of a Smith and the cudgel-play of a Martin.

♦♦♦
JUVENILE TASTE.

(Scene—Jamaica Street corner; Two news boys tossing.)

1st N. B.—Heeds or tails?

2nd N. B.—A lady.

Listener (standing by)—Why did you say a lady?

2nd N. B.—'Cause I loves them.

♦♦♦
WISDOM AND HARMONY!—Some folks are easily pleased. Mr Brown and Bailie Waddel addressed their constituents in the First Ward last Thursday, when the former "expressed his opinion that throughout the year the business of the Council had been conducted very harmoniously," and the latter declared that "out of the multitude of 'Councillors' there came wisdom at last." One can only say that both the harmony and the wisdom are at present invisible.

Smokers, Wallach's Mixture is the best you can smoke, 6d per oz.; only to be had from D. CARMICHAEL, 161 Ingram Street, and 121 Buchanan Street.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—I gave your readers a description, two or three weeks ago, of the new drama entitled "Nell Gwynne," in which Miss Emily Fowler is to make her *debut* this evening on the Gaiety boards. It is, as I then mentioned, a story of the court of the Merry Monarch, and its heroine is the "poor Nelly" about whose future he was so solicitous when on his deathbed. The piece is the work of Mr W. G. Wills, the author of "Charles I." and "Eugene Aram," and he has succeeded in inventing an interesting plot, which is developed with the aid of pointed dialogue and exciting situations.

Miss Fowler, who is one of our leading *comediennes*—she is occasionally compared to Mrs Nisbett—is excellently suited in the title-role of Mr Wills's drama. Among the better-known parts with which she is identified are those of *Louise* in "The Two Orphans," and *Lady Betty Noel* in "Clancarty." She has also appeared with much success as *Beatrice* in "Much Ado about Nothing," and as *Helen* in "The Hunchback." Her *debut* on the stage was made at the London Royalty eleven years ago as *Dolly Mayflower* in Burnand's burlesque of "Black-eyed Susan." Three years ago Miss Fowler entered the married state, becoming Mrs Pemberton—although for business reasons she retains her maiden name when appearing on the stage.

On Monday next Mr Charles Wyndham revisits the Gaiety, appearing in "Brighton," surely the brightest of the many bright, sparkling pieces in which he has taken part.

Mr Sidney is in excellent spirits over the success of "Queen's Evidence"—the last nights of which are now, however, announced—at the Prince of Wales Theatre. Indeed, he regards the results generally of his present season at the Cowcaddens house with the liveliest feelings of satisfaction. Everything he has produced has taken with the public. Gifted with a sanguine temper and a sunny disposition, William Sidney is one of the people who cannot help becoming popular. He has great powers of work, an ample knowledge of his profession, and a capital taste. His *Isaac* in "Queen's Evidence" is one of the best bits of broad character acting at present on the stage.

"Queen's Evidence," as I have said, is about, however, to be withdrawn, and on Monday next we are promised a visit from the Madame Beatrice Company, which is under the direction of Mr Frank Harvey. The leading female actress in the company is Miss Annie Baldwin, whose little disagreement with Mr John Coleman—in which she came off with flying colours—must be fresh in the minds of many.

Mr Robert Smythe, a pupil of Mr Glover's and long his assistant in the painting-room of the Theatre Royal, has been engaged by Mr Knapp as the scene-painter of the Royalty. The new lessee and manager has been fortunate in his selection. Mr Smythe has had the best training possible, and he does every credit to his instructor. He is at present busy with the scenery for the new house.

Poor Harry Wilson, or, to give him his proper name, Harry Wilson Jackman, a bright, courteous lad, died last week at the age of 24 from an attack of gastric fever. He had grown up, as it were, in the box office of the Theatre Royal, and he was a very general favourite. By nobody was he liked better than by Mr Knapp—one of whose traits is that he always sticks by old friends—who had selected him for a responsible position in the Royalty Theatre. But this, alas, the "blind fury with the abhorred shears," who visits us all, be it sooner or later, has not allowed him to fill.

An old Glasgow favourite, Mr J. R. Gibson—who was a member of Mr Irving's Company at the London Lyceum all last season, playing the part of *Marcellus* in "Hamlet"—appeared at a morning performance at the London Olympic on Wednesday as *Sir Pertinax MacSycophant*, with considerable success.

Mr Toole appears this evening at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, as *Mr Spicer Rumford* in "Artful Cards."

Mr Walter Bentley can hardly be said to have hit the Londoners very hard by his earlier performances of *Rob Roy* at

Sadler's Wells. During the past week, however, the drama has constantly grown in public favour, and the presentation of "the gallant outlaw" is now admitted on all hands to be a very capital one indeed. On Saturday next, Miss Bateman, who has hitherto appeared as *Helen*, will be replaced by Mrs Calvert.

The October *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews* were published last week. Among the articles in the *Edinburgh* worthy of notice are those on "Mozart" and the "Philosophy of Colour," while readers of the *Quarterly* should read "Pascal and his Editors" and "Albert Durer." Both reviews criticise "Froude's Caesar."

Three Christmas annuals are announced for publication "early in November." These are "The Mistletoe Bough" by Miss Braddon, "The Bells of Penriven" by B. L. Farjeon, and "A Bad Bargain" by R. E. Francillon.

Two advertisements in last week's *Athenaeum* rather seemed to show that the trade of what is termed journalism must be coming down to a low ebb indeed. One of these was from a "ready and vigorous leader-writer," who was also "a thoroughly capable reporter," and had been for "many years a daily editor." This universally accomplished gentleman was willing to "re-engage for"—what do you think—why "two pounds per week," or the wages of a second-class artisan. The other advertisement came from a Cheltenham librarian, who, addressing "Critics and editors of newspapers," offered to purchase from them, at reduced prices, the "books they had received for review!"

The trade of an architect is at best a harassing one—especially in Glasgow, where competition is so keen, and jobs, like kissing, go mostly by favour. At present every architect's shop—I beg pardon, office, in the City, is all agog over the New Municipal Buildings scheme. Who is to get the work and pocket the coin? That's what's the matter.

After nearly three months' dalliance and delay the School Board have at length, "in public meeting assembled," filled the vacancy in the English Department of the High School. That there were wheels within wheels in the election was obvious to the merest outsider. The rejection of Dr Colville of the Academy, was due to a cabal of two opposite groups of R. C.'s—the Roman Catholics and the "Ratepayers' Candidates." To oust Ferniegair from his convenership the former had to call in the aid of the latter, and in return for this favour these agreed to vote for Dr Barker, although they had before this, on a hint from the Archbishop, pledged themselves to go for Dr Colville. This claw-me-and-I'll-claw-you arrangement is the outcome, in both cases, of neither more than less than petty spite.

Dr Barker, who does not hold the requisite "certificate," has to submit to an examination prior to entering on his duties. Fancy "Oor Jeems," and the "hole forse" of those who voted with him, sitting in judgment on the qualifications of a veteran LL.D. of the Glasgow University! Could anything be more ludicrously absurd.

DESIGNATION IN FULL.

(Scene—County town; Two auld wives meet.)
 1st A. W.—An' what's cum't ovr Aggie now?
 2nd A. W.—Wuman, Aggie's merrit in Gleska.
 1st A. W.—Dae ye tell me sae! Wha on a'?
 2nd A. W.—Deed I forget his name this minit, but he has a wooden leg an' a sma' stationery shop, an's weel ken't.

Revival of Trade—The traction-engine career-ing along Elderslie Street.

Seeking a "Bubble" Reputation—The professional "floater."

The Three B's.

MR WALLACE, of Solsgirth, was tremendously down, at last week's meeting of the Synod of Glasgow and Ayr, upon certain irregular proceedings in our churches, and as an illustration of what he objected to, he quoted the "heads" of a sermon recently delivered. They were, "Botheration," "Bunkum," and "Balderdash." Now, in the BAILIE'S opinion, Mr Wallace might have found much more objectionable instances than that. The "heads" in question were probably manifestations of the preacher's candour. The expressions "botheration," "bunkum," and "balderdash" admirably describe many sermons to which it has been his Worship's fate to listen.

MATCHED!

(Scene—Tramway car on Dennistoun route; Time, Thursday 2 p.m.; Well-known Town Councillor is discussing with a fellow passenger the filling up of the vacancies left by retiring councillors.)

W.-K. T. C.—Wha dae ye think's gaun tae staun for the Third Ward?

Fellow Passenger—A wis hearing that Jex Long, oot the way's, thinking aboot coming furrit.

W.-K. T. C.—Od he's a clever chiel. We'll sharely dae when we get aul Lucifer among us.

[General grin.]

That gallant sportsman "White and Gold" is "no blate." He announced the other day that he had "simply made the great prophetic hit of the season"—that was all. So we shall not lack a mighty soothsayer though poor Dr Cumming has retired from business.

"PUT MONEY IN THY PURSE!"—Somebody advertises a "wonderful purse," adding, "Money placed in the purse cannot be extracted." The Ass considers *his* purse much more "wonderful." Money placed in it has a way of extracting itself without the owner's knowledge.

According to Mr Parnell, the Irish were "exterminated" in 1848. If so, how does he account for Parnell?

WANTED TO KNOW.—What Mr Neil meant to "insinivate" when he suggested that he had "more ammunition" against him on Wednesday evening than on Tuesday forenoon.

Court Circular—Cupid going round about.

BICYCLES. { New, Second Hand, and Exchanged. Patent Saddles, Oil, Wrenches, Lamps, Sundries.—West of Scotland Bicycle Co., 104 Renfield Street.

The Great Commission Question.

THEY order this matter better in London. The question of the acceptance of commissions by the employés in the office of the City Remembrancer came before the committee of the Common Council of the Metropolis last week, when one person was discharged, and another—the late Remembrancer, was ordered to refund the sums paid as commissions to his underlings during the entire period he remained in office. Elsewhere than London, in—well, not far from our own doors, the matter of commissions, aye and double commissions too, is occasionally dealt with in another fashion than this.

TURNING ON THE "GAS."

Time was when that all were in Council daylighted, !
But now it's instead they've its business benighted.

ON UNMISTAKABLE TERMS.

Lowland Tourist (exciseman in disguise)—Can you tell me if Donald M'Caskie, the fisherman, keeps whuskey on his premises?

Hamish (jealous for Highland hospitality)—Keep whuskey, sir? No intect, he iss no' so selfish, but iss alwiss only too ready to gife you a goot stuff gless, ant only sharge you not quite half as much less as more than no Lowland publicchoose-keeper can do, pesides.

A SCHOOL FOR COUNCILLORS.—If we are to believe Mr A. M'Lean, some of our Town Councillors might do worse than consider the ways of the Partick Police Commission. According to that gentleman, the business of the Commission "gets along in a most gentlemanly way, and it is a perfect pleasure to sit at the Board." As the BAILIE'S readers are aware, he is no great believer in "deputations," but he would not oppose a vote of a few car-fares to Partick in order to enable our representatives to learn how to conduct themselves decently.

THE LATEST MATRIMONIAL.—The BAILIE has just come across, in his journalistic studies, two rather curious items connected with the matrimonial market. A local volunteer has won a "bachelor's ring" in a firing competition, while a shop-keeper advertises "'engaged' patterns" in ladies' ulsters. Have our young men and maidens taken to declaring their condition, with relation to the market named, by their jewellery and habiliments?

Asinus, who sees somebody advertising himself as a "saw-doctor," wants to know if he's a rejuvenator of musty proverbs.

Quavers.

THE organ recital and concert of sacred music given in Campbell U.P. Church on Tuesday evening of last week was attended with complete success. The selections for the organ were somewhat severely classical for the most part, but in that respect furnished a proof of solidity of taste and sense of fitness. The performer, Mr William Schofield, organist of the church, is an accurate, clear, and tasteful manipulator of the instrument, with, in the softer movements, a fineness of feeling which commands the sympathy of his audience, even although the subject itself may be deficient in interest.

The choir numbers between fifty and sixty voices, the soprano and alto being of specially good quality. It was led by Mr Schofield on the organ—an arrangement which, however risky as a rule, especially with a large choir, was, it is fair to say, entirely successful in this instance. Two anthems by Barby and Sullivan were excellently sung. So also, to refer only to another of the five vocal items, was that by Wesley, but the anthem is, to our mind, but a weak example of the late distinguished representative of the name. It is full of common places, and lacks strength, as we think.

At their concert in the Kibble Palace on Thursday evening, Mr H. A. Lambeth's Choir will sing the anthem by Sir John Goss, "O praise the Lord of heaven," a truly magnificent setting of Psalm 148th, which one wonders is not better known ere. From the same eminent pen will also be produced the aster anthem, "O give thanks unto the Lord," less popular in character probably than the preceding, but a grand piece of writing. Mendelssohn's motett, "Give us peace," may also be mentioned amongst the principal selections to be sung by Mr Lambeth's melodious Choir at this concert. It is somewhat Haydn-like in style, and on a subject more familiar as from the older master. The choir likewise introduce the anthem, "O that I knew," by Sir Sterndale Bennett; also, and this a somewhat noticeable composition, "The Silent Land," on poetry from Longfellow, by Alfred R. Gaul. It is Gounod-like a little, but of the advanced school of harmonic combination. It was sung at the last Birmingham Musical Festival with considerable acceptance.

Mentioning Gounod reminds us that the well-known "Ave verum" of that composer, also in the programme, seems to be an especial favourite with Her Majesty, as it has been twice sung at Balmoral by the choir, and on each occasion re-commanded—encored, as we simple people would say.

The Glasgow Select Choir will appear as before on the Fast-night in the City Hall. The prominent selections include, for one instance, the eight-part arrangement, by Dr Pole, of the 100th Psalm. The doctor is almost unknown as a composer, but the octett seems an able production, and will no doubt prove effective. The beautiful quartett, "God is a Spirit," is to be sung by the entire choir. Usually one is probably right in deprecating such a departure from the composer's intention, but in the hands of so finished a choir an exception may very safely be allowed. "Sound the loud timbrel" is to be sung—not Avison's familiar if old-fashioned music, but from Schachuer's "Israel's Return," being for soprano solo and chorus. We must also mention Dr Crotch's motett for bass solo and chorus, "Methinks I hear," which was a great favourite at one time, but is not often heard now. The choir, as will be remembered, are required to be off the platform when singing, to realise Dr Crotch's fine idea. Selections from the U. P. Hymnal are also in the programme.

The Glasgow Tonic Sol-fa Society, under Mr W. M. Miller, will produce Sterndale Bennett's cantata, "The Woman of Samaria," on the Fast-night, and in St. Andrew's Halls. This beautiful work is comparatively seldom heard. The able assistance of Misses Webster and Dones, and Messrs Coates and Hilton has been secured, and Dr Peace will accompany on the organ. Besides the cantata, which we cannot doubt will be carefully presented, there will be a miscellaneous selection of favourite sacred pieces.

A "great national night" is announced by the Glasgow Select Choir for Saturday night, in the St. Andrew's Halls—not Scotch

alone, but representative of the kingdoms three, with Wales into the bargain.

Mr Lambeth's Choir appear next Saturday evening at the usual City Hall Concert.

Romberg's "Lay of the Bell," is the chief work in course of study by the Hillhead Musical Association. This melodious composition will be sure to afford pleasure to the members, from whom, therefore, we may look forward to an effective "rehearsal" of it in due time.

The Glasgow Academy Choir, which made so successful a start last year, have begun practising for the season. The music likely to be studied includes, chiefly, Rœckel's "Westward ho," a cantata for treble and alto voices, which with a libretto, somewhat mixed, yet highly picturesque, seems to be a good work of the kind, and one that without taxing the boys excessively will tend to elevate their taste. There are also an anthem in eight parts, by Charles Salaman (a most elegant composition), and the chorus "Hail to thee," from Smart's "Bride of Dunkerron." The new arrangement of "Maggie Lauder," just published by Mr Donaldson, finds a place, too, we observe. Mr MacLaren has an agreeable, if onerous task, before him, and it is understood that he has some excellent voices in the choir this year.

The music to be taken up by the Trinity Association (under Mr James Greig), comprises Mendelssohn's 13th Psalm, chiefly valuable for its lovely mezzo-soprano solo; Gadsby's anthem "The Lord is King" (the Trinity Society has the credit of making Gadsby known in Glasgow) and the concluding chorus from Spohr's "Last Judgment" are also to be studied, this latter no trifling task surely. Besides the society's usual concert at the end of March, it is intended to give one at Christmas.

The prospectus of the Dennistoun Musical Association has been issued. It is intended to study, among other music, "Spring" from Haydn's Season, Stainer's "Daughter of Jairus," Mozart's "Splendete deus," and Gade's "Spring's Message." Mr T. S. Drummond is conductor as before.

"THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE."

(Scene—Grocer's shop in country town; Enter Bailie Smith, who is a publican and who solicits a renewal of the grocer's suffrage for his return to the Town Council.)

Grocer (shaking his head)—Ah na, na, Bailie, I'll never put a man on the bench that should be at the bar!

"THE 'JOY FOR EVER.'"

What is beauty at the best?
Ask Mrs Langtry, Mrs West;
What is beauty at the worst?
With photographs and libels cursed;
What is beauty at the most?
For thin-skinned folk a skin-deep boast;
What is beauty at the least?
When beauty's town-talk'd by a beast.

WHAT A STORY!—A local paper says that Mr Pettie "knows how to tell a story on canvass (*sic*)." When the writer, or compositor, stuck in that extra "s" he was doubtless thinking of the many candidates for municipal and Parliamentary honours who are at present engaged in telling "stories" on canvass.

A Standing Nuisance—St. Enoch Square on Wednesdays.

Famed 8d Dinner and 6d Tea Service, City Commercial Restaurant, 60 Union Street, Matthew Waddell.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT last week was a week of surprises. That Mr Kidston was surprised at the School Board's vote of censure.

That everybody was surprised at the number of times Mr Neil was interrupted during his three hours' speech at the Council.

That the Lord Provost was surprised at his own temerity in breaking up the Council in such admired disorder.

That Mr Neil was surprised that the *Herald*, instead of having a "slasher" on him, treated him with silent contempt.

That Jeems Martin was surprised at the unfavourable reception he met with from his own constituents.

That ex-Bailie Osborne was surprised that Councillor Neil was so anxious to write himself down "a fool."

That our senior member was surprised at the attack made upon him by Preceptor Mathieson.

That the Preceptor was surprised at the pungency of Dr Cameron's reply.

That the Liberal delegates were surprised to find that they had travelled so far to accomplish so little at the conference.

That the holders of pig-iron warrants are surprised at the fall in the market.

That the electors are surprised at the "unbounded confidence" of some of the candidates for municipal honours.

That the candidates themselves are surprised at the free-and-enlightened electors who sit and listen to them.

That our Jeems declines to be a Bailie.

That "nobody axed him."

That somebody did "ax" Mr Neil to take the River Bailieship.

That it wasn't good enough for him.

BRETHREN FALLING OUT.—Can such things be? Has *fidus Achates* deserted *pius Aeneas*? In other words has Jeems split with Sir Jeems? It looks like it; for has the former not publicly sneered at the granting of "a large sum of money out of the public funds for the 'dabbing' of two bits of canvas to present Sir James Bain?" Jeems, Jeems, forbear! Your little hands were never made to tear your patron's eyes!

SIC VITA.—The BAILIE putting Jeems upon a pedestal the one day, and *his own ward* "taking him down" the next.

Ancell's Beefsteak Grill, 88 Virginia Place (Rear of Union Bank). Steaks, Chops, Kidneys, &c., cooked in large room.

Why I Don't Seek for Municipal Honours.

BECAUSE I never was very brilliant at speech-making.

Because I detest hecklers.

Because sending round the hat for "ammunition" is against my principles.

Because my wife doesn't approve of spending our money on committee men, cabs, and hackney coachmen.

Because heading subscription sheets with good round sums has never been my strong point.

Because the respect of my family for me would hardly be increased by their father being called an "old fiddle-de-fum."

Because I wouldn't care for my shop being filled every day with a crowd of the great unwashed seeking me to redress their grievances.

Because I don't see what good being in the Council would do me.

Because—ay, because I have never been asked to stand for my own or any other ward.

Pot and Kettle.

THE BAILIE is given to the calling of a spade a spade, and to speak out his mind in the plainest possible terms regarding our public men. Nothing he has ever said, however, has come up to the plainness of the language used towards one another by Preceptor Mathieson and Dr Cameron, the senior member of Parliament for the city. The remarks of the Doctor, in particular, have been unusually out-spoken. It is not for the BAILIE to say they are not correct—he is perfectly satisfied to rate each gentleman at the estimate formed of him by the other—he would only like to point out the little passage-at-arms as a sign of the times, one that should be ranked alongside the ousting of Mr Kidston from his convenership at the School Board, with the evening sitting of the Town Council, and with the latitude given both inside and outside the Council to the members of the "Neil and Martin firm."

"A Most Lame and Impotent Conclusion!"—After three day's speaking, Mr Neil's withdrawal.

"I'd be a Bird"—And watch Miss Fowler.

The "Second City's" Bitter Pill—See Royalty at *Maryhill!*

(He)art Needlework—"Jeems" repairing the Town Council breaches.

Mitchell's Old Irish Whisky, Belfast, is famed over the World. Agent, David Mitchell, 20 Hope Street, Glasgow.

UNSHRINKABLE
WOOLLEN SHIRTS.

WE are not aware that anyone in Scotland has devoted so much time and careful attention as ourselves to the production of Woollen Shirts. We are satisfied, at all events, that Gentlemen cannot procure elsewhere so large a Variety of Choice Styles, so High-Class Materials, or so Perfect-Fitting Shirts.

This Season we have introduced a New WOOLLEN SHIRTING, perfectly unshrinkable, and guaranteed to wear well. We may state that all our Woollen Shirts are prepared so as to shrink as little as possible in the washing; but this is the first time we have been able to produce perfectly Unshrinkable Woollen Shirts. We have no doubt but that our efforts in this branch of the Shirt Trade will meet with due appreciation.

RILEY, WEBSTER, & BORLAND,
86 AND 88 ARGYLE STREET.

WALTER WILSON & Co.,

The COLOSSEUM, 70 JAMAICA STREET.

We are now showing all the NOVELTIES for Autumn and Winter Wear in LADIES' and GENT'S HATS. Great Variety of LADIES' New BEAVER HATS. The Largest Stock of Hats in the Kingdom.

COOPER & CO.'S
FRUIT SYRUPS.

LEMON and GINGER Especially Recommended.
1S 9D BOTTLE FOR 8½D,
3S 6D „ 1S 3D,

A Tablespoonful of the above in a Tumblerful of Cold Water makes a most refreshing and inexpensive Summer Drink.

To be had only from the Makers,
COOPER & CO., 10 and 12 Howard Street, and Branches.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.
HENRY THOMSON & CO.'S
OLD
IRISH WHISKY.

SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—
ROBERT BROWN, 17 HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.

DAVISON'S
CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE
GINGER BEER.

A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE YEAR ROUND; WARM, GRATEFUL, AND AROMATIC. As Supplied to the Western, Junior, New, and other Clubs.

THOMAS DAVISON,
DISPENSING CHEMIST,
126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

SUPERB TEA at 2s 4d Per lb.

FAMILIES who are being supplied at "Wholesale Rates" (so called) by Wholesale Grocers, and West-End Co-Operative Stores, should compare what they are buying at 2s 6d, 2s 8d, and 3s per lb. with the above Tea. There is nothing like it in Scotland. Note the value of our Sugars, and compare.

FINE WHITE, 2½d; LARGE CRYSTALS, 3d; FINEST LOAF, 3d.

STUART CRANSTON & CO.,
TRAINED TEA-TASTERS,
76 ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW.

SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS

AT THE

CALEDONIAN HOUSE.

MR COPLAND'S RETURN FROM PARIS AND LONDON.

NOVELTIES IN PARIS AND LONDON MADE COSTUMES,
FRENCH AND GERMAN JACKETS, FUR-LINED JACKETS AND CLOAKS,
MISSES' COSTUMES, MILLINERY, FLOWERS, FEATHERS, &c.

MESSRS COPLAND & LYE invite the Public and all intending Buyers, previous to making their Winter Purchases, to walk through the various Departments of the Caledonian House, there to inspect the many and various specimens of Ladies' Toilette, all of which are the latest productions of the most famed artistes of the day. The Goods on Sale are all of the Highest Class, and yet at the most Moderate Prices.

N.B.—This Warehouse will be Closed at 7 o'clock on Saturdays until further notice.

COPLAND & LYE,
CALEDONIAN HOUSE, SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 22nd, 1879.

THE BAILIE has a suggestion to lay before the Magistrates' Committee of the Town Council. When the new Council is constituted he proposes that the meetings should be thrown open to the public. Of old these were only funny upon occasion, now every separate gathering is distinguished by a succession of scenes beside which the usual play-house farce is tame and colourless. Is it right that the ratepayers should be debarred from enjoying this fun? The freaks of the Council cost us dear enough in all conscience. Between one kind of cess and another the usual Glasgow shopkeeper is perhaps the most heavily taxed fellow going. To be admitted to witness the high-jinks of the Magistrates and Councillors would not certainly make his burdens any less, but it would at least assist him to pay them with a more cheerful spirit. He would then have the satisfaction of reflecting that he had had something for his money. The drolleries of oor JEEMS, JOHNNY NEIL'S puzzles, the sight of HUGHIE COLQUHOUN protesting against an overflow of champagne at a Council dinner, or a characteristic speech or two from the many initialed SMITH, not to speak of the moments when the mirth gets fast and furious, when everybody opposes everybody else, and the whole ends in a climax of disorder—why no theatre in the kingdom offers such a tempting bill of fare. Really the subject should be taken up at once by some of the more public spirited members of the Council. There is Mr GRIERSON, for instance, who, "they say," is to be elevated to the magistracy next month, why shouldn't he move in the matter? At present all the fun is, so to speak, running to seed. Were the ratepayers allowed to "assist" at the racket, what is now regarded as a public scandal would be looked on as a source of genuine if at times somewhat vulgar amusement.

THE ART OF SINKING.—Glasgow Town-Council has declined to the level of that of Pittenweem in having evening sederunts, and has sunk to the position of the British Parliament in being entertained by obstructionism.

Early Closing Movement—The Lord Provost's "shutting up" of Mr Neil.

With One Eye to Needlework—The needle. With Two—The pilot.

THE DON QUIXOTE WINDBAG ATTACKETH A WINDMILL.

In quote of *Mail* braced up, the dough-ty Neil—
 He trebly armed that hath his quarrel just,
 As those are naked though locked up in steel
 Who won't to kneel submit *in re* their Trust,
 But in the naked truth would stand upright
 As true as steel, with nought to hide or fear—
 The dough-ty Neil, this heavy-charging knight
 Through Granny's columns first trajects his "speir
 But such unanswering, he directs his fight
 To where, at least unto himself, appear
 Visions of victory a public life to crown—
 "The work of taking the Convener down!"
 But 'stead of "taking down," put up the sword
 That rusts for lack of argument; your thrust
 Wants point for those who find their chief re-Ward
 In that their motives and their ends were—just
 "Let Glasgow flourish by the Improvement Trust."

FORGETTING HIMSELF.—At last Tuesday's meeting of the Improvement Trust Bailie Mowat gave oor Jeems rather a neat rap. Jeems, having moved that the house be counted, was informed that there were 26 members present, and immediately demanded, "Where are they?" to which Mr Mowat rejoined, "You forgot yourself." Jeems accepted the rebuke, and did not forget himself—till the next time.

How meek the *Mail* has become all of a sudden! It allowed the other day that Mr Morrison had "controverted" its statements. Whence this thusness?

A "sea-goose" which has been caught in Devonshire is described as "the first known or seen on that coast." The species is more common hereabout. Take a stroll along the Broomielaw any evening, and you'll encounter no end of sea-geese—or sea-ganders.

Mr Dron says that "there are too many 'orderlies' in the Town Council." So we live and learn. The general impression has hitherto been that there are too many *disorderlies*. But perhaps Mr Dron was indulging in a little mild "sarkasm."

"OFF HIS CHUMP."—According to Councillor William Wilson—who should not, by the way, talk of "learning" people to swim—the Lord Provost "could not save himself if he went over the head." In that case his Lordship is past redemption, for he has been going more and more "over the head" ever since he assumed the municipal reins.

"Good Words"—The Edinburgh call to Donald Macleod.

Beveridge's Guaranteed Mixed Pickles, Red Cabbage, Mushroom Ketchup, Sauces and Table Condiments, unrivalled for purity and flavour.

Megilp.

MR PETTIE'S picture of "The Death Warrant," which attracted so much attention in last year's Academy Exhibition, is now on view in Mr Craibe Angus's Gallery. The contrast between the young king—suddenly brought face to face with the stern realities of his position, all the tender pity in his heart wrestling with his newly-awakened sense of duty—and the grave and reverend counsellors who, not unsympathetic with the boy's mental struggles, are yet fully resolved there can be only one decision in this matter of life and death, is splendidly wrought out. The textures are rendered with great skill; the arrangement of the figures is most effective; and in the whole work there are grand breadth and ease. It is a notable picture.

Some very interesting examples of ecclesiastical vestments, lent by Archbishop Eyre, have been added to the Art Needlework Exhibition.

Mr Joseph Henderson has returned from Poltalloch. His portrait of Colonel Malcolm promises to be a decided success. The likeness has been most happily caught.

IN THE NICK OF TIME.

(Scene—Oban.)

Tourist (to native)—When does the steamer start for the south?

Native—If she'll leave the hotel five minutes before she'll see the boat come round Dunolly Point she'll be in plenty of time

v. hich Was It?

MR RAE, who lately disagreed with his brethren of "Knox's Tabernacle," expressed his feelings by "hanging up at the back of his seat an illustration taken from a local periodical." Whether this act was a proper one or the reverse depends upon the nature of the "illustration." If it was one of the BAILIE'S cartoons its artistic beauties were eminently calculated to restore peace and harmony to the troubled congregation; but then, you see, it may, on the other hand, have been a *Herald* weather-chart, which would be a very different matter. His Worship would like this point cleared up.

THE COMPLETE DUTY OF WOMAN.—According to Mrs Arthur, "everything is taught" in the industrial department of the Paisley schools "that a woman requires to know." It is clear that our Glasgow girls had better wake up if they don't want to see all the eligibles running off to Paisley. It is possible, however, for a difference of opinion to exist on the subject of what a woman "requires to know."

WEAK POINTS AND JOINTS.—Says the Lord-Provost, who live in glass houses ought not to throw stones; quoth the BAILIE, who put their trust in Mail should see that its joints are not of penetrable stuff.

Mullin's, 5 Gordon Street, Havannah, Indian, Manilla Cigars; Cigarettes—French, American, Algerian, Russian, German.

Babes and Sucklings.

MR COLQUHOUN, not Hughie of the Town Council, but his youthful relative who occupies a seat at the School Board, is endeavouring to turn to account the insight he has gained into the forms and usages of the House of Commons by his attendance at the meetings of the—Parliamentary Debating Association! His assumption of Parliamentary experience at last Board meeting was as ludicrous as it was blundering—but what would you have? The electors have only themselves to blame if they place the educational interests of the city in the hands of young men who are as wanting in position as they are in experience.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—Granny used to be strong in science, but these Jack-y days are gone. She actually protests, in reviewing a scientific work, against the use of such simple terms as "orthobromometamidobenzenesulphonic" and "phenylacetomonolylanimide." Why shemight as well object to Chrononhotonthologos or Aldiborantiphoscophornio as too weighty a name for a single gentleman!

MORE "DRINK."—Some exceedingly maudlin verses appeared the other day in one of the local weeklies over the initials "D. T." The BAILIE has seldom met with an example of more concise and appropriate criticism.

"WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?!"—The Ass is disgusted with the number of wrong men in wrong places whom he sees around him. To take the latest instance of incompetency—a local editor actually asks a correspondent, "What is to be done with the stamps enclosed in your letter?" Fancy that from an editor! It is painful to think of such crass ignorance and stupidity existing in the midst of civilisation, Baptist Unions, and Temperance Jubilees.

TENNYSON v. BURNS.—Speaking at Partick, the other day, a clergyman compared Burns and Tennyson, to the disadvantage of the former whose poetry he thinks "spoiled by bacchanalian sentiments," from which that of the latter is free. If the reverend gentleman will look up his Tennyson once more he will find in "Will Waterproof" some well-known lines which, if not "bacchanalian," most certainly "that way lie."

"Truth" 's a Libel—So thinks Mr Levi Lawson. Not truth, Mr Matthew Dawson.

Damsons are now ready for preserving. M. CAMPBELL, 18 Gordon Street, will supply any quantity at lowest market prices.

Accommodating.

MR COUNCILLOR DRON is a decidedly accommodating representative. He says that he likes open criticism, "and occasionally a bit of a row," while "the very idea of a night sitting of the Town Council charms him." "It did not matter whether they slept or kept awake. They would only need to be roused up in the morning and find the thing (*i.e.* 'Neil's Puzzle') all gone." At the same time, he would allow something better than "biscuits and water" "to keep the gentlemen going." It seems a pity that this genial plan was not adopted. Perhaps it is not too late yet.

Mr Neil appeared in a new character on Thursday evening—that of a Baconian philosopher. John has been showing himself a bit of a pork-upine of late, but the Ass thinks he knows more about gammon than Bacon. If, however, adds the Animile, he continues to hammer away in his old brawn-y style.—(That will do, thank you!)

Coming Events Casting their Shadows Before—Another (k)night of the Town Council.

"Silence is Golden"—Yes, but "many words" are sometimes of a metal of at least a similar colour.

November Fog (or, as Asinus saith, Fogies)—The men we don't know till the ballot's counted.—And perhaps not even then—all mist and mystery.

"Stands Scotland where it did?"—If it needs Mr Gladstone to represent Midlothian, or Mr Chamberlain to advise Glasgow?

"Union is Strength"—And the "Liberals" expect it in the union of *their weaknesses*.

T H E G A I E T Y.

Proprietor and Director, Mr C. BERNARD.
The Distinguished Comedienne,
Miss FOWLER,
In her Famous Impersonation of
NELL GWYNNE.

Open at 6-30. Commence at 7-30. Prices, 6d to 5s.
Box Office Open Daily from 10 till 4.

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager, Mr SIDNEY.
ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION OF
QUEEN'S EVIDENCE,
Last Three Nights, owing to existing arrangements.
Mr SIDNEY, Miss GES. SMYTHIE, and the Principal
Characters called Three Times before the Curtain.

This Evening,
AN ENGLISHMAN IN FRANCE.

To be followed by the Powerful Drama,
QUEEN'S EVIDENCE.

THE GREEN BUSHES, FRIDAY.

THE BEATRICES COMPANY, MONDAY NEXT.
Under the Direction of Mr FRANK HARVEY,

ROYAL SCHOOL OF ART NEEDLEWORK.

BRANCH SCHOOL, 116 ST. VINCENT ST., GLASGOW.

EXHIBITION,

CORPORATION GALLERIES,

Now Open from 11 till Dusk. Admission 1s.

" " 7 " 9 30. " 6d.

WILL CLOSE AT THE END OF THIS MONTH.

MR H. A. LAMBETH'S CHOIR.

CONCERT OF SACRED MUSIC,
KIBBLE PALACE, FAST-DAY.

Doors open at 7 p.m. Concert at 8 p.m.
ADMISSION—ONE SHILLING.

C I T Y H A L L.
FAST-NIGHT.

GRAND SERVICE OF SACRED MUSIC

BY THE

GLASGOW SELECT CHOIR.

MR F. ARCHER, CONDUCTOR.

ORGAN SOLOS BY MR ARCHER.

GRAND NATIONAL CONCERT,

ST. ANDREW'S HALLS,

SATURDAY FIRST, 25th OCTOBER,

GLASGOW SELECT CHOIR.

MR F. ARCHER, CONDUCTOR.

Tickets, 2s and 1s, at Principal Musicsellers.

ROYAL ALBERT MUSIC HALL,
BRIDGETON CROSS, GLASGOW.

Note.—Cars to and from Queen Street to Hall every three minutes till 11-20. Fare, 1d.

ENGAGEMENTS EXTRAORDINARY.

First Appearance (and Engagement for this Hall only) of
PROFESSOR HOLMES,

The Great and Only Legitimate Successor of Professor Anderson,
the Wizard of the North, in conjunction with
Miss NELLIE MALHERBE.

Enormous and Enthusiastic Reception of the
WORLD-FAMOUS WISES
(Les Trois Diables)

In their Follies Fantastique, Specially Engaged, direct from
Bordeaux, France, (for this Hall only).

Tremendous Success of the Renowned ALBERTS and ED-
MUNDS TROUPE, in their Famous Burlesques and Ballets.
Supported by a Selected Company of Star Artistes.

To-Night and during the week.

See our Gas-Cooking Ovens and Heating Apparatus in operation.

ARGYLE IRONMONGERY CO.

(MATTHEW WADDELL),

Furnishing Ironmongers, 261B ARGYLE STREET.

13s 6d	HOLYTON	SOFT	COAL	13s 6d
14s 6d	WISHAW	PARLOUR	COAL	14s 6d
15s 6d	AVRSHIRE	DIAMOND	COAL	15s 6d
WM. CHALMERS & CO, 88 BATH STREET.				

MESSRS J. MUIR WOOD & CO. have the pleasure to announce that they have made arrangements with Mr D'Oyly Carte for

Mr ARCHIBALD FORBES
(The War Correspondent of the *Daily News*)

TO GIVE
HIS LECTURE
ON

THE ZULU WAR, in the CITY HALL,
On **TUESDAY**, 28th OCTOBER, 1879,

And in the **QUEEN'S ROOMS** on **FRIDAY**, 31st OCTOBER.

Mr FORBES will describe as an eye-witness the most momentous scenes of the War, including

THE FINDING OF THE BODY OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL,
THE FINAL COMBAT NEAR ULUNDI,
&c, &c,

Tickets, 4s, 3s, 2s, and 1s. at 42 Buchanan Street.

GLASGOW TONIC SOL-FA CHORAL SOCIETY.

GRAND SACRED CONCERT,
ST. ANDREW'S HALLS, BERKELEY STREET,
THURSDAY, 23rd OCTOBER (FAST NIGHT).

SOLOISTS.

Miss **ELENE WEBSTER.** | Miss **EMILY DONES.**
Mr **WM. COATES.** | Mr **ROBERT HILTON.**

ORGANIST—**DR. A. L. PEACE.**

FULL CHORUS—CONDUCTOR, **MR W. M. MILLER.**

PART I.

Sir W. Sterndale Bennett's Cantata,
"THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA."

Composed for, and first Performed at the Birmingham Festival,
August 27th, 1867.

PART II.

Selections from the Works of
HANDEL, HAYDN, MENDELSSOHN, GOUNOD,
HORSLEY, &c.

Balconies, 2s. 6d.; Area, 1s. 6d. and 1s.; North Gallery, 6d.
Tickets and Programmes at J. Muir Wood & Co.'s,
42 Buchanan Street.

Doors Open at 6.30—Concert at 7.30.

In connection with this Concert Special Late Trains will be run from the Central Station, Gordon Street, as under—At 10.30 P.M., for Pollokshields and Paisley; at 10.45 P.M., for Rutherglen, Mount Vernon, Baillieston, Carmyle, and Coatbridge; at 11 P.M., for Rutherglen and Cambuslang. The Central Station is within 10 minutes' easy walk from the Halls, *via* Bothwell Street.

CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.

SATURDAY, 25TH OCTOBER, 1879.

GREAT POPULAR NIGHT

WITH

MR H. A. LAMBETH'S CHOIR.

MR H. A. LAMBETH, - - Conductor and Organist.

No Increase in Prices.

Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats on Side Galleries, 2s. Tickets for Reserved Seats to be had at the Office, 58 Renfield Street. Doors open at a Quarter to 7; Organ Performance at Half-past 7.

JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS.

CONSERVATORIES AND CRYSTAL PALACE
Are Open on **THURSDAY FIRST**, and Every Day,
from 9 a.m. till Dusk.

Admission Sixpence. Subscribers (by Ticket) Free.

Annual Subscription—Family Tickets, £1 1s; Single do., 10s 6d.
CRYSTAL PALACE PROMENADE.

ON **SATURDAY FIRST, 25TH OCTOBER, 7-30 TO 9-30.**

GLASGOW SCIENCE LECTURES
ASSOCIATION.

Honorary President,

Sir **WILLIAM THOMSON, M.A., LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.S.**

CITY HALL, SESSION 1879-80,

THURSDAY, 6th November, 1879.

Professor **ROSCOE, LL.D., F.R.S.**
Subject: "The Chemical Action of Light."

THURSDAY, 27th November, 1879.

Sir **WM. THOMSON, LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.S.**
Subject: "Liquid, Gas, and Steam."

THURSDAY, 11th December, 1879.

Professor **SCHÄFFER, F.R.S.**
Subject: "The Relation of Structure to Function in Animal Organisms."

THURSDAY, 29th January, 1880.

Professor **TAIT, M.A.**
Subject: "Thunderstorms."

THURSDAY, 19th February, 1880.

Rev. **W. H. DALLINGER, F.R.M.S.**
Subject: "The Latest Researches into the Origin and Development of the Least and Lowest Life Forms."

THURSDAY, 4th March, 1880.

GEORGE J. ROMANES, Esq., M.A., F.R.S.
Subject: "Mental Evolution."

Tickets for the Course, 1s, 2s 6d, and 5s; Reserved Seats (Numbered), 10s 6d.

To be had from the principal Booksellers, and from the Secretary.

N.B.—It is confidently anticipated that the whole sitting space of the City Hall will be let for Season Tickets. Members and Subscribers are therefore advised to secure their tickets early.
WILLIAM SMITH, Secretary.

114 Bath Street.

Doors Open at 7 p.m. Lectures at 8 p.m.

NOW ON VIEW,

At **J. JOHNSTONE YULE'S GALLERY,**
89 UNION STREET,

BAPTISM OF CHRIST IN JORDAN,

By **E. GOODYN LEWIS,**

Admission—10 till 6, 1s; 6 till 9, 6d.

NORTH BRITISH GALLERIES,
44 GORDON STREET.

NOW ON VIEW the Celebrated Picture by

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.,

Exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1804. From the Collection of the late Lord Delamere.

ADMISSION, 9 till Dusk, 1s.

WESTERN BOOK CLUB, Established 1841.

All the Best Books of History, Biography, Theology, Travels, Sport, Poetry, and Fiction are added immediately on Publication, and in large numbers. Catalogues of the recent additions to the Library, and of all the books in circulation may be had post free on application. Boxes of Books sent to all parts of the Country by Rail or Steamer. List of terms, &c., may be had on application. New Catalogues of Surplus Books for Sale, now ready.

JAMES MACLEHOSE, 61 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.

THE RUSSIAN TEAS.

The Russian Tea Company are now selling a parcel of Extra Fine First Crop New Seasons Tea at 2s 6d per lb.

N.B.—A Tea equal to this is seldom to be met with under 3s per lb.

PROPRIETORS—**CROMBIE & FLINT,**
457 SAUCHIEHALL STREET,
GLASGOW.

 CALEDONIAN RAILWAY.
GLASGOW FAST-DAY,
THURSDAY, 23RD OCTOBER, 1879.

CHEAP EXCURSION TO PERTH AND DUNDEE,
By Express Train leaving GLASGOW (Buchanan Street) at
8-20 a.m.; Returning from Dundee at 5-45 p.m., and Perth
(Princes St.) at 6-40 p.m. same day.

CHEAP RETURN FARES.

	First Class.	Third Class.
PERTH.....	7s	3s 6d
DUNDEE.....	10s	5s

Passengers may return on following Day on payment of One-fourth of these Fares additional.

CHEAP EXCURSION TO LANARK FOR
FALLS OF CLYDE,

By Train leaving GLASGOW (CENTRAL) at 9.20 A.M.;
Bridge Street at 9-23; and Eglinton Street at 9-27 A.M. Re-
turning from Lanark at 6.10 P.M. same day.

RETURN FARES.

FIRST CLASS.....	5s 6d	THIRD CLASS.....	2s 6d
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Passengers may return on following Day on payment of One-fourth of these Fares additional.

CHEAP EXCURSION TO BEATTOCK (FOR MOFFAT),
LOCKERBIE, DUMFRIES, AND CARLISLE,

By Train leaving GLASGOW (Central) at 8.0 a.m.; Bridge
Street at 8-3; and Eglinton Street at 8-6 a.m. Returning from
Dumfries at 6-30 p.m.; Carlisle at 6-30 p.m.; Lockerbie at
7-10 p.m.; and Beattock, at 7-35 p.m. same day.

CHEAP RETURN FARES.

	First Class.	Third Class.
BEATTOCK,	7s	3s 6d
LOCKERBIE, DUMFRIES, AND CARLISLE,	8s	4s

Passengers may return by Ordinary Trains on following Day,
or on Saturday, Monday, or Tuesday, on payment of 2s First
Class, and 1s Third Class additional.

STRATHAVEN FAIR.

Special Train to Hamilton and Strathaven, leaving Glasgow
(Central, at 11-5 a.m.; returning from Strathaven at 7-45 p.m.,
calling at all intermediate Stations both going and returning.

ADDITIONAL TRAIN TO UDDINGSTON, MOTHER-
WELL, WISHAW, CARLUKE, AND LANARK,

Calling at all Stations, will leave Glasgow (Central) at 10-5
a.m.; returning from Lanark at 6-20 p.m.

ADDITIONAL TRAIN AND STEAMBOAT
ACCOMMODATION TO ROTHESAY, LARGS, AND
MILLPORT.

For Particulars See Bills.

PAISLEY AND GREENOCK.

Trains will leave Glasgow (Central) for Greenock and Paisley
&c., at 7-5, 7-45, 9-0, 9-50, 10-0, 10-45, 11-0, 11-50 a.m., 12
noon, 1-0, 2-0, 3-0, 4-0, 4-45, 5-35, 6-25, 7-15, 8-20, 9-15, and
10-30 p.m., calling at Bridge Street 3 minutes later.

JAMES SMITHELLS, General Manager.

Glasgow, October, 1879.

 CALEDONIAN RAILWAY.
GLASGOW FAST-DAY,
THURSDAY, 23RD OCTOBER, 1879.

RETURN TICKETS AT A SINGLE FARE


Will be issued at Glasgow and Paisley to Beattock and Stations
South thereof, up to and including Carlisle; also to Dumfries and
Stranraer, and all other Stations on the Dumfries and Lockerbie
Branch, and the Portpatrick Railway.

Available from WEDNESDAY, 22nd to MONDAY,
27th October, 1879.

JAMES SMITHELLS, General Manager.

Glasgow, October, 1879.

GLASGOW AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

 GLASGOW FAST-DAY.

Return Tickets at a SINGLE FARE for the Double Jour-
ney will be issued on WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, 22nd
and 23rd OCTOBER, from Glasgow and Paisley to
THORNHILL, DUMFRIES, ANNAN, CARLISLE, DAL-
BEATTIE, CASTLE DOUGLAS, KIRKCUDBRIGHT,
GIRVAN, PINMORE, PINWHERRY, BARRHILL, NEW
LUCE, DUNRAGIT, CASTLE-KENNEDY, and STRAN-
RAER, the Tickets being available for Return up till
MONDAY, 27th OCTOBER.

THURSDAY, 23rd OCTOBER.

A Cheap Excursion Train will leave St. Enoch Station at 8-15
and Paisley at 8-30 a.m., for the following stations:—

Stations.	Return Fares—First Class.	Third Class.
MAUCHLINE,	5s	2s 6d
AUCHINLECK,.....		
OLD CUMNOCK,.....		
NEW CUMNOCK,	6s	3s
SANQUHAR,		
THORNHILL,		
DUMFRIES,	8s	4s
ANNAN,		
CARLISLE,.....		

Returning from Carlisle at 6-30, Annan at 6-58, Dumfries at
7-25, Thornhill at 7-55, Sanquhar at 8-15, New Cumnock at
8-35, Old Cumnock at 8-45, Auchinleck at 8-50, and Mauchline
at 9-0 p.m.

Passengers may Return from Dumfries, Annan, and Carlisle
up till SATURDAY, 25TH OCTOBER, by any Train except the
4-57 a.m., 1-50 and 6-17 p.m. Trains from Carlisle, on Payment
at the Booking Office before Leaving of 2s First Class and 1s
Third Class Additional to the Excursion Fares.

A Cheap Excursion Train will leave Bridge Street Station
at 9, and Paisley at 9-15 a.m., for

SALTCOATS, ARDROSSAN,
IRVINE, TROON, PRESTWICK, and AYR.

RETURN FARES—1st Class, 5s; 3rd Class, 2s 6d.

Returning from Ayr at 6-45, Prestwick at 6-52, Troon at 6-59,
Irvine at 7-8, Ardrossan at 6-55, and Saltcoats at 7 p.m.

RE-OPENING OF BRIDGE STREET STATION.

Trains will Leave BRIDGE STREET STATION for
PAISLEY and JOHNSTONE at 7-50, 9-50, and 11-50 A.M.,
1-50 and 3-50 P.M.; and for PAISLEY and GREENOCK
(Prince's Pier) at 10-0 and 11-0 A.M., and 12 Noon, and at
intervals during the day as required.

An HOURLY SERVICE of Trains is given between
GLASGOW (St. Enoch Station) and PAISLEY and GREE-
NOCK, and in addition Special Trains will be run as required.

W. J. WAINWRIGHT, General Manager.

Glasgow, October, 1879.

TRY OUR NEW CHEAP SERIES OF
COPYING LETTER BOOKS,
1000 LEAVES, STRONGLY BOUND, for
5s, 7s, or 9s.

The best evidence of their excellence is the fact that we are con-
stantly receiving renewal orders.

GEORGE GALLIE & SON,
99 BUCHANAN STREET.

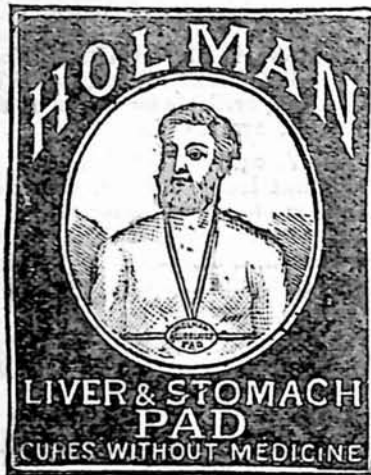
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LAGER BEER.

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87 WATERLOO STREET, AND 51 MAIN STREET.



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W. & J. MUTTER,
BOWMORE DISTILLERY.
COUNTING-HOUSE, 41 ANN STREET, CITY, GLASGOW.



It works by the natural law of absorption, invigorating the Liver and Stomach, and thereby curing Liver Complaints, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache, Diarrhoea, Loss of Appetite, Nervousness, Rheumatism, & Constipation.

Book and full particulars Free.

Price of Regular Size Pad, 10s.

Price of Special Size Pad (extra size and strength), 15s.

Sent by post free on receipt of Cheque or P. O. Order.

Payable to A. M. FRASER,
THE HOLMAN LIVER PAD CO.,
70 GLASSFORD STREET, GLASGOW.

ATHOLE ARMS HOTEL, 13 and 21 DUNDAS STREET, GLASGOW.

ALEXANDER GOW, having resumed possession of this favourite Hotel, has had it thoroughly renovated and made complete in comfort and convenience. Dinner and Supper parties receive his special personal attention, and they are invariably satisfied.

Charges moderate. Viands superb!

MANN'S RAINBOW HOTEL AND RESTAURANT,

BRIDGE STREET STATION, GLASGOW,

Three Minutes' Walk of St. Enoch's Station and Highland and Coasting Steamers.

This HOTEL has undergone extensive Alterations and Improvements. Has been Refurnished throughout. Visitors will find every comfort, combined with moderate Charges. Night Porter in attendance. Smoking-Rooms, Baths, and Billiards.

J. MAITLAND, Manager.

THE GRAND HOTEL, CHARING CROSS, GLASGOW.

Acknowledged by all. "The Finest Hotel in the Kingdom." Five Minutes' Ride (Fare 1s) from principal Railway Stations.

N.B.—See that Cabbie does not take you elsewhere.

Full Description forwarded Gratis on Application.

ALL LANGUAGES SPOKEN.

LEWIS JEFFERIS, Proprietor.

THE ROYAL RESTAURANT,

10 AND 12 WEST NILE STREET,

C. WILSON & SON, Proprietors.

WASTE PAPER, Ledgers, Letters, Books, Ropes, Bagging, Tailors' Clips—bought at PAPER MILL STORE, 98 MAXWELL STREET, for Re-manufacture

THE GLASGOW DAIRY COMPANY.

Supply of Pure and Unadulterated MILK, CREAM, and BUTTER, produced under best Sanitary conditions for preventing Infection, all as approved by Dr Fergus. A trial will prove that no expense or other precaution is spared to ensure richness and purity. All Milk and Cream refrigerated during hot season. HEAD OFFICE—42 GARNETHILL STREET, GLASGOW. West-End Branch—201 Victoria Street, Hillhead.

Farm—Flemington.

* * All Butter made on the Premises untouched by the hands and on the most approved system, unsurpassed in quality. Families may rely upon all Orders being attended to with the utmost punctuality and care. Address:—Manager, 42 Garnethill Street, Glasgow.

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The Best Place to secure Real Value in Foreign and British Cigars, Tobaccos, Snuffs, Meerscham and Briar Root Pipes, Pouches, etc., is at No. 2 GLASSFORD STREET, 1st door from Trongate. Trial solicited.

Commodious Smoking Room.

JOHN M. SIMPSON, Furniture Warehouse, and Show-rooms, 60 GREAT CLYDE STREET (Corner of Maxwell Street), Glasgow. One of the largest Stocks in the City. New Illustrated House Furnishing Guide to be had Free on application. The Cheapest Establishment in the City for Really Good Substantial Furniture of Artistic Design and Superior Finish. Quality Guaranteed.

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO.,
AUCTIONEERS AND VALUATORS,
ROYAL EXCHANGE SALE-ROOMS.

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AUCTIONEERS AND VALUATORS,
116 ST. VINCENT STREET, GLASGOW.

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SPECIALITY for the Season—

THE NEW AMERICAN DESIGNS

Unsurpassed in Novelty and Elegance.

GILLESPIE BROTHERS, Eight Buchanan St.

ECONOMY IN STATIONERY

Notepaper, good regular quality, 6d, 8d, and 10d. per 5-Quire Packet of 120 Sheets. Envelopes, 4d and 6d per 100; Court Shape, 6d per 100; Business Envelopes 2s 6d per 1000, at Adam M'Kim's, 102 Trongate (Candleriggs Corner).

VITALINE.



The most wonderful discovery of the age, and the marvellous Vegeto-Tonic treatment for the cure and prevention of Biliousness, Sick Headache, Indigestion. Loss of Appetite, Tic Doloieux, Neuralgia, Nervousness, Giddiness, Scrofulous Affections, Ague, Debility, Spasms, and all derangements of the Stomach. By its administration the natural appetite is revived, and the functions of digestion and assimilation are improved, re-animated, and regulated; and when its use has been steadily persevered in, its peculiar Tonic and Nutritive Powers have entirely restored Health and Strength to the most feeble and Shattered Constitutions.

VITALINE.

Unless the secretions of the liver be healthy it cannot assimilate, and produce fit sustenance for the general support and preservation of the body, take what nutriment you will, even the best the world can afford. The liver is the most important organ in the whole body, and when its action is imperfect, all others suffer with it. Vitaline almost immediately produces by direct action, a healthy effect upon the liver, and is a never failing remedy for nervousness, wakefulness, restlessness, sinking sensation in the stomach, irregular appetite, and fulness after meals.—Vitaline is manufactured only by JOE TODD, Chemist, Carlisle, and is sold in bottles at 2s 9d, 4s 6d, and 11s each, by all Chemists.

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In introducing this New Department of our Business, we may explain that though it is the first attempt of the kind in Glasgow, yet it has been carried on with great success by the most celebrated Hosiers and Glovers in the Cheapside and Strand, London, and we feel quite confident that with your kind patronage, and our strict attention, this novelty cannot fail to be a great success.

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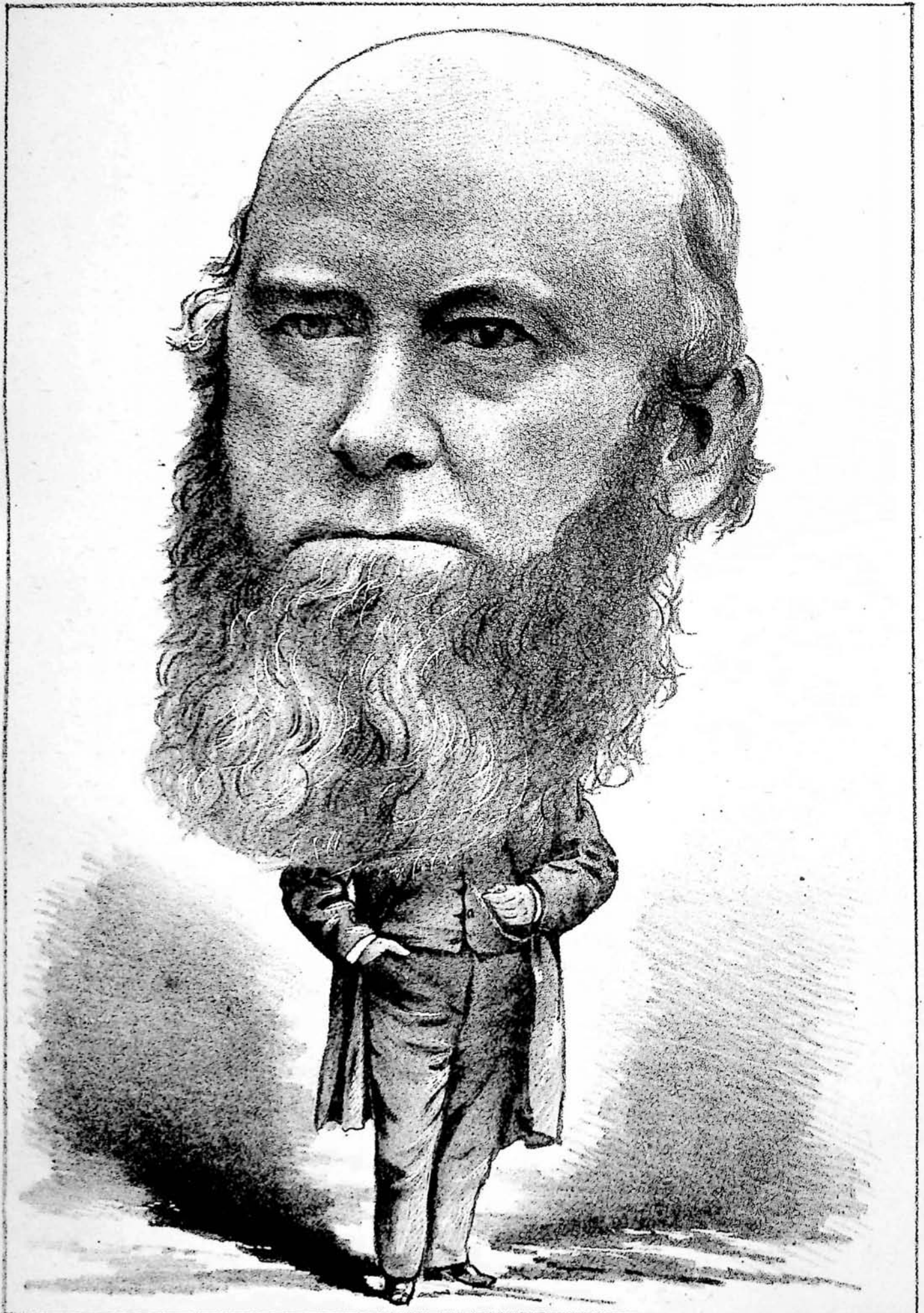
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"THERE are nae bairns like our ain bairns" is an old Scotch saying, and of course advertiser
 in bringing their goods before the public naturally maintain that their respective specialities are unequalled. Now
 without going so far as to say that our "bairns" (Aerated Waters) are the best in the world, we hold that they are at an
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 and purest materials at the Cromac Springs, Belfast, the water of which is peculiarly adapted for the manufacture of
 Aerated Waters, and having had over a quarter of a century's experience in preparing those beverages, we challenge
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 them, bottle for bottle with those of other makers, and we will stand or fall by the result. Test to the utmost, dilute
 our Ginger Ale and Lemonade with Water, and it will be found that no other will stand this test to the same degree
 as ours. Let us have "a fair field and no favour" and we are satisfied that our goods will soon be in universal demand.
 Retail, from Chemists, Grocers, Wine Merchants, Restaurateurs, &c., and Wholesale at our Scotch Depot
 147 STOCKWELL STREET, GLASGOW.



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The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 367. Glasgow, Wednesday, October 29th, 1879. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 367.

NOT to many men does it happen to rise some fine morning and find themselves famous, and yet this is something like what happened three years ago to the Man you Know. At that time the town of rain and sugar was sadly exercised as to who should succeed Provost Neil in the civic chair. Not that there were no Richmonds in the field. No, there were as many Bailies and Councillors wishing promotion as there were suiters for the hand of the fair mistress of Belmont. But Greenock would have none of them and exclaimed like her, "There is not one of them but I would dote on his very absence." This being the state of matters, the suggestion to look outside of the Council for a provost was received by both town and Council with the proverbial eagerness which the village chanticleer shows for the fruit of the gooseberry bush. No sooner had the idea been mooted, than treading on its heels came the unanimous cry, "ABRAM LYLE is the man we want." After the usual amount of billing and cooing the swain consented, and they "ran him in" and turned him from plain A. L. into His Hon. the Provost, with a speed which is only equalled by that Yankee machine into one end of which they insert "the gintleman that pays the rint," and forthwith from the other end emerge pork hams, door-mats, blacking-brushes, and other musical instruments. The energy of the men of sugar in the matter was unmistakable; having made up their minds for a souze, they went over head and ears before, as they say in Spain, you could say an Ave Maria. It is satisfactory to say that this union, celebrated in such Gretna Green fashion, has turned out a happy and satisfactory one. There are many men who could, like the "Bedford Bantam,"

take command of the Channel Fleet in six hours' notice, but the effect upon the Fleet would not be a matter of much doubt in the case of 99 out of 100 of the amateur admirals. So the BAILIE has much pleasure in bearing witness that the Man you Know has not only managed to steer the good ship Greenock for three years, but has handled her well. When he took office there was a heavy Police Bill and a "City" Improvement Scheme in Parliament, and the details of these were mastered and the measures piloted safely through both Houses without offending any private interests, and yet without sacrificing those of the town of Greenock. The policy of conciliation thus inaugurated may be said to have run through all the Provost's actions during his term of office. By bringing every influence, personal, social, and political, and even clerical, to bear on opponents, by explaining away dubious points, and by his evident earnestness and conscientiousness, he has brought it about that for two years at least there has been no Opposition in the Council. Such a happy family has rarely been seen in Greenock and might induce thoughts of the near approach of the millennium, were it not that already when the keeper is going off the animals are beginning to ramp up against the bars of the cage and to growl and fight, as "'tis their nature to." Looking back at the den well may the Man you Know say to his successor (whoever he may be), "Heaven send thee a good deliverance." Mr LYLE'S close attendance to work for the town of Greenock has certainly exceeded by far that of the gallant admiral, the member for Stirlingshire, in the House of Commons. Daily from 10 to 4 he has given up his time to the business of the town, and almost nightly he has presided or attended at public, or semi-public meetings. In fact, during his three years' office he has gone through an amount of work in his public

capacity which would have knocked up many a younger man. He has contributed largely to charities of all kinds, and much of the success of several subscriptions (*testi* the City Bank fund) has been owing to his personal exertions in the matter. He has had more patronage in his hands than any Greenock provost of this generation, the town-clerkship and chamberlainship both having become vacant within the last two years, and the appointments made by him are now giving universal satisfaction. There are some points of policy on which the BAILIE has differed from his Hon. the Provost, but then there is no such thing as absolute perfection in this wicked world—there are spots on the sun and you cannot get all the virtues even in a provost of Greenock. Besides, the BAILIE knows that some folks wouldn't be content with a provost even though they were measured for one. So he must admit Mr LYLE has done his work well, and accordingly, as is his habit of an evening (tell it not to Sir Wilfrid), he drinks his health in a "tram." That such, too, are the sentiments of the fellow townsmen of the Man you Know is evident from two circumstances: 1st, That when last year the representation of the town became vacant the seat was offered to Mr LYLE by the Liberal party, and there is little doubt if he had accepted, that there would have been no contest; and 2nd, That

"To perpetuate his great renown
He's had a road named after him in town,"

by a unanimous vote of the Council. The New Municipal Buildings, and New Harbour Bill, and other large schemes being now in hand, it has been the opinion of the community that it would be to the public advantage to have a man of Provost LYLE'S financing powers still at the helm, and accordingly he has been requested by deputation after deputation to take office again for another term. Unfortunately for the town, but perhaps fortunately for himself, he has decided to retire into private life. As a private citizen Mr LYLE has always been highly esteemed. His businesses of cooper, sugar refiner, and ship-owner bulk large even in Greenock. Whether or not he commenced life with the usual 2s 6d in his pocket the BAILIE can't tell, but he has certainly contrived to amass an amount of wealth which would make poor Richard's mouth water. Amongst others he is the owner of the well-known "Cape" clippers, and thanking him for the word, the BAILIE, who has a little Oirish blood in him, would wish, in

conclusion, that he and they may long *kape* clear of trouble and have a good time.

"The Reeves Tale."

"As showing the high terms which Mr Sims Reeves commands, it may be mentioned that during his engagement at the Gaiety Theatre he received £135 each night he sang."—*Daily Paper.*

WHAT! Grudge him his earnings?—Not I;
I wish I were just in his shoes,
I'd fly from this garret, so high,
And bid a *bou soir* to my muse.
I'd warble "Tom Bowling" with glee,
With a pleasanter trill in my throat,
To think all the while that to me
A sovereign came in for each note.
El Dorado!—I've found it, my man!
Philosopher's stone!—to the deuce!
I'd sing till I'd die, like a swan,
And not scribble here, like a goose.
I would not have crotchets like Sims,
No, I'd sing every night in the week;
(But who knows, but 'tis these little whims
That make the folks after him seek?)
I'd give you encores by the score;
I'd—think you I crow rather crouse?
Neither wonder, with money galore
Who says "There's nae luck in the house?"
Let me see—What would that be a year,
Supposing I sang every night?
Tot it up—the amount let me hear—
Oh, my!—Are you quite sure you're right?
Well-a-well, who'd have thought it—would you?
What a rare, happy life that would be—
To learn off a ballad or two,
And on to the stage and let free!
My brow you would never see curled;
I'd envy no man of his "crib";
I'd think this a jolly, good world.
And quietly go through it, *ad lib.*

A HEROD COME TO JUDGMENT!—Hughie Colquhoun, Hughie Colquhoun! What were you thinking of when you declared the other day that the Council "would require to abolish all the small boys in the city?" It is well for you that you have not to face your constituents next week. If you had, you would be unseated, as sure as mothers are mothers.

In the new Burgh Buildings for Crosshill accommodation is said to be provided for "artistes or orators who may engage the hall for entertainments or meetings." Very good; but what about people who may engage the hall without being either artistes or orators—such, to take extreme cases, as Neils or "lion comiques?"

Add Vice Gratis—As the ironmonger said to his clerk in the writing out of the invoice.

FERGUSON'S EDINBURGH ROCK
is the best present from Edinburgh. 1 Melbourne place,
near the Castle

"Flat Burglary as ever was Committed!"

THE BAILIE has been able of late to say much in praise of his friend the reporter, but he is now called upon to blame. While fully recognising the anxiety to discriminate evinced in the selection of such a phrase as "a little outrageous," his Worship fails to see its applicability to the conduct of a "desp'rate willin" who attempted to assault a Councillor—and, which is more, a Councillor of Maryhill, with everything handsome about him, including his mouth-filling name of Meiklejones. Had the Councillor been merely a little Jones there might have been some slight excuse for describing the outrage as "little" also; but "Mr Councillor Meiklejones o' Maryhill!" My conscience! Go to, friend Reporter. Thou art a naughty varlet, and art like to be condemned into a better place if thou dost not better suspect the place and the years of the modern representatives of "the poor Duke's officers."

"SWEET HOME" A-LA-MODE.

A pot from Japan, a chair of Queen Anne
 In a chiniz sprawled with flowers squat and shrubbish,
 A cabinet this, and a chiffoniere that,
 And a whatnot all full of old rubbish.
 A sounce, beaten brass, a mirror with glass
 For its framing as well as its body,
 A tapestry wall, and a parquetry floor—
 And a Mr and Mrs MacShoddy.

A "DELUSION"—AND A SNARE.—A daily paper, in reporting the case of a "Greenock merchant" charged with getting refreshments "on the bounce," says, "there are some suspicions of the old gentleman being suffering from some delusion." Jones, who has been "done" until his name ought to be Brown, says that a great many people seem to suffer from "delusions" similar to that of the "old gentleman." Any relation of the other Old Gentleman, by the way?

A "LOAF"-ING TRADE.—The Rev. Dr Wallace told the Glasgow bakers last week that among them "there was a large number of men who were simply loafers." Surely the Doctor was taking what Mr Neil calls "his nap" off his audience. Isn't every baker a loaf-er?

The Harmony of Architecture—In reeds, strings, flutes, tambours, and bands.

Left off Clothing—The hats and goons.

BICYCLES. { New, Second Hand, and Exchanged. Patent Saddles, Oil, Wrenches, Lamps, Sundries.—West of Scotland Bicycle Co., 104 Renfield Street.

Neglected Merit.

WHAT a lot of power is allowed to run to waste in this heedless world! The Falls of Niagara "turn nothing," and a "business man" who is certified on excellent authority—his own—to be "good, intelligent, useful, reliable, able and willing to work at anything," is obliged to advertise in the *Herald* for a situation. Think of that! This epitome of all the virtues and talents lying fallow, so to speak, and all the time a drunken maniac is on the throne of Burmah, and we are municipally governed by Collinses and Neils!

HIS HOLIDAYS.

(Scene—Pub. in Sauchiehall Street. Time, 9 p.m.; Enter street arab selling papers.)

Shopman—Run away, now. Call again next week.

Street Arab—Hoo can I ca' next week whan I'm gaun awa' my holidays?

[General roar at bar and some custom for the youngster.]

A WONDER.—Mr Laing, of "Mutual Supply" fame, declared last week that "if they (the directors) followed out the lines already laid down they would make the association one that would be a wonder to the community." Mr Laing is really too modest. The association is a wonder to the community.

THAT'S THE QUESTION.—A lady "wishes," through the advertising columns of a contemporary, another lady "to share with her a limited income." Before deciding whether this fair one is possessed of uncommon benevolence or uncommon cheek, the BAILIE would like to know whose is the "limited income"—the advertiser's or t'other's.

An advertisement in the *Herald* announces that a certain "medical assistant" is "filled up." The BAILIE is quite aware that the junior members of the medical profession are not unfrequently "filled up," but it is surely unnecessary to call public attention to any particular case.

A MIDNIGHT (H)OWL.—It is because Minerva failed to find much wisdom under the sun that she so took up with the bird of night.

Two "Stars" Keep not their Motion in One Sphere—Neither can Councillor Martin and Councillor Neil.

Mitchell's Old Irish Whisky, Belfast, is famed over the World. Agent, David Mitchell, 20 Hope Street, Glasgow.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—We are to have six nights of Charles Wyndham at the Gaiety, commencing this evening. He appears as *Bob Sackett* in the wild, screaming absurdity yclept "Brighton." Mr Wyndham is one of the *very* successful men now on the stage. When he appeared at the Theatre Royal in "Man and Wife," seven or eight years ago, his position—well, his position was nothing to brag of. Now he is without a rival in his own line as an actor, he is manager of the "Criterion," and by the exercise of the keen business faculty of which he is happily the possessor he is on the fair way of becoming a man of fortune.

Among the members of the company Mr Wyndham brings with him are Mr Mat. Robson, Mr J. G. Grahame, Miss Marie De Grey, and Miss Wentworth—the last named being the young lady who, in March last, appeared as *Polly* in the amateur performance of "Caste" at the Prince of Wales Theatre, and who delighted us all so much by her freshness and sparkle. At that time she was engaged as a governess, but her natural aptitude for the stage, together with the genuine love she had for the art, has since induced her to adopt the theatre as a profession, and in the opinion of competent judges her career promises to be a bright and prosperous one.

"Drink," Mr Reade's "Drink" that is, will be produced at the Gaiety on Monday next.

Miss Genevieve Ward, who appeared last week under the direction of Mr Bernard, at the Newcastle Theatre-Royal as the *Marquise de Mohrivan*, in the new play of "Forget-me-not," will play a short engagement at the Gaiety, beginning on the 17th of next month. The duties of acting-manager for Miss Ward are being discharged by Mr W. A. Burt, who was at one time connected with the Prince of Wales Theatre.

We are this week to enjoy a visit from the Beatrice Comedy-Drama Company at the Prince of Wales Theatre. The company is, as you know, under the management of Mr Frank Harvey, while *Mdlle.* Beatrice's parts are taken by Miss Annie Baldwin (Mrs Raisbeck Robinson). The more subordinate roles are filled by such tried artists as Miss Charlotte Saunders, Mr Carter Edwards, and our old friend Andrews.

Mr Harvey's *repertoire* is strong, including as it does "The Woman of the People," "Frou-Frou," "Our Friends," "The Mother" (the late Olympic success), and half-a-dozen other pieces. The first-named play will be produced this (Monday) evening, and the programme will be changed towards the end of the week. Could not Mr Harvey manage to give us our old friend "Frou-Frou" one evening?

Why has Mr Beryl altered the name of the South-side theatre from Her Majesty's to the Royal Princess'? We have already the Prince of Wales Theatre and the Royalty Theatre, and his title seems to me as if it were a species of jumping up behind Mr Sidney and Mr Knapp. "Her Majesty's" was a capital name; but if a distinctive designation were desired, why not term it at once the "South-Side Theatre." That would have appealed to the people in the district, and it is to them that Mr Beryl must look for support.

The house, which is being completely overhauled, will open in December with "New Babylon," a species of "Great City," or "Streets of London" piece, which has proved enormously successful at the Holborn Theatre in the metropolis. It includes various sensational effects—a shipwreck, a view of "Tattersall's" on a big betting day, and a racecourse, if I recollect rightly.

Clever Mr J. H. Ryle—"John Wellington Wells," don't you remember?—sails this week for America, in order to take an important part in the new Gilbert-Sullivan opera, which is to be first produced on the other side of the Atlantic.

Mr Toole appears this evening at the Grand Theatre, Leeds. His appearance last week at Liverpool, like that of the previous week at Manchester, was a wonderful success.

All artistic London is eagerly discussing the approaching appearance of Mr Irving in the part of *Shylock*. The *role* is one

that will suit the character of his genius. *Shylock's* grim humour, his strong will, his rage, his despair, will all receive adequate treatment at Mr Irving's hands. Besides, and this is a matter of the utmost moment in an artistic sense, his *Shylock* will owe nothing to tradition. It will be as different from that of Edmund Kean—of which all portraits of the Jew that have since been drawn are mere copies—as Edmund Kean's was from the *Shylocks* of Moss, Macklin and the earlier personators of the character.

The latest developments of the "Pinafore" lunacy in America are "Pinafore in Black" (performed by "nigger" artistes) and "The Wreck of the Pinafore," both produced in San Francisco.

Bank forgeries have been rife of recent months in this city, and more than one innocent man has naturally been suspected by the various bank authorities. The apprehension, however, of the young man Stewart, and the discovery in his house of several cheque books of other banks than the Bank of Scotland, has set these doubts at rest.

One or two young men, sucking lawyers and others, have started a "Ruskin Society" in Glasgow. Since they ought to have a quotation from the writings of "The Master," as he is termed in pedantic fashion by his admirers, I can supply them with one. Writing, the other day, to Mr White the picture-dealer, who had asked him for one or two Turner drawings to exhibit in his galleries in Gordon Street, Mr Ruskin said that no Turner or other drawings could do any good to Glasgow people. Art, he added, is not for them. They have two duties to perform. One of these is to burn their city, and the other to purify their river!

"Another good man gone"—away, BAILIE. Mr R. C. Galletti, manager of the Bodega here, has not been many years in Glasgow, but long enough, to cause regret amongst not a few at his leaving this week to join the chief establishment of the firm in London. At a social gathering in Charlie Wilson's on Friday evening he was presented with a souvenir of remembrance by a large circle of his friends.

Oh, Granny! how could you? And in "Samian ware" and the "Tuscan" tongue too. Oh, you awfully wicked old woman!

The approaching Martinmas term will be marked, it is whispered, by more than one development of the property speculation question. In various cases I have heard of, tenants have been warned by the bondholders not to pay their rents to the landlord of the house.

The reconstructed, or rather the new Renfrew Municipal Building will be formally opened this week. What a commonplace little village Renfrew would have been without it to be sure, and yet, had it not been for Provost Stewart, the structure would not have been rebuilt after the recent fire. Certain of the Renfrew bodies seem possessed of a penny-wise policy that would have put Bryce Snailsfoot himself to the blush. All honour, therefore, to Mr Stewart, who has succeeded in defeating the designs of these municipal scalawags. The building is the work of Mr Lowdon M'Queen, and every part of it, especially the large hall, is a model of neat compactness.

Stout Archibald Forbes, most famous and most fearless of war correspondents, will make two appearances in Glasgow this week—one in the City Hall to-morrow night, and another in the Queen's Rooms on Friday night. He will tell his Zulu experiences on both occasions, and right well will he tell them, too. "They say" that Mr Forbes's fee for each lecture he delivers is £50.

To-day and to-morrow (Tuesday) the private view takes place in Messrs M'Tear's Royal Exchange Sale Rooms, of a most attractive collection of pictures belonging to Messrs Hollender and Cremetti. These will be sold next Thursday, and when I say that among the artists are Artz, Schlesinger, Blommers, Goodall, and Weber, I have said enough to prove that the show is a good one.

A Salt 'Erring—A sailor mistaking his course, He-haw!

A Few Friends.

No. 2.—JOE LOUDBAGS.

PERHAPS the most disagreeable of the common objects of the town is the cad; and of his class Joe Loudbags is certainly pre-eminently objectionable. The apparel oft proclaims the man; and if any proofs of Joe's character were required further than that supplied by his walk and conversation, his clothing would complete his condemnation. As Midas of old turned everything into gold by a touch, so Joe, by some unfortunate alchemy, makes all his belongings the very essence of vulgarity. His horse-shoe pins and monogram lockets are vulgarly huge; his hat-brims vulgarly curly or vulgarly flat; his collars vulgarly high or vulgarly low; his trousers vulgarly tight or vulgarly wide. Not the least irritating circumstance about Joe is that every gesture betrays the fact that he is on the most excellent terms with himself; while on his face—a face, by the way, on which Darwin would gaze with delight—lingers an eternal smirk of gentle self-satisfaction. Beau Brummel himself could not have been much more sublime.

It is a splendid testimony to the infinite aspirations of the soul to find that even a thing like Loudbags has lofty aims and noble ambitions. Chief among these is his desire to know every barmaid in town by her Christian name; and in this direction he has made considerable progress. Indeed, it is in the café or smoking-room that Joe chiefly shines. Remarkable everywhere, he there reaches the pinnacle of his unsavoury greatness. See him as he lounges at the little table at the head of the room, his white-gaitered feet reclining gracefully on the opposite chair, his hat very much over the right eye, and a cheap cigar in his mouth! He is surrounded by an admiring circle of cads of lesser magnitude, and the unblushing Hebe of the moment titters at his playful sallies. Is he not noble?

Oh ye rising young artists of the West of Scotland, at present frittering away your talents on Highland lochs and cottage interiors, what a splendid opportunity is yours to paint an allegorical work of deathless fame, after the manner of the old masters! Why not depict Joe Loudbags and his surroundings as they are at this moment, and call it "The Apotheosis of Cad-dishness?"

What can become of Joe as time rolls on? Whom the gods love die young. One can hardly imagine any being, either celestial or mundane, doting on Loudbags; but if the gods

could make an exception in this one instance, and remove Joe at an early period, the world would be by so much the better.

“THE FELL SERGEANT DEATH.”

Sandy (very sympathetically)—An' Johnny, my man, what wis like the maitter wi' Mary?

Johnny (who has been on the "spree" ever since his wife died)—'Od, man, I dinna ken—Oh, she wis jist that Hielan', she deet.

“THE GIRLS” V. “OUR BOYS.”—In London “The Girls” failed while “Our Boys” made a tremendous hit. Not so in Glasgow. If we may trust the results of the University Local Examinations, *our* boys are being completely outstripped by the girls. Suppose you try if the same would hold good at the Gaiety, Mr Bernard.

Somebody advertises for “a second-hand edition of Bell's Principles.” Bell's principles must be remarkably strong, to serve two owners. Most of us are very well satisfied if our principles do not become threadbare with our own use. A set of principles in good condition should command a high price in an epoch of City Banks and Social Supply Mutuations.

HOME RULE.—The BAILIE believes in not only Scotland for the Scots, but in the Scots for Scotland. [Midlothian has his Worship's special licence for the spelling of Scot(t)s with two ts.]

“JOHNNY MORGAN PLAYS THE ORGAN.”

Loving Mother (telling her young hopeful of the grand things to be seen in the Cathedral)—An' there's an organ in't!

Young Hopeful (whose knowledge of organs does not extend beyond the street ones)—Aye! an' wha ca's the han'el?

Mattie doesn't understand what Principal Caird meant by talking of the time when “caps and gowns” would be within the reach of the British female. She had always regarded these articles as her normal wear.

A contemporary which chronicles the startling occurrence of a marriage in church is careful to add that the collection taken at the door was “for church purposes.” If that had not been mentioned, you see, the public might have been under the impression that it was for the purpose of starting the happy pair in life.

Famed 8d Dinner and 6d Tea Service, City Commercial Restaurant, 60 Union Street, Matthew Waddell.

Quavers.

MR DAVID PENTLAND has been recently appointed conductor of the music in Woodside Established Church, Great Western Road. There is a musical association connected with the church besides the choir, of some seventy or eighty voices, and Howell's oratorio "The Land of Promise," written for the Birmingham Choral Society, has been selected for practise. With Mr Pentland's tact and experience as a leader of a large society, the Woodside Association is likely to make a name for itself among such bodies.

All three concert enterprises on the Fast-night met with their due meed of reward, and the idea seems completely established in popular favour. Both in Mr Lambeth's choir, and in the Glasgow Select were there features for the highest admiration, with noticeable differences in style, easy grace being perhaps specially characteristic of the first named, and precision of the second. Mr Miller's Society did good useful work in the creditable performance which they gave of Bennett's Cantata.

On Saturday evening, highly successful concerts were given by Mr Lambeth's Choir and that under Mr Archer. There is no objection, one would suppose, to the remark that this competition for public favour is leading, in both cases, to singing of surpassing excellence.

We have received with pleasure, and with some little surprise, the remarkably interesting prospectus for the season of the Dumfries Philharmonic Society, which is evidently a body of no mean importance. It is proposed to give three public performances. In November, Costa's "Eli" will be produced with Madame Enriquez and Mr Vernon Rigby among the principals, and in January or February, a Shakespearian concert (a capital idea) is to be given, the music consisting of solos, &c, introduced in the plays, by various composers. The third concert will include Handel's "Acis and Galatea."

Though we may think we are having just rather much of the Select Choir class of entertainment just now, yet we cannot but hail with pleasure the forthcoming initiatory appearance on the scene of Mr Moodie's Choir—not a new choir exactly, but the St. George's Select under a new and more distinctive name, and entirely remodelled, as is to be understood.

The choir gives its first concert on Saturday evening in the Kibble Palace, "under the auspices" of the Directors of the Botanical Institution, and from what has been seen in past seasons of Mr Moodie's ability as a choir trainer, and from the quality of the voices brought together, a vocal exhibition of no mean artistic order may confidently be looked for.

The programme will largely consist of musical pieces unheard here before. Of those quite new to us are "When Hands Meet," by Piaswi, an exceedingly beautiful example of that favourite part-song composer; also the Serenade "The Fairest Flower," by Sir R. P. Stewart, a writer of interesting music; then a quaint four-part song by Hatton "What is got by Sighing," and an equally quaint original setting of Burns' ode "O Stay, Sweet Warbling Woodlark," by Mr Moodie. There are also to be in the programme the tasteful arrangements by Mr Seligmann of "The Flowers of the Forest" (modern air) and "Wha's at the Window," and that by Mr David Baptie, of "The Maid of Islay," in which latter the diligent student in the pure school of Horsley, Webbe, and Spofforth is seen. And, by the way, there is a good deal too much in the present day of careless writing for voices, the part-song one finds prominent in programmes "The Great God Pan," being an instance that occurs at the moment.

The humorous element will not be wanting at this concert. For one item, Calicott's clever and amusing music to the nursery rhyme "Jack and Gill," will be sung.

Mr Seligmann, who has taken a marked interest in Mr Moodie's Choir and St. George's Choral Union, has recently arranged "The Braes o' Balquither" for the former society; it is treated somewhat in canon form, and will be produced at Saturday's concert.

A musical association has been newly formed in Uddingston, and practising begins next week. Mr James Allan, of the Glasgow Select Choir, is to be the conductor. It is a matter of

surprise that a place of the suburban importance of Uddingston has not hitherto had any such society of its own, but we may be sure the new association will have a prosperous career—the more that the services of a vocal trainer and leader, so highly competent as Mr Allan, have been secured, and that there is ample musical talent in the district.

You must have observed, BAILIE, that a totally distinct class of choir conductors is growing up amongst us, from what was common in your young days. Then the church was led with the voice, now it is led for the most part with the organ or harmonium. Then your precentor could take a part in an anthem or in a glee of Calcott's or Horsley's with the best, and at a moment's notice; now, we fear, the leader could not do any such thing, as he is usually a poor vocal "reader." If the old choir leaders were a little conceited, our young organists are, not a few of them, infinitely more so. They think they know everything in music, because they can rattle over the keyboard somewhat easily. They regard with contempt all who have not similar facility, and will even presume to set up as guides in harmony, on the strength of a few acquired rules, and the publication of a song or two in which, whatever the correctness of the harmonic progressions, there is plenty of amazing arpeggio work. The misfortune is that, in the meantime, church choir singing does not much advance. But time, BAILIE, let us hope, will put all straight in this way.

THE TWA TUGALTS.

(Scene—Warehouse in Trongate.)

Salesman—We sent the box per "Dunara Castle" two weeks ago.

Dugald MacIntosh—Shust so, shust so, but she'll never found it, and maype she'll pe no addrest right.

Salesman—It was addressed to "Mr Dugald MacIntosh, merchant, Tarbert, Harris."

D. M'I—Shust that. That's the other Tugald MacIntosh, the rascal, but I am Tugalt MacIntosh, Esquire!

GENEROUS GREENOCK!—Of what princely munificence Sugaropolis is capable! A subscription was started in the Sugar Exchange there the other day, and after "almost every gentleman in the locality" had contributed, the total came to the magnificent sum of £3. As one reckless spendthrift gave a pound, it would be interesting to have details of the contributions which went to make up the other two.

DE GUSTIBUS. — The legal gentleman who defended that distinguished Protestant champion, Mr M'Intyre, last week declared the question involved to be a "nice" one. Tastes differ. Most people consider it very nasty.

CA-BULLY FOR YOU!—"Just out, the Cabul Puzzle: price one penny." Is this "sarkasm?" The Cabul puzzle has cost us a good many millions of pennies, shillings, and pounds; and it's not "out" yet.

Smokers, Wallach's Mixture is the best you can smoke, 6d per oz.; only to be had from D. CARMICHAEL, 161 Ingram Street, and 121 Buchanan Street.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT oor Jeems has once more "run a-muck."
That he didn't make muckle of it.

That certain of our newspapers won't give up their space to Jeems and his speeches.

That this is the best way to put him down.

That Councillor John Neil has broken out in a new place.

That last week he gave us his views concerning eternal punishment.

That his remarks were not very well received.

That John thinks his head should have "wagged in a poopit."

That Sheriff Spens has taken the proper course with the "fifing fiends."

That "sixty days" will drive party airs out of the heads of these young gentlemen.

That Mr Kidston was defeated at the School Board.

That although he has been deprived of his convenership, the Opposition "have not yet subdued Rob Roy."

That the yearly tax papers are flowing in.

That between School Board, poor rates, and improvements, the taxes mount up to a pretty penny in the pound.

That the number of travellers on the Fast Day were fewer than usual.

That a good many got wet to the skin at night.

That some had also a "heavy wet" underneath the skin.

That a few quiet pubs. did a roaring business.

That there is to be another attempt to start the Sunday cars.

That the Presbyteries are keeping their eyes on the would-be innovators.

That this time the Tram Directors will not be so susceptible to persuasion as they were on the previous occasion.

That the annual battle of the licences has begun.

That the teetotallers are making a strong effort to reduce the number of "pubs."

That the Bonifaces are determined to maintain their rights.

That it is a case of "pull devil, pull baker."

That the volunteers are going in for ambulance instruction.

That this may prove useful to them when attending football matches.

That the preparations for the municipal elections proceed apace.

That few of us are taking much interest in the result.

That the proper people are not coming forward as candidates.

That when things are at their worst they may mend.

That it was too bad of Councillor Neil to tell at his Ward meeting what the folks thought of Councillor Martin's "jaw-bone."

That Mr Neil's own might have served his purpose equally well.

That when he lays it on he gives them the "baker's dozen."

That he makes the Council chamber sometimes as hot as an oven.

That like a well-set "sponge" he "rises" to the occasion in it.

That his right hand has not forgot its cunning at the "rasping."

That the "poor landlords" are writing to the papers to ask mercy from the bondholders.

That outsiders can hardly avoid a chuckle at the picture of Barabbas asking charity of Skinflint.

◆◆◆
"IN CELLAR COOL."

(Scene — Railway station somewhere in the South of Scotland.)

Station Master (to general manager who is on a tour of inspection)—There's just one thing I'd like done, sir. I want a coal cellar built at the station.

G. M.—A coal cellar, Thompson! You'll want me to build you a wine cellar next.

S. M.—A wine cellar, sir! We'll not mind about that just yet. I could put all my wine in a salt cellar.

◆◆◆
"SARKASM." — Principal Caird thinks that among the "advantages" of the Education Act is the circumstance that "it supplies in large towns and populous parishes a sort of local Parliament for the development of the administrative and economical ability, and for the airing of the powers of debate, of certain worthy members of the community." A most sarcastic Principal! Doesn't this look like "another insult," Jeems?

The other day, Dr Cairns declared at an Edinburgh bazaar that "the simplest way to raise money" was "to put one's hand in one's pocket." Better try some other fellow's pocket. Asinus says he can raise nothing by putting his hand—or hoof—in his pocket but disappointment and "fluff."

◆◆◆
Ansell's Beefsteak Grill, 88 Virginia Place (Rear of Union Bank). Steaks, Chops, Kidneys, &c., cooked in large room.

UNSHRINKABLE
WOOLLEN SHIRTS.

WE are not aware that anyone in Scotland has devoted so much time and careful attention as ourselves to the production of Woollen Shirts. We are satisfied, at all events, that Gentlemen cannot procure elsewhere so large a Variety of Choice Styles, so High-Class Materials, or so Perfect-Fitting Shirts.

This Season we have introduced a NEW WOOLLEN SHIRTING, perfectly unshrinkable, and guaranteed to wear well. We may state that all our Woollen Shirts are prepared so as to shrink as little as possible in the washing; but this is the first time we have been able to produce perfectly Unshrinkable Woollen Shirts. We have no doubt but that our efforts in this branch of the Shirt Trade will meet with due appreciation.

RILEY, WEBSTER, & BORLAND,
86 AND 88 ARGYLE STREET.

WALTER WILSON & Co.,

The COLOSSEUM, 70 JAMAICA STREET.

We are now showing all the NOVELTIES for Autumn and Winter Wear in LADIES' and GENT'S HATS. Great Variety of LADIES' New BEAVER HATS. The Largest Stock of Hats in the Kingdom.

COOPER & CO.'S
FRUIT SYRUPS.

LEMON and GINGER Especially Recommended.
1S 9D BOTTLE FOR 8½D,
3S 6D " " 1S 3D,

A Tablespoonful of the above in a Tumblerful of Cold Water makes a most refreshing and inexpensive Summer Drink.

To be had only from the Makers,
COOPER & CO., 10 and 12 Howard Street, and Branches.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

HENRY THOMSON & CO'S
OLD

IRISH WHISKY.

SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—

ROBERT BROWN, 17 HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.

DAVISON'S

CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE
GINGER BEER.

A SPARKLING and DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE YEAR ROUND; WARM, GRATEFUL, AND AROMATIC. As Supplied to the Western, Junior, New, and other Clubs.

THOMAS DAVISON,

DISPENSING CHEMIST,

126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

SUPERB TEA at 2s 4d Per Lb.

FAMILIES who are being supplied at "Wholesale Rates" (so called) by Wholesale Grocers and West-End Co-Operative Stores, should compare what they are buying at 2s 6d, 2s 8d, and 3s per lb. with the above Tea. There is nothing like it in Scotland.

PURE CANE SUGARS AT LOWEST MARKET RATES.

STUART CRANSTON & CO.,

TRAINED TEA-TASTERS,

76 ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW.

New and Fashionable Goods

AT THE

CALEDONIAN HOUSE.

MESSRS COPLAND & LYE now announce the completion of their arrangements for the Winter Season 1879-80. The whole of their Paris and London Purchases are now to hand, including the latest Novelties in Costumes, the latest Styles in Cloaks, Mantles and Jackets; also the Newest Fashions in Bonnets, Flowers, Feathers, &c.; also all the latest and most novel ideas in Dress Materials, Ribbons, Gloves, Mitts, &c., &c.

Details and prices will be found in our New Catalogue, which will be sent Post-free on application to any address.

COPLAND & LYE,

CALEDONIAN HOUSE, SAUCHIEHALL STREET

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 29th, 1879.

OUR municipal pastors and masters are now upon their good behaviour. For year after year the affairs of the city have been managed in the best of all possible ways—at least we must have supposed so if we had believed what they told us. It seems, however, that this was all wrong. To judge from the latest development in municipal politics lavish expenditure has been the order of the day. Big salaries have been paid, extravagance of every kind has been indulged in, and the old story of “hack and manger” has prevailed generally. This, at least, as it seems to the BAILIE, is the only possible explanation of the cheese-paring policy promulgated at Monday’s meeting of the Town Council. There is to be a lowering all round of official salaries. The City Assessors are to be mulcted in so much of their yearly incomes, and the keeper of the Kennedy Street Baths is to be provided with whitewash, brushes, and a few tools, to enable him to do jobbing and whitewashing during his spare hours, and so lessen the jobbing account! There, what can the sternest disciple of Joseph Hume wish for more? If everything, however, was all right previously, where was the necessity for this sweeping edict? That point, especially, concerning the whitewashing, is of a peculiarly suggestive character. Has it any relation to the Town Council? Is there a hint here that recalls the whitened sepulchres of Holy Writ? To the mind of the Magistrate the whole thing seems paltry enough. Neither the jobbing account of the Kennedy Street Baths, nor the salaries of the four Assessors, have any appreciable influence on the taxation of the City. If the Lord Provost and Magistrates would effect a reform in our existing municipal expenditure, they must set to work in a very different spirit from that manifested at Monday’s meeting.

“APPLY HERE.”—“Ladies desirous of becoming first-class actresses and attaining eminence, apply Professor B——, 22 — street.” So runs an advertisement in the *Herald*. What stage-struck milliner’s-apprentice would not be a “first-class” and “eminent” actress, when she can attain that position by the simple process of “applying” Professor B——? The Professor ought, however, to state how he is to be applied.

A SAIR SANCT.

(Scene—Kitchen of old-fashioned farm house, in which Mr Dempster, the minister of the parish, has conducted a funeral service; the company are moving out.)

Jeems—Whit did ye think o’ Maister Dempster the day, Tummas?

Tummas—Man, Jeems, he wis unco dreich. D’ye ken I countit the rafters in the ruift twenty-five times ower in his prayer.

A NEW CITY.—An Alloa gentleman, quoting a letter to Mr Grieve, apropos of the M. S. Association, talks of Greenock as “a large commercial city.” My conscience! We’re getting on. What must Glasgow be? If the frog appears an ox in the eyes of the animalculae of Alloa, the idea of the ox itself must be too vast to be grasped by their “narrow minds.”

ANOTHER SELL.—The Ass is once more greatly exercised in his mind over an advertisement in the *Citizen*. This time it relates to a “subscription sale of a Donkey;” and he wishes, in reply to numerous inquiries, to state most distinctly and emphatically that he is *not* that Donkey. He never, under any circumstances, might, could, would, or should be “sold.”

“Why,” enquired the Cuddie, “is knowledge exactly like Caithness paving stones?” No voice replied, but several hands closed ominously over missiles. “Because,” continued the creature, getting on to the window-sill, “the wise man sayeth—‘its attainment is troublesome, like digging for pure waters; but when, late in the day, you come upon it, it rises up to meet you!’” Hee-haw!

Somebody advertises having found a “dark grey mare.” Is this the proverbial “better horse?” If so, she is not likely to be claimed.

A Practical Choker (joker)—Marwood. He-haw!

Printer’s Imp—“†”—Is this a “dagger” that I see before me?

The Right Thing in the Right Place—“China clay” in—china.

A Blue Look-out—A glance frae a bonnie blue e’e.

Statue-tory A-peel—At the north-west corner of George Square.

The House of Keys—A locksmith’s.

A Much-required City Improvement — A respectable Town Council.

A Lusus Naturæ.

THERE are more things in the advertising columns of the daily papers than are dreamt of in our philosophy; but the following announcement is even more distressingly mysterious than usual. "Wanted, a situation as Housemaid, or House and Table!" Gracious powers! what can this mean? We have all seen chairs that could be made into beds, and writing desks that were convertible into drawing-room cabinets, but these mechanical wonders pale their ineffectual fires before the housemaid who can accept a situation as a house or a table. We are left in utter ignorance of details, and so our imagination has free play. When this phenomenal female was fitted up as a house for the occupancy of her employer and family (she omits to say how many apartments there are in her) would she be able to dust herself out, bring up the coals, and answer the bell? When all her pivots and hinges were arranged as a table, telescope or otherwise, would she be able to wait upon herself, change the courses, and bring clean plates, without involving the whole fabric in one common ruin? Would it take long to change her from a house to a table, and back again to a housemaid? Would she ever require painting and papering? In the event of her mechanism becoming deranged, would the surgeon, the carpenter, or the French-polisher be the proper person to call in? Would it be possible for these three functionaries to hold a consultation? Of a verity these be awful mysteries.

THE ONLY WAY ROUND.

(Scene—Inveraray pier.)

Tourist (not well up in local geography)—What is the name of that place opposite, my man?

Enlightened Native—St. Catherinc's.

Tourist—Can I walk round to it by going this way?

E. N.—Hoo the teil can she walk round wizoot a sma' poat to row her across!

FROM THISTLES FIGS?—"The son of Plunder," says friend "White and Gold," "is clearly demoralised, and is, I fear, turned rogue." What else could you expect, Mr Or-and-Ar-gent, with such a papa? "What's bred in the bone —," you know.

Damsons are now ready for preserving. M. CAMPBELL, 18 Gordon Street, will supply any quantity at lowest market prices.

Mullin's, 5 Gordon Street, Havannah, Indian, Manilla Cigars; Cigarettes—French, American, Algerian, Russian, German.

Who is It?

WHO is the personage whose sense of humour obliges him to give vent at intervals to "a laugh"—there is a distinction between this and "laughter"—at public meetings?

Who, in similar gatherings, is the proprietor of the inevitable "voice"?

Who is the captious individual who "questions" every statement?

Who is the appreciative one who regularly cries, "Hear, hear!"?

Who is it who creates disorder by persistently shouting, "Order!"?

Who is the fellow who always laughs in the wrong place at the theatre?

Who is the lady who invariably faints in church?

Who is the inevitable laggard who is late for the train or steamer?

And Echo answers, "Who is it?"

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

(Scene—Calton Hill, Edinburgh.)

Londoner (to native, pointing at the same time to the kingdom of Fife)—Whereabouts is Burn-tis-land?

Native—Aw niver heard o' that place afore.

[*Londoner* produces map and points to Burnt-island.]

Native—Oh, Bruntellen; yon's hit ower yonder.

PUNCH'S PILOT.—It possibly may require a surgical operation to get a joke into the head of a Scotsman—especially some jokes. *Punch* is, however, occasionally read on this side of the Tweed, and if Scotsmen fail to apprehend its "jokes," they can discover this at least—that some of its weekly pabulum is only cauld kail het again. But should auld acquaintance be forgot? and the BAILIE has pleasure in seeing auld frien's wi' new faces in "Brethren in Black" and "Turning his Flank." But what a power John Tenniel is!

THE FAST.—Sail to Rothesay; several "halves" and "half-and-halves" on return to town; concert of "sacred" music; other several "halves," and "half-and-halves" on return to domestic hearth; more fasting.

SCOTS WHA HA'E.—Mr Gladstone entertained at "a grand dinner-party" on Sunday! Haha! What may say Presbyterian Midlothian?

Beveridge's Guaranteed Mixed Pickles, Red Cabbage, Mushroom Ketchup, Sauces and Table Condiments, unrivalled for purity and flavour.

Megilp.

AT Tarbert, Loch Fyne, linger two or three enthusiastic artists, whom mists and rain and winds have not been able to daunt or drive from their work. Miss Macaulay—one of the last elected members of the Scottish Water Society, Mr Colin Hunter, Mr David Murray, and Mr Tom Graham are still there. Even they, however, will not remain much longer. They are making the most of the few bright days we occasionally have; but probably by the end of this week they will turn their faces homewards.

Mr Bannatyne has returned to London. Mr Hall Maxwell, who has painted a large picture of St. Andrews, is now at the Trossachs. Mr Peter Buchanan is still at Brig o' Turk.

In Mr Fisher's Gallery, Renfield Street, there is at present a beautiful example of Mr Peter Graham—a moorland scene on a wet day. The sky is wonderfully fine.

I understand Messrs Agnew are to have an exhibition in Glasgow next month.

There is little Art news stirring. The painters are getting settled down for the winter, and making up their minds as to what pictures they will finish for the approaching exhibitions.

The Turner which has been for some time on view in Mr White's North British Galleries will remain, it is pleasant to know, in the west country. It has been bought by a distinguished collector here, and in buying it he has certainly made a valuable addition to his gallery.

Among the candidates, outside of Edinburgh, for the Watson chair of Fine Art are, I understand, Mr Seymour Haden, Mr P. G. Hamerton, and Mr W. B. Scott.

A FAIR BEGINNING.

(Hotel bar in coast town; Enter four Glasgow worthies newly off steamer. Time, Fast-day.)

Spokesman—Gee's fowr quarts o' beer an' hauf a mutchkin o' whusky.

Waiter—Yes, sir (retiring).

Spokesman (calling him back)—Better mak' it twa hauf mutchkins, an' that'll set us agaun.

D'YE SEE ANY GREEN?—A German doctor professes to have discovered a method of colouring folks' eyes to any shade. Asinus wants to meet that man. He says he's prepared to lay any odds that the Herr might work away upon his (the Animile's) eye with all the verdant dyes in creation till this time next week, and at the end there wouldn't be the slightest tint of green visible in the white of the optic! That's so.

"SOMETHING LESS THAN KIN."

Tam—Aye, man, An'ra, div ye ken we're freens?

An'ra—No, man. What freens are we?

Tam—It's this: Your gran faither an' my uncle war baith elders in Ga'ston Parish Kirk.

"The Last Rose of Summer," yawned the Irishman as he got out of bed on the 31st of July.

LONDON SCOTTISH RESORT, 3 Water Lane, Ludgate Hill, London, the only House for "Real Joluny" Scotch Whisky of all Brands, Scotch Ales, &c. Neil Mackay, Proprietor.

A SHINING LIGHT.

(Scene and subject—A new church.)

Visitor—Surely it's very dark, sir.

Pastor—Oh you know all the light is to come from the pulpit!

Who is to Rule Afghanistan? — Yakoob Khan? No; Yakoob Khan't.

The Golfer's Favourite Song—"He always comes home to tee."

T H E G A I E T Y.

Proprietor and Director,Mr C. BERNARD.
CHARLES WYNDHAM and His Company,
From the Criterion Theatre, London, will Appear in
B R I G H T O N.

Open at 6-30. Commence at 7-30. Prices, 6d to 5s.
Box Office Open Daily from 10 till 4.

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager,Mr SIDNEY.

For Six Nights Only,
MDLLE. BEATRICE'S COMEDY-DRAMA COMPANY,
Under the Direction of Mr FRANK HARVEY.

THIS EVENING, the Great Drama,
THE WOMAN OF THE PEOPLE.

New Scenery, Properties, and Effects.

And the Screaming Farce,

B E T T Y M A R T I N.

GLASGOW SCIENCE LECTURES ASSOCIATION.

Honorary President,
Sir WILLIAM THOMSON, M.A., LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.S
CITY HALL, SESSION 1879-80,

THURSDAY, 6th November, 1879.

Professor ROSCOE, LL.D., F.R.S.
Subject: "The Chemical Action of Light."

THURSDAY, 27th November, 1879.

Sir WM. THOMSON, LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.S.
Subject: "Liquid, Gas, and Steam."

THURSDAY, 11th December, 1879.

Professor S C H Ä F E R, F. R. S.
Subject: "The Relation of Structure to Function in Animal Organisms."

THURSDAY, 29th January, 1880.

Professor T A I T, M. A.
Subject: "Thunderstorms."

THURSDAY, 19th February, 1880.

Rev. W. H. DALLINGER, F.R.M.S.
Subject: "The Latest Researches into the Origin and Development of the Least and Lowest Life Forms."

THURSDAY, 4th March, 1880.

GEORGE J. ROMANES, Esq., M.A., F.R.S.
Subject: "Mental Evolution."

Tickets for the Course, 1s, 2s 6d, and 5s; Reserved Seats (Numbered), 10s 6d.

To be had from the principal Booksellers, and from the Secretary.

N.B.—It is confidently anticipated that the whole sitting space of the City Hall will be let for Season Tickets. Members and Subscribers are therefore advised to secure their tickets early.
WILLIAM SMITH, Secretary.

Doors Open at 7 p.m.

Lectures at 8 p.m.

114 Bath Street.

CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.

SATURDAY, 1ST NOVEMBER, 1879.

GREAT NIGHT!

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S "GUY MANNERING,"

In Scene, Dialogue, and Character.
With all the Incidental Music.

CHARACTERS:—

Julia Mannering, Mrs W. GOURLAY.
Flora, Miss F. WRIGHT.
Henry Bertram, Mr W. H. DARLING.
Dandie Dinmont, Mr J. HOUSTON.
Lucy Bertram, Miss MINNIE BELL.
Meg Merrilees, Miss M. GOURLAY.
Colonel Mannering and Gabriel,	Mr T. WALKER.
Dominie Sampson, Mr W. GOURLAY.

Also, in order to give as complete and intelligible a rendering of the Piece as possible, such portions of the text as cannot be suitably rendered on the concert platform in Scene and Character, will be read by

Mr W. S. VALLANCE.

Mr F. W. BRIDGMAN, ... Pianist.
Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats on Side Galleries, 2s. Tickets for Reserved Seats to be had at the Office, 58 Renfield Street. Doors open at a Quarter to 7; Performance at a Quarter to 8.

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TO GIVE
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ON
THE ZULU WAR, in the CITY HALL,

On TUESDAY, 28th OCTOBER, 1879,

And in the QUEEN'S ROOMS on FRIDAY, 31st OCTOBER.

Mr FORBES will describe as an eye-witness the most momentous scenes of the War, including

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| Kluyver, | Manzoni, | Campriani, |
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ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell the above,

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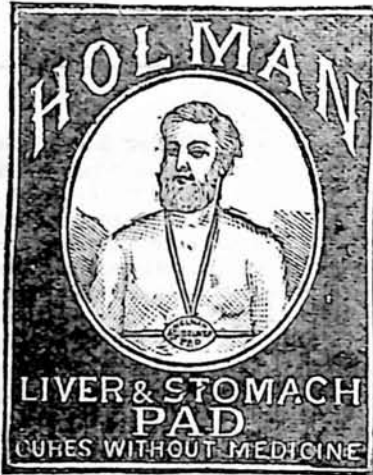
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Unsurpassed in Novelty and Elegance.

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Notepaper, good regular quality, 6d, 8d, and 10d. per 5-Quire Packet of 120 Sheets. Envelopes, 4d and 6d per 100; Court Shape, 6d per 100; Business Envelopes 2s 6d per 1000, at Adam M'Kim's, 102 Trongate (Candleriggs Corner).

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The most wonderful discovery of the age, and the marvellous Vegeto-Tonic treatment for the cure and prevention of Biliousness, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Tic Doloieux, Neuralgia, Nervousness, Giddiness, Scrofulous Affections, Ague, Debility, Spasms, and all derangements of the Stomach. By its administration the natural appetite is revived, and the functions of digestion and assimilation are improved, re-animated, and regulated; and when its use has been steadily persevered in, its peculiar Tonic and Nutritive Powers have entirely restored Health and Strength to the most feeble and Shattered Constitutions.

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Unless the secretions of the liver be healthy it cannot assimilate, and produce fit sustenance for the general support and preservation of the body, take what nutriment you will, even the best the world can afford. The liver is the most important organ in the whole body, and when its action is imperfect, all others suffer with it. Vitaline almost immediately produces by direct action, a healthy effect upon the liver, and is a never failing remedy for nervousness, wakefulness, restlessness, sinking sensation in the stomach, irregular appetite, and fulness after meals.—Vitaline is manufactured only by JOE TODD, Chemist, Carlisle, and is sold in bottles at 2s 9d, 4s 6d, and 11s each, by all Chemists.

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1000 LEAVES, STRONGLY BOUND, for
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WHILE YOU WAIT
50 BEST QUALITY 1/6 THE ONLY MACHINE OF THE KIND IN THIS COUNTRY.
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WE have much pleasure in informing our numerous Customers and the General Public that, in addition to our already Established Business, we have OPENED Large and Elegant SHAMPOOING and HAIR-DRESSING ROOMS, which, in regard to comfort and elegance, are fitted in a style equal to any in the city. They are under the direct superintendence of a most experienced Manager, and the Assistants are from the Best Houses in the Trade.

In introducing this New Department of our Business, we may explain that though it is the first attempt of the kind in Glasgow, yet it has been carried on with great success by the most celebrated Hosiers and Glovers in the Cheapside and Strand, London, and we feel quite confident that with your kind patronage, and our strict attention, this novelty cannot fail to be a great success.

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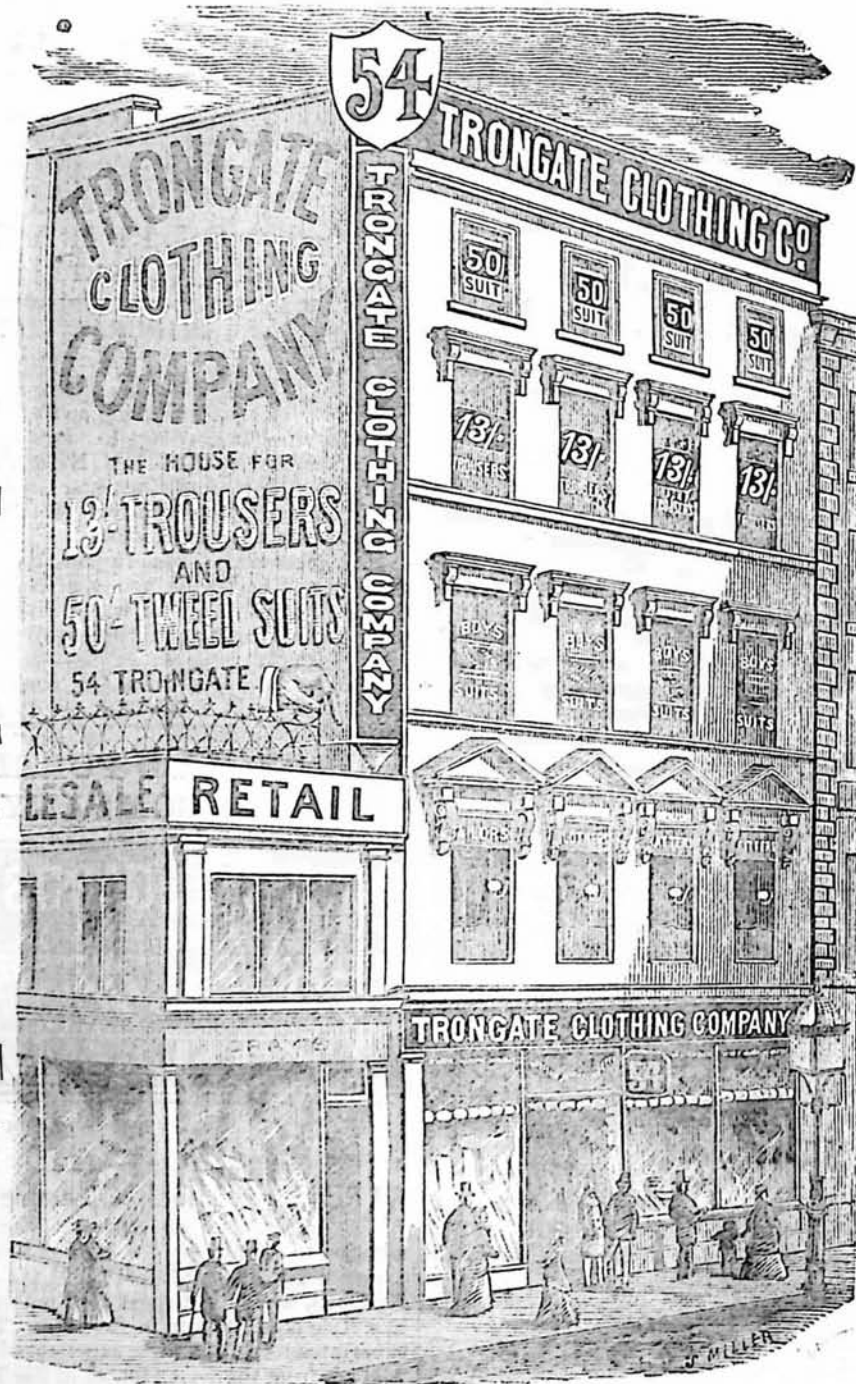
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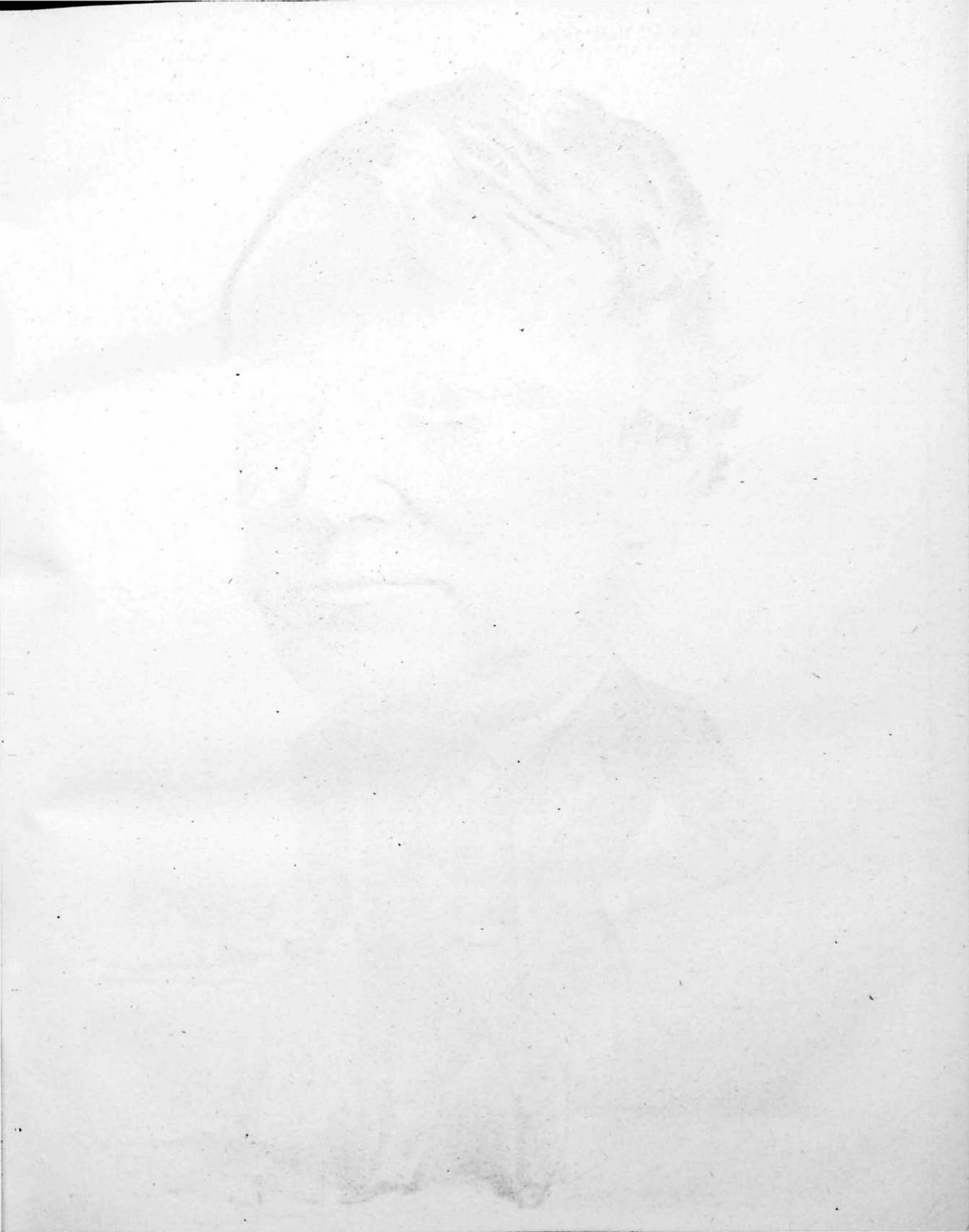
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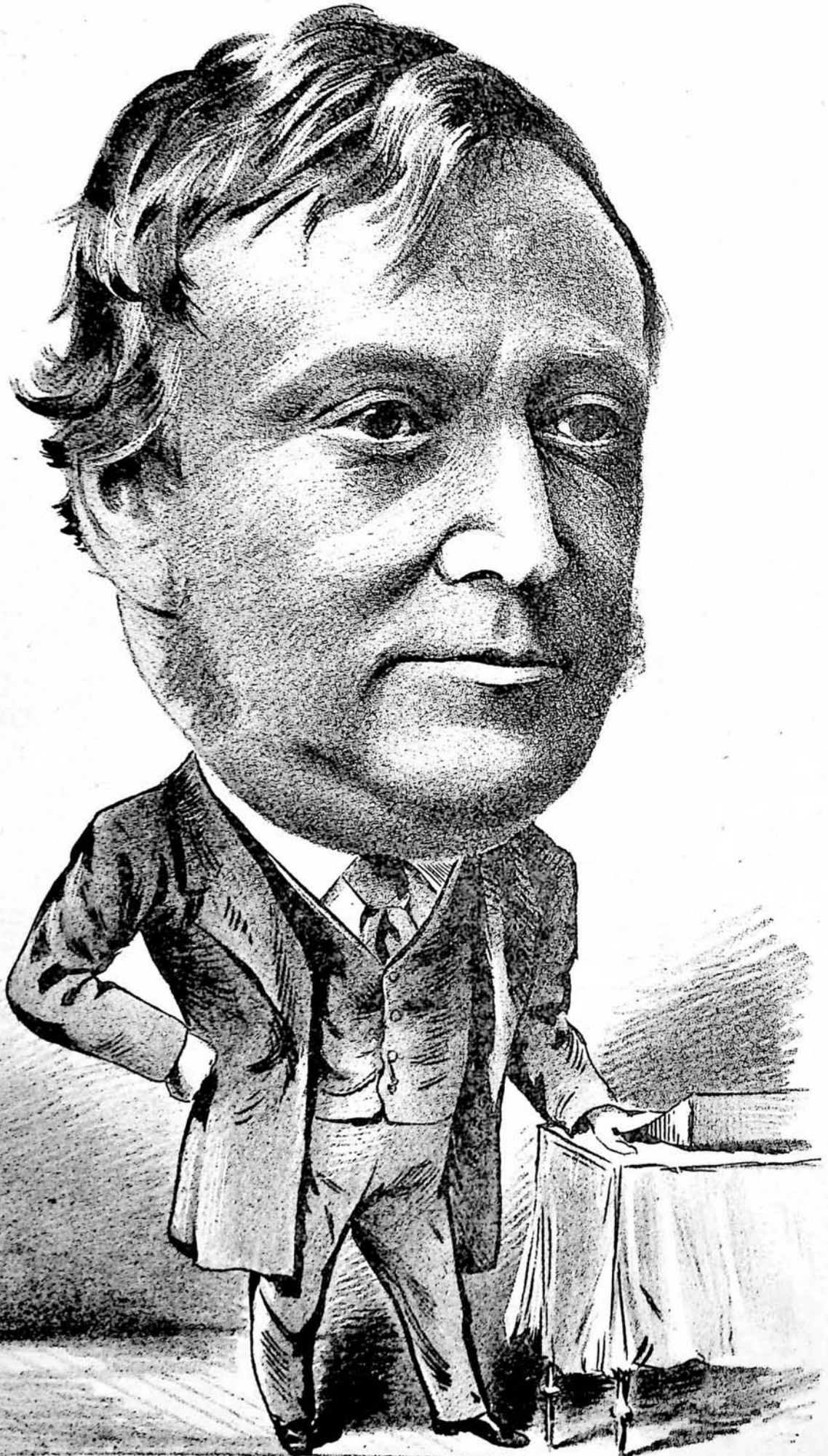
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The Bailie.

“MY CONSCIENCE!”

No. 368. Glasgow, Wednesday, November 5th, 1879. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 368.

THE winter course of Science Lectures are among the species of recreation which recommend themselves to every class in our midst. They are not too frivolous—your usual science lecturer doesn't “frivel,” and yet they are sufficiently interesting to appeal to others than spectacled *savans* and prim old maids. This season the Directors have perhaps insisted a shade too much on the necessity for maintaining the strictly technical character of the prelections to which they propose to treat us, but bearing in mind the distinguished men they have been the means of introducing to Glasgow in other years—Tyndall, Huxley, and the rest of them—and looking to the hope they hold out of securing a visit from Arnold, or Froude, or Freeman in the years to come, we may pardon them for any shortcomings of which they may have been guilty when making their arrangements for the present course. Besides, although none of the '79-80 lecturers are men who “play to the gallery,” they are each, in their several ways, scientists of no mean standing. Professor ROSCOE of Manchester, for instance, who opens the course this week, is one of the foremost of what may be termed our literary chemists. He comes of a celebrated literary family—William Roscoe of Liverpool, the biographer of Lorenzo de Medici, was his grandfather—and his personal leanings are altogether scientific in their character. Born in 1833, Professor ROSCOE was originally sent to study chemistry under Thomas Graham—whose statue we have placed in George Square—at University College, London. He subsequently became a student of Bunsen's at Heidelberg, and in conjunction with his master he published various scientific memoirs, the most important of which had to do with the Measure-

VOL. XV.

ment of the chemical action of Light, a subject, by the bye, which will be dealt with in some measure in his Thursday night's lecture. Leaving Heidelberg he became Professor of Chemistry in Owen's College, Manchester, the future Victoria University. As a result of his Professorial labours he has succeeded in making the Chemical Laboratory in Owen's College the most complete and satisfactory as to practical working in the country. Indeed, more real scientific work is done in Owen's College laboratory than in any within the four seas, and probably more than in all the other University laboratories put together. Elected to the Royal Society in 1863, Professor ROSCOE won the blue riband of science, the medal of the Royal Society, in 1873, this having been presented to him for his various chemical researches, and more especially for his investigations of the chemical action of light and of the combinations of vanadium. Vanadium, the BAILIE may add for the instruction of his non-scientific readers, is a rare metal called from Vanadin, a cognomen of the Scandinavian goddess Freia or Venus. He found vanadium a waif and a stray among the metals, and placed her in her true position, and amongst her legitimate relations. In 1866 the Professor started the Manchester Science Lectures for the people—the eleventh series is now in course of delivery—which have been so widely taken up in other cities, and of which—published and sold for one penny each—some hundreds of thousands have been sold all over the world. Our friend is the author of various works, especially “A Primer of Chemistry (first step) for Children,” “Elementary Lessons in Chemistry (second step) for School Boys,” and “Treatise on Chemistry (advanced book) for Students.” His books have been translated into almost every European language, German, Swedish, Russian, Hungarian, and Italian among

others, and have been largely used in various Continental schools and colleges. In 1878 Professor ROSCOE received the honorary degree of LL.D. from the University of Dublin, together with the Earl of Dufferin and Lord Rosse. He is no stranger in Glasgow, as he opened the Science Lectures in 1875 by a lecture on the Chemical Elements. Among the subsidiary positions filled by the Man you Know is that of Examiner in Chemistry at the Science and Art Department, and in this connection he superintends every year the instruction of some 10,000 science students in chemistry. Indeed, Professor ROSCOE may be accepted as a species of representative man. He is not an original thinker, his name is not associated with any new theory or any out-of-the-way speculation. Clear-headed and acute, and able to turn every ounce of knowledge, every particle of energy he possesses to advantage, Professor ROSCOE has developed qualities in the prosecution of scientific inquiry which, turned in the direction of commercial enterprise, would have secured for him an ample fortune. His Thursday's lecture will be patronised by the BAILIE, and the Magistrate could give no better proof of his interest in a public speaker than the occupying, voluntarily, for a couple of hours, a seat in the overgrown barn we dignify by the title of our City Hall.

“LA MORT TERRIBLE.”

1st Gossip—Weel, Susie, isna that rale sad about Sandy Thomson?

2nd Do.—Fat is't? Aa ne'er heard o' onything.

1st Do.—Didna ye hear that he's deid?

2nd Do.—Na, surely yer wrang. Fat did he dee o'?

1st Do.—Naething ava, but jist sudden death.

2nd Do.—Aye, aye (heaves a sigh.) Ow it's an awfu' thing that sudden death, it wad kill a horse!

A candidate for municipal honours declared last week that if returned to the Council he would go “to reform the administration, not to reform the bodies themselves.” He probably thinks that the “bodies” are past reform.

(Ballot)-boxing. Day—The first Tuesday of November.

A “Bright-'un”—Charles Wyndham.

Having a *Locus Standi*—“Carrick”-on-Sewer.

FERGUSON'S EDINBURGH ROCK is the best present from Edinburgh. 1 Melbourne place, near the Castle

A New Song to an Old Tune.

OR —* is but a cuddy yet,
An awfu' brayin' cuddy yet;
Hoo wad it do tae stap the mou'
O' sic a noisy cuddy yet?
He's neither wise nor witty yet;
He's neither braw nor pretty yet;
But just a blinkin', sneevin', slinkin',
Brayin', lang-lugged cuddy yet.
For, oh! his bray is nae sac sweet
As honey or as marmalete;
Sae richt or wrang, ere it be lang,
We'll shove him oot the Council yet.
Then ca' him oot the Council straight,
And send him yont the Gallowgate,
Whaur he may bray the lee-lang day,
An' still be but a cuddy yet.

* The blank can be filled up at the discretion of the reader.

A CANNY MAGISTRATE.

Bailie M. Tavish (to Mr Smith who is on a short visit to the North)—What are ye daein tomorrow night, Mr Smith?

Mr S.—To-morrow, Thursday, nothing. I've no engagement.

Bailie M.—An' the next night?

Mr S.—On Friday I'm engaged to dine with the Thomsons.

Bailie M.—Man that's a pity, I wanted you to take your denner wi' us on Friday.

AS WELL TO KNOW.—It is satisfactory to know that Mr Neil, though he is sensitive on “points of privilege,” and is on his own recent showing in the habit of prowling about at night “armed to the teeth,” does not believe in “keeping his revenge smouldering in his breast.” Thus, if you have offended Johnny, and he does not poniard you or blow you up with dynamite the first time he meets you, you may consider yourself safe for the present. This, as the BAILIE has said, is satisfactory.

THE LATEST HERO AND MARTYR.—A contemporary, which has not yet recovered from its first fit of righteous indignation over the downfall of the heroic Kidston, likens him in its issue of last Wednesday to the protomartyr, Stephen, and Dr Logan Aikman to Saul, who “stood consenting!” And yet contemporary probably does not intend to be either funny or irreverent.

A Feast of “Lanterns”—Hallowe'en.

“Men Come in their Millions and Thousands and Tens,
Demanding Macniven and Cameron's Pens.”

“They are a treasure.”—*Standard*.

The Commercial Pen for Fine Writing.

Sold by all Stationers, 6s and 1s per Box by Post.

Beware of the parties offering spurious imitations.

NOTICE TO TEACHERS.—Samples of School Pens on Application.

“Literary Work.”

DR DONALD MACLEOD, minister of Park Church, Glasgow, and editor of *Good Words*, writes to the papers denying indignantly the insinuation made by one of his supporters in Auld Reekie (save us from our friends), that while he discharged the clerical duties thoroughly he only discharged the editorial duties partially, that while he did the one class in *propria persona*, he did the other principally by deputy. He says, *inter alia*, “the correspondence alone which I have to conduct is at once extensive and demanding thoughtful attention, but I never have, nor ever will, allow literary work to interfere with the due discharge of pastoral.” You *never have allow* that Doctor, the Magistrate means Mr Editor, and he hopes, too, that you *never will allowed* it, never no more. “Literary work,” indeed! Is this epistle of the reverend editor a specimen of his literary work, and is the parcel like the sample? Literary work, by George (the BAILIE means by Saint George’s)—well, let us hope at any rate that the pastoral work is more pastoral than the literary is literary.

WRITE ABOUT “FACE.”—*Lavater* (?)
 Who steals my purse steals trash,
 And gets eight months of sentence;
 Who filches my good name,
 Has eighteen for repentance.
 Still lessons may be writ,
 To teach “professional beauty;”
 Though libellers’ pens be stayed,
 Yet satirists’ may do duty.

A GOOD OPENING.—For the—what-tieth?—time Professor Blackie has declared that he will deliver no more “opening addresses” to his students. Very good, Professor; but why make an exception in favour of the students? Why not include the unoffending public in this Act of Mercy? The BAILIE, for his part, will undertake to sit out a “closing address” on condition that there are to be no more “opening” ones. That’s a fair offer.

OUR “MODEST” RULERS.—Mr Colquhoun’s Meat Market philippic has produced its fruits—or should we say its lack of fruits? At the inspection of the “Corporation Farm” last week a luncheon was provided which one report describes as “frugal” and another as “modest yet satisfying.” In time—who knows?—our rulers may come to lunch as “modestly” if not “frugally,” at the public expense as they do at Lang’s or Scott’s at their own charges.

Mitchell’s Old Irish Whisky, Belfast, is famed over the World Agent, David Mitchell, 20 Hope Street, Glasgow.

To Tourists.

AS it is always well to take Time by the forelock the BAILIE begs to draw the attention of those of his readers who may be meditating a Hebridean tour next season to the increased expense of travel. As stated at a Ward meeting last week, it cost Mr Thomson—one of the municipal candidates—and a friend £37 10s to pay a thirteen days’ visit, on Parochial Board business, to Islay and Skye. It has hitherto been considered that a pound a day is a very fair allowance for a tourist who goes in for comfort without extravagance and avoids ultra-“fashionable” resorts; but here we find that two gentlemen—who, as they were travelling on business at the ratepayers’ expense, doubtless economised to the utmost, and paid for such items as wine, &c., out of their own pockets—could not possibly do the thing under nearly half as much again. The tourist of the future, then, must put money in his purse, and expect to “shell out” at least £2 or £3 *per diem* instead of the time-honoured “sov.” We ought to be much obliged to Mr Thomson and his friend for the hint.

JACKS IN THE “BOX” FOR JACKS IN OFFICE.

The 11th now in for it Fairley,
 The 3rd is all sweets to the sweet,
 The 16th, though Elder-ly early,
 Now quite out of place for a seat.
 The 6th—how to vote there’s a swither
 To one or to other that’s axing’t,
 The one says there’s nothing like leather,
 The other, like whisky for raxing’t.
 The 10th to one cap-able looks,
 The 9th it has vacancies twa,
 The one it for station’ry books,
 And, as for the other, says Shaw.

HOOKED!

(Scene—Workman’s house in Springburn district; Time, Thursday evening last; energetic canvasser is discussing with householder the probable result of election contest in that ward.)

E. C.—Aye, mun, bit he’s got a strong hoose-factors’ clique.

Householder—A’ken that brawly. A’ happint tae be ahin’ wi’ ma rent last year, an’ a’ saw the cleek, for he pu’t doon ma grate wi’t.

[Canvasser thinks it better not to explain.]

Secretiveness—Large—How is the ballot-box like to Pandora’s? It has Hope at the bottom.

BICYCLES. { New, Second Hand, and Exchanged. Patent Saddles, Oil, Wrenches, Lamps, Sundries.—Wes. of Scotland Bicycle Co., 104 Renfield Street.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—We are to have three weeks, at the Gaiety, of "Drink," the Charles Reade adaptation of "L'Assommoir." Just long enough, I think I hear you saying. Still the piece is a taking one; it reaches to-night its one hundred and thirty-fourth performance at the London Princesses, and yet the audiences are as crowded as ever. The present company—Mr Buchanan, Miss Milton, and their supporters, among whom is Mr Arthur Lyle—have been quite as successful during their provincial tour, as have been the people at the Princesses during the same period.

On Saturday evening, Mr Sam. Austin, the acting manager of the Gaiety, donning the "sock and buskin," appeared as *Fred Carter* in "Brighton," and played with abundant liveliness and "go."

Mr D. H. Harkins, the well-known American Tragedian, appears this evening at the Prince of Wales in the play of "Metamora." He is supported by a capital company, among the members of which are Mr W. M'Intyre, Mr Fisher, and Mr Frank Kilpack, and Misses Eliza Saville and Rose Stanley. Last week Mr Harkins occupied the stage of the Edinburgh Theatre Royal, and fairly took the play-goers of auld Reekie by storm.

Miss Charlotte Saunders and Mr Henry Andrews again in company. Do you remember them playing some years ago, BAILIE, in, I think, Mr Glover's Princess Theatre in West Nile Street? Rogers of London was starring it as the *Widow* in the burlesque of "Claude Melnotte," and Miss Saunders was *Claude* and Andrews *Beauseant*. When they confronted each other in the last act, Miss Saunders "got up" and posing as Napoleon the Great, and Andrews as *Punch's* well-known caricature of Napoleon the Little, you could have "tied the house with a straw."

The construction of the Royalty Theatre proceeds apace. Already the decorators are busy at work over the interior, and the house will be ready for opening, I understand, early in December.

Writing in the *Theatre* for the current month, Percy Fitzgerald enumerates "Madame Favart" and "Les Cloches de Corneille" as two of the four great dramatic successes of the year in London, and this I think ought to be accepted as a good omen for the new theatre. It will be recollected that Mr Knapp opens with the former piece, and at the close of "Madame Favart," he proposes, I believe, to produce "Les Cloches."

Mr Knapp announces that his engagements are completed up till the 1st of March.

The *Sisylock* of Mr Irving has more than maintained his reputation, not only as the greatest player of our day, but also as the most artistic and least conventional actor since Edmund Kean.

Among the actors engaged by Mr Toole for his London Theatre is Mr E. W. Garden, so well known as the provincial *Talbot Champneys* of "Our Boys." Mr Garden has acted as stage-manager for "Our Boys" since March 1875.

A London correspondent points out that last week I unconsciously did a wrong to Miss Wentworth—one of the members of Mr Wyndham's "Brighton" company, and the young lady who made such a hit as *Polly* at the performance of "Caste" in the Prince of Wales Theatre, for Mr Glover's benefit, in March last. Instead of having been a governess, as I had supposed, before she took to the stage, Miss Wentworth was a musician of much eminence—a favourite pupil of Sir Julius Benedict, and the pianist in the October of last year at M. Riviere's Promenade Concerts in Covent Garden.

Some four months ago, my Magistrate, I told you that Mr Hengler's equestrian company would open in the West Nile Street house about the middle of November, and that, besides the usual feats of the ring, a grand spectacle yclept "A Carnival on the Ice" would then be brought out. Mr Hengler, I learn, meant to re-open on Saturday, the 15th inst.; but, owing to the

big business doing in Hull, he will remain there a week longer, and so will not make his *reulbe* in Glasgow till the 22nd. Hengler's without Powell would be very much like Hamlet without the *Prince*. William—"Ye People's William"—will therefore, as per use and wont, be the "Man you Know" of the show. His brother Alfred works the Liverpool Cirque, which opened on the 25th ult. From what I hear, but may not yet reveal, the coming season is bound to be a brilliant one.

The article "Glasgow," in the new volume of the Encyclopædia Britannica, has been written by Mr Stoddart, editor of the *Herald*, and Mr Paton, curator of the Kelvingrove Museum.

Mr Davenport Adams, a skilful and industrious *litterateur*, who has occupied the editorial chair of the *Greenock Advertiser* for over twelve months, is about to find his way southward. He has accepted an important post on an English daily paper.

The Theatre continues to be the magazine that everyone interested in the drama must not only read but preserve. It supplies, in a convenient form, a summary of the sayings and doings of the "profession," a notice of all new plays, and a series of articles on the playhouse, or subjects connected with it. This month's number—which contains cabinet photographs of Miss Heath and Mr Grossmith of "Pinafore" fame—is specially noticeable for an article on "Shylock and other Stage Jews."

Over a quarter of a century has gone by since Jas. Payn made his great hit with "Lost Sir Massingberd"—he was then editor of *Chambers's Journal*—and he has produced something like a score of popular novels since. A lad named Wallace, however, who criticises his latest book in Saturday's *Academy*, remarks, with the most sapient air in all the world, "no novelist of the time is ripening so rapidly as Mr Payn."

Blackwood for the current month contains the last of Lawrence Oliphant's Syrian Sketches; an article on the American wife of Jerome Bonaparte; one—and a bitter not to say a spiteful one too,—made out of the correspondence of Macvey Napier; a personal narrative of the Afghan Campaign; and a theatrical story, entitled, "A poor devil;" together with an instalment of "Reata," the serial novel; and the usual political article. Altogether, the number is a poor one.

Messrs Cassell have enlarged "The Magazine of Art," the engravings in which are as numerous and as excellent as ever. The letterpress, however, as it seems to me, is susceptible of improvement. The articles have too much the air of hack-work.

We are promised new editions of Scott and Dickens. The Scott will be issued by the Messrs Black of Edinburgh in 25 three-and-sixpenny volumes; while the Dickens, which will occupy thirty pocket volumes, is advertised as the cheapest edition of the great English novelist yet published.

The interesting article in the November *Fortnightly* is Symonds' criticism of "Arnold's selections from Wordsworth;" that in Fraser, "a Siding at a Railway Station," by Froude; and that in the *Contemporary*, Max Muller "On Liberty."

I wonder, BAILIE, what Mr Martin can mean by his repeated inuendoes aent the salary of Dr Marwick, the Town Clerk? As I understand the matter, Dr Marwick has a fixed income as Town Clerk. If this be so, surely Mr Martin can procure all the information he wants without bringing the matter up in the Council. If it isn't so—well, Jeems ought to say what he means.

Is Mr Neil to be elevated to the Magistracy? Rumour has it that he has set his heart on the gold chain. An' what for no? as he would say himself. The lengthy interview he had last week with the Lord Provost may possibly have some influence on his fortunes.

Why is an Officer's Coach like a Nut Shell?—Because, says Peter, it usually contains a Colonel (kernel.) He-haw!

Taxing Ingenuity—Patent-fees.

Famed 8d Dinner and 6d Tea Service, City Commercial Restaurant, 60 Union Street, Matthew Waddell.

A Few Friends.

No. 3.—MRS ABSOLUTE.

THE process by which the grub is changed first into a chrysalis, and then into a gorgeous butterfly, is one of the everyday open secrets of Dame Nature which no fellow can understand; but the higher orders of creation are capable of transformations no less mysterious. What, for instance, is more astonishing, and yet more common, than the development of the bashful, awkward miss into the calm, self-possessed matron? Is the marriage ring a talisman that works this miracle by a touch?

Mrs Absolute is a case in point. A few short months ago she was Miss Lydia Languish, and the odour of bread and butter, metaphorically speaking, scented the circumambient air as she walked. She was just released from the bondage of the schoolroom, and, like the majority of emancipated slaves, hardly knew how to use her newly-acquired freedom. In the rare event of any man over twenty saying a civil word to her at a dance or other social gathering, the poor thing suffered the pains of martyrdom, and evidently wished the floor to swallow her up, or the piano to fall upon her. In spite of her bashfulness, intimate friends were aware that her character had a rather hoydenish side as well. In public, her hands were a perpetual inconvenience to her. So far as one could judge from a non-anatomical point of view, she seemed to have more than the usual number of bones. Her gloves and boots were seldom all that could be desired, and over all there hovered an air of indefinable half-fledgedness. In short, she was even as other girls leaving their teens.

But look at her now! Is it possible that the interval between the Miss Languish of the past and the Mrs Absolute of to-day can be counted by months? Now she is the very essence of haughty propriety. She occupies the head of her table with the majestic correctness of a Juno in evening dress. The superfluous bones have disappeared, and the erstwhile inconvenient hands are always disposed in graceful attitudes. She can talk about everything, from the weather to the Irish land question, with the usual feminine breadth of view and incoherence of detail. Her sense of social dignity is a sort of Juggernaut car before which her acquaintances of the Languish or chrysalis period are remorselessly sacrificed by dozens. She could doubtless still blush if occasion required, but now it *does* require an occasion. She is actively engaged in works of charity, and her name appears as a

directress of the Cannibal Islands Overcoat Mission, the Association for Providing Button-hole Flowers for the Deserving Poor, and the Good Little Shoeblocks' Christmas Bun Society.

Again one is constrained to ask, How is this marvellous change accomplished? Is it the result of instinct, or of some unexplained law of development? In the present imperfect state of scientific research we can hardly hope for a solution of the mystery. The utmost we can do is to wonder and admire.

THE BAIN AND ANTIDOTE.

Sir James working the oracle with the teetotallers.

Oor Jeems and the ex-Bailie doing the same with the publicans.

From the accounts of a neighbouring burgh it seems that "the decrease in the amount received in fines has been the means of increasing the rates 1d per £1." He-haw! If there were no "drunks and disorderlies" in Glasgow there is no saying what the taxes might foot up to.

RENEWAL OF THE SIEGE OF CARS.—The running of tramway cars on Sabbath is likely to be a success this time. The meeting in favour of them was held in the *Religious* Institution Rooms, and among those who pleaded for them was a clergyman!

DEEVILISH CLEVER!—Speaking at Kilmarnock the other day, that sturdy pillar of Protestantism, Lord Oranmore and Browne, said "he agreed with the late Mr Baird that there was a danger of turning out 'clever devils' under the present system" of education. It may be some consolation to his Lordship under these circumstances to reflect that no system of education could possibly have turned *him* out a "clever deevil."

A Merry "Andrews."—He of the Beatrice Company.

IN THE BLUES.—"The True Blue Band," says Bauldy, "blew till all was blue, and now they have a blue look-out." Why not?

"A Lying Spirit."—Some Glasgow brandy. (*Vide* last week's Sheriff-Court revelations).

Inscription for Granny's "Urn."—"Fill high the bowl with Samian wine."

The Chief of the Prince-of-Wales's Treasures—The Princess.

A Question to be Asked—Is "Steel Drops" a "Society paper?" and, if so, what society?

Quavers.

THE prospectus of the sixth season of the Glasgow Choral and Orchestral Concerts has just been issued, and yesterday (Monday) the annual preliminary meeting was held of those favourable to the scheme. It is not, BAILIE, within the province exactly of your musical reporter to furnish an account of the encouraging proceedings at that meeting, but he has the greatest pleasure in giving some details of the interesting scheme submitted.

The concerts are to take place rather later this year than formerly. They begin with a choral night, on the 9th of next month. The entire series will consist of ten concerts, four of them choral and six orchestral. Three of the former will be choral properly so-called, but the remaining one will be of both characters, though placed in the vocal category for convenience.

Rossini's dramatic oratorio, "Moses in Egypt" (the new adaptation to concert purposes), Handel's "Messiah," as before on the first day of the New Year, and Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" (Lobgesang), with its superb symphonic introduction, are the three complete choral works to be produced. Tuesday evening, the 27th of January, 1880, the last night of the series, happening to be the anniversary of Mozart's birth, part of the programme, as the prospectus informs us, will take the character of a "Mozart Commemoration Concert," and selections from the immortal "Requiem" are to be included among the excerpts made from that master. At this concert Beethoven's Choral Symphony will be performed, with the aid of the Union.

A few of the more important selections for the orchestral nights may in the meantime be here noted. The subject will well stand recurring to again. The overture to "Oberon" of course finds a place; and, indeed, in accordance evidently with traditional arrangement here, is the opening orchestral piece. Next, one observes the Berlioz overture, "Benvenuto Cellini," a remarkable example of the great orchestral critic and composer; then the overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis," by Gluck, a master in whose classic works are foreshadowed dramatic effects found in Beethoven and Wagner. Interesting examples are given of the latter great if eccentric master, in the selection from "Die Meistersinger," and the Siegfried Idyll. An echo from far-off days will be heard in a Largo from Handel, for organ, harp, and bowed instruments; and in music of our own day there are Ballet airs from Gounod's "Polyeucte," and dance music from the "La Gioconda" of Ponchielli.

But the great orchestral feature of the season will be the production of the whole of the Beethoven symphonies—the immortal nine, of which the Choral Symphony above alluded to is the last, and by many esteemed the greatest. Two or three of the set will be given, however, at the Saturday evening popular concerts, in place of at the subscription series exclusively. Of the Saturday evening concerts, more anon.

The engagement of Mr August Manns, of the Crystal Palace Concerts, for this series, has been known for some time to the public, and is, it is trite to say, a happy one. The orchestra will be complete in all respects. The leading violin, or "chef d'attaque," as the French happily phrase it, is Herr Hermann Franke, a violinist of experience, and, what was hardly the case last season, of the requisite steadiness. The list of principal instrumental soloists and vocalists is a remarkably attractive one. This week we can instance only the more prominent names—Senor Sarasate, the famous Spanish violinist, an Ernst as we would judge in poetical playing, and a Paganini, as he is deemed, in the *technique* of the violin; Miss Helen Hopekirk, the distinguished solo pianist; Miss Mary Davies and Middle, Friedlander among the sopranos; Miss Elton among the contraltos; Mr Edward Lloyd, Herr Henschel, and Signor Foli; these are a selection from the long list of eminent artists, instrumental and vocal, engaged for the series.

While Mr Manns is orchestral conductor, Mr Lambeth will, of course, wield the baton on choral nights. The Choral Union will, it is expected, be fully equal in effectiveness to what they have been in former seasons.

It only remains to express the hope that subscriptions will come in freely, though with reviving trade, and in the happier

circumstances we all find ourselves in this season, compared with last year, there is no reason whatever to doubt that the sixth series of these important concerts will be pecuniarily successful to the required extent.

Taking the concert as a whole, and remembering that the Kibble Palace, like most glass buildings, is hardly a good place to sing in, it can be said, with truth, that Mr Moodie's choir made a very excellent first appearance there on Saturday evening. The voices are fresh and tuneful, being remarkably pleasant in the tenor part especially, and are fairly well balanced. Perhaps, as yet, the strong point of the choir is the rendering of Scotch part-songs. These they interpret, as a rule, with remarkable success. "Wha's at the Window," and "Will ye go, lassie, go" (both Mr Seligmann's), were very pleasantly sung. The latter, by the way, proved a hit, with its little bit of canon and pawky ending. Record must be made of Mr Baptie's "Maid of Islay," as very well received. Of English part-songs, properly so to be distinguished, Pinsuti's "When hands meet" was the best in point of execution and tone. There was a large audience. The Choir is engaged to appear on Saturday evening first at the St. Andrew's Halls.

A concert of sacred music was given last night (Monday) by the Glasgow Select Choir in Plantation U.P. Church. Selections from the U.P. Hymnal were sung; Mr Archer's "The Glorious Majesty of the Lord," and other anthems. Mr Martin, the recently appointed organist of St. Mary's Episcopal Church (a very good acquisition, we hear, to our resident musical talent), played the accompaniments.

There was a capital attendance at Mr Lambeth's organ recital and choir performance in the City Hall on Saturday afternoon, a good collection having been taken for the benefit of the unemployed.

KIRKCALDY ASTRONOMY.

First Lang-toon Worthy (slightly elevated and gazing at a brilliant star)—Dae ye see that licht? Man, that's the wastmost lamp in the "extendit burra;" Kirkcaldy's a lang toon atweel!

Second do. (reproachfully)—Eh, Dauvit, you're a drucken fule, that's a peep o' gas the gude-wife—canny craitur—leaves in to let me see up the stairs whan I'm oot late!

The "EVENT."—Referring to the betting nuisance in Dunlop Street, Mr Wilson said the other day, "There was some great event on recently—I am not a betting man, and know nothing of it." Think again, Mr W.! What "event" could it be but *the* "event"—the running for the Municipal Stakes, with no favourites, and as weedy a lot of outsiders as were ever seen in a field together?

Mrs M'Partington is much exercised over the paragraph now going the rounds headed, "Refusal of an Episcopalian Clergyman to Marry Dr Norman Macleod's Daughter." She says that it isn't Leap Year, and Miss M. had no right to give him the chance!

The "End" of all Electioneering Talker-talker—"Pretty Poll."

LONDON SCOTTISH RESORT, 3 Water Lane, Ludgate Hill, London, the only House for "Real Johnny" Scotch Whiskies of all Brands, Scotch Ales, &c. Neil Mackay, Proprietor.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the last meeting of the old Council was the liveliest of the season.

That Councillor Neil was as rambling and pertinacious as usual.

That "oor Jeems" played second fiddle with even more vivacity than ever.

That the Lord Provost was as impotent and feeble in quelling the storm as heretofore.

That the Police Court Assessors found a champion in Bailie Morrison before he went "going, gone."

That he had the support of Hughie Colquhoun.

That Hughie is a lawyer.

That we all know the old saying about corbies and their een.

That the removal of the weir has begun.

That the foundations of Glasgow bridge have once more been discovered to be shaky.

That there is a job for somebody looming in the distance.

That certain of our would-be Councillors came a cropper last week.

That it was rather ludicrous to have people, aspiring to guide the affairs of the City, who yet knew so little about municipal matters as to be ignorant that they were not even electors.

That "oor Jeems" has made up his mind that the Town Clerk's salary must be reduced.

That this will be the toughest nut that Jeems ever attempted to crack.

That there were high jinks at the Houston Home Farm last week.

That the champagne did not flow like water.

That there was nevertheless a drop of "good skreich" to be had.

That there was a good deal of "skreiching" among the promoters of the scheme.

That it will be a long time before the Farm pays its way.

That the Sunday car question threatens to be a burning one this winter.

That the clergy are aghast at one of their number advocating the innovation.

That the terrors of "bell, book, and candle" will be shaken over his head.

That Captain M'Call is at last taking steps with regard to the betting nuisance.

That the Magistrates are doing their best to reduce the number of licences in Glasgow.

That various enterprising investors who had bought pubs. at an extravagant figure have found their money as clean gone as if they had been shareholders in the City of Glasgow Bank.

That the Lord Provost has been presented with a "sterling silver" spade.

That certain members of the Town Council, who are so fond of calling a spade a spade, would be none the worse for a gentle tap on the head with the instrument now and then.

That that was a capital letter in the *Herald* apropos of Norman Macleod's grave.

That it was worthy of Jeems Kaye.

WHO HAD THE BEST OF IT ?

(Sunday afternoon, Gt. Western Road ; Sheriff Sub. busy posting a pile of newspapers.)

Gent. (who is enjoying his walk)—Do you post newspapers on the Lord's day ?

Sheriff—Do you take a walk in place of going to church ?

[No response ; both smile.]

Sheriff (*sotto voce*)—That's tit for tat. (He immediately proceeds to church while the *gent.* continues his walk)

The schoolmaster *is* abroad ! Mr Neil talks of "giving a vidimus," and Mr Martin translates for the benefit of his colleagues the famous "Divide et impera !" There is thus some hope for the "hole forse" of our rulers.

CLEVER DARING.—Some minds are oddly constituted. Describing a peculiarly mean and despicable theft from a servant-girl, one local paper appreciatively calls it "clever," and another admiring scribe applies to it the epithet "daring !" The BAILIE used to associate such terms with gallant manoeuvres in warfare ; but he lives and learns. Henceforth he will regard the Noah Claypole of "Oliver Twist" as the type of heroism combined with dexterity.

"THE TUPPER SOCIETY OF GLASGOW."—The aims of this society when established are (1) to promote the study and circulation of Mr Tupper's writings ; (2) to form a centre of union for T'upper classes ; and (3) to promote such life and learning as may fitly abide in this country, and especially that philosophy which is proverbial. A "Poet Close Society" has been also talked about.

"WORDS, WORDS, WORDS."—Mr Neil complains of several retiring members of Council not having wrought. The honourable gentleman may not unlikely mistake *talking* for "working."

Beveridge's Guaranteed Mixed Pickles, Red Cabbage, Mushroom Ketchup, Sauces and Table Condiments, unrivalled for purity and flavour.

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WOOLLEN SHIRTS.

WE are not aware that anyone in Scotland has devoted so much time and careful attention as ourselves to the production of Woollen Shirts. We are satisfied, at all events, that Gentlemen cannot procure elsewhere so large a Variety of Choice Styles, so High-Class Materials, or so Perfect-Fitting Shirts.

This Season we have introduced a New WOOLLEN SHIRTING, perfectly unshrinkable, and guaranteed to wear well. We may state that all our Woollen Shirtings are prepared so as to shrink as little as possible in the washing; but this is the first time we have been able to produce perfectly Unshrinkable Woollen Shirts. We have no doubt but that our efforts in this branch of the Shirt Trade will meet with due appreciation.

RILEY, WEBSTER, & BORLAND,
86 AND 88 ARGYLE STREET.

GLASGOW APOTHECARIES' Co.
have REMOVED to their
NEW AND ENLARGED PREMISES
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32 AND 34 VIRGINIA STREET.

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FRUIT SYRUPS.

LEMON and GINGER Especially Recommended.
1s 9d BOTTLE FOR 8½d,
3s 6d " " 1s 3d,
A Tablespoonful of the above in a Tumblerful of Cold Water makes a most refreshing and inexpensive Summer Drink.

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SOLD EVERYWHERE.
HENRY THOMSON & CO.'S
OLD

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DAVISON'S
CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE
GINGER BEER.

A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE YEAR ROUND; WARM, GRATEFUL, AND AROMATIC. As Supplied to the Western, Junior, New, and other Clubs.

THOMAS DAVISON,
DISPENSING CHEMIST,
126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

SUPERB TEA at 2s 4d Per Lb.

FAMILIES who are being supplied at "Wholesale Rates" (so called) by Wholesale Grocers and West-End Co-Operative Stores, should compare what they are buying at 2s 6d, 2s 8d, and 3s per lb. with the above Tea. There is nothing like it in Scotland.

PURE CANE SUGARS AT LOWEST MARKET RATES.

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WINTER FASHIONS

AT THE

CALEDONIAN HOUSE.

MESSRS COPLAND & LYE, having completed their arrangements for the Winter Season, have confidence in inviting all Intending Buyers to visit the CALEDONIAN HOUSE, when all the Latest Novelties and Latest Fashions will be laid out for inspection. Ladies are here reminded that at this Establishment perfect freedom is given to all Visitors, and the unpleasantness of being pressed to buy is avoided. Our Stock of Costumes and Jackets is very complete, and we state, without fear of contradiction, that such an Extensive Stock of High-Class Goods, and at such Moderate Prices, cannot be seen elsewhere out of London.

N.B.—For the benefit of Ladies at a distance, we have a carefully-prepared Descriptive Catalogue of thirty-two pages, which will be sent Post-Free on application.

COPLAND & LYE,
CALEDONIAN HOUSE, SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 5th, 1879.

WHAT do the ratepayers think of to-day's Elections? Hitherto the cry has been that things were too quiet when the first Tuesday of November came round, but this year the scene is lively enough in all conscience. Lively or not, however, the general aspect of affairs is hardly one of which any man who values the good name of the City can feel proud. The general tone of the Town Council, we have been told over and over again of late by indignant Councillors and their friends, is as high as ever it was. When the BAILIE gets this assertion thrown at his head he simply feels sorry for the persons who make it. But leaving aside the character of the Council up till its re-modelling to-day—the evening meeting, the broadcast charges of corruption, and the general condition of squabble and skirmish—what is the prospect held out to us for the future? If Mr NEIL and Mr MARTIN appear at the end of the week reinforced by seven spirits each worse than another, how will the business of the City be carried on? The BAILIE likes to look on the bright side of things, he is an optimist by nature. He cannot help thinking, however, as he runs his eye down the nomination list prepared by Dr MARWICK, that the November elections of '79 have brought out as ill-faured a leet of candidates as ever wooed the soft voices of the electors. JACK FALSTAFF'S ragged regiment was respectable by contrast.

“To 2 Strait Jackets at 15s 9d—£1 11s 6d.” This, as the BAILIE is credibly informed, was one of the items which figured in the accounts on Friday last of the Finance Committee of the Town Council. No one is likely to quarrel with the purchase, only it supplies another argument in favour of the admission of the public to the Council meetings. The spectacle of our irreconcilables tied up in a pair of straight jackets, and vainly endeavouring to get out, would surely be sufficiently amusing for even the “gravest signor” of them all. Get the jackets by all means, but also take care that we may be there to see their application as useful if not very ornamental articles of attire.

Hallow “cen”—We always do, that's if they're beauteous brilliant blue.

The Feuing of the Queen's Park.

IT seems that the stupid vandalism—to call it by no stronger phrase—of the Town Council, in cutting up the recreation portion of the South-Side Park, cannot be carried out so entirely as its promoters had intended. The feuars of Queen's Drive, so folks say at least, have interdicted, in terms of their titles, the erection of tenements within 300 yards of their windows, and for this distance, accordingly, the present Recreation Ground is to be preserved intact. As for the rest of the space, including the fine hill which slopes up to Langside, its doom is sealed. The green sward (so dear to City dwellers of an evening or a holiday) will shortly give place to streets of four storied houses. For his own part, the BAILIE cannot help hoping that the new erections will meet with a fate similar to what has befallen the empty ruins that deface the southern slopes of the Mount Florida hill. The feuing of Hampden Park, the Magistrate is glad to assure his football friends, has been foregone by the Town Council for the present.

INSUPPORTABLE.

(Scene—Committee rooms of well-known anti-temperance candidate for municipal honours in the eastern district; Time, Monday evening, 8 p.m.; Enter dilapidated-looking lounge evidently in the expectation that “something'll be gaun.”)

Officious Committee Man (who was previously stone-breaking at Infirmary Square)—Weel, sir, Whit dae ye want?

Lounger (pompously)—I am a supporter of Mr —

O. C. M.—Yer a what? Awa' mun, yae couldna support yersel'. Yae wrocht along side o' me at the Square an' ye didna break enough o' stanes tae get yer bob!

[Amidst the jeers of the listeners the lounge beats a hasty retreat a sadder and a thirstier man.]

When examining a prevaricating bankrupt at Paisley the other day, Sheriff Cowan said—“James Rodger, have you anything to say why I should not commit you to prison for prevarication of oath?” The guilty youth, as it turned out, had really nothing to say, and he was accordingly sent to prison for 30 days, and the statutory oath was not administered! Glasgow Sheriffs, please copy.

Sic(k) Transit—A stormy voyage.

The Volunteer Contributor.

IN common with most of his editorial brethren, the BAILIE has suffered grievously at the hands of that remarkable product of modern civilization, the Volunteer Contributor; and he now proposes to give his readers some idea of the nature of this particular thorn in the cushion of journalistic authority.

The Volunteer Contributor is of both sexes and all ages, appearing now under the guise of precocious infancy, now under that of gushing young-ladyhood, and again under that of garrulous age. He, she, or it hails from nearly every quarter of the known globe, while his—to use the masculine form, for convenience sake—contributions take all forms, from the jokelet, invisible to the naked eye, to the ponderous lucubration, in prose or verse, sufficient to fill two or three numbers. Frequently the jokelet is a venerable "Joe Miller," or a clipping from one of the BAILIE'S back numbers, which is coolly introduced to his notice in some such way as this:—"Walking down Buchanan Street at two o'clock last Thursday"—our friend is nothing if not precise—"I overheard the following dialogue;" or, "A young lady friend of mine has just made this joke, which I think is worthy of a place in your columns;" or, "I can guarantee the originality of the enclosed." This variety of the V.C. invariably requests "remuneration." Indeed, "they all do it;" and the more hopelessly unsuitable the offering, the sterner and more authoritative the demand.

The V.C. usually subsides after the first rebuff; but not always. There was one gentleman who, after deluging the Magisterial waste-paper basket for months, wrote fiercely to say that he had ceased to devote himself to original composition, in order to prepare a "pitfall" for the BAILIE. As this threat was launched a year or so ago, it is clear that the pitfall is going to be a very elaborate thing indeed in pitfalls. Possibly, however, the pitfall already exists, and it is the BAILIE'S crass stupidity alone which prevents him from stepping into it. The pitfall-contriver is, however, an exception. The V.C. is in general a harmless creature enough. He is, indeed, not seldom an actual and unmistakable idiot, who fills sheet after sheet with the incoherent outpourings of his poor muddled brain.

The young-lady V.C. is more interesting. She usually employs thick and scented notepaper, writing on both sides, with the charming indifference to the rules of grammar, spelling, and punctuation common to her sex; she signs her-

self "Ada," or "Corisande;" and she is very persuasive indeed—though seldom with much effect on the BAILIE'S hardened heart.

Space would fail to tell of the artful V.C., who essays to puff himself or his business under the disguise of a pun; of the malicious V.C., who would fain make use of his Worship's columns to stab his (the V.C.'s) friends, or enemies, in the dark; of the brazen-faced V.C., who forwards a lengthy autobiography, with the request that it be published, along with his portrait, forthwith. All these varieties, and more, the BAILIE knows and dreads.

It would be unfair not to add, in conclusion, that more than one of his Worship's most valued *collaborateurs* and friends have originally introduced themselves as Volunteer Contributors.

THE NINTH.

Vote give to M'Nish? That's likely expected,
Or shall I to Shaw, erstwhile *the rejected*?
For Bertram, of course he'll sure be elected
If voters would be like to Bertram, respected.

"TEMPUS FUGIT," AND NO WONDER!

(Scene—Bowling club-house; the accounts of the club are being read.)

Inquisitive Member—How is it that the printing account is so heavy?

Chairman (an ex-bailie)—In considering the printin' accoont ye must rekeleck that the club held twa or three annual meetin's last year.

[General satisfaction.]

FROM TUB TO TUBE.—Diogenes went about the streets with a lanthorn in search of a *non est* man. For over a week several torchbearers have been peripateticking Ingram Street in search of escaped "gas." On Thursday they were opposite the Municipal Buildings—and, had they stepped within, they would have found what they were in quest of.

"WHEN ALL THE WORLD WAS YOUNG!"—The authorities of the Belvidere Fever Hospital are very gallant—or are they only knowing? They advertise for "young" women as nurses, "age from 25 to 45." What spinster in her ninth lustrum would not face even the atmosphere of a fever-hospital to gain re-admission to the ranks of the "young?"

—Ansell's Beefsteak Grill, 88 Virginia Place (Rear of Union Bank). Steaks, Chops, Kidneys, &c., cooked in large room.

—Damsons are now ready for preserving. M. CAMPBELL, 18 Gordon Street, will supply any quantity at lowest market prices.

—Mullin's, 5 Gordon Street, Havannah, Indian, Manilla Cigars; Cigarettes—French, American, Algerian, Russian, German.

Megilp.

THE late Sheriff Bell was known to every one as a poet; comparatively few are aware that, in the many-sidedness of his nature, he was also a painter. His poetical sympathies found expression not only in words, but in the rendering of colour and form in such a manner that shows, had he devoted himself to pictorial art, and thoroughly trained himself in its practice, he would have attained no mean distinction as an artist.

The other day I saw in Mr Craibe Angus's Gallery some water colours by him—belonging, I believe, to Professor Nichol. A drawing of Dysart is exceedingly good. The rendering is marked by delicacy and refinement. One or two views of church interiors are characterised by capital drawing and effective light and shade.

M. A. Legros, of the Slade School, intends to pay a visit to Glasgow this month, and repeat before the students at the Haldane Academy a practical lesson similar to the one he gave the art students of Manchester. At the latter place he painted in presence of the students, and in one hour and a half, a portrait of Mr Napier Hemy. Mr Angus has a photograph of this portrait; it is a powerful bit of work. It will be most interesting to watch Mr Legros' manipulation and method.

The Art Club of Glasgow have begun their winter session, and are making their arrangements for life classes, &c. The election of new members will take place this day week. To-day (Tuesday) is the last day for receiving applications, accompanied by specimens of work.

The current number of the *Magazine of Art* contains an interesting memoir of Sir Noel Paton, written by Mr G. R. Halkett, editor of the Illustrated Handbooks of the Scottish Academy and Fine Art Institute Exhibitions. A very pleasantly written notice in the *Scotsman* about ten days ago of Barbizon—the rural haunt beloved by French artists, and associated so much with the names of Rousseau and Diaz—was also from the pen of Mr Halkett.

The "St. Mungo Art Society" held last week their fourth annual private exhibition in the Rainbow Hotel. The Society is principally composed of amateurs, some of whom will no doubt, in time, recruit the ranks of our regular artists. Their efforts are, in several cases, very praiseworthy. It is to be hoped, however, that the mere consciousness of being able to use the brush with a certain amount of ease will not tempt any of the young fellows to desert remunerative employments for the thorny paths of art.

Messrs Agnew's fourth annual exhibition is now open in the Fine Art Galleries of Messrs Annan, Sauchiehall Street. The collection, which is one well worthy of earnest attention, numbers nearly 140 pictures, for the most part of great interest and excellence. Some have been already shown at Academy exhibitions—many are entirely new.

"The Last Days of Autumn," by Mr MacWhirter, is a beautiful landscape, tender and delicate, and breathing the spirit of genuine poetry. Who can look at it and not think of Wordsworth's sonnet, "In the Pass of the Trossachs."

To day I cannot do more than mention the names of some of the artists represented. Among our local painters are Mr Joseph Henderson, with a strong bit of sea; Mr J. A. Aitken, and Mr J. Grey. "The Thames" is a splendid example of Mr Vicat Cole; we have pictures from Mr Colin Hunter, Mr F. Morgan, Mr Briton Rivière, Mr R. W. Macbeth, Mr Sant, Mr P. R. Morris, Mr G. D. Leslie, Mr B. W. Leader, Mr E. Long, Mr P. Graham, Mr R. Beavis, Mr J. W. Oakes, Mr T. Faed, Mr Fildes, Mr L. Müntze, &c.

Jones wants to know if the black bishop advertised to appear at St. Silas's is a *Hutton-tot*. Funny dog!

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Bar One (?)

IT is seldom that the Ass meddles with music. He leaves that to his longer-eared brethren, and as a rule receives their dicta—Asinus is nothing if not classical—with becoming respect. He must, however, beg to demur to a statement made by the musical critic of a daily contemporary, who declares that "the immense influence Mendelssohn's music had over Bennett is apparent in almost every bar." Here the Animile feels himself qualified to speak. He has, perhaps, more knowledge of bars than any one in Glasgow, and, with all due deference to the critic and his two friends—of whose acquaintance Asinus has not the honour—he finds no evidence to support the statement quoted. In order that there might be no doubt about the matter, he made a special tour, at considerable expense and—next morning—discomfort, and inquired in vain, not in "almost every" but in "every" bar, for a particularly thirsty gentleman of the name of Bennett who had been driven to drink by the "music" of a Mr Mendelssohn. He hopes this correction will be taken in the spirit, the truly British spirit, in which it is offered.

"TWO FOR ONE AND ONE FOR NOTHING."
(Scene—Bar of Highland hotel; visitor leaving for the South is giving Donald his parting dram.)

Visitor—Well, Donald, after all there is nothing better than a glass of good Highland whisky and water.

Donald—Ay, ay, must so, Mr Wilson, if it will not be two glasses of the whisky without any dirty water whatefer!

[Bell rings for a second glass]

Dr Andrew Buchanan has much to answer for. He has declared that milk and alcohol are similar compounds, and has thus provided Asinus with a triumphant excuse for his excesses. "It's quite the cheese," he says; "my little w(h)ey. Butter let me alone." And then you should hear his (s)cream!

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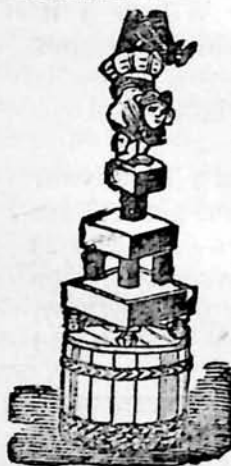
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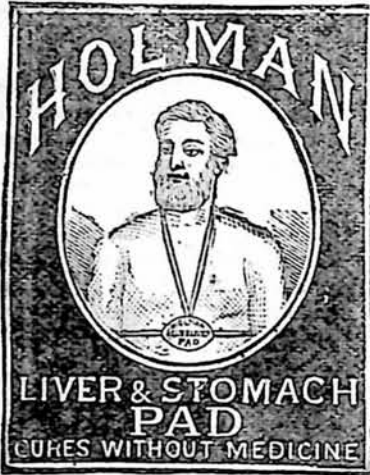
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In introducing this New Department of our Business, we may explain that though it is the first attempt of the kind in Glasgow, yet it has been carried on with great success by the most celebrated Hosiers and Glovers in the Cheapside and Strand, London, and we feel quite confident that with your kind patronage, and our strict attention, this novelty cannot fail to be a great success.

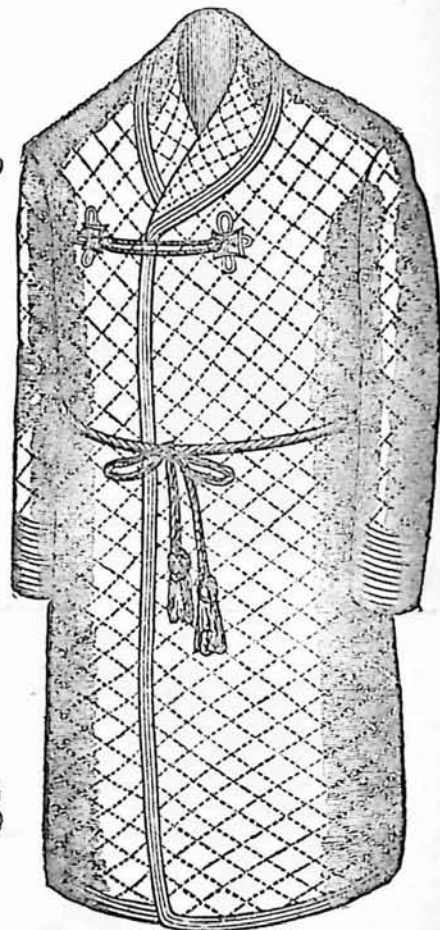
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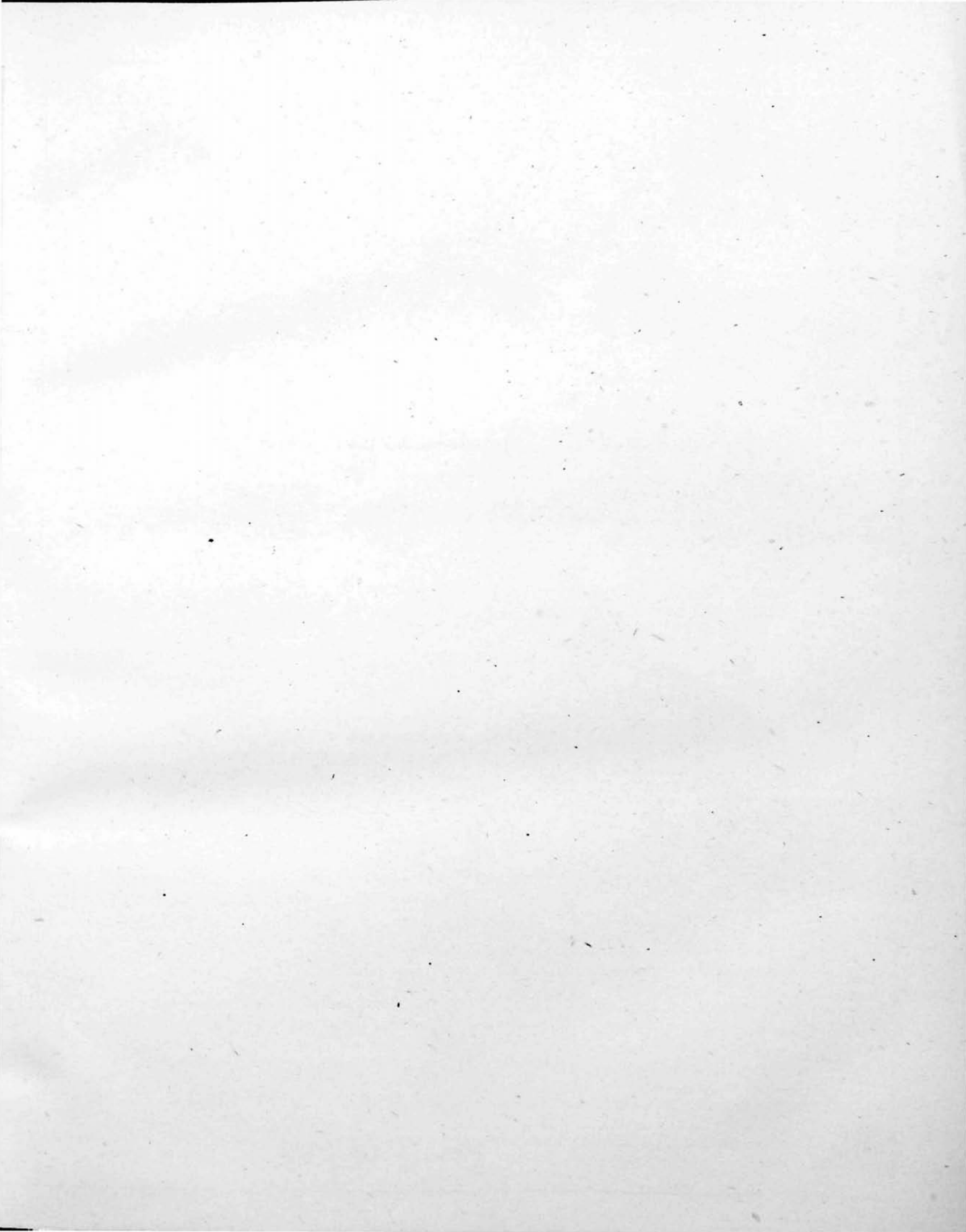
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The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 369. Glasgow, Wednesday, November 12th, 1879. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 369.

THE sanest of people are those who have the truest estimate of what is involved in the vicissitude of things. To the Wise King there was nothing new upon the earth, and novelty was naught but oblivion. It is one of the commonplaces of science, that matter is in a perpetual flux and never at a stay; but there is, nevertheless, a wide-spread superstition regarding the fixity of the stars. Humanity is, in its own opinion, the great perfectionist: the individual has absolute confidence in the rectitude of his conduct, the constancy of his resolutions, the accuracy of his information, and the soundness of his judgments. Belief in self is universal. But the many play the fool with the times, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock them. Man's imperfections cause him to fancy that there are deficiencies in everything in life, and to vainly imagine that there is an ever-accelerating movement towards somewhere usually known as "the dogs." Everything is going down hill; but the many are helpless to apply a drag, and nature does not provide automatic brakes where they are not needed. Excelsior may be inscribed on Band of Hope banners—divine drudgery is a poet's dream. All this causes every being and thing to be liable to be railed at; the exalted and the sacred, the humble and the profane, and the attacks may be continuous or recurrent. It is not a luxury to any of our local institutions to be made the subject of such despite, and least of all so to our Town Council. It is a cheap and handy tilting ring for all manner of fools. Those who, like the Man you Know, have seen the all-sweeping besom of reform uplifted many a time and oft, with many-handed sway, to cleanse the Council Hall of the pollution of the party in power, or

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to redress some abuse, can view with complacency the recurrence of similar scenes now and in the flight of future days. No one has seen more of the strut and strife of Glasgow civic life than JAMES BROWN, the Council Officer, one of the oldest and most respected of our public servants. Born in March, 1813, in the parish of Kincardine, in Perthshire, he passed his early life in the healthy and gladsome pursuits of the country. He came to Glasgow when about twenty years of age, and was a servant in the Western Club, of which an elder brother of his was then master. At that time the Club was in its infancy, and the stately abode designed for it by David Hamilton, Glasgow's greatest architectural benefactor, was all but ready for occupancy when Mr BROWN was elected Council officer, in August, 1841. The then Lord Provost of the city was the late Sir James Campbell, and of the 32 members of the Council at that date there are only three now alive, viz., Mr James Dunlop of Tollcross, Mr William Brown, late of Kilmardinny, and Mr John Mitchell of Moorpark, who has continued in the Town Council ever since. Mr BROWN has served under fourteen Lord Provosts, and half a dozen Town Clerks and quite a regiment of other officials have come and gone during his long tenure. When Mr BROWN began official life the Municipal Corporation Act had been in operation for four or five years only, the Gorbals, Anderston, and Calton were independent burghs, having their own magistracy, the municipal offices were in the South Prison buildings, the Municipal and County buildings in Wilson Street were being talked of, the Cowcaddens was little more than a single street, the greater part of what is now reckoned the city was un-built and the present suburbs unthought of, and the Greenock Railway had only been open for a few months. Of the three public Trusts

of which Mr BROWN acted as officer, the Lighthouse Trust and the Clyde Trust were managed by the magistrates or Council, and the Water Commission was not constituted till many years later. In these halcyon days the civic tippie was rum punch, claret, or Johannisberg, except when it was whisky, and one of the chief official rendezvous was in the crypt under the Royal Exchange. There the business of the city was discussed freely and openly, and moderate conviviality served to take the stiffness out of formal intercourse. All this has been somewhat changed, however, since the invention of teetotal tickets, and bibs became imaginary landmarks in the history of human progress. The duties of Mr BROWN'S office have increased so greatly in his time that now the dancing attendance on the Lord Provost's pleasure is the least of them. No end of meetings have to be summoned and attended, and the innumerable details of arrangements which do not fall within the scope of the Town Clerk's duties require Mr BROWN'S personal attention. The way in which he discharges all these is most admirable—to those who know him not surprising. The Water Commissioners' annual outing to Loch Katrine, so redolent of pleasant reminiscences, the jolly trips to Shuna, so admirably suited for those who don't like to be "with a crowd," the Corporation banquets, and the many civic duties which end in what is politely called a "refection," are all under Mr BROWN'S exclusive charge. He leaves to others the care of the civic conscience; he caters for the civic palate. Excellent alike at ordering and directing a feast, no one is better able to select a *menu* and judge the viands, or settle a question of precedence among the guests. When there is nothing higher than "the best of common" the latter is no easy task. In all such matters he is the "guide, philosopher, and friend" of the Lord Provost of the day. To omit to consult him, or to neglect his opportune but quiet and unobtrusive promptings would be to court discomfiture. As an official, Mr BROWN belongs to the old and nearly extinct school of public servants who identify themselves with their office, and find in their duties the serious occupation of their lives and not an amusement which entitles them to pocket handsome salaries. Modest, obliging, and discreet, he happily combines a manly self-respect with a repose of manner and quietness of speech which is the true mark of the gentleman. His unflinching tact is a blessing to himself, as well as his superiors, and the sol-

vent of many of the trifling difficulties of the social side of public life which are apt to offend the self-love of those whose gait before the world is not a shuffling in silly men's shoes. A shrewd observer of character, who has had unequalled opportunities, during the last 40 years, of acquiring local information, no one could be more judiciously reticent in expressing an opinion, even when solicited, about either municipal men or matters. What graphic stories Mr BROWN could tell of departed glories, like the annual inspection of the lighthouses, the frantic struggles to get an invitation, the display of bunting in the harbour, the regimental band, the whole day's enjoyment of all the comforts of the Saltmarket and all the delicacies which Messrs "F. and F." could secure, the oratory—some of it after-dinnerish, rather—the fun sailing up the river in the gloaming, and the what-a-day-we're-a-having tone of the arrival at the Broomielaw. These were the days of municipal high jinks, the pre-milk and bun period. A description by Mr BROWN of the "characters" of the Town Council would be as amusing and interesting reading as his old friend, Dr Strang's reminiscences. Leaving out the majority who deserve well of their fellow-citizens we would have, on the one hand, the dullards who have gone in and come out nobodies; and, on the other, the frenzied few who, with "fire in each eye and papers in each hand," have raved, recited, and maddened or amused their colleagues and the public. Again, is there a person in the city who has been present at a tithe of the public ceremonies and noteworthy events in which the Man you Know has borne a part? With the select circle to whom JAMES BROWN is known as the "perpetual Lord Provost" his official dignity rests upon the sure basis of sincere respect. Although nearing the afternoon of his best days, Mr BROWN retains a youthful and buoyant spirit and a lifelong love of the country and its pleasures, and no more genial fellow-rambler could be desired by sea or shore. He has heard the chimes of full many a bell besides those of the Tron and Tolbooth, having in his official capacity accompanied old Lord Provost Lumsden to France and Belgium, and Lord Provost Bain to America to take part in the ceremonies at the opening of the Centennial Exhibition. This reminds the BAILIE that when Mr BROWN had attended a century of Circuit Courts (he has been at 116 in all) a few friends marked the rare event by presenting him with a handsome gold watch. Mr BROWN'S relations

with all the Lord Provosts, Magistrates, and Councillors with whom he has been brought into intimate contact has been most cordial, though it may be doubted whether he should hold a kindlier place in any of their hearts than in that of Sir James Watson, for his invaluable help on the day he was refused admittance to the thanksgiving in St Paul's for the recovery of the Prince of Wales. But for the timely arrival of the Man you Know, Sir James' position would have been far from pleasant, and on the wrong side of Wren's noble structure. Mr BROWN is a member of the Incorporation of Cordiners, and filled the office of collector and deacon some 20 years ago. The gloomy believer in the decadence of municipal dignity should find in Mr BROWN a solace and a source of hope. Why not crib an idea from the Universities and institute a preliminary training school and entrance examinations for Town Councillors? JAMES BROWN, C.O. and P.L.P., at the head of a prospectus would draw all the "world and his wife." Then the BAILIE might spend a quiet afternoon in witnessing Mr BROWN exercising the junior candidates in spoon and knife and fork drill, the amenities of the dinner table elsewhere than in a Cooking Depot, and how to dress themselves as nattily as himself, or in tutoring the seniors in the graces of Council Chamber oratory, the courtesies of debate, and how to look comfortable in robes or Court dress. Then the newspapers would become as dull reading as a Lord Provost's digest of the Corporation accounts, and the days of curiosities being past, the Council would be a collection of veritable Chesterfields.

A REPUDIATION.—Mr Bryce, the newly-retired member for the Second Ward, is a man after the Cuddy's heart. An evening contemporary having flung the odious epithet of "staunch teetotaller" at his head, he hastens to deny the impeachment. Has he any objection to proving his freedom from reproach by asking Asinus "If he has a mouth about him?"

A local clergyman was advertised last week to lecture on "The Comic Side of Clerical Life." What a lot of awful examples he could have got to illustrate his remarks from the ranks of his Glasgow brethren!

French Novels, &c, by Dumas, George Sand, Moliere, Emilie Souvestre, Fontaine, Le Sage, Florian, from 10d each. At ALLAN'S, 31 Renfield Street.

Mitchell's Old Irish Whisky, Belfast, is famed over the World. Agent, David Mitchell, 20 Hope Street, Glasgow.

"The Countin' O."

YE shurely ken auld Johnny Neil,
The lad that baked the biscuits weel,
Truth man he's turned a perfect deil,
Anent the Councils countin' O?

He raves at this, he flees at that,
He's like tae eat his vera hat,
Because that nane believe in what
He says about the countin' O.

Noo, Neil, my man, thy lines weel read,
D'ye think nane's got a figure heed
Except yersel'—deed no indeed!
For countin' a' the countin' O?

A' ye new councillors look ye weel,
Afore ye follow Johnny Neil,
As sure as ought he'll mak' ye squeal,
If ye'r'na up tae countin' O.

PRESERVE US A'!—Mr Filshill joins Mr Lambert in the Council, and the BAILIE believes of both it will be said "not easily made jelly-ous." He knows that there will be no jars between them, and he hopes that each will flavour all the meetings, as he would a conversation-lozenge with a candi(e)d sweetness.

When Sheriff Fraser, of Renfrewshire, wishes to say that a robbery has been committed he remarks that "a devourer of industry has been exercising his vocation." It is almost worth while to be a devourer of industry, to have such "prave 'orts" applied to one.

Who says that money is cheap at present? Why, an action has just been raised in the Court of Session claiming £100 as the value of—a "Crookit Bawbee!"

How true it is that evil communications corrupt good manners! We see that bold bad man Labouchere vexing the soul of poor dear Mr Lawson, and straightway the "Sons of Levi" cannot walk along the Trongate of Glasgow without being assaulted. (*Vide* Friday's papers.)

"Q. What does Mr — do? A. He knocks about public-houses." (*Vide* records of last week's Bankruptcy Court.) "And a very pleasant, gentlemanly occupation, too!" remarked Asinus as he read the above.

THE "BASS" ROCK?—Shakespeare says that "Orpheus drew stones, since nought so hard but music for the time doth change his nature." Could William possibly have been telephoning with the "80 musical stones of the Skiddaw Rock Band?"

American Apples from 17s 6d per Barrel, at M. CAMPBELL'S, 18 Gordon Street, or from any of his Branch Shops.

"Vegetarian Cookery." "How to Marry and live well on a Shilling a day." One Penny each. At ALLAN'S, 31 Renfield St.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—I'm afraid our theatre-goers don't appreciate the piece now running at the Gaiety at its proper value. The audiences at "Drink" last week were enthusiastic enough, but they were by no means so numerous as they ought to have been on account of the merits of the play. "Drink" is a capital piece, it is capitally acted, and, above all, it is capitally put on the stage. I don't think I ever understood the value of good stage management so well as I did after having sat through this drama. There is "intention" in every bit of the stage business; even the grouping and the arrangement of the "props" seem to assist the development of the plot.

Most of the actors engaged in "Drink" are new to Glasgow. Mr Arthur Lyle, who is the *Gouget* of the cast, is of course an exception to this, and the warmth of the audience whenever he appears proves that its members are not slow to recognise an old friend. *Coupeau*, otherwise Mr Buchanan, appeared for a short season at the Alexandra Theatre, the wooden edifice erected by Mr Alfred Davis in Blythswood-holm, subsequent to the burning of the Prince of Wales Theatre.

The scenery provided for "Drink" is wonderfully good. One of the "sets," which shows us the exterior of "L'Assommoir," together with a long line of street, is among the most perfect stage pictures I ever saw.

Much of the success of the play is due to Mr Harry Jackson, by whom it was placed on the stage. Mr Jackson has been largely complimented by Mr Reade, the adapter of "Drink," on the result of his efforts; and only the other week M. Zola, the author of the novel, spent some days with him, when the stage arrangements for the production of another of the "L'Assommoir" series of stories as a stage play were discussed at length. M. Zola is described by Mr Jackson as a quiet, courteous gentleman, who possesses some of the Anglo-Saxon steadiness of character, and much of our cool reticence of manner.

The pieces underlined at the Gaiety include a new play by Mr Wills, the leading part in which will be taken by Mr Charles Dillon.

Among the members of a pleasant little society of actors and journalists that had a place in Glasgow while the days of stock companies still existed was Mr Julian Cross, a comedian who appeared now at the Gaiety and now at the Theatre Royal. Mr Cross was always quiet and self-contained, but it was understood that he had aspirations after literature, and now and then he contrived to let it be known that he had attempted musical composition. As an actor he was distinguished for the care with which he got up the mechanical details of his various parts, and also for the spirit he succeeded in throwing into his acting. His style was deficient in imaginative force—it had no poetry, but it was broad and effective, and it never failed to take with a popular audience.

Mr Cross comes back to us now as the leading actor of a company of his own, and also, if I mistake not, as a dramatic author. He appears this evening at the Prince of Wales Theatre in a piece entitled "The Crimson Rock," which is understood to have been written by himself. His part bears the grotesque and even eerie appellation of *Fau Nomeny*.

When the "Crimson Rock" is withdrawn from the Prince of Wales we are promised a visit from Miss Rose Etyngie, the American actress who made something of a sensation last year in London by her performance of *Nancy* in a Yankee version of "Oliver Twist." She will appear in the "Double Marriage" of Charles Reade, the piece with which Alfred Wigan opened the Queen's Theatre in 1865.

"The Double Marriage" is an adaptation of "White Lies," a novel contributed to the *London Journal* by Mr Reade. Those interested in literary scandals must be familiar with the controversy that took place some score of years ago over the genesis of "White Lies." Mr Reade was ultimately obliged to admit that it was "taken from the French," but the admission, I need hardly say, was made with any thing but a good grace.

How time flies to be sure. Why 'tis just a dozen years ago come Christmas since Alfred Davis produced his famous pantomime of

"The fair One with the Golden Locks" at the Prince of Wales; and now, Mr Sidney, disregarding Mrs Malaprop's dictum, has made up his mind to brave comparisons by selecting the same young lady as the heroine of the entertainment with which he is to charm us at the New Year holidays.

At all times and at all seasons what a "truly rural" tramp is that from the ancient "Seestu" to the modern "Peesweep." In company with some other Pilgrim fathers, I had a stroll thither the other day, and was favoured with superb weather. Notwithstanding the panegyrics of Tannahill and Hugh M'Donald, the ground is really not half so well known as it ought to be. I don't believe you can have a finer prospect in broad Scotland. With "an eager and a nipping air," tempered with brilliant November sunshine, the view on Saturday strongly reminded me of the famous glimpse of the Bernese Oberland from the river terrace in Berne. By the way, while wetting our whistle at "the bonnie wee well at the breist o' the brae," we were all painfully struck with the delapidated aspect of the fount where "the hare steals to drink in the gloamin' so gray." A slight expenditure of labour and money would make the memorial presentable and more in keeping with the expressive lines inscribed thereon.

There are over 2000 articles—gold and silver and ivory work, arms, jewellery, precious stones, shawls, muslins, and carpets—in the Indian presents of the Prince of Wales, which will shortly be placed on view in the Corporation Galleries. The collection was one of the chief features of the Paris Exhibition of '78.

Remembrance from afar to an old "Man You Know," BAILIE—George Geddes, of the Humane Society, to wit. On Friday night, about a score of old rowing men met with him in the Bodega, on occasion of his being presented with "such" a handsome Malacca cane, massively silver-mounted, and with an inscription testifying that it was sent to him as a souvenir of remembrance, on the occurrence of his "silver" wedding-day, by his old aquatic friend, Charles Howarth, of Singapore, erst president of the long-extinct "Phœnix" rowing club. There were reminiscences going of the old rowing times, you bet.

Our local Valhalla—the Corporation Galleries—has just had made to it an interesting addition, the bust by Patric Park, of David Hamilton, the architect of the Royal Exchange, Hamilton Palace, etc.

There are various ways of securing support when you are standing for the Town Council, but assuredly to cause a detachment of police to be marshalled before you on the polling day, and then to address them in a long electioneering harangue isn't one of them. Ex-Bailie Pinkerton, "they say," has found this out to his cost.

There is apparently no end to new schemes. The latest is a proposal to have a Tread Mark Competition. A noted legal performer would require to be excluded from the contest.

Of a truth, BAILIE, we shall soon be the "railway-stationest" city going. If we were long in introducing reform in this direction we are making the reform thorough now we are about it. We have a Central Station that "licks creation"—"poetry," your Worship!—and therein is a refreshment room that licks the station. A few friends met on Friday evening in the premises to wish Mr and Mrs Bertram success in their new enterprise, and those of your readers who know the worthy couple will feel they should have been there to join in the good wishes. Under such auspices the refreshment department will be a feature of the new station, and the weary traveller will take his snack or his luxurious meal, as the case may be, if not "in marble halls," at least in a hall which artistic tilework and rich colouring have combined to render as gorgeous as any that Mademoiselle Arline entered in her dreams.

Men who Appreciate "Good Durable Suits"—Lawyers.

A "Pen Bridge"—The right-hand little finger.

Gushing.

OH, those reporters! "As the maidens," says one of them, describing a ladies' swimming-race, "in their neat garb, tripped prettily along the edge of the basin to the starting point, each, an Ianthe, might have been taken for 'Love's image upon earth without his wing'"—but *plus* the "neat garb," eh?—"till they plunged into the water and disported themselves gracefully as the fabled naiads." Young man, young man, if you take to disporting yourself in that style, your chief musn't send you to any more swimming-matches.

ALL AGHAST.

In Ingram Street there something foul is
Offends the nose, yet no one knows
Whence comes it; if it cheek-by-jowl is
With some lamp-post; or if it owes
Unto some leakage in the main
Its power to stink the street all through.
Up here, there, ev'rywhere, there's ta'en
The "causey," kerb, or pavement, new
Or old, until, instead of one
"Escape," mayhap there's near a score;
And men like Jack-a-lantern's run
And draw their fiery ordeals o'er
Disjointed stones, and through the labour'd trench—
Add light to instink'd to seek out the stench.

COMPARISONS ARE ODOROUS.—A member of the Greenock School Board declares that the juvenile population of Sugaropolis are "worse than Zulus." From all the BAILIE can gather it seems to him that it is rather unfair to the Zulu nation to institute such a comparison at all.

HOPEFUL.—"Skull Wanted," runs an advertisement. Who knows but it may proceed from one of our newly-elected Town Councillors? If so it is encouraging; for in time the good man may come to perceive that he also wants brains.

"WOOD-NOTES WILD."—A writer in one of our local morning papers refers to the tenors in a certain "select choir" as being of a "particularly agreeable timber." The BAILIE cannot conceive how a wooden-voiced tenor could be particularly agreeable to any one save a wooden-headed critic.

For the "Free and Independent."—Not lucidity of argument, but scurrility of placard.

The Baconian Philosophy—Lipton's.

HOW IT STRIKES A CONTEMPORARY.

(Party of young people are playing a round game at cards.)

Young Lady—C'est à moi.

Young Gentleman—C'est à vous.

Precocious Small Boy (absent-mindedly)—
Cet-e-wayo.

What the Greenock Folk are Saying.

THAT the mighty C. reigns by the casting vote of W. B.
That after that who can say that the age of miracles is past?
That the casting vote also made the fifth Bailie and the Treasurers.

That the Rising Sun gets all the credit of having acted magnanimously in making these appointments.

That the sixth form boy has got promotion at last.

That possibly he thinks he might have even been put a step higher up.

That the laddie "who commanded a corps" must bide his time.

That there will be lively times of it at the Council Board for some time to come.

That the contest of 1879 will be long remembered as the unchristian spirit year.

That the retired Chief may yet live to regret the steps he took to fill his shoes.

That the sooner the whole discreditable business is buried in oblivion the better.

TRACEY-RY—VARIOUS.

Two famous Traceys would we trace
First, Turnerelli with his wreath;
The other, of another race,
Who'd keep his tongue within his teeth
To those would out his business seek,
And not as Turnerelli speak,
Weak after week, week after weak,
But just the very least let leak.

Hard on the Force.

MR GEMMEL'S decisions are generally satisfactory, but even he occasionally exhibits the inconsistency which is the citizen magistrate's pride. Thus, the other day four men were brought before him on as many charges of assault. The first had knocked down a man: sentence, three guineas or 20 days; the second had knocked down a woman: sentence, ditto; the third had hit another woman on the eye: sentence, 40 days without the option of a fine; the fourth had assaulted not only a man, but also two of those superior beings who wear helmets and blue uniforms: sentence, two guineas, or 14 days! The least we can expect after this is an indignation meeting of the police force.

A "Double Event"—Principal Caird and Prof. Jack running the same old hoss, "Galileo."

A Baneful Burlesque—Sir James donning the Orange sash and the Templar bib.

A Medicine-Chest—A pill-box.

"Musical Stones" and Musical "Bricks"—Messrs Till and their "Rock Band."

"Foul-mouthed ruffians" is Mr Macdonald's latest epithet for his opponents. How's that for "foul?"

The Latest Vulgar Americanism, or American Vulgarism—Calling a shop a "store."

Quavers.

LOOKING over the programmes of the forthcoming series of orchestral concerts, one finds a number of most interesting items, either in complete works or in extracts, additional to those referred to last week. The B minor symphony of Schubert—unfortunately an unfinished work—will be heard; also, in the same class of composition, a symphony (in F) by the late Hermann Goetz, whose cantata "Nœnia" (poetry by Schiller), and psalm, "By the Waters of Babylon," both contain much beautiful writing. As a set-off against these examples of the more modern school—with its profundity, but occasional obscurity—will be given one (in G) from Haydn, clear and captivating if but simple and rudimentary music of the kind.

The Beethoven symphonies will, of course, be the dominant attraction to all. Indeed the Beethoven night of the Von Bulow series is still recalled by many as one of the most delightful of that successful season.

One of the four "Leonora" overtures of Beethoven, the No. 3,—the greatest of the set, probably—will be played. Then, in a similar category, one observes the overture to "Il Flauto Magico" (on the Mozart commemoration night); Bennett's "Paradise and the Peri;" Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream," both with much in common between them; then the "Tannhauser" overture, which is an especial favourite in Glasgow; and, finally to be mentioned, those to "Masaniello" and "William Tell."

The incidental music, by Sullivan, to "Henry VIII," and a "Rhapsodie Ecossaise," by A. C. Mackenzie,—a rapidly rising composer—may further be quoted from the programmes, as far as published.

Miss Hopekirk, of Edinburgh (solo pianist), who appeared with marked success last winter at the Crystal Palace Concerts, will take part with the orchestra in a concerto by Schumann. The other concertos, by the way, are one in G for strings, by Bach; and by Handel, for the oboe. Naturally, the organ part (throughout the series) falls to the experienced hands of Dr A. L. Peace.

It is curious to notice the predominance of the Teutonic element in the orchestra this year—chiefly in the strings, however, the violin being the favourite instrument evidently as far as emigration here from fatherland is concerned. The violins are to be led, as we already know, by a German, Herr Hermann Franke. An Englishman leads the violincellos, however—Mr Ould, this year, in place of Mr Howell. Mr Castegnier is principal oboe, as before, and Mr Clinton (a distinguished name) the chief clarinet. Mr Wells and Mr Packer are the flautists. Mr Hughes wields the opeclide; Mr Pheasant and Mr M'Innes have the drums and cymbals between them, and Mrs Frost has the harp.

The St. George's Choral Union concert of ballad and part-song music on Wednesday evening (this week), is one that should not be overlooked by all seeking true musical enjoyment. Miss Williams, Madame Enriquez, Mr Vernon Rigby, and Mr Thurley Beale are the principal vocalists, these names being sufficient guarantee for the high-class character of this part of the concert. Madame Enriquez will sing "Angus M'Donald," a song in which it will be remembered she made quite a hit at a concert by the same society a year or so ago. Mr Keppel, the able flautist, contributes a couple of flute solos. The St. George's Union (Mr Moodie, conductor) will sing "Flora, give me Fairest Flowers," Macfarren's "The Miller," Wilbye's "Sweet Honey-sucking Bees," and other part-music of a kind suited to performance by a large society. From what one hears there is every reason to expect superior singing, but the classic character of the pieces selected along with the comparative novelty of interpretation by a full choral body of voices ought, apart from other attractions, to draw a good attendance.

The Bothwell Musical Association have chosen Cowen's "Rose Maiden," and Schubert's Mass in G, for study this season. The first is perhaps more important instrumentally than vocally, but seems a favourite work with societies. To Mr M'Nabb, conductor, among other societies, of the Bothwell Association, is to be awarded the merit of having introduced

the Schubert Masses to Glasgow. These are one and all full of beauties, and, what is of moment, imbued with religious feeling, and there can be no doubt the choir will give a good account of the Mass taken up when their sacred concert comes off.

There was a very good attendance at St. Andrew's Hall on Saturday evening last, there being the double attraction of an organ recital by Dr Peace and a concert by Mr Moodie's choir. Of the recital, which comprised the first part, one need not say more than that it was marked by Dr Peace's usual skill and judgment. Mr Moodie's choir sang under much more advantageous circumstances than at their late appearance at the Kibble, and made an excellent impression. The tone was good, and there was less apparent effort all through. Some of the music was especially well rendered, and of course there was every possible attention given to expression. They had the honour of having Dr John Hullah, of London, among the audience for some time. Dr Hullah was particularly pleased, it may be permitted to say, with "Will ye go, lassie, go" (set by Mr Seligmann), and "The Maid of Islay" (Mr Baptie's arrangement), the harmonization of the former and the quaintness of the latter (with its close on the second of the key) quite taking the eminent musician's fancy.

It affords much pleasure to direct attention to the Chamber Concert to be given in the Queen's Rooms on Friday evening first, by Messrs Ewing and M'Intosh, formerly pupils of the London Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind. Apart from the interesting circumstances under which the entertainment is given, the concert will be a somewhat novel one, for chamber music has been rather neglected among us of late years, and a pleasant, if unambitious selection of such compositions has been made. Mr Frederic Archer will take part with others on the piano, and Misses Hamilton and Allan will assist on the violin, also Mr Carl D. Hamilton on the violoncello. There will likewise be vocal solos and part-songs.

SCOTCH AND NO MISTAKE.

(Scene—Entrance gate to bleachfield; governor "standing treat" to the gateman on the first day a newly-erected lamp is lighted.)

Governor (handing glass to Jeems)—Now, James, you're not to get a glass of whisky every time the lamp is lighted.

Jeems (innocently)—Oh no, sir, twice i' th' week'll dae.

"A WIDDLE."—One of the most puzzling things in this creation of puzzles, says Jones, is to see a lot of electors working might and main to return a tectotal candidate, and then celebrating their victory by getting gloriously drunk. It is clear that in such a case virtue is *not* its own reward.

UNKIND.—That was a cruel question put to Mr Findlay last week by a sarcastic heckler—namely, "If the candidate admired or sympathised with the views of Councillor Neil in so far as they were intelligible either to himself or to the public." Doesn't this smack of breach-of-privilege, Mr Neil? Isn't it very like "another insult," Mr Martin?

LONDON SCOTTISH RESORT, 3 Water Lane, Ludgate Hill, London, the only House for "Real Johnny" Scotch Whiskies of all Brands, Scotch Ales, &c. Neil Mackay, Proprietor.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the election passed over quietly.
That the best men got in.
That some folk who were certain of being elected have been left out in the cold.
That Godfrey's ammunition was not very plentiful.
That withal he may find some difficulty in paying for his shot.
That the most pitiful case of all was that of Neil Macnish.
That notwithstanding the able advocacy of "oor Jeems" Neil's supporters were few and far between.
That the first meeting of Council was an unusually decorous one.
That the lions are lying down with the lambs.
That the proceedings were opened by the Rev. F. L. Robertson.
That a sermon was afterwards preached by the Rev. Councillor John Neil.
That Councillor John's prosings are about as intelligible as are his Highland stories or his tables of figures
That Preceptor Mathieson posed on the occasion as the superior person of the council.
That the Preceptor looks forward to the day when he will fill the chair and when there will neither be interruption nor giving of interruption.
That "maybe ay and maybe umphm."
That in only one instance did the names proposed for the magistracy give any offence.
That the nomination of Mr Dunlop showed the Lord Provost was willing to propitiate the Free Kirk.
That the elevation of Hughie Colquhoun to the bench was a sop to the east-enders.
That it was also a bit of good generalship on the part of the Provost.
That Hughie is a clever chiel and a lawyer.
That Councillor Neil didn't get the refusal of the Depute River Bailieship.
That Jeems was fairly astonish'd at Neil's speech.
That Sir James Bain surpassed himself at the Orange gathering on Friday.
That he used to go in for hot punch, but he now prefers the cup that cheers but not inebriates.
That times have changed.
That if he can get both the Orange and the teetotal vote he may be well up on the poll at the election.
That the Glasgow coalmasters are at their wits' end.

That they hadn't very far to go to reach this destination.
That they raised the miners' wages expecting that coal would take a sudden leap.
That as the cat didn't jump they have now reduced the wages.
That they are still in a "perilous state."
That the rent day is upon us.
That there are more claimants for rent than usual.
That certain of our landlords are wishing they were only tenants this turn.
That the "fifing fiends" have been at it again.
That an interdict must be taken out at once against any more marching and fifing.
That the lash must be used on the next parcel of offenders convicted of playing party tunes and instigating a riot.

GREENOCK ELECTION—LATEST NEWS.

Sharp News Boy—Even'n' Telegraph? third edition—result o' the poll.
Anxious Voter—O, dae ye know who's up?
Sharp News Boy—O aye, there's *some* o' them up.
[Voter immediately invests in a third edition.]

A WARNING.—Both the candidates for the vacancy in the Third Ward last week declared themselves, without any ground, to be "Men you Know." If this sort of thing occurs again, the BAILIE will be obliged to pass a short Act against the assumption of unearned titles.

Somebody, advertising for a servant who "must be clean," adds, "No washings." Isn't this rather inconsistent?

CANNIBALISM.—What terrible fellows those chess-players are! One of them actually boasts, in the *Weekly Herald*, of having "cooked" another's "twins!" He does not state whether he has consummated the horrible deed by devouring the poor innocents, but the case is one emphatically demanding the attention of the police.

D. T.—A religious paper mentions as part of its contents an article on "Fraternising with Tram Men"—which Our Own Tonalt takes to be a warning against the society of tipplers.

The *Decline* of Scotch Banking—Refusing to discount the Cuddy's paper.

BICYCLES. { New, Second Hand, and Exchanged. Patent Saddles, Oil, Wrenches, Lamps, Sundries.—West of Scotland Bicycle Co., 104 Renfield Street.

COLOSSEUM.**Walter Wilson & Co.,**

WHOLESALE HAT MANUFACTURERS,

70 JAMAICA STREET,

We are now Showing all the Newest Shapes in Gentlemen's and Youths Felt and Dress Hats, also a large range of Novelties for Boys and Children.

Thousands of Shapes to Choose from.

EXTRA LARGE and EXTRA SMALL SIZES ALWAYS IN STOCK.

**COOPER & CO.'S
FRUIT SYRUPS.**

LEMON and GINGER Especially Recommended.
1S 9D BOTTLE FOR 8½D,
3S 6D " " 1S 3D,

A Tablespoonful of the above in a Tumblerful of Cold Water makes a most refreshing and inexpensive Summer Drink.

To be had only from the Makers,
COOPER & CO., 10 and 12 Howard Street, and Branches.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

HENRY THOMSON & CO.'S

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IRISH WHISKY.

SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—

ROBERT BROWN, 17 HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.

DAVISON'S

**CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE
GINGER BEER.**

A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE YEAR ROUND; WARM, GRATEFUL, AND AROMATIC.
As Supplied to the Western, Junior, New, and other Clubs.

THOMAS DAVISON,

DISPENSING CHEMIST,

126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

SUPERB TEA at 2s 4d Per Lb.

FAMILIES who are being supplied at "Wholesale Rates" (so called) by Wholesale Grocers and West-End Co-Operative Stores, should compare what they are buying at 2s 6d, 2s 8d, and 3s per lb. with the above Tea. There is nothing like it in Scotland.

PURE CANE SUGARS AT LOWEST MARKET RATES.

STUART CRANSTON & CO.,

TRAINED TEA-TASTERS,

76 ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW.

WINTER FASHIONS

AT THE

CALEDONIAN HOUSE.

MESSRS COPLAND & LYE, having completed their arrangements for the Winter Season, have confidence in inviting all Intending Buyers to visit the CALEDONIAN HOUSE, when all the Latest Novelties and Latest Fashions will be laid out for inspection. Ladies are here reminded that at this Establishment perfect freedom is given to all Visitors, and the unpleasantness of being pressed to buy is avoided. Our Stock of Costumes and Jackets is very complete, and we state, without fear of contradiction, that such an Extensive Stock of High-Class Goods, and at such Moderate Prices, cannot be seen elsewhere out of London.

N.B.—For the benefit of Ladies at a distance, we have a carefully-prepared Descriptive Catalogue of thirty-two pages, which will be sent Post-Free on application.

COPLAND & LYE,

CALEDONIAN HOUSE, SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 12th, 1879.

THE proceedings at Friday's meeting of the Town Council seemed to augur well for the year which was then begun. Upon the whole the selection of magistrates did not leave very much to be desired, and the appointments generally ought to give a fair amount of satisfaction to the public. Even the opposition to the nominations of Lord Provost COLLINS—led in the first instance by Mr WILSON, and afterwards by Mr GRIERSON and Mr NEIL—was not without its uses. Everybody knows that back-stairs influence is largely brought to bear in the selection of Bailies, and that favouritism has a good deal to do with the apportioning of the municipal prizes. It is well, at the same time, that the more independent members of the Council, the WILLIAM WILSONS and the GRIERSONS, should take care that too many people don't sneak up the back-stair, and that cringing and "booming" are not the only qualities to be made much of in our municipal representatives. Mr NEIL, as usual, was far from connected in his remarks on Friday when seconding Mr GRIERSON'S proposal that Mr FINDLAY should be made a city magistrate, and he showed, besides, that he was sorely afflicted at being left out in the cold; but for all that he gave expression to a very common feeling, and that is that some principle should be adopted in the appointment of Bailies. In such a numerous body as the Town Council there must necessarily be certain members of greater ability, or of higher social standing, than their neighbours, but putting these black swans to the one side it stands to reason that the rank and file ought to fare—every man as well as his fellow. This was all that was contended for by Friday's speakers, and their contentions were urged in no carping or unfair spirit. All's well, however, that ends well. Lord Provost COLLINS has entered on his third year of office under very promising auspices. We shall see whether the reality is equal to the appearances at present held out.

WARD & LOCK.—The BAILIE'S old friend, Asinus, says that because of the number of house-factors in the Council, the chaumer might almost, as in the Channel Islands, be called "The House of Keys."

A Happy Pair.

WHAT a comfort it must be to Sir James Bain to reflect that the Rev. Robert Thomson has made up his mind to run as the Second Orange Candidate for the representation of the City. Hitherto Sir James has stood in a manner alone. He is not a Liberal, and the Tories would have nothing to say to him. Happily however, he is to be friendless no more. The parson of Ladywell has taken him under his wing. At the general election the cry is to be Bain and Thomson, or rather, as the cloth has always the preference, Thomson and Bain. What a glorious conjunction! If a third were needed the powney could be thrown in—but perhaps the electors might be included to draw the line at a beastie. We must therefore be content with Sir James and the Rev. Robert. *Arcades ambo*—Orangemen both.

DISESTABLISHMENT ORATORY.—At a Disestablishment meeting held in Glasgow last Wednesday one ferocious orator from Innellan observed that "the man or men whose conduct might result in the return of a Tory deserved—he would not say what." As this peroration was received with applause, it seems that, in the eyes of our iconoclastic friends, when a speaker is gravelled for lack of matter his best shift is to—take refuge in alarming obscurities.

"EATANSWILL" REDIVIVUS.—The "Rosa" municipal election last week demonstrated over again that Eatanswill is not dead but only translated to another locality. From a leader in the *Express* which abounds in similar flowers of chastened rhetoric, the BAILIE can at present cull but one. Referring to an assertion of its opponent, the print in question says:—"Never was a viler falsehood fabricated, even in that lying-made-easy laboratory, the *Buteman* office."

BIG BOBBIES WANTED.—Pleading before Sheriff Fraser the other day, Mr Balfour said that in East Pollokshields "it had become necessary to have in some way the advantages of the police in the larger sense." Does this mean that at present the East Pollokshields bobby is not the regulation six-footer?

"HIDE" AND SEEK.—If "there's nothing like leather," the Council's so much the weaker. Both Bailie Burt and Bailie Pinkerton are out of it.

The latest (not "last") advertising "Snob-ishment.—The cobbler in the shop window.

What I will do now I am in the Council.

I WILL keep all the pledges I made to my constituents.

I will reduce the salaries of the Town Clerk and all the higher paid officials.

I will raise the screws of all the lamplighters and scavengers.

I will vote that the fund for the common good be given to the unemployed.

I will do nothing that is not legal and constitutional.

I will set my face against all new Parliamentary bills.

I will try and get appointed to the first deputation to London.

I will support the chair on all occasions.

I will take good care to vindicate that palladium of British liberty—freedom of speech.

I will do my best to shorten the speeches of prosy members.

I will speak at length on all and every subject, so that my constituents may see they haven't put in a "nought."

I will stick in with the clique, in the hope that my votes and services will be rewarded by Bailieship before my three years are up.

I will know no jobbery, and set my face against secret appointments.

I will do my best to get my friends into as many fat "sits" as possible.

I will stick to the City Improvement vacant ground until the market rises.

I will follow the advice of the BAILIE.

"MAC"-ING AN OMISSION.—"Messrs Nish and Martin, burlesque boxers and dancers," appeared at a local music hall last week. Isn't there a "Mac" short somewhere?

ESSENCE OF LAWSON.—Sir Wilfrid Lawson told an Edinburgh audience last week that the *Times* had put into one sentence the substance of a hundred of his (Sir W.'s) speeches. What a blessing it would be if the *Times* were to similarly summarise the next hundred before their utterance! Meanwhile, the BAILIE may try his hand. As thus—"Bosh!"

The Left out Triumph-irate—Messrs Cunningham, MacNish, and Godfrey.

Famed 8d Dinner and 6d Tea Service, City Commercial Restaurant, 60 Union Street, Matthew Waddell.

Ansell's Beefsteak Grill, 88 Virginia Place (Rear of Union Bank). Steaks, Chops, Kidneys, &c., cooked in large room.

Government Manilla Cheroots and Cigars (large size), 5 a Is. D. CARMICHAEL, 161 Ingram St., and 121 Buchanan St.

A Defiance to a Pretty Pair.

(With abject apologies to the Laureate.)

NEIL and Martin, comrades meet,
Of me you shall not win renown:
You thought to wound your Provost's heart,
And disregard your chairman's frown.
At me you jeered, you scoffed, you sneered
Kicked up a row till all was blue—
Ye squabblers of a hundred "scenes"
I do not care a fig for you!

Neil and Martin, comrades meet,
No doubt you think it very smart
To spatter mud on honest names,
To act the scorers' wretched part.
But have a care! no man could bear
Much more abuse from such a crew!
A wrathful Provost in the chair
May snub a hundred such as you!

Neil and Martin, comrades meet,
In this good city round us spread,
Electors know what trust to place
In shaking fist and wagging head.
Oh cease to be a laughing-stock!
Oh cease that rude tongue's endless flow!
Pray heav'n some decency to grant,
And let a badgered Provost go!

MOST EXTRAORDINARY.—The proprietor of a certain medicine advertising that "the effect of one teaspoonful, taken in a little water on going to bed, is EXTRAORDINARY," Asinus has just stepped out to get a supply of the wonderful stuff. He says it takes a lot of teaspoonfuls of *his* medicine to produce anything like an extraordinary effect, and he wants to economise.

At the recent sitting of the Licensing Court, the Fiscal objected to the granting of a certain licence on the ground that "he did not think the shop would pay;" and the licence was, accordingly, unanimously refused. Let's hope the applicant appreciated this tender regard for his interests, and consulted the kind-hearted official as to a safer investment for his capital.

A GOOD JOKE.—At a suburban municipal meeting last week, a question as to "the payment of Police Commissioners for their work" was greeted with "loud laughter." The laughers have evidently a nice appreciation of the value of the "work" in question.

Granny seems to have "made her head" with a vengeance. She "confessed" last week "to a feeling of scepticism as to the elevating influence of Drink!" Let's hope the old lady will not take to opium or haschish.

Chewing the Cud of "Sweet" and Bitter Fancy—Councillor Filshill and Mr Stobo.

FERGUSON'S EDINBURGH ROCK is the best present from Edinburgh. 1 Melbourne place, near the Castle

Megilp.

THE artists are now fairly settled for the winter in their town quarters, and from all I hear we may expect good work in the approaching exhibitions. In spite of the bad weather, the painters as a rule have been very industrious, and made the most of favourable and unfavourable circumstances. One result, however, of the unseasonable season appears to be that many of the pictures brought back are unfinished, and in the studios much "touching up," and "working out," and "pulling together," will require to be done during the next month or two.

The first local Exhibitions will be those of the Water Colour Society and the Art Club. I understand that there are a dozen candidates for the membership of the Art Club. The election takes place to-day (Tuesday).

The memoir of the late Mr George Manson will, it is expected, be ready early next year. The editors Mr W. D. Mackay and Mr Patrick W. Adam are expending much care on the illustrations—photographs for the most part from drawings by Mr Manson.

Messrs Agnew's Exhibition in Messrs Annan's Galleries continues deservedly to attract much attention. Mr Briton Riviere's "Temptation" is a capital bit of work. Mr Colin Hunter's "Landing Fish," Mr Boughton's "Autumn," and the paintings by Mr P. R. Morris and Mr F. Morgan are among the noteworthy pictures.

That inveterate smoker, M'Puff, reading a statement to the effect that only three creatures consume the tobacco plant—namely, "the Angora goat, the tobacco-worm, and man"—says, "And a jolly good job, too! I should be ruined if the price were raised by a greater demand. Happy thought! Suppose the anti-baccy-nalians were to devote themselves to converting the worm and the goat?"

THERE IS A HISTORY IN ALL MEN'S LIVES.

—*Warwick in 2nd Henry IV.*

Who as a candidate doth ope
His mouth, and crave y'r
Support, should keep in store "soft soap"
To smooth behaviour—
And wash his hands from every "spec"(k),
So come clean-handed;
'Tis better this than keeping check
By *seeming* candid.
Of "candid" the true meaning's *white*,
And "candidate" is
A man whose life will bear the light
Whate'er his fate is.
If there's a hole in a' y'r coats,
I rede ye tent it;
Some chiel's amang ye seeking motes,
An' faith he'll prent it.
A hole that failings, flaws, and wants
Are a' seen through,
So wash out, cover not, your cants;
And this, o'er all—To self be true,
Thou canst not then the-m-asses "do."

"Fairley" Represented—The Eleventh.

"Men Come in their Millions and Thousands and Tens,
Demanding Macniven and Cameron's Pens."

"They are a treasure."—*Standard.*

The Commercial Pen for Fine Writing.

Sold by all Stationers, 6d and 1s per Box by Post.

Beware of the parties offering spurious imitations.

NOTICE TO TEACHERS.—Samples of School Pens on Application.

"Robert, toi que j'aime."

AT a recent Presbytery meeting the reverend incumbent of Ladywell Church seized an opportunity of holding forth on men and women and things in general, in the true Thomsonian style of combined vulgarity and impertinence. One of the priceless gems which dropped from the golden-mouthed parson was an apparently inconsequent remark to the effect that the Town Clerk's salary was larger than the total income of all our city clergy. It is difficult to say by what subtle intellectual process the Rev. Robert was led to grapple with this intricate arithmetical problem, or of what special interest he expected it would be to any living soul, lay or cleric. It would appear, however, that Mr Thomson, in the dim recesses of that portion of his being which he will probably be pleased to call his mind, cherished a nebulous impression that he was aggrieved by the dimensions of the Town Clerk's salary. But this is surely taking too worldly a view of the clerical profession. Money, after all, as Robert has doubtless frequently exclaimed when in his Geneva gown, is but dross, and can bring no permanent happiness with it. What about the moral power and social prestige conferred upon Robert by his sacred calling? What about his unlimited opportunities for doing good and setting an example to the worldlings around him? Are all these to go for nothing? Mr Thomson can hardly have considered the matter sufficiently from this point of view. If, however, he is determined to degrade his noble instincts to the commercial level, if he is not convinced that the clergyman's dinner of herbs is preferable to the stalled ox of the Town Clerk, Robert has the remedy in his own hands. Let him resign his cure of souls, and go off and be a Town Clerk somewhere!

"One," says the *Mail*, "of the most splendid of Chopin's creations is the 'Funeral March of a Marionette'; it breathes all the inspired passion of sorrow, hope, and faith, which we see exemplified in his life." The BAILIE must confess his ignorance with regard to the passion, sorrow, hope, and faith exemplified in the life of a marionette, and neither does he know anything of Chopin's "splendid creation." Hitherto he has been content with Gounod's "Funeral March of a Marionette," which seems to him one of the funniest pieces of music ever written.

Beveridge's Guaranteed Mixed Pickles, Red Cabbage, Mushroom Ketchup, Sauces and Table Condiments, unrivalled for purity and flavour.

THE POWER INCENSED.—Burns.—On election-day it was not easy knowing, among the many odours that were being blown about, what was particularly Frankincense among the wise men of the east. In the sense of one side it was incense to Frank; in that of the other it was incensed against him.

Wanted to be Known—When Mr Gladstone intends to address the University students. His delay is neither courteous nor politic.

Nothing New.—Gaiety and "Drink."

T H E G A I E T Y.
Proprietor and Director,Mr C. BERNARD.
LAST SIX NIGHTS
OF CHARLES READE'S Great Moral Drama,
D R I N K.

FROM THE PRINCESSES' THEATRE, LONDON.
Open at 6-30. Commence at 7-30. Prices, 6d to 5s.
Box Office Open Daily from 10 till 4.

CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.

GREAT NIGHT WITH ALLAN RAMSAY'S
GENTLE SHEPHERD
AND BURNS'

TAM O' SHANTER AND SOUTER JOHNNIE.
SATURDAY, 15TH NOVEMBER, 1879.

Allan Ramsay's Beautiful Pastoral
"THE GENTLE SHEPHERD,"

With the following Cast—

Peggy, (Glaud's Niece.)	- -	Miss MINNIE BELL.
Jenny, (Glaud's Daughter.)	- -	Miss MINNIE GOURLAY.
Mause, (An Old Woman, supposed Witch.)	- -	Mrs Wm. GOURLAY.
Madge, (Glaud's Sister.)	- -	Mr JAMES HOUSTON.
Patie, (The Gentle Shepherd, in Love with Peggy.)	- -	Mr W. H. DARLING.
Bauldy, - the Celebrated	Mr Wm. GOURLAY.	
Roger, (Rich Shepherd, in Love with Jenny.)	- -	Mr J. S. LINDEN.
Symon, (Old Shepherd.)	- -	Mr ALF. WILSON.
Glaud, (Old Shepherd.)	- -	Mr J. W. CROSS.
Sir Wm. Worthy, (Lord of Manor.)	Mr J. D. TURVEY.	

To Conclude with HALF-AN-HOUR WIP
TAM O' SHANTER AND SOUTER JOHNNIE.
Tam, Mr Alf. Wilson. | Souter, Mr James Houston.
Mr F. W. BRIDGMAN, Pianist.
Usual Prices—Concert at 7-45.

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE.
Lessee and Manager,.....Mr SIDNEY.
Engagement for Six Nights Only,
of the
"CRIMSON ROCK" COMPANY,
The Latest London Success.
TO-NIGHT (TUESDAY), NOVEMBER 10,
THE CRIMSON ROCK.

Fen Nomeny.....Mr JULIAN CROSS.
Supported by a Company of Specially-Selected Artistes.

GLASGOW CHORAL UNION.

CHORAL & ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.

ST. ANDREW'S HALL.

Commencing TUESDAY EVENING, 9TH DECEMBER, 1879, and Ending TUESDAY EVENING, 27TH JANUARY, 1880.

CHORAL WORKS—

Rossini's Oratorio "Moses in Egypt" (First Time of Performance in Scotland); Handel's "Messiah;" Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise;" Selection from Mozart's "Requiem;" Beethoven's Choral Symphony.

PRINCIPAL VOCALISTS.

Miss ROBERTSON.	Miss ANNIE MARRIOTT.
Miss MARY DAVIES.	Miss MARIAN WILLIAMS.
Miss ANNA WILLIAMS.	Mrs SMITH.
MDLLE. FRIEDLANDER.	Miss JULIA ELTON.
Miss HELEN D'ALTON.	Miss LILLY MARTIN.
Mr EDWARD LLOYD.	Mr VERNON RIGBY.
Mr BARTON M-GUCKIN.	Mr HENRY GUY.
HERR HENSCHEL.	Mr J. BRIDSON.

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CHORUS,.....THE GLASGOW CHORAL UNION.

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C. Six Orchestral Concerts,	1 17 6	1 1 0	
D. Four Choral Concerts,	1 7 6	0 16 0	

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Prospectuses and Form of Applications may be had from the principal Musicsellers, and from Mr John Wallace, Secretary, 58 West Regent Street.

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 MADAME ENRIQUEZ. | MR THURLEY BEALE.

MR KEPPEL, Flautist.
 WM. MOODIE, Conductor.

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 Dish Covers, Soup Tureens, Corner Dishes, Very Fine Tea and
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Cases Dessert and Fish Eating Cutlery, Claret Jugs,
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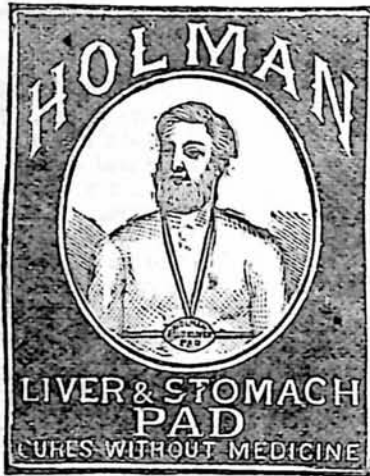
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The Best Place to secure Real Value in Foreign and British Cigars, Tobaccos, Snuffs, Meerschaum and Briar Root Pipes, Pouches, etc., is at No. 2 GLASSFORD STREET, 1st door from Trongate. Trial solicited.

Commodious Smoking Room.

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VITALINE.



The most wonderful discovery of the age, and the marvellous Vegeto-Tonic treatment for the cure and prevention of Biliousness, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Tic Doreux, Neuralgia, Nervousness, Giddiness, Scrofulous Affections, Ague, Debility, Spasms, and all derangements of the Stomach. By its administration the natural appetite is revived, and the functions of digestion and assimilation are improved, re-animated, and regulated; and when its use has been steadily persevered in, its peculiar Tonic and Nutritive Powers have entirely restored Health and Strength to the most feeble and Shattered Constitutions.

VITALINE.

Unless the secretions of the liver be healthy it cannot assimilate, and produce fit sustenance for the general support and preservation of the body, take what nutriment you will, even the best the world can afford. The liver is the most important organ in the whole body, and when its action is imperfect, all others suffer with it. Vitaline almost immediately produces by direct action, a healthy effect upon the liver, and is a never failing remedy for nervousness, wakefulness, restlessness, sinking sensation in the stomach, irregular appetite, and fulness after meals.—Vitaline is manufactured only by JOE TODD, Chemist, Carlisle, and is sold in bottles at 2s 9d, 4s 6d, and 11s each, by all Chemists.

VITALINE

Strengthens the whole muscular System, rouses into action the Physical Energy of the human frame, restores the long-lost Complexion, gives brilliancy to the Eye, a delightful fragrance to the Breath, and brings back sound and refreshing Sleep.

VITALINE

Is sold by R. M'DONALD, 150 Trongate; THE APOTHECARIES' COMPANY, Virginia Street; THE NEW APOTHECARIES' COY., Glassford Street; BROWN BROTHERS, Trongate; and all Chemists.

QUININE WINE.

Every medical man readily acknowledges the inestimable value of the Quinine Wine manufactured by Joe Todd, Chemist, Carlisle, for its invigorating, renovating, and sustaining qualities. It is equally suitable to the invalid, the convalescent, the child, and the adult, from its alatability, fine flavour, intrinsic purity, and great strength.

TRY OUR NEW CHEAP SERIES OF
COPYING LETTER BOOKS,
LEAVES, STRONGLY BOUND, for
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The best evidence of their excellence is the fact that we are constantly receiving renewal orders.

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99 BUCHANAN STREET.

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ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, £1 IS.
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Notepaper, good regular quality, 6d, 8d, and 10d. per 5-Quire Packet of 120 Sheets. Envelopes, 4d and 6d per 100; Court Shape, 6d per 100; Business Envelopes 2s 6d per 1000, at Adam M'Kim's, 102 Trongate (Candleriggs Corner).

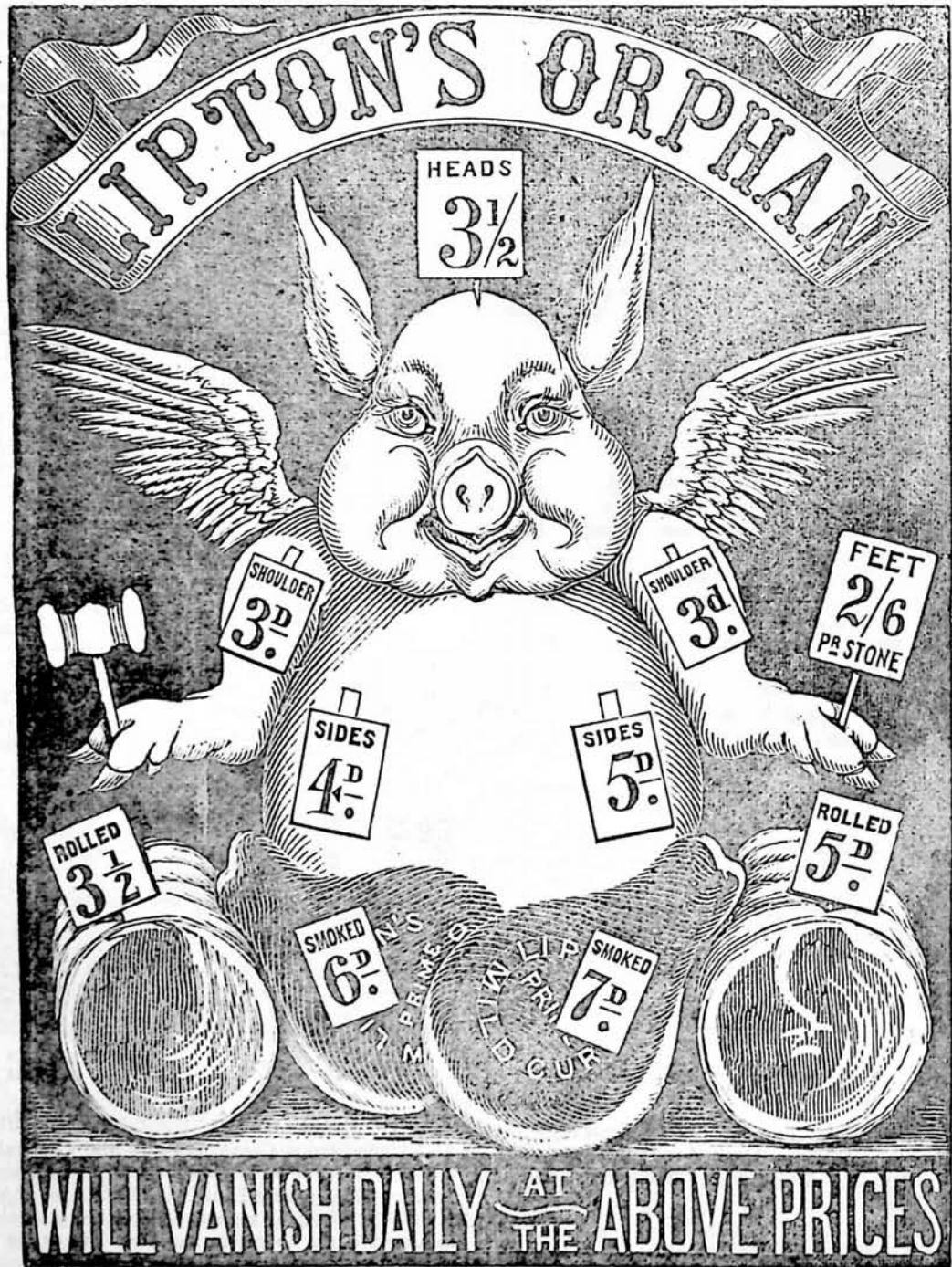
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50 BEST QUALITY 1/6 THE ONLY MACHINE OF THE KIND IN THIS COUNTRY.
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WE have much pleasure in informing our numerous Customers and the General Public that, in addition to our already Established Business, we have OPENED Large and Elegant SHAMPOOING and HAIR-DRESSING ROOMS, which, in regard to comfort and elegance, are fitted in a style equal to any in the city. They are under the direct superintendence of a most experienced Manager, and the Assistants are from the Best Houses in the Trade.

In introducing this New Department of our Business, we may explain that though it is the first attempt of the kind in Glasgow, yet it has been carried on with great success by the most celebrated Hosiers and Glovers in the Cheapside and Strand, London, and we feel quite confident that with your kind patronage, and our strict attention, this novelty cannot fail to be a great success.

21 AND 23 RENFIELD STREET, GLASGOW.







The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 370. Glasgow, Wednesday, November 19th, 1879. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 370.

FEW of the stocks dealt in on the Stock Exchange are more popular than those of the mineral oil companies. They are generally regarded as dividend-paying concerns, there is no danger of any sudden collapse on the part of any one of them, and they are all more or less local in their name and their habitation. In point of time, what is known as the mineral oil industry, is little more than in its infancy. The discovery of paraffin, indeed, was only made in 1851, although various oils had been extracted from coal, each of which had been made the subject of numerous experiments, for many years previous to this date. It is to a shrewd, hard-headed Drygate boy that the discovery of paraffin is due. No Arab who deals in evening newspapers, no "cadger" who runs the messages for the greengrocer of the neighbourhood, but has, seemingly at least, as good a chance of rising in the world, as had JAMES YOUNG, when he was apprenticed to the joining trade, while yet a mere child, in the early years of the century. He was absolutely without school teaching, and his home was not exactly of the kind best fitted to supply any deficiencies, whether of manner or of learning. As it proved, however, these drawbacks had little if any effect on his fortunes. While yet a mere boy he became interested in the study of chemistry, and as soon as his circumstances would allow, he joined the chemical classes in the Andersonian University, which were then under the charge of Thomas Graham, who afterwards became Professor of Chemistry in London University, and subsequently Master of the Mint. When Graham removed to London, he carried YOUNG along with him as his class-assistant. Some years were spent by the Man you Know in the laboratory

of the London University, and he then removed to Liverpool, where he assumed the post of manager of the chemical works of Messrs Muspratt & Co. From Liverpool Mr YOUNG migrated to Manchester as one of the chiefs of departments in the Manchester works of Messrs Charles Tennant & Co. of St. Rollox. This, it may be said, was Mr YOUNG'S last situation. When he quitted the employment of the Messrs Tennant it was to proceed to Derbyshire, for the purpose of working a petroleum spring, and of conducting a series of experiments into the manufacture of artificial oil. These, as everybody knows, resulted in the most triumphant success. This success, however, was not achieved in a day. Mr YOUNG could see that it was worth working for and waiting for, and he accordingly did both, and when the day of triumph came, the triumph was all the more marked by reason of the zealous, unremitting labour by which it had been preceded. The establishment at Bathgate of the great works which now form what is known as Young's Paraffin Light Co., Limited, and the starting, subsequently, of the Addiewell Works at West Calder, are both matters of local notoriety. For many years Mr YOUNG has been the possessor of great wealth. Unlike many another discoverer or inventor, he has the knack of making things pay. His discoveries have been of the utmost moment to the country at large, but first of all they have been of the utmost moment to himself. That he is grateful, however, for any aid he received while young, he has proved by his attention to the memory of his early instructor Professor Graham, a statue in whose honour he has erected in George Square, while he is never tired of heaping benefits on the Andersonian University, in the laboratory of which his earliest attempts at chemical analysis were carried out. The almost romantic interest taken by Mr YOUNG in

Dr Livingstone is well known. He spared neither time nor money in furthering the projects of the great explorer, and when Livingstone died the attentions that had been bestowed on the father were at once transferred to his children. It is whispered, however, by some who assert they are familiar with Mr YOUNG, that this side of his nature is seldom seen. He is declared to be careful of his money, and, like most self-made men, to be impatient of contradiction, and eager to assert his supremacy over those with whom he comes into daily contact. Even now, when he has reached something like the threescore years and ten of the Psalmist, he is still as eager in his chemical studies as ever. Life to Mr YOUNG, as to all great workers, means energy. Their happiness consists in constant activity. Our friend is unlikely ever to make a second discovery of like importance with that of the constituents of paraffin, nor will he ever again light upon such a Golconda as was supplied by the Torbane Hill mineral. Labour, however, he will and must. Indeed, labour is as much a necessity of his green old age as it was of his ripe and vigorous manhood.

AMBIGUOUS.

(Scene — Celebrated temperance restaurant ;
Time, 2 o'clock.)

1st Visitor—You'll not get tipsy here.

2nd Visitor—No, but you'll get fou'.

A MAN OF "LETTERS."—If Dr Donald Macleod has any regard for his "literary" reputation, he should really prohibit the publication of his letters. In his highly businesslike epistle to the Edinburgh Presbytery he refers to the absence of proper means "to rise (*sic*) his stipend." Excuse the BAILIE for taking another "rise" out of you, Doctor; but that's quite too awful, you know.

THAT'S THE QUESTION.—Mr Johnstone, of the U.P. Presbytery, says that "there is no officer of police worth his salt who could not effectually deal with shebeening." Perhaps so, Mr J.; but how many officers of police have we who *are* worth their salt?

TWO MUCH MODIFICATION.—"Modified" penalties continue to be inflicted on unmodified milk-adulterators. Why? Were the BAILIE once more on the Bench he would give the full benefit of the Act to the wretches who poison our children for gain.

American Apples from 17s 6d per Barrel, at M. CAMPBELL'S, 18 Gordon Street, or from any of his Branch Shops.

Poor Piggy.

AH! Piggy, there you lie abed,
Blowing your big, round, overfed,
Fat sides, the while from out your shed
Shy glances stealing.
Come, then, and let me scratch your head
In fellow-feeling.

That's a good pig. Oh! munch your maw,
And snort, and frisk, and stamp your paw
For very joy, and toss and gnaw
Your nice, new bedding.
How white you look amid clean straw,
Sweet odour shedding.

'Twas surely in some fit of spleen
That men pretended they had seen
In you the type of all unclean;
Huddling in herbage,
Besmirched with mire, like glutton keen
Gobbling up garbage.

Yet, with these very men, indeed,
After some Corporation "feed"—
Course upon course devoured with greed—
Wolf-like voracious;
Were but *their* stomach-section "seed"—
My goodness gracious!

Well may their mention make you start
Who'd rear you merely for the mart,
Whose stomach's much too near their heart—
Sheer slicing-slashers.
They have no thought of thee apart
From frizzling rashers.

Not such alone make sad thy case.
Too long have thy enchanting face
And fairy form and airy grace
Been all neglected
By the entire poetic race—
Myself excepted!

THREE QUERIES.

Is it generally known that Councillor Neil studied for the ministry?

Does his disappointment in that walk account for his long-winded harangues at the Municipal Board?

Is he keeping his tongue in talking trim for an appearance in some of the "open-to-all" pulpits, seeing he has failed as a councillor and an accountant (*Vide* "The countin' O.")?

FACT!—Another light of "respectability," "temperance," "religion," and "benevolence," has committed a despicable and heartless fraud. If this sort of thing goes on, the most eligible candidate for a position of trust will be a reckless personage of the Dick Swiveller "persuasion!"

Motto for the Town Council—"Neil Desperandum."

Le Premier "Pas"—Adam.

FERGUSON'S EDINBURGH ROCK IS
is the best present from Edinburgh. 1 Melbourne place,
near the Castle

Place aux Dames—at a Crown a Head.

LIBERALITY, gallantry, and so on, have generally been "minus" in the composition of your average "Liberal," and the arrangements now being made for the reception in Edinburgh of our zealous and attentive Lord Rector furnish no exception to the rule. The lords and gentlemen concerned evidently intend not to be out of pocket, but rather to make the thing a paying spec. "Reserved seats" at the opening meeting are priced at half-a-crown and "ordinary seats" at sixpence, while the admission charge for ladies will be—*proh pudor!*—five shillings each!

A NIPPY THOUGHT.

(Brown meets Jones outside "Effneff's.")

B.—Cold day!

J.—It is a "nipping" and an eager air.
[They "nip"—eagerly.]

'TIS MINE, 'T WAS HIS.—*Iago.*

The magisterial han'-me-douns :—
On ither backs how fit the goons ;
Wi' motions, notions, crotchets, creeds,
How fit the hats on ither heids ;
Were ither backs mair broad to bear,
Were ither heids mair dull, or clear ;
Does hing his goon wi' easy grace,
How suits his tile his style o' face ;
How does he cast-me-offs embrace ;
Of form as former, how hide all the trace ?

THE UNRULY MEMBER.—A Glasgow parson lectured last week on "The Tongue, its Use and Abuse." It is encouraging to find a gentleman of "the cloth" turning his attention to such a subject. If the example is followed it may possibly lead in time to a diminution in the spates of clerical bletcher that are among the things which lead Mallocks in this city and elsewhere to ask, "Is life worth living?"

THE COMING RACE.—The BAILIE thanks Dr Munro for the stand he made last week against the proposal to teach children in Board Schools that none but tectotallers shall inherit the earth. Dr Dodds and his friends, however—including Oor Jeems!—were too strong for Munro and common-sense, and we are like to rear a generation of prigs who will turn up the whites of their eyes, and pray in his hearing for the unregenerate parent who brews a tumbler of toddy.

Ancell's Beefsteak Grill, 88 Virginia Place (Rear of Union Bank). Steaks, Chops, Kidneys, &c., cooked in large room.

Government Manilla Cheroots and Cigars (large size), 5 a 1s. D. CARMICHAEL, 161 Ingram St., and 121 Buchanan St.

Gas and Wood.

A SAPIENT Edinburgh J.P. has made a remarkable discovery with reference to the Princess's Theatre in that city. It is that the theatre is "a thing of wood and canvas and paper and gas-pipes." My conscience! But sometimes other things besides theatres are wooden and gassy. E'en J.P.'s they ha'e been ken'd —. It is, by the way, a curious thing, as another J.P. remarked, that Mr M'Neill's popular house is the only theatre in Edinburgh that has escaped the fire-fiend. So much for gas and wood.

DELICATE EARS.—Referring to the revival of the shipbuilding industry, Granny tells us that, though "the clang of the hammer" sounds "harsh" in her aged and sensitive ears, yet she has made up her mind to endure it on account of what it indicates. This will be felt to be very gracious and considerate on the old lady's part, but surely she must be a relation of the princess in the story who proved her princeliness by feeling the pressure of a pea through several mattresses. It's a pretty far cry from Buchanan Street to the building-yards.

A WATCH! A WATCH!

Saxon Tourist—Well, shepherd, what's this you're about?

Celtic Shepherd (with watch in hand)—Ye see I took the wheels oot o' this bit box thing, an' am jist thinkin' they've growed bigger since, for I canna pit them back agin.

SCHOLARSHIP AT A DISCOUNT.—A man describing himself as a "good scholar" advertises for a situation as "vanman or porter." Terrible illustration of the hardness of the times! Here is a mute inglorious Bently, it may be, or a Porson guiltless of John Barleycorn's blood, reduced to bearing fardels!

A B(U)OYANT THOUGHT.—"Scotland," remarks a contemporary, "is still maintaining its character for producing a large proportion of boys"—an additional reason for getting rid of the imported "bhoys" who have been making things so unpleasantly lively for us of late.

"PROCRASTINATION IS THE THIEF OF TIME."—" "Drink" at Seven," read the Cuddy in an advertisement last Saturday. "Happy thought! Why not drink now?" And he did.

BICYCLES. { New, Second Hand, and Exchanged. Patent Saddles, Oil, Wrenches, Lamps, Sundries.—West of Scotland Bicycle Co., 104 Renfield Street.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—The play of "Forget-me-Not," in which Miss Genevieve Ward makes her *debut* on the Gaiety boards this evening, was first performed at the London Lyceum in September last, and met with a fair measure of popularity. It is the work of Messrs H. C. Merivale and F. C. Grove, but its heroine, the *Marchioness de Mohriviart*, recalls, in a marked manner, the *Countess Zicka* of "Diplomacy," and still more the *Mrs Pinchback* of "Home." "Forget-me-Not," indeed, though a strictly original play—original, that is, in plot and handling—is one of the numerous pieces that have had their origin in the "Demi-Monde" of the younger Dumas.

Miss Genevieve Ward is not exactly a stranger to Glasgow, having appeared some years ago at the Theatre Royal. Since then, however, she has grown considerably in the esteem of the public, and I have no doubt that she will draw good houses at the Gaiety.

An American by birth, Miss Ward has had a strange and romantic career, one, indeed, quite as romantic as that of any heroine whose mimic fortunes she has depicted on the stage. Among the members of Miss Ward's company is Mr Frank Clements, who was the *Claudius*, when Mr Irving appeared as *Hamlet* at the Theatre Royal in the "fall" of 1876.

The new piece by Mr Wills—the early production of which at the Gaiety, with Mr Dillon in the *title-role*, I gave you notice a week ago—is named "Bolivar; or Life for Love," and its scene is laid in South America during the stormy days when the South American states threw off the Spanish yoke. The closing scenes of "Bolivar" recal, in some measure, certain of the passages in "Belphegor."

Mr Sidney is giving us a round of the sensation drama preliminary to the bursting upon us of his pantomime glories. To-night he produces "Sentenced to Death," a thrilling drama which is the joint work of those masters of the "thrilling," Messrs Conquest and Pettitt, and regarding which I need say no more than that Mr Sidney's rendering of the principal part, *Hoyley Snayle*, is as clever a bit of character acting as anything he has done.

The production of "Rob Roy" by Mrs Bateman, at the Sadlers' Wells Theatre, London, was a distinct success. Its run, which came to an end on Saturday, lasted over thirty-five nights.

They put up "The Hunchback" at the Wells this evening, with Mr Charles Kelly in the *role of Master Walter*, and Mr Walter Bentley in that of *Sir Thomas Clifford*, while Miss Isabel Bateman will be *Julia* and Miss Virginia Francis *Hen*. This day fortnight Sheridan's play will be withdrawn in favour of "Leah," which will be revived with all its original effects, and will be played for four weeks.

The pantomime at Sadlers Wells will be Blanchard's "Forty Thieves," and while it is in progress Mr Walter Bentley—who is permanently attached to the theatre—will visit Scotland for a short reading tour. His success in London as *Rob Roy* will naturally make him even more popular than heretofore among his countrymen north of the Tweed.

Mr Toole begins his London campaign this evening in the neat little house he has called after himself in King William Street, Strand, London. His acting manager is of course Mr George Loveday, while Mr Billington is his stage manager, and the company includes Miss Eliza Johnstone.

You will have seen, BAILIE, that I gave you the "straight tips" some time ago anent the coming season at Hengler's Cirque. I know something of "first nights" at the West Nile Street House, and would advise your friends to "be in time" on Saturday first, otherwise they may be left out in the cold for lack of room.

M. Alphonse Legros, whose early visit to Glasgow was noticed in your columns lately, BAILIE, is French by birth and training, but of recent years he has found it to his profit to make

his home in England. He was born at Dijon in '37, and his parents were so poor that they were unable to send him to school. By the time he was twenty, however, he had succeeded in getting a picture accepted in the Salon, and since then his career has been one continued triumph. So popular is M. Legros in this country, that, on the retirement of Mr Poynter from the Slade Professorship at University College, London, he was appointed to the post. M. Legros is more distinguished as a draughtsman than as a colourist, and their drawing is not one of the strong points of our Glasgow artists. Let us hope, therefore, during his forthcoming visit, that he will not be allowed to make himself too well acquainted with their work.

Politics are not much in my line, but matters theatrical are, and I cannot refrain from congratulating friend Dizzy upon the highly artistic and effective manner in which he "came on" at the Guildhall the other evening. It is exactly *en regle* for the hero to step on the stage when an imposing procession and a pause have raised expectation to the highest pitch—just like *Hamlet's* first appearance, you know, or the entrance of a pantomime prince.

The long-drawn-out "Leezie Lindsay," in the *Weekly Mail*, is to be followed, I see, by a new venture of the clever Yankee humorist, Max Adeler. After the racy Max comes the well-known Sarah Tytler (Miss Keddie) with a novelette entitled "Harry Balfour's Elopement." New serial novels are also forthcoming, I believe, from "Ginx's Baby" Jenkins, M.P., and that old Glasgow journalist, Charles Gibbon, who has got out of his historical groove for the nonce, and runs a love affair cyclept "Fancy Free," in which Balmoral and its court life figure largely. Another Glasgow man, William M'Queen, an ingenious and amusing writer, contributes a Clyde romance, "Left by the Tide on Ascog Sands." I hear that the Manager of the *Weekly Mail* is also in treaty for further pabulum for his wide *diocese* with Anthony Trollope, the peerless Bret Harte, and the irrepressible James Smith, who is hard at work on a new story of street life. This is enterprise and no mistake.

"They say" that the *Weekly Mail* pays more for its serial stories than any other paper in the kingdom. George M'Donald got £300 for his "Sir Gibbie," and "Ginx's Baby" pockets £250 for his coming work.

That was a happy thought of Mr John Burns, of Castle Wemyss, to bring up the "Cumberland" band to take part in the fourteenth anniversary meetings of the Foundry Boys' Society. The forty budding tars, with their able musical trainer, Mr H. H. Smith, were the conquering heroes at the great turn out in St. Andrew's Halls on Saturday afternoon. I would back these smart Liliputians BAILIE, against your champion Brobdignagians, "Clelland," and "Coatbridge," for another "contest," and would lay odds on the "young 'uns."

There's a weird ballad, BAILIE, by an author not unknown to fame, concerning a "wicked butcher man" who, in spite of the intercession of his gentle daughter, remorselessly did to death an innocent piggy-wiggy, and met a horrid fate at the hands, or the trotters, of piggy-wiggy's ghost. I wonder whether our friend Lipton has read that ghastly legend, and, if so, whether it keeps him awake o' nights. It "oughter." He is a very Herod among piggy-wiggies, not even sparing the helpless "orphan" whom he has deprived of sire and dam. The other day I took a look round his new establishment at the corner of Jamaica and Howard Streets, and could not help thinking of those gigantic Chicago factories, where, as we read, endless streams of lively grunters enter at one end, to emerge at the other, in an equally endless stream, scalded, dressed, pallid, passive—pork! Well, after all, man is a carnivorous animal—in spite of Mr Fortune and his vegetarian friends—and "thoughts of bacon rise," as Southey or some other fellah says. I am almost inclined to believe that if some enthusiastic admirer of "Q." were to present him with a Liptonian "side," he would accept it graciously, have it duly frizzled, and forget the orphaned piggy-wiggy and the ghastly legend too!

Lady Yellow-Bodice.

A few pages from an Unpublished Novel.

IT is late, and it has been growing later—later, for hours. It is dark now, but my darling is still at my knees, and my hand is playing in her frizzly locks.

I am a poor working man, with fifteen shillings a week. Heaven knows that is all. But I have made good use of my odd moments. I have read all the Rev. L. Collins' "Ancient Classics for English Readers," Mrs Oliphant's "Foreign Classics," and Mr Morley's "English Men of Letters," not to speak of the Rev. Mr Green's primers. Is it Heine in one of his *Colloquia Familiaria* who says that with much reading one sometimes grows tired?—possibly it is Tupper.

"O Yellow-Bodice," I say, "O Yellow-Bodice, you remind me, oh, so much of Calderon's lines to his lady."

The fire-light flickers on her hair. How beautiful it is. I am twenty-one years of age, but I have been married four, or is it five, times? and I am very old in the world's experience. I am also a member of the Folk-lore Society, the new Shakspeare Society, and about fifty other learned societies. I am not a huge-limbed Anak, I am not like a hero of Ouida's naughty tales, but I am so *intense*—Miss Helen Mathers knows what that is—hot gusts of passion sweep across my face, and now and again the big tears drop like the hot tears of Petrarcha's Laura, or Lessing's Emilia. But the gods—the great beautiful gods of Mr Swinburne—are pitiless. In the long winding of the years who knows how pitiless?

"Tell me," says Gloriosa; "Tell me," says she I call Yellow-Bodice; "Tell me again the story of the Agrigentines," and she raises a panting childish face to mine. Squint does she? A little, perhaps, but so did Holda, so did Freya, so Chusha, so the Banshee. Do you remember what an old Florentine writer says of this? I will tell you.

[Interval of ten pages on Pico della Mirandula, Ariosto, Dickens, Moliere, Matthew Arnold, and the *London Journal*.]

I tell her the story of the Agrigentines. Yellow-Bodice is singularly quiet. Dear little heart, does she know that I am making each of her golden-brown hairs stand out (with bandoline) like an aureal round the head of one of Giorgione's women.

I begin to tell her the story of my third wife. My fingers clutch more spasmodically, and the

wind outside blows, and gusts in strange true unison. Oh Allee! O, golden days—but I go on pitiless, regardless, like the stern gods.

A hot breath sweeps my cheek. Yellow-Bodice speaks. "Heaven! had she to endure this?" This is all she says. She meant "he," my tender, compassionate Yellow-Bodice.

"Tell me again about the Agrigentines," she says, "Tuby dear." We have many new names of mystic and dim significance. Tuby is one. One calling from my hot far-away youth. Oh! passed, passed summer days.

I tell her again about Manciple, chief of the Agrigentines, and Leander, and the Pig-faced Lady, and the Sea Serpent, and a hundred quaint old world stories.

Then I tell her the story of my fourth wife. It is long, but it is very sad. Gloriosa is evidently interested, for she does not speak. The wind grows lower and my voice is hoarse.

"Yellow-Bodice! Yellow-Bodice!" I cry. Goodness gracious, she is asleep!

SOMETHING IN THE WIND.

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast"—
Thus bands of flutes the dictum's truth attest;
For airs harmonious, as a *quid pro quo*
Disturbance follows, and gives *blow* for "blow."

A BREAK IN THE WEATHER.

Peter—I wunner whit way we hae had sae muckle fine weather lately? Do ye ken, Bauldy?

Bauldy—Man it's easy accounted for. Yin o' the Atlantic cables is broken an' thae Yankees yonder canna send us ower sae mony storms as usual in consequence.

AYE DONAL'! HOW DONAL'?

Since Auld Reekie's "Saint George" isn't "up to the mark,"
Only partial the "call," and the stipend unfix'd,
Dr Donald MacLeod will still stay in "the Park,"
And wait with "Good Cheer" the good chance coming next.

LIBERAL "UNION."—When at a meeting of the Glasgow Liberal Association sharp comments are made on the conduct of Messrs Burt and MacDougal, and an altercation takes place between Messrs MacDermid and MacKay "When Greek meets Greek!"

The "Present" Opportunity—The Prince o' Wales' Collection.

Linear Prospective—A Railway.

A November Meteor—The Premier at the Mansion House.

Always up to Time—Councillor Jackson.

Going its Height—A Balloon.

Quavers.

THE Glasgow Amateur Orchestral Society are this session studying Beethoven's No. 1 symphony in C, a rather more ambitious undertaking, one might say, than hitherto on the part of the Association. The overtures "Maritana," "Figaro," and "Zauberflöte" are to be practiced, with that also by Mr Smith, which was played at the Gloucester Festival, 1877. Sullivan's "Graceful Dance" (Henry VIII.), the Notturmo from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, and a concerto for piano and orchestra, are the other important items to be mentioned. The conductor is now Mr Montague Smith, a musician now long resident among us, and of first-rate eminence, though not making the show, we daresay, that some from the south have done.

Mr Montague Smith, by the way, has been appointed to the vacant post of organist to the University, and may, probably, "read himself in," as the approved phrase is, with a performance of one or other of the cantatas of his composition, with full band and chorus.

The Helensburgh Musical Society intend producing, at their first concert, chiefly, Weber's Jubilee cantata, a work quite in the distinctive style of the composer of "Der Freyschutz," and full of the most beautiful melody for voice and instrument. Macfarren's "Christmas" is another sacred piece intended to be performed with, of the secular selection, glees and part-songs from Spofforth and Pinsuti. Sufficient variety of style, surely. Signor Zaverthal, Sen., who, it is pleasant to see, has a liking for the healthy writing of the older school represented by the first-named musician, is conductor of the society.

The Helensburgh Orchestral Society is dead, but, let us hope, may revive again.

The band of the 50th Regiment, "Queen's Own," from Edinburgh Castle, is to perform in the Crystal Palace, Botanic Gardens, on Friday and Saturday of this week. Report speaks very highly of this band, which numbers some forty members, and is led by the able baton of Signor G. Gassner. To their instrumental qualifications this military orchestra adds that of choral singing, so embracing within themselves the means of attractive and varied musical performances. At the Friday's concert will be included the Der Freyschutz Overture, a waltz, also a Scotch fantasia by Signor Gassner, and a selection from H.M.S. "Pinafore," some Irish melodies, and "Les Enfants de Paris," by Adam, the three latter numbers vocal and accompanied. On Saturday evening the band will play, amongst other selections, the overture to "Oberon" with excerpts from Carmen and Il Trovatore, both "vocal." The "Anvil" and "Miserere" choruses are the numbers taken from Verdi's opera, it being intended to employ a couple of smiths' anvils and a bell for due effect. There have been no military band concerts here for some time, so that these come in as a rather welcome variety, while promising to be of superior excellence.

The Bellgrove Musical Association intend giving a concert of sacred music in Bellgrove U.P. Church, on Tuesday evening, 18th inst. Fawcett's oratorio, "Paradise," is to be performed and with orchestral accompaniment; the vocal solos by members of the society.

One hears of a mode of arranging the voices at practice that is adopted in a well known musical society on the South Side, and which seems a good one. The parts are placed in a square, the conductor and pianist being in the centre. The sopranos are to the right of the conductor, the altos to the left, the tenors and basses occupying the other sides of the square. The arrangement is found to answer very well, especially as enabling errors in the parts to be the more readily detected, and has not improbably been suggested by the practice with instrumental bands.

The arrangement referred to would probably not be found desirable at a concert, but one is reminded thereby of a question that is not infrequently asked—namely, why, considering the importance of the soprano part, that should always be found on the left hand of the conductor and not on the right. The latter position seems the proper one in regard to the conductor, though the lesser place of honour in relation to the audience.

There seems no written law on the subject, only custom. Is there any good reason why the arrangement should be maintained? Your reporter, BAILIE, is bold enough to ask the question.

Jeems's Latest.

JEEMS is a true cosmopolitan, and beneath his manly bosom there beats a heart big enough to sympathise with everything and all things. He espoused the cause of the "creel" men, subscribed to Turnerelli's wreath, patronised a six days' walking match and Paisley races, championed Godfrey and Macnish, consented to preside at a Home Rule meeting, and last, but not least, presided on Friday at the soiree of those "fifing fiends," the True Blue Band. As reporters were excluded from the meeting Jeems's oratory has been lost to posterity, and of course it did not transpire whether letters of apology for absence were read from those members of the band who are at present languishing in Duke Street. Had Jeems been a Bailie—save the mark!—it might have been a little awkward even for him to have sat in judgment on those of his companions of the previous evening who appeared on Saturday at the bar of the Police Court to answer the charge of committing a breach of the peace while on their way home from the soiree.

THE RISING GENERATION.

(Scene—Pub. in neighbourhood of West Nile Street, Saturday night; Enter three gentlemen of tender years).

1st Youth (wishing to sit down)—Whar 'ill we gang?

Judicious Publican—Ye'll gang oot the door in the first place!

Trade must be reviving. Lord Beaconsfield says it, Lord Provost Collins says it, and Sandy Macdonald says it. As a clincher to the dictum of this illustrious triumvirate, it may be added that at the Southern Police Court the other day there were 50 cases more than on the same day of the previous year!

"LOOK ON THIS PICTURE AND ON THIS."—In the *Evening Citizen* of Saturday we read a letter from the Marquis of Queensberry on "The Religion of Mankind;" and in the advertising columns of the same paper is the announcement of a boxing and sparring entertainment by Joe Macdonald, under "the rules of the Marquis of Queensberry!"

Mitchell's Old Irish Whisky, Belfast, is famed over the World. Agent, David Mitchell, 20 Hope Street. Glasgow.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the proceedings at Town Council meetings have become respectable and dull.

That the last gathering passed over like a Scottish Temperance League convention.

That Messrs Neil, Martin, and Co. have agreed to be on their good behaviour this year.

That in repayment for such forbearance they may find their reward hereafter.

That the last meeting of the Trades' House was a burlesque.

That the clerk of the House is a weak-kneed lawyer.

That the wee wabster cratur did not clear the threads before he laid on the "dressin'."

That the "wab" will be plaited before long.

That "Sir Archie" was very funny if not a little sarcastic in his observations.

That he drew blood on the bankruptcy question.

That his definition of Technical education was a "bar."

That the interrogating shaver did not see it.

That ex-Deacon Finlay made a virtue of necessity and bowed to the inevitable.

That his resignation was accepted *simpliciter*.

That Govanhill is going in for an extension of its boundaries.

That it is a case of giving an inch and taking an ell.

That the railway mania has broken out in Glasgow.

That no fewer than four new suburban lines are being promoted.

That it's the old story of the Glenmutchkin railway over again.

That existing railways have not been paying such large dividends recently as greatly to tempt investors to speculate in new ones.

That all the same it is a capital move for the newspapers, the lawyers, and the surveyors.

That Sheriff Galbraith knows how to treat the "fifing fiends."

That his remedy is sharp and severe.

That a few of the fifers will "tak' a thocht an' men'" by the time their sixty days are up.

That the Glasgow Liberals have had another fight among themselves.

That they are only liberal in their detestation of one another.

That "sharp comments" seem to be the order of the day.

That the Association consists of the "Hon. Secretary," "A, M'D."

That the "Hon. Secretary" does whatever he pleases.

That he is responsible to nobody.

That he issues invitations and addresses without the authority of his association.

That this is the Great United Liberal Party of the West of Scotland!

That Donald Currie lunched his Perthshire friends last week.

That the luncheon was meant as a prelude to the Perthshire election.

That Donald is a lang-headed chiel.

That in spite of his ability he didn't succeed in Greenock.

That he may find himself second on the poll for Perthshire in spite of his champagne luncheon on Thursday.

That one of the head-masters of the "City Pubs." has resigned.

That head-masters may go further and fare worse than under the Glasgow Board.

That the assistant teachers spoilt a good case by their maudlin memorial and wretched advocacy.

That several of our "educators" are themselves sadly in want of education.

HOBSON'S CHOICE.

(Old gentleman inadvertently enters tramway-car with cigar in his mouth.)

Celtic Guard—Hi, you! If you'll smoke inside you'll pit oot your seegaur or go on the tap!

OUR "PROTESTANT CHAMPIONS." — The BAILIE is a Protestant to the backbone, and for that very reason his gorge rises at the fantastic tricks played by the Ferniegairs, the Gaults, and the M'Naughts who would, if they could, make Protestantism at once hideous and contemptible. Ferniegair has, it appears, raised himself in his co-bigots' estimation by his School Board performances. Let us hope this will console him for the somewhat different opinion entertained by the majority of his fellow-citizens.

BACKWARD RACES.—Granny's own "Spinaker"—why has he dropped his honoured pseudonym?—says that last season all the yacht-racing was "backward." The BAILIE will watch with interest the development of this latest "departure"—backwards—in amateur seamanship.

"The Tight Little Island"—Inch Marnock.

LONDON SCOTTISH RESORT, 3 Water Lane, Ludgate Hill, London, the only House for "Real Johnny" Scotch Whiskies of all Brands, Scotch Ales, &c. Neil Mackay, Proprietor.

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As Supplied to the Western, Junior, New, and other Clubs.

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DISPENSING CHEMIST,
126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 19th, 1879.

AS everybody knows, the main adornment of the City is supplied by the several lines of railway by which its streets are crossed, re-crossed, and intersected generally. And even more important in an æsthetic sense, as showing our budding artists and architects what they ought to follow, and what to avoid, is the wonderful bridge the Caledonian people have thrown over the river at the Broomielaw. We certainly live in an age of utility, but the use the various railway companies have taken of this good city of ours is past a joke. In honest truth, when the different urban lines were planned, the last thing thought of, or rather the thing that was never thought of at all, was the amenity of the Glasgow streets. And what was done two or three years ago to the City, it is now proposed to do to the pleasant suburbs that lie along its southern border. Nay, so eager in the matter are a dozen or two of those busy folk who like to fill their pockets at the expense of their neighbours, or who, cursed with an appetite for novelty, are constantly crying out for something new, that no fewer than three opposing schemes for the connection of Glasgow with Shawlands and Crosshill by railway are about to be brought into Parliament. It is difficult to say, at the first blush, which of the schemes is the least ridiculous, or the least unlikely, were it carried out, to benefit either the owners of the line or the great body of the public. That at present, and for many years to come, they are altogether uncalled for and altogether unnecessary, must be patent to everybody who understands the position of affairs. Before any railway in the district could pay the amenity of the South-side Park would needs be seriously interfered with, if not wholly destroyed, while the charming Cart valley would of necessity become as populous and as dismal as the main street of Govan—surely the most unlovely of all known congeries of human dwellings on the face of the globe. Fortunately, however, the mania, for the present at least, for speculating in fresh lines of railway, is by no means at fever point. Besides, the Legislature has to be consulted on the matter, and former attempts to meddle with Crosshill have found anything but favour in the eyes of Committees of either House of Parliament. It is just possible, therefore, that the

schemes in the end may be found of no more value than the paper used in printing them. Mr MONTAGUE TIGG and his friends were not always successful in the little games they promoted.

“WATER, WATER EVERYWHERE, NOR ANY DROP TO DRINK!”

The bane of Scotland, many think,
Has ever been, and still is, drink;
But Glasgow now is safe, for note,
Her Bain has changed to antidote,
And claims, as he is bold to tell,
Mu(t)ch-kin-ship with the Ladywell;
Whose babbling stream doth ceaseless flow,
To seal our bliss, and end our woe.

What some Folks are Wondering.

WHETHER Councillor W. W. when he said he knew more of books than bridges did not mean boots?

Whether he knows anything about the *Pons asinorum*?

Whether the shaky condition of some of the bridges is thus accounted for?

Whether this is to be wondered at seeing he was convener of the Bridges Committee?

Football in a Railway Carriage.
TO all good people who are not hopelessly “football daft” the spectacle of a score of young men mauling and rolling each other in the mud is the reverse of edifying, but so long as the players confined their attentions among themselves the outside world had little reason to complain. When these same young gentlemen, however, begin to operate outside, the matter assumes quite a different aspect. Rugby football is popularly supposed to be a gentlemanly game, played by gentlemen; but when next its exponents take to mauling an unoffending passenger in a railway carriage, as they did a few days ago, it is to be hoped that Stipendiary Gemmel will be appointed referee.

SAINT “ROLLICKS.”—There seems to be some misunderstanding as to whether it was “chemicals” or “calicoes” Lord Beaconsfield referred to in his Mansion House speech. There is no misuunderstanding with Asinus. He is long-eared, and heard it was “comicals;” and in the increased output His Lordship doubtless included the circulation of “His Worship.”

A Light Theatrical Repast—Crimson “Rock” and Drink.

The Great “Eastern”—Lord Beaconsfield,

Monstrous I

THE Glasgow Liberal Association is a most unfortunate body. Do what they will, its members seem doomed to cut the most ludicrous figures, and though strenuous efforts are made to draw a veil over their antics, yet somehow the light of day is always let in upon them. Their meeting last week was no exception to the rule. It was "private," but it was reported; and a very funny report it made. After the usual squabbles, the associates proceeded to discuss the proposal to present a "monster" address to Mr Gladstone, whose snub they had just meekly received. The address was, by reason of its many signatures, to assume the form and dimensions of a steam-roller, but the idea was abandoned—probably on account of the expense which would have been involved in the "monster's" carriage, economy being the "Liberal" strong point. "The meeting afterwards adjourned." It is a pity Mr Knapp has no vacant dates, or he might engage this amusing troupe. Possibly Mr Bernard or Mr Sidney may see his way to making them a pantomimic feature—not forgetting the abandoned "monster."

THERE BE MACHINES AND MACHINES.

(Scene—Machinery shed at an English farmstead.)

John—You have no such strange machines up north as we have here

Sandy—Ou ay, we've funnier anes than ony you've here. Talk about machines, man, in oor kirk we've a machine for praisin' the Lord!

"C'EST MAGNIFIQUE, MAIS —!"—Malcolm of Poltalloch has, in consequence of the bad harvest, reduced his tenants' rents, but it is scarcely necessary to observe that the other Argyllshire magnate has not followed suit. Doubtless the beatified Duke will apply to Mr Malcolm's action his (the Duke's) phrase about confidence between landlord and tenant, and say, "It is magnificent, but it's not business."

CARROTS FINE—Somebody advertises "three acres of carrots for sale." Can it be some "Fair One with Golden Locks" desirous of raising the wind? Mr Sidney should inquire.

"Men Come in their Millions and Thousands and Tens,
Demanding Macniven and Cameron's Pens."

"They are a treasure."—*Standard.*

The Commercial Pen for Fine Writing.

Sold by all Stationers, 6d and 1s per Box by Post.

Beware of the parties offering spurious imitations.

NOTICE TO TEACHERS.—Samples of School Pens on Application.

"O Tempora! O Moeres!"

(Soliloquy of a Greenock Ex-Provost.)

"THE king is dead! Long live the king!"
Thus is it, and shall ever be.

The welcome cheer sounds but to me
As burdened with a mournful ring.

The times, alas! have changed, and I
With them. Stript of a gilded crown,
Whose dazzle I once deemed my own,
I look me back and, sorrowing, sigh.

Still hopes my heart that time may bring
A meed of fame I yet hold dear—
My soul prophetic seems to hear,
"Hail to our great Good Templar King!"

THE EFFECTS OF "DRINK."—That dreadful drama! We've been having a frightful amount of "Drink" in Glasgow of late, and one of the consequences is that two ladies of the *blanchis-sense* "persuasion" got up a version of the wash-house scene the other day and played *Gervaise* and *Virginie* to the intense delight of their sisters-in-suds. The action of the scene was, however, deemed too realistic by the *censure*, and the affair ended in the police-court. It is clear that the drama must be put down.

THE VILLAGE POLITICIANS.

(Tugalt and Tonal are disussing general news.)

Tonal—Tugalt, what'll she think o' ta Turkish question, noo, whateffer?

Tugalt—She'll no ken what tae think at all, at all. What'll she think hersel'?

Tonal—Weel, she'll think it'll pe peace, Tugalt.

Tugalt—Ay, aye! Weel, it micht ha peen war!

A CASE FOR "CHERISHING."—According to the *Herald*, Mr Tennant "expressed a fear" at the Athenæum the other day "that the great English poets were not cherished as they should be." Asinus agrees with Mr Tennant. He is not "English," and he is too modest to call himself "great"—that he leaves to others—but he has occasionally cropped a thistle on Parnassus—Pegasus is his "kizzen," by the way—and mingled the waters of Helicon with his Glenlivet, and he is *not* "cherished" as he should be.

SELFISH.—Mr Kidston objects to the sale of "bitters." Does he want to keep them *all* for his own consumption and administration?

Famed 8d Dinner and 6d Tea Service, City Commercial Restaurant, 60 Union Street, Matthew Waddell.

Beveridge's Guaranteed Mixed Pickles, Red Cabbage, Mushroom Ketchup, Sauces and Table Condiments, unrivalled for purity and flavour.

A Few Friends.

No. 4.—JACK FLASHMAN.

PEOPLE who are only slightly acquainted with Glasgow social customs, often labour under the impression that money is the first and only requisite to obtain entrance into our highest circles, such as they are. And certainly the idea is natural enough in reference to a place where, if a man does not keep a shop himself, the odds are twenty to one that his grandfather, at the farthest, did. But yet a more thorough delusion never existed. The lines of demarcation between wholesale and retail, between professional and non-professional, between those who have been rich for half-a-dozen years and those who only became rich last week, are as broad and deep as those that separate the various castes in Indian society. Wealth is powerful, but not omnipotent; and its possessor may be in, but not of, the aristocratic world.

At least, so Jack Flashman finds it. He is one of the newest of the new rich, and his efforts to gain a footing among the immortals have been almost supernatural. His person is a walking Golconda of gold and precious stones in the form of rings, chains, and scarf pins; his boots are always patent leather, and his clothes are always new; while his moustache is cultivated with the care and tenderness that such an exotic deserves and requires. His carriage and horses are as smart as any in Buchanan Street, and he has a billiard table in his house. His haughtiness to his inferiors—for even Flashman has some inferiors—his Hawtree airs to his equals, and his deferential bearing to his superiors, are all after the most approved models. He is never seen in public without gloves, and never gives less than a threepenny bit to a waiter. What more can a man do to prove that he is a swell of the first water?

After all, the struggle is in vain, and the immortals decline to know Flashman. The people whom he asks to dinner divide themselves into two great classes—those who regret that a previous engagement prevents them from having the pleasure, &c., &c., and those who accept his hospitality, and go away sneering at him, with one of his choice Princesses between their scoffing lips. Undeniable grandees to whom he has been introduced pass him on the street with a stony stare, in spite of the scarf pin and the shiny boots. It is *very* hard.

Jack is a fellow of rare persistence, but his life will be spent in a fruitless struggle outside

the pale, like an impatient Peri kicking desperately at the gate of Paradise.

Be tranquil, friend Flashman! The Paradise thou gazest at so enviously through the bars is but a third-rate Elysian Field, after all!

Megilp.

THE successful candidates at the Art Club election are Messrs Wellwood Rattray, Pratt, and Hunt.

The new associates of the Scottish Academy are Messrs Lawton Wingate, J. C. Noble, and Anderson.

SUSPICIOUS.

(Scene—Stockwell Street; Saturday night.)

1st Street Urchin—A' say, Jock, were ye in the wild beast show?

2nd S. U.—Na, the man widna let me in b' masel'.

1st S. U. (excitedly)—Nur me naither, but I got oor black cat tae come in alang wi' me.

2nd S. U. (despondingly)—Aye, but we hae nae black cat; an' your yin 'll no gang in the second time!

A COMIC COMMISSION.—The Johnstone Police Commission is an amoosin' body. At their last meeting the Provost congratulated the members upon being "just about ready to go into Court" (!) over a certain dispute, and afterwards complained bitterly that "they could not always depend upon the moon" to light the village. Inconstant moon! Suppose they were to get ready to go into Court with the Man in the Moon—eh?

Literary Stars—* * *

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager, Mr SIDNEY.
TO-NIGHT (TUESDAY), NOVEMBER 18,

And during the Week,

CONQUEST and PETTITT's highly successful Drama, entitled
SENTENCED TO DEATH.

Hoyley Snayle, Mr SIDNEY.

Preceded at 7-30 by the Musical Piece,
THE WATERMAN.

Box Office Open from 11 till 4.

CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING
CONCERTS.

SATURDAY, 22ND NOVEMBER, 1879.

Great Popular Night with the

GLASGOW SELECT
CHOIR.

MR F. ARCHER, CONDUCTOR AND ORGANIST.

NO INCREASE IN PRICES.

Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats, 2s; at the Office, 5s
Renfield Street. Doors open at a Quarter to 7; Performance
at a Quarter to 8.

JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

T H E G A I E T Y.

Proprietor and Director,Mr C. BERNARD.
Special Engagement of the Favourite Actress, Miss GENE-
VIEVE WARD and Company (from the Lyceum Theatre,
London), who will appear in

FORGET ME NOT.

Open at 6-30. Commence at 7-30. Prices, from 6d to 5s.
Box Office, Open Daily from 10 till 4.

GLASGOW CHORAL UNION.
CHORAL & ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.
ST. ANDREW'S HALL.
Commencing TUESDAY EVENING, 9TH DECEMBER,
1879.

THE SUBSCRIPTION LIST IS NOW OPEN.
Choice of Seats will take place in the order of application.
Prospectuses and Forms of Applications may be had from the
principal Music-sellers, and from Mr John Wallace, Secretary,
58 West Regent Street.

HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE,
WEST NILE STREET, GLASGOW.
WILL RE-OPEN FOR THE WINTER SEASON
ON SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22ND.

WITH
Mr CHARLES HENGLER'S UNRIVALLED TROUPE,
PROGRAMME REPLETE.

BRILLIANT PRODUCTIONS.
THE GREAT COMPANY.
New Artistes, Old Favourites, Equestrians, Gymnasts,
Vaulters, Jugglers, Leapers, Clowns.
MANŒUVRES and QUADRILLES on HORSEBACK.
COMIC INTERLUDES and SKETCHES by the best of
CLOWNS.

Numerous Acts of SKILL and DARING by the
Incomparable Riders.

SCENES OF PAGEANTRY,
Introducing the splendid Stud of Horses and Ponies; the whole
forming an Entertainment of Surprising Excellence.

Acting ManagerMr W. POWELL.
ProprietorMr CHARLES HENGLER.

At 151 Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow, on Tuesday and Wednes-
day, 25th and 26th November, at 12 o'clock each Day.

PUBLIC SALE OF
**CARVER AND GILDER'S AND PICTURE
FRAME MANUFACTURER'S
STOCK, FITTINGS, &c.**

(Which belonged to the Sequestered Estate of Thomas Allison,
and amounting, as per Inventory and Valuation, to £316 10s 4d.)
INCLUDING

OIL PAINTINGS AND WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS
by Alfred Cox, John Macpherson (Pupil of Sam Bough),
E. Lait, H. Long, Cooper, P. Dolan, Smart, Earp, and
others;

Artists' Proof Engravings,
Chromos after Birket Foster and others,
Oleographs, Coloured Photographs, and Sporting Prints;
Scrap Photos and Coloured Scraps for Albums and Screens,
Every Description of Drawing and Artists' Materials,
Studies, &c.;

Gilt Frames, Oxford Frames, Photo Frames
in Velvet and Leather.

Illumination Cards, for Texts, &c.;

2000 Feet Picture Frame Mouldings and Slips, &c., &c.

RAE BROWN & CO. will Sell the above,
by Auction, at 151 Sauchiehall Street, on Tuesday and
Wednesday, 25th and 26th November, at 12 o'clock each Day.
On View with Catalogues, on day prior to Sale.
151 Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow, 17th Nov., 1879.

FORSYTH'S "Globe" SHIRTS
FROM STOCK
3 1/6, 3 7/6 & 4 3/6 per 2 Dozen

Important to Private Families, Restaurateurs, and others,
PUBLIC SALE OF
20 CADDIES WELL-SELECTED KAISOW AND
MONING TEAS,
6 HALF CHESTS MONING

(Being Remainder of Shipment, and Sold to close account
between Broker and Shipper.)

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell the above
well-selected Teas, by Auction, in their Rooms, North
Court, Saint Vincent Place, on Wednesday, 26th November, at
One o'clock.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 10th November, 1879.

On Tuesday and Wednesday, 25th and 26th November, in the
City Sale-Rooms, 41 West Nile Street.

IMPORTANT SALE OF
OIL PAINTINGS AND WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS
BY AUCTION

(Being the Collection of E. Banner, Esq., of Birmingham.)

J. & R. EDMISTON will Sell, in the Saloon
of the City Sale-Rooms, 41 West Nile Street, on Tuesday
and Wednesday, 25th and 26th November, at 12 Noon, each
Day, this Extensive Collection.

On View on Monday (day prior), with Catalogues.

J. & R. EDMISTON, Auctioneers.

To-Day and To-morrow, Wednesday, in the City Sale-Rooms,
41 West Nile Street.

IMPORTANT AND EXTENSIVE SALE OF
HIGH-CLASS ELECTRO-PLATED GOODS,
320 Gross Table, Dessert, and Tea Spoons,
Dish Covers, Soup Tureens, Corner Dishes, Very Fine Tea and
Coffee Services, Kettles, Epergnes, Ice Pitchers,
Counter Cases, &c.,
BY AUCTION.

(Being the Stock of Glasgow Branch belonging to a Seque-
strated Estate, and sold by order of Messrs Baker & Gibson,
Accountants, 7 Waterloo Street, Birmingham.)

J. & R. EDMISTON will Sell the above, in
the Saloon of the City Sale-Rooms, 41 West Nile Street,
on Tuesday and Wednesday, 18th and 19th November, at 12
Noon each Day.

The whole will be on View on Monday, day prior to Sale.

Catalogues on application to

Messrs MURDOCH & STEWART, Writers,

175 St. Vincent Street; or

J. & R. EDMISTON, Auctioneers.

OVERCOATS
GREATCOATS & ULSTERS
(IMMENSE VARIETY)
FORSYTH'S
5 & 7 RENFIELD ST.

GLASS AND CHINA AT M'DOUGALL & SONS, 77 & 79 BUCHANAN STREET

DEPOT FOR MINTON'S, COPELAND'S, WORCESTER, AND DRESDEN PORCELAIN.—Discount for Cash.
 Owing to special arrangement with several leading makers we are enabled to sell our Goods considerably under usual prices, and many of our best Patterns are reserved entirely for ourselves. Free Promenade through our Show-Rooms. The Stock is one of the largest and best selected in the kingdom. Suitable for all Classes, comprising an endless Variety of Useful and Ornamental Goods, Novelties being daily added. Sole Depot for Glasgow for the Beautiful Belleek Porcelain, of which we have just to hand a very Choice Selection, consisting of Dejeuner Sets, Tea Sets, Ornamental Shells, Card Baskets, Figures, &c.
 AND AT 8 TO 14 JAIL SQUARE.

ESTABLISHED OVER FIFTY YEARS.

A FAIR FIELD AND NO FAVOUR.

“THERE are nae bairns like our ain bairns” is an old Scotch saying, and of course advertisers in bringing their goods before the public naturally maintain that their respective specialities are unequalled. Now without going so far as to say that our “bairns” (Aerated Waters) are the best in the world, we hold that they are at any rate unsurpassed in those qualities which render Aerated beverages popular. All our goods are prepared with the best and purest materials at the Cromac Springs, Belfast, the water of which is peculiarly adapted for the manufacture of Aerated Waters, and having had over a quarter of a century's experience in preparing those beverages, we challenge comparison with any goods of the same class. We merely ask consumers to take our Waters (all kinds) and compare them, bottle for bottle with those of other makers, and we will stand or fall by the result. Test to the utmost, dilute our Ginger Ale and Lemonade with Water, and it will be found that no other will stand this test to the same degree as ours. Let us have “a fair field and no favour” and we are satisfied that our goods will soon be in universal demand. Retail, from Chemists, Grocers, Wine Merchants, Restaurateurs, &c., and Wholesale at our Scotch Depot, 147 STOCKWELL STREET, GLASGOW.



WHEELER & CO., CROMAC SPRINGS, BELFAST.

CORPORATION ORGAN RECITALS.

The THIRD of the ORGAN RECITALS for the present Winter will be given by the CITY ORGANIST (Mr LAMBETH), in the CITY HALL, on SATURDAY FIRST, at Four o'clock prompt.

Doors open at 3-30,
 Admission and Programmes of the Music Free.
 Chamberlain's Office, 12th Nov., 1879.

ON VIEW TO-MORROW.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on 19th and 20th November, PUBLIC SALE of an EXTENSIVE CONSIGNMENT of STAFFORDSHIRE CHINA

Of Best Quality, in New and Rich Designs, Including a Great Variety of Dinner Sets, Toilet Sets, China Tea and Breakfast Sets, Artistically Painted and Gilt; Beautiful Dessert Services, Painted with Birds, Flowers, and Fruit; and a Great Variety of Jugs, Teapots, &c. Also, a few Sets Richly-Painted Vases, executed by the best Artist in Staffordshire.

(Specially selected for a First-Class Trade, and consigned for Absolute Sale).

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. are instructed to Sell the above well-selected Stock, by Auction, in their Rooms, North Court, St. Vincent Place, on Wednesday, 19th, and Thursday, 20th November, at Twelve o'clock each day.

On View on Tuesday, 18th November, from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and Mornings of Sale.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 17th November, 1879.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, Tuesday and Wednesday, 25th and 26th November, at 12 each day.

EXTENSIVE PUBLIC SALE OF

V A L U A B L E F U R S ;

Ladies' Sealskin Paletot Jackets, Sable Muffs, Ladies' Collerettes and Ties, Carriage Rugs, Hearth Rugs, Coach Wrappers, Mats, &c.

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell the above well-selected and assorted Stock, by Auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Tuesday and Wednesday, 25th and 26th November, at Twelve o'clock each day.

Catalogues may be had, and the Goods Viewed, Morning of Sale

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 17th November, 1879.

FOR TWO NIGHTS ONLY,
CRYSTAL PALACE, BOTANIC GARDENS.

By sanction of LIEUT.-GEN. BRUCE, Commanding the Forces in Scotland, and kind permission of COL. J. H. THOMPSON and OFFICERS of the SPLENDID

BAND of “The Queen's Own” 50th REGIMENT,
 From EDINBURGH CASTLE,
 Will make its First Appearance in Glasgow and give

TWO GRAND
 VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERTS,
 On FRIDAY and SATURDAY FIRST.

GRAND FASHIONABLE NIGHT,
 On FRIDAY, 21st NOVEMBER, from 7-30 to 10.

GRAND POPULAR NIGHT,
 On SATURDAY, 22nd NOVEMBER, from 7-30 to 10.
 40 PERFORMERS, . . . SIGNOR G. GASSNER, Conductor.
 This Band has gained a high celebrity for its VOCAL as well as its Instrumental Performances.

Admission One Shilling.
 Tickets, available for either night, to be had from the Music-Sellers. Doors open at 6-45. Seats reserved for Ticket-holders till 7-15.

FORTNIGHTLY ART SALE.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Friday, 21st November PUBLIC SALE OF

PAINTINGS AND WATER-COLOURS.

Including Examples of

Alex. Fraser.	J. Milne Donald.	Hor. M'Culloch.
Jos. Henderson.	Jas. Docharty.	Sam Bough.
Wm. Currie.	A. Perigal.	John Chalmers.

And other well-known Artists.

Also, 3 Large Canvases, covered with Scraps, Including Two Small Private Collections belonging to Gentlemen in Paisley and Ayr.

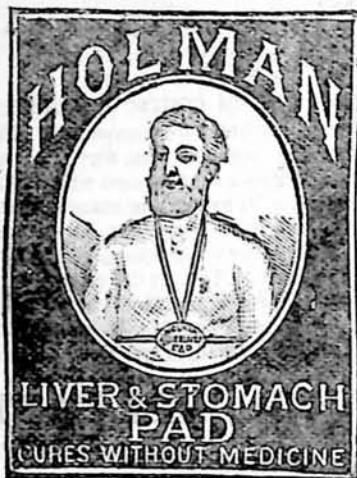
ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell the above, by Auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, North Court, St. Vincent Place, on Friday, 21st November, at One o'clock.

On View, with Catalogues, on Morning of Sale.



ISLAY WHISKY.

W. & J. MUTTER,
BOWMORE DISTILLERY,
COUNTING-HOUSE, 41 ANN STREET, CITY, GLASGOW.



It works by the natural law of absorption, invigorating the Liver and Stomach, and thereby curing Liver Complaints, Dyspepsia, Bilioussness, Indigestion, Headache, Diarrhoea, Loss of Appetite, Nervousness, Rheumatism, & Constipation.
Book and full particulars Free.

Price of Regular Size Pad,10s.
Price of Special Size Pad (extra size and strength),15s.
Sent by post free on receipt of Cheque or P. O. Order.

Payable to A. M. FRASER,
THE HOLMAN LIVER PAD CO.,
70 GLASSFORD STREET, GLASGOW.

ATHOLE ARMS HOTEL,

13 and 21 DUNDAS STREET, GLASGOW.

ALEXANDER GOW, having resumed possession of this favourite Hotel, has had it thoroughly renovated and made complete in comfort and convenience. Dinner and Supper parties receive his special personal attention, and they are invariably satisfied.

Charges moderate. Viands superb!

MANN'S RAINBOW HOTEL AND RESTAURANT,

BRIDGE STREET STATION, GLASGOW,

Three Minutes' Walk of St. Enoch's Station and Highland and Coasting Steamers.

This HOTEL has undergone extensive Alterations and Improvements. Has been Refurnished throughout. Visitors will find every comfort, combined with moderate Charges. Night Porter in attendance. Smoking-Rooms, Baths, and Billiards.

J. MAITLAND, Manager.

THE GRAND HOTEL, CHARING CROSS, GLASGOW.

Acknowledged by all. "The Finest Hotel in the Kingdom." Five Minutes' Ride (Fare 1s) from principal Railway Stations.

N.B.—See that Cabby does not take you elsewhere.

Full Description forwarded Gratis on Application.

ALL LANGUAGES SPOKEN.

LEWIS JEFFERIS, Proprietor.

THE ROYAL RESTAURANT,

10 AND 12 WEST NILE STREET,

C. WILSON & SON, Proprietors.

WASTE PAPER, Ledgers, Letters, Books, Ropes, Bagging, Tailors' Clips—bought at PAPER MILL STORE, 98 MAXWELL STREET, for Re-manufacture

R A E B R O W N & C O.,

AUCTIONEERS AND VALUATORS,

Beg to intimate that they will REMOVE on MONDAY, 24th inst., to their NEW SALE-ROOMS, 151 SAUCHIEHALL STREET and 70 SAUCHIEHALL LANE, where all communications should be addressed.

Sale of HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE in the above Rooms EVERY MONDAY, commencing 1st DECEMBER Next, in which can be included every description of Movable Articles. Experienced Porters kept for Packing Removals.

NOW OPEN THE FOURTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF HIGH-CLASS PAINTINGS.

From the Collection of
Messrs THOMAS AGNEW & SONS,
London, Manchester, and Liverpool,
At Messrs T. & R. ANNAN'S,
153 Sauchiehall Street.

Admission (Including Catalogue) One Shilling.

BALL PROGRAMMES,

THE LATEST FROM LONDON & PARIS,
SPECIALITY for the Season—

THE NEW AMERICAN DESIGNS
Unsurpassed in Novelty and Elegance.

GILLESPIE BROTHERS, Eight Buchanan St. PHOTOGRAPHERS TO THE QUEEN.

RALSTON & SONS,
141 SAUCHIEHALL STREET 141

AND
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RUTHERFORD'S PHOTO. STUDIO,

127 SAUCHIEHALL STREET

Near Hope Street.

J. B. MACNAIR,

Artist and Photographer,

11 WEST NILE STREET, Corner of Gordon Street,
Rembrant Busts, 12s 6d per Dozen.

T O S M O K E R S.

The Best Place to secure Real Value in Foreign and British Cigars, Tobaccos, Snuffs, Meerschaum and Briar Root Pipes, Pouches, etc., is at No. 2 GLASSFORD STREET, 1st door from Trongate. Trial solicited.

Commodious Smoking Room.

See our Gas-Cooking Ovens and Heating Apparatus in operation.

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(MATTHEW WADDELL),

Furnishing Ironmongers, 261B ARGYLE STREET.

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VITALINE.



The most wonderful discovery of the age, and the marvellous Vegeto-Tonic treatment for the cure and prevention of Biliousness, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Tic Doloieux, Neuralgia, Nervousness, Giddiness, Scrofulous Affections, Ague, Debility, Spasms, and all derangements of the Stomach. By its administration the natural appetite is revived, and the functions of digestion and assimilation are improved, re-animated, and regulated; and when its use has been steadily persevered in, its peculiar Tonic and Nutritive Powers have entirely restored Health and Strength to the most feeble and Shattered Constitutions.

VITALINE.

Unless the secretions of the liver be healthy it cannot assimilate, and produce fit sustenance for the general support and preservation of the body, take what nutriment you will, even the best the world can afford. The liver is the most important organ in the whole body, and when its action is imperfect, all others suffer with it. Vitaline almost immediately produces by direct action, a healthy effect upon the liver, and is a never failing remedy for nervousness, wakefulness, restlessness, sinking sensation in the stomach, irregular appetite, and fulness after meals.—Vitaline is manufactured only by JOE TODD, Chemist, Carlisle, and is sold in bottles at 2s 9d, 4s 6d, and 11s each, by all Chemists.

VITALINE

Strengthens the whole muscular System, rouses into action the Physical Energy of the human frame, restores the long-lost Complexion, gives brilliancy to the Eye, a delightful fragrance to the Breath, and brings back sound and refreshing Sleep.

VITALINE

Is sold by R. McDONALD, 150 Trongate; THE APOTHECARIES' COMPANY, Virginia Street; THE NEW APOTHECARIES' COY., Glassford Street; BROWN BROTHERS, Trongate; and all Chemists.

QUININE WINE.

Every medical man readily acknowledges the inestimable value of the Quinine Wine manufactured by Joe Todd, Chemist, Carlisle, for its invigorating, renovating, and sustaining qualities. It is equally suitable to the invalid, the convalescent, the child, and the adult, from its alatability, fine flavour, intrinsic purity, and great strength,

TRY OUR NEW CHEAP SERIES OF
COPYING LETTER BOOKS,
1000 LEAVES, STRONGLY BOUND, for
5s, 7s, or 9s.

The best evidence of their excellence is the fact that we are constantly receiving renewal orders.

GEORGE GALLIE & SON,
99 BUCHANAN STREET.

JOHN M. SIMPSON, Furniture Warehouse,
and Show rooms, 60 GREAT CLYDE STREET (Corner of Maxwell Street), Glasgow. One of the largest Stocks in the City. New Illustrated House Furnishing Guide to be had Free on application. The Cheapest Establishment in the City for Really Good Substantial Furniture of Artistic Design and Superior Finish. Quality Guaranteed.

O B E R T M ' T E A R & C O.,
AUCTIONEERS AND VALUATORS,
ROYAL EXCHANGE SALE-ROOMS.

THE SCOTTISH
CIRCULATING MUSICAL LIBRARY,
28 GREAT WESTERN ROAD, HILLHEAD.
ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, £1 1s.
MUSIC LENT BY THE WEEK.
Catalogues, 2s 6d. Prospectus Free.

ECONOMY IN STATIONERY
Notepaper, good regular quality, 6d, 8d, and 10d. per 5-Quire Packet of 120 Sheets. Envelopes, 4d and 6d per 100; Court Shape, 6d per 100; Business Envelopes 2s 6d per 1000, at Adam M'Kim's, 102 Trongate (Candleriggs Corner).

H. & P. M'NEIL.

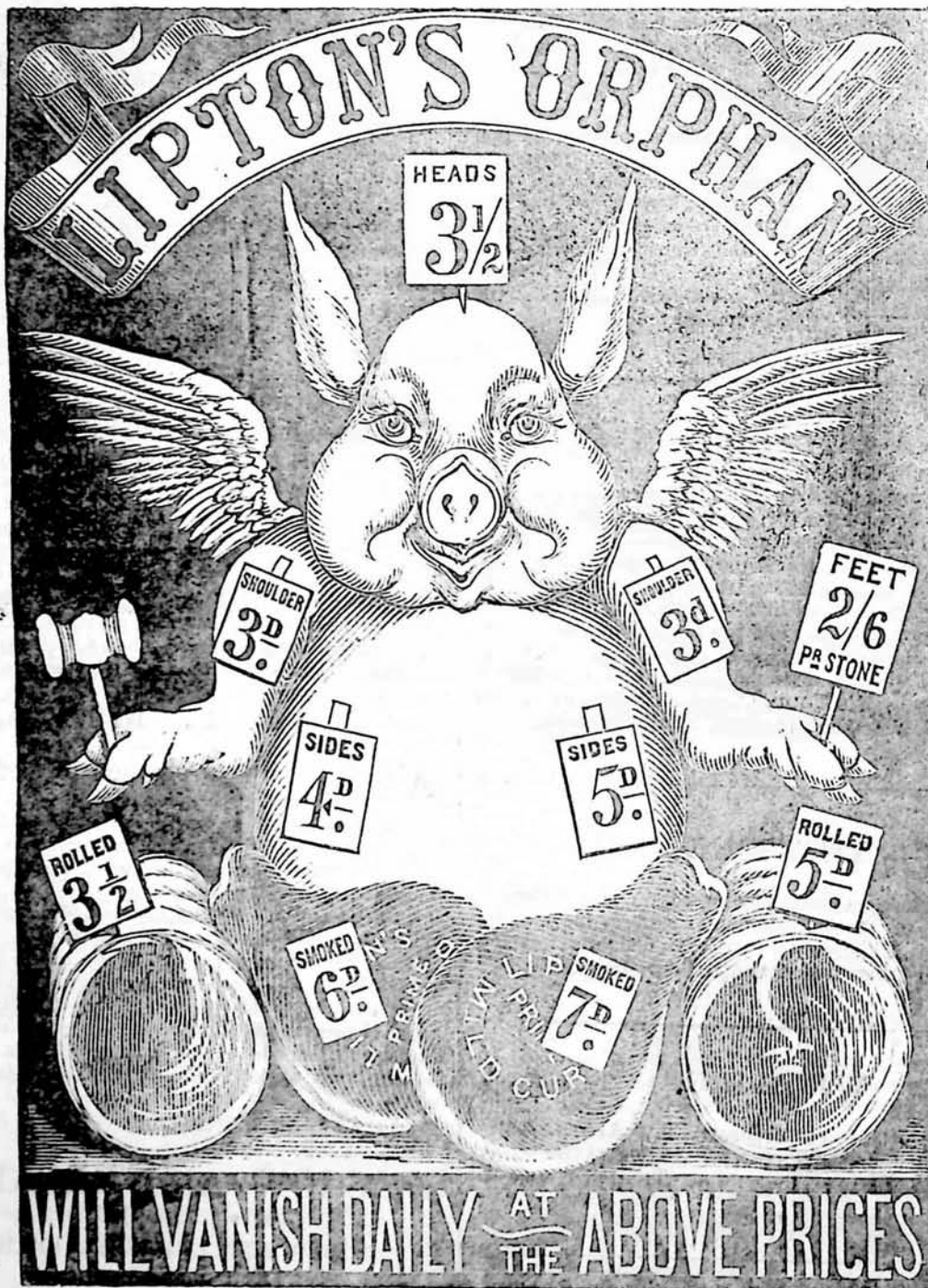
WE have much pleasure in informing our numerous Customers and the General Public that, in addition to our already Established Business, we have OPENED Large and Elegant SHAMPOOING and HAIR-DRESSING ROOMS, which, in regard to comfort and elegance, are fitted in a style equal to any in the city. They are under the direct superintendence of a most experienced Manager, and the Assistants are from the Best Houses in the Trade.

In introducing this New Department of our Business, we may explain that though it is the first attempt of the kind in Glasgow, yet it has been carried on with great success by the most celebrated Hosiers and Glovers in the Cheapside and Strand, London, and we feel quite confident that with your kind patronage, and our strict attention, this novelty cannot fail to be a great success.

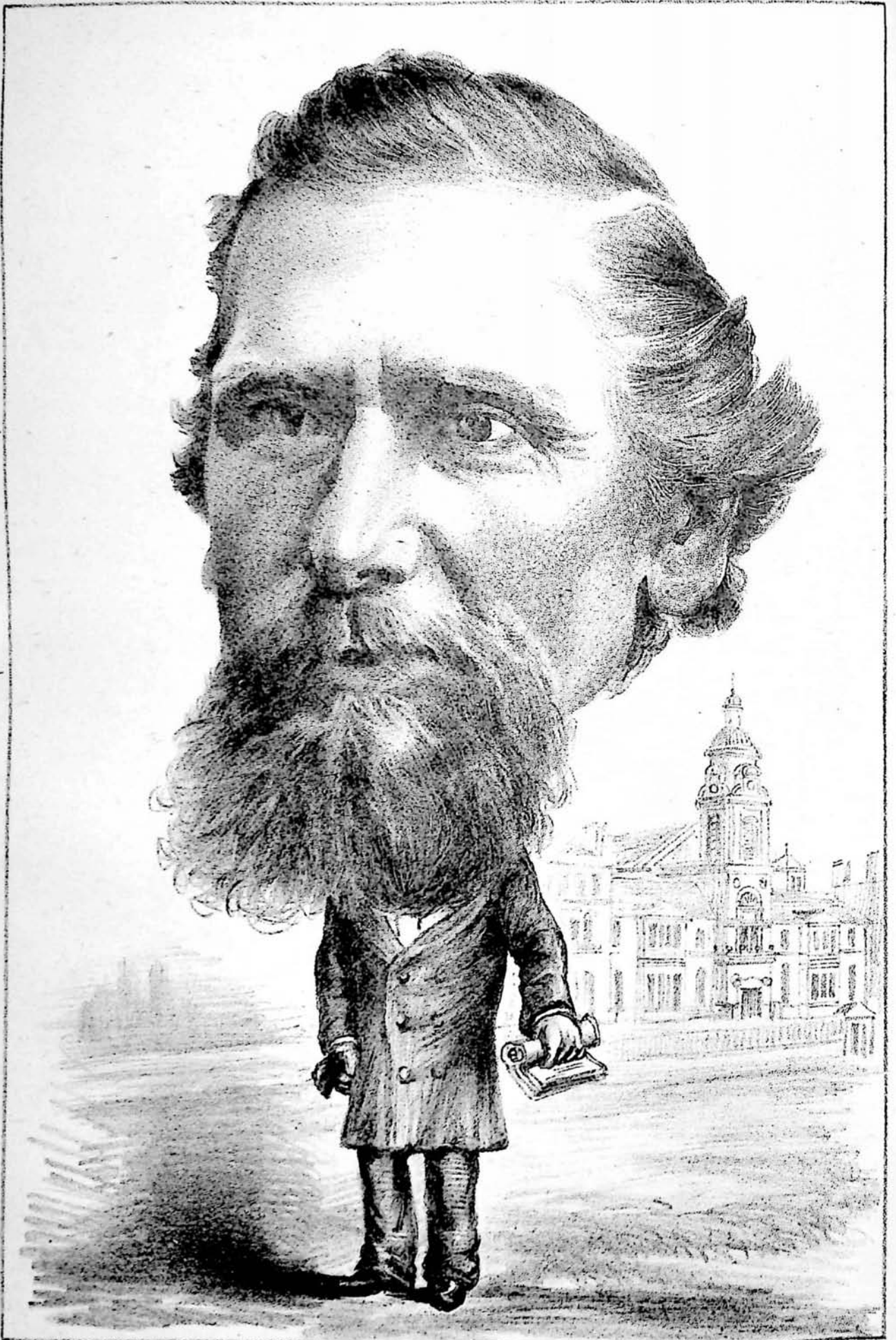
21 AND 23 RENFIELD STREET, GLASGOW.

GLASGOW APOTHECARIES' Co.
have REMOVED to their
NEW AND ENLARGED PREMISES
AT
32 AND 34 VIRGINIA STREET.

13s 6d HOLYTON SOFT COAL 13s 6d
14s 6d WISHAW PARLOUR COAL 14s 6d
15s 6d AYRSIIE DIAMOND COAL 15s 6d
WM. CHALMERS & CO., 88 BATH ST.







The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 371. Glasgow, Wednesday, November 26th, 1879. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 371.

THE past decade of Scottish educational life has been an eventful one. For better in some cases, for worse in others, the new Act has revolutionised things scholastic. Under the School Board *regime* the young idea is no doubt more thoroughly grounded than of old in the three R's. His knowledge, on the other hand, of the higher subjects is too often but a minus quantity. The gap between school and college is wider than ever. A run through the six standards seems the be-all and end-all of school life. These, however, are but the beggarly elements, the mere starting-point in a liberal curriculum. Secondary schools are the essential adjuncts of our existing educational system. We have in our midst a notable example of this expanding and dove-tailing of the primary into the secondary in the case of Hutchesons' Royal Incorporation. A retrospect is interesting. One of the wealthiest and most important institutions of the kind on this side the Tweed, it owes its origin to two old Glasgow worthies, George and Thomas Hutcheson of Lambhill, notaries public and writers. A sum of some 60,000 merks Scots, with a "tenement of land" and a "barnyard" on the north side of the Trongate, formed the original bequest in 1640. This was for the maintenance of decayed burgesses and the education of their children. In 1649 the funds maintained 12 pensioners and educated 12 boys, the teacher at that time—be it known to ye heads of ye Board schools—having a stipend of £1 13s 4d. And for the appointment the old dominie, among other "trials" ordered to be "taen of him," had to be examined to see "gif by raising of the psalms in the kirk, he be fit to teach the young anes." At the beginning of the present century, 126 pensioners and 48 founda-

tioners were provided for. A few years ago the annual income had run up to about £17,000, and afforded pensions to 903 persons in reduced circumstances, and schooling and clothing to above 200 boys. Last year, the original merks Scots and Trongate barnyard had produced a capital of close upon £400,000 with a resulting revenue of £17,411! In accordance with the spirit of the Founders' intention rather than with the letter of their deeds of mortification, the Patrons in 1872 obtained an Act of Parliament empowering them to expand their primary school into a secondary one, no longer confined to the foundationers, but open to the community on payment of fees. The school buildings in Crown Street were thereupon greatly extended, and furnished with every modern improvement, to the tune of something like £22,000. Three years ago they were opened with no little ceremony as a Grammar School for primary and secondary education, with the Man you Know, Mr THOMAS MENZIES, as Rector. The Patrons "struck ile," as the saying is, in making this appointment. Mr MENZIES is a native of the parish of Crawford, in the Upper Ward of the county. He is an alumnus of the Glasgow University; an F.E.I.S., of course; a certificated teacher; and a certified drawing master. As far back as 1848 he was an assistant in the Gorbals Youths' School, whence he migrated to the Vale of Leven and put in eight years there, between the Renton Public and the Alexandria Parochial Schools. A vacancy occurring in the head-mastership of St. James's School, then as now one of the best in the city, Mr MENZIES was unanimously appointed, and filled the post for about five years. In 1861 the Man you Know attained his crowning triumph in being elected Head Master of the Hutchesons' Hospital School, from a list of 143 candidates. The BAILIE yet remembers the keenness of the con-

test for this prize in the profession, and regrets not the result of his vote on that occasion. During his eighteen year's service here Mr MENZIES is admitted on all hands to have done his work faithfully and well. Throughout his long reign—autocratic as all pedagogic rule must be—he has yet secured the affection of his pupils, the respect of their parents, and the confidence of the public generally. But the finest feather in the professional cap of our friend was placed there by hands that are more given to chastise than to applaud. Praise from Professor Meiklejohn, of the Endowed Schools Commission, like praise from Sir Hubert Stanley, is praise indeed. His searching enquiry into such schools in 1874, and his scathing exposure of the then utter rottenness of most of them in this city cannot be forgotten. And yet this merciless slaughterer of the innocents writes in almost gushing terms of his visit to the establishment of Mr MENZIES. *Inter alia*, he says, "I found the school in a high state of efficiency. The reading was wonderfully good. I have never seen in any school either in England or Scotland so uniformly high a level of good reading. The way each boy seemed to extract from every sentence all the meaning and all the feeling contained in it, showed that Mr MENZIES had succeeded in making the 'art of reading' of itself a liberal education." Arithmetic, grammar, writing, Latin, &c., are spoken of in equally glowing terms, and the Professor winds up his praises by saying that "the teaching throughout appears to be informed with thought and Mr MENZIES seems to be able to get intellectual training out of everything done in the school." Where so much has been done, and so well done, the best way, the BAILIE thinks, of recognising and rewarding it, is—to look for more. Both primary and secondary schools are now in full swing and in capital trim. Mr MENZIES' pupils number about 1200 and have many special advantages. To tackle this host there is a staff of some 27 masters—none of your embryo "educators" yclept P.T.'s. Eighty scholarships, 24 school bursaries, and 12 university bursaries—all open to competition—have been instituted to aid clever and deserving boys to complete an extended course of study. The higher education of the gentler sex is somewhat similarly encouraged by the patrons in their remarkably successful school in Elgin Street, where above 900 pupils are receiving an equally liberal training in every womanly accomplishment at the hands of Mr Lochhead and staff. In most

respects Mr MENZIES is fully abreast of the times. In summer he marches off the boys in relays to the Greenhead Baths which become for the nonce a systematic school of swimming. Throughout the year he initiates his Lilliputian army into the mysteries of the goose step and other exercises *à la militaire*. The older boys are adepts with the foil, and can leave their mark with the single-stick. The Rector has not yet seen his way, however, to give any instruction, practical or otherwise, in "the noble art of self-defence." This may be reserved for the good time coming—for the days of a more muscular christianity than presently obtains. Mr MENZIES has all along proved himself to be a capable administrator and thorough disciplinarian. Yet his yoke is easy and his punishments light. The Man you Know is no narrow-minded, domineering, and old world pedagogue, but a clear-headed, genial and large-hearted man of the times, with deep and broad sympathies. He has been on intimate terms with many literary and artistic Bohemians, and possesses numerous relics of the arch rambler, "the gentle Caleb." His name is to be found among the office-bearers of no end of friendly societies and among members of the Trades House for some years past. Mr MENZIES is a first-rate hand with the rod—not the one the sparing of which spoils the child—but that of famous Isaac Walton, and he is also an eager devotee of "the roaring game," with its accompanying beef and greens. If the BAILIE is rightly informed, his friend the Rector has not been absent from official duty for a single day either on pleasure or through pain during the last thirty years. The Magistrate will therefore move at an early meeting of his brother patrons that some acknowledgment of this rare devotion be duly made to the Man you Know.

COMING TO THEIR SENSES.—There seems to be some hope that the miners and their king may yet recover their reason. Mr Macdonald admitted the other day that if in mines "there was bad ventilation anywhere it was consequent upon the neglect of the workmen," and the admission was received with applause by a mining audience. So it is to be hoped that we shall hear no more about every accident in a pit being the result of a murderous plot jointly devised by the owner and the Government Inspector.

"Weir" an' Tear.—The tearin' down.

FERGUSON'S EDINBURGH ROCK is the best present from Edinburgh. 1 Melbourne place, near the Castle

Megilp.

THE second annual exhibition of the Scottish Society of Painters in Water Colours will open in their rooms in West Nile Street on the 13th of next month. Dr Blatherwick, Mr Hamilton Maccallum, and Mr Robert Anderson—the new A.R.S.A.—are the “hanging committee;” not a bad arrangement, one would think, as by this means Glasgow, London, and Edinburgh have each a representative.

A formal dinner, something after the fashion of the entertainments given by the Academies of London and Edinburgh, and to which each Member and Associate of the Society will be privileged to bring a guest of his own, will precede the opening of the exhibition. A tea and coffee lunch will be provided, as was the case last year, to those favoured with tickets for the Private View, which takes place on Friday, 12th prox.

On Saturday, the arrangements for the exhibition in February of the Fine Art Institute were materially accelerated by the appointment of Mr Robert Walker to the post of secretary. There were some one hundred and sixty applicants for the situation, but Mr Walker, who was elected unanimously, was, beyond question, the most eligible of them all. Familiar with art and artists, he is further possessed of a large local acquaintance among the people who buy pictures, and this of itself was no small argument in his favour. Personally Mr Walker is exceedingly popular. It may be questioned, indeed, whether there are many people in Glasgow who are so well known as he is, and so generally liked.

As *propos* of the Fine Art Institute, it may be as well to point out that a sad blunder is being perpetrated in the depth of the wooden skirting of the various rooms. The ceiling, moreover, seems too heavy. Its effect recalls nothing so much as the roofing of a ship's cabin.

The opening *conversazione* for the season of the Art Club takes place in the fine rooms of the Club in Bothwell Street on Thursday evening. Some of the more musically inclined of the members propose to signalise the occasion by a grand vocal and instrumental performance.

The private view of the Art Club Exhibition will take place on the 6th December, and the Exhibition will open on the 8th.

The election of Mr Wellwood Rattray to the club at the recent annual meeting, has given general satisfaction, just as the rejection of a candidate who, like Mr Rattray, has had a portion of his art training in France, has occasioned general regret.

In this connection it may be remarked that the non-election of a Glasgow artist to the Associateship of the Scottish Academy has been met with the retort that Mr J. L. Wingate is a Glasgow man. But although born in Glasgow, Mr Wingate—whose work of the past season is unusually fine—is to all intents and purposes an Edinburgh artist. Let us hope, therefore, next November, when other three Associateships will fall to be filled up, that at least one of them will be sent here. And indeed there is every reason why two should come to the West Country. While, even as a matter of policy, it is only right that Academic honours should not be solely reserved for painters resident in Edinburgh, it may also be pointed out that the art of sculpture is but sparsely represented among the fifty Scottish “immortals,” and that the members of the Academy would at once do an act of justice, and give additional lustre to their ranks, were they to include in these the honoured name of John Mossman.

Among the artistic visitors to Glasgow last week were Mr M'Taggart, R.S.A., and Mr Hamilton Maccallum, the latter of whom is at present painting in the neighbourhood of Tighnabruich.

This is the last week of Agnew's exhibition in Messrs Annan's Galleries. All who are interested in art should see the collection.

Messrs Kay & Reid will open an exhibition next week, which is expected to surpass even their previous efforts.

BICYCLES. { New, Second Hand, and Exchanged. Patent Saddles, Oil, Wrenches, Lamps, Sundries.—West of Scotland Bicycle Co., 104 Renfield Street.

American Apples from 17s 6d per Barrel, at M. CAMPBELL'S 18 Gordon Street, or from any of his Branch Shops.

A New Poet.

THE race of poets is not failing in the cradle of Thomas Campbell and Blind Alec. Thus does an enthusiastic son of St. Mungo chant a “Glasgow Anthem” in the *Weekly Herald*:—

“Rome and Athens pedants ask you
Over all the World to praise;
We uphold our native Glasgow,
Where the Arts their Temple raise.

“Here the goddess Manufacture
Many-coloured vestures weaves,
And in Commerce play each actor
Is a Nymph that ocean cleaves.”

And so on. For lucidity, ingenuity of rhyme, and happiness of imagery (combined with capitals), it would not be easy to beat this.

A DUMBARTON ROAD WATER WAG TALE.

While “the water is off,” and the gossips all crowd
Some far distant fount with the pail
From its cistern to fill, there's a store like a cloud
That pours 'fore the power of the Gale.
All that's wanted's the main—being repaired or enlarged,
When the pipes, like consumers themselves, will be charged.

KAFFIRLAND *versus* HELENSBURGH. — At last Wednesday's meeting of the F.C. Commission Ferniegair tried to get up a shindy about the sale of brandy in Kaffirland, which he declared was threatening the Kaffir race with extermination. And yet we heard the other day of William helping to “exterminate” the Helensburghers! Charity of the Ferniegair complexion seldom begins at home.

A Real “Davitt” (Scottic clod)—A piece of dirt with something green on it.

WILL SILLER DAE'T?

(Scene—Rural district on the east coast).

First Ploughman—Hullo, Jock, fa's a' wi' ye the day.

Second do.—Man, Tam, is that you? I'm no' that ill ava; fa's a' wi' yersel'? It's a lang time noo sin' I saw ye.

First do.—Od, man, I daurna complean. Are ye thinkin' o' takin' anither sax month at Drumcleckie?

Second do.—The maister hisna speired at me yet fither I'm biden or no', but as shure's onything, Tam, I'll no' bide for siller gif he disna gie me mair bawbees.

“Men Come in their Millions and Thousands and Tens,
Demanding Macniven and Cameron's Pens.”

“They are a treasure.”—*Standard*.

The Commercial Pen for Fine Writing.

Sold by all Stationers, 6d and 1s per Box by Post.

Beware of the parties offering spurious imitations.

NOTICE TO TEACHERS.—Samples of School Pens on Application.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—They are giving us the humorous-pathetic drama, which bears the grotesque title of "Twine the Plaiden," at the Gaiety this week, with Miss Helen Barry and Mr George Leitch in the leading parts. Mr Leitch was at one time the low comedy man at the Prince of Wales under Mr John Coleman, but since then he has blossomed forth into something of a star actor. Miss Barry has been frequently seen on the Glasgow stage.

Miss Genevieve Ward, or, to give her her proper name, Madame Guerabella, has created a deep impression in Glasgow by her admirable performance last week at the Gaiety of the *Marquise de Mohrivar*. Madame Guerabella is of Spanish extraction, and previous to her adoption of the drama, she appeared with considerable success as an operatic singer.

It has already been announced, BAILIE, in more places than one, that Mr Bernard, in addition to the three theatres he is now running, has undertaken the direction of two Operatic companies. These will be mainly engaged in the performance of "Les Cloches de Corneville," "La Petite Mademoiselle," and "La Jolie Persane," the first named of which pieces he has acquired from Mr Williams, the well-known musical publisher of London.

"Les Cloches de Corneville" was formerly in the hands of Mr Alexander Henderson, of the London Globe Theatre, and of his manager, Mr J. C. Scanlan, the latter of whom, I believe, arranged the dates, some time ago, for its provincial performance during the greater part of 1880. Among the theatres at which he had engaged to produce it was the Glasgow Royalty, and notwithstanding that the piece and the company will pass under the sway of Mr Bernard on the 1st of January, he will make no objection, I believe, to its representation at the rival Sauchiehall house.

According to current report the terms made by Mr Bernard with regard to "Les Cloches" will enable him to reap a clear profit of £50 per week from its performance.

Mr James Mortimer, the French Canadian who owns the London *Figaro*, was not long ago a guest of Mr Bernard's of the Gaiety, and in Saturday's issue of his journal he repays the hospitality he then received by calling his host a "showman," and describing Mrs Bernard—kindest and most genial of ladies—in somewhat similar terms. Mortimer is now, however, rather to be pitied than pitched into.

Mr Sidney appears this evening and during the week at the Prince of Wales Theatre as *Rip Van Winkle*, in his own adaptation of Washington Irving's charming story of the same name. This, beyond all question, is Mr Sidney's finest part. Usually playgoers have made up their minds to regard him as a melodramatic actor; let them go up to the Prince of Wales this week and they will learn that Mr Sidney is one of our sweetest and most sympathetic of comedians.

Miss Rose Etying—the famous *Americaine*—appears at the Prince of Wales on Monday.

I understand it is proposed that the opening of the Royalty Theatre shall be preceded by a dinner to Mr E. L. Knapp, of a semi-public character. Mr Knapp possesses such hosts of friends, and is so deservedly popular among the community generally, that the proposal is one which, if it be carried out, will be a distinct success.

Two subjects are at present exercising the tongues of the inner circle of Glasgow gossips, and both have reference to monetary matters. In one case the charges made by Town Clerk Marwick in respect of his parliamentary work are discussed in a tone of anything but approval, while in the other the sum at which the Liquidators of the City of Glasgow Bank—Messrs Anderson, Jamieson, and Haldane—have fixed the value of their services, is said to be almost fabulous in its amount. Already, it is whispered, the Shareholders' Committee—of which Mr Beckett and Mr Robert Young are two of the leading spirits—have induced the liquidators to abate one-half of their bloated demands.

"They say" it is proposed to start a new convivial club in Glasgow. The notion is understood to have originated among certain people who withdrew from the "Pen and Pencil" some months ago on account of a trade dispute.

Messrs Chatto & Windus, of London, announce "The Early Teutonic, Italian, and French Masters," translated by A. H. Keane from the Dohme series. Mr Keane was at one time editor of the *Glasgow Free Press*, a Roman Catholic weekly that departed this life some decade and a half ago. The circumstances of his hegira from Glasgow may be recollected by certain of our older press-men.

There is some talk of a "Clyde Summer Book," written by the Rev. W. W. Tulloch, and illustrated by Captain Hall Maxwell, of Dargavel.

The pocket edition of Charles Dickens, in 30 volumes, is to cost forty-five shillings.

Miss Braddon has taken to revising the "Arabian Nights." An edition of "Aladdin," "Sindbad," and "Ali-Baba," Bowdlerised by the authoress of "Lady Audley's Secret," will be issued this week.

What is to be the next fad? We have been over-run with "Birth-Day Books" for the past year or two, and now the Messrs Routledge of London advertise a "Wedding-Book." I suppose a "Funeral Book" would be regarded as rather out of place.

"Delane of the *Times*" is dead. He was a Philistine, but a Philistine of a wholesome and vigorous sort. His 62 years of life were years of enjoyment. The wreaths that strew his bier should therefore be of myrtle rather than cypress.

Mr Airlie's City Hall programme for Saturday night is, in celebration of St. Andrew's Day, of the "Great Scotch" order—Scotch songs and Scotch singers, Scotch dances and Scotch dancers, and the rest of it. These entertainments are always immensely popular in Glasgow, and rightly so, say I.

The enterprising managers of the Royal Albert Music Hall, Bridgeton Cross, should make a hit by their engagement of George Leybourne. Whatever the ultra-fastidious may think of the "great" George's performances, he is a feature of the age, and therefore to be seen and heard.

Messrs Rae Brown & Co., the auctioneers—who have just removed into new and handsome premises at 151 Sauchiehall Street—announce an important sale of oil and water-colour paintings and engravings, &c., to take place to-morrow (Tuesday) and Wednesday. Mr Brown of this firm is, as I think I have mentioned before, a son of our old fellow-townsmen Colin Rae Brown.

THE EDUCATION OF THE EYE.

(Scene—Fishing town on the East coast; Bob and Sam, two Glasgow artists who occupy the same rooms, are at tea—Bob is usually out from morning till night working in the open air, while Sam paints altogether indoors.)

Bob—Man, Sam, it's a guid thing ye don't pent outside.

Sam—Why?

Bob—Because it wid spile yer fine eye for colour!

A dog—a lady dog, too—"answering to the name of 'Whisky'" has been and gone and lost herself. No wonder! It is only "sad dogs" who answer to such a call, and they are very apt indeed to lose themselves.

The Book of Days.—An almanack.

Rents, Tatters, and "Bawbees." NEXT, of course, to Lord Beaconsfield's increased production of chemicals and Mr Neil's decreased production of comicals the most interesting topic of the hour is the Government's tardy action with reference to Ireland. The BAILIE seldom troubles his readers with comments on "Imperial" politics, and he is not now going to follow "young Parnell" and his bould brother-patriots through their apologies for sedition, robbery, and murder; but the subject has a peculiar interest for us in Glasgow. Not only is that particular form of Pat-riot-ic agitation known as "Muldoonism" rampant in our midst, but has not the martyr Davitt enrolled his name on our police-records? and have we not a Home-Ruler as good as any in the person of Mither John Ferguson? John's great mind is "torn up by fierce sentiments"—think of that now!—and he has distributed two of the fragments in the twin shapes of a "manifesto" and a "spache." The same mighty, if tattered, intellect is apparent in both—the same original logic and second-hand "eloquence." John has been further prosecuting his studies since he last demonstrated, and, while he sticks to his friends Mill and Cobden as authorities, he has thrown Milton overboard, and substituted for that distinguished political economist Walter Savage Landor, Sir Alexander Cockburn, Baron Bramwell, and "Kaye"—christian name not stated, but possibly Jeems. The sum and substance of it all is that Pat is to rise in his millions and thousands and tens, and—no, sir, *not* demand Macniven & Cameron's pens, but—hand over his spare bawbees to John and his friends, as by Mill, Cobden, Landor, Cockburn, Bramwell, Kaye, Ferguson, & Co. in such cases provided. It is the BAILIE'S private opinion that Pat is not quite so verdant as his native shamrock, and that he prefers to keep his bawbees, when he has them, to himself. But then his Worship is only a member of "the lying Press of Great Britain," Mr Ferguson, and you are a "pathriot," and a political economist in comparison with whom the Glasgow merchant is but a "baby." So, doubtless, you know best. May you and your friends get all the "pieces" you deserve, and may your torn intellect be likewise pieced, and then, perhaps, we shall *all* have peace!

IN THE "GREEN" ISLE?—"Base is the slave that pays," was a shot discharged by an Ancient Pistol; its report to us is from the modern bloodgeon,

AN ISLAY THEOLOGIAN.

(Inn near Tobermory, Sunday morning).
English Visitor (to companion)—I say, Jack, let's have a bathe.

Innkeeper (who overhears remark)—Na, na, you mauna bathe on the Sabbath day. It's no' right and that's the laird's house up there, an' if he was to see you he would be angry.

E. V.—Oh! is that the way of it? Well, we'll have a walk at all events.

Innkeeper—It's a walk, is it? That's ferry bad, too, whatever, the day.

E. V.—Dear me, you are very strict surely about Sabbath observances up here; why, if you read your Bible you must have read of good men who walked on the Sabbath day.

Innkeeper—Yess, yess, maybe aye, but I wasn't sink ony mae of them for tat.

THAT BLESSETH NEITHER HIM THAT GIVES NOR HIM THAT TAKES.—"Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky, thou dost not bite so nigh as benefits forgot," and Mr Michael Davitt so far remembers benefits, and shows his gratitude, as to put out his tongue at those who, in mercy that was "strained," liberated him from prison.

The *Mail* asks its readers in very large type "What is a lunatic?" Asinus says a lunatic is a fellow who writes long letters to the papers about nothing at all, and another lunatic is the other fellow who inserts them.

"Whit name are ye goin' to gie the bairn?"
"Oh we want a fancy yin, we'll gie't Leonora."
"Leein—Nora! puir lamb. Siccan a name for a christian."

A Flash of Genius.—"Electricity" by Sir William Thomson.

Musical, not note but, query.—If the concert-pitch is to be lowered, shouldn't also be the "notes" of the concert-pitchers?

Requiescat in pace?—After erring by a rest political, now in Erin political arrest.

Our Indian Empire Illustrated—The Prince's presents and Wombwell's elephants.

"Better" Business.—At the head of Dunlop Street.

Sunday Labour—Trying to keep awake in church.

DOST THOU NOT SUSPECT MY PLACE?
(Scene—Office of registrar of births, deaths, and marriages)—Enter *Washerwoman*—Wull ye regaister a letter tae oor John in Australia?

Jeems Kaye Sits to a Photographer.
 YE may think it strange, but ye ken Burns, or Shakespeare, or somebody, says "Truth is stranger than fiction," and it's true. Betty and me had never got oor portraits ta'en, and as we're getting weel up noo, and life is uncertain, for in this toon ye're no' sure o' yer life for a meenent atween tramway cars and orange bands and sich like, we determined the ither nicht tae get a dizzen o' kerds ta'en tae send tae oor freens. Last Wednesday, therefore, I got on my hauf dress suit, shepherds' tartan trousers, bird's-eye necktie, etcetra, and Betty dress't hersel' in her goon and her bonnet, and taking the coach we got landit in Jamaica Street, where there's ony number o' photographers, &c. We studied the gless cases a wee, and at length fixed on ane and up we gaed. The lassie said jist tae look roon till the operator wis disengaged, so we sat doon. After a while I thocht I micht as weel be gieing mysel' a bit tosh up, sae I got opposite a big gless, and, taking aff my hat, I brushed my hair and gied it a bit graceful curl at each side, and smoothed my whiskers awa' tae let my tie and white shirt be seen, and pulled doon my waistcoat and my shirt sleeves. I'm no' vain, as dootless ye ken, BAILIE, but when yer picture's tae be ta'en and handed doon tae posterritie, ye may as weel look dacent. Weel, jist as I wis screwing my face first tae the tae side and then tae the tither, and turning up my een tae see what wis the best way tae get a pleesent expression, I got a glimpse o'er my shouther o' something like a full moon, and turning roon there wis Betty at my back.

"Gae awa', Jimes," she says, "I didna think ye were sae fulish; let me in tae the gless for my bonnet's a' thrawn."

I at yince stepped tae the rear side, as in duty boun', and busied mysel' for a wee arrangin' my pocket-nepkin jist so as tae let twa three inches hing gracefully oot by accident, ye ken. By and by oor names were cried oot, and awa' we gaed up a when gey shoogly wudden stairs tae the vera tap o' the hoose, past the tap, I think, for it wis a gless hoose, nae slates ava, and an extror'nar smell o' medicine and veetrol pervadin' the whole.

Having explained we wanted a group, for I had made inquiries and found that a group wis fully cheaper than twa single anes, the photographer got a haud o' me and placed me wi' my tae haun gracefully hauding on by the back o' a chair, and my ither thoom in my waistcoat,

while Betty wis set doon in the chair wi' her hauns in her muff. A' bein' ready the man gaed awa' intae a back room, and a' wis silence for a wee. Betty then whispers—

"Jimes! there's a flee on the pint o' my nose, ye micht gie't a bit whize aff!"

"Woman," says I sternly, but trying no tae move my lips, "If it wis a bumbee itsel' ye maun thole't or ye'll spile the picter. Ye mauna move min'." Betty, however, took yin o' her hauns oot o' her muff and knock't it awa', then, jist as the man cam' back she cries oot—

"Gracious me, I forgot tae tak' aff my spec's!" and awa' she tare them wi' a jerk and intae her pocket, bit jist as she did sae the man says—

"Ah! ye're moving."

"Moving," cries Betty, "I should think sae! I wid like tae see you taking aff yer spec's withoot moving."

We got a' richt again, but jist as the man cam' oot the second time Betty says, "My fit's sleeping," and wi' that she gies't a kick oot; and na, bit ye'll no hinder her tae get up and hap roon the room, makin' a fair fule o' me a'thegither. The man got a wee angry at this, but I says, tae kin' o' pacify him ye ken, "Noo we'll sit quiet, and see and turn on yer machinery as quick as ye can an' get bye wit'." So in he goes again.

"What's that kin' o' trumpet-looking thing on the three legs, Jimes, wi' its neb pinting stracht at us?" says Betty next.

"Weel," I said, "I'm no vera sure; I widna wunner if it's some kin' o' new-fashioned Armstrong gun, it's desperate like yin onyway; maybe he invents guns in his spare meenents. I wid jist aboot as sune the neb o't wis turned the ither way," and I slipped ower and jist got it nicely pinte tae the ither window when in ran oor frien for the third time. He looked kin' o' dumbfounded-like when he saw the gun turned roon, and catchin't back he thraw'd it facing us again. Says I tae mysel', "this disna look weel," and noo I began tae notice the man wis a wee kin' o' raised like. His hair wis long and fleeing behin' him, his een rolled aboot extror'nar, he had a mustache and nae whiskers, and his cheeks were a' blue-black wi' shaving, that's a thing I canna say I like tae see, it's sae kin' o' actor-like, ye ken. "Faith I wish we were safely oot o' this," I whispers below my breath, but I said naething tae Betty for fear o' frichtening her. Hooever, I determined tae watch narrowly a' that passed, and tae spring on him when I thocht he wis getting dangerous.

"Of course, ye understaun we cam' tae get oor portraits ta'en," I remarks.

"Good gracious," he says, "you don't suppose I think you came to be shot," an' wi' that he looked daggers at me, then in he goes wance more tae the wee room.

"Jims," says Betty, "dae ye think it's a' richt?"

"Faith," says I, "I'm no' sure o't at a'. Ye see shootin's rinnin' in his heed, an' that confoondit gun's aye pintin' ower this wey. I wunner what the blamed thing is there for at a'. I'm jist thinkin' we wad maist be as weel tae slip doon the stair afore he comes oot. We micht be murdered up here an' naebody a bit the wiser. Then what's he aye rinnin' intae that wee dark room for? If he's daein' nae ill, surely he disna need tae hide his-sel!"

"Maybe he goes in for a dram," says Betty, "I hear a heep o' bottles an' glesses clinking when he's in."

"I wish that may be a' he goes in for," I says, "maybe it's the poother he keeps in there."

Hooever, before we could dae onything, oot he cam' again, an' took aff the front o' the gun, slippin' a bit square thing in behin' at the same time. Noo, a' the cannon ba's ever I saw were roon' an' this was square, so I wis a wee reassured. He then began, hooever, tae keek alang the tap o't, like takin' aim. I watched wi' a critical e'e tae see whether it wis my heed or Betty's he wis aiming at, but sae far as my judgment went he wis richt atween us. Wi' a this, min'ye, I gied the body the benefit o' the doot, an' wis inclined tae think he micht jist be a wee silly, an' no a'thegither bad; but jist then he threw a black cloot ower his heed sae as tae disguise himsel' that we couldna sweer tae him again in a Court o' Justice. This wis too much, so as he stooped doon an' cried "Steady," I on wi' my hat an' roarin' tae Betty—

"Rin, woman, rin! or in five meenents ye'll be as deed's a herrin'!" I doon the stair an' Betty after me, heeds-ower heels, wi' her muff fleeing awa' before us, an' the wudden stairs like tae be knockit tae bits. The lassies below ran tae the fit o' the stair tae see what wis wrang, an' I made a bringe an' knockit yin o' them through a big gless case o' portraits, while Betty tripped ower the ither an' nearly smothered her. Up, hooever, I pu's Betty, an' haul'd her doon the outside stairs—doon—doon—two, three, fower steps at a time, an' roon the corner we ran an' never stoppit till we got intae the 'Shaws omnibus faur awa' up at the heed o't oot o' sicht. Then I gied a sigh o' relief as I took aff my hat

an' wipid my broo'; Betty put her heed on my shouther an' murmured—"Oh! Jims, this is an awfu' worl'; I never wis as near death as I wis the day."

The guard thocht we had been at a funeral, we were sae disjaskit like, an' he never asked us for the tippence, an' I quite forgot to pay him't, but I'll gie him't yet—he kens me fine.

BAILIE, the next time we go tae get oor portraits, we'll go tae some place that's recommended tae us, an' no jist in tae the first yin we see.

JAMES KAYE.

"SILENCE IS GOLDEN."—(Query?)

Now Neil has his quietus made,
And Martin seems as if out-play'd,
Whom shall His Worship now engage
To shed wit's meteors o'er his page?
Who is there of his comic staff
Like M. or N. can raise the laugh,
Who, like to lightning's flashes playing,
Light up his lines, "What Folk are Saying"

Another "Birkie."

IF there is plenty of enthusiasm in "the Burns country" for the great poet who has rendered it illustrious, there is at the same time no lack in the district of thickheads and fanatics who neglect no opportunity of railing against the dead giant. We all remember how a certain "birkie ca'ed a lord" wrote himself, deliberately and ungrammatically, down an Ass when asked to subscribe to the Burns statue fund, and now a foolish minister-body called M'Crie follows the noble example. Speaking at Ayr last week this poor creature objected to the setting up of "the sculptured bust of Robert Burns"—of whom he condescendingly spoke as "our local or provincial bard"—on the ground, forsooth, that Burns was not a teetotaler! It is but fair to add that the remarks in question were punctuated by the hisses of an audience of "honest men" who know how to appreciate the sputterings of Eglintons and M'Cries. The BAILIE would like, by the way, to make a third at a meeting between the Reverend M'Crie and ex-Bailie M'Kie of Kilmarnock!

VI ET ARMIS.—If the arm of the law be too weak to put down one nuisance, that of the flute band, perhaps it may be strong enough to put down another, that of the Salvation Army.

The Smoke Nuisance.—The anti tobaccoite.

Ancell's Beefsteak Grill, 88 Virginia Place (Rear of Union Bank) Steaks, chops, Kidneys, &c. cooked in large room.
Government Manilla Cheroots and Cigars (large size), 5 a lb.
D. CARMICHAEL, 161 Ingram St., and 121 Buchanan St.

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AT THE

CALEDONIAN HOUSE.

MESSRS. COPLAND & LYE invite all intending Buyers and Visitors to Glasgow to inspect their Colossal and High-Class Stock of GENERAL DRAPERY GOODS, which has been secured at prices hitherto unparalleled in the history of the Textile Trade. Messrs C & L., from their own observations and from the opinions of the foremost Statesmen of the day, and the fact of the immense improvement on the Clyde, in the Iron Trade, and the improved tone of the Home and Foreign Markets, feel assured that Goods will immediately rise in price. They have therefore crammed the CALEDONIAN HOUSE with Goods at the lowest point they have ever reached, and it is their opinion that it will be many years, if ever, ere Good will be so cheap again as at the present moment. All interested are invited to partake of these special bargains. Heads of Families, Housekeepers, and intending Housekeepers are recommended to embrace the present favourable opportunity of getting their wants supplied. Every requisite for Marriage Outfits, &c., &c.

COPLAND & LYE,

CALEDONIAN HOUSE, SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

SUPERB TEA at 2s 4d Per Lb.

FAMILIES who are being supplied at "Wholesale Rates" (so called) by Wholesale Grocers and West-End Co-Operative Stores, should compare what they are buying at 2s 6d, 2s 8d, and 3s per lb. with the above Tea. There is nothing like it in Scotland.

NOTE.—From our large stock we still sell the same qualities at the old prices, notwithstanding the advance of 6d per lb. upon the Wholesale London Market.

STUART CRANSTON & CO.,

76 ARGYLE STREET (CORNER OF QUEEN STREET), GLASGOW.

SPECIAL TO GENTLEMEN.

We have much pleasure in announcing that we are at present Showing all the Latest Novelties in

DRESS HATS,**FELT HATS,****TRAVELLING CAPS,****&c., &c.**

Gentlemen who have not already given us a call, should look up and inspect our Stock, as they will find it the largest and best assorted stock of High-Class Goods in Scotland.

All Hats sold by us we guarantee to be made of the Finest Material and by the best Manufacturers in the Country, and we can assure Gentlemen that we leave no market unsearched where there is a likelihood of getting Stylish and First-Class Goods,

We also show Special Shapes for Youths, both in Dress and Felt Hats.

Boys' Hats and Caps, Latest Shapes, Hundreds of Special Styles to be had only from ourselves, and very suitable for Christmas Presents.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,

Wholesale Hat Manufacturers,

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FRUIT SYRUPS.**

LEMON and GINGER Especially Recommended.
1S 9D BOTTLE FOR 8½D,
3S 6D " " 1S 3D,

A Tablespoonful of the above in a Tumblerful of Cold Water makes a most refreshing and inexpensive Summer Drink.

To be had only from the Makers,
COOPER & CO., 10 and 12 Howard Street, and Branches.

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SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—

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**CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE
GINGER BEER.**

A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE
YEAR ROUND; WARM, GRATEFUL, AND AROMATIC.
As Supplied to the Western, Junior, New, and other Clubs.

THOMAS DAVISON,

DISPENSING CHEMIST,

126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 26th, 1879.

"ARE things what they seem, or is visions about?" When the BAILIE read, in the report of an Improvement Trust meeting the other day, the astonishing remark by Mr NEIL that "he had all along regretted very much the obstructive policy he had to adopt in regard to the Trust," the Magistrate's first impulse was to wipe his spectacles and read it again. So far there was no mistake; the statement was undoubtedly there in the plainest black and white. If this be so, then Mr NEIL'S remarkable career in the Council Chamber is only another instance of how the most impartial historian may unintentionally misrepresent a public man. But for this disclaimer, Mr NEIL would have gone down to posterity as a bumptious, narrow-minded, wrong-headed enthusiast, who having once put his hand to the plough of some extraordinary crotchet, was content to be anathema rather than take it back again. This, however, is NEIL as he seems, not as he is. The real NEIL is a reserved, discreet, amiable man, whose sole aim is to make things agreeable all round, and to live at peace with the rest of mankind. Instead of scenting the battle afar off with the eagerness

of Job's war-horse, there is nothing he dislikes so much as a shindy. But this estimable man is carried into all sorts of scimmages by an uncontrollable impulse, against which his better nature struggles desperately but vainly. In short, he is under the influence of some power, not himself, which makes for obstructiveness. Indeed, Mr NEIL'S conduct at this very same meeting was a distressingly convincing proof of his unhappy condition: for this diabolic agency by which he is dominated compelled him to table one of his numerous protests about something or other, and to stand up for it with the tenacity of an Irish anti-rent tenant farmer clinging to his homestead. It will thus be seen that Mr NEIL is an object, not for scorn, but for the tenderest pity. He has the Magistrate's heartfelt sympathy.

Virtue in High Places.

THE social condition of Edinburgh has long been far from edifying, but its present rulers seem determined to change all that. In the front rank of the reformers is the Lord Provost, who is so quite-too-awfully virtuous that he declines to countenance the immoral performances at Mr Newsome's circus. He will, however, be "very grateful" for any money sent him by the immoral performers. Isn't this rather inconsistent, Mr Boyd? and don't you think you would have been better employed in thwarting the successful plot for turning the Council into a Radical caucus, than in drivelling such offensive twaddle?

TRESPASSING.

(Scene—Sunday school, East-end).

Teacher—What is trespassing?

Smart Boy—Gangin' whaur there's a board put up to say ye hev'na' tae gang.

One of the witnesses in a recent riot case deponed that he was requested to "send King William" to a very warm place, but that he "declined." It is to be hoped the shade of the departed monarch appreciates this forbearance.

The BAILIE has just heard of a young lady so very prudish that she will not wear a garment which is "fast" in the colour.

A cabman was fined the other day for forcing his horse to drag a load of "12 adult passengers (7 inside and 5 out)" up a steep street. Quite right; but why should the ignoble twelve get off scot-free?

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT Mr Gladstone is coming to Glasgow.
That the great dis-united Liberal party are in a state of ferment.

That Mr Gladstone has already received the freedom of the city.

That there is nothing left to present him with but the freedom of the Trades' Council.

That Mr Neil continues to patronise the Provost, Magistrates, and City Improvement Trustees.

That the Lord Provost is delighted at the conversion of his teetotal friend.

That Jeems is disgusted at Neil's change of front.

That Councillor Lamberton is wild at the Water Commissioners.

That the idea of an ex-Bailie being ignorant regarding the removal of the weir is a sweet joke.

That the same ignorance did not obtain with regard to the compensation money paid by the Commissioners.

That Councillor Lamberton is one of those people who would like to "eat his cake and have it too."

That Bailie Moir is of opinion that every shopkeeper should reside as near his shop as possible.

That the Bailie "hangs out" at the west end of Partick.

That his tea-chest hangs out in the Gallowgate.

That Councillor Jackson did yeoman's service in spotting the east-end bakery affair.

That our Home Rule friends are shouting "hoorooosh."

That a soiree of a friendly society is hardly the proper place to talk sedition.

That John Ferguson is mad at the newspapers for not reporting his speeches.

That John would be more profitably employed in publishing stories of an old rebellion than endeavouring to prepare a new one.

That the three Liberal Members have become vice-presidents of the Workmen's Electoral Association.

That Mr Battersby has taken the sitting Members under his special care.

That the "Hon. Secretary, Mr A. M'D.," has been checkmated on this occasion.

That one of our Sheriffs is of opinion that certain bankrupts are trying to make "a joke" of the Bankruptcy Act.

That to most creditors the Scotch Bankruptcy laws seem one immense joke.

That Fortune, M'Dougall and Co. had another Donnybrook on Saturday.

That they are giving rare sport to the Philistines.

That the Magistrate and the Fiscal don't seem to pull particularly well together at the Central.

That either the former has turned very lenient, or the latter does not get up his cases as he should.

Ichabod!

ANOTHER illusion destroyed! We had all come to regard the editor of the *Weekly Mail* as a compendium of useful information, and the greatest living authority on every subject, from the height of "Tennant's lum" to the most intricate of legal problems; and now he has taken to putting off his anxious correspondents after this fashion:—"J. M'G.—The question is too technical." "Buxton.—Your best plan is to follow your own taste in the matter." "D. G.—There are no statistics that we know of published on the subject." "J. B. J.—We cannot indulge in prognostications." "J. C. M'W.—It would occupy too much of our space." These are but a few samples taken at random; but are they not enough to prove that a great fount of knowledge is running dry?

Apropos of the funny proposal to present Mr Gladstone with a suit of clothes, a correspondent of the *Herald* denies that the projectors contemplate an attempt to repair the "breaches" of the Liberal party. They probably can't afford to invest in the necessary amount of material.

An old Carluke lady's cash-box has unaccountably disappeared, and, says the report, "What makes the matter more mysterious is that she keeps a large mastiff dog that never leaves the house." Happy thought! Perhaps the dog has swallowed the box!

Somebody contributes to a local weekly a tremendous effusion which he terms "Ode to Time." If he means "owed," the BAILIE can assure him that such debts are better left unpaid.

Appropriate Name for a Church with a Long-winded Pastor—"Martyrs'."

Mitchell's Old Irish Whisky, Belfast, is famed over the World, Agent, David Mitchell, 20 Hope Street, Glasgow.

Famed 8d Dinner and 6d Tea Service, City Commercial Restaurant, 60 Union Street, Matthew Waddell

Beveridge's Guaranteed Mixed Pickles, Red Cabbage, Mushroom Ketchup, Sauces and Table Condiments, unrivalled for purity and flavour.

Quavers.

THE St. Cecilia Society of Paisley have resumed practising for the season, and intend giving a sacred concert ere long—certainly, when one thinks of it an appropriate enough idea, remembering the distinctive title of the association, though secular compositions seem to have been the rule with it. The work selected is Dr Stainer's "Daughter of Jairus," a chastely beautiful example of the sacred cantata, the story being dramatically treated, yet with great delicacy and judgment. In addition to the cantata, the St. Cecilia will take up, probably, Mendelssohn's "Hear my Prayer," with anthems from Calkin, Sullivan, and others. Mr W. T. Hoeck will conduct as usual.

The first concert for the season by the Philharmonic Society of the same musically enterprising town will be given on the 11th of December. It is expected the orchestra will number over 40, with well balanced parts, the programme comprising the selections mentioned some short time ago, as being under practice—for example, the Saint-Saens Suite, Cherubini's Lodoviska overture, and the excerpts from Schumann's "Manfred." The concert promises to be highly interesting.

"The Merle" is the very melodious name which a private vocal society meeting weekly for practice in one of the St. Andrew's suite of halls is to be known by. This is the second year of its existence. The membership is restricted to 50, and the chief *raison d'être* of the society is, it is to be understood, to give concerts for charitable purposes—an example that might be followed with advantage by similar associations. The first subjects of study this year are Schumann's "Advent Hymn," selections from Mozart's 12th Mass, and an arrangement of "Jock o' Hazeldean," by Otto Schweizer. We shall hope to hear the society in due time, at one of their concerts.

The last-mentioned piece of music, by the way, is rather a remarkable production, and merits a paragraph all to itself. Our Lambeths, Seligmans, Moodies, and Archers, arrangers of Scottish melodies, may now indeed simply retire into private life. They have no chance whatever with Herr Schweizer, who has made a complete cantata, if not an opera, of the Border lyric. Herr Schweizer, who is a pianist, resident in Edinburgh, we learn, has arranged the song very cleverly, and very elaborately, if not somewhat unpractically. He opens plainly enough, but ere long goes in for florid duet work for trebles and tenors, altos and basses, like in character to the variations for piccolo or cornet in a quadrille. A piano solo follows, illustrative, we suppose, of the dropping tears of the disconsolate heroine. Now follows the remonstrance from the "heavy father" of the ballad, "largamente;" then, as suggestive of the festivities at the proposed wedding, a verse set in waltz time. Next we have a verse written in "canon" for what reason does not occur to one very readily; the whole coming to a close with what is entitled a "cadence"—possibly an elegant allusion to the "drop" the "tearful ladye" has practised on her friends. To be serious, the music evinces immense talent, but, for practical purposes, must be pronounced much more instrumental than vocal. We shall hope to hear it by-and-bye, however.

The Crossmyloof Total Abstinence Choral Society, of not less than 70 to 80 members, we believe, have on hand at present Rimbault's "Country Life," the music of which is good, if not very original or imaginative. The "Country Life" countenanced by a society of the above character, ought, of course, to be perfectly "correct." Mr Maitland is the conductor of the association, and the Rev. David Macrae, sen., is its honorary president.

A waltz, "Alte Marchen," the composition of Mr C. F. Drummmond, has been recently published by Messrs Adams & Co. It is *chantante* in style, and should make a good useful addition to one's dance repertory. The title page is, appropriately to the name of the composer, adorned with a representation of the classic retreat of Hawthornden.

The selecting of seats for the Choral and Orchestral Concerts will be begun on Thursday the 27th instant (to-morrow). Intending subscribers would do well, therefore, to send in their application for tickets at once to the secretary, Mr Wallace, 53 West Regent Street, in order to secure the privilege of a choice

of places. The announced performance of the entire set of the Beethoven Symphonies is a treat in prospective that ought of itself to draw out the music loving citizens of Glasgow, not to speak either of the importance of the rest of the musical selections, or of the superior excellence of the band, with its distinguished conductor, Mr Manns, of the Crystal Palace, Sydenham.

On Saturday evening first, the Glasgow Select Choir give a concert in St. Andrew's Halls, when it is intended to sing the part song which shall have been awarded the prize of ten pounds lately offered by this choir for the best composition of the kind. A hundred and thirty, or thereby, have been received in competition, many of which must be perfect rubbish, though not a few, doubtless, will have been found worthy of the choir. Sir Julius Benedict and Mr Henry Leslie have been assisting in adjudication.

At this concert will be sung a part song by Vincent Wallace, whom one does not think of in this line of composition, Leslie's "Lullaby of Life," "The Flight of Summer," by Tozer—a very beautiful part song, indeed, and Henry Smart's setting of the familiar poetry of Longfellow, "Stars of the summer night," melodious and richly harmonised. This should be altogether a most attractive concert—and there will be doubtless a large audience.

Numerous attempts have been made of late years, and with some measure of success, to impart to the harmonium an organ-like quality, and chiefly in America the land of inventiveness. One of the most recent efforts in this way, and certainly the most successful, apparently, is that of the Clough and Warren Organ Company of Detroit, Michigan. We had the pleasure of "assisting" at a private recital of music, by Mr Robert Donaldson, Jun., on one of this company's instruments, in Mr Donaldson's music saloon, St. Vincent street, on Saturday afternoon. By an ingenious combination of reed and pipe a purely diapason tone is obtained, the reedy effect common to harmoniums, and still in a measure present in the so-called American organ, being completely nullified. A pedal effect is given by an extra set of 16 feet pipe and reed. Another valuable effect is that of octave playing, such as on a pianoforte, this being attained by a "coupler," and without the least trouble to the player. The tone of these instruments is delightfully organ-like, entirely free from reediness, rich, varied, and novel. The touch is light, and the response prompt. A well-chosen selection, admirably played, showed the capabilities of the new instrument to a select invited audience. Mr Donaldson, we notice, is sole agent here.

A PASTORAL DUTY.

Awa—Your minister canna preach, man, lik oor man ava.

Tam—Maybe no', but oh, man, ye should jist see him carvin' a roast.

Describing a new ship, Granny observes that "the want of 'tween decks, however, both forward and abaft, for the stowage of an article so important as rum is by some considered to be a drawback." What do you say to this, my Lord Provost Collins? Has the old lady gone over to the ranks of the wicked—*i.e.*, the Wine, Spirit, and Beer Trade Association?

"Great excitement" has been caused at Lesmahagow by the finding of a skull. How terrific would have been the commotion had there been brains inside!

LONDON SCOTCH RESORT, 3 Water Lane, Ludgate Hill, London, the only House for "Real Johnny" Scotch Whiskies of all Brands, Scotch Ales, &c. Neil Mackay, Proprietor.

BOWL MONEY.

(Two chums meet after a scramble.)

Jean (excited) — Hae ye gotten onything, *Leezie* ?

Leezie (feelingly) — Aye.

Jean — Whit ?

Leezie — Ma han weel trampit.

T H E G A I E T Y.

Proprietor and Director, Mr C. BERNARD.

MISS HELEN BARRY,

MR GEORGE LEITCH,

AND FULL LONDON COMPANY, IN

T W I N E T H E P L A I D E N.

Lady Helen, Miss HELEN BARRY.

Twine the Plaiden, Mr GEO. LEITCH.

Open at 6-30. Commence at 7-30. Prices, from 6d to 5s.

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager, Mr SIDNEY.

THIS WEEK,

RIP VAN WINKLE ;

OR, THE SLEEP OF TWENTY YEARS.

Rip Van Winkle, Mr SIDNEY.

Supported by

THE PRINCE OF WALES COMPANY.

Preceded at 7-30 by the Screaming Farce,

RAISING THE WIND.

Box Office Open from 11 till 4.

QUEEN'S ROOMS.

M R C H A R L E S H A L L E

AND

MDME. NORMAN NERUDA,

ON

FRIDAY EVENING, 5th DECEMBER,

At Eight o'clock.

Tickets—5s, 3s 6d, 2s, and 1s—of J. Muir Wood & Co.

GLASGOW SELECT CHOIR.

MR FREDERIC ARCHER, CONDUCTOR.

GRAND EVENING CONCERT

IN ST. ANDREW'S HALLS

(CHARING CROSS),

ON SATURDAY FIRST, 29th NOVEMBER.

The Programme will include the following Part-Songs, &c. :—

"Stars of the Summer Night," *Smart.*

(First Time of Performance.)

"Corin for Cleora dying," *V. Wallace.*

(First Time of Performance.)

"Flight of Summer," *Ferris Tozer.*

(First Time of Performance.)

P R I Z E P A R T S O N G .

(First Time of Performance.)

For which the Committee offered a Prize of Ten Guineas, Selected out of 137 Original Compositions. Also the following Madrigals, &c., performed for the first time under the Conductorship of Mr ARCHER.

"O Mistress Mine," *Stevens.*

"Wind thy Horn," *Smart.*

"Lullaby of Life," *Leslie.*

ORGAN SOLOS BY MR ARCHER.

Doors Open at Seven o'clock ; Concert at Eight.

Tickets—2s and 1s— from Principal Musiciansellers.

FORSYTH'S "Name" SHIRTS
 FROM STOCK
 3 1/6, 3 7/6 & 4 3/6 per 1/2 Dozen

GLASGOW CHORAL UNION.

CHORAL & ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.

ST. ANDREW'S HALL.

Commencing TUESDAY EVENING, 9th DECEMBER, 1879.

THE SUBSCRIPTION LIST IS NOW OPEN.

Prospectuses and Forms of Applications may be had from the principal Musiciansellers, and from Mr John Wallace, Secretary, 58 West Regent Street.

HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE,

WEST NILE STREET, GLASGOW.

NOW OPEN FOR THE WINTER SEASON EVERY EVENING AT 7, COMMENCING 7-30.

Mr CHARLES HENGLER'S UNRIVALLED EQUESTRIAN COMPANY

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TRAINED HORSES AND PONIES.

BRILLIANT PROGRAMME. ARENIC SPECIALITIES.

SCENES OF PAGEANTRY,

The whole forming a Constant Succession of Charming Varieties.

Prices of Admission :—3s, 2s, 1s, 6d ; Private Boxes, £1 10s and 15s. Second Price to Stalls, Side Boxes, and Amphitheatre only at 8-45.

MID-DAY PERFORMANCE, SATURDAY NEXT, Nov. 29.

And EVERY SATURDAY during the Season.

Doors Open at 2 ; Commencing at 2-30.

HENGLER'S CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S ANNUAL.—Will shortly be produced an Original Spectacle illustrative of Holiday Time and Festivities in Canada, entitled "THE CARNIVAL ON THE ICE," admitted by the Press and Public of Liverpool, Dublin, and Hull to be the most perfect production ever witnessed in Hengler's Cirque.

Acting Manager Mr W. POWELL.

Proprietor Mr CHARLES HENGLER.

THE GREAT AND ONLY

GEORGE LEYBOURNE

Will Appear on

MONDAY, 1st DECEMBER,

For Positively Six Nights only, at the

ROYAL ALBERT MUSIC HALL,
BRIDGETON CROSS.

The Public of Glasgow will now have an opportunity of hearing the Greatest Comic Vocalist of the Day.

OVERCOATS
GREATCOATS & ULSTERS
 (IMMENSE VARIETY)
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5 & 7 RENFIELD ST

GLASS AND CHINA AT M'DOUGALL & SONS, 77 & 79 BUCHANAN STREET AND 8 TO 14 JAIL SQUARE.

DEPOT FOR MINTON'S, COPELAND'S, WORCESTER, AND DRESDEN PORCELAIN.
SOLE GLASGOW AGENTS for the BELLEEK PORCELAIN, and for Dr SALVIATI'S VENETIAN GLASS, of which a very Choice Consignment is just to hand at Makers' Prices.
TEA, TABLE, TOILET, AND DESSERT SETS, TABLE GLASS, &c. Presents in endless variety.
Free Promenade. Cash Discount.
The Large and Extensive Stock is suitable for all classes, and will be found the Best Value in the City.

ESTABLISHED OVER FIFTY YEARS.

GLASGOW SCIENCE LECTURES.

Sir WM. THOMSON, LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.S.,
ON
"Liquid, Gas, and Steam."
CITY HALL, THURSDAY, 27th November, 1879, at 8 p.m.
Tickets for Remainder of Course (Five Lectures), 1s, 2s, and 4s;
Reserved Seats (Numbered), 8s; at the principal Booksellers,
and from
WILLIAM SMITH, Secretary,
114 Bath Street.

CRYSTAL PALACE PROMENADES.

First Appearance in Glasgow of the CLELAND
INSTRUMENTAL PRIZE BAND.
Victors in Two Grand Contests.
FULL HIGHLAND COSTUME.
W. S. VALLANCE, Esq., will also Appear.
On SATURDAY FIRST, 29th NOVEMBER, 7-30 to 9-30.
Admission, Seats or Promenade, 6d.

CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.

CELEBRATION OF ST. ANDREW'S DAY.
SATURDAY, 29th NOVEMBER, 1879.
GREATEST SCOTCH NIGHT OF THE SEASON.
Grand Representative Night of
SCOTCH SONG WRITERS.
Scotch Singers:
ELIZABETH HUNTER, | W. H. DARLING,
AGNES STRUTHERS, | A. FINLAYSON,
JESSIE SIMPSON, | THOMAS WALKER,
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REEL AND STRATHSPEY PLAYERS
Messrs Cole, Smyth, Heron, M'Donald, M'Millan, Brousil,
Peachy, Custance, and Whiteside.
Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats, 2s; at the Office, 58
Renfield Street. Doors open at a Quarter to 7; Concert at
Half-past 7 o'clock.

JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Friday, 28th November,
at Two o'clock.

PUBLIC SALE OF
SHIP'S CHRONOMETER, in Case, by D. M'Gregor & Co.,
Nautical Instrument Makers, Glasgow and Greenock;
SEXTANT, in Case, by D. M'Gregor & Co.;
SHIP'S CHARTS,

12 Volumes BOOKS, comprising Norrie's Navigation, by Finlay;
Handbook of Average, by Manly Hopkins; Sailing Directory
for the Indian Ocean, by Finlay; Laws of Shipping and In-
surance, by Lees; Piddington's Sailor Horn Book, Lunar and
Horary Tables.

(That belonged to a Sea Captain deceased.)

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell the
above, by Auction, in their Rooms, North Court, Royal
Exchange, on Friday, 28th November, at Two o'clock.
On View, Morning of Sale.
Royal Exchange Sale Rooms, 24th November, 1879.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, To-Morrow, (Tuesday) and
Wednesday, 25th and 26th November, at 12 each day.

EXTENSIVE PUBLIC SALE OF
VALUABLE FURS;
Ladies' Seal-skin Paletot Jackets,
Sable Muffs, Ladies' Collettes and Ties,
Carriage Rugs, Hearth Rugs, Coach Wrappers, Mats, &c.
ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell the above
well-selected and assorted Stock, by Auction, in the Royal
Exchange Sale-Rooms, on To-Morrow, (Tuesday) and Wednes-
day, 25th and 26th November, at Twelve o'clock each day.
Catalogues may be had, and the Goods Viewed, Mornings
of Sale.
Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 24th November, 1879.

Sale To-Day (Tuesday) and Wednesday, 25th and 26th Novem-
ber, in the City Sale-Rooms, 41 West Nile Street.

IMPORTANT SALE OF
OIL PAINTINGS AND WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS
BY AUCTION

(Being the Collection of E. Banner, Esq., of Birmingham.)
J. & R. EDMISTON will Sell, in the Saloon
of the City Sale-Rooms, 41 West Nile Street, To-Day
(Tuesday) and Wednesday, 25th and 26th November, at 12
Noon, each Day, this Extensive Collection.
J. & R. EDMISTON, Auctioneers.

RAE BROWN & CO.,
AUCTIONEERS AND VALUATORS,

beg to intimate that they have REMOVED into their new Pre-
mises, the WESTERN SALE-ROOMS, 151 SAUCHIE-
HALL STREET.

Sale of HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE every MONDAY,
in which may be included every description of Movable Property.

At the Western Sale-Rooms, 151 Sauchiehall Street, on
Monday, 1st December, at 12 o'clock.

PUBLIC SALE OF
SUPERIOR HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE
(Including that Removed from a Villa at Uddingston).

RAE BROWN & CO. will Sell, by Auction,
on date mentioned above.

N.B.—Every description of Furniture and Movable Articles
received for the above Sale. Experienced Porters kept for
Removals and Packing. Goods Entrance, 70 Sauchiehall Lane.
Glasgow, 24th Nov., 1879.

At Fine Art Gallery, 151 Sauchiehall Street, on Thursday,
4th December, at One o'clock.

PUBLIC SALE OF A COLLECTION OF
MISCELLANEOUS

OIL PAINTINGS AND WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS
From Three Private Collections, also including several saved
from the late Fire at Kilmarnock, and removed for conve-
nience of sale.

RAE BROWN & CO. will Sell the above,
by Auction, within their Fine Art Gallery, on Thursday,
4th December.

Parties wishing to include Lots for this sale should forward us
the Titles of the Works at once, in order to be catalogue'd.



ISLAY WHISKY.

W. & J. MUTTER,
BOWMORE DISTILLERY.
COUNTING-HOUSE, 41 ANN STREET, CITY, GLASGOW.

CORPORATION ORGAN RECITALS.

The THIRD of the ORGAN RECITALS for the present Winter will be given by the CITY ORGANIST (Mr LAMBETH), in the CITY HALL, on SATURDAY FIRST, at Four o'clock prompt.

Doors open at 3-30,
Admission and Programmes of the Music Free.
Chamberlain's Office, 12th Nov., 1879.



It works by the natural law of absorption, invigorating the Liver and Stomach, and thereby curing Liver Complaints, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache, Diarrhoea, Loss of Appetite, Nervousness, Rheumatism, & Constipation.
Book and full particulars Free.

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Sent by post free on receipt of Cheque or P. O. Order.

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Charges moderate. Viands superb!

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Three Minutes' Walk of St. Enoch's Station and Highland and Coasting Steamers.

This HOTEL has undergone extensive Alterations and Improvements. Has been Refurnished throughout. Visitors will find every comfort, combined with moderate Charges. Night Porter in attendance. Smoking-Rooms, Baths, and Billiards.

J. MAITLAND, Manager.

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Ropes, Bagging, Tailors Clips—bought at PAPER
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NON-INTOXICATING BEVERAGES,
Admirably Adapted for a
WINTER DRINK.

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London, Manchester, and Liverpool,
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THE NEW AMERICAN DESIGNS
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Artist and Photographer,
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Rembrant Busts, 12s 6d per Dozen.

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The Best Place to secure Real Value in Foreign and British Cigars, Tobaccos, Snuffs, Meerschaum and Briar Root Pipes, Pouches, etc., is at No. 2 GLASSFORD STREET, 1st door from Trongate. Trial solicited.

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The most wonderful discovery of the age, and the marvellous Vegeto-Tonic treatment for the cure and prevention of Biliousness, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Tic Doloroux, Neuralgia, Nervousness, Giddiness, Scrofulous Affections, Ague, Debility, Spasms, and all derangements of the Stomach. By its administration the natural appetite is revived, and the functions of digestion and assimilation are improved, re animated, and regulated; and when its use has been steadily persevered in, its peculiar Tonic and Nutritive Powers have entirely restored Health and Strength to the most feeble and Shattered Constitutions.

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Unless the secretions of the liver be healthy it cannot assimilate, and produce fit sustenance for the general support and preservation of the body, take what nutriment you will, even the best the world can afford. The liver is the most important organ in the whole body, and when its action is imperfect, all others suffer with it. Vitaline almost immediately produces by direct action, a healthy effect upon the liver, and is a never failing remedy for nervousness, wakefulness, restlessness, sinking sensation in the stomach, irregular appetite, and fulness after meals.—Vitaline is manufactured only by JOE TODD, Chemist, Carlisle, and is sold in bottles at 2s 9d, 4s 6d, and 11s each, by all Chemists.

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Strengthens the whole muscular System, rouses into action the Physical Energy of the human frame, restores the long-lost Complexion, gives brilliancy to the Eye, a delightful fragrance to the Breath, and brings back sound and refreshing Sleep.

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Is sold by R. M'DONALD, 150 Trongate; THE APOTHECARIES' COMPANY, Virginia Street; THE NEW APOTHECARIES' COY., Glassford Street; BROWN BROTHERS, Trongate; and all Chemists.

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The best evidence of their excellence is the fact that we are constantly receiving renewal orders.

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Notepaper, good regular quality, 6d, 8d, and 10d. per 5-Quire Packet of 120 Sheets. Envelopes, 4d and 6d per 100; Court Shape, 6d per 100; Business Envelopes 2s 6d per 1000, at Adam M'Kim's, 102 Trongate (Candleriggs Corner).

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WE have much pleasure in informing our numerous Customers and the General Public that, in addition to our already Established Business, we have OPENED Large and Elegant SHAMPOOING and HAIR-DRESSING ROOMS, which, in regard to comfort and elegance, are fitted in a style equal to any in the city. They are under the direct superintendence of a most experienced Manager, and the Assistants are from the Best Houses in the Trade.

In introducing this New Department of our Business, we may explain that though it is the first attempt of the kind in Glasgow, yet it has been carried on with great success by the most celebrated Hosiers and Glovers in the Cheapside and Strand, London, and we feel quite confident that with your kind patronage, and our strict attention, this novelty cannot fail to be a great success.

21 AND 23 RENFIELD STREET, GLASGOW.

GLASGOW APOTHECARIES' Co.

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NEW AND ENLARGED PREMISES
AT

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13s 6d	HOLYTON	SOFT	COAL	13s 6d
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LIPTON'S

IRISH BUTTER AND HAM MARKETS.



Kissing the Blarney Stone.



The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 372. Glasgow, Wednesday, December 3rd, 1879. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 372.

AND so our modern Don Quixote has set forth on his new expedition. His lance is in rest, his visor is down, he will tilt as he goes at any number of windmills, and come to grief at last. It is impossible to view this mad-cap raid of Mr GLADSTONE'S through Midlothian, and preserve one's seriousness. To the average Scottish farmer the volume of politics is a sealed book. He knows the points of a horse, he is familiar with the mysteries of cow-feeding, he is great on pigs and poultry. When he comes, however, to matters that relate to foreign policy, then his interest and his information both come to an end. What meaning has the Andrassy Note for him? Wherein should he feel ill at ease although the Premier, quoting a Latin phrase, coupled the words "Empire and Freedom" when making an after-dinner speech in London? But these, and such as these, were the subjects that formed the staple portions of the addresses delivered last week by Mr GLADSTONE to the bucolics of Edinburghshire. They understand a glass of "Islay" or "Campbeltown"—they have been treated to a goblet of dry champagne. Floods of argument have been poured about their ears for the purpose of showing how we have sinned in Afghanistan and neglected the Bulgarians; when the polling-day comes the only question asked by the majority will be, "Wha does the Duke say I'm tae vote for?" But is not this employment of razors in the slicing down of blocks fairly characteristic of the right honourable gentleman? We are all proud of him, Liberals and Tories alike—proud of his wonderful intellect, proud of his unwearied energy. No other prominent man of this generation has manifested the same anxiety for work, no other

prominent man of this generation has meddled with so many subjects and gained a fair proficiency in every one of them. With all Mr GLADSTONE'S popularity, however, with all the pride entertained on his behalf, how much is he trusted even by the members of his own party? Is he never swayed by prejudice? Brilliant as his genius is, is it always practical? Nay, does he never allow personal feeling to colour his views of public affairs? When he formally withdrew, in the January of 1875, from the leadership of the Liberals, declaring that the retirement was "dictated by his own notions as to the best methods of spending the closing years of his life," had disappointed ambition nothing to do with his withdrawal? And now he has come back into the forefront of political strife, and been set up by his friends as a rival to Lord Hartington in the leadership of the party, have the promptings of renewed ambition nothing to do with his return? In good truth, the right honourable gentleman will be a more satisfactory figure when addressing the students of the University in the Kibble Palace on Friday afternoon, than he will be when delivering a fiery oration to the West of Scotland Liberals in St. Andrew's Halls on Friday evening. He will be as fluent and facile in his capacity of Lord Rector as he will in his capacity of political agitator; but while, in the one instance, his address will be bright with the brilliancy of his splendid intellect, and informed with wisdom drawn from the stores of his almost boundless knowledge, in the other his temper, inflamed by the occasion, may lead him into some reckless attack, or it may be into some even more reckless admission. Probably Mr GLADSTONE himself scarcely hopes for success with the electors of Midlothian. He is, beyond most men, the creature of impulse, and his resolve to oust Lord Dalkeith from his seat was surely made in a moment

when the judgment was somewhat in abeyance. However, it is characteristic of the right honourable gentleman that, having set his hand to the plough, he will go through with the work. So far no one can dispute the success of his single-handed campaign. In the outset, at least, Lady Fortune has looked on him with more favourable eyes than she did on his great prototype drawn for us by Cervantes. But in Scotland it is usually easier to gain cheers than to gain votes, and he may possibly find this out when the dissolution he demands so eagerly has given the Midlothian farmers an opportunity of expressing what are termed their political opinions inside the polling-booths.

A Bold Man.

THE BAILIE has not hitherto had either much liking or much respect for the member for the Kilmarnock Burghs, but he is now obliged to accord him a little of the latter. Speaking at Ru'glen last week of the Irish arrests, Mr Harrison asked, "Why should they take a poor, wretched editor of a paper? These were poor creatures." A public man who has the pluck to call the controllers of the daily press poor, wretched creatures is not altogether to be despised, even if he is a Fortescue Harrison.

A CONFUSION OF GENDERS.

(Scene—Ardishaig Pier; Time, 8-30; steamer "Inveraray Castle" starting for Glasgow; Tonalt runs up breathless carrying a firkin of Lochfyne herrings on his shoulder.)
Clerk of Steamer—Where is your firkin for?
Tonalt—She'll pe for Dunoon.
Clerk—Who is it for in Dunoon?
Tonalt—When she'll reach Dunoon she'll tell Nicol she is for her mither.

WASTED OPPORTUNITY.—The other day the clerk of the Greenock Dean of Guild Court asked an agent if he thought his obfuscated client was "at the bar." And that agent did not reply, "No, but he has been." Such are the golden opportunities which daily we throw away.

INCONSISTENT.—Gladstone running down Dizzy's "fireworks," and at the same time having "huge bonfires" burnt in his honour.

In Pen-al Service—A clerk.

FERGUSON'S EDINBURGH ROCK is the best present from Edinburgh, 1 Melbourne place, near the Castle

In Active Preparation, Grand New Comic Up roar, Entitled

"F. F.'s CENSOR, OR THE CAD THAT LOVED
THE PREACHER."

THE principal parts will be undertaken by the Rev. Messrs Small, Humdrum, Weeman, Humbug, Atom, and Spyte. The Rev. Mr Small will sing the following song—chorus by his beloved fellow-workers.

(Scene—Corner of a vineyard).

Mr Small.

I'm an orthodox U.P.;
 I'm a member of the South Presbytric;
 I've the gentleness and patience of a young bull Stirk.

CHORUS.

And we are the brethren of the U.P. Kirk,
 The fathers and the brethren of the Kirk.

I am modest and kind and good,
 I always act as I should;

I've a wonderful compassion for the heathen and the Turk,

And so have the brethren of the U.P. Kirk,
 The fathers and the brethren of the Kirk.

But dare to disagree with me
 On the point of fiddle-dum-dee,

Though painful my duty be I never will shirk,

Neither will the brethren of the U.P. Kirk,
 The fathers and the brethren of the Kirk.

Having not much else to do,
 I watch with eager view

The sayings and the doings of the men who work;

And so do the brethren of the U.P. Kirk,
 The fathers and the brethren of the Kirk.

I give one gratified grunt

At the hope of a heresy hunt,

And of using, in a gentle way, my orthodox dirk;

And so do the brethren of the U.P. Kirk,
 The fathers and the brethren of the Kirk.

And I never yet stabbed in vain

(But of course I never give pain,

So lovingly I probe where the heresies lurk),

And so do the brethren of the U.P. Kirk,
 The fathers and the brethren of the Kirk.

My holiest love I spend

On my dear, dear Queen's Park friend—

And I mean to have him either right or out by a quirk;

And so do the brethren of the U.P. Kirk,
 The fathers and the brethren of the Kirk.

THE NEW LOTUS-EATERS.—What a lively lot the Commerce Street cabbies are! The other day three were absent from their cabs and two more asleep on theirs, all at the same time. But, after all, considering the exorbitant fares our cabbies are allowed to charge, they can afford to idle and snooze.

A Great Scottish Night—A (k)night of the Thistle.

Beveridge's Guaranteed Mixed Pickles, Red Cabbage, Mushroom Ketchup, Sauces and Table Condiments, unrivalled for purity and flavour,

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the city has got Gladstone on the brain.

That a nice little squabble is in progress over the allocation of the tickets for Friday evening.

That Committee men who are in business may possibly see their way to assist a customer to a look at the great man.

That the Police were inspected last week.

That the Provost buttered the men a few.

That he attended a soiree of volunteers the same evening.

That he thinks the volunteers are more efficient than the Police.

That the publicans' are preparing for their Calico Ball.

That it is likely to be a spirited affair.

That the landlords and house-factors are up in arms against the Corporation.

That the thought of paying taxes for untenanted houses sticks in their throats.

That our coalmasters are in sair tribulation.

That they can't make up their minds what to do anent the price of coal.

That while they are vacillating the coal trade is going off to other ports.

That the annual meeting of the Maternity Hospital was held on Tuesday last, and the proceedings were somewhat lively.

That the attendance of directors and subscribers greatly disappointed the expectations of the amiable secretary.

That the reputation of the hospital is not improving in public estimation.

That John Ferguson is doing his best to keep up the Irish excitement.

That John's broth won't spoil for want of stirring.

That Stipendiary Gemmel has got the better of the magistrates in the St. Rollox dispute.

That "oor Jeems" is sairly concerned over projecting signs.

That the tea chest of one of his friens has given mortal offence to Mr Martin.

That we are to be treated to another heresy hunt in Glasgow.

That a few of the ultra orthodox don't know when to leave well alone.

That Dr Dodds deals largely in *a posteriori* arguments.

That he makes a mistake in condescending to such vulgar and indelicate jokes.

That his *doubles entendres* are in the worst possible taste and bring discredit on the cloth.

A Literary Gem.

THE King of the Cannibal Islands had better look to his laurels if he would maintain his reputation for diminishing a plate of roasted missionary, or dwarfing a well-cooked cast-away tar. He will now require to strut about with more ferocity than ever, and invent some hideous sort of war paint or he will run the imminent peril of being eclipsed by Mr Gladstone who seems to have made Granny's Edinburgh Special "very bad."

This sapient individual tells us that the Ex-Premier has "*deep broad jaws*," that his "*large eyes . . . still flame out*," and that his "*powerful . . . face*" "*diminished and dwarfed*" the faces around him!

Just think of that!—the broad jaws, the fierce mouth, the flaming eyes, and then the onslaught—the dwarfing and diminishing of the many faces of flesh and blood around. Verily there is much cause for even the cannibalest of cannibal islanders to quake and tremble.

LUNAR CAUSTIC.

Son.—Faither, the lecturer at the Hall the nicht said that lunar rays were only the concentrated luminosity of the earth's satellite. What do you think about it?

Intelligent Parent.—All moonshine, my son, all moonshine!

MATTER OUT OF PLACE.—In a Kinning Park row the other evening a policeman was "struck with a bottle above the right eye," and naturally resented it, as being matter out of place. Even the most Hielan' of constables knows better than to apply a bottle "above his right eye."

"SIMMERING DOWN."—It is satisfactory to learn, on his own authority, that Mither John Ferguson's "excitement is calming down, and a feeling of mingled contempt and pity is taking its place for the wretched Government that hasn't the brains to construct a prosecution in a way that could be successful." Does this mean, John, that the bawbees are coming in abundantly, or what?

FOR THE AGRICULTURAL VOTE.—Should the "tiller" of the soil direct the vessel of the state?

Somebody has invented an "automatic whistling buoy." Is he any relation of those lively automatons the fising "bhoys"?

Famed 8d Dinner and 6d Tea Service, City Commercial Restaurant, 60 Union Street, Matthew Waddell.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—Mr Charles Dillon, who arrived at the end of last week in Glasgow, will appear at the Gaiety to-night as *Bolivar* in Mr Wills's new play. The piece, which possesses a large degree of emotional interest, is stirring and picturesque. It is written in blank verse, and many of the lines ring with the accent of pure poetry.

We are to be favoured, in the course of next spring, with the appearance at the Gaiety of the Carl Rosa Opera Company. Mr Bernard has also arranged with Mr Edgar Bruce for the early production of "Crutch and Toothpick," the comedy which has created so much amusement at the London Royalty.

The Gaiety pantomime, now in process of active rehearsal, promises to be not the least brilliant of Mr Bernard's series of successes in that line. Musical importance is given to the production by the engagement for "principal boy's part" of Miss Emily Soldene. Miss Soldene will be accompanied by her sister Miss Clara Vesey, who is likely to filch as many hearts as purses in the role of a captivating robber-chief. Then, our old friend Mackintosh will once more wrong his country as a Scotch villain of a dye deeper than any of Judson's; Mr G. K. Maskell, a tried and favourite comedian, will also appear; and there will be other faces, new and old. All the appointments are on the most gorgeous scale. Pantomimists are disposed to regard "the book" as a very secondary matter; but I may remind your readers (that the libretto—entitled "The Forty Thieves, or, Striking Oil in Family Jars"—is from the pen of Mr H. B. Farine, to whom we owe "Nemesis" and other brilliant extravaganzas, and add that it is being "localised" and otherwise brought up to date by a well-known Glasgow press man.

Miss Rose Eyttinge, Mr Cyril Searle, and their company, open to-night at the Prince of Wales Theatre, in Charles Reade's "Double Marriage." Miss Eyttinge holds a distinguished place on the American "boards," and her appearances in this country have all been more or less successful. Let us hope, before her visit comes to an end, that she will give us at least one performance of her famous role of *Nancy* in "Oliver Twist."

Among the members of Miss Eyttinge's company is a son of Mr H. J. Byron, the dramatist, who takes the stage name of "Harryson."

Mr Sidney begins his rehearsals of his pantomime, "The Fair One with the Golden Locks," on Monday next, the 8th inst.

By the way, here's a tip for those good folks who are dying to "see Gladstone," and offering fabulous sums for tickets of admission to Friday's meetings. Mr Gladstone, supported by Lord Rosebery, will positively be on view in the boxes of the Prince of Wales Theatre on Thursday evening; so, for a moderate expenditure, the curious may gaze on the great man in the intervals of listening to Miss Eyttinge's interpretation of Mr Reade.

The Royalty Theatre is fast approaching completion, and there is now no longer any doubt of its being opened on the 22nd inst.—this day three weeks. Notwithstanding that the interior is still a mass of scaffolding, the fine lines of the house can be both seen and understood. A special feature of the interior will be the richness of the decoration; indeed, I question whether any other public edifice in Scotland will surpass or even equal it in this particular.

Among the special features of Mr Knapp's spring season will be the production, for the first time on any stage, of a new drama by Mr W. G. Wills, the leading part in which will be taken by Miss Wallis, and the appearance of Mr Edward Terry, the well-known comedian from the London Gaiety.

The name of "Hengler," has always been a potent charm to conjure with in Glasgow, where the lovers of the saw-dust are simply legion. I need not say, BAILIE, there are cirques and cirques, and that "a bad quarter of an hour" is an unknown quantity in the West Nile Street house. Although there is no bright particular star there as yet—no Farini fakes or Zazel

sensations—still the company is big and brilliant, and has drawn crowded houses since the opening night.

MM. Loyale and Rollins, athletes and French grotesques, are fearfully and wonderfully clever; the little Delevantis quite lick creation with their slack-wire feats; Mr John Le Clair sets the laws of gravitation at defiance in his equilibristic business and how Mr Lloyd can keep his legs on his flying Pegasus I can't make out no-how. Clowns there are galore, headed by the ever welcome Willie Templeton, who is assisted by Sivado, Le Barr, Loyale, and Holloway to keep the house in merriest trim. Equestrianism proper has for exponents Mdles. Adam, Sprake, Deacon, and Alma, and Messrs Powell, Amesou, Luigi, Asbby, &c. The Ixion-like man at the wheel, Mr W. Powell, steers the whole concern with skill and care, and is well backed up by Mr Egerton, ring-master, and Mr Weston Gibbs, who seems to be the right man in the right place.

Some people never seem to grow older. I shouldn't like to say how many years have gone since I first heard Mr "Walter" Baynham "read." I "assisted" the other night at an entertainment by Mr Baynham and was much struck with his youthful appearance and exceedingly clever sketches.

In Dr Monro, of Campsie, who died last week, the Church of Scotland has lost one of the best clergymen of her best type. Reserved and unobtrusive, and never called to the highest office of the Church—which, by the way, he was eminently fitted to fill—he was nevertheless known, and respected, and loved in circles far beyond the quiet parish where he laboured so long and so well. Gentle blood, sound scholarship, and culture were united in him to a warm heart and a singular charm of manner whose spell I, who write these words, have often felt, and shall never forget. Conservative in politics, he was broadly liberal in all his ideas; and the glimpses of the great world which occasionally shone through his conversation were curious and interesting to a degree. He was one of the sufferers by the City Bank, and we who mourn him have one more indictment against that accursed conspiracy, in that it shadowed the last days of as good, and true, and kind a man as ever breathed.

Our local Tories, "they say," are about to set up a club of their own, and it is whispered that, when the members of the "New Club" remove to the building now in course of erection in West George Street, they will endeavour to acquire the Renfield Street Club-House.

I have been favoured with a copy of the "Report of Committee on Teachers' Emoluments." I find therefrom that the head dominies have been pretty severely sat upon. Of six 600-pounders last school year, their average income under the new regime will be under £420. The reduction generally is fully 30 per cent. on former stipends, and in 33 heads of schools the saving on this score alone is over £3,300. No wonder the schule maisters are up in arms against the two groups of R.C.s on the Brod. The drop is "prodigious"! *Hinc illae lacrymae.*

Blackwood's Magazine for December opens, *mirable dictu*, with an article on the theatre. The writer is one of the old school, but his ideas are in the main correct, and he possesses abundant acquaintance with his subject. It will hardly be said that he is too lavish in his praise. Sarah Bernhardt is twitted for her "meagre form, hard immobile face, voice of few notes, and practised cleverness." When criticising the Lyceum performance of "The Merchant of Venice," our *frondeur* describes the *Antonio* of Mr Forrester as "feeble and commonplace;" Miss Florence Terry and Miss Alma Murray, who are the *Nerissa* and *Jessica* of the cast would be "weak in the smallest of comediettas;" and Mr Barnes, who appears as *Bassanio*, "has to contend against disadvantages of person and bluntness of manner." The *Portia* of Miss Ellen Terry, again, "fails in its most essential point;" while if Mr Irving had "a voice that did not break into painful dissonances, and greater *physique* to give emphasis to his rage his *Shylock* would leave little to desire." Surely this fellow, like *Jago*, is nothing if not critical.

Where Ignorance is Bliss.

THAT truth is stranger than fiction is nowhere better illustrated than in the Bankruptcy Court. In that whitewashing department the other day a gentleman related how he started business without any capital and immediately bought book debts to the extent of £1200, and yet people will say no business can be carried on without capital. This same gentleman has now modestly estimated his book debts at 2s 6d per pound but he has no idea of how he arrived at the conclusion. Happy man, unhappy creditors.

AXE-ING HIS WAY.

Gladstone, backward double-quick
His canvass-bag despatch it;
And should you give, to "cut his stick,"
Don't let him throw, the hatchet.

THEIR PRINCIPAL INTEREST.—Mr Gladstone said at Dalkeith last Wednesday that the Parliamentary division lists are "most interesting documents." So they are—especially when they show, as did those of last session, that the Scotch Liberal members grossly neglect their duties

INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE.—According to Provost Mitchell, of Dalkeith, "Scotland was first called into political existence in 1832." My conscience! When was Provost Mitchell called into existence?

AND A GOOD REASON, TOO.—"If," demands the *Daily Telegraph*, "the votes manufactured in Mid-Lothian are illegal, why were they not struck out by the revising barrister?" Why, Mr Levy-Labouchere-Lawson? Probably because, as you might put it yourself, "we ain't got no revising 'barrister.'"

BROUGHT TO BOOK.—Mr Martin went so well over such a variety of "signs" in a recent speech at the Police Board, that Asinus verily believes he is writer of a "Sign Manual."

A "High" Authority on Projecting Signs.—"Hang out your banners on the outward walls!"—*Shakespeare*.

"MACBETH DOTH MURDER SLEEP!"—Councillor Reid wants to have our night-carts drawn by traction-engines instead of horses. Good heavens, Mr Reid! do you want to play *Macbeth* on a wholesale scale?

"PUNCHING" THE DIVINE WILLIAMS.—We are informed by *Punch* that "Shakespeare says:

'Our pleasant vices
Are made the whip to scourge us.'

Which is news.

W. E. G.

"Julia.—But shall I hear him speak?

Host.—Ay, that you shall.

Julia.—That will be music."—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

THE BAILIE is a Tory; (what d'ye say?
Delightful piece of quite superfluous knowledge?)

But now he lets his politics give way

In welcoming the Rector of our College.

The BAILIE'S glad to see you good Lord Rector;

Your coming west was matter of conjecture;

'Twas rather much for us to think, expect, or

Wish, that you'd find time to give your Rector's lecture.

But yes, you're coming here on Friday first;

(And won't those halfpenny evening papers pay!)

"Enough," to some, is not as good's a "burst"—

They'll have you speak by night as well as day.

They're making much of you; the BAILIE knows

You well deserve it—you old Tory railer!

But what about these tweeds—that suit of clothes—

Is't not too bad to disappoint your tailor?

It must have much surprised your folks and you

At every railway station to be caught

To make a speech the carriage-window through,

And then pass on—a very train of thought.

We would not wonder but you're somewhat bored

While all these magnates in each village seek

To read you some address of welcome and accord—

It looks to us like "Speak, I charge thee, speak!"

And yet it seems to you but trifling trouble

To speak on any theme, at any time;

And so we'll hear you though they crush us double—

To say that students "crush" we trust's no crime?

We need not say you're welcome— that you know,

For are you not a "citizen" already?

You've had your burgess ticket long ago—

You'll find our friendship still as true and steady

We'll join the cheer the Glasgow people raise;

We'll listen every word that you let fall;

Yet this for you—another "William" says,

"Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all."

A PUZZLED PUNSTER.

(Scene — Fashionable restaurant, countryman dining.)

Countryman—Waiter, whit kin' o' soup's this?

Waiter—Kidney, sir, kidney.

Countryman—Kidney, sae ye, losh man, a' kidney hae tell't it!

[Exit waiter in disgust.]

SUICIDAL STUFF.—Bailie Mowat fined a poor wretch last week for "attempting to commit suicide" in a public-house. Was the whisky so bad as *that*?

ASINUS IMPROVISETH.—Somebody advertises in the *Herald* for two tickets for the rectorial address, offering three guineas a-piece: where-
anent Asinus perpetrateth the following heroic couplet—

He that would pay three guineas to hear Glad-
Stone must be very rich or very mad.

A "Saw" New-set—After having come upon
wood knots wild.

Quavers.

THE singing-class committee connected with the Glasgow Foundry Boys' Society have issued a neat little collection of musical pieces, under the title of "The Harmonist," a number of musicians, here and elsewhere, having contributed arrangements. The selection does the committee much credit, and it is with satisfaction that one notices that two-part singing has now been sufficiently provided for.

The annual examination of the singing classes in connection with the above philanthropic and sensibly conducted society takes place in January next.

At the Chamber Concert by Mr Charles Halle and Madame Neruda, on Friday night, there will be two pianoforte solos (a Beethoven sonata, and a group from Schumann and Chopin), also two violin solos, one of them the famous "Trillo del Diavolo" of Tartini, the weird story of which is well known. There will likewise be two duets for piano and violin, from Mozart and Schubert. It goes without saying that the concert will be a success, while it is of far too rare a character here.

Referring to the question of the position of instruments and voices on the platform, an esteemed correspondent, and whilome conductor in our city, writes, "The Germans place their orchestra differently from what is done here at oratorios, and I think better. I always adopted their plan. The ladies should be in front, and the orchestra in the centre. I think the English way was introduced when the sopranos required to be led by the violins. Happily it is different now."

A second private recital was given on the Clough and Warren organ in Mr Donaldson's music saloon on Saturday afternoon, Mr Donaldson, Jun., playing (among other specially selected music) the overture to "Martha," and the Swedish piece of last Saturday, with much acceptance.

Mr Lambeth's choir gave a concert of sacred and secular music in Bluevale Church on Friday evening. The programme did not contain anything fresh, but it was well-selected, and the performance afforded much satisfaction. Mr Cornwall gave some organ solos in room of Mr Lambeth, and played the organ accompaniment to the song, "The Lost Chord," along with Mr Lambeth at the piano.

There was a good attendance at the concert given by the Glasgow Select Choir on Saturday evening, attracted greatly, no doubt, by curiosity to hear the part-song to which the prize of ten guineas was to be awarded, though not unnaturally also by the reputation of the choir itself. We have heard the choir give a better concert. Barnby's "Sweet and Low" was laboured and overdone, the voices flattening almost as a matter of course. Wallace's "Corin for Cleora Dying" proved that a successful operatic writer is not necessarily a good composer of part-songs, while it must be remarked that in the quick passages in this and other numbers the enunciation of the choir was rather more *parlante* than musical. Leslie's "Lullaby of Life" was rendered with more of legitimate success than other numbers in the programme. In our opinion, one of the best examples of part-singing during the concert was Smart's "Stars of the Summer Night," which was beautifully executed. Coming, however, to the "leading feature" of the concert, the prize part-song, it is with sorrow we must record an utter disappointment as to its merit. Truly, one has generally cause not to be over-sanguine of competitive music, but in this instance the piece awarded the handsome prize of ten guineas turned out, as we honestly think, to be hardly worth one, and the disappointment would be increased to many when the name of the author was announced—Henry Lahee, who has something of a reputation in this way. The subject is the common one, "The Hunt," but Mr Lahee has made a pretty rough scramble of it, and the melodic phrases are trite to a degree. If the prize part-song is the best of the lot sent in, of what poor stuff, one is ready to say, must the remaining one hundred and thirty-six consist. It would not surprise us, however, to find that at the concert of next Saturday, when a selection from the unsuccessfuls is to be sung, as we notice, that a composition much more worthy of the prize will be heard. By the way, the words of Mr Lahee's song contain the line, "When the sun like a furnace is glowing." We had always

thought something much cooler was desirable, and that "a southerly wind and a cloudy sky," as the song has it, were the huntsman's favourite meteorological conditions.

A Fact there's no *Sharking*.

THE BAILIE always likes to see fair play, and as his friend Willie Gladstone has had it rather "taken out of him" in Midlothian, he presents him with a brand-new indictment against the Government for Friday. Not only have spots on the sun and Afghan "cussedness" appeared since the demon Beaconsfield took office, but—another shark has turned up at Granton!

"Who kring upon old Sol those horrid marks?
Who put the Afghans up to all their larks?
Who fill the Firth of Forth with great big sharks?
The Tories!"

There, William! Intoxicate yourself with the exuberance of your own verbosity over that.

THIS MUCH TO ENGLAND!—His Worship has heard that several of the literary and artistic societies of Venice are preparing a "memorial" relative to the putting up of the Ludgate railway bridge, the taking down of Temple Bar, the "restoration" of old cathedrals, the reviving of "Queen Anne," and the practising of pre-Raphaelitism. It will likely receive the signature of many men of "Mark."

"IMPERIUM ET LIBERTAS."

Translated, it pets both our pride and opinions:—
"The sun never sets on the British dominions,"
And where Britain rules there is Liberty reigning,
(Although there be fools of e'en *justice* complaining,
Who won't pay their rint, nor yet own they're indebted,
But just look a-squint with "I wish you may get it.")

QUEENSFERRY COMFORTED.—Queensferry is "desolated." It was not permitted to read an address to the People's William. But take comfort, Queensferry. The People's William is likely to remember with much more gratitude those places where he was least pestered than those in which addresses, suits of clothes, caskets, and bonfires were strewed about his path like leaves in Vallambrosa.

"TIMEO DANAOS."—A Liberal paper asserts that if any distinction at all is made in the distribution of tickets for Mr Gladstone's meetings, it is "in favour of the Conservatives." Judging from the experience of the unfortunate Tory who was hustled out of the Dalkeith meeting, Conservatives would do well to have nothing to do with such "favours."

Mitchell's Old Irish Whisky, Belfast, is famed over the World.
Agent, David Mitchell, 20 Hope Street, Glasgow.

"Broken Hearts."

CONSIDERABLE mystery has always attached to that curious fracture popularly known as "a broken heart." Some have even gone the length of asserting that the phrase can have none but a metaphorical meaning. Light has, however, been thrown on the subject by a lady friend of the pursuer who gave evidence last week in a local breach-of-promise case. Ever since the *cause célèbre* of *Bardell v. Pickwick* such witnesses have been as interesting as they are trustworthy, and the BAILIE has much pleasure in calling the attention of "the faculty" to this lady's statement. Her jilted friend she stated to have been "very stout" before the match was broken off, and to have afterwards grown thin—adding, by way of explanation, "She was broken-hearted." Though an unfeeling audience laughed at this—as if an obese widow could not be "crossed in love" as well as an oyster!—their ill-timed merriment cannot alter the scientific value of the evidence.

The Govan Town Clerkship.

What the folk are saying about it—
THAT there is a regular scramble among the lawyers for the Town Clerkship of Govan.
 That a goodly number of the graith are in for it.
 That there are some queer lads among them.
 That one candidate had the Commissioners convened before the remains of the late Clerk were interred.
 That this must have been a bird of prey.
 That another lately found his way to one of the district Police Offices under a compulsory clause in the Police Act.
 That a copy of his testimonials was found in his pocket.
 That it is hard to say who will be the lucky man.

AN INFANT TERRIBLE.

(Scene—School-room).

Teacher—Now, Mary, here is a "dux ticket" for you, I am sure you will get a jelly piece when you go home to-night.
Mary—No, I'll no' sir, for there's jist ae canfu' jeelly in the hoose, an' my mither says its tae be kept for strangers.

Domestic Policy—After the general election, Mr Gladstone's studies may perhaps be rather in "home" than Homer.

"The Coming D—,"—The next "Drink."

"Wearin' Awa'."

POOOR dear Mr Gladstone! He has been making most creditable efforts to get up his Scotch. Lord Rosebery has told him what a "tulchan" is, and he perpetrated a really first-class Scotticism when he talked at Edinburgh of "other twelve months"—possibly the good soul thought "with you and I" was "Scotch" too!—but it won't do. The flavour of Liverpool hangs round him still. How mystified the "demonstrative" "ladies" and "women"—the great statesman drew the distinction most anxiously—of Dalkeith must have been by that eloquent climax wherein, after speaking of his return to the "land of brown heath and shaggy wood," and the rest of it, he asserted that he had also "returned" to the "Land o' the Leal!" My conscience, Willie! you may be wearin' awa'—you're certainly wearyin' us a'—but you're no' deid yet!

A STERN RESOLVE.

(Scene—Public-house on Glasgow and Carlisle road side).

Customer—You're surely a very old man.

Boniface—Aye, am ninty-seeven.

Customer—Ninety-seven! And do you think you'll manage the three figures?

Boniface—Ou ay, at onyrate I'll leeve as lang's I can.

The Port of Renfrew.

IT would seem that the recent improvements in the Harbour of Renfrew have already raised its shipping trade to a level with that of the ancient and important Port of Paisley. One evening last week the *Paisley Express* noted the arrival, on the same day, at the Broomielaw, of "The Hawk" from Paisley and "The Forward" from Renfrew, both, it may be added, being "empty." It is too early as yet to say anything with regard to the import trade of Renfrew, but this is fully expected to open next spring, with the usual scow load of manure for the Town Clerk's garden.

THAT'S FLAT!—Mr Martin had a great deal to say at last meeting of Town Council about certain "boots, jugs, black men, poles, tuns, casks, balls, cans, boxes, tambourines, drums, fiddles, and coffins" not being "flat upon the wall." What does he think of himself as a "flat" upon the floor?

The "Saw"-dust of the Circle—The wise saws of Mr Merryman.

Walter Wilson & Co.,
THE COLOSSEUM,
70 JAMAICA ST.
EXTRAORDINARY ANNOUNCEMENT!

ENORMOUS PURCHASE OF
LADIES' BEAVER HATS AND BONNETS,
 (SEVERAL THOUSANDS TO CHOOSE FROM.)
ALSO, IMMENSE VARIETY
(TRIMMED & UNTRIMMED) FOR MISSES.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,
LADIES' & GENTLEMEN'S HATTERS, MILLINERS, &c.,
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SPECIAL TO GENTLEMEN.

We have much pleasure in announcing that we are at present Showing all the Latest Novelties in
DRESS HATS,
FELT HATS,
TRAVELLING CAPS,
&c., &c.

Gentlemen who have not already given us a call, should look up and inspect our Stock, as they will find it the largest and best assorted stock of High-Class Goods in Scotland.

All Hats sold by us we guarantee to be made of the Finest Material and by the best Manufacturers in the Country, and we can assure Gentlemen that we leave no market unsearched where there is a likelihood of getting Stylish and First-Class Goods,

We also show Special Shapes for Youths, both in Dress and Felt Hats.

Boys' Hats and Caps, Latest Shapes, Hundreds of Special Styles to be had only from ourselves, and very suitable for Christmas Presents.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,
 Wholesale Hat Manufacturers,
COLOSSEUM,
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THE NEW CENTRAL CLOTHING HOUSE,

125 TO 133 ARGYLL STREET,

OPPOSITE ARGYLL ARCADE,

IS NOW OPEN AS A HIGH-CLASS CLOTHING & OUTFITTING ESTABLISHMENT.

ULSTERS! ULSTERS! In all the Latest Novelties for the present Season, Ready-made or to Order, for Ladies, Gentlemen, Boys, and Girls. Prices, Quality, and Style unequalled.

OVERCOATS! OVERCOATS! In Endless Variety and most Fashionable Materials.

BOYS' OVERCOATS and ULSTERS. 4s, 6s, 8s, 10s, 12s, 14s—all Sizes, most durable Materials, Style, Quality, and Fit Guaranteed.

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SUPERB TEA at 2s 4d Per Lb.

FAMILIES who are being supplied at "Wholesale Rates" (so called) by Wholesale Grocers and West-End Co-Operative Stores, should compare what they are buying at 2s 6d, 2s 8d, and 3s per lb. with the above Tea. There is nothing like it in Scotland.

NOTE.—From our large stock we still sell the same qualities at the old prices, notwithstanding the advance of 6d per lb. upon the Wholesale London Market.

STUART CRANSTON & CO.,

76 ARGYLE STREET (CORNER OF QUEEN STREET), GLASGOW.

**COOPER & CO.'S
FRUIT SYRUPS.**

LEMON and GINGER Especially Recommended.
1s 9d BOTTLE FOR 8½d,
3s 6d " " 1s 3d,

A Tablespoonful of the above in a Tumblerful of Cold Water makes a most refreshing and inexpensive Summer Drink.

To be had only from the Makers,
COOPER & CO., 10 and 12 Howard Street, and Branches.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

**HENRY THOMSON & CO.'S
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IRISH WHISKY.

SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—

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**CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE
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A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE YEAR ROUND; WARM, GRATEFUL, AND AROMATIC.
As Supplied to the Western, Junior, New, and other Clubs.

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DISPENSING CHEMIST,
126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

Ladies' Fur-Top Gloves,

WITH PATENT SPRING FASTENING,
2s 11d Per Pair 2s 11d.

AND OTHER QUALITIES, FROM 3s 6d TO 10s 6d.
GENTLEMEN'S, FROM 3s 6d TO 6s 6d.

Best Value in the City.

PROVAN & SMELLIE,
120 TRONGATE.

A Few Doors West of Candleriggs.

ENORMOUS DELIVERY

OF

**LADIES' FUR-TOP
GLOVES,**

(WITH PATENT SPRING FASTENING

3s 6d PER PAIR 3s 6d

ORDERED IN MARCH OF 1879,

THUS TAKING NINE MONTHS TO MAKE AND DELIVER.

OTHER QUALITIES from 5s to 15s a Pair.

In every variety of Fur Trimming.

GENTLEMEN'S, FROM 4s 6d TO 7s 6d A PAIR.

THE LARGEST DELIVERY OF FUR-TOP GLOVES

That ever entered any Glasgow Retail Warehouse.

FORSYTH'S,

13 RENFIELD STREET,

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 3rd, 1879.

IF anything were needed to bring discredit upon what is termed "Liberalism" in Glasgow, it would be supplied by the antics of our local Liberal Association. This precious body is constantly in hot water. It was started

for the ostensible purpose of opposing the spread of Toryism, but so well do its members love one another that, up till now, their time has been solely occupied with internecine warfare, or in quarrelling with some or other of their neighbours of like politics with themselves. Three people, of no particular account, appear to be the ruling elders of the Association. These are Ex-Bailie BURT, Mr A. M'DOUGALL, and Mr DAVID FORTUNE. According to what are said to be reliable statements, the membership of the body is at least 2000 strong, but, so slight is the interest taken in its affairs by the great majority of the members, the miniature notorieties named are allowed to do with it what they will, "bonneting"—metaphorically—all who oppose their projects, and otherwise gratifying their own vanity and making sport generally for the Philistines outside. The latest scrimmage in which the Association has borne part took place over the Gladstone demonstrations, and so determined were its wire-pullers that capital should be made out of these that they went far, in respect to Glasgow at all events, to ruin the entire affair. It seems, however, as if it were no more than natural that people of this kind should rise to the top in a Radical Association. There is an affinity between Radical opinions and the BURTS, M'DOUGALLS, and FORTUNES of society.

♦♦♦
SYMPATHY.

Wife (from the top of stairs to husband who, in attempting to get up stairs, has stumbled and fallen to the bottom)—Losh keep me, John, are ye ony waur?

John (sitting on the bottom step and rubbing his head)—Come ye doon the same way and see, guid wife.

♦♦♦
A CASE FOR AN INQUEST.—A very shocking case is reported from the neighbourhood of Loch Creran, where a poor woman, sick, lonely, and deaf, was burnt to death in her cottage because none of her neighbours could be prevailed upon to sit up with her. It is high time the Coroner made his appearance among us, if only for the sake of official notice and censure in such cases of inhumanity as this.

The "Art" of Mid-Lothian.—*Query*—The Gladstonic cartoons?

Ancell's Beefsteak Grill, 88 Virginia Place (Rear of Union Bank). Steaks, Chops, Kidneys, &c., cooked in large room.

Government Manilla Cheroots and Cigars (large size), 5 a. 1s. D. CARMICHAEL, 161 Ingram St., and 121 Buchanan St.

Na, Na! It Winna Dae.

'T'WAS within a hunner miles
O' sweet Edinbro' toon
In the back-en o' the year.
That Willie cam' a-coortin'—
(The cunnin' crafty loon)

An' thus he whispered in Midlothian's ear—
"Sweet Midlothian, blythe and gay
Let me woo thee here I pray."
Midlothian blushed, but frowning cried—
"Na, na! it winna dae,
I canna, canna, winna, winna,
Maunna buckle tae."

I've a laddie o' my ain,
A lad that weel I lo'e,
A braw Laird, an honest man, Sir, is he,
He has faithfu' been an' true,
His name—it is Buccleugh,
An' I widna hae him lightly think o' me.
"Sweet Midlothian," Willie cried,
"Turn from him, let us be tied!"
She hung her heid, but aye she sighed
"Na, na! it winna dae,
I canna, canna, winna, winna,
Maunna buckle tae."

In the nation I am great,
I will raise you to a state
That will make each ledly County envy thee,
As you stand close by my side
In your bonny tartan plaid
The proudest county in the kingdoms three.
"Tempt me not!" Midlothian cried,
"Trust me?" wheedlin' Willie sighed,
Midlothian firmly left his side—
"Na, na! it winna dae,
I canna, canna, winna, winna,
Maunna buckle tae."

♦♦♦
A HINT FROM GREENOCK.—The Greenock authorities are taking steps to put a stop to street preaching—a fact to which the BAILIE respectfully begs to call the attention of our local rulers. His Worship is not here going to discuss the question of street preaching *qua* street preaching, but he submits that if the provisions of our Police Act are to be rigidly enforced against betting-men, humble traders, and the like, they are also applicable to the man who causes an undoubted obstruction, and is very often offensive to public decency.

"LES PETITES LIONNES."—The BAILIE is indebted to his fashionable contemporary the *Evening News* for the information that one of the latest materials for ladies' jackets is lions' skin—or at least an imitation of it. So it seems that "a lion among ladies" is not such a fearful "wildfowl" as he was in the days of good Bully Bottom.

Sound at the Corps—The heart of Midlothian.

LONDON SCOTTISH RESORT, 3 Water Lane, Ludgate Hill, London, the only House for "Beal Johnny" Scotch Whiskies of all Brands, Scotch Ales, &c. Neil Mackay, Proprietor.

Megilp.

THE conversazione of the Art Club on Thursday last went off in what was really a crack manner. Something like forty-three members are enrolled on the Club's books, and most of these were not only present themselves, but brought friends as well. Mr Alexander Davidson, the president, occupied the chair, but his duties were comparatively light, so lively and full of spirits were the company. Among the features of the evening were the performances of a little instrumental party, five in number, who played with great taste, and, looking to the fact that they were all amateurs, with astonishing skill.

Rather more than thirty pictures were hung round the walls of the Club-room.

The Art Club Exhibition opens in the galleries of the Messrs Annan on the Monday of next week.

Friday last was "sending-in day" for the Exhibition of the Society of Water Colours, and by-and-by the hanging committee—ominous title—will be busy at work.

Mr James A. Aitken has contributed five drawings to the collection, the most important of which is a large and effective sea piece, strong in colour and handling, entitled "Bait Gatherers." All his works, however, are characteristically vigorous and telling.

Of the four works sent in by Mr William Young, two are illustrations of Highland and two of Lowland scenery. Mr Young spent his summer and autumn partly on the shores of the distant Loch Carron, partly at Sorn in Ayrshire, and partly in the neighbourhood of Jedburgh.

Mr David Murray will probably be represented in the Water Colour Exhibition by at least one drawing taken in the neighbourhood of Tarbert. Among the largest and also among the finest water colours he has yet painted is a view of the village, with the loch in the foreground, its still expanse flecked with gleams of sunlight.

The drawings of Mr A. K. Brown are four in number, and are all of excellent quality. The most important is a Lincolnshire scene, which, in sentiment and execution, recalls David Cox or Sam Bough. There is a depth and power in the sky which is altogether masterly.

It is expected that the coming exhibition of the Fine Art Institute will be exceeding strong in what may be termed loan pictures—or at all events in pictures which, although contributed by the artists themselves, are not sent for sale. Among those from whom, it is understood, pictures will be forthcoming under these conditions, are Mr Pettie and Mr Orchardson.

A new art serial, to be entitled *The Artist*, will be started in London next month. Its editor is asking for a monthly letter from "Dublin, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and other important towns," the remuneration for which will be "a copy of the paper and an accredited *entree* as its representative." Literary, like other matter, is usually worth just what is paid for it, and we may therefore gauge at their proper value the provincial art notes that appear in *The Artist*.

Our artist friends will make a point, of course, of reading the the two articles in the *Nineteenth Century* for December on "The Government and the Artists," one of which is by Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., and the other by H. T. Wells, R.A.—fashionable painters both of them.

Writing in the *Athenium* of Saturday concerning the Winter Exhibition at the Dudley Gallery, Mr Stephens, its art-critic, falls foul once more of Mr MacWhirter, whose picture entitled "Old Rome" he terms "a flimsy piece of scene-painting." Nothing in contemporary journalism is more marked—shall we say more disgraceful?—than the persistent attacks made by this person on Mr MacWhirter and Mr Hamilton Maccallum.

Councillor Martin's Latest Essay—On the "signs" of the times.

BICYCLES. { New, Second Hand, and Exchanged. Patent Saddles, Oil, Wrenches, Lamps, Sundries.—West of Scotland Bicycle Co., 104 Renfield Street.

Wanted to Know.

HOW Dr J. G. Wilson relished Donald's visit on Tuesday evening.

If on taking leave of his visitors he enquired "When shall we three meet again?"

In what terms the Doctor will reply to Donald's letter which appeared in Thursday's *Mail*.

The views of Mr William M'Ewen now that the charge has been reiterated and the authority quoted.

What Mr Richard R. Grant thinks of the protest lodged against him as a Director of the Maternity Hospital, now that he has had time for cool reflection on the subject!

Why the large majority of the Directors were conspicuous by their absence on Tuesday last.

A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.

Lord B.—A fire-work.

Mr G.—A fire-brand.

NEITHER "D.T." NOR "T.T."—A "meat nurse for a poetic child" is of course a dry one. Our friend, Asinus, prefers it "wet," as *ecce signum* :—

"The water off"—it matters not
So long as I've good whisky got ;
I care not when they lay their pipes
So long as I've got beer or swipes ;
Or what care I how oft they burst
So long's there's "drink" to slake my thirst.

JUST-ICE TO SCOTT-LAND!—It is of "England that Mr Gladstone speaks on the stump that he has hewn for himself in Midlothian—"the name of *England* has been discredited"—"the strength of *England* depends," *etc.* From this is it to be understood that Mr Gladstone is consistently seeking the suffrages of a pre-eminently *Scott-ish* constituency? If of "England" he doth speak, it's of her that he should seek.

RAINY, MISTY, OR HAZY?—A "Special Correspondent," who goes in heavily for "word-painting," says that at last week's meeting in the Edinburgh Music Hall Principal Rainy had "a curious misty look in his eyes." Oh, fie! why mention it? But perhaps it was only a rainy look, after all. At all events, let's put it down to the weather.

WIRE "OUT."—To whom belongs the *solum* of Glasgow streets? How deep does it descend into the earth, how high ascend into the air? Is it as high as the spider network of telegraphs and telephones?

American Apples from 17s 6d per Barrel, at M. CAMPBELL'S 18 Gordon Street, or from any of his Branch Shops.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS FROM THE MODERN
JOHNSON.

Idiot—One who does not agree with us on politics.

Billingsgate—The dialect of parliamentary orators when stumping the country.

Scandal—"Town Talk."

Beauty (professional) — The slave of the camera.

Anomaly — An Irish landlord heading an anti-rent agitation.

Playwright—A stage carpenter.

Shebeen—The policeman's happy hunting-ground.

Sedition—A combination of patriotism and lunacy.

Diplomacy—The science of blarney.

Lodger—One who enjoys all the discomforts of a home.

Baby—The quintessence of aggravation.

Piano—The nineteenth century instrument of torture.

CHANGE FOR A TEETOTALLER.—Professor M'Kendrick says that the effect of alcohol is to change a man's nature. Possibly; but the BAILIE doubts if any amount of alcohol would make good-natured fellows of one or two sour teetotallers he knows.

T H E G A I E T Y

Proprietor and Director,Mr C. BERNARD.

This Week,

M R C H A R L E S D I L L O N,
In W. G. Wills's New Play,
B O L I V A R.

Open at 6-30. Commence at 7-30. Prices, from 6d to 5s.
Box Office open from 10 till 4.

P R I N C E O F W A L E S T H E A T R E.

Lessee and Manager,Mr SIDNEY.

To-Night, and Every Evening this Week,

M I S S R O S E E Y T I N G E,
M R C Y R I L S E A R L E,

And their Specially Selected COMPANY, in CHARLES READE'S
Great Drama,

T H E D O U B L E M A R R I A G E.

ON THURSDAY, DECEMBER 4TH,

The Performance will be under the Distinguished Patronage and
Presence of

T H E R I G H T H O N. W E. G L A D S T O N E,
M R S W E. G L A D S T O N E,
A N D T H E E A R L O F R O S E B E R Y.

Box Office Open from 11 till 4.

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From the Principal Orchestral Concerts.

On SATURDAY FIRST, 6th DECEMBER, 7-30 to 9-30.
Doors Open at 7. Admission, 6d.

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3 1/6, 3 7/6 & 4 1/6 per Dozen

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QUEEN'S ROOMS.

ASSISTED BY

M D M E. N O R M A N N E R U D A,

Will give

A C H A M B E R C O N C E R T,

As above on

F R I D A Y E V E N I N G, 5th D E C E M B E R,

At Eight o'clock.

P R O G R A M M E :—

P A R T I.

Grand Sonata, Pianoforte *Beethoven.*

Solo Violin "Ill Trillo del diavolo" *Tartini.*

Duet, Piano and Violin *Mozart.*

P A R T I I.

Solo Pianoforte..... (a) "Novelett" *Schumann.*

(b) "Nocturne" } *Chopin.*

(c) "Valse"..... }

Solo Violin... { (a) Adagio, in F..... *Spohr.*

(b) "Le Mouvement Perpetuel," in C. *Paganini.*

Grand Fantasia, Piano and Violin..... *Schubert.*

Tickets—5s (reserved), 3s 6d, 2s, and 1s—of J. Muir
Wood & Co., 42 Buchanan Street.

GLASGOW SELECT CHOIR.

PRIZE PART-SONG CONTEST.

S T. A N D R E W ' S H A L L S.

S A T U R D A Y F I R S T, 6th D E C E M B E R.

Performance of Several Competition Part-Songs Selected by
the Judges, and
Other Popular Compositions.

Doors Open at Seven o'clock; Concert at Eight.
Tickets—2s and 1s—from Principal Musicsellers.

R O Y A L E X C H A N G E.

NEW MEMBERS (Town and Country) will now be
ENROLLED for year 1880, thus giving them benefit of
Present Month Gratis.
1st December, 1879.

OVERCOATS GREATCOATS & ULSTERS

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GLASS AND CHINA AT M'DOUGALL & SONS, 77 & 79 BUCHANAN STREET
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TEA, TABLE, TOILET, AND DESSERT SETS, TABLE GLASS, &c. Presents in endless variety.
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ESTABLISHED OVER FIFTY YEARS.

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GRAND CHORAL CONCERT.
ST. ANDREW'S HALL, TUESDAY, 9th DEC., 1879.
ROSSINI'S ORATORIO

"MOSES IN EGYPT."

(First Time of Performance in Scotland.)

SOLO VOCALISTS.

MISS ANNE MARRIOTT,	MR EDWARD LLOYD.
MRS SMITH,	MR HENRY GUY,
MISS JULIA ELTON,	MR J. BRIDSON,

HERR HENSCHEL,

And MEMBERS of GLASGOW CHORAL UNION.
CHORUS—GLASGOW CHORAL UNION.

GRAND ORCHESTRA OF SIXTY PERFORMERS.

ORGANIST—DR. A. L. PEACE.

CONDUCTOR—MR H. A. LAMBETH.

Doors open at 7; Concert at 8.

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Subscribers may still be enrolled for the Full Series of Concerts.

Prospectuses and Forms of Applications may be had from the principal Musicsellers, and from Mr John Wallace, Secretary, 58 West Regent Street.

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CELEBRATED LONDON PARTY
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NO INCREASE IN PRICES.

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Miss HELEN D'ALTON.

Miss EDITH ROSS.

Miss FRANCIS L. OVID.

Mr W. SHAKESPEARE.

Mr THURLEY BEALE.

Mr F. W. BRIDGMAN.

Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats, 2s; at the Office, 58 Renfield Street. Doors open at a Quarter to 7; Concert at a Quarter to 8.

JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

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Proprietor Mr CHARLES HENGLER.

GLASGOW ART CLUB.

THE SEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION

of PAINTINGS in OIL and WATER-COLOURS, by Members of the Club, will Open on MONDAY, 8th DECEMBER, in Messrs ANNAN'S GALLERY, 153 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

ADMISSION FREE.

CATALOGUES SIXPENCE.

JOHN STREET U.P. CHURCH CHOIR
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CONCERT OF SACRED MUSIC

IN THE CHURCH,

FRIDAY EVENING, 5th DECEMBER, AT 8 O'CLOCK.

Haydn's Mass in B Flat (No. 1), and Selections.

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Principally by Scotch Artists,

Including

Two Large and Important Pictures by Joseph Henderson, Examples of

Alex. Fraser.	J. Milne Donald.	Hor. M'Culloch.
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Wm. Currie.	G. W. Graham.	John Chalmers.

And other well-known Artists.

Also a Few Old Line Engravings,

Including Works from the Private Collections of Gentlemen in Glasgow and neighbourhood.

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell the above by Auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, North Court, Saint Vincent Place, on Friday, 5th December, at One o'clock.

On View, with Catalogues, on Morning of Sale.

Parties wishing Art Property included in above Sale should send a List of their Lots to the Auctioneers To-Day (Monday), 1st December, in order that they be properly Catalogued.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 1st December, 1879.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Thursday 4th December, at Twelve.

EXTENSIVE PUBLIC SALE OF

ALL-WOOL TWEEDS,

FRENCH COATINGS,

Fancy Jacket Cloth, Blue Naps, Overcoatings, Black Doe, Dress Stuff and Ulster Tweeds, Shirtings, Bed Mats, Cotton Sheets, Tartan Handkerchiefs, Lambs'-Wool Pants and Shirts, Scotch Blankets, Alhambra and Honeycomb Quilts, Felt Skirts, Grecian Cord.

(Removed for convenience of Sale, and realised to recoup Advances.)

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell the above, by Auction, in their Rooms, North Court, Saint Vincent Place, on Thursday, 4th December, at Twelve o'clock prompt.

Details in Catalogues, which may be had on application.

On View Morning of Sale.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 1st December, 1879



ISLAY WHISKY.

W. & J. MUTTER,
BOWMORE DISTILLERY,
COUNTING-HOUSE, 41 ANN STREET, CITY, GLASGOW.

On Wednesday, 3d December, in the City Sale-Rooms, 41 West Nile Street.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT SALE OF
STANDARD ORNAMENTAL TREES,
Shrubs in great Variety.

Fruit Trees and Roses true to name.

Also Gooseberry and Currant Bushes, all grown in exposed situations, with fine roots.

BY AUCTION

J. & R. EDMISTON will Sell the above, in the City Sale-Rooms, 41 West Nile Street, on Wednesday, 3d December, at 12 Noon.

Catalogues day prior on application to

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In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, To-Day (Tuesday), and Wednesday, 2nd and 3rd December.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT PUBLIC SALE OF
CHOICE FURS,

Rich Sealskin Paletot Jackets,
Beautiful Sable Flouncings, Capes, Suites, and Trimmings.
Realised to Cover Advances.

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. are instructed to

Sell the above extensive Stock, by Auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Tuesday and Wednesday, 2nd and 3rd December, commencing at Twelve o'clock each day, comprising Rich Sealskin Paletot Jackets, Sable Flouncings, Capes, Suites and Trimmings; a Choice Assortment of Circular Cloaks, Lined with Squirrel, Astrachan, Minx, Genette, &c., &c.

On View Mornings of Sale.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 1st December, 1879.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Tuesday and Wednesday, 9th and 10th December.

IMPORTANT PUBLIC SALE OF
GOLD JEWELLERY;

Comprising

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Gold and Silver Lever and Geneva Watches, by eminent Makers.
Gem Rings, Set with Brilliants, Emeralds, Torquoise, Rubies, Pearls, and other Precious Stones.
Single, Half-Hoop, and Cluster-Set Diamond Rings;
Gold Albert and Guard Chains; 18-Carat Gold Crest Bracelets;
Ladies' and Gentlemen's Dress and Signet Rings, mounted with Pearls and Emeralds of various weights;
Massive Gold Locketts, of the Newest Shapes, and Artistic Designs;
Trinkets and Charms;

Gold Scarf Pins, Set with Brilliants, Roses, and other Rare and Valuable Stones;

Ladies Elegantly Mounted Gold and Silver Geneva Watches, &c. (Amounting per practical Jeweller's detailed valuation to £170; 18s sterling, being a forfeit deposit to the Private Contract Company, and Sold to Recoup their Advances as per Agreement).

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. are instructed to

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Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 1st December, 1879.

IMPORTANT SPECIAL SALE.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Friday, December 12
PUBLIC SALE OF HIGH-CLASS

SCOTCH PICTURES,

Including an Important Collection of Charming
PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS

By the most Celebrated Scotch Artists of this Century.

Among which may be mentioned several Important Examples of Arthur Perigal, R.S.A.; Three Charming Specimens of Alex. Fraser, R.S.A.; a few Select Works by the late Sam Bough, R.S.A.; Two Characteristic Pictures from the Easel of James A. Aitken; a recent Work of W. B. Hole, A.R.S.A.; and well-selected Examples of W. D. Mackay, A.R.S.A.; Beattie Brown, A.R.S.A.; and other Associates, Academicians, and Prominent Artists of the Scotch School; also, a Series of Charming Drawings by that Rising Artist, J. Jack, of Edinburgh. All purchased in Exhibitions or direct from the Artists.

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. are instructed to

Sell the above important Collection in the Art Gallery of the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, North Court, 5 St. Vincent Place, on Friday, 12th December, at One o'clock.

Catalogues may be had Three Days Prior to the Sale, and the Collection will be on View on the day before the Sale.
Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 1st December, 1879.

R A E B R O W N & C O.,
AUCTIONEERS AND VALUATORS,

beg to intimate that they have REMOVED into their new Premises, the WESTERN SALE-ROOMS, 151 SAUCHIE-HALL STREET.

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The THIRD of the ORGAN RECITALS for the present Winter will be given by the CITY ORGANIST (Mr LAMBETH), in the CITY HALL, on SATURDAY FIRST, at Four o'clock prompt.

Doors open at 3-30,
Admission and Programmes of the Music Free.
Chamberlain's Office, 1st Dec., 1879.

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Price of Regular Size Pad,10s.

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In introducing this New Department of our Business, we may explain that though it is the first attempt of the kind in Glasgow, yet it has been carried on with great success by the most celebrated Hosiers and Glovers in the Cheapside and Strand, London, and we feel quite confident that with your kind patronage, and our strict attention, this novelty cannot fail to be a great success.

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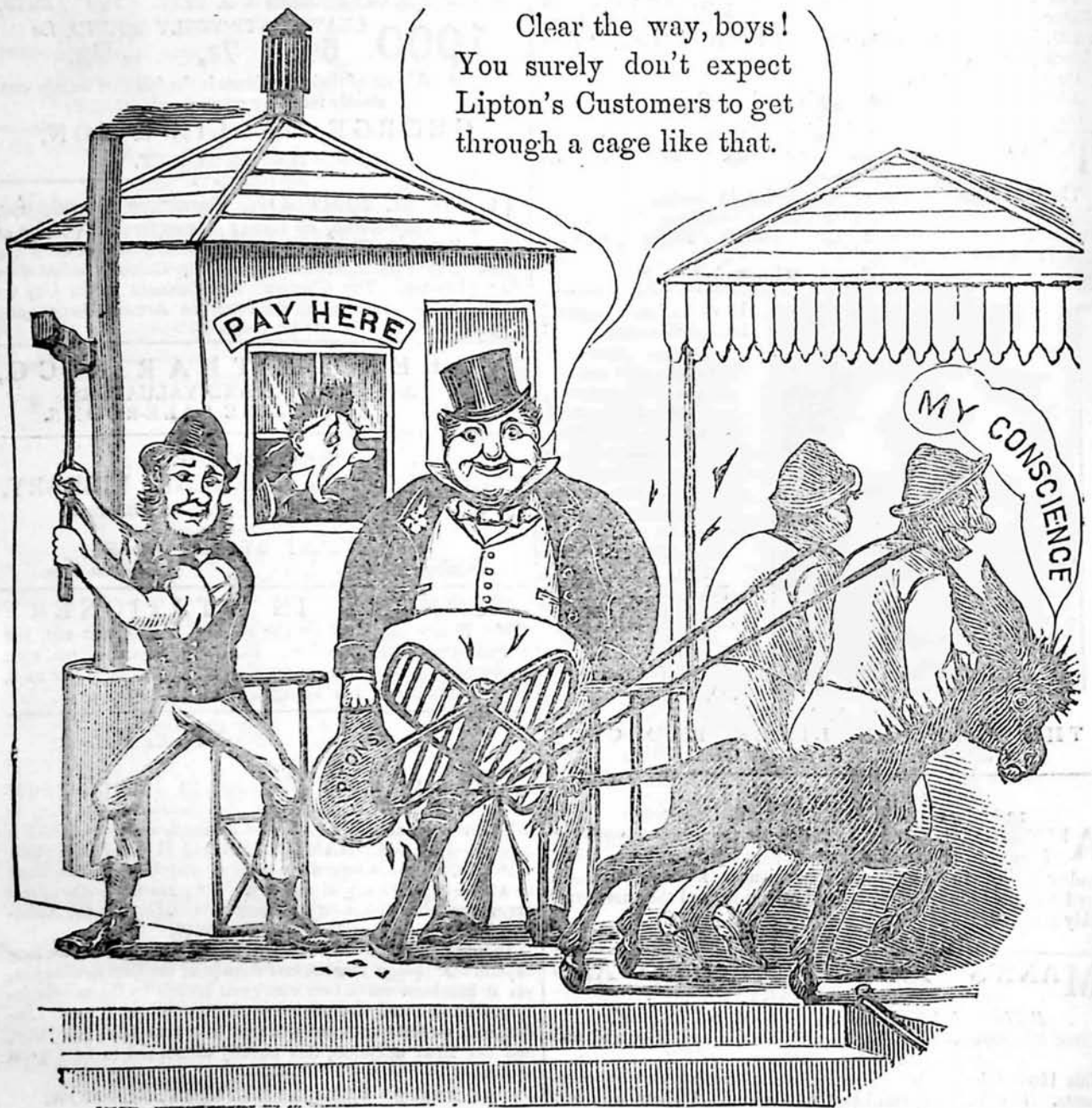
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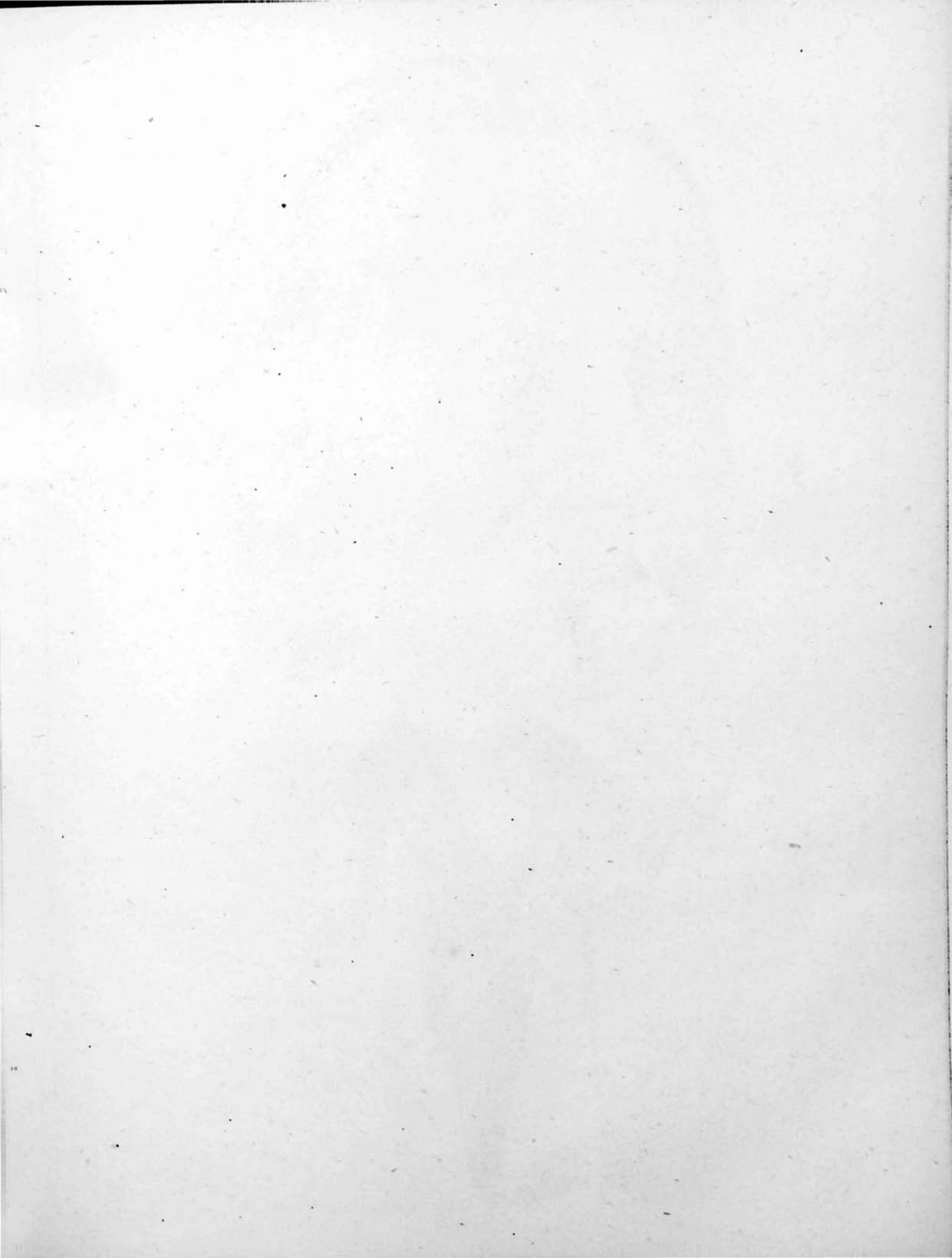
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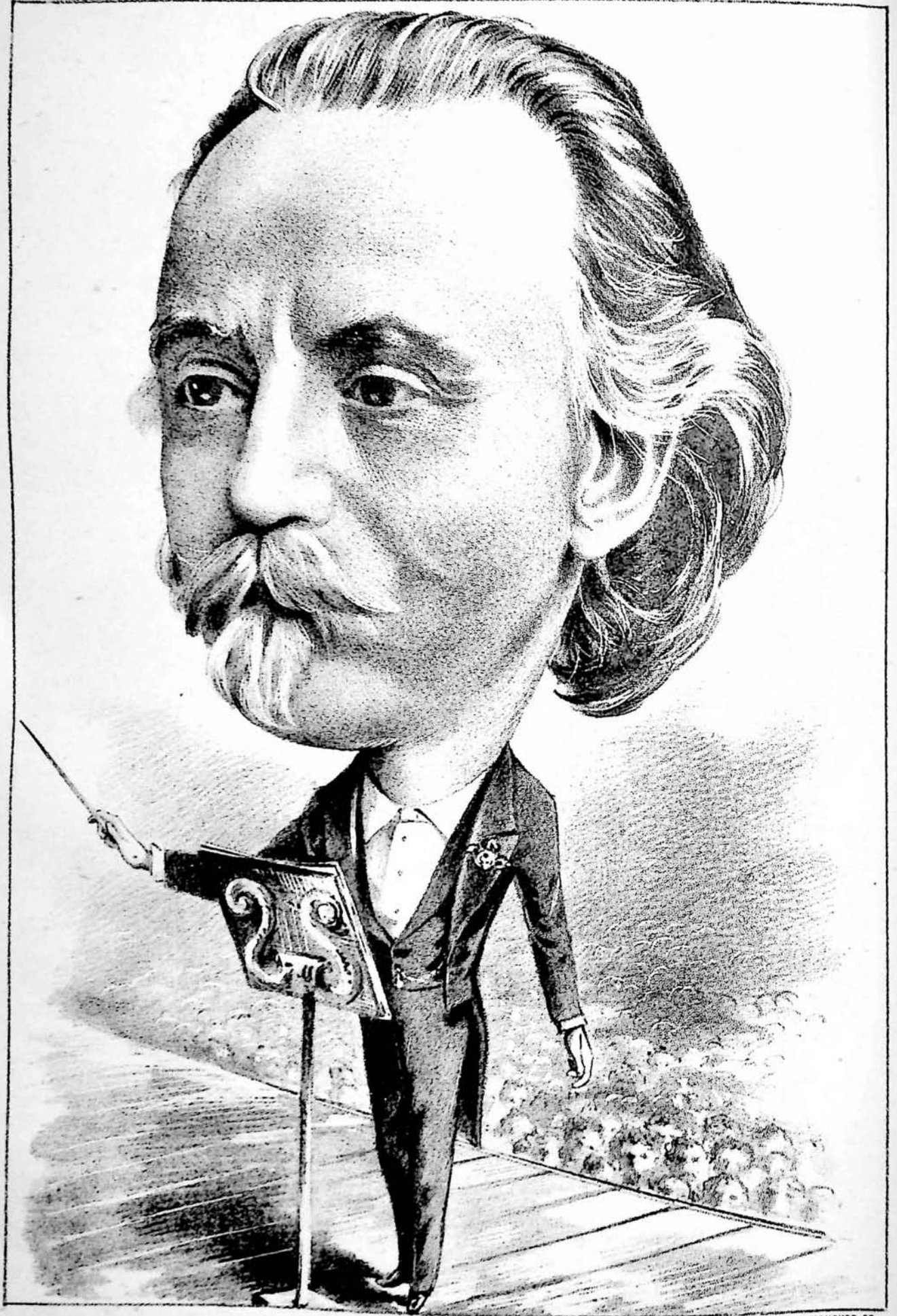
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SCENE: YORK STREET FERRY.





The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 373. Glasgow, Wednesday, December 10th, 1879. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 373.

IF in these days Art is too often found in the degrading position of a hard-wrought drudge to money-makers, we have the satisfaction, now and then, of lighting on instances in which its honour and dignity are upheld, and in which mercenary motives find no place. Conspicuous among such examples of disinterested devotion to Art, is that furnished by the Glasgow Choral Union, which in its life now of a quarter of a century or more has done so much for the musical improvement of our city. Having added, of late years, the department of orchestral music to that which is more immediately implied in the title of the society—a cognate enterprise, it should not be forgotten, which but for the generosity of some of the leading citizens might very possibly have been abandoned ere this—the Choral Union has succeeded in widening and deepening the artistic sympathies of the Glasgow public, by affording opportunities, that certainly would not have been otherwise had, of listening to some of the grandest works of genius in the domain of abstract musical composition. For the thorough enjoyment and appreciation of these, it must always, however, be remembered, a measure of preliminary study is necessary. We have this week entered on the sixth season of the Choral and Orchestral Concerts, and with every prospect of its being as successful a season as those which have gone before. One circumstance which is likely to conduce to this desirable result—not, of course, to overlook improving trade, and comparative commercial calm generally—is the engagement, as conductor, of Herr AUGUST MANN'S of the Sydenham Crystal Palace, a gentleman whom the BAILIE now introduces to his musical friends and the public. It was

a "happy thought," indeed, to secure the experienced aid of Herr MANN'S, but the wonder is that the thought did not occur before, considering the distinguished position so long held by the leader of the celebrated band at Sydenham. It is now we dare say twenty years ago since the concerts of the Crystal Palace Orchestra began to assume importance in the estimation of the public, the recognition of the London critics being, if we remember rightly, somewhat tardily accorded. It was to a suburban concert-room that London people went every week to hear what they had no opportunity of hearing in the metropolis—the great instrumental writings of composers from Bach down to Schumann and Brahms. To Herr MANN'S and his highly trained orchestra musical people are indebted for their first introduction to Wagner, to Schumann, and to Schubert—nay even to much of Mendelssohn, that might otherwise have lain *perdu*. Most important of all, the Beethoven symphonies, including the choral ninth of the set, were regularly performed at the Crystal Palace. To Herr MANN'S then, we in the provinces are naturally indebted, indirectly, for much of the acquaintance we now possess with important orchestral compositions, for the Crystal Palace programmes have long been in request as safe guides to what is good and worthy of attention, whether new or old. As we learn from a biographical notice in the "Dictionary of Music and Musicians," now in course of publication, Herr MANN'S was born in 1825 at Stolzenburg, near Stettin. He learned the violin, flute, and clarionet, and by-and-bye connected himself both with an operatic orchestra and a regimental band, playing among the first violins in the former and being first clarionet in the latter. Ere long Herr MANN'S joined Gungl's celebrated orchestra at Berlin, and was at length advanced to the post of conductor

and solo-violin player at Kroll's Garden—the Crystal Palace of the Prussian capital. In Berlin, moreover, he studied harmony and composition. Subsequent to a short engagement in the London Crystal Palace Band, then a wind band only, Herr MANNS is found connected with (what is of local interest) the orchestra of Mr Wood's opera company in Edinburgh, the remembrance of which must be fresh in the recollection of middle-aged readers of the BAILIE. Herr MANNS was finally, in the autumn of 1855, appointed conductor of the Crystal Palace Band, which under his efforts was soon transformed into a full orchestra, and he has ever since filled that post. From the article which we have consulted, and which is from the pen of Mr George Grove, so long the secretary of the Crystal Palace, and esteemed for his valuable musical annotations, we conclude with the following pertinent sentences. "In a remarkable article in *The Times* of April 28th, 1847, it is said that 'the German conductor makes the orchestra express all the modifications of feeling that an imaginative soloist would give voice to on a single instrument.' It is to this power of wielding his band that Mr MANNS has accustomed his audience during the 24 years of his conductorship. In addition to the many qualities necessary to produce this result he is gifted with an industry which finds no pains too great, and with a devotion, which not only makes him strictly loyal to the indications of the composer, but has enabled him to transcend the limits of a mere conductor, and to urge on his audience music which, though at first received with enthusiasm only by a few, has in time amply justified his foresight by becoming a public necessity."

THE FARM.—*Land and Water.*

Then—Make hay while the sun shines.

Now—Make money while the ice bears.

(H)AND, A COPULATIVE CONJUNCTION.—

Bauldy says he has been honoured by having shaken hands with Mr Gladstone. As he hasn't washed them since, his hands cannot be said to have come out very clean in the transaction.

"The 'Pen' Folk"—The hollow-squared on the afternoon of Friday. The In-"stalled"—The "pen" folk in the St. Andrew's Hall.

The Area-n Races—Cooks and constables.

FERGUSON'S EDINBURGH ROCK
is the best present from Edinburgh. 1 Melbourne place,
near the Castle

Trinklied.

HERE'S to the Liberal of bumptious pretence,
Here's to the Tory aye happy,
Here's to the canny old voter with sense,
And here's to them all, in a nappy.
Let the wine run, drink to the fun,
I warrant we'll find an excuse for this one.

Chorus—Let the wine run, &c.

Here's to old Dizzy, whose 'cuteness we prize,
Now to his sub., who has none, Sir;
Here's to Gladstone, with his pair of sharp eyes,
And here's to them all every one, Sir.
Let the wine flow, drink to the show,
I warrant we need no excuse for this "go."

Chorus—Let the wine flow, &c.

Here's to the man with a good heart and true,
Who is able to pilot us steady;
With tyrants of all kinds we've nothing to do,
Here's to him that is ready, aye ready.
Stand to your post, cherish the toast,
I warrant we know him we each love the most.

Chorus—Stand to your post, &c.

A Stirling Enterprise.

"IN view," runs an advertisement in the *Herald*, "of the great increase of periodicals having a doubtful tendency, the trustees of the Stirling Tract Enterprise are making a strong effort to increase the sale of their monthly periodical . . . to 300,000 copies monthly. They respectfully invite the earnest support of all interested in the circulation of sound evangelical teaching in the homes of our land to aid them in attaining a circulation of 300,000 copies. May be obtained at all the booksellers." Now, his Worship is not above taking a hint from even the trustees of the Stirling Tract Enterprise; so here goes:—"In view of the great increase of periodicals having a wishy-washy and maudlin tendency, the BAILIE is making a strong effort to increase the sale of his weekly periodical to 300,000,000 copies weekly. He respectfully invites the earnest support of all interested in the circulation of sound humorous teaching in the homes of our land to aid him in attaining a circulation of 300,000,000 copies. May be obtained at all the booksellers." Now, "all interested," go ahead!

SNUBBING THE CUDDIES.—It is understood that the real reason why the students abandoned their intention of harnessing themselves to Mr Gladstone's carriage on Thursday evening was that the right honourable gentleman expressed his determination to get out and walk if it was attempted to draw him behind any animals less noble than the horse. If there was to be an Ass, it must be the BAILIE'S.

American Apples from 17s 6d per Barrel, at M. CAMPBELL'S
18 Gordon Street, or from any of his Branch Shops.

What I was Saying in Sauchiehall Street on Thursday Evening.

THAT it's cold.

That I think a little drop of something warm wouldn't hurt.

That it's a fine thing to see the people turning out in their thousands to welcome a great—if mistaken—statesman.

That I wish the people—in their thousands—were less boisterous, and would refrain from jostling me.

That it's *very* cold.

That I think another little drop of something warm wouldn't —.

That the publicans *en route* ought to pay the great statesman a commission on their extra profits.

That—happy thought! Suppose I help them?

That it's wrong to bring children into such a crowd.

That I feel quite sorry for the poor little darlings.

That it's *deuced* cold.

That I think another little drop of something warm —.

That this enthusiasm is enough to make a fellow turn Liberal.

That—Hallo, Brown! How *are* you, dear boy?

That I think two little drops of something —.

That I never knew before what an attash—attachment I have for you, Brown, old fellow.

That — Here he is!

That it's a false alarm.

That I think two more little dropsh —.

That I'm afraid Brown's been drinking.

That it's a grashepith—I mean, a—great—pity.

That the fog has got into my throat.

That I think another little —.

That — Here's Gladstone!

That I won't be taken in *this* time.

That it *was* Gladstone, after all.

That I think another —.

That it's very insolent on the barman's part to decline to supply me.

That he's intosh'cated.

That I shall go home and write a letter to the *Mail* about it.

That—*Confound* Gladstone! He ought to be pulled up for obstructin' the thoroughfaresh!

Comparative "Fizz"-iology—Real "cham" *v.* champagne ginger.

Famed 8d Dinner and 6d Tea Service, City Commercial Restaurant, 60 Union Street, Matthew Waddell.

A Tip from Irvine.

PROVOST BROWN, of Irvine, seems to combine the dissimilar attributes of magnanimity and shrewdness at a bargain. It has, it appears, long been the custom for the municipal dignitaries of that ancient burgh to attend the Established Church, and at last meeting of Town Council the Provost, who is a Dissenter, observed that he was going to make an offer which he thought very liberal on his part—viz., that he was willing to go to church once a month provided that those members of Council who belonged to the Established Church should go every Sunday. Either the generosity of this offer or the condition attached to it seems to have taken Mr Brown's colleagues aback; for no one responded to it save the Treasurer, who gasped out that "the Provost's offer was very handsome." How would it do to introduce this system of compromise as a promoter of the harmony of our own Council? Suppose the Lord Provost were to consent to drink one "half" a week on condition that Mr ——— confined himself to three a day? or Mr Neill were to be permitted a monthly debauch on "figgers" in consideration of not mentioning the subject of arithmetic at any other time? Eh?

FROM THE COUNTRY.

(Scene: Head of Jamaica Street: Jockey and Jenny standing before Symington's Patent Fire Alarm.)

Jenny—Jock, whit kin' o' clock's that?

Jock—Hut's! wuman; that's no a clock, it's a wather gless.

M'CALL'S BRASS BAND.—The police band, of which we heard so much at one time, will soon be fully equipped. After a "party" row the other day a drum and two fifes "fell into the hands of the police." What with these trophies, and the amount of "brass" inherent in the Force, the members of Herr Manns's orchestra will have to look to their laurels.

THE C'RECT CARD.—No wonder that there has been such a row over the apportioning of the tickets for the demonstration of Friday last. The selling of "Gladstone" Tickets promised to be, like many other specs, if not honourable, at least profitable. To stoop (if it be stooping) was worth while when there was 500 *per cent.* to be picked up.

Beveridge's Guaranteed Mixed Pickles, Red Cabbage, Mushroom Ketchup, Sauces and Table Condiments, unrivalled for purity and flavour.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE.—If the quotation were not so painfully hackneyed, I should feel inclined to address you as Postumus, and observe, "*Eheu fugaces—!*" or words to that effect. It seems but yesterday that *Cinderella* tripped on the Gaiety boards, and now "pantomime-time" has come round again, and that sprightly maiden will be feloniously replaced on Saturday evening by Forty Thieves.

I have already given you the names of the principal performers, and it may not be out of place if I try to impart to your readers some notion of what they—or, at least, as many of them as the theatre will hold—may expect to see on Saturday. Instead of the old-fashioned diabolical opening, we have a fairy one, the scene being the "Silver Forest" ruled over by the fay *Finance*. Her antagonist, *Repudiation*, having made his appearance, their interview gives the *motif* of the piece—a *motif* unknown to the "Arabian Nights," and all the more ingenious on that account.

We are next introduced to the woodcutter, *Ali Baba*, his gay hopeful *Ganem* (Miss Soldene), and a quadruped whom your Worship will probably recognise as an old, if not too reputable, acquaintance. From this point the story proceeds much on the lines of the dear old original—with, of course, sundry interpolations, musical, "topical," "local," &c.

The Robber's Cave—where the dandy *Captain Abdallah* (Miss Clara Vesey), and the truculent *Lieutenant Hassarac* (Mr Macintosh) delight to *desire in loco*—possesses "fixin's" of a kind to make the members of the "Junior" turn green with envy; and a waxwork exhibition on view here includes many a man you know. Later on we have a most amusing reproduction of the washing-house scene in "Drink." In the end poetic justice is of course done upon all and sundry at the hands of a virtuous *Cadi* with large ideas of the value of his decisions, and the fairy *Finance*.

Your space will not permit me, my Magistrate, to go into details, or to speak of the choruses, the processions, the scenery, the dresses, and the rest. I can only recommend you on Saturday to take possession of your stall early, and not "bide a wee." (N.B.—You may possibly hear this last expression on the opening night.)

—o—

Mr Sidney has determined, in order that his pantomime may be properly rehearsed, to close the Prince of Wales Theatre to-night and all the week up till Saturday, on which evening "The Fair One with the Golden Locks" will be placed on the stage. This, as I suppose your readers are aware, BAILIE, is the title selected by our friend for his Christmas and New Year entertainment. And indeed I don't know a better subject for a pantomime than the charming nursery romance which has fair-haired *Queen Lucidora* for its heroine. The incidents of the carp, the raven, and the owl, together with the ring which was so strangely recovered from the bottom of a river, the death of the giant—no romance would be complete without a giant—and the mysterious beauty-philtre, the smashing of which has such disastrous consequences for *King Lachrymoso*, all these lend themselves so readily to pantomime treatment that I wonder sometimes why "The Fair One with the Golden Locks" isn't laid under contribution by the writers of our Christmas burlesques much oftener than it is.

As adapted for the Prince of Wales Theatre, the story has been turned into a bright little comedy, told in tripping, musical verse. The fairy element is as usual brought largely into play, and—as in all Mr Sidney's pantomimes—the piece contains a due infusion of graceful and buoyant fun.

A gigantic "cobweb," the abode of the spider *Arachnius*, forms the opening scene, and it is upon the ill-will entertained by *Arachnius* towards the inhabitants of fairy-land that the plot of the piece hinges. Subject, however, to the occasional interference of fays and fairies, Mr Sidney's *libretto*, substantially—so far as the story is concerned—follows the famous nursery classic.

We are introduced to *King Lachrymoso* mourning over his rejection by the golden-haired *Queen*, *Prince Graceful* makes us sharers in the thrilling adventures which attend the second

matrimonial mission to *Lucidora*, and the incidents connected with the poisoning of the lachrymose monarch—not forgetting his return to life, together with his concluding tag:—

"I know I've subjects here who own my right

Again they'll hail me King—to-morrow night,"

are transacted and spoken in our presence. The company engaged for the performance of the pantomime is satisfactory in every respect. While the part of the heroine will be supported by charming Miss Minnie Gourlay, Mr Fred. Sydney will be appropriately humorous in the role in the tearful *Lachrymoso*, and Miss Alice Dodd sufficiently bright and sprightly as his emissary *Prince Graceful*. The "marvellous Majilton's," moreover—Frank, Marie, and Charles—have been retained to give colour and spirit to the more grotesque scenes of the pantomime.

Somehow or other, Christmas, to certain of the older sort among us at least, would hardly seem Christmas without a pantomime picture from Mr William Glover, and knowing this Mr Sidney has arranged that Mr Glover shall paint two scenes for "The Fair One with the Golden Locks." The rest of the scenery is the work of Mr Swift, the artist of the Theatre, and Mr Dangerfield, of Edinburgh.

—o—

One of the folk who has made laughter for us all, I mean dear old Johnny Toole, is in sore affliction to-day. He has suffered for several weeks from a painful attack of rheumatic gout, which has latterly laid him prostrate on a bed of sickness. This, however, is but the smallest part of his troubles. His only boy, Frank Lawrence Toole, succumbed yesterday, after undergoing amputation of one of the legs. Mr Frank Toole was a bright, promising, loveable fellow of twenty-two. Young as he was, however, he had already gone through the necessary studies, and had been called to the English bar. There is something unspeakably pathetic in the falling of such cruel grief upon one who has been for most of us a very personification of mirth.

—o—

"The greatest statesman of his time" is distinguished as an Homeric student, and yet he may not be just altogether up in his Job. At Perth he recollected that there is a line written in English poetry, "Oh that mine enemy would write a book." It is remembered in your Monday Gossip and mine, BAILIE, that there is a line rather like it written in a book somewhat older than either the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey*.

That dinner given by the senatus to Lord Rector Gladstone within the precincts of the University on Friday was the one event of the Gladstone visit which has not been reported in the daily prints. The only name hitherto mentioned in connection with it is that of Mr John Forrester of Gordon Street, from which it may be inferred that the purveying was at all events well done. Indeed some of your ranker Tories may be disposed to hint that the dining was likely to be the most interesting portion of the performance.

Among the "chiefs" who "took notes" last week in Glasgow was clever, sparkling Henry Lucy, of the *Daily News*, the whilesome gossip "Under the Clock" of *The World*, and the original editor of *Mayfair*. Mr Lucy is short and somewhat stout, not to say podgy, in figure. His complexion is of the tint known as pale yellow, he wears his hair *a la* "Traddles," and when he glares at you through his double horn-rimmed eye-glasses the effect is apt to be somewhat startling, especially if you are at all of a nervous turn of mind. Unlike your usual journalist of the Cockney persuasion, Mr Lucy's attire is of the rough and ready sort. In Glasgow, at least, it seemed to consist mainly of a peeing jacket and a pair of baggy-kneed trousers, both of which were evidently constructed out of Shetland plaiding.

Mr Lucy's Glasgow sketches in the *Daily News* of Friday and Saturday were animated enough; those, however, who care to know how *riant* he can be upon occasion, should procure Wednesday's *World* and read there what he has to say concerning the "second city" and her notables.

As is usually the case at the close of any public occasion at which the general press of the country is largely represented,

the army of reporters engaged in the Gladstone campaign held a symposium in this city on Saturday afternoon. The meeting took place in Mr Forrester's, in Gordon Street, and the choruses that were sung, and the general atmosphere of "hip, hip, hurrah" that pervaded the house seemed to argue, at least, that the "lions," both old and young, next week were "a-enjoying of themselves."

One of the sights on the platform of the Central Station on Saturday morning was the hob-nobbing that took place between Bailie Young and Lord Colin Campbell. My conscience but the Bailie was a proud proud man on Saturday.

Governor Stirling, "they say," is not quite satisfied with his "retiring allowance."

Our old friend Newsome is, it is hardly necessary to remind you, back in Ingram Street. I dropped into the Circus on the opening night a week ago, and the welcome which Mr and Madame Newsome received in making their bow must have done their hearts good. It was as enthusiastic as it was deserved. The entertainment is exceptionally good, the "Canadian Sleigh Fete," in particular, being a very charming spectacle. Then, the equestrians (Ladies and gentlemen), the clowns, and other *artistes* treat us to an unbroken succession of feats and jests, new and old, so that it is impossible to know the moment of *ennui*.

Encouraged by the success of former productions of a similar nature, Mr Airlie will put up "Rob Roy" in the City Hall on Saturday evening. Additional *éclat* will be given to the occasion by the engagement of Miss Julia Seaman for the part of Helen Macgregor.

I wish to call attention to Messrs M'Tear's important sale on Friday of high-class pictures by Scottish artists. The sale includes examples of Sam Bough, Horatio M'Culloch, Perigal, and others.

THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

Father—Here, Willie, run ben the kitchen an' see if Mary has brushed my boots yet. These servants are awfully slow now-a-days!

Willie (coming back)—They're no' done yet, faither, because, she says, she has only had time this mornin' to brush up her chemistry an' polish off a chapter in her science primer in order to understand next Thursday's lecture at the City Hall! Here they are, an' she would be glad if you would get a shoeblack to do them for yince!
[Tableau.]

"I NEITHER APPRECIATE BURNS OR HIS WRITINGS."—Lord Eglinton's birth-day was celebrated by a dinner at Ardrossan last Wednesday. How appropriate it is that the natal anniversary of so great a patron of Scottish literature should fall in close proximity to St. Andrew's Day! No doubt the *genius loci* hovered over the diners, and the toast next to that of the evening was, "The Memory of Robert Burns!"

"Life is a lyric discordant in measure," sings a pessimist in the *Glasgow Herald*. Possibly, Mr Pessimist; but that's no reason why you should take to rivalling Life.

An Awful Prospect.

THE BAILIE is sometimes inclined to grumble at the quality of the "justice" dispensed from our civic Bench; but it seems that we are not so badly off as "thae Eerish." Across the Channel, according to Mr Parnell, they make their incapable policemen into magistrates. My conscience! we've hardly come to that! If we ever do come to it, just fancy what sort of magistrates we shall have—and what a lot of them!

A Paltry Fellow.

MY tailor's bill could not be more
If I stood six-feet-three;
My tradesmen only quite ignore
A fact that all can see.
I drop a hint; they smile and say—
"Well, sir, you're not so tall;
But we must set, to make it pay,
The big against the small."
"Oh, wretched four-foot-ten!" I cry,
When looking in the glass,
"I th' world's eye you'd stand more high
Were you a monstrous ass!"
I've little hands and tots of toes,
Good legs; neat waist and all
That t'make a pretty fellow goes—
But, oh, I'm beastly small!
I'm spooney; and the girls will go
To any length in fun;
Kiss, squeeze me, such affection show
As never six-foot won.
But when the other night I popt
To one, best loved of all,
My vows and pray'rs she, laughing, stopt
With—"Sir, you're far too small!"

HEAR HERE?—Here is a charming instance of Reporters' English. We quote from a local contemporary:—"Last night a large audience assembled in the Greenhead Baths to witness various swimming competitions." We'll next be having—"A large spectatory assembled to hear," or perhaps even—"A large audience assembled to speak."

THE CALICO BALL.

(Scene: The Calico Ball of the Glasgow Wine Spirit, and Beer Trade.)

First Visitor in the Gallery—I say, Bob, do you call that a Calico Ball?

Bob (disgusted)—I should rather think not. It's more like Macleod's Waxwork out for an airing.

To Smooth his Ruffled Front?—At Larbert Mrs Gladstone was presented with a set of smoothing-irons!

An Ice Question.—Is sliding on the footpaths a police offence—and if not, why not?

Quavers.

THE concert by the Plantation Choral Society on Friday evening last was chiefly interesting as including a number of Scotch part-songs. The arrangers names were unappended. Sometime or another we hope to have a fresh opportunity of hearing these anonymous arrangements, which little doubt would prove not unworthy of the subjects.

The programme of a forthcoming Annual School Song Festival at Dundee has been received—Mr Frank Sharp, music master of the High School there, the conductor. Three evenings will be occupied. On the first night there will be a display by selected voices from junior and infant schools; on the second, two-part and three-part songs will be sung by senior scholars, and on the third night will be given (and this is what is the noticeable feature of the festival) a performance of Handel's Messiah, in which the soprano and contralto parts will be entirely sustained by school children, 200 in number—the tenor and bass, of course, by a sufficient proportion of men's voices. The solo soprano and alto parts will likewise be sung by young people. This is an age of innovations and the "Messiah" in great part by children is surely one of the most remarkable of innovations, but it is really only a question of efficient training. We must wish the little ones all success with their arduous undertaking—unprecedented as far as Scotland is concerned.

Haydn's Masses are always a delight to choral singers, and one of the best of the sixteen of the set is the No. 1 in B flat. This melodious and impressive work was that selected by the choir and musical association of John Street U.P. Church, for their concert of Friday evening last, under the conductorship of Mr George Taggart, one of our best local choir-leaders. We should like to hear Haydn's No. 16 oftener, however; it has been seldomer done than the No. 1 and is equally good.

To-night the Choral and Orchestral Concerts begin, with, as we know, Rossini's dramatic oratorio, "Moses in Egypt." Herr Henschel is one of the "chief singers." Next Tuesday, the first of the orchestral series proper takes place, Herr Manns conducting. Senor Sarasate is set down for that evening for a solo on Spanish gipsy tunes, as well as appearing in the Mendelssohn violin concerto.

On Saturday night of this week, the first of the popular series takes place. The overture to "Der Freyschutz" (a splendid "opening piece"); No. 1 of the Beethoven symphonies; the sprightly and now not much played Rossinian overture "La Gazza Ladra," a waltz by Lanner, a polka, "Annen," by Strauss (an old friend, surely), and a grand orchestral selection from "Tannhauser," arranged by Mr Manns—are the main items in what promises to be a popular concert in the best and fullest sense. There will also be the pleasure of hearing Senor Sarasate, in a couple of violin solos.

There was a marked improvement in the singing of the Glasgow Select Choir at last Saturday's concert over that of the previous Saturday, and the chief regret was that they had so small an audience to sing to. Jack Frost had the advantage of them, evidently, on this occasion. "Sweet and Low" was sung with a little more life in it than at last concert, and went very much better. But it is intended mainly to remark on the competition part-songs. That which received the highest number of votes, "Sleep, baby, sleep," is somewhat heavy to our mind, or rather prolonged, but seems good music. "Go, lovely rose" is the most scholarly of the three, if less likely to catch the popular ear; and the Border ballad, the remaining competition part-song, is a characteristic piece of writing that should not be lost sight of. Our big friend, the ten guinea one, was given with infinitely better effect than when first heard, and gained in estimation accordingly though it did not obtain any special mark of popular favour, what it was evidently designed to catch. Miss Keene's rendering of Sullivan's "Lost Chord" at this concert was remarkably promising, and the lady's vocal qualifications cannot be too earnestly cultivated.

Government Manilla Cheroots and Cigars (large size), 5 a 1s. D. CARMICHAEL, 161 Ingram St., and 121 Buchanan St.

Annell's Beefsteak Grill, 88 Virginia Place (Rear of Union Bank). Steaks, Chops, Kidneys, &c., cooked in large room.

Encore "Drink!"

IN the "provinces" one evening last week two teetotal orators went "on the batter" with painful results—one at Greenock and the other at Kelso. The Greenock spouter—whom Mr Charles Reade should nail for breach of copyright—diluted on "Drink; or the Evils of Intemperance," and "gave a very entertaining discourse on the evils of moderate drinking." Does sound "entertaining," don't it? The Kelso luminary, who is described as the "Rev. John Douglas, Glasgow," "said that fifty years ago every man, woman, and child in this land used intoxicating liquors." If these gentlemen were not teetotalers and parsons, the BAILIE would say they were —. (The printer, who is a moral man, declines to "set up" the conclusion of this sentence).

TERRIBLE CONDITION!

(Scene—Street; one of the unemployed meets friend.)

Friend—Hoo noo, man, are ye workin' yet?

Unemployed—Workin'! no, I wish I was.

Friend—Puir fallow. Come in an' I'll gie ye a hauf yin.

Unemployed—Man, I'm feart tae risk it, it's that lang since I drank ony, I doot I'm gey near gazent noo.

HERVEY'S "TOMBS" OR "FLOWER GARDEN."—His Worship has no wish to see the burying-grounds of his native city desecrated as are the churchyards of St Paul and St Pancras, London, by being converted into flower gardens, but he would like to see them free from being disfigured by tons of useless iron cages—that might make money in the metal market. Happily they are not useful, and certainly they are not beautiful.

"SO FORTH."—A philanthropist who describes in the local papers, "for the good of the people of all nations," an "immediate and final" cure for rheumatism and gout, winds up, "I trust that gratitude will impel each person, when cured, to send me details of malady, and so forth." And what are we to understand by "so forth," Mr Philanthropist?

The *Herald*, after speaking very contemptuously of the notes to a new edition of Homer, adds, "There are students of the University, however, who may find even this useful." Oh, Granny, Granny! how can you speak thus disrespectfully of the constituents of the great "Homerist?"

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the Gladstone excitement is over. That the fight between the rival Liberal associations is not over.

That the attempt to swell the ranks of one society by promising tickets to all who became members resulted in a fair harvest of shillings.

That Councillor Jackson and ex-Bailie Burt have broken up a life-long friendship over the ticket business.

That George ultimately showed the white feather, and "caved in."

That a good many of his particular friends were disappointed.

That the Rectorial address disappointed some of us.

That so did the speech in St. Andrew's Halls.

That the Lord Provost's party at the City Hall was quite a success.

That refreshments were provided for the waiters.

That the expense of these will be provided from out the "common good."

That the waiting-rooms at the steamboat wharf are to be of an "humble description."

That the Trust don't throw about their money in a very lavish manner.

That the gas in the city during the fog hasn't been particularly bright.

That 32 candles would seem a torch-light procession in comparison with the flame from some burners.

That the "heresy hunt" resulted in a fiasco.

That the knocks of Dr Knox and his session fell harmless.

That some religious and charitable church-goers are exceedingly fond of "burning their mouths in other folks' kail."

That Jeems is being patronised by his old friend Neil.

That Jeems never puts his name to subscription sheets.

That it is a bad habit.

That it is also expensive.

That voting a sum from the Corporation funds is much more economical.

That the Council has caved-in to the landlords.

That all the argument in Monday's discussion on the Improvement Bill was on the side of Mr Jackson.

That all the voting was on the side of the lairds.

LONDON SCOTCH RESORT, 3 Water Lane, Ludgate Hill, London, the only House for "Real Johnny" Scotch Whiskies of all Brands, Scotch Ales, &c. Neil Mackay, Proprietor.

Sandy Macdonald's Lament (?)

(Vide a recent address to the miners.)

FAR over the Tweed in the Commons sae grand,
And down by new Babylon's fashion and glee,
The virtuous Sandy sat, sighless and bland,
Nae sweat on his brow and nae tear in his e'e;
He looked at Wellhall in the ro(u)pe as it swung,
To be sold to whoe'er the best price would maintain,
And when he had got it he laughed and he sung:—
"Fareweel to the miners I'll ne'er see again,
I've long been their hero, both gallant and young,
Fareweel! the Scotch miners I'll ne'er meet again.

"Now Daniel's arose like myself out of nothing,
He kens na' to lead them as I've done at hame,
But oh! they have listened ower gleg to his wooin',
Unawed, and unbidden, their love he can claim;
Clackmannan and Fife may their markets make more,
And Lanarkshire lessen her trade to the sea,
But never again I their fate will deplore—
Nor counsel nor caution will e'er come from me:—
The conflict is past and my warfare is o'er,
Fareweel! there's no more 'tween the miners and me.

TELEPHONIC.

(Scene—Interior of telephone office; enter two strangers.)

Spokesman (to workman who is busy fixing a wire)—Kin ye tell-if-on-y body's about to telephone a message?

The pair make their way out under cover of the pun.

AS YOU LIKE IT.—Although 'tis just the fashion" to ornament buildings with "storied urns," the BAILIE sincerely hopes that Granny will never think of adorning her new frontispiece with those bowls of Samian ware. There are two pedestals, he sees, and he feels just a little uncomfortable.

GHOULISH.—Horrible! Somebody advertises for a dressmaker, who must have a "taste for bodies!" This recalls the story of a lady in the "Arabian Nights" who shocked her husband by displaying the unpleasant appetite in question; but it is terrible to think that the propensity is not only still in vogue, but is actually considered a recommendation!

These eye-witnesses who write for the papers are much more gushing than refined. Look at this:—"Dr Joseph Brown, of Glasgow, had come to see if not to hear." This elegant allusion to the infirmity of the Kent-road pastor was supplied, it is understood, by a brother Churchman.

"THE HEAD AND FRONT."—The old Tontine heads were literally the face-aid of the building. At least, so says Asinus.

Mitchell's Old Irish Whisky, Belfast, is famed over the World, Agent, David Mitchell, 20 Hope Street, Glasgow.

ENORMOUS DELIVERY

OR

LADIES' FUR-TOP
GLOVES,

(WITH PATENT SPRING FASTENING)

3s 6d PER PAIR 3s 6d

ORDERED IN MARCH OF 1879,

THUS TAKING NINE MONTHS TO MAKE AND DELIVER.

OTHER QUALITIES from 5s to 15s a Pair.

In every variety of Fur Trimming.

GENTLEMEN'S, FROM 4s 6d TO 7s 6d A PAIR.

THE LARGEST DELIVERY OF FUR-TOP GLOVES

That ever entered any Glasgow Retail Warehouse.

FORSYTH'S,

13 RENFIELD STREET,

ROYAL EXCHANGE.

NEW MEMBERS (Town and Country) will now be ENROLLED for year 1880, thus giving them benefit of Present Month Gratis.

1st December, 1879.

By Order.

COOPER & CO.'S
FRUIT SYRUPS.

LEMON and GINGER Especially Recommended.

1s 9d BOTTLE FOR 8½d,

3s 6d " " 1s 3d,

A Tablespoonful of the above in a Tumblerful of Cold Water makes a most refreshing and inexpensive Summer Drink.

To be had only from the Makers,
COOPER & CO., 10 and 12 Howard Street, and Branches.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

HENRY THOMSON & CO.'S

OLD

IRISH WHISKY.

SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—

ROBERT BROWN, 17 HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.

DAVISON'S

CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE
GINGER BEER.

A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE YEAR ROUND; WARM, GRATEFUL, AND AROMATIC. As Supplied to the Western, Junior, New, and other Clubs.

THOMAS DAVISON,

DISPENSING CHEMIST,

126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

WEATHER FORECAST,
FOR 1880.

To be had at BAILIE OFFICE

And all Booksellers.

Price 6d.

THE NEW CENTRAL CLOTHING HOUSE,

125 TO 133 ARGYLL STREET,

OPPOSITE ARGYLL ARCADE,

IS NOW OPEN AS A HIGH-CLASS CLOTHING & OUTFITTING ESTABLISHMENT.

ULSTERS! ULSTERS! In all the Latest Novelties for the present Season, Ready-made or to Order, for Ladies, Gentlemen, Boys, and Girls. Prices, Quality, and Style unequalled.

OVERCOATS! OVERCOATS! In Endless Variety and most Fashionable Materials.

BOYS' OVERCOATS and ULSTERS. 4s, 6s, 8s, 10s, 12s, 14s—all Sizes, most durable Materials, Style, Quality, and Fit Guaranteed.

JOHN LESLIE,

CENTRAL CLOTHING HOUSE, 125 TO 133 ARGYLL STREET, OPPOSITE ARGYLL ARCADE.

SUPERB TEA at 2s 4d Per lb.

FAMILIES who are being supplied at "Wholesale Rates" (so called) by Wholesale Grocers and West-End Co-Operative Stores, should compare what they are buying at 2s 6d, 2s 8d, and 3s per lb. with the above Tea. There is nothing like it in Scotland.

NOTE.—From our large stock we still sell the same qualities at the old prices, notwithstanding the advance of 6d per lb. upon the Wholesale London Market.

STUART CRANSTON & CO.,

76 ARGYLE STREET (CORNER OF QUEEN STREET), GLASGOW.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 10th, 1879.

NOW that the great man has gone, would it be unbecoming to hint that we are all—well, just a little tired of the hero of Hawarden. Mr GLADSTONE belongs to the order of the Olympians, and the atmosphere he breathes is too lofty for the lungs of ordinary mortals. The right hon. gentleman, indeed, has none of the hundred and one weaknesses that belong by right of birth to the frail descendants of Adam. He is transcendantly good, and he is as great as he is good. Did he possess any little peccadilloes, were he even vulnerable, like the son of Thetis, in the heel, we might succeed in claiming some species of kinship, however remote, with this “by-ordinar’ wicht.” As it is, there is as little sympathy as there is kinship between us. We are oppressed by the weight of his virtues. His super-eminent qualities are fairly overwhelming to your every-day citizen. The fact is, the average Scotchman is a Conservative at heart, and can’t for the life of him appreciate a septuagenarian who insists on being converted to new ideas in morals and politics every six months.

Rubbert’s “Field.”

THE Ladywell parson has broken out in a fresh place. At last week’s meeting of the Glasgow Presbytery he claimed to have “reached a new field, both of observation and of application to the resources of this country towards relieving the unemployed, and for the object of promoting the independence of the labouring and working classes, to prevent them from becoming burdens on the community, and thereby becoming demoralised.” My conscience! Talk of Neil’s Puzzle after that! For goodness’ sake, Rubbert, go and cultivate your new field, and give up blethering and “taking physogs.”

“RATS!”—Jones, whose locks are not quite so “Hyperean” as they used to be, observed the other day in a Glasgow paper that in China rats “are esteemed a sovereign recipe for those whose hair is getting thin.” On reflection, however, J. thinks he prefers it thin. His principles will not permit him to “rat.”

Somebody advertises that his “ferrets have given satisfaction to all classes.” All classes, eh? What about rats?

Rules for the Conduct of Students at Public Worship.

1. ON entering the Chapel jostle strangers, and especially ladies, to show that you are a student.
2. On trying to find a suitable seat, say some witty or impudent thing in a loud voice, to show you wish to be considered a gentleman.
3. When seated stamp on the floor or thump it with your stick to relieve the monotony of the occasion.
4. Do not resist your inclination to cheer or applaud any good thing said by the preacher, as you are doubtless the only man in the assemblage clever enough to see or appreciate the same.
5. Put on your hat during the benediction, and rise immediately thereafter, making as much noise as possible.
6. Be sure to leave the Chapel before the procession of preacher and professors, as you are certainly a better man than any of them.

A FAIL-ME-NEVER.

(Early morning in a “Coffee Tavern.”)

British Working Man.—I’ll thank ye for a cup o’ tea, mistress.

Manager’s Wife.—I’m rale sorry, but we’re oot o’ tea till the shops open.

B. W. M.—Then I’ll trouble you for a dish o’ coffee.

Manager’s Wife.—I’m feart ye’ll no’ can get it aither, becuz we hae nae sticks to kennle the fire wi’.

B. W. M.—Whit, naither tea nor coffee! Can ye gie’s a gless o’ whuskey, then?

Manager’s Wife.—Oo ay, come ben the hoose oot o’ the shop an’ the gudeman’ll gie ye a drap. It wud nivver dae to be withoot whuskey in a dacent hoose.

“SETT” THEM UP!—It seems that the “sett of the burgh” in Edinburgh “was made by a Town Council only one of which could sign his name”—and a precious “sett” they and it must have been!

BEERS BY ANY OTHER NAME —!—A Mr Beers presented a teetotal address to Sir Wilfrid Lawson at Motherwell the other day. Come, Beers, don’t go about a walking inconsistency! Be a man, and change your name to Waters!

Somebody wants a “second-hand blower,” and a Radical of the BAILIE’S acquaintance wants to know if a “Jingo” orator would do.

A Few Friends.

NO. 5.—MISS LETITIA BLACKBIRD.

THE amateur in any art or science is the greatest bore imaginable. His performances are seldom even tolerable, and he aggravates his incompetence by dragging them before his friends' notice with a pertinacity worthy of a better cause. To do him justice, he frequently has some slender natural qualification for his favourite pursuit, but on this unsubstantial basis he erects a superstructure of inordinate vanity and self-confidence at which less-gifted mortals stand aghast. His genius and self-esteem are about in the same disproportion as Falstaff's bread and sack. If he has the ability of a tenth-rate Tupper, he has enough vanity to supply a dozen Shakespeares.

The amateur is of no particular sex, and Miss Letitia Blackbird is as good a specimen of the class as will be found. To all appearance, Providence had destined Miss Letitia to run the colourless career of the average middle-class young lady, beginning with romantic aspirations in the Bulwer Lytton vein, and with the usual unromantic matrimonial conclusion; but the discovery of the fact that she had the knack of writing rhymes changed all that. The next step, to the conclusion that rhyme and poetry are synonymous, was a short and easy one; and then Miss Blackbird's soul was emancipated from the galling bonds of the commonplace. She was no longer even as the Misses Brown, Jones, and Robinson around her; the sacred fire of genius burned in her bosom; and her spirit claimed kinship with Byron, Goethe, Ashby Sterry, and all the other laurel-crowned immortals, dead and alive.

Miss Letitia is an emotional poetess after the Swinburnesque method. Her lines are a constant stream of alliteration; she deals largely in "cruel caresses," "bright bosoms," "burdens of bought kisses," and such amatory curiosities; and, generally speaking, she has unutterable longings for the unfathomable and the idiotic. The peculiar tenets of the Fleshly School poets are of course beyond her ken, but she has picked up enough of their jargon to burlesque their style with unconscious success. With a knowledge of her resources which does her infinite credit, Miss Letitia never attempts to mean anything in her verses. She is perfectly satisfied if she can work in the time-honoured "love" and "dove," "kiss" and "bliss," at the end of the lines. To read her charming effusions backward would no doubt interfere with the rhyme,

but would not make them a whit more incoherent than they are in their normal condition. The readers of the provincial weekly newspapers in which they appear probably take them for anagrams or double acrostics, and pass them over accordingly.

There is a Society for the Suppression of Mendicity. Why should there not be another for the Suppression of Amateur Poetry?

HARD ON TA TUKE.—The house of Argyll has fallen upon evil days. A gentleman, who announced himself as a "relation" of its head, declared at a political banquet last week that he was "ashamed" of his Grace. If the infection spreads, ta Tuke had better take another trip across the Atlantic, and not return; for if all his "kizzens" become ashamed of him the weight of their multitudinous scorn will be quite too much for one wee man to bear.

What about the "Cambridge Guards," who were to be raised in Maryhill in honour of the Dook's visit? The project seems to have fallen through—whilk is a pity. If the Dook declines to lend you his august name, gentlemen, why not take some other, and call yourselves, for instance, the "Mulligan Guards?" The title is historic, and smells quite as sweet as the other.

PLACE-HUNTING.—The Kibble Conservatory may have been all very well for the staging of flowers of rhetoric, but a Conserve-a-tory was scarcely the place in which either to find, or to found, a Liberal platform.

"THE FISH THAT NEVER SWAM."—The BAILIE remembers the time when Saint Andrew was well contented to grace the head of his table with a sheep's head or a haggis. Now-a-days he must have a Salmon.

THE GOD OF THE PHILISTINES.—"A Philistine deity" has been unearthed in Arabia. The figure is "fifteen feet high"—and answers, it is said, to the name of Grundy.

"To Smooth the Ice is Wasteful and Ridiculous Excess"—Shakspeare couldn't have been a curler, or he'd have been up to another rink-le.

Eastward, Ho!—The Prince of Wales's presents present this at least—an Empressive idea of the great Indian empire.

Last Thursday's Welcome—"Willie, we ha'e mist ye!"

A Glad-stone—The "blarney" must be, it's kiss'd so often.

Megilp.

THE Glasgow Art Club was instituted in 1867, and will therefore complete the twelfth year of its corporate existence at the end of the present month. Sneered at in its earlier days by the little clique who directed the fortunes of the Institute, and chose—rightly or wrongly—to regard themselves as the supreme arbiters in matters of art over the West of Scotland, the Club has long since vindicated its *raison d'être*. All the members, certainly, don't stand on the same level, but while the usual average of the work they now produce is fairly respectable, in one or two instances it takes a very high rank indeed.

This is hardly the place for a detailed criticism of the Art Club Annual Exhibition—the seventh of the series, by the bye—which opened on Monday in the gallery of the Messrs Annan, in Sauchiehall Street, and will close on the 7th of January, but the general opinion may be expressed that the collection will hold its own, not only against those brought together by the Club in former years, but also against that of any association of distinctly provincial artists on either side of the Tweed.

None of our younger painters have made such marked progress since this time twelve months as Mr Alexander Davidson and Mr Duncan M'Kellar. Early last season, anxious to acquire a wider artistic training than they could command in Glasgow, they boldly broke away from their local leading strings and established themselves in London. Hiring a couple of rooms in a district north of Oxford Street, one of which did service as a studio, while the other was used as bedroom, parlour, what you will, they attended life classes, paid daily visits to the National Gallery, to the Grosvenor, the Academy, or some one or other of the great picture exhibitions open in the metropolis during the season, worked hard, and lived in an atmosphere of art generally. The result of all this is seen in their work to-day. Mr M'Kellar's Arab woman, and the "Valentine" by Mr Davidson, two of the Art Club pictures, are skilful, solidly painted works. Both of them, and especially the latter, are rather wanting in subtlety and *chic*. These qualities, however, can be waited for. What is important to note at present is that the painters are gradually acquiring accuracy of touch and handling, and are developing a knowledge of character to which they formerly seemed strangers.

What a faculty it is, to be sure, that of seeing the poetry in the life that lies at our own doors. Taking what would have seemed to most a sufficiently commonplace scene, that of a Surrey farm yard, Mr A. K. Brown has given us a water-colour drawing which, in its own way, is as powerful and as picturesque as if his subject had been an Alpine pass. This, like the works of Mr Davidson and Mr M'Kellar, is in the Art Club Exhibition, and of itself it will repay a visit to the rooms.

Visitors to the Messrs Annan's Gallery should not fail, however, to note Mr Joseph Henderson's "Hayfield," and his "Highland Burn," two manly, unaffected pictures; "The Salmon Leap" of Mr James A. Aitken; Mr William Young's "Queen Mary's House, Jedburgh;" and the "Mangold Wurzel" field of Mr David Murray, so brilliant and original in its treatment, and yet so truthful and correct.

But little exception can be taken to the "hanging" of the Club pictures, although in one case, that of the water-colour by Mr John Miller, "Evening on the Ayrshire Coast," it is difficult not to feel that the drawing deserved a better place than the floor. This, besides, is Mr Miller's only contribution to the Exhibition. Under all the circumstances, therefore, he really seems to have received but scant justice at the hands of his friends.

The transgressions of the *Athenæum* with regard to Mr M'Whirter and Mr Hamilton Maccallum were pointed out in this column a week ago. It falls to be noticed to-day that the animus against Mr Colin Hunter of the Cockney critic who "does" the Dudley Gallery for the *Academy* is quite as marked as is that entertained by the *Athenæum* scribe towards the two former artists. When noticing the "Dudley" in Saturday's *Academy*, the critic winds up by remarking, "Among bad paintings what can be more dreadful than Mr Colin Hunter's 'Naturalist?'" The value of the writer's opinion on art matters will be understood when it is known that, earlier in the

same article, he sets down Mr Robert Macbeth as one of the imitators of Alma Tadema!

The literary introductions to the three photographs to be supplied next season to the subscribers of the Glasgow Art Union will be written by Mr Robert Walker. It may be recollected that the pictures, of which photographs have been taken, were included in the recent exhibition held by the Messrs Agnew in the gallery of Messrs T. & R. Annan. They were the "Home, sweet Home" of George Leslie, R.A., which was purchased from the Agnews by Mr A. B. Stewart, and is now at Rawcliffe Lodge; the "Orphans" of G. A. Story, A.R.A., the characteristic work of a somewhat feeble painter of the St. John's Wood clique; and a "patch and powder" Frith of the style which used to be popular in the days when "The Railway Station" was regarded as a masterpiece.

Mr William Glover's chief contribution to the Exhibition of the Water Colour Society will be a large drawing of the head of the Holy Loch, the treatment of which, as is usual with Mr Glover, is broad and effective in its character.

The opening dinner of the Water Colourists takes place in their rooms on Thursday evening, under the presidency of Mr F. Powell, and the private view is on Friday the day following.

Among the features of the exhibition is a large coast scene by Mr R. W. Allan. Mr Hamilton Maccallum is represented by one or two most effective drawings, as are likewise Mr Colin Hunter and Mr Anderson—the new Associate of the Scottish Academy. Several of the members, however, somewhat unfortunately, are non-contributors this season, among the absentees being, notably, Mr Lockhart, Mr Carlaw—whose health is still feeble—and Mr Vallance.

The president of the Society, Mr Francis Powell, has sent various small works, one of which is a study of figures. Would it be out of place to hint, in this connection, that the number of figure pieces in the Exhibition bears a relation to the landscapes not very dissimilar to that held by Jack Falstaff's "one half-penny worth of bread to his intolerable deal of sack." This, however, is only another illustration of what is, perhaps, the distinguishing weakness of Scottish art.

SHAKESPERIAN MOTTOES.

1. For Sir James Bain:—"Lilies (orange ones) and the crystal flood (t't-ism), these are the emblems of my knighthood's strength."
2. For the Glasgow Liberal Association:—"A pipe for Fortune's finger to sound what stop he pleases."

PRAISE FROM SIR—GEORGE CAMPBELL!—Sir George Campbell has been lecturing about certain nations of Eastern Europe, whom he describes as "superior people." If we take him at his own estimate, there can be no better judge of what constitutes a "superior person" than Sir George, and Eastern Europe ought, therefore, to feel highly flattered.

What portion of a lady's winter "fixin's," asks Bauldy, resembles an obstinate fool? A fur muff, he replies. (N.B.—A key to this "joke" may be had at the printer's.)

"Men Come in their Millions and Thousands and Tens,
Demanding Macniven and Cameron's Pens."
"They are a treasure."—*Standard*.
The Commercial Pen for Fine Writing.
Sold by all Stationers, 6d and 1s per Box by Post.
Beware of the parties offering spurious imitations.
NOTICE TO TEACHERS.—Samples of School Pens on Application.

A Delicate Duty.

THE BAILIE was formerly under the impression that the duties of a soiree chairman were in general confined to delivering a string of more or less neat and facetious remarks, but it seems this is a mistake. It appears from an advertisement in the *Citizen* that he has occasionally duties more delicate and invidious. This announcement declares, on the authority of the "chairman" and "spectators" that "the real and only belles" at a certain "assembly" "were from the third up to the eighth; first and second nowhere." Formerly these tasteful announcements were wont to be anonymous, but here the new Paris is identified. By the way, have no relations or admirers of the "first and second" anything to say to Paris?

CHANGE THE NAME, MAN.

(Scene—Village church-yard; The auld kirk has got a new precentor.)

Old Elder—An' whitna tin waus that ye sung to the hunner saum?

New Precentor—Oh yon's the new style. We sing Old Hundred with quick measure of course.

Old Elder—In that case ye may sing't thon way if ye like, but don't cau't Auld Hunner, cau't New Hunner.

THE STATE'S REWARDS. — Who says the State does not reward those who have done her service? Why, a pension of £150 has just been conferred on the widow of a Parliamentary messenger, and we have even heard of half that sum being given to the relations of a great author. The BAILIE, by the way, is seriously thinking of pensioning the mother of a second cousin of an office-boy lately in his employment, who bolted some time ago in company with a cash-box.

"DON'T" DO IT AGAIN!—"The Don was so severely injured at the Willingdon coursing that he will not run again in public." A most happy consummation! A "don" must be strangely forgetful of his dignity when he "runs in public."

SOUTH AYRSHIRE.

COLONEL ALEXANDER, M.P., requests that the ELECTORS will do him the honour of meeting him in the CORN EXCHANGE HALL, Ayr, on TUESDAY, the 16th inst., at Two o'Clock Afternoon.

Ballochmyle, 1st December, 1879.

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager,.....Mr SIDNEY.

ON SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13,

Production of Mr SIDNEY'S FIFTH GLASGOW PANTOMIME,
Entitled

THE FAIR ONE WITH THE GOLDEN LOCKS,
Rewritten and Arranged Expressly for this Theatre.

THE BALLETS by Mademoiselle De Rosa and her Troupe of
Charming Coryphees.

THE HARLEQUINADE by Messrs M'Natty, Fulford, Fred.
James, Mademoiselle Amy, and Miss Tessie Herbert.

THE MUSIC Composed, Selected, and Arranged by Mr
F. W. Allwood.

THE PROPERTIES by Mr Lockheart and Assistants.

THE MACHINERY by Mr Moffatt and Assistants.

The Beautiful DRESSES from Designs by Faustin and D'Albert.

The SCENERY by Mr Swift and Mr Dangerfield, and

TWO SPECIAL SCENES—

The Boudoir of the Fair One, and the Giant's Glen—

By Mr William Glover, to whom Mr Sidney begs to tender his
public thanks for the great assistance rendered to this pro-
duction by Mr Glover's masterly execution of the above.

The whole produced under the Personal Direction of Mr Sidney.

SPECIAL ENGAGEMENTS:—

Miss ALICE DODD.

MDLLE DE ROSA.

Miss LOUISE CRECY,

Miss NELLY MILTON,

Miss MINNIE GOURLAY,

THE SISTERS ARNOTT,

MESSRS M'NATTY, FULFORD, FRED. JAMES,

AND

MR FRED. W. SIDNEY.

ALSO, THE

MARVELLOUS MAJILTONS—
FRANK, MARIE, AND CHARLES.

THE GAILETY.

Proprietor and Director,Mr C. BERNARD.

On SATURDAY First, December 13,

will be produced, on a scale of

MAGNIFICENCE AND COMPLETENESS

NEVER BEFORE EQUALLED,

FORTY THIEVES;

OR, STRIKING OIL IN FAMILY JARS.

Open at 6. Commence at 7. Prices, from 6d to 5s.

GLASGOW SCIENCE LECTURES.

Professor SCHÄFER, F. R. S.

ON

"The Relation of Structure to Function in Animal
Organisms."

CITY HALL, THURSDAY, 11th December, 1879, at 8 p.m.

Tickets, 2s. 1s, and 6d, to be had at Hall Doors and from

WILLIAM SMITH, *Secretary*,

114 Bath Street.

SCOTTISH SOCIETY OF WATER-COLOUR PAINTERS.

The Second Exhibition of this Society will be opened in the
Gallery,

108 WEST NILE STREET,

On SATURDAY, 13th December, 1879.

Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.



WHEELER & CO'S
BELFAST GINGER ALE,

Undoubtedly the Finest of all
NON-INTOXICATING BEVERAGES,

Admirably Adapted for a
WINTER DRINK.

Manufactory, CROMAC SPRINGS, BELFAST.
DÉPOT FOR SCOTLAND,

147 STOCKWELL STREET, GLASGOW.

GLASS AND CHINA AT M'DOUGALL & SONS, 77 & 79 BUCHANAN STREET

AND 8 TO 14 JAIL SQUARE.

DEPOT FOR MINTON'S, COPELAND'S, WORCESTER, AND DRESDEN PORCELAIN.

SOLE GLASGOW AGENTS for the BELLEEK PORCELAIN, and for Dr SALVIATI'S VENETIAN GLASS, of which a very Choice Consignment is just to hand at Makers' Prices.

TEA, TABLE, TOILET, AND DESSERT SETS, TABLE GLASS, &c. Presents in endless variety.

Free Promenade.

Cash Discount.

The Large and Extensive Stock is suitable for all classes, and will be found the Best Value in the City.

ESTABLISHED OVER FIFTY YEARS.

GLASGOW ART CLUB.

THE SEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION

of PAINTINGS in OIL and WATER-COLOURS, by Members of the Club, will Open on MONDAY, 8th DECEMBER, in Messrs ANNAN'S GALLERY, 153 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

ADMISSION FREE.

CATALOGUES SIXPENCE.

CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.

SATURDAY, 13th DECEMBER, 1879.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S

ROB ROY

In Scene, Dialogue, and Character.

CHARACTERS—

Helen Macgregor, The Celebrated Miss JULIA SEAMAN.

Diana Vernon, Miss ELIZ. HUNTER.

Mattie, Mrs WM. GOURLAY.

Francis, Mr W. H. DARLING.

Rashleigh, Mr DUNDAS.

Bailie, The Celebrated Mr WM. GOURLAY.

Owen and Wylie, Mr ALF. WILSON.

Rob Roy, &c., The Eminent Mr W. S. VALLANCE.

Who will also read the portions of Dialogue that cannot be suitably rendered in Scene and Character.

The Choruses, Glee, &c., by

Mr W. M. MILLER'S SELECT CHOIR.

Mr MILLER, Conductor.

Mr F. W. BRIDGMAN, Pianist.

Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats, 2s; at the Office, 58 Renfield Street. Doors open at a Quarter to 7; Concert at a Quarter to 8.

JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

NEWSOME'S HIPPODROME.

AND CIRCUS,
INGRAM STREET GLASGOW.

Regardless of Cost will be produced, and until further notice, the Magnificent Christmas and New-Year's Equestrian Spectacle.

THE CANADIAN SLEIGH FETE ON LAKE ERIE
(By Moonlight).

In honour of the Marquis of Lorne and
H.R.H. Princess Louise.

The roughest roads are smooth as lawn:
Bring out the merry sleigh.

Hark, hark, the music of the bells, away we go, away!
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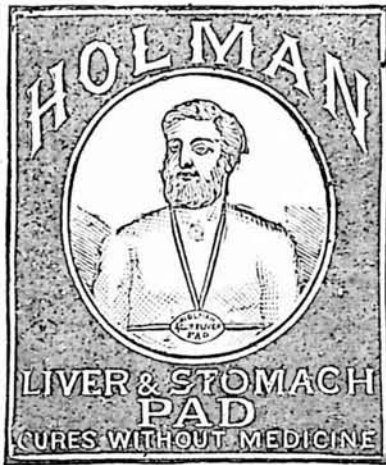
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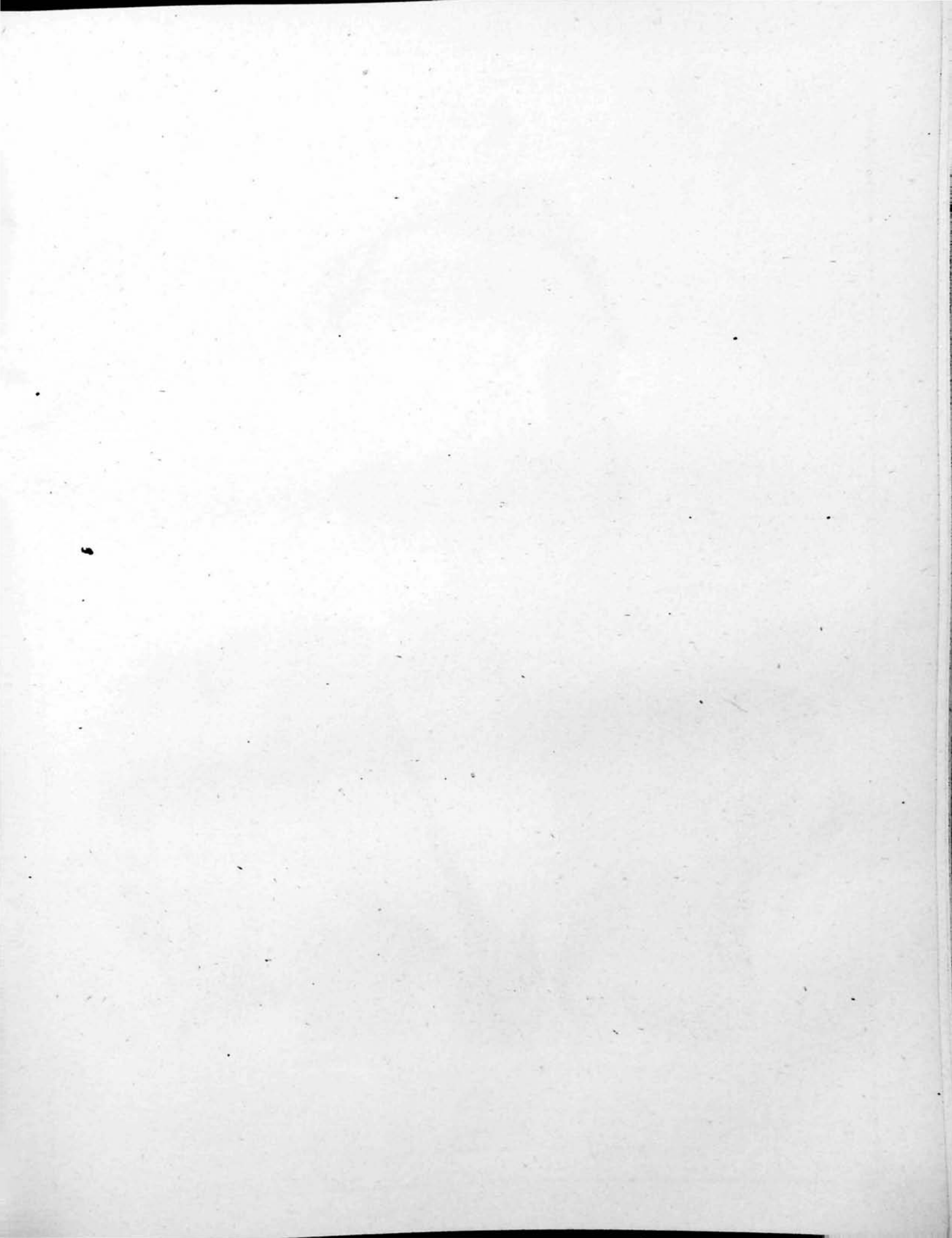
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Boys' Hats and Caps, Latest Shapes, Hundreds of Special Styles to be had only from ourselves, and very suitable for Christmas Presents.

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TO-DAY AND FOLLOWING DAYS we will show an Immense Variety of LADIES' and MISSES' SKATING HATS, extremely Cheap and Effective. The "Canadian" as worn by H.R.H. the Princess Louise, an elegant and charming little Hat. Also, the New "Freque" Skating Hats (as worn on London and Paris Skating Ponds) for 1879-80. These in several combinations are wonderfully pretty and attractive.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,
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The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 374. Glasgow, Wednesday, December 17th, 1879. Price 1d.

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 374.

GLASGOW has evidently come to the end of her tether. She is hemmed in on every side; the fiat has gone forth, and her boundaries must be extended no further. This, at least, is the only meaning that can be taken out of the proceedings in Govanhill on Friday evening. It was more than the opening of a new hall that the provosts of Govanhill, of Crosshill, of Maryhill, of Partick, and of Govan, met to celebrate. The victory of a principle, the defeat of a large community by a series of small ones, was the occasion of the rejoicing. While, however, through the various struggles of which Friday was the crowning effect, the different municipal dignitaries were the monkeys who danced, the real performer remained discreetly in the background. He pulled the strings and his puppets moved to his bidding, exclaiming, all the time, "look what a parcel of clever people we are!" Glasgow has not had such a consistent, unwearyed, and successful foe as Mr J. M. ROBERTSON, the clerk to the burghs of Crosshill and Govanhill, and the chief of the firm of J. M. and J. H. Robertson, writers, West Regent Street. It is to Mr ROBERTSON that we owe the reverses that befell the attempts made in 1870, 1872, 1875, 1878, and 1879 to enlarge our borders. Year after year our provosts and magistrates appealed to Parliament for powers to annex a district that is practically a portion of the municipality, and year after year the appeal was rejected, and rejected mainly through the energy and skill of our friend. The city was wealthy, her rulers were necessarily possessed of ample influence, latterly, at least, she has been favoured with three representatives in the House of Commons, but in spite of all this, added, moreover, to the fact that she had the

right on her side, Mr ROBERTSON succeeded almost single-handed, in elbowing her to the wall. It was the old nursery story over again of Jack the Giant-killer and the giant Blunderbore. Glasgow certainly desired nothing better than to devour Crosshill and No-man's-land at a single mouthful. She was overthrown, however, "cribbed, cabined, and confined" by the prowess of this single knight. Mr ROBERTSON, who is a "son of the rock," was born in Stirling in 1829. His father was one of the old school, and was remarkable for years before his death for the pertinacity with which he clung to the fashionable costume of the end of last century. After receiving a "liberal education," first in his native town and afterwards in the venerable "Alma mater" in the High Street of Glasgow, Mr ROBERTSON was articled as an apprentice to the late Mr William Galbraith, Sheriff-Clerk of Stirlingshire and Town-Clerk of Stirling. At the close of his apprenticeship the Man you Know occupied a stool for several years in the office of Messrs C. D. Donald and Sons, writers, here, and subsequently in that of Mr David Clark, writer, Cupar-Angus. Returning to this city in 1857 he began business on his own account, and at the sametime became a member of the Faculty of Procurators, and on his brother joining him, shortly afterwards, the firm took the appellation of J. M. & J. H. Robertson, which, as already said, it still bears. Mr ROBERTSON'S connection with Crosshill dates from 1860. At that time the district, now so populous, did not contain more than a score of houses. It rapidly increased, however, mainly, of course, on account of its proximity to the South Side Park. Among those chiefly aiding in its development was the Man you Know, who built Struan Terrace, one of the finest blocks in the burgh. He took a lively interest, besides, in all that pertained to the municipal progress of the district, watching

and tending over Crosshill till he succeeded, in 1871, in procuring its erection into a burgh (in which year, by the bye, he also acted as agent for the formation of Kinning Park into a separate municipality) and performing a similar service, two years ago, for its near neighbour Govanhill. An active politician, Mr ROBERTSON officiated as one of the Liberal agents for Renfrewshire from 1865 to 1874, in which year, however, he undertook the direction of Dr Cameron's candidature for the city, and on this account withdrew from the county agency. At present our hero is devoting his energies to the formation of what is termed the Cathcart District Railway, a circular line by which it is proposed to place the various populous places situated to the south of the city in direct communication with the St. Enoch Square and the Gordon Street Stations, the line to be worked by a service of omnibus trains something after the style adopted on the London metropolitan railway. Altogether Mr ROBERTSON is a typical man of affairs. Shrewd, clear-headed, and energetic, no one ever caught him napping. He possesses a wide knowledge of law—for many years he was law adviser, it may be mentioned, to the Reformed Presbyterian Church—and his eager and vivacious intellect enables him to turn this knowledge to the best possible account. The BAILIE, as the representative of Glasgow, has no reason to entertain any very loveable feelings towards Mr ROBERTSON. A worthy antagonist, however, always commands the respect of the Magistrate, and he could not help sharing, on Friday night, some of the gratification experienced by the Man you Know at the celebration in the Govanhill and Crosshill Town Hall, which, after all, was neither more nor less than a demonstration in his honour.

—♦♦♦—
A FOG—"WHISTLER."

In hue I am no artist bright,
No oil or water tinter,
My studies all are "black and white—
The fogs and snows of winter.

—♦♦♦—
"THE FORTY THIEVES."—The chief must be either Procrastination or Going-ahead, for the one "thief of time" or the other has just about stolen another year of the world's history.

Tenant Right.—To discuss "the incidence of taxation."

FERGUSON'S EDINBURGH ROCK
is the best present from Edinburgh. 1 Melbourne place,
near the Castle

Shakesperian Mottoes.

3. For a prominent member of the Liberal Association—" 'Tis but Fortune. . . Here's an overweening rogue! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him. How he jets under his advanced plumes!"

4. For another, an ex-Bailie—"Ah! a tanner. His face (cheek?) hath acquired a consistency with his trade."

5. For Liberal Union—"The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie."

—♦♦♦—
YOUR FOOTPATH TO ITS RIGHT USE.—When the season of oranges comes round, the police give warning against the throwing of skins on the footpaths; but when the season of ice comes round there is no such warning against sliding. Why the one and not the other? May not a man's leg be as readily broken over the "run" of a slide as over the rind of an orange? Are grave and reverend seniors to pay rates for footpaths that they dare not walk upon because that gay and thoughtless juniors monopolise them for the purpose of mere amusement?

NO PLACE LIKE HOME.—"Home Rule" must be not merely for home sale, but for also exportation, else why is it being so much advertised and puffed on this the British side of the channel? If *Home Rule*, why not keep it "at home."

NO MORE AT PRESENT.—His Worship fears that there may be a formidable rival to the holiday exhibition of the Prince of Wales's Indian presents—an exhibition of the Scottish presents, such as a set of smoothing-irons, and a suit of wearing' apparel, received by Mr Gladstone.

HOW HAPPY COULD I BE WITH EITHER!—Few men are so fortunate as Sir James Watson. To say nothing of the Lord-Provostship or of the knighthood, he had the honour of, in the first place, presenting the "gold box" to Lord Beaconsfield, and, thereafter, of receiving Mr Gladstone as his guest.

One of the incidents of the fog in Paisley last week was the driving of a lot of bullocks into the enclosure of Free St. George's Church; and, after all, the occurrence was not unnatural. We have often heard of stirks in the kirk—aye, and bulls, too, besides those of Rome.

EARLY SPORT.—"Egg pouter!" says Mattie, "ma conscience, are they noo shootin' the bits o' birds afore even they're hatch'd."

Rolling Stock—Topsy travellers.

Stories of the Pantomimes.

ALI BABA, OR THE FORTY THIEVES.

YOU'LL likely know the story—O you do?
 But never mind we'll tell it you in rhyme;
 'Twill do you good to be brushed up anew,
 In this the ground work of our pantomime.

Once on a time, two brothers lived; the one
 Was passing rich, the other passed for poor;
 Cassim they called the former, who would shun
 His brother Ali Baba (poor wood hewer!)

One day this Ali Baba went to hew
 His bits of wood, and, in the forest thick,
 He saw a crowd of men, who nearer drew—
 So up a tree, for safety, cut his stick.

The men came on, a band of ten times four,
 And round the basement of a rock they range;
 At "Open Sesame!" wide flew a door,
 And Ali Baba says, "Ah me, that's strange!"

The robbers (such they were) went in, came out,
 And to secure their pelf from other thieves,
 "Shut Sesame!" they *una voce* shout—
 But Ali Baba twigged them, through the leaves.

Our little friend, so lately "up a tree,"
 Saw prospects now of soon becoming rich;
 He used the magic words, and there did see
 Great bags of gold—so took some—nor cared which.

He made his asses carry all they could—
 Three donkeys with a pair of panniers each—
 Then home he goes; his wife cries, "All that wood?"
 "Aha!" says he, "I've found a 'plum,' don't peach."

His wife for very joy did straightway drop—
 Drop on her knees to count it—no one by,
 But Baba sends her to his brother's shop—
 "Bring me his scales, nor beam show in your eye."

The scales were brought, the money duly weighed,
 The sum chalked down by these two clerkly scholars;
 The wife took back the scales—a "poor mouth" made,
 Nor let her dolour hint about her dollars.

Now Cassim's wife was crafty; in the scale
 She found a trifling balance at the bottom;
 "See, husband, *this* is very like a wail—
 He must have more—go ask him how he got 'em."

Poor Ali Baba, much against his mind,
 Recounted everything that had occurred;
 Told what he took, and what he left behind,
 And, brother-like, he even gave "the word."

Cassim set off right early in the morning,
 And with the "Sesame" got in, ne'er doubt;
 But in his greed, forgot his brother's warning,
 Forgot the word, and couldn't well get out.

The robbers coming, shortly after, caught him—
 Caught him right snug behind the magic door;
 He cried for "quarter," when he found they'd got him—
 Quarter he got—they cut him up in four.

Now Ali Baba went to seek his brother,
 And slipping next day early out of town,
 He reached the cave—his grief he could not smother—
 His brother so cut up, quite broke him down.

Then bit by bit the body home took he,
 And for a needy cobbler straight they go;
 They found one soon, tied up his eyes, (d'ye see?)
 And bid him—"Sew this body, sir!"—quite so.

The robbers missed the body, and they knew
 That some one on their movements had a watch;
 One volunteered to search the city through,
 And vowed he'd that same body-snatcher snatch.

His errand was not bootless, for he found
 The cobbler who the body late had sewn;
 He got his story; then his eyes he bound,
 And soon poor Ali Baba's house was shown.

He chalked the door, and with a mind at ease
 Returned; but Morgiana saw his game—
 She was a slave who well knew chalk from cheese—
 So marked a row of doors the very same.

The robbers saw their little aim was baulked,
 Their purpose crossed, nor knew well how to act;
 They saw more doors than bargained for were chalked—
 That "do" of theirs was clearly done in fact.

They steeped their brains and hit upon a plan,
 The plan was this,—Their captain would become
 A merchant selling oil; in jars each man
 Would hide, and, till they got the signal, mum.

The merchant came to Ali Baba's house,
 The jars were stored all in the yard behind;
 Each thief within kept still as any mouse—
 But mice are sometimes trapped against their min .

For Morgiana's oil that night ran done,
 And running to the back to share the spoil,
 She heard a voice say, "Is it time?" and one
 Popp'd up his castor in the jar of oil.

She found one jar was full of oil—no more;
 With that she filled, upon the fire, her pot,
 Then coming out—"What oil is here in store?"
 "Olive," says one, "O die!" says she, "Is't hot?"

The robbers now were dead—that's all but one,
 For Ali Baba's guest sat up till three;
 And Ali Baba liked so well the fun,
 He asked his captaincy to "bide a wee."

But Morgiana sickened at the sight
 Of what she'd left behind, in jars, in yon yard,
 Rushed on this oil and coloured man, and right
 Through his buff jerkin jerked her glittering poinard.

The forty thieves thus gone to their last sleep,
 Our Ali Baba's son weds Morgiana;
 The secret of the secret cave they keep—
 Nor whispered of the *forty*, e'en *piano*.

The story has a moral, and should show
 To try and blind a cobbler is absurd;
 Don't drink with pedlar folks you do not know,
 And this 'bove all—*do* try and *keep your word*.

EXCELSIOR!

(Scene—George Square).

Cabby (wishing a "lark" out of Pat, who is in a ragged condition, touches his hat politely)—
 Cab, sir?

Pat—Are ye sellin' it?

Cabby (taken aback)—N—no, sir, it's for hire,
 a —

Pat—Yis, begorra, it's for higher gintry than
 the likes o' me!

[Cabby gives it up.]

One for Dizzy—A fine "feller," Gladstone.

American Apples from 17s 6d per Barrel, at M. CAMPBELL'S
 18 Gordon Street, or from any of his Branch Shops.

Government Manilla Cheroots and Cigars (large size), 5 a 1s.
 D. CARMICHAEL, 161 Ingram St., and 121 Buchanan St.

• Ansell's Beefsteak Grill, 88 Virginia Place (Rear of Union
 Bank). Steaks, Chops, Kidneys, &c., cooked in large room.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—As was to be expected the Gaiety was crammed from pit to gallery on Saturday night. The audience can hardly be said to have been very enthusiastic, but its reception of the "Forty Thieves" was at least friendly, and even warm. As it seemed to me, there was rather less fun and "go" in the new piece than in some of Mr Bernard's former pantomimes. Perhaps your superfine folk were apt, at times, to hint that these were just a trifle too noisy in their character, but even the superfine ones couldn't help laughing, and that heartily too, at the mad-cap mirth that went on on the stage. In the "Forty Thieves," on the other hand, everything is smooth and graceful. The dresses are gorgeous—surely such magnificence in the matter of wardrobes was never approached in this country before, the scenery is effective, and the acting, well the acting would be distinctly improved with the infusion of a little more *chic* into the style of the principal performers. What I mean will be understood by those who witnessed the combat on Saturday night between Miss Vesey and Mr Mackintosh, and who could recall, at the same time, the direful encounter in "Robinson Crusoe," with which Miss Gourlay and Mr Groves invariably brought down the house.

Miss Soldene's singing on Saturday was as artistic as ever. Occasionally her acting reminded you of the more effective passages in "Carmen," and it was plain that the audience had hoped for one or two extracts from Bizet's charming opera. In this, however, they were disappointed.

I'm afraid, my Magistrate, that your retainer may take it in his head, now that libel actions are so common, to have "up" Mr Bernard in respect of that unfortunate "cuddy" introduced into the "Forty Thieves." While your own Animile is the brightest of fellows going, this ass of the Gaiety's is surely the feeblest specimen of the asinine race known, either in or out of the pages of history.

May I hint to Mr Mackintosh that his "Forty Thieves" catchword isn't quite so happy as were those he used in "The Babes in the Wood" and "Robinson Crusoe." Such a success, however, as "What's de matter wid dat hat?" seldom comes twice in a life-time.

Mr Sidney's fifth Glasgow pantomime was launched in presence of a bumper audience on Saturday, when "The Fair One with the Golden Locks" made her *début* amid no little enthusiasm. For a "first night" the whole of the stage business and scenic arrangement went with wonderful smoothness and exactness. Owing, however, to the clamour kicked up by the "gods" throughout the evening, those of us in the lower regions could gain but a hazy idea of the plot, and of the quality of the libretto generally. I may say at once that the scenery is exceptionally effective. Nothing finer has ever been seen at the Prince of Wales. Specially noteworthy are the Tangled Brake, the Bank of the River, Fairy Land, the Transformation, and Mr Glover's two scenes, the Boudoir of the Fair One, and the Giant's Glen by Moonlight. In response to several loud calls for the "pen-ter," the several artists had to come to the footlights and acknowledge a series of ovations.

In the matter of spectacular displays, groupings, appointments, ballet business, and stage paraphernalia generally, Mr Sidney is specially strong. The human form divine—female of course—is shown to advantage. Legs and "animated busts" there are in rich profusion. The ballet corps are quite too awfully handsome, and trips it in fascinating style. The weak point in the pantomime, I fancy, is "the words." This seems colourless, wanting in pith and point, and shows a plentiful lack of wit throughout.

The specially engaged artistes were pretty well up in their parts and gave a good account of their respective *roles*. I shall have more to say of them anon.

Mr H. C. Beryl, to whom we have all a warm side, opens the Royal Princess Theatre, on Saturday night, with "New Babylon," one of the great London successes of the year. I find I was under a misapprehension when I mentioned the name of Mr Strathmore in connection with the south-side house. Mr Beryl is the sole and responsible lessee and manager.

It is a curious commentary on the professed anxiety of the School Board to assist their assistants that they have lithographed a circular stating "they do not see their way to grant any increase of salary." Applicants have, however, a small crumb of comfort offered them in the intimation that certain increments from extras will go to them, to the exclusion of the head dominies, who may have worked for the same. Why this thushness to the heads?

Mr Henry Irving's re-appearance as *Digby Grant*, at the Bedford benefit on Wednesday last, has been hailed with a chorus of universal applause from the London press. Probably the *Pall Mall Gazette* is his most censorious critic—the two pet aversions of the paper "written by gentlemen for gentlemen" are Mr Gladstone and Mr Irving—but even the *Pall Mall* was forced on Friday to confess that "his performance of *Digby Grant* is worthy to rank with the masterpieces of modern histrionic art."

A "Man You Know," BAILIE, and one of the few men of letters of which our city can boast, I mean Mr Andrew Macgeorge, is about to publish a monograph entitled "Old Glasgow: the place and the people. From the Roman occupation to the eighteenth century." The volume will be the most exhaustive and the most correct yet prepared on the subject.

Dr John White, for about thirty years commercial and mathematical master in Irvine Academy, has just issued a volume of "Jottings in Prose and Verse." The work has been published at the urgent request of a host of former pupils, among whom the venerable L.L.D. can claim two "wranglers," several professors, and three of H.M. senior inspectors of schools. The verses are mostly in the west country vernacular, and, to my thinking, form the better and spicier half of the volume. They are instinct with original fancies, are full of Scotch pawkiness and humour, and have generally the ring of the right metal about them.

If such a remark were not superfluous, BAILIE, I should say that Mr Airlie is an enterprising and a bold man. On Saturday evening he will bring to the City Hall the Edinburgh Select Choir, to beard us in our very den of "Select Choirs." An overflowing audience is sure to assemble for the purpose of judging the results of the experiment.

"Hengler's" has always been famed for its charming Christmas and New-Year's annuals. This year, Mr William Powell, the head and front of the West Nile Street house, places before his patrons "The Carnival on the Ice," in about a dozen spirited tableaux. For spectacular display and brilliancy of ensemble, the "Carnival" quite eclipses all former holiday efforts at this establishment.

Mr Newsome, who was first in the field with his Christmas production, has been reaping the proverbial success of the early bird. "The Canadian Sleigh Fete" now goes merrily from first to last, and presents a continuous round of bright and spirited scenes.

To judge by the auctioneers' announcements, Glasgow has a most "unbounded stomach" for work of art and *virtu*. Messrs Duncan Keith and Buchanan notify a most tempting sale for Saturday, of pictures by such men as Bough, Herdman, etc, and rare old articles of jewellery, china, and cabinetwork.

Messrs Edmiston are to sell in West Nile Street on Thursday a curious old clock, chiefly of silver-gilt, from the Shandon collection. The description of it makes one's mouth water, and happy is the *Cæsus* who can secure it?

A LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT.

(Scene—Inveraray Cross.)

Tonalt (to Tougalt who is lighting his pipe)—
Haes she a licht, Tougalt?

Tougalt (solemnly)—Yes, Tonalt, putt she's
oot!

Old Tales Re-trimmed,

I. THE GRATEFUL LION—As the late Mr J. Androcles was taking a country ramble, he observed a lion limping towards him apparently in great pain. The humane gentleman, not seeing any possibility of getting out of the way, went to the animal's assistance, and found that it was suffering from the presence of a large thorn in one of its forepaws. He proceeded to extract the thorn, pondering the while how he could secure his patient, and sell him to a menagerie. The operation over, the grateful lion bowed, and, remarking, "Many thanks, I can now make a meal of you with much more ease and comfort"—proceeded to dine upon Mr Androcles. Moral—Invisible to the naked eye.

II. THE STORY OF CASABIANCA.—Casabianca's papa was a ship-captain in a foreign service, and—the youth being rather a pickle—determined to get rid of him. He therefore told the boy to remain on a certain spot on deck, and went below, intending to fire the powder magazine. Young Casabianca perceived this design, and, observing to himself, "Quite so, my revered parent," proceeded to fasten down the hatchways. This done, he made his escape in the longboat, and, as he watched the explosion from afar, murmured softly, "So much for the gov'nor!" Moral—"Keep your eye on your father!"

THE MONARCH AND THE DUMPLINGS.—As King George III. was taking a country ride, he stopped, after his wont, to refresh himself at the expense of a poor cottager. The good woman of the house had just finished cooking some apple dumplings for the dinner of herself and her family, and the King professed his inability to understand how the apples got inside the paste. Even after consuming the poor woman's whole supply, he still declared himself unable to comprehend the phenomenon. "Neither am I able," rejoined his hungry hostess, "to understand how your Majesty got outside all my dumplings." Moral—most obvious.

"JEELY."

New Cook (from the Highlands, to the table-maid who has just brought in some calves' feet)—Bella, whatever is Mrs Thomson gaen to dae with thae?

Bella—To mak' jeely, of coorse.

Cook—Jeely! jeely!! Mak' jeely oot o' thae!! Weel, if Mrs Thomson can' mak' jeely oot o' thae she may pit it in the papers, for I ne'er saw jeely made oot o' onything but grossets,

To a Lovely Blonde.

TO what shall I liken my Lily fair?
To a star? Ah no, for no twinkling star
Is one half so bright as my darling girl.
To a gem? Ah no, nor ruby nor pearl
Is treasure so priceless, so rare by far,
As my sweetest pet with the golden hair.

To what shall I liken my Lily fair?
To a flow'r? Ah no, no rosebud sweet
Can equal the beauty of her I love.
To a bird? Ah no, the fond cooing dove
Gives but a faint hint of the charms that meet
In my sweetest pet with the golden hair.

To what shall I liken my Lily fair?
Not to star, rare gem, sweet flow'r, nor fond bird;
To a fay? No fay e'er danced on a lea,
So graceful, so light, so lovely as she.
Ah, 'tis hopeless to search for one dear word
For my sweetest pet with the golden hair.

A BARMECIDE FEAST.

" . . . And every day
Fared sumptuously . . ."—*Pollok.*

Mick (a mason's labourer)—What kind of job wur yez at the day?

Pat (ditto)—I wur out at a swell house in Crosshill.

Mick—An' how did yez come on out there?

Pat—Och, just the best; when I wur sittin' down to me dinner shure they sent me out a taycupful of tay, and not a common taycup moind yez, but a grate big coffee taycup.

WELL I NEVER.

(Scene—County town; group of weavers discussing the "latest.")

1st Weaver—Did ye hear what's-his-name had gin Gladstone a present?

2nd W.—I did; maun he mun hae an awfu' cheek.

1st W.—It's just like they packmen; da ye ken, rither than ha din what he did I wid walk twenty miles an' flit a sow.

"Hemmed into a Corner"—A monogram on a pocket handkerchief.

A Ward Meeting—A gathering at which prizes are distributed.

Sic(k) Transit—From Dover to Calais.

IMPORTANT TO WRITERS.

MACNIVEN & CAMERON have just invented and Patented a New Penholder, which they have named the

"Waverley Quill Yielding Penholder."

It is adapted to hold any Pen.

Drafter says—"It will make a very pretty present for this time of year, and will remind the receiver very pleasantly every time he uses it."

Sold by all Stationers, or by post from the Patentees, Price 3d each, in Sterling Silver 2s, and with Name Engraved 2s 6d.

MACNIVEN & CAMERON, 23 to 33 Blair Street, Edinburgh,
Penmakers to Her Majesty's Government Offices.
(Established 1770.)

Quavers.

THE Choral Union achieved an unmistakeable success on Tuesday evening in Rossini's brilliant music. "Moses in Egypt," even as adapted for the concert platform is somewhat different from the class of works hitherto studied, but conductor and chorus are the more to be complimented that the new groove was fallen into so aptly. The "cues" were wonderfully smartly taken up, considering the frequency of the choral interjections and, of course, the absence of stage action as a guide. The tone of the Union is remarkably good this season, and we may well look forward to superb choral singing in the works in which they have yet to take a part.

One of our musical critics was surely all out the other day in speaking of the music of "Moses in Egypt" as similar in character to that of opera-bouffe. Fancy "Moses" and "The Grand Duchess." O, for shame! But we suspect the writer, let us be bold enough to say, is ignorant of the difference between the opera-bouffe of the French comic stage and Italian opera-buffa, the latter as high in art as the other is low. Rossini is here not altogether insulted in association with Cimarosa in "Il Matrimonio Segreto" or with himself in "Il Barbière," but surely mortally so in association with Offenbach or Lecocq.

The first of the series of weekly "popular" concerts came off on Saturday evening with great *clat*. The overture to "Der Freyschutz" was superbly played, and the Beethoven Symphony was given with the utmost attention to detail, and generally speaking with great success. The programme—a little too long, by the way—was gone through, the remainder of it, in a highly satisfactory manner. There was a very large audience and Mr Manns received an enthusiastic reception on the occasion of his first appearance here.

Senor Sarasate completely entranced the audience by the magic of his violin playing. His style is pure and sweet rather than broad, and he is evidently a perfect master of the *technique* of the instrument in all its resources. He reminds us much of Ernst in his passion and pathos.

Next Saturday evening will be played the No. 2 Symphony of Beethoven, the overture to "The Magic Flute," with selections from Weber, dance music, &c. Miss Bessie Kean will be the vocalist, and Mr Alfred Wells solo flautist.

The Orchestral Subscription Concert to-night, first of the series, will open with "Oberon," evidently now to be regarded as the overture of overtures, at least in the sense of an opening or introductory piece. Certainly one cannot point to a better test of orchestral playing than a performance of this ever-welcome and romantic introduction to the greatest of English operas, as "Oberon" is to be regarded. The unfinished symphony by Schubert (No. 8 in B minor), a truly, "noble fragment" is the leading orchestral item in the otherwise most interesting programme for to-night. But we do not forget the importance of the overture to "Benvenuto Cellini" (beginning part second of the concert) by Berlioz, one of the ablest of modern orchestral writers, as need not be said now. Von Bulow has recently revived, with great success, this opera. It had evidently been far in advance of its time when first produced, for only the overture, as has often happened, met with approval.

Miss Lilly Martin, contralto, whom many have had the pleasure of hearing at occasional semi-public concerts of late, contributes the vocal solos this evening. Miss Martin has a rich mellow quality of voice, and she sings with great artistic taste and intelligence. Her solos are "Nature's Adoration" the chorale-like song by Beethoven, in which it will be remembered Madame Patey achieved so marked a success two years ago at these concerts; next a canzonetta from Pergolesi, and what Miss Martin sings very finely indeed, Schumann's "He the best of all, the Noblest," lovely music unknown now to but very few.

Senor Sarasate will play the Mendelssohn violin concerto, and an arrangement of gipsy melodies for violin and piano. The former composition is not new to us, but is ever welcome, and we may well anticipate an exceptionally fine interpretation of it in the hands of this distinguished violinist.

Mr Channon Cornwall, who will accompany to-night on the pianoforte at the Orchestral Subscription Concert, has been do-

ing duty of late at the City Hall organ recitals, for Mr Lambeth who has been *pedally* incapacitated for a time by an accident. Mr Cornwall plays with great spirit, and occasionally with humour.

The Paisley Philharmonic Society are to be congratulated on the great success of their concert of Thursday evening last. Their programme was one far out of the ordinary range of the orchestral compositions affected by amateur societies generally, the Saint-Saens suite alone being sufficient to stamp the selection with distinction. This highly interesting work by the eccentric French organist ought truly to be heard soon again. All honour to the Paisley Philharmonic Association that they have been the first to play it in Scotland. We were much pleased with the tone of the instruments generally, and with the ability with which they were handled, also with the careful attention given to the baton of their youthful and very talented conductor, Mr W. T. Hoeck. Among the solo numbers at the concert are to be mentioned (and with praise) the "Duo Concertante" for violin and piano, from Kucken, and the "Ranz des Vaches" on the somewhat rare *Cor Anglais*, or tenor member of the Hautboy family of which the bassoon is the bass; also the song "Nazareth," which was both well sung and skilfully accompanied. Mr Hoeck's two able piano solos, as also indeed the music generally, would have told better in a proper concert-room, which the drill hall, where the concert was given, is far from being. There was a large audience.

At the performance of Haydn's oratorio, "The Creation," by the Ayr Choral Union on Christmas Eve (24th inst.), the accompaniments will be played by the band at present playing at the Choral Union Concerts (by which the rich and melodious character of Haydn's instrumentalism will be heard to every advantage); the soprano soloist will be an Ayr lady who has been studying at the Royal Academy; the chief bass part will be entrusted to Mr Riddell, whose singing in "Moses in Egypt" last week gave so much satisfaction; and the tenor solos will be in the hands of a gentleman from Glasgow of artistic ability and intelligence. The chorus are understood to be remarkably well up in their parts.

A performance is to be given of "The Messiah" in Kilmarnock on the 30th instant by the Philharmonic Society there, and it is intended to produce Mendelssohn's "St Paul" at the end of March. The conductor is Mr William Newsome. The membership of the society being in a flourishing state, good concerts are anticipated. Competent principals have been engaged for the first-named oratorio.

UP TO THE TIME O' DAY.

(Scene—Roadside station on the Glasgow and South-Western Railway).

Village Bellman (to station-master)—Could ye obleege me wi' a pocket time-table, Maister Jeems?

Station-master—What do you want a time-table for, Robert? I'm sure you never travel.

Bellman—Weel it's no' for travellin' purposes, bit ye see I thocht it would be kin' a' hauny tae set the Free Kirk nock by.

"Fast in the Colour"—A fly stuck in a paint pot,

"Men Come in their Millions and Thousands and Tens,
Demanding Macniven and Cameron's Pens."

"They are a treasure."—*Standard*.

The Commercial Pen for Fine Writing.

Sold by all Stationers, 6d and 1s per Box by Post.

Beware of the parties offering spurious imitations.

NOTICE TO TEACHERS.—Samples of School Pens on Application.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the landlords and factors met a day after the fair.

That it was only fair that they should get firing off the speeches which they had prepared for the occasion.

That a certain sheriff would like to have a tilt at some of those who are so fond of grinding "puir cottar bodies" with "factor's snash."

That in the multitude of Glasgow Councillors there is not very much wisdom.

That Councillor Jackson, Councillor Neil, and Councillor Young have all interested themselves in the bakers' dispute.

That one of them counselled the men, another counselled the masters, and the third attempted to council both parties.

That after such a batch of counselling the result was a row.

That a trio of trade agitating loafers could not have done much worse.

That the unprotected state of the river and docks should be looked to by the Clyde Trustees.

That a fog occasionally obscures the deliberations of the Trust.

That when a member of the Trust gets a dip in the river the grievance may be dipped into.

That the *Herald* has leapt up behind the BAILIE.

That Granny has become a Tory of the Tories.

That the conversion began when a certain literary Doctor got into Parliament.

That it has been confirmed by a careful study of the pages of the BAILIE.

That it is now an accomplished fact.

That "oor Jeems" does not approve of the dominies meeting and using strong language regarding the members of the School Board.

That "Jeems" never indulges in the luxury of strong language himself.

That this accounts for his sensitiveness in regard to the matter.

That Jeems would like to birch a few of the assistant schoolmasters.

That a few of the assistant schoolmasters would have no objections to return the compliment.

That the Day-Feeding School under the Juvenile Delinquency Board is in a queer condition.

That the directors thereof are being called upon for subscriptions to aid in the up-keep of their educational white elephant.

That they heartily wish they had never entered on such a pauperising concern.

That the BAILIE gave them the straight tip months ago.

THE ATMOSPHERE.

Jock (to Tam)—Wis the fug thick oot your way?

Tam—Thick, did ye say? Man, you could'a supped it!

ENTERPRISE.

"Wha buys nits buys shells,"
Wha buys our tea buys naething else;
Sugar she for naething gets,
An' presents—tea-things, cups-and-fets,
Picters, toys—she gets them "free,"
There's nocht to pay for but the tea!

A provincial Bailie has got himself sadly chaffed by sentencing two offenders to attend church for three successive Sundays. *The BAILIE* will, however, withhold his censure till he learns the particulars, and can estimate the severity of the punishment. A flogging would be almost preferable to attendance on some ministrations.

HARD TO PLEASE.—The other day the BAILIE suggested to his own Unemployed either to take "the situation in Burmah," or go in for "the Afghan occupation," and the lazy fellow shook his head, saying he didn't like the look of either!

CHAFF!—A south-side shopkeeper has an announcement in his window stating that he has "East Country chaff for sale." From the amount of slang always at the disposal of young Glasgow his Worship is of opinion that to import chaff from the East country is to carry coal to Newcastle with a vengeance.

SIMULATION AND DISSIMULATION.—Jones wants to know the difference between a "lying spirit" and "silent whisky." He had better try both, and perhaps he'll find out.

THE GREAT WAG.—Among the advertised "books of the season" are "The Tale of a Goat" and "The Tale of a Terrier," but the tail for all seasons is the Tail of the Ass! (Hee-haw!)

A gamekeeper hailing from "Knockand Maze" was sent to prison at Stranraer the other day for assault. He forgot to plead that he was merely acting up to the name of his abode.

"Crewel" Work—Assault and battery.

Famed 8d Dinner and 6d Tea Service, City Commercial Restaurant, 6 Union Street. Matthew Waddell.

Beveridge's Guaranteed Mixed Pickles, Red Cabbage, Mushroom Ketchup, Sauces and Table Condiments, unrivalled for rarity and flavour.

ENORMOUS DELIVERY
OF
**LADIES' FUR-TOP
GLOVES,**

(WITH PATENT SPRING FASTENING)

3s 6d PER PAIR 3s 6d

ORDERED IN MARCH OF 1879,

THUS TAKING NINE MONTHS TO MAKE AND DELIVER.

OTHER QUALITIES from 5s to 15s a Pair,

In every variety of Fur Trimming.

GENTLEMEN'S, FROM 4s 6d TO 7s 6d A PAIR.

THE LARGEST DELIVERY OF FUR-TOP GLOVES

That ever entered any Glasgow Retail Warehouse.

FORSYTH'S,

13 RENFIELD STREET,

ROYAL EXCHANGE.

NEW MEMBERS (Town and Country) will now be ENROLLED for year 1880, thus giving them benefit of Present Month Gratis.

1st December, 1879.

By Order.

SOUTH AYRSHIRE.

COLONEL ALEXANDER, M.P., requests that the ELECTORS will do him the honour of meeting him in the CORN EXCHANGE HALL, Ayr, on TUESDAY, the 16th inst., at Two o'Clock Afternoon.

Ballochmyle, 1st December, 1879.

**COOPER & CO'S
FRUIT SYRUPS.**

LEMON and GINGER Especially Recommended.

1S 9D BOTTLE FOR 8½D,

3S 6D " " 1S 3D,

A Tablespoonful of the above in a Tumblerful of Cold Water makes a most refreshing and inexpensive Summer Drink.

To be had only from the Makers,
COOPER & CO., 10 and 12 Howard Street, and Branches.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

HENRY THOMSON & CO'S

OLD

IRISH WHISKY.

SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—

ROBERT BROWN, 17 HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.

DAVISON'S
**CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE
GINGER BEER.**

A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE YEAR ROUND; WARM, GRATEFUL, AND AROMATIC. As Supplied to the Western, Junior, New, and other Clubs.

THOMAS DAVISON,
DISPENSING CHEMIST,
126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

THE NEW CENTRAL CLOTHING HOUSE,

125 TO 133 ARGYLL STREET,

OPPOSITE ARGYLE ARCADE,

IS NOW OPEN AS A HIGH-CLASS CLOTHING & OUTFITTING ESTABLISHMENT.

ULSTERS! ULSTERS! In all the Latest Novelties for the present Season, Ready-made or to Order, for Ladies, Gentlemen, Boys, and Grls. Prices, Quality, and Style unequalled.

OVERCOATS! OVERCOATS! In Endless Variety and most Fashionable Materials.

BOYS' OVERCOATS and ULSTERS. 4s, 6s, 8s, 10s, 12s, 14s—all Sizes, most durable Materials, Style, Quality, and Fit Guaranteed.

JOHN LESLIE,

CENTRAL CLOTHING HOUSE, 125 TO 133 ARGYLL STREET, OPPOSITE ARGYLL ARCADE.

SUPERB TEA at 2s 4d Per Lb.

FAMILIES who are being supplied at "Wholesale Rates" (so called) by Wholesale Grocers and West-End Co-Operative Stores, should compare what they are buying at 2s 6d, 2s 8d, and 3s per lb. with the above Tea. There is nothing like it in Scotland.

NOTE.—From our large stock we still sell the same qualities at the old prices, notwithstanding the advance of 6d per lb. upon the Wholesale London Market.

STUART CRANSTON & CO.,
76 ARGYLE STREET (CORNER OF QUEEN STREET), GLASGOW.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 17th, 1879.

THE leading members of the Town Council, and those whose sympathies they desired to enlist, in their projected General Museum Scheme, must have felt decidedly crestfallen when they read the article in last Wednesday's *Herald*. In the simplicity of their hearts (which is a polite way of saying, in their ignorance of Glasgow's needs in the way of museums), they had a friendly interchange of opinions on the subject last week. It is doubtless lucky that these opinions were not published, to judge from their outcome, which was nothing less extraordinary than a proposal to add another wing to the building at Kelvingrove, to convert the Corporation Galleries into a museum, and to erect buildings for the like purpose in the East End and near Crosshill. Why Crosshill of all places in the world should be supplied with a curiosity shop at the expense of the citizens of Glasgow was to "Granny" such a puzzle that it upset the complacency with which she usually views civic doings, and led her to denounce Kelvingrove Museum as an architectural anomaly which it is proposed to convert into an architectural enormity. Bravo, Granny! Your hearty but very hardy denunciation of the foible so dear to Bailie M'BEAN and West-End nursery-maids should effectually prevent the so-called scheme being even mentioned to Sir PHILIP OWEN while in Glasgow this week. It may be the best that Lord Provost COLLINS and Company could devise—they may even think it a very able and efficient proposal—but it is not to be forgotten that they entertain the like formidable opinion of their management of all municipal matters—finance, sewage, the consolidation of the Trusts, and the rest.

"HIM AND THE HORSE."

(Scene—Village in Upper Ward).

Tam (to *Wull*)—Wis ye through at Wast Cadder hearin' Gledstin?

Wull—I wiss.

Tam—Man, he's a great yin.

Wull—Isn't he? Did ye see yon cart horse in the procession? Yon was something tae look at!

A Dry Remark—Have a half? A *Hackneyed* One—Cab, sir?

Our "Mortifications."

THAT was an interesting statement in the *Mail* the other day anent the dormant and other educational endowments in the city. Five years ago it was shown by Professor Meiklejohn that nearly all our charity schools were simply wasting the funds bequeathed for their support. But what a pile of money is running to waste or being misapplied in the case of those mortifications fixed some 60 or 70 years ago, and "not yet in operation." It is stated that the accumulated interest therefrom is over £10,000 per annum, and some folk would like to know how this money is applied. It is not added to the original bequests, it is not spent in education, where then does it go? Will the several trustees condescend us a reply?

"JUDGING OTHERS BY HIMSELF."

(At the dinner-table of a fashionable west country hydropathic establishment).

Bloated Butcher (who has gone to the "Establishment" to wash out the effects of a long-continued drinking bout, trying to become familiar with a very dignified old lady sitting beside him)—There seems to be a guid few no' very strong folk here.

Old Lady—Yes, poor creatures.

Butcher (lowering his voice confidentially)—It's my opeenion, mem, that, say what they like, we're a' here for the ae thing.

A CASE OF "CELL."

She who marriage would make a mere matter o' money
Will not feel her teeth ache o'er a "moon" made of "honey."

MUSICAL (NOT NOTE, BUT) QUERY.—How is Time regularly beat at the Orchestral Concerts? By an August Mann's conducting-baton, of course.

ICE IN SAWDUST.—The "Carnival on the Ice" wasn't the Lord Provost's "fashionable bespeak" at the Circus, or it doubtless would have reminded us of Mr Martin and the "junks."

CONSCIENCE MONEY.—A conscience-stricken being sends 8s to the *Mail* Distress Fund, as "Profit on Ticket for Gladstone's Meeting." It would be interesting to know if this is one of the five-guinea gentry.

THE PRINCE'S PRESENTS.—"Why art thou here, come from the farthest steep of India?"—*Mid-"winter" Night's Dream*.

A Great Work of Art—One painted in "size" colour.

"Is a Sewing-Machine a Nuisance?" THE BAILIE has of late observed with considerable concern, and he drew attention to the fact a week ago, that Messrs Gemmel and M'Phee do not seem to pull together at the Central quite so well as is desirable. "*Tantaene irae?*" he has asked himself after each fresh dispute, and with his characteristic desire for peace and good-will he has set himself to devise some means of bringing these "celestial minds" into greater harmony. Accordingly, after the recent falling out over the question, "Is a sewing-machine a nuisance?" it occurred to his Worship to issue a Magisterial Commission on the subject, the Commissioners being the Ass (in the chair), Peter, and Bauldy. After an irregular motion from the Chair, to the effect that the Commission should sit in the Bodega, had been overruled, the trio got under way with their labours; and the BAILIE has now much pleasure in submitting to his readers the following summary of the evidence so far adduced:—

Miss Amy Sauchiehall, who was the first witness examined, had no hesitation whatever in declaring a sewing-machine to be a decided nuisance. They had one at home, and mamma made its possession an excuse for the cruel and monstrous proposal that she (witness) and her sisters should do all their "plain sewing" themselves. (Sensation). Here the witness became much agitated, declaring that the Chairman was winking at her, and she was obliged to retire.

Mr Jeremiah Hardup was next called, and stated that the mere mention of a sewing-machine was a confounded nuisance. (The witness was proceeding to use still stronger language, when he was called to order). His wife pestered him every day to buy her one of these instruments, on the ground of economy; but, as they had no family, he did not see the point of it. The sewing of their establishment was, or rather ought to be, chiefly confined to his shirt-buttons, and a sewing-machine was not adapted to such a purpose.

The third witness was Mrs Photo-Flouncely, whose elaborate costume excited a buzz of admiration among the audience. Her husband, she deponed, had presented her with a sewing-machine and the cool suggestion that she should in future make her own dresses. It was a nuisance of the deepest dye.

Mr Jack Homeless gave evidence to the effect that at his lodgings nothing but a thin partition divided his sitting-room from a peculiarly noisy sewing-machine. Words could

not express what a nuisance he found it. It was driving him to drink.

At this point the Chairman informed the witness that he deeply sympathised with him, and that the whisky round the corner was celebrated. The Commission adjourned.

"Oh, Willie, we have Missed You."

OH, Willie, is it you, dear? far, far from home, You always told us true, dear, you said that you would come: Our party feared the risk, and we heard you fear'd it, too, For rumours false the Jingos and the Dizzy spread 'bout you, Making all around us sad, and our enemies to sneer, Oh, Willie, it is you, dear, welcome, welcome here.

Oh, Willie, we have "briched" you when you came from home, With shawl and tartan plaid, too, to keep your body warm, We fear'd you would not come, for the task it was so bold, A storming of the Dukedom, the Tory's great stronghold; But you've done the trick outright, and the Lothians in a roar Crying, "Willie, represent us, welcome Will once more."

Oh, Willy, we have missed you, six long years gone past, 'Tis quite unconstitutional a seventh one to last, But if the Jingos try, I believe they intend to do, You'll fight them by your talking glibly for three hours or so, Every day this campaign lasts, columns ten in *Times* you'll fill; While we'll keep crying welcome, welcome to our Will.

Oh, Willy dear, be careful, about the Church and State, For Liberals are divided; don't find that out too late. Your words surround in mist, their sense make indistinct, No other man thus gifted, you have it by instinct, "Retrenchment, peace, reform" we'll make these three our call, Oh, Willie, you are welcome, welcomed by us all.

Oh, Willie, you're the boy, dear, you have no fear at all, Our farming you call "careless," that's comfort to us all, For improvement we shall make, and distress will fly away, Our farmers be proprietors and Land Laws done away, "Expropriation" Freedom shall also be our call. Oh, Willie, you are welcome, welcome by us all.

"GATHERED TOGETHER."

(Scene—A wedding in a south-side parish in Glasgow.)

Minister (to best-man)—I am delighted, Mr Thomson, to see so many well-known faces from the parish at this festive gathering.

Best-man—Frac the pairish! Man, they're here frac a' airts! There's a man frac Stirling, and twa frac Camlachie, forbye yon auld wife at the fireside, wha bides in Brigton!

"Midas" has turned up in the columns of the *Herald* offering anybody who likes to take it £20 a week. *Verb. sap.* "Midas" transposed makes "Is-mad!"

Might a "diverted river" be described as a "stream of amusement?"

Mitchell's Old Irish Whisky, Belfast, is famed over the World Agent, David Mitchell, 20 Hope Street, Glasgow.

LONDON SCOTCH RESORT, 3 Water Lane, Ludgate Hill, London, the only House for "Real Johnny" Scotch Whiskies of all Brands, Scotch Ales, &c. Neil Mackay, Proprietor.

Megilp.

THE event of the week in local art matters was the opening, on Friday, of the second annual Exhibition of the Scottish Society of Painters in Water Colours. As in every other collection ever brought together, the Exhibition contains one or two rather so-so works; but taken as a whole the drawings are unusually good. The majority, moreover, are characteristically Scotch in their style. Their treatment is broad and vigorous—somewhat mannered English people might say, and perhaps they wouldn't be far wrong—but we in Scotland delight in the mannerism of our artists. Bough was a mannerist, and so was Paul Chalmers, and so, for that matter, are Herdman, and M'Taggart, and Hugh Cameron.

Among the works in the Exhibition which partake more of a southern than a northern character are the delightful sea pieces of the President, Mr Powell, his single figure over the fire-place, so dainty in its tone and handling, and the large Whitby drawings of Mr David Law. One of these, the picturesque "Whitby Harbour," which was in the Royal Academy last May, has been etched by Leon Richeton, and the etching appears in the *Portfolio* for the present month.

The two contributors to the Exhibition whose works will not satisfy their admirers are Mr M'Whirter and Mr R.W. Macbeth. Both are Scotchmen, and both are distinguished artists. Anything more tricky, however, than the trifle which Mr M'Whirter calls "Morning on the Shore," or two harder or less interesting studies than Mr Macbeth's "Sardine Fishing Boats," are seldom seen.

The difference between good work and bad work will be understood by any one who contrasts Mr Herdman's flower drawing, "It was the time of Roses," with Mr M'Whirter's "Morning on the Shore," or the "Lobster Fishers" of Mr M'Taggart with the sketches by Mr Macbeth.

Among the subjects discussed at the Water-Colour dinner on Thursday evening was the establishment in this city of a Black and White Association. The project seems to have taken shape so far already, and when it was brought up by Mr Powell and Mr William Smith it received the general assent of those present. There is some likelihood that, previous to the formal launching of the Association, a "Black and White" exhibition will be held. This could not take place under better tutelage than that of the Water Colour Society.

Mr James Christie occupied the chair, on Wednesday evening, at the annual dinner in London of the Royal Academy students. He was supported, right and left, by Sir Frederick Leighton—who had distributed the prizes to this year's successful students earlier in the day—and Mr Alma Tadema. There were among the company no fewer than 28 Academicians—think of that Master Brooke—and two members of the Glasgow Pen and Pencil Club. Christie is said to have acquitted himself like the big-brained, manly fellow he is. His studio chum, by the bye, is this year's gold medallist at the Academy.

The fourth annual exhibition of paintings and drawings by members of the Paisley Art Institute will be opened on the Monday evening of next week, in the School of Art there. This year the exhibition will include several loan pictures by eminent artists.

Mr A. B. Stewart entertained the Council of the Fine Art Institute at dinner in Rawcliffe Lodge on Wednesday evening. Those present on the occasion, not directly connected with the Institute, were Professor Legros, Dr Whittaker—an ex-member of the Art Club who still paints a little, and Mr Craibe Angus, the picture dealer.

What was the meaning of the exhibitions given in the Haldane Academy on the Wednesday and Thursday of last week by M. Legros? When, a couple of years ago, Mr Bernard engaged, as one of the features of his pantomime, a music-hall *artiste* who drew chalk portraits on a black-board of anybody and everybody with a swiftness and freedom that were fairly astonishing, it was never proposed that our artist friends should lift up their hands in amazement at his performances. Now, however, a little Frenchman—by no means such a clever fellow as the man of the music halls—gives a very similar entertainment under the

auspices of the Haldane folk, and straightway the word goes round that he is to be admired and petted to the top of his bent. Surely "'tis a mad world, my masters!"

M. Legros is skilled in all the secrets of his trade. His head of Dr Campbell of Stracathro, done on Wednesday, was painted on a tinted canvas, and the chalk drawing he made on the following day of Mr Walter Macfarlane was executed on tinted paper, two "arrangements" which at once showed that the operator understood what he was about.

As for the work he produced, it seemed, to experts at least, far from satisfactory. Why, Mr R. C. Crawford, of the Art Club, will paint a head any day in less time than it took M. Legros to limn Dr Campbell. Mr Crawford will give you, moreover, a better likeness, better colour, and better art generally than was supplied by the Frenchman. The chalk drawing of Mr Macfarlane, it may be further said, was thin and scratchy, while, as for an etching—executed, like the drawing, on Thursday—of Mr Craibe Angus, if the spectators were less conversant with the mysteries of the "dry point" than they were with brushes and chalk, they were at least able to see that the exhibitor had failed to catch the features of Mr Angus, and that altogether the character of his style was hard and unsympathetic.

T H E G A I E T Y.

Proprietor and Director,Mr C. BERNARD.
EVERY EVENING,

MAGNIFICENCE AND COMPLETENESS

NEVER BEFORE EQUALLED,

F O R T Y T H I E V E S ;

OR, STRIKING OIL IN FAMILY JARS.

Open at 6. Commence at 7. Prices, from 6d to 5s.

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager,.....Mr SIDNEY.

TO-NIGHT, AND EVERY EVENING.

MR SIDNEY'S FIFTH GLASGOW PANTOMIME.

ANOTHER SUCCESS.

THE FAIR ONE WITH THE GOLDEN LOCKS,

Rewritten and Arranged Expressly for this Theatre.

Box Office Open Daily from 11 till 4.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE

MAIN STREET, SOUTH SIDE, GLASGOW.

Sole Lessee and Manager,.....Mr H. CECIL BERYL.

OPENING NIGHT, SATURDAY FIRST, DEC. 20.

Grand Production of

N E W B A B Y L O N.

Scenery and Effects as in London.

Box Office at Donaldson's Rooms, 77 St. Vincent Street.

NEWSOME'S HIPPODROME

AND CIRCUS,

INGRAM STREET, GLASGOW.

Regardless of Cost will be produced, and until further notice,

the Magnificent Christmas and New-Year's Equestrian Spectacle,

THE CANADIAN SLEIGH FETE ON LAKE ERIE

(By Moonlight).

In honour of the Marquis of Lorne and

H.R.H. Princess Louise

The roughest roads are smooth as lawns:

Bring out the merry sleigh.

Hark, hark, the music of the bells, away we go, away!

Hark, hark, the music of the bells, away we go, away!

Box Office Open 11 till 3 Daily.

Doors Open at 7; Commence at 7.30. Half-Price (at 8.45) to

all parts except Gallery.

M I D - D A Y P E R F O R M A N C E

EVERY SATURDAY.

At which the Canadian Sleigh Fete will be Performed.

Doors open at 2.30; Commencing at 3.

GLASGOW CHORAL UNION.

FIRST ORCHESTRAL CONCERT.
ST. ANDREW'S HALL,TO-NIGHT (TUESDAY), 16th DECEMBER, 1879.
GRAND ORCHESTRA OF SIXTY PERFORMERS.
CONDUCTOR—MR AUGUST MANN.The Orchestra will play Unfinished Symphony (*Schubert*),
Adagio from the Septett (*Beethoven*), Overtures—"Oberon"
(*Weber*), and "Benvenuto Cellini" (*Berlioz*); also, Grand Selections
from the "Meistersinger" (*Wagner*), &c.

SOLO VIOLIN:

SEÑOR SARASATE,

The Great Spanish Violinist,
Will Play Concerto for Violin (*Mendelssohn*), and Gipsy
Melodies (*Sarasate*).

VOCALIST:

Miss LILLY MARTIN.

Doors open at 7; Concert at 8.

Tickets—7s 6d, 4s, 2s—from Swan & Co., 49 Buchanan Street.
ADMISSION—ONE SHILLING.

GLASGOW CHORAL UNION.

GRAND POPULAR CONCERT,

ST. ANDREW'S HALL, SATURDAY, 20TH DEC., 1879.

Solo Flute—

MR ALFRED WELLS.

Vocalist—

Miss BESSIE KEAN.

The Programme will include Symphony No. 2 in D (*Beethoven*);
Ballet Airs from "Don Carlos" (*Verdi*); Overture, "The
Magic Flute" (*Mozart*), &c., &c.GRAND ORCHESTRA, SIXTY PERFORMERS.
CONDUCTOR—MR AUGUST MANN.Tickets, 2s and 1s; from Swan & Co., 49 Buchanan Street.
Doors Open at 7; Concert at 8.CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING
CONCERTS.

SATURDAY, 20TH DECEMBER, 1879.

GREAT POPULAR NIGHT

With the

EDINBURGH SELECT CHOIR,

MR ADAM HAMILTON, CONDUCTOR.

While Glasgow has the credit of originating and developing
"The Select Choir" idea, Edinburgh has rapidly come to
the front. Mr Hamilton, as Conductor of the "Edinburgh
Choral Union," had the best available talent and voices to
select from, and the "Edinburgh Select Choir" is credited
with great proficiency. Considerable interest will be at-
tached to this, its FIRST APPEARANCE IN GLASGOW.

NO INCREASE IN PRICES.

Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats, 2s; at the Office, 58
Renfield Street. Doors open at a Quarter to 7; Concert at
a Quarter to 8.

JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

LAST CONCERT OF THE SEASON.

CRYSTAL PALACE, BOTANIC GARDENS.

On SATURDAY FIRST, 20th DECEMBER,
From 8 to 10.

In honour of the Season, a Grand Vocal

XMAS CAROL CONCERT,

AND ALSO A MUSICAL PROMENADE.

Doors Open at 7.15. Admission, 1s.

Tickets from the Musicsellers and Gatekeeper at Gardens.

At Fine Art Galleries, Drury Corner, Renfield Street, on
Saturday, 20th December, at 12 o'clock.IMPORTANT SALE OF
HIGH CLASS PICTURES,
INCLUDING

"An Important Work," by Sam Bough, R.S.A.; "A Grand
Picture," by Alex. Fraser, R.S.A.; "The Baron and his
Daughter," by R. Hillingford; "An Old Covenant," by
R. Herdman, R.S.A.; "The Combat," by J. Oswald Stewart;
"Sea Piece," by James Webb; "The Appointment," by C.
H. Lidderdale; "Going to the Tryst," by Henry Garland;
"Dunolly Castle" and "After Rain," by W. F. Vallance, A.
R.S.A.; "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," by John
Chalmers; "Near Stonehaven," by Peter Buchanan; "View
on the Thames," by William Young; "Fine Landscape," by
W. Beattie Brown, A.R.S.A.; "South Downs," by R. P.
Morris; "The Happy Mother," by Matthew Brown; "Lift-
ing the Nets," by Alexander Ballingall; "Moonlight on the
Rhine," by Old Chrome; "Kyles of Bute" and "Iona
Cathedral," by Hall Maxwell; and works by Frederick
Carville, John Day, J. Morison, J. J. Hughes, John Varley,
William Simson, David Roberts, R.A.; and other well known
Artists.

ALSO,

VALUABLE MISCELLANEOUS PROPERTY.

Very Fine Antique Gold Repeating Watch, Louis Quatorze
Clock, inlaid with Old Buhl; Pair Fine Florentine Bronze
Vases, Miniatures in Ivory, Medallions, Fine Russian Platin:
Snuff Boxes, Handsome Cloisonne Basin, Rare Old Indian
China Bowls, Pair Chinese Crackleware Vases with Bronze
Bands and Rough Handles, each standing 24 inches high;
Fine Cabinet Clock in Marqueterie Case, Dresden China
Bowl with Case, beautifully painted in Watteau Subjects;
Brass Shield, 2 Antique Danish Silver Brooches, Bell-Metal
Pot with Handle, dated 1600; Old Crucifix, Rare Old China,
Antique Carved Oak Coffer, Brilliant-Toned Walnut Cottage
Pianofortes, by Kirkman and other Makers; Harmoniums,
Furniture, &c.

DUNCAN KEITH & BUCHANAN will
Sell, by Public Auction, as above.

On View on Morning of Sale.

Full particulars in Catalogues, to be had Four Days previous
to Sale, on application to the Auctioneers.The Sale will commence at 12 Noon with the Miscellaneous
Property. The Pictures will be Sold at Half-past One.

R A E B R O W N & C O.,
AUCTIONEERS AND VALUATORS,
Beg to intimate that they have REMOVED into their new Pre-
mises, the WESTERN SALE-ROOMS, 151 SAUCHIE-
HALL STREET.

NATIONAL SECURITY SAVINGS BANK
OF GLASGOW.

THE Forty-fourth ANNUAL MEETING of this
Bank will be held in the Merchants' House, 1 West
George Street, on Tuesday, the 23rd December, 1879, at
Twelve o'clock, when the Report for the past year will be
submitted.

Depositors and the Public are invited to attend.

By order of the Directors.

WILLIAM MEIKLE, Actuary.

99 Glassford Street, 13th Dec., 1879.

H ENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE,
WEST NILE STREET, GLASGOW.

Open every Evening at 7; Commencing 7-30.

Hengler's Christmas and New Year's Annual,

THE CARNIVAL ON THE ICE,

Produced by Hengler's Equestrian Company.

First Day Representation of "The Carnival on the Ice,"
Saturday, December 20, Doors Open at 2.

Prices—3s, 2s, 1s, and 6d.

Acting Manager Mr W. POWELL.

Proprietor Mr CHARLES HENGLER.

GLASS AND CHINA AT M'DOUGALL & SONS, 77 & 79 BUCHANAN STREET

AND 8 TO 14 JAIL SQUARE.

DEPOT FOR MINTON'S, COPELAND'S, WORCESTER, AND DRESDEN PORCELAIN.

SOLE GLASGOW AGENTS for the BELLEEK PORCELAIN, and for Dr SALVIATI'S VENETIAN GLASS, of which a very Choice Consignment is just to hand at Makers' Prices.

TEA, TABLE, TOILET, AND DESSERT SETS, TABLE GLASS, &c. Presents in endless variety.
Free Promenade. Cash Discount.

The Large and Extensive Stock is suitable for all classes, and will be found the Best Value in the City.

ESTABLISHED OVER FIFTY YEARS.



INDESTRUCTIBLE INDIA-RUBBER TOYS.

These toys consist of representations in miniature of elephants, horses, oxen, dogs, and indeed all the animals known by sight or hearsay to the denizens of the nursery, and are as remarkable for their artistic excellence as for their durability. The figures are such exact copies from nature that only artists could have made the moulds from which they were cast. As to their utility, of course, that quality consists in the fact that the toys cannot break, and that young Hopeful can crush them or let them fall from a height without damaging their symmetry. The dolls will gratify young Miss all the more that they are prettily dressed. Thousands to choose from.

THORNTON, CURRIE, & CO.,
INDIA-RUBBER MANUFACTURERS, WATERPROOFERS,
43, 45, AND 47 JAMAICA STREET, GLASGOW.

CORPORATION GALLERIES.

The INDIAN COLLECTION, lent to the City by His Royal Highness the PRINCE OF WALES, will be opened to the Public on WEDNESDAY, the 17th inst.

Day Exhibition,10 till dusk.

Evening,6 till 9.

Saturdays,10 till 9 P.M.

Prices of Admission till SATURDAY, the 27th December :-

Day,TWO SHILLINGS.

Evening,ONE SHILLING.

The Upper Galleries remain OPEN FREE as usual.

BAILIE Vols. 1 and 2 bound in one, for Sale. Apply at Office 14 Exchange Square.

FORSYTH'S "Creme" SHIRTS
FROM STOCK
3/6, 37/6 & 43/6 per 1/2 Dozen

On View To-day (TUESDAY) and WEDNESDAY.
On Thursday, 18th December, in the City Sale Rooms,
41 West Nile Street.

VERY RARE AND CURIOUS OLD CLOCK,
In form of a Temple, of Silver and Gilt Metal, with Female
Figure at the Angles and Dials on each side, made in
Leipzig in 1677. (From "The Shandon Collection.")
By Auction.

J. & R. EDMISTON will Sell the above, in
the City Sale-Rooms, 41 West Nile Street, on the Second
Day of the Jewellery Sale (Thursday), at One o'clock.
J. & R. EDMISTON, Auctioneers.

IN LIQUIDATION.

ON VIEW TO-MORROW (TUESDAY).

Sale on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, 17th, 18th, and 19th
December, in the City Sale-Rooms, 41 West Nile Street.

Highly Important and Attractive Sale of
**WHOLESALE JEWELLER & DIAMOND
MERCHANT'S STOCK,**

Including a Valuable Assortment of High-class
Gold and Silver Watches, Diamond and other Jewellery,
Marble and Shade Clocks, Bronzes,
Aneroid Barometers, Opera and Field Glasses, &c.,
Also, Curious Antique Clock, Leipzig, 1677,
BY AUCTION.

J. & R. EDMISTON will Sell the above, in
the City Sale-Rooms, 41 West Nile Street, on Wednesday,
Thursday, and Friday, 17th, 18th, and 19th December, at 12
Noon each Day.

Catalogues (price 2d each) on application.

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In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Saturday, 20th December, at Twelve.

EXTENSIVE AND INTERESTING PUBLIC SALE OF SPECIALLY SELECTED FANCY GOODS,

Consisting of
English, French, and German Fancy Toys, Picture Books,
Albums, Photo Frames, Purses, Inkstands, &c.,
Including

A Large Consignment of Fine JAPANESE AND CHINESE FANCY WARE AND CURIOSITIES.

(Being Contents of Four Cases consigned to a large city Firm, and refused to be taken delivery of, having arrived late in the season, and now Sold on behalf of whom it may or doth concern.)

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. are instructed to
Sell the above, by Auction, in their Rooms, North Court,
Saint Vincent Place, on Saturday, 20th December, at Twelve
o'clock prompt.

Details in Catalogues to be had on application.

On View on Friday Afternoon and Morning of Sale.

NOTE.—The Auctioneers have much pleasure in calling the
attention of the general public to this very interesting Sale, as
the Goods are of high quality, and were got up specially for
a first-class House in the City, and must be realised.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 15th December, 1879.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Wednesday,
24th December,

PUBLIC SALE OF 700 OUNCES SILVER PLATE,

In Tea Set, Tea Pot, Coffee Pot, Salvers, Spoons, Forks, Ladles,
Mustard Pots, Cream Ewers, Sugar Basins,
Superior Electro-plate,

Including

Case 18 Dessert Knives and Forks with Silver Handles, 23
Ivory-handled Fish Knives, 4 Salvers, Breakfast and Chop
Dishes, Souffle Dish, Hot Water Jugs, 4 Entree Dishes, 12
Dish Covers, Tea Kettle and Stand, Pair Fish Carvers,
Cake Knife and Fork, Cake Basket, Salt Cellars, Grape
Scissors, Nut Crackers, Toast Rack, 8 Napkin Rings,
Candlesticks, Table and Dessert Spoons and Forks, and a
variety of Table Items, all of first-class quality
(Which Belonged to the late D. C. Rait, Esq., Jeweller,
Glasgow).

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell the above
by Auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, North
Court, St. Vincent Place, on Wednesday, 24th December, at
12 o'clock.

Catalogues may now be had, and Goods viewed on Monday,
22nd.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 15th December, 1879.

See our Gas-Cooking Ovens and Heating Apparatus in operation.

ARGYLE IRONMONGERY CO.
(MATTHEW WADDELL),
Furnishing Ironmongers, 261B ARGYLE STREET.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Tuesday 23rd December.

PUBLIC SALE OF THE

VALUABLE LIBRARY,
IN ART AND GENERAL LITERATURE,
Of the late D. C. Rait, Esq., Jeweller, Glasgow.

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell the above,
by Auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, North
Court, St. Vincent Place, on Tuesday, 23rd December, at 12
o'clock.

Catalogues may be had Seven Days prior to Sale, and the
Books viewed on the Day before the Sale.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 15th December, 1879.

GLASGOW ART CLUB.

THE SEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION
of PAINTINGS in OIL and WATER-COLOURS, by
Members of the Club, is now Open
in Messrs ANNAN'S GALLERY, 153 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.
ADMISSION FREE.
CATALOGUES SIXPENCE.

SCOTTISH SOCIETY OF WATER- COLOUR PAINTERS.

The Second Exhibition of this Society is now open in the
Gallery,

108 WEST NILE STREET,
Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.



**WHEELER & CO.'S
BELFAST GINGER ALE,**
Undoubtedly the Finest of all
NON-INTOXICATING BEVERAGES,
Admirably Adapted for a
WINTER DRINK.

Manufactory, CROMAC SPRINGS, BELFAST.
DEPOT FOR SCOTLAND,
147 STOCKWELL STREET, GLASGOW.

LORNE RESTAURANT, ST. ENOCH SQUARE, GLASGOW.

Breakfasts, Luncheons, Dinners, Teas, and Suppers till 10-30.
Dinner and Supper Parties contracted for.

JAMES M'KENZIE.

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AND

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127 SAUCHIEHALL STREET
Near Hope Street.

**CHRISTMAS, NEW-YEAR, & BIRTHDAY
CARDS** in endless variety, at A. F. Sharp & Co., 14
Royal Exchange Square.

CORPORATION ORGAN RECITALS.

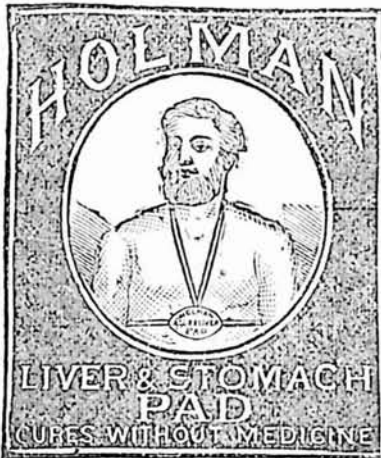
The EIGHTH of the ORGAN RECITALS for the present Winter will be given by the CITY ORGANIST (Mr LAMBETH), in the CITY HALL, on SATURDAY FIRST, at Four o'clock prompt.

Doors open at 3-30,
Admission and Programmes of the Music Free.
Chamberlain's Office, 15th Dec., 1879.

T O S M O K E R S.

The Best Place to secure Real Value in Foreign and British Cigars, Tobaccos, Snuffs, Meerschaum and Briar Root Pipes, Pouches, etc., is at No. 2 GLASSFORD STREET, 1st door from Trongate. Trial solicited.

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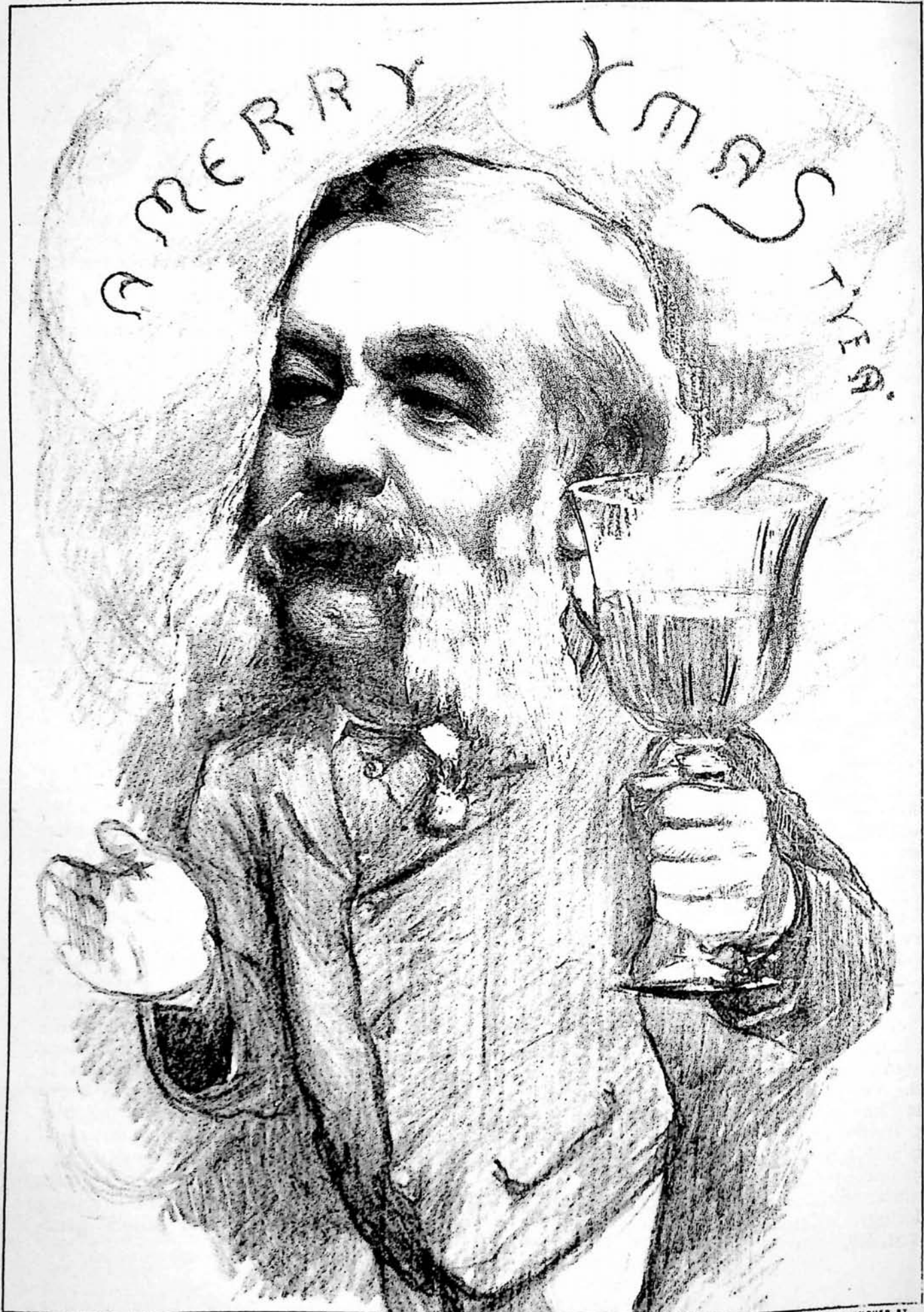
We also show Special Shapes for Youths, both in Dress and Felt Hats.

Boys' Hats and Caps, Latest Shapes, Hundreds of Special Styles to be had only from ourselves, and very suitable for Christmas Presents.

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**WALTER WILSON & CO.,
Wholesale Hat Manufacturers,
COLOSSEUM,
70 JAMAICA STREET.**



The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 375. Glasgow, Wednesday, December 24th, 1879. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 375.

"THE English at the present day have great vigour of body and endurance. Other countrymen look slight and undersized beside them, and invalids. Yet, I am told, the skeleton is not larger. They are round and ruddy and handsome—at least the whole bust is well formed, and there is a tendency to stout and powerful frames." The BAILIE never meets this passage in the "English Traits" of the Philosopher of Concord—and Emerson is one of the favourite authors of the Magistrate—without thinking of his friend Mr JOHN FORRESTER. In another portion of the same volume, still describing the English, Emerson proceeds:—"They have a supreme eye to facts, and theirs is a logic that brings salt to soup, hammer to nail, oar to boat, the logic of cooks, carpenters, and chemists," and here, again, we have Mr FORRESTER'S likeness set before us: Cool, shrewd, unconscious of the possession of either nerves or a stomach, in no wise disposed to undervalue his own importance, but kindly, and even lavish upon occasion, the Man you Know is of the type of those who succeed and who deserve success. Outwardly his manner is pre-occupied and somewhat brusque. This business rind covers, however, a keen, observant, and even mirthful nature, and a mind which, if it has not profited much by books, has at least been largely taught in the school of experience. Early in life Mr FORRESTER saw much of the world. He is familiar with the Cape settlements; he has lived in more than one of our great Indian cities. Now a sailor before the mast, and now a gold-digger in Victoria, few can compete with him in his wide and varied acquaintance with men. But through all his wanderings, whether by sea or by land, our

friend never lost sight of the old house at home. His father and mother—for three and thirty years, Mrs Forrester, as "old Glasgow" knows, was the presiding genius of the Gordon Street shop—had been well-known folk in this city, and the ambition to assist in maintaining the family reputation never left him. And so it happened that, when his *wanderschaft* had come to an end he was induced, through an invitation from his elder brother, Mr Alexander Forrester—than whom Glasgow has no more widely-respected citizen—to settle down in Gordon Street, taking up his father's business just as if foreign parts were no more than a name, and his world had always been bounded by the familiar horizons of the Clyde valley. These years of travel, however, were not without their uses. Their teaching is obvious in the success with which he has enlarged and developed the concern of which he is the head. It is no business of the BAILIE'S to describe Mr FORRESTER'S premises, which extend from the cellars to the roof-tree of what was his paternal tenement, and in which he takes a very pardonable pride. He never tires, himself, of recalling the old times when "Forrester's," like the city, was much more circumscribed in its limits than now. "This is the old house still," he sometimes remarks; "Why I was born in yon corner, and look here, this grate," pointing to the one in the shop, "was where it is when I was a boy." Mr FORRESTER, as all the world knows, is a prince among purveyors. Indeed his connection in this department of his trade is growing every day. In one particular line of purveying, that of catering for the guests at a launch or a trial trip, he stands altogether alone. His early seafaring experience, moreover, added to his tact and energy, has made him a favourite among ship-owners, ship-builders, and sailors gene-

rally. The building-up of bride-cakes, and the baking of Christmas and New-Year buns—those indigestible delicacies so dear to every Scotchman's palate, and so deleterious to his stomach—are two other of the strong points of our friend. He was the earliest to introduce what may be termed the artistic form of wedding cake; while, as for currant buns, why his shop to-day is fairly running over with these national comestibles. They are everywhere, on the counters, on the shelves, in the windows, and on the floors. For the moment "JOHN FORRESTER'S" is one of the sights of Glasgow. Among the red-letter days in the memory of the Man you Know was that on which his services were personally acknowledged by royalty. This was on the occasion, now twenty years ago, when Her Majesty opened the Loch Katrine Waterworks. The "Forrester" of those days was Mr John Forrester, the worthy father of our friend. He had been assisted, however, in the work of supplying the royal table by his son, and at the close of the day, Forrester *père* being absent, FORRESTER *fils*, who was on board the steamer engaged in conveying the illustrious party down the loch, was called aft and received the thanks of the Queen, together with a substantial reminder in the current coin of the realm, of her appreciation of the manner in which herself and her suite had been attended to. Mr FORRESTER, by the bye, was three years ago Deacon of the Bakers—a post filled by his father somewhere in the 'fifties. It may be hinted, in conclusion, that the Man you Know is one of the most agreeable companions to be met with anywhere. He isn't exactly "hail-fellow well-met" to all comers; he doesn't wear his heart upon his sleeve for the benefit of every passing daw; but when beside his intimates his talk is lively and original, and is garnished with an abundance of anecdote and illustration, drawn, for the most part, from the stores of his own manifold experience. Mr JOHN FORRESTER, besides, is notably "the laird o' his word," and the BAILIE believes that this is one of the prime qualities by which anybody, be he gentle or simple—and it may be shared by the one as well as the other—can be distinguished.

The Very Essence of Neat-ness—Whisky.
Hee-haw.

The Colossus of Roads—The traction-engine.

FERGUSON'S EDINBURGH ROCK
is the best present from Edinburgh. 1 Melbourne place,
near the Castle

Advice to a J.P.

AT last Wednesday's meeting of the Justice of Peace Court, Mr Alexander Allan once more figured in the unenviable rôle of an opponent of innocent popular amusement. Mr Allan has never, so far as the BAILIE is aware, formulated his vague and ignorant "objections" to theatrical entertainments, nor has he endeavoured to replace them by anything more elevating than the dreary, and not always unobjectionable, "British Workman." If he considers a man better employed in sipping bad tea and listening to worse singing than in assisting at a great dramatic production, why, so much the worse for his "bumps." The BAILIE, who believes Mr Allan to be merely mistaken, not malevolent, affectionately urges him to "tak' thocht an' men'." Let him do a round of the theatres, and, next licensing-day, take his seat on the bench clothed with charity and common-sense, and generally in his right mind.

A JOKE WITH A CREAM TO IT.

Mrs M Tipper—Here, Donal', whit wey is the cream sae long in comin' to the surface o' the mulk thae mornin's? A'm thinkin' the cauld watter keeps it doon.

Donald—Nothing of ta sort, matam! It iss because of ta tarkness. Nopody rises early in ta tark mornin's shust noo, but kets up late, so neither does ta cream do likewise ass well. That's chwhy.

A DEGENERATE TRADE.—Ichabod! The glory of the Glasgow baking trade departed when Mr John Neil retired from it. At least, he told an audience in the Albion Halls the other evening that our master bakers are not only "degenerate," but "the poorest and most helpless wretches in Glasgow," and the inference is obvious, knowing as we do John's very comfortable opinion of himself.

What, enquired Bauldy of the Ass the t'other night, is the politics o' the BAILIE? Oh, replied the creature, with a grin, he's no-tory-iously neutral—something like Granny, naething ava'!

Mr SPURGEON, in *Sword and Trowel*, says "The straight, turned-up, turned-down, and oblique pointed PENS of MACNIVEN & CAMERON are marvellously good. It is a pleasure to write with them."

They come as a boon and a blessing to men,

The Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley Pen,
Sample Box of all the kinds assorted, by post, 1s 1d.
MACNIVEN & CAMERON, 23 to 33 Blair Street, Edinburgh,
Penmakers to Her Majesty's Government Offices.

(Established 1770.)

Beware of the party offering spurious imitations.

Stories of the Pantomimes.

THE FAIR ONE WITH THE GOLDEN LOCKS.

Hang on her temples like a golden fleece."—*Merchant of Venice*.

ONCE on a time—the day, the month, the year,
To ask us these would put us in a box—
A princess lived, bepraised both far and near
For Nature's beauty to her—golden locks.
A king, who lived a bachelor life, and still
Fixed in his mind to Cupid's arrow's tip shun,
Straight fell in love—perhaps against his will—
Quite lost himself—and all through her description.

Some beauty draws with but a single hair—
To draw this king it took a golden head-full ;
Ambassadors at once he did prepare
To bring her home—his love was something dreadful.

Some think they've only got to say the word
And straight the lady will be all compliance ;
Not all his gifts could trap *this* bonny bird—
"Go tell him no, no, no, I won't affiancé!"

The embassy came back—the trinkets also—
Then to the king—"Know, by these presents, No!"
The king replies, "What? talks the pretty doll so?
My bribes returned and not my love—is't so?"

One Avenant, a hanger-on at court,
In boastful "Open-locks-who-ever-knocks"
Half-bantering humour, said—"His was the sort
To fetch the beauty with the golden locks."

The king, displeased at first, on second thought
Resolved to send this youth his luck to try it ;
Of one thing he was certain—win or not—
In the attempting he lost nothing by it.

Poor Avenant set off, he and his dog,
And soon a shining river's brink they reach ;
Says he, "If this should prove a fruitless jog,
I'll not go unprepared—I'll write a speech."

He sat him down, and sees along the grass
A golden fish all panting, and in pain ;
"To cavil at my fortune, what an ass!
This carp has far more reason to complain."

He threw the fish back to its native place,
And very little cause had to regret it,
For soon a small voice says, and with much grace—
"This your great kindness, sir, I'll not forget it."

Then looking up, he saw a frightened crow
Who, from an eagle (all but on it), fled ;
So swinging from his back his ashen bow
And arrow, shot the eager eagle dead.

The crow alighting, staggered on the ground—
Staggered, a bird that seemed more drunk than sober ;
"From one half-dead, who now fresh life has found,
These thanks—reward will come—and this no crowbar."

Thus Avenant goes on, and soon he sees
An owl all tangled in a snarer's net ;
He cuts the cords—the captive bird he frees—
"Tu-whoo, from me ; farewell, I'll help you yet."

The fair one's palace now appears in sight—
Bang in he goes, and with his travelling garb on :
"I'm from the king; I've brought no diamonds bright,
Nor crystalline (made-at-home) forms of carbon.

The king he loves you; what is your reply?"
"Sweet youth, you're bold; if nought but love you bring,
You'll have to prove it; in the river by,
I've lost—try find it—I have lost my ring."

Our hero off to please the lady's wish,
And wandered east and west and north and south,

Till, to his joy, he saw his friend the fish,
And with the fair one's ring safe in its mouth.
Then back he goes—"Your ring, my lovely belle;
I'll take the hand which this same jewel fits."
"Nay, nay," says she, "not yet; you first must quell
Great Galifron—go, cut him into bits!"

This was a task indeed; but off he set,
All downed and broken-hearted; on the road he
Met the crow—"I've 'caws' to help you yet—
I'll pick his eyes out—run him through the body."

Enough, the giant's head was clean unfixed
And brought before the princess, whom it shocks;
"May't please your highness, here's the head—what next?
Can this ambassador now claim these locks?"

"You've done right well, my gallant sir, and still
I am not won—you've yet one other duty;
A phial from the Gloomy Grotto fill
With water from the fount of Health and Beauty."

Once more our Avenant he took his way,
To brave the dragons, adders, toads enchanted ;
He met the owl—"I'll help you, sir, to-day ;"
And in he flew, and brought him what he wanted.

Thus was the Fair One won, and thus with glee
Home to his master he the sweet bride carried;
Great was the joy—the next bright morn did see
The royal pair preparing to be married.

The couple joined, the honeymoon scarce passed
Till jealousy the kingly bosom haunts;
He saw, or thought he saw, some side looks cast—
He thought, if love she bore, 'twas Avenant's,

Poor Avenant was thrown in jail; the king
Thinks himself ugly, and a trick he tries on—
Seeks for the bottle from the Beauteous Spring,
And, by mistake, he takes his dose of poison.

The kingly knave thus shuffled off, our friend,
Our Avenant, from prison cell he walks,
And (is not this a very pretty end?)
Firm in his arms the Golden Fair One locks!

Thus good may come from helping bird or fish—
They lived a loving life, sans care or sorrow ;
The same to you and all good folks we wish,
And more—A Merry Christmas on the morrow.

THE—COO!

(Shop in Stra'ven ; Enter small boy.)
Small Boy—Hauf a hun'erwecht o' oilcack.
Shopman—Is it for yer faither ?
Small Boy—Na, it's for the coo.

WAD SOME POW —!— A contemporary
heads a paragraph, "Mechanical Pow on Tram-
ways." "Pow" turns out to be a misprint for
"Power," but the mistake is not very surprising.
It would, indeed, be rather a compliment to
apply the term "mechanical" to many of the
"pows" that have from time to time muddled
themselves over our tramway system.

Beveridge's Guaranteed Mixed Pickles, Red Cabbage, Mush-
oom Ketchup, Sauces and Table Condiments, unrivalled for
rarity and flavour.

Famed 8d Dinner and 6d Tea Service, City Commercial
Restaurant, 60 Union Street, Matthew Waddell.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—And so the pantomimes are in full swing. The Gaiety and the Prince of Wales are crowded nightly, and for a fortnight to come, beginning on Wednesday, they will be crowded daily as well. The holiday seasons, when John Workman and his belongings foot it so heartily after enjoyment, are precisely the seasons when our mumming friends have to work hardest.

The "Forty Thieves" distinctly improves upon acquaintance besides, it goes much better now than it did on the opening night—Miss Soldene is, of course, a host in herself, while Mr Mackintosh, if less lively, is quite as humorous and much more quaint than of old.

Mr Bernard produced "The Forty Thieves" at the Princess Theatre, Manchester, on Saturday night, with much success. Two of the characters, *Morgiana* and *Kun-em-in*, are played by Mdlle. Riviere and M. Bruet, both of whom sing and speak in French. They are said to have made the hit of the evening.

Mr Knapp opens the Royalty this evening. The interior is nothing less than a marvel of admirable arrangement. Its decoration, moreover, is peculiarly rich and effective—such wood-carving, and such glowing appropriate colour, is seldom met with either in or out of London. Altogether the house is a model one—a model one whether in the matter of appearance or of comfort.

The "Madame Favart" of M. Offenbach, with which Mr Knapp begins his career as a manager, has already become famous. Both on the Continent and at home it has drawn crammed audiences wherever it has been played. And indeed those who have witnessed the amusing humours of *Fort Sablé*, the frivolous old *roue*; the volatile fun of *Hector de Boispréau*; *Favart's* character comedy; and the pretty songs—what a charming melody is that "convent song" in the first act—and graceful *Espéglerie* of *Madame*, can have no difficulty in accounting for the success of the opera.

The "setting" of "Madame Favart" at the Royalty is a marvel of completeness. Mr Knapp has been as happy in his arrangements on the stage as in those he has made before the curtain. The scenery, equally with the appointments, is fresh and beautiful—Mr Smythe—Mr Knapp's scene-painter—had the fortune to be trained in a good school, and if he employs less "emerald green" and "chrome yellow" than we are sometimes accustomed to, his work has at least the merit of natural feeling and effect.

Mr Fred. Sidney does the major part of the fighting at the Prince of Wales. He is seldom off the stage, and his *Lachrymose* is one of the most amusing "bits" of broad comedy imaginable. But, indeed, "The Fair One with the Golden Locks" is altogether a marvel of mirth and fun.

Mr Beryl opened the Royal Princess's Theatre, Main Street, South Side, on Saturday night, with "New Babylon," and scored an out and out success. The piece indeed was received with the warmest expressions of approval from every part of the house. It is, to be sure, a melo-drama, but for my part, my Magistrate, I delight in melo drama, especially when it is so strong and so well acted as was "New Babylon" on Saturday. It will run, I may add, all through the holidays, and will, I have no doubt, command large audiences. At all events it deserves to do so.

None of the January magazines offer a specially inviting table of contents. Thomas Hardy, the novelist, begins, to be sure, a new story in *Good Words*, and Mrs Lynn Linton one in *Temple Bar*; but the *Good Words* story is, if anything, just a trifle too Dutch in its handling, while Mrs Linton's romance—"The Rebel of the Family"—has a flavour of her anti-ritualist tract, "Under which Lord," which will not satisfy people who hold by orthodoxy in faith and morals.

Belgravia for January contains the opening chapters of "The Confidential Agent," a new story by James Payne, and the

January *Gentleman's* those of a novel by R. E. Francillon, the suggestive title of which is "Queen Cophetua." Mr Yates has arranged that *Time* shall henceforward be illustrated with drawings by Alfred Thompson, ex-Cavalry Officer, and artist, burlesque writer, editor, and theatrical manager.

The coming *Cornhill* offers us "A New Study of Tennyson," for my part I had supposed that we had got over this craze of writing books or articles about books. Why bore us, especially at this time of day, with "A new study" of the Poet Laureate? Anybody who wishes to study his writings can surely go to them directly.

Dr B. W. Richardson contributes two articles to the January serials, both, of course, having to do with the "Science of Health." One of these, which appears in *Macmillan*, deals with the "Wine Cellar of Sir Walter Trevelyan," the eccentric baronet of Tyneholm who championed all manner of outlandish ways and modes of thinking, from the crusade against flesh-eating to the denial of a First Cause. The second article is in *Good Words*, and is entitled "Health at Home."

A symptom of the times. Messrs Harrison & Sons, the well-known booksellers of Pall Mall, London, announce that they sell all new books at three-fourths of the published price! Is this custom to come into vogue?

Live and learn is not your modern newspaper main motto. A local critic tells us that "Among others it will be recollected that Mrs Crowe and Miss Isabel Bateman first appeared in a children's play at the Haymarket a great many years ago. Indeed! When Mrs Crowe appeared in Richard III. at the Haymarket "a great many years ago," Miss Isabel Bateman must have been if not in long clothes, at least busy over her alphabet in the nursery.

Professor Coates, our local mesmerist, has taken the Trades Hall for the coming fortnight, and those interested in the mysteries of biology could not do better than give him a look in. During the holiday season he will give a series of illuminated day *seances*.

Messrs Macniven & Cameron, so famous all the world over for their various species of pens, have just patented a holder which they term the Waverley Quill-yielding penholder. Its point contains a pleasant, elastic action, and when used with a Hindoo, a Pickwick, or a Waverley pen, the labour of writing is reduced to a minimum.

I wonder BAILIE when our friend Walter Wilson will have finished extending his big "Hat concern." To-day tradesmen are busy pulling down partition walls in the building north of the Colosseum. I hear the whole is to be redecorated (internally and externally) in a magnificent style, and will be furnished in time for the great show of spring and summer hats and bonnets, which takes place early in March. Mr Wilson leaves for the south in a few days, and much of his time, during the next two months, will be spent in London and Paris. His sales, he tells me, in the year which is now closing, have amounted to something like a quarter of a million of hats alone. Two hundred and fifty thousand heads have been covered through his instrumentality. Here is a public benefactor, if you like!

A FOREIGNER FRAE ENGLAND.

(The new servant has answered the door bell.)

Mistress—Who was that, Maria?

New Servant—Only an 'awker, mum.

Mistress—A what?

New Servant—An 'awker.

Mistress (going to window)—That's a pack-man. [Girl stares with surprise.]

For the Ice Harvest—Ice-sickles.

Her nane sel.—Her Shedy.

Verb. Sap.

THE Conservative authorities are still, it seems, dallying with the idea of putting up two candidates at the election. The BAILIE has already warned them of the probable consequences of such a step, and he now repeats the warning. Put up one candidate, and the result will be triumphant victory; put up more candidates than one, and the result will be almost certain defeat, or, at the best, a very doubtful sort of success. Under these circumstances, private ambition should not hesitate to yield before the loyalty and discretion by which the party have hitherto been so honourably distinguished.

A KILLER.

(Scene—New Dead Meat Market, Moore Street; Killing-day; Highland drover and dealer in conversation.)

Dealer—Well, Donald, hiv ye naething in wi' you frae the North the day?

Drover—Naesing! Aye she has somesing, she has a hale cattle load o' trucks at the Relwey Stashun.

Dealer—Truck load of cattle ye mean, Donald.

Drover—To pe shurely, did she no' say a load o' cattle trucks, good ones, too, my poy.

HURROOH!—The United Trades' Council and the Liberal Association are at it again, hammer and tongs. The L. A. brings forward charges of "gross injustice and partiality," &c., while the U. T. C. retorts with "untrue and offensive." Go it, ye cripples!

TARIFF-IC.—Why limit the admission-money to a bob? Might not the Indian Empire for "the present" be acknowledged by at least half-a-crown?"

A Christmas "Weight"—The pantomimic *pui*.
Another—The paste o' the pudding. Christmas "Fair"—"The Fair one with the Golden Locks."

ILLUMINATING THE INITIAL.

The grocer he said to the setter
Of types, Now just you "bide a wee,"
My bill you'll begin with "black letter"
Because its first item's black T.

"TRUTH."

(Scene—Office of a charitable Institution. A beggar enters and makes the usual request for assistance.)

Official in Attendance—No! this is a charitable institution; we assist no person here,

Every Dog Has Its Day.

A WALKING skeleton is Brown,
His coat wants "reefing" sadly;
Smith, once so spruce, seems broken down;
They've both been "spotted" badly.
One "knew a bank," unto his cost,
The other came a cropper
In business; yet, while all *they're* lost,
I haven't dropped a copper!

Poor souls who sunk that Benwig mine,
No "tin," but their's, was in it;
Years scrapings in some canny line
It swallowed in a minute.
There's old Macsiecar "in the stocks"
Caught fast—a daily dropper;
When all his gold has "walked its chalks,"
I shan't have lost a copper!

Electric light has screwed down gas;
Coal masters have our pit-y;
House-letting's at a fearful pass;
Bad debts stalk round "the city."
My pulse is firm, my health is good,
My appetite's a whopper;
Cos why? I can't lose if I would—
I never saved a copper!

Me and his Lordship.

EVERYBODY laughed consumedly when Mr Alexander Macdonald, not then member for Stafford, addressed the representative for the Haddington Burghs as "My dear Elcho." That most moving of orators, Mr John Battersby, whom Councillor Dickson does not know (arguing himself unknown), now speaks of "a portion of my letter to a right hon. gentleman." Ma conscience; the great Battersby corresponding with an ex-Member of the Cabinet—perhaps the Liberal whip. What are we coming to.

DIET—BUY IT—TRY IT.

Sandy (studying the outside of a popular magazine)—Ken ye, what 'll be this varra-nauseous food that they've a' ower the cover?

Jock—Weel, if it's no some far-in-Asia's dainty dish, I ken na what 'll be; an' maybe it's no sae vera nauseous as ye're ca'in't.

Mattie—Nauseous? My word, there's no' a greater delicacy gangs to the BAILIE'S ain table!

Name for twa gallons o' Hieland Whisky.—The Tougat Cratur.

A Christmas Tree.—The yule log.

The "Bright" Side of Things.—The other side of the Atlantic. (*Vide* Mr Bright's speech on Thursday at Rochdale.)

"The Day of Grace" (Charity).—Christmas Day.

Diamonds of Eye—"Water."—Mak-tear's.

Quavers.

MR MANNS has succeeded in a marvellously short time in getting the orchestra, probably more of an extemporised character this year than formerly, into a harmonious and perfect whole, and the playing leaves now little or nothing to be desired. One can easily trace the effect of Mr Manns' early experience as leader of a military band in the promptness and decision of his beat, and in the attention which he can command from his army of executants, at the same time that there are amply present the not less important elements of warmth, taste, and poetic insight. The practical knowledge Mr Manns possesses of the leading instruments of the orchestra, is an advantage the importance of which cannot be overestimated; and at rehearsal there must often be occasions when a practical hint may be taken from the conductor by even the best players, especially when his experience is so lengthy and varied as that of Mr Manns is.

Despite the "counter attraction" of the Indian presents last subscription night (the cookie shine at the Corporation Galleries needn't surely have been on the same night) the audience was quite a treat to see. We are in fact starting under more genuinely encouraging circumstances than in any former year.

To-night, among other masters, Bach and Handel will discourse in the quaint yet charming style of a bygone day. The Bach extract is a concerto for strings, and belongs to a set of six composed for the Margrave of Brandenburg, one of a class of small potentates who, in respect at least of patronage of art, seem not quite to have lived in vain. The concerto is interesting and lively. Handel is represented orchestrally by a largo for organ, solo violin, harp, and strings, from his opera of "Serse" or Xerxes, being an arrangement (of a song that occurs in the opera) by a Vienna *chef d'orchestre*.

The principal orchestral work of to-night's concert is, however, the Beethoven Symphony No. 3—the Eroica. This colossus among symphonies was intended to personify the First Consul, for whom Beethoven had conceived an enthusiastic admiration, and it was to have been dedicated to him. Napoleon's assumption of the purple proving too much for Beethoven's republican sturdiness of character, that intention was never fulfilled, and the symphony simply now remains in honour of the memory of "a great man" in the abstract. One well-known movement in the Eroica is the "Marche Funebre," with its beautiful changes from minor to major, and general impressiveness.

Another orchestral work of importance to be performed this evening is Sterndale Bennett's illustration of Moore's "Paradise and the Peri," beautifully reflective of the poem. We shall also hear the ballet music (that indispensable if sometimes incongruous item in French grand opera) from Gounod's latest (classic) opera "Polyeucte."

Miss Mary Davies, the charming soprano, whom we shall all be delighted to hear again, is the vocalist to-night. She sings an aria from one of Handel's operas, and a sacred song by Rindogger.

There was an excellent attendance at the last Saturday orchestral concert. The Beethoven symphony, No. 2 in D, was capitally played, and seemed to be much enjoyed—time was, and that not long ago, when one movement was thought plenty. Weber's "Invitation to the Waltz," as instrumentated by Berlioz, proved a hit. It could well be repeated. Miss Kean's songs were, generally speaking, acceptable.

A performance of the "Messiah" is to be given in Perth on Christmas eve, in aid of the Perth Infirmary. The chorus and orchestra will number 180, all local musicians.

A further step in the "organ movement" in Scotland is the fact of the establishment, recently, in Glasgow, of a firm of organ builders from London, Messrs Spring & Brook. The instrument they have just completed for St. Ninian's Episcopal Church, and which was inaugurated on Thursday evening last, Mr Schob, organist of the church, playing to the service, and Mr Berry contributing some pieces, seems quite a model of what a church organ should be—that is, not one for display, but for use—for accompanying and sustaining singing without unnecessary variety of effect. The instrument is well-voiced, seems excellently constructed, and is an ornament to the church.

The Caledonian Musical Society gave an excellent concert last week, under the conductorship of Mr William Moodie.

Printing offices are proverbial as manufactories of jokes—whether intentionally so or not is another question. Last week, for instance, we were told, in a local journal, that the overture to "Oberon" was known as "The Song of the Tavern." The Swan it should have been, of course, but it was a sensible pleasantry after all, for refreshment to the weary fiddlers after their hard dash through the overture would not be unacceptable, we daresay, whether from "The Swan," or any other tavern. A sarcastic dog, in another journal, quoted the Schumann song so—"He the *last* of all." The young lady of the song is not at all understood to be unfortunate in retaining her lovers, but is merely eulogising some one of them in particular, as (what it should have been) "the *best* of all, the noblest."

Miss Helen Hopekirk, who is to be solo pianist at the subscription concert of 30th inst., has recently appeared in London for the first time, with more than ordinary success. Miss Hopekirk's execution is "very clear and highly finished," and she plays with "fire and spirit" (free from exaggeration, however), and with masculine firmness, so to speak. She comes from Edinburgh, we believe, and has lately completed her studies at the Leipzig Conservatorium. As a representative of Scottish musical talent, and as a pianist very likely indeed to take the first rank, Miss Hopekirk's appearance here next week is an event of considerable artistic importance.

The Edinburgh Select Choir, which we were afforded an opportunity of hearing on Saturday evening, through the enterprise of Mr Airlie, made on the whole a good impression. They sing with less elaboration than our own Select Choirs do; probably also, as a rule, with less delicacy and point; but the expression, if it does not go far, is always natural, and the enunciation clear and sharp. The voices seemed to be all good and tuneful, and none were prominent in character.

A concert of sacred music was given in Dunblane Cathedral on Friday evening last, by the Dunblane Musical Association. Mr Graham, formerly leader in Henderson Memorial Church, and now organist of Allanpark U.P. Church, Stirling, conducted, and Mr Channon Cornwall officiated on the organ, and played some interesting solos. The Association is making marked progress under Mr Graham's instruction.

PLEASE THE PIGS.

Patrick—Shure now, an' what d'ye think thim English are afther wid the pigs? Why at Hull the oather day it waz found the pigs had toy-phoid faver?

Biddy—The dirthy spalpeens, it's all owin' to their foine notions o' kapin' the sties clane an' not 'lowin' the poor grunthers have the free ron av' the house, so it is.

Pat—Mibbe it is, but be jabers if the disaise sprids we shall have to pay the dochthers to cure the bacon for us, an' things is moighty dear as it is.

The Troubled Waters on which the Oil is poured by Morgiana—Aqua—"forty's."

CAN ANYONE ANSWER?—What is the meaning of "Xmas?" "Cross"-mas, or what? It comes as a yearly nuisance, like the "To Let" bad grammar of the house-factors.

Government Manilla Cheroots and Cigars (large size), 5 a 1s. D. CARMICHAEL, 161 Ingram St., and 121 Buchanan St.

Ancell's Beefsteak Grill, 88 Virginia Place (Rear of Union Bank). Steaks, Chops, Kidneys, &c., cooked in large room.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the Liberal Association is making itself the laughing-stock of Glasgow.

That its "Executive" has determined to get rid of Mr George Anderson.

That there is no love lost between the Association and the hon. member.

That next to the Liberal Association, the weakest kneed society of cripples in Glasgow is the Conservative Association.

That the electors won't be led by the nose by either the one body or the other.

That the black sheep in "ta forse" are getting weeded out.

That the last case of assault showed that they are not going out a moment too soon.

That we have Lord Deas with us this week.

That his Lordship is a judge, and a good judge too.

That the proceedings at the opening of the Prince of Wales' Collection were very tame up till 11 p.m.

That things improved subsequent to that hour.

That the Rev. Robert enjoyed himself hugely with "F. L." on one side and "Donald" on the other.

That there was a sad lack of Free Kirk and U.P. Clergymen at the opening.

That Sir James Bain is getting over the coals for his connection with various religious associations.

That the said associations are catching it as well as Sir James.

That the daft days are upon us.

That everybody wishes the BAILIE a merry Christmas, a guid New Year—and mony o' them.

NORTHERN THRIFT.

(Scene—Draper's shop, Broad Street; *Dramatis Personæ*, Draper, Old Woman, and a Freen').

Old Woman—Hae ye ony lace?

Draper—Ou aye.

Old Woman—What's the price o't?

Draper—A penny the yaird.

Old Woman (turning to freen)—Fou muckle was I needin'?

Freen—O, three quarters of a yaird 'll dae.

Old Woman (to draper)—Ye'll gae that for a bawbee, winna ye?

Draper (to get rid of her)—Yes, yes.

Old Woman—But ye'll need to gae a pirnie (thread) tae't.

Musical Waifs—Italian organ boys.

Christmas Intentions.

SEND Christmas cards to all my friends.
Take the landlady's children to the Pantomime.

Despatch a Christmas hamper to my old aunt in the country, who was so good to me when I was young.

Surprise my favourite niece by a present of that long-promised piano.

Cheer the heart of the postman with a handsome tip.

Allow myself to be swindled at the Church bazaar.

Subscribe for a dozen tickets for the Christmas supper to the poor.

Put down half-a-sov. for toys for the Royal Infirmary.

Send a jolly big bun and lots of short-bread to my rolling-stone of a brother in England.

Give—give—ay, times have been so hard this year that I cannot afford to give anything to anybody but my blessing—a very cheap gift.

GRAMMAR AND SCIENCE.

Teacher—Come, come, boys, can't any of you give me an instance of the active transitive voice?

Boy (after a little hesitation) — Yes, sir, I know one. The voice that goes through the telephone from one place to another.

EDINBURGH YET!—There is at present, it seems, on view in Edinburgh a series of "portraits from copper plates, representing famous characters from 1068 to the end of the *seventeenth* century," while "the title-page of the work bears the date 1618." As a curiosity, this must beat anything in the Prince of Wales's collection. Those Edinburgh fellows are always cutting us out.

THE ALCHEMIST OF ST. ROLLOX.—Eureka! Talk of the Philosopher's Stone! What's the power of turning lead to gold compared with that of turning charcoal to diamonds? Mr Mactear, the BAILIE "looks towards you." Be so good as to oblige us now with the Elixir of Life.

PARAPHRASTIC.—"A king may confer titles, but it is personal merit alone that insures respect." — *Goldsmith*. "The rank is but the guinea stamp, the man's the gowd for a' that." — *Burns*.

LONDON SCOTCH RESORT, 3 Water Lane, Ludgate Hill, London, the only House for "Real Johny" Scotch Whiskies of all Brands, Scotch Ales, &c. Neil Mackay, Proprietor.

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A Tablespoonful of the above in a Tumblerful of Cold Water makes a most refreshing and inexpensive Summer Drink.

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A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE
YEAR ROUND; WARM, GRATEFUL, AND AROMATIC.
As Supplied to the Western, Junior, New, and other Clubs.

THOMAS DAVISON,
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126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 24th, 1879.

THE report by the Liquidators of the City of Glasgow Bank of their intrusions and acts and dealings during the first year of the winding-up is a notable testimony to the monetary soundness and vitality of old Scotland, and the wisdom and efficiency of its judicial system. The devastating storm has passed, and now we are able to measure with some degree of accuracy the extent of its ravages. Doubtless some have suffered more severely than others, and some have saved a remnant which was not vouchsafed to others; but the national credit has been preserved, and the creditors of the Bank may now look with confidence to being paid in full. The short time which has sufficed for so much progress being made is due in great part to the expedition with which the judicial proceedings have been conducted by the Court of Session. The case of the Western Bank was tedious in comparison; but it must be remembered that that disaster led to many new precedents being established, and since 1857 the Courts have had great experience in the working of the improved laws relating to Banks and other public companies. In their report the Liquidators refer in terms of modesty to the considerations which guided them in their more important actings; but while concurring

in the opinion that they have, on the whole, exercised a wise discretion, there are many who cannot extend this approval to the way in which the Liquidators propose to deal with themselves. Although their remuneration is still subject to adjustment with the Committee of Shareholders, it has been current out of doors for some time that their demand was £60,000 among them! The principles of justice are not based on arbitrarily chosen percentages. The Liquidators are entitled, not only to an equitable, but even handsome remuneration for their valuable services; but to many £37,248 is a grossly exorbitant and unheard of charge, even if all and not merely one of the Liquidators had been devoting their whole time to their official duties. At the outset it was arranged that the two Edinburgh Liquidators should count as only one, so that practically this gives at the rate of £12,416 to each Liquidator for a year's work! The *quantum meruit* can scarcely be considered on the basis of a charge which must sound to the Bank shareholders like a mocking echo of the universal expression of sympathy with them in their calamity.

—♦♦♦—
A PHILOSOPHER.

(Scene—Outside Pub.: Time, 8.30 a.m.)

Bill—A' say, Jock, a wonner ye don't think shame o' yoursel' comin' oot o' sic a place sae early in the mornin'.

Jock—Man, d'ye think a' was gaun tae stay in there a' day?

—♦♦♦—
Somewhat Mixed.

SIR BOYLE ROACH occasionally mixed up his metaphors, but he is nothing to your modern spouter. Listen to this:—"As well open the cages of a menagerie and expect harmony among the subjects of the forest as anticipate broad Liberals to unionise with 'one-eyed politicians.'" No use for talking now of "smelling a rat and nipping it in the bud," when you have ring-tailed monkeys and "one-eyed politicians" unionising together—whatever that may mean.

—♦♦♦—
"Why," inquires the Animile, "is a cow's tail like a suggestion? Because," he rejoins, "it is ahint!" He-haw!

A Great Indian Present—The "present" of Afghanistan.

Pompey-dour—When 'twas Seize-her at Farsalia.

The Jacques of Diamonds.—James Mactear.

A Musical Dance.

WE of the St. Vitus Musical Society do not move, perhaps, in the very highest social circles, but we are a very nice, jolly lot for all that. We seek relief from our graver musical studies by having a dance once a year, and the great event came off last week. We speak of it, think of it, dream of it for weeks beforehand, so when the evening arrives everybody is thoroughly prepared to go the whole animal in the way of enjoyment. When we are assembled in the hall, it is apparent that we are quite untrammelled by any slavish ideas about uniformity in dress. Every kind of coat under the sun, from the swallow-tail to the pea-jacket; every colour of necktie, white, black, and scarlet; black trousers, drab trousers, grey trousers; boots of every kind, and gloves of every shade, are here in picturesque contrast. Our ladies, too—and let me whisper in your private ear, BAILIE, that our chorus includes fifty of as pretty girls as you will find in Glasgow or out of it—our ladies, too, were a perfect blaze of assorted splendour that would have made even your old half-frozen blood dance in your veins.

Who says that the height of politeness can only be found in the upper ten thousand? Why, we did as much bowing and courtesying at the beginning of each quadrille as you would see in a West-end drawing-room in the course of a year. And with it all, there's nothing stand-offish or stuck-up about us either. Our girls don't object—indeed, they rather prefer—to be seized round the waist and twirled about in a jingo-ring sort of style at the places where these haughty Park Terrace kind of young ladies would only give you the tips of their fingers. And we are not too proud to throw a little additional life into the business by doing hornpipe or Highland fling steps at the "advance and retire" parts of a quadrille.

We are pretty good at everything, but what we really excel in is waltzing. We don't all do it exactly the same way. Some couples of us grapple each other by the arms with the pertinacity and determination of a prize fighter. Others twine themselves gracefully around each other, as the ivy does round the oak. Others clutch each other with a convulsive grasp which apparently nothing but death can ever sever. Others lean their pretty heads on their partners' manly bosoms as calmly and trustfully as an infant on its mother's breast. But, whatever our differences on minor points, we all believe in going the pace. None of your namby-pamby,

funeral march sort of waltzing for us! We like to spin round like comets, till everything in the room seems to swim, and our shirt-collars are reduced to a state of unrecognisable pulp. Then we are happy.

Of course we are quite above the vulgarity of advertising our partners as the belles in next night's *Citizen*. That may do for some people, but it isn't good enough for the St. Vitus. If this were not so, I would say that the handsome young lady in black, with her hair parted at the—. But no! Wild horses wouldn't drag another word from me!

SHOOTING NIAGARA—AND AFTER.

Sound sense just beware how you shock it,
Sensation may die off too quick,
And speeches, that blaz'd as a rocket,
When cool'd may be dull as the stick,
All wine that makes dizzy's not Dizzy's,
So tent tak' of froth in the dram
Which muddy when gone all the fizz is,
Leaves, empty, small faith in the "Sham."

What the Lenzie Folks are Saying.

WHAT they're "prood, prood" because they've got a Home Ruler, a Provost, a Bailie, and a Councillor in their community.

That the Bailie is a douce man, and never says anything against the "grain."

That the Councillor is a "goody, goody" kind of man.

That if folks didn't make a better mouth a marmalade than he does at heckling it would be a bad look out for the trade.

That there is to be no ball this year.

That the reason why is not quite apparen, but it evidently lies between pride and poverty.

That there's much exclusiveness in Lenzie.

That it's very difficult to get into societ there, and that once you are in, it's just as difficult to realise you are there.

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS.—His Worship would doubtless like much to see the Prince of Wales's presents—those that he gave to the Indian Princes; but he would also like much to know if the sight would be really worth 2s of admission-money.

"Empress"-ive—The "present" position of the Afghans.

A Coal-ition—The *mine*-ority.

American Apples from 17s 6d per Barrel, at M. CAMPBELL'S 18 Gordon Street, or from any of his Branch Shops.

Mitchell's Old Irish Whisky, Belfast, is famed over the Wld. Agent, David Mitchell, 20 Hope Street, Glasgow.

Megilp.

THE picture-buying season hasn't opened very auspiciously for our local artists. Neither in their studios nor in the Art Club Exhibition have sales been at all numerous. And yet the general quality of their work has in no way deteriorated. In some cases, indeed—and notably in those of Messrs Walton, Tom Donald, Black, J. D. Taylor, and Boyd—it shows a very marked improvement. Nor can it be said that the taste for pictures is at all on the decrease among our moneyed classes. Why, the sum that Mr Agnew took away with him, when he closed his exhibition in the gallery of the Messrs Annan, is understood to have been quite equal to the warmest anticipations he had formed previous to his arrival in Glasgow. Let us therefore hope, seeing the good fortune that has already attended the big people, that the turn of the little ones is now about to begin.

Mr William Stevenson, the sculptor of the Burns monument at Kilmarnock, has just completed a statuette of Sam Bough. The likeness is exceedingly good, and the artist has succeeded, moreover, in catching the outward look of the man in a way that is altogether admirable. Copies of the statuette will be executed in terra cotta and plaster.

Among the sales at the Water Colour Society's Exhibition are the large and important "Tarbert" of Mr David Murray, Mr Herdman's beautiful study of "Roses," and a vivid little cattle piece by Mr Smart.

Those whose feelings have been hurt for years by the woodcuts in *Finn* signed "E. G. D."—the initials of one of the Dalziels, the proprietors of the journal—may be interested to know that this aspirant after an artistic position has contributed a series of illustrations to Mr Strahan's new edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress." In a notice of the work which appears in the current number of the *Saturday Review*, the writer remarks that the designs of "E. G. D." are "simply comic. His Christian crossing the river of Death looks like a sulky farmer out duck-shooting in a suit of armour. Seriously, it is the funniest and most inappropriate illustration of a solemn and beautiful passage we have ever seen." These are strong but by no means unduly harsh words.

A well-known German critic, Baron Goeler von Ravensburg, has just completed an exhaustive monograph on the Venus of Melos. He regards the date of the statue as about 410 B.C. In his opinion it was a single figure—not a member, as has been conjectured, of a group, and one of the missing hands, he thinks, grasped an apple, the symbol of love and fertility.

When noticing the various portraits done by M. Legros during his Scotch tour—each of which, we are told, occupied only a comparatively limited number of minutes in its execution, the *Herald* gives the Professor unbounded praise for his "artistic power," and "his insight and observation." The portraits are on view in the galleries of Mr Craibe Angus in Queen Street, and it would be interesting to know what Mr Angus—whose taste for colour is surpassingly fine—thinks of M. Legros as a colourist.

A word is due, in this column, to the memory of Mr William Burns, who died on Saturday at the comparatively early age of fifty-one years. Honoured by all who knew him, Mr Burns, with his sweet, tender nature, and devotion to Art, was beloved in those artistic circles in which he delighted so much to mix.

IMPORTANT TO WRITERS.

MACNIVEN & CAMERON have just invented and Patented a New Penholder, which they have named the

"Waverley Quill Yielding Penholder."

It is adapted to hold any Pen.

Diaper says—"It will make a very pretty present for this time of year, and will remind the receiver very pleasantly every time he uses it."

Sold by all Stationers, or by post from the Patentees, Price 3d each, in Sterling Silver 2s, and with Name Engraved 2s 6d.

MACNIVEN & CAMERON, 23 to 33 Blair Street, Edinburgh, Penmakers to Her Majesty's Government Offices.

(Established 1770.)

The Queen's New Courtier.

OH, Provost Collins, Provost Collins! how could such a thorough-going Radical as you are so far forget himself as to make use, in the Corporation Galleries last week, of the new-fangled title "Empress of India," with all its "Jingo" and "Imperial" associations? Was it the glitter of the oriental spoils that temporarily dazzled those watery eyes, or the presence of that supple courtier, Sir P. C. Owen, that blinded them, or what? You will have the hopeful A. Glen C. with the whole G. L. A. at his back, down upon you if you don't hastily retrace your footsteps. Yours, however, was not the only remarkable manifestation. Did not Dr Donald Macleod declare Bertie Wales to be the "goody-goodyest" and "noblest minded" fellow going? But, then, Donald is a Tory and a courtier, which makes all the difference.

BEACONSFIELD AGAIN.

(Scene—The kirkyard of a populous parish in the Vale).

Inquiring Female (to beadle and grave-digger)—Tammas, are you busy?

Tammas—'Deed no. There's naething doin'; wark's awfu' slack. I had but ae christenin' last month, and only ae grave last week, and it was a bairn's.

Inquiring Female—Hoo do you account for your slackness?

Tammas—I dinna ken, unless it's Beaconsfield and his Tory Government that's ruinin' the trade o' the country.

Watt's the Matter?

THE Greenock Police Board had a funny little discussion last week over a proposal to erect a new fountain, presented by ex-Provost Lyle, in Cathcart Square. It was objected that this was the chosen site for the proposed monument to James Watt—whereupon Bailie Erskine expressed his belief that "Provost Lyle's fountain would be worn out before Greenock erected the monument to James Watt," while another gentleman made the canny and economical proposal that the fountain might be put up as a monument to the great engineer! In the meantime, the matter remains undecided, but the BAILIE would not be at all surprised to see the economical proposal carry the day.

A Police "Stretcher"—That "ta fors" is the most intelligent body of men in Glasgow.

"IT'S NO SAFE WADIN' IN UNCO WATERS."
(Scene—Football Match at Hampden Park.)

First Small Message Boy—Is there ony chance o' slippin' in'.

Second Do.—No, no, there's a crood o' Bobbies gaun lowse inside.

ANOTHER INSTALMENT.—Sheriff Clark has been having another "day" with the ancient Greeks and Romans. This time it's their system of banking that's "de matter." Why don't you publish a rival work to Dr William Smith's Classical Dictionary, Sheriff, and be done with it?

Christmas "Present"—The 25th. Christmas Past—Bile and physic.

ROYALTY THEATRE,
SAUCHIEHALL STREET,
Lessee and Manager..... Mr E. L. KNAPP.

IMMENSE SUCCESS
of the Opening.

Every Evening at 7-30.

OFFENBACH'S COMIC OPERA
MADAME FAVART.

Seats to Stalls and Circle can be secured at Messrs Muir Wood & Co.'s Buchanan Street.

THE GAIETY.
Proprietor and Director, Mr C. BERNARD.
EVERY EVENING,

MAGNIFICENCE AND COMPLETENESS
NEVER BEFORE EQUALLED,

FORTY THIEVES;

OR, STRIKING OIL IN FAMILY JARS.
Open at 6. Commence at 7. Prices, from 6d to 5s.

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE.
Lessee and Manager, Mr SIDNEY.

SECOND WEEK OF

MR SIDNEY'S FIFTH GLASGOW PANTOMIME.
ANOTHER GREAT SUCCESS.

THE FAIR ONE WITH THE GOLDEN LOCKS.

FIRST GRAND MORNING PERFORMANCES.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 25th, Two o'clock; and
SATURDAY, DECEMBER, 27th Two o'clock.

Places can now be secured. Letters and Telegrams from the Country will meet with immediate attention.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.
MAIN STREET, SOUTH SIDE, GLASGOW.

Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr H. CECIL BERYL.

Great Success of the Re-Opening. Enthusiastic Reception of the New Management. Every Evening until further notice the great Drama of the day,

"NEW BABYLON."

With New Scenery and Effects as in London.

Doors open every Evening at 7. Overture, 7:30. (Saturdays, half-an-hour earlier). Box plan at Donaldson's Music Rooms, 77 St. Vincent Street, where seats can be reserved in Dress Circle Stalls.

HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE,
WEST NILE STREET, GLASGOW.

Open every Evening at 7; Commencing at 7-30.

Mr C. HENGLER'S 1879-80 ANNUAL

THE CARNIVAL ON THE ICE,

Preceded at every representation by Varied Scenes in the Circle by HENGLER'S EQUESTRIAN COMPANY.

THURSDAY FIRST, December 25th, being Christmas Day, there will be NO PERFORMANCE.

FRIDAY, Dec. 26 (Boxing Day) TWO PERFORMANCES, Doors Open at 2 and 7 o'clock. SATURDAY, Dec. 27, TWO PERFORMANCES. Doors Open at 2 and 7 o'clock.

Acting Manager Mr W. POWELL.

Proprietor Mr CHARLES HENGLER.

NEWSOME'S HIPPODROME
AND CIRCUS,
INGRAM STREET, GLASGOW.

Regardless of Cost will be produced, and until further notice, the Magnificent Christmas and New-Year's Equestrian Spectacle, THE CANADIAN SLEIGH FETE ON LAKE ERIE (By Moonlight).

In honour of the Marquis of Lorne and H.R.H. Princess Louise.

The roughest roads are smooth as lawns:
Bring out the merry sleigh.

Hark, hark, the music of the bells, away we go, away!
Hark, hark, the music of the bells, away we go, away!

Box Office Open 11 till 3 Daily.

Doors Open at 7; Commence at 7.30. Half-Price (at 8.45) to all parts except Gallery.

SPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS
FOR THE

CHRISTMAS & NEW-YEAR DAY PERFORMANCES.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER, 25th at 3.

SATURDAY, ,, 27th at 3.

MONDAY, ,, 29th at 3.

THURSDAY (New-Year's Day), JAN. 1st, 11, 1, 3, and 5.

FRIDAY, JANUARY, 2nd at 1 and 3.

SATURDAY, ,, 3rd at 3.

MONDAY, ,, 5th at 3.

And Every Saturday at 3. Doors open Half-an-hour previous to these times.



CALEDONIAN RAILWAY.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR HOLIDAYS.

RETURN TICKETS

at a

SINGLE FARE for the DOUBLE JOURNEY

Will be issued from

GLASGOW AND PAISLEY

ON 22ND, 23RD, 24TH, and 25TH DECEMBER, for the CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS, and on the 29TH, 30TH, and 31ST DECEMBER and 1ST JANUARY, for the NEW-YEAR HOLIDAYS, to KILLIN, LUIB, CRIANLARICH, TYNDRUM, and DALMALLY; to PERTH, DUNDEE, and all Stations North thereof, and to THROUGH BOOKING STATIONS on the HIGHLAND and GREAT NORTH OF SCOTLAND RAILWAYS; also, to BEATTOCK, CARLISLE, DUMFRIES, and intermediate Stations South of Beattock; and to all Stations on the PORTPATRICK LINE; available to return within 14 days from date of issue.

Tickets to Stations on the Highland Railway will not be available to return by Mail Trains or on Sundays.

Passengers will please ask for Excursion Tickets.

JAMES SMITHELLS,

GLASGOW, December, 1879.

General Manager.

GLASS AND CHINA

ANNUAL CLEARING SALE.

15 TO 25 PER CENT. OFF REGULAR PRICES.

M'DOUGALL & SONS, 77 AND 79 BUCHANAN STREET.

LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK IN THE KINGDOM. SUITABLE FOR ALL CLASSES.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS IN ENDLESS VARIETY.

TEA, TABLE, TOILET, AND DESSERT SERVICES, TABLE GLASS, &c., &c.

DEPOT FOR MINTON'S, COPELAND'S, WORCESTER, AND DRESDEN PORCELAIN. SOLE AGENTS for GLASGOW for Dr SALVIATI'S VENETIAN GLASS, and for BELLEEK PORCELAIN.



INDESTRUCTIBLE INDIA-RUBBER TOYS.

These toys consist of representations in miniature of elephants, horses, oxen, dogs, and indeed all the animals known by sight or hearsay to the denizens of the nursery, and are as remarkable for their artistic excellence as for their durability. The figures are such exact copies from nature that only artists could have made the moulds from which they were cast. As to their utility, of course, that quality consists in the fact that the toys cannot break, and that young Hopeful can crush them or let them fall from a height without damaging their symmetry. The dolls will gratify young Miss all the more that they are prettily dressed. Thousands to choose from.

THORNTON, CURRIE, & CO.,

INDIA-RUBBER MANUFACTURERS, WATERPROOFERS,
43, 45, AND 47 JAMAICA STREET, GLASGOW.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERT.

ST. ANDREW'S HALL, 27th DEC., 1879, at 8 o'clock.
GRAND ORCHESTRA, SIXTY PERFORMERS.

CONDUCTOR—MR AUGUST MANN'S.

The Programme will include Symphony (*Beethoven*); Grand Selections from "Preciosa" (*Weber*); Overtures (a) "Semiramide" (*Rossini*); (b) "Le Domino Noir" (*Auber*); "Waltz Carnival Messenger" (*Strauss*); Rhapsodie No. 3 on "Norwegian Melodies" (*Svensden*); &c., &c.

Vocalist—

MR W. C. OSBORNE.

Solo Violin—

HERR HERMANN FRANKE.

Solo Clarinet—

MR CLINTON.

Tickets, 2s and 1s—from Swan & Co., 49 Buchanan Street.

FORSYTH'S "Globe" SHIRTS
FROM STOCK
3 1/6, 3 7/6 & 4 3/6 per 1/2 Dozen

GLASGOW CHORAL UNION.

SECOND ORCHESTRAL CONCERT.

ST. ANDREW'S HALL,

TO-NIGHT (TUESDAY), 23rd DECEMBER, 1879.

GRAND ORCHESTRA OF SIXTY PERFORMERS.

CONDUCTOR—MR AUGUST MANN'S.

VOCALIST :

Miss MARY DAVIES.

Tickets—7s 6d, 4s, 2s—from Swan & Co., 49 Buchanan Street.

Admission, 1s.

Doors open at 7; Concert at 8.

GLASGOW CHORAL UNION.

ST. ANDREW'S HALL, 1st JANUARY, 1880,

12-30.

MESSIAH.

Tickets, 8s 6d, 5s and 3s; from Swan & Co., 49 Buchanan St.

CORPORATION GALLERIES.

The INDIAN COLLECTION, lent to the City by His Royal Highness the PRINCE OF WALES, will be opened to the Public on WEDNESDAY, the 17th inst.

Day Exhibition, 10 till dusk.

Evening, 6 till 9.

Saturdays, 10 till 9 P.M.

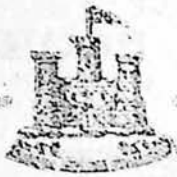
Prices of Admission till SATURDAY, the 27th December:—

Day, TWO SHILLINGS.

Evening, ONE SHILLING.

The Upper Galleries remain Open FREE as usual.

OVERCOATS
GREATCOATS & ULSTERS
IMMENSE VARIETY
FORSYTH'S
5 & 7 RENFIELD ST.



ISLAY WHISKY.

W. & J. MUTTER,
BOWMORE DISTILLERY.
COUNTING-HOUSE, 41 ANN STREET, CITY, GLASGOW.

TRADES' HALL, GLASSFORD STREET.

Every Evening this Week, at 8 o'clock.

WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 3 and 8.

PHRENOLOGY.	Professor COATES	MESMERISM.
PHRENOLOGY.	in his	MESMERISM.
PHRENOLOGY.	Celebrated	MESMERISM.
PHRENOLOGY.	Entertainment.	MESMERISM.
PHRENOLOGY.	"TWO HOURS IN THE	MESMERISM.
PHRENOLOGY.	REALMS OF	MESMERISM.
PHRENOLOGY.	NOVELTY, MIRTH,	MESMERISM.
PHRENOLOGY.	AND MYSTERY.	MESMERISM.

Admission—2s, 1s, and 6d. Reserve Seat Tickets can be obtained at 65 Jamaica Street, and R. J. & R. Adams; Paterson, Sons, & Co., Music Warehousemen, Buchanan Street.

CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.

GREAT NIGHT WITH THE READERS.

SATURDAY, 27TH DECEMBER, 1879.

The Celebrated

Miss M. AITKEN,

(Mrs Buntin), the Eminent Tragedienne and Reader.

Miss ELLA DIETZ,

The Eminent American Reader.

Miss JULIA SEAMAN,

The Celebrated Tragedienne and Reader.

Mr FRANK DIETZ,

The Eminent American Reader.

Mr W. S. VALLANCE,

Professor of Elocution and Eminent Reader.

Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats, 2s; at the Office, 58 Renfield Street. Doors open at a Quarter to 7; Concert at a Quarter to 8.

JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Friday, 26th December, at Twelve.

EXTENSIVE PUBLIC SALE OF

VALUABLE FURS;

SABLE MUFFS, LADIES' COLLERETTES AND TIES,
CARRIAGE-RUGS, HEARTH RUGS,
COACH WRAPPERS, MATS &c.

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will sell the above well-selected and assorted Stock, by Auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Friday, 26th December, at Twelve o'clock.

The Sealskin Jackets are of fine Quality, both Plain and Trimmed.

The Muffs are of Dark Russian Sable, Minx, Kolinsky, Lynx, and Black Russian Furs, with Ties and Collerettes to match; also, a choice Assortment of Fashionable Pelerines and Tippetts in varied sizes.

The Carriage Rugs are a choice selection of the following valuable Skins:—Leopard, Bengal Tiger, Polar Bear, White, Red, and Silver Fox, Wolf, Badger, Buffalo, Australian and American Opossum, Lynx, Raccoon, Kangaroo, Jennet, Tartary Goat, Discacha, Wallaby, &c., &c.

Opera Cloak Linings, Sable, Chinchilla, Otter, Beaver, and other Flouncings, Foot-warmers.

Catalogues may be had, and the Goods Viewed Morning of Sale.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 20th December, 1879.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Wednesday,

24th December,

PUBLIC SALE OF

700 OUNCES SILVER PLATE,

(Which Belonged to the late D. C. Rait, Esq., Jeweller, Glasgow).

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell the above by Auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, North Court, St. Vincent Place, on Wednesday, 24th December, at 12 o'clock.

Catalogues may now be had, and Goods viewed on Monday, 22nd.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 22nd December, 1879.

LAW UNION

FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COY.

REVENUE, £138,000; RESOURCES, £1,500,000.

Branch Office:—

65 WEST REGENT STREET,

SMITH, STODDART, & RODGER,

District Managers.

GLASGOW ART CLUB.

THE SEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION

of PAINTINGS in OIL and WATER-COLOURS, by

Members of the Club, is now Open

in Messrs ANNAN'S GALLERY, 153 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

ADMISSION FREE.

CATALOGUES SIXPENCE.

SCOTTISH SOCIETY OF WATER-COLOUR PAINTERS.

The Second Exhibition of this Society is now open in the Gallery,

108 WEST NILE STREET,

Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

LORNE RESTAURANT,
ST. ENOCH SQUARE, GLASGOW.

Breakfasts, Luncheons, Dinners, Teas, and Suppers till 10-30.
Dinner and Supper Parties contracted for.

JAMES M'KENZIE.

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RALSTON & SONS,

141 SAUCHIEHALL STREET 141

AND

311 BYARS ROAD, (Opposite the Burgh Hall), HILLHEAD.

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127 SAUCHIEHALL STREET

Near Hope Street.

See our Gas-Cooking Ovens and Heating Apparatus in operation.

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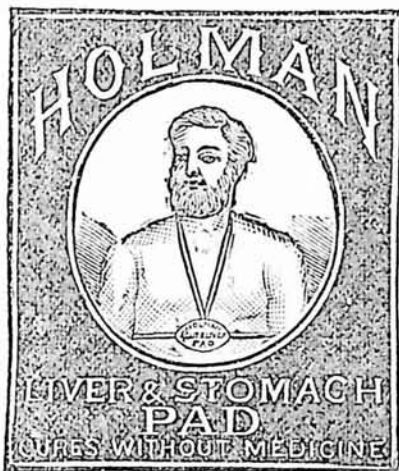
(MATTHEW WADDELL),

Furnishing Ironmongers, 261B ARGYLE STREET.

CORPORATION ORGAN RECITALS.

The NINTH of the ORGAN RECITALS for the present Winter will be given by the CITY ORGANIST (Mr LAMBERT), in the CITY HALL, on SATURDAY FIRST, at Four o'clock prompt.

Doors open at 3-39,
Admission and Programmes of the Music Free.
Chamberlain's Office, 20th Dec., 1879.



It works by the natural law of absorption, invigorating the Liver and Stomach, and thereby curing Liver Complaints, Dyspepsia, Bilioussness, Indigestion, Headache, Diarrhoea, Loss of Appetite, Nervousness, Rheumatism, & Constipation.

Book and full particulars Free.

Price of Regular Size Pad, 10s

Price of Special Size Pad (extra size and strength), 15s

Sent by post free on receipt of Cheque or P. O. Order.

Payable to A. M. FRASER,
THE HOLMAN LIVER PAD CO.,
70 GLASSFORD STREET, GLASGOW.

NEW CHEAP SERIES OF
COPYING LETTER BOOKS,
LEAVES, STRONGLY BOUND, for
1000 5s, 7s, or 9s.

The best evidence of their excellence is the fact that we are constantly receiving renewal orders.

GEORGE GALLIE & SON,
99 BUCHANAN STREET.

JOHN M. SIMPSON, Furniture Warehouse,
and Show-rooms, 60 GREAT CLYDE STREET (Corner of Maxwell Street), Glasgow. One of the largest Stocks in the City. New Illustrated House Furnishing Guide to be had Free on application. The Cheapest Establishment in the City for Really Good Substantial Furniture of Artistic Design and Superior Finish. Quality Guaranteed.

ROBERT M' TEAR & CO.,
AUCTIONEERS AND VALUATORS.
ROYAL EXCHANGE SALE-ROOMS.

R A E B R O W N & C O.,
AUCTIONEERS AND VALUATORS,
Beg to intimate that they have REMOVED into their new Premises, the WESTERN SALE-ROOMS, 151 SAUCHIE-HALL STREET.

Sale of HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE every MONDAY, in which may be included every description of Movable Property.

THE SCOTTISH
CIRCULATING MUSICAL LIBRARY,
28 GREAT WESTERN ROAD, HILLHEAD.
ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, £1 1s.
MUSIC LENT BY THE WEEK.
Catalogues, 2s 6d. Prospectus Free.

H. & P. M'NEIL.

WE have much pleasure in informing our numerous Customers and the General Public that, in addition to our already Established Business, we have OPENED Large and Elegant SHAMPOOING and HAIR-DRESSING ROOMS, which, in regard to comfort and elegance, are fitted in a style equal to any in the city. They are under the direct superintendence of a most experienced Manager, and the Assistants are from the Best Houses in the Trade.

In introducing this New Department of our Business, we may explain that though it is the first attempt of the kind in Glasgow, yet it has been carried on with great success by the most celebrated Hosiery and Glovers in the Cheapside and Strand, London, and we feel quite confident that with your kind patronage, and our strict attention, this novelty cannot fail to be a great success.

21 AND 23 RENFIELD STREET, GLASGOW.

GLASGOW APOTHECARIES' Co

have REMOVED to their
NEW AND ENLARGED PREMISES

AT
32 AND 34 VIRGINIA STREET.

13s 6d	HOLYTON	SOFT	COAL	13s 6d
14s 6d	WISHAW	PARLOUR	COAL	14s 6d
15s 6d	AYRSHIRE	DIAMOND	COAL	15s 6d

WM. CHALMERS & CO., 88 BATH ST.



WHEELER & CO'S
BELFAST GINGER ALE,
Undoubtedly the Finest of all
NON-INTOXICATING BEVERAGES,
Admirably Adapted for a
WINTER DRINK.

Manufactory, CROMAC SPRINGS, BELFAST.
DEPOT FOR SCOTLAND,
147 STOCKWELL STREET, GLASGOW.

ATHOL'S ARMS HOTEL,

13 and 21 DUNDAS STREET, GLASGOW:

ALEXANDER GOW, having resumed possession of this favourite Hotel, has had it thoroughly renovated and made complete in comfort and convenience. Dinner and Supper parties receive his special personal attention, and they are invariably satisfied.

Charges moderate. Viands superb!

MANN'S RAINBOW HOTEL AND RESTAURANT,

FRIDGE STREET STATION, GLASGOW,

Three Minutes' Walk of St. Enoch's Station and Highland and Coasting Steamers.

This HOTEL has undergone extensive Alterations and Improvements. Has been Refurnished throughout. Visitors will find every comfort, combined with moderate Charges. Night Porter in attendance. Smoking-Rooms, Baths, and Billiards.

J. MAITLAND, Manager.

THE ROYAL RESTAURANT,

10 AND 12 WEST NILE STREET,

C. WILSON & SON, Proprietors.

WASTE PAPER, Ledgers, Letters, Books, Ropes, Bagging, Tailors' Clips—bought at PAPER MILL STORE, 98 MAXWELL STREET, for Re-manufacture

Walter Wilson & Co.,
THE COLOSSEUM,
70 JAMAICA ST.

EXTRAORDINARY ANNOUNCEMENT!

ENORMOUS PURCHASE of LADIES' BEAVER HATS & BONNETS!

(SEVERAL THOUSANDS TO CHOOSE FROM.)

ALSO, IMMENSE VARIETY
(TRIMMED & UNTRIMMED) FOR MISSES.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,
LADIES' & GENTLEMEN'S HATTERS, MILLINERS, &c.,
COLOSSEUM.

SPECIAL TO GENTLEMEN.

We have much pleasure in announcing that we are at present Showing all the Latest Novelties in

DRESS HATS,

FELT HATS,

TRAVELLING CAPS,

&c., &c.

Gentlemen who have not already given us a call, should look up and inspect our Stock, as they will find it the largest and best assorted stock of High-Class Goods in Scotland.

All Hats sold by us we guarantee to be made of the Finest Material and by the best Manufacturers in the Country, and we can assure Gentlemen that we leave no market unsearched where there is a likelihood of getting Stylish and First-Class Goods,

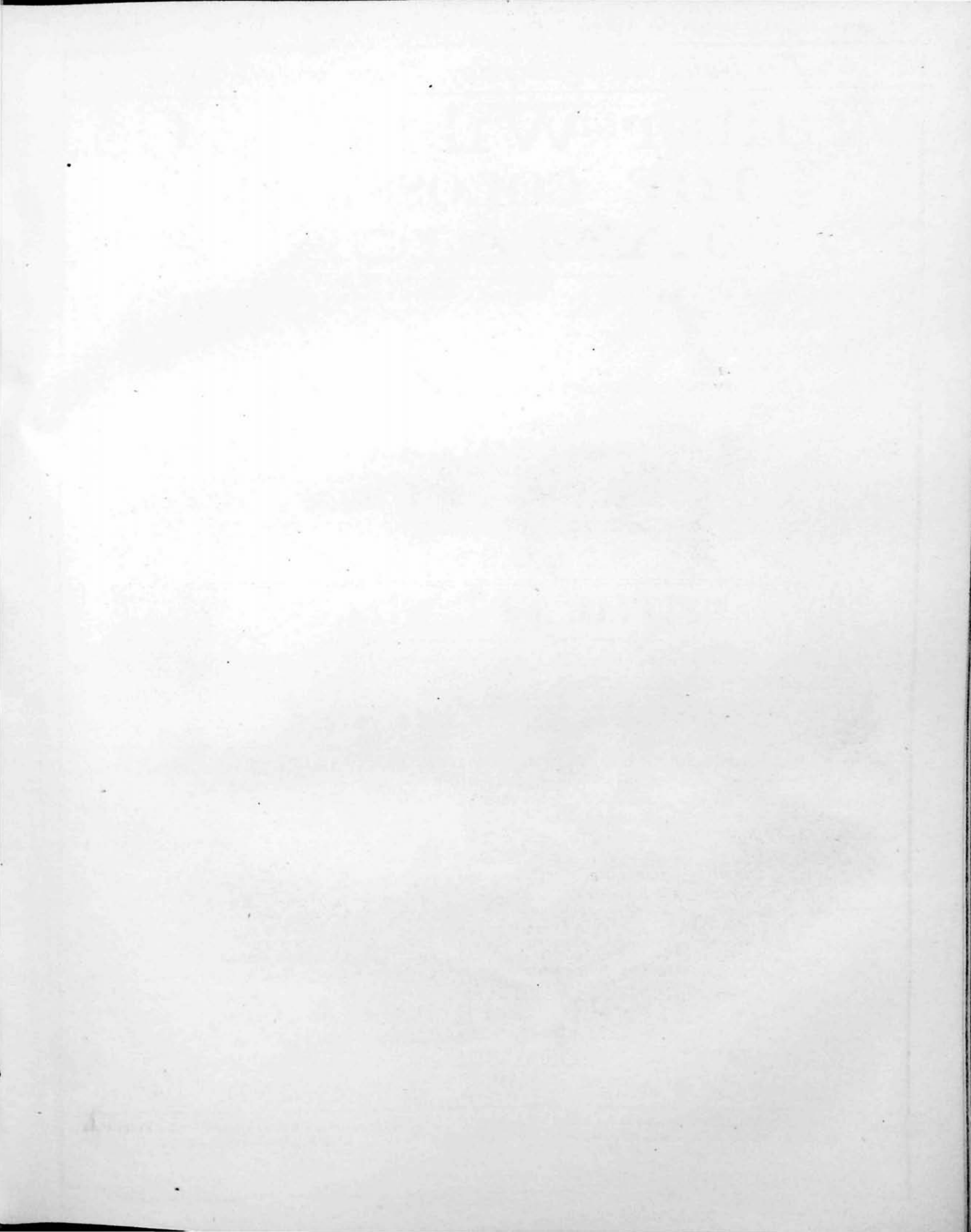
We also show Special Shapes for Youths, both in Dress and Felt Hats.

Boys' Hats and Caps, Latest Shapes, Hundreds of Special Styles to be had only from ourselves, and very suitable for Christmas Presents.

SKATING! SKATING! STRIKING NOVELTIES.

TO-DAY AND FOLLOWING DAYS we will show an Immense Variety of LADIES' and MISSES' SKATING HATS, extremely Cheap and Effective. The "Canadian" as worn by H.R.H. the Princess Louise, an elegant and charming little Hat. Also, the New "Freque" Skating Hats (as worn on London and Paris Skating Ponds) for 1879-80. These in several combinations are wonderfully pretty and attractive.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,
Wholesale Hat Manufacturers,
COLOSSEUM,
70 JAMAICA STREET.





The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 376. Glasgow, Wednesday, December 31st, 1879. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 376.

GLASGOW has no better known figure than that of Mr EDWARD LEE KNAPP, the lessee of the Royalty Theatre. Mr KNAPP possesses a wide circle of personal friends, and a still wider circle of acquaintances, but outside of both his friends and his acquaintances the swarming thousands of the City, to whom our public men are usually no more than a name, are all of them more or less familiar with his appearance. And it is needless, at this time of day, to say that Mr KNAPP is as popular as he is widely known. He has the knack of making himself liked. That particular quality, which is neither courtesy nor kindness of heart, although it partakes in a great measure of both, and the effect of which is to make everybody round about you comfortable and pleasant, is one of his main virtues. Although an alien—that is to say, a Southerner—by birth, Mr KNAPP has lived long enough in the city to have become identified with it, as well in tastes as in modes of feeling and thinking. Over twelve years have gone by since he assisted, as acting manager, at the opening of the first Prince of Wales Theatre, and all this time he has never, practically, been out of Glasgow. All this time, besides, he has lived in the eye of the public. That fierce light that beats upon every prominent member of the theatrical profession has been continually turned upon his goings-out and comings-in, upon all he has said and all he has done, and the result of the scrutiny is, that he is held to-day in more regard and esteem than ever. Mr KNAPP, as the BAILIE has said, was born south of the Tweed. In point of fact, his native county is Surrey, although he comes of a family of substantial Oxfordshire yomen. Educated at the Collegiate School of Uxbridge,

he entered, while young, into mercantile pursuits in London. He was successful for a number of years, but a period of dull trade, followed by the collapse of the Birmingham Banking Co, in which he was a depositor, left our friend to begin the world once more, and this time comparatively ill-provided with resources. Now, however, a theatrical connection, formed in his more prosperous days, came to his aid. From boyhood he had been ardently fond of the drama, and on settling in London had become intimate with many well-known members of "the profession," as well as of that branch of literature which has direct dealings with the theatre. His circle of companions included Mark Lemon, Henry and Augustus Mayhew, the brothers Brough, E. L. Blanchard, Mr Sala, and Guest Tomlins, not to speak of scores of actors, from the now venerable Walter Lacy to Mr Toole, who was still the low comedian at the "New Adelphi." One of his closer friends was Mr Henry Leslie, author, actor, and journalist. Mr Leslie, as it so happened at this juncture in Mr KNAPP'S fortunes, had newly organised a travelling company for the performance of his own plays in the provinces, and the post of acting-manager to the *troupe* being still vacant, it was offered to and at once accepted by the Man you Know, who became identified, thenceforward, with the play-house. His subsequent story is sufficiently well-known in Glasgow. From Mr Leslie he transferred his services to Mr Alfred Davis, and from Mr Davis to Mr G. D. Francis—he was one season at the Theatre-Royal, Dunlop Street,—and then going up with Mr William Glover and Mr Francis to the Cowcaddens, he occupied the post of acting manager from the transformation of the Colosseum Theatre into the Theatre-Royal till the house was burned to the ground at the close of last winter. His lesseeship of the Royalty, like the theatre itself,

is only a matter of yesterday. That his career in his "new home" will be successful, is eagerly anticipated by his friends, and if what one did and what he was in the past be accepted as a warranty for what he will do and what he will be in the future, they have certainly every reason for their anticipations. Behind the curtain, it may be noted, Mr KNAPP is a general favourite. His genial manners, and what is more, his genuine kindness of heart, placed him long ago on terms of personal friendship with actors of every grade in the profession. Mr Toole testified to his worth at the pleasant little ceremony of placing the Memorial Stone of the Royalty into position in October last, and on Monday, the distinguished comedian did not forget him, in spite of the painful circumstances in which he is himself placed, one of the messages of congratulation received that evening having been dated "J. L. Toole, Brighton." Another famous actor who takes an interest in Mr KNAPP is Mr Henry Irving, and both when the Memorial Stone was laid and when the theatre was opened, Mr Irving sent special and kindly remembrances to our friend. But it is not only the great and famous, the Listons and Macreadys of the generation, with whom Mr KNAPP is, so to speak, *en rapport*. When poor Willie Campbell, a conscientious, if by no means a brilliant actor, was laid in the grave, the Man you Know was one of the little band of mourners who attended the old mummer to his long home. Some four or five years ago a clever Irish comedian, John Pakenham by name, who had been engaged by Mr Alfred Davis during his second term of management at the Prince of Wales Theatre, was stricken by mortal illness in a squalid lodging in the Cowcaddens. He was a stranger to Glasgow, and Mr Davis, oppressed with sufficient cares of his own, was unable to lend him any aid. For once that free-masonry which is the redeeming quality of dwellers in Bohemia seemed at fault. The sufferer was penniless, and he was as destitute of friends as he was of money. Fortunately, however, his story reached the ears of the Man you Know. Mr KNAPP sought him out, brought medical assistance to his bed-side—only, alas! to learn that his days were numbered—and endeavoured, by compassionate words, and "little, unremembered acts of kindness," to soothe and sweeten his latest hours. And a story, in no way very dissimilar, might be told of our friend in connection with the late Mr Fitzroy. At all events when "Fitz" met with the accident which ulti-

mately caused his death, it was Mr KNAPP who tended him as carefully as a nurse, who broke the news to his daughter, and who remained beside the old man for hours, waiting patiently for any emergency when his services could be of use. All this, however, belongs to the region of personal detail, and the BAILIE, as is well known, is seldom, if ever, personal. He contents himself, therefore, with wishing our friend "good speed," and in saying that, if he be as fortunate in the Royalty as he deserves to be, then his Treasury will be full, ay, and running over, from one end of the twelvemonths till the other.

WITH SILVER KEY.

"The Fair One with the Golden Locks,"

Locks to adore
A door, that when the Public knocks,

Lets in a pour

Till stall and circle pit and box,

Flow o'er and o'er

Night after night with orthodox

In Christmas lore

Of Pantomimes, the good old stocks

We ha' before

When Fun, as in electric shocks,

Kept up his roar—

"The quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles" of yore.

SEASONABLE.

(Scene—Candleriggs, City Hall door; time—Christmas afternoon; the guests are coming out from dinner to the poor.)

Young Arab (to one of the diners)—Ha! Tam, ye got the runcles ta'en out yir stomach tha day!

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Hard working, and giving to each man his due;
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And success will attend *Eighteen hundred and eighty.*"

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is only a matter of yesterday. That his career in his "new home" will be successful, is eagerly anticipated by his friends, and if what one did and what he was in the past be accepted as a warranty for what he will do and what he will be in the future, they have certainly every reason for their anticipations. Behind the curtain, it may be noted, Mr KNAPP is a general favourite. His genial manners, and what is more, his genuine kindness of heart, placed him long ago on terms of personal friendship with actors of every grade in the profession. Mr Toole testified to his worth at the pleasant little ceremony of placing the Memorial Stone of the Royalty into position in October last, and on Monday, the distinguished comedian did not forget him, in spite of the painful circumstances in which he is himself placed, one of the messages of congratulation received that evening having been dated "J. L. Toole, Brighton." Another famous actor who takes an interest in Mr KNAPP is Mr Henry Irving, and both when the Memorial Stone was laid and when the theatre was opened, Mr Irving sent special and kindly remembrances to our friend. But it is not only the great and famous, the Listons and Macreadys of the generation, with whom Mr KNAPP is, so to speak, *en rapport*. When poor Willie Campbell, a conscientious, if by no means a brilliant actor, was laid in the grave, the Man you Know was one of the little band of mourners who attended the old mummer to his long home. Some four or five years ago a clever Irish comedian, John Pakenham by name, who had been engaged by Mr Alfred Davis during his second term of management at the Prince of Wales Theatre, was stricken by mortal illness in a squalid lodging in the Cowcaddens. He was a stranger to Glasgow, and Mr Davis, oppressed with sufficient cares of his own, was unable to lend him any aid. For once that free-masonry which is the redeeming quality of dwellers in Bohemia seemed at fault. The sufferer was penniless, and he was as destitute of friends as he was of money. Fortunately, however, his story reached the ears of the Man you Know. Mr KNAPP sought him out, brought medical assistance to his bed-side—only, alas! to learn that his days were numbered—and endeavoured, by compassionate words, and "little, unremembered acts of kindness," to soothe and sweeten his latest hours. And a story, in no way very dissimilar, might be told of our friend in connection with the late Mr Fitzroy. At all events when "Fitz" met with the accident which ulti-

mately caused his death, it was Mr KNAPP who tended him as carefully as a nurse, who broke the news to his daughter, and who remained beside the old man for hours, waiting patiently for any emergency when his services could be of use. All this, however, belongs to the region of personal detail, and the BAILIE, as is well known, is seldom, if ever, personal. He contents himself, therefore, with wishing our friend "good speed," and in saying that, if he be as fortunate in the Royalty as he deserves to be, then his Treasury will be full, ay, and running over, from one end of the twelvemonths till the other.

WITH SILVER KEY.

"The Fair One with the Golden Locks,"

Locks to adore
A door, that when the Public knocks,
Lets in a pour
Till stall and circle pit and box,
Flow o'er and o'er
Night after night with orthodox
In Christmas lore
Of Pantomimes, the good old stocks
We ha' before
When Fun, as in electric shocks,
Kept up his roar—

"The quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles" of yore.

SEASONABLE.

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Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—I like the Harlequinade at the Gaiety. It has a freshness and a movement that makes you laugh in spite of yourself. To my mind the Gaiety *Clown* is one of the most amusing fellows going. The burlesque acting of Mr Mackintosh in the "Opening" is also very clever—only, I don't like the *Coupeau* "effect"—while the singing of Miss Soldene, and the grace of the young lady who plays *Amber*, make old fellows like you and me, BAILIE, feel quite young again. I can't help returning once more to the subject of the dresses in the piece, they are simply splendid to the verge of extravagance.

May I ask your Worship, next time you are in the neighbourhood of Sauchiehall Street, just to take a look at the carved heads of Henry Irving and Mr Toole that have been placed on the street entrances to the boxes and pit respectively of the Royalty Theatre. They are admirable likenesses, and are altogether capital specimens of the sculptor's art.

One of the coming pieces at the Royalty is "Betsy," the comedy which is drawing all London to the Criterion Theatre. "Truth," and "Brighton," with Mr Charles Wyndham in both, will also, I understand, figure among Mr Knapp's early productions.

Mr Sidney's selection of a subject for his pantomime has been amply justified. It was a bold step to recall reminiscences of "dear old Alfred's" great hit—which, by the bye, he is running to-night at Bradford—but the present management of the Prince of Wales has no reason to dread such reminiscences. As produced by Mr Sidney the pantomime is bright and sparkling throughout, and Mr Fred. Sidney sustains the popularity he won in Glasgow long ago. I would remind those of your readers who have young people about them, that, during the holiday season, there will be numerous day performances of the "Fair one with the Golden Locks." The "front of the house" is, I may mention, under the charge of Mr George Weir, late of the Theatre Royal.

"New Babylon" is still running at the Royal Princess's with marked success. It is the intention of the management to make a feature of melodrama, and a very good idea it is. I should mention that on the opening night Mr Beryl was the recipient of numerous telegrams from his professional brothers and sisters, wishing him all manner of success. Such tokens of friendly remembrance are very pleasing and encouraging to any one undertaking a new and important task.

Arrangements are being made by which the 3rd L.R.V. will again go under canvas as in former years. The early days of May have been selected for their performances in the "tented field." The 3rd R.R.V. will also "camp out" this year. They have selected the beginning of June as the season for this trying phase of amateur soldiering.

Hengler's has scored a big success with "The Carnival on the Ice." I looked in one night last week and found every seat in the stalls ticketed "engaged," and ditto for boxes, with a splendid "business" in other parts. Some of the tableaux in the "Carnival" are wonderfully fine, notably the Snow Ballet, the Procession of Sleighs, the fancy skating of Mr Fletcher and Mdl e Lellie, and the winding up Snow Storm.

Our friend Newsome has made ample arrangements for the gay and festive season. He clearly and rightly means to secure a heavy crop of financial hay while the holiday sun shines. Apart from the supreme attractions of the "Canadian Sleigh Fête" Mr Newsome puts forth a bill of fare that should tickle the palate of the most pronounced equestrian epicure. By the way, Bailie, you will be surprised to learn that Mr Newsome ends his present visit shortly after the holidays. I hear that he shows for the last time on Saturday, the 10th, and opens in Adam's Cirque, Leeds, on Monday, the 12th.

The members of the "Crony Club" are busy over the rehearsal of the new operatta which is model ed on the "Cox and Box" of Messrs Gilbert and Sullivan. Herr Rosenberg is the composer of the music, while "the book" is the work of Mr Jas. Muir.

Our national festival of "Ne'r-day" is to be celebrated at the City Hall on Thursday night by a "Great Scotch Concert," greater and Scotcher than anything of the kind we have seen before. On Saturday night the Jubilee Singers, who made such a sensation on their first appearance some years ago, give a concert in the same place.

My conscience, BAILIE! but you're coming out strong in the "illustration" line. That "pictur" of Messrs Thornton, Currie, & Co., on your thirteenth page, is such a thing as you won't see in the Royal Academy! Seriously, old man, if you want to gladden the hearts of your numerous young friends, charter a cab and load it with toys at 43 Jamaica Street.

On opening the Belfast *Northern Whig* the other day, I came across the following lively hitting:—"Valjean" is a very remarkable work. It is remarkable for its length, for its many unnecessary scenes, for its want of interest, for its tediousness, and for its depressing effect. The dramatist has very skilfully avoided any approach to liveliness, while providing a series of tableaux that might be tolerated at an amateur juvenile entertainment. The one bright thing is the display of fireworks. The play, indeed, is altogether so remarkable that the death of *Valjean* (Mr Coleman) is even a greater relief to the audience than to the hero himself." Isn't this savage, BAILIE, on your old friend, Tragedy John?

THE FORCE OF HABIT.

(Scene—Ladies' Boarding School; Sergeant drilling class).

Sergeant—Heads erect, shoulders square, eyes looking straight to the front, lean well forward on the fore part of the feet, thumbs touching the seams of the trou—Ah! Ahem! as you were. [General tittering.]

GRANNIE'S "HEIST."—Does Grannie aim at pushing her circulation in the lunar districts? She has, at great expense, erected an "endless passenger lift" in her new premises, and the fact of its being "endless," and concurrently a "lift," leads the Cuddy to guess that she has some intentions of that sort. The Animile means to go down to Buchanan Street this afternoon, and find out if she has fitted up a lune(attic) in which to conduct the business of the upper air edition.

A CAKE AN' PUDDING COURTIER.

(Scene—A ward in the infirmary).

Lady Visitor—Are they kind to you here?

Patient (who is recovering from his illness and is very ravenous)—No, I never get hauf ma ful.

L. V.—Indeed! Could you eat an egg?

Patient—Eat an egg! Could a' eat twa? Mem, I could eat the chap that laid them.

Ecclesiastical Snobbery.

EVERYBODY who knows the BAILIE is aware that he is as liberal—with a small "l"—as he is Tory. He is always ready to adopt such new ideas and new fashions as happen to meet with his august approval, whatever their source. Among other importations he has cheerfully accepted the secular observance of Christmas Day, and he duly dined last Thursday on turkey and plum-pudding. He accepts it, because he thinks that in this weary world of ours we cannot have too many excuses for good-fellowship and the interchange of kindly sentiments, which, if they are in many cases hollow and insincere, are not so, thank heaven, in all. So much for the secular observance; but the attempt made of late by certain of our parsons—chiefly of the "haw-haw" persuasion—to give the day ecclesiastical importance his Worship regards with contempt and disgust, because it is an evidence of rank snobbery, and the Magistrate hates a snob with as bitter a hatred as dear old Thackeray's. If these gentlemen believe in the "Feasts" of sister churches, let them say so boldly, and clear out of the Presbyterian fold, where they are palpable anomalies. But no; they are not men enough to do that. They are pitiful ecclesiastical snobs, the ritualists of Presbyterianism, who like to play at being "priests," but haven't the courage of their opinions—that is to say if they have any opinions at all, which is doubtful.

THE PIG-IRON GAMBLE.

(Time—Commencement of afternoon 'Change).

Nervous Holder (to facetious broker)—Well, how's the market opening?

F. B.—Oh, it all depends on what the operators have had for lunch. If milk, the market will be flat; if beer, steady; but if whisky, it will go up steaming."

[The N. H. wishes he hadn't touched it.]

CRUEL!—At last Friday's entertainment in the Infirmary some bold bad sarcastic man with a bold bad sarcastic eye stuck "just over the head of the Lord Provost," says Granny, the injunction, "Be Merry and Wise." My conscience!

A "Tight" Fit—A tipsy first-fit.

A Nip(y) Sweetie—A peppermint after a half-glass.

The Miss-l'toe Bow.—When "she stoops to conquer."

A Soot-able Market.

SOMEBODY offers, in the *Citizen*, 12s per ton for soot. This is a rare chance for the Glasgow Liberal Association. That body seems to be hard up, and the appalling amount of soot—not to speak of mud—which its members have on hand might thus be employed not only more decently, which is a secondary matter in "Liberal" eyes, but more profitably, which is by no means secondary in those greedy optics, than in besmearing brethren. Now, Messrs Burt, M'Dougall & Co.—ye who have been going about calling the BAILIE a bold bad man for chaffing you—thank his Worship for doing you a good turn, and opening a way that may lead on to—shall he say?—Fortune.

COMPLEMENTS OF THE SEASON.

Time writes no wrinkle on thy brow.
 Thy hollygraph is ever-green;
 As 'twas before, so is it now,
 Still warm within, if outward keen.
 Frosty but kindly, as the cake
 Outside all "iced" all spiced within—
 So seasoned for the Season's sake—
 The old year out, the new year in.
 Hunger and cold outside cry out;
 Within good cheer by cheery ingle,
 While joyous laugh and jocund shout
 With song and dance and music mingle.
 But over all the wail ascends
 "Hunger and cold!" and from our cheer
 We warm and feed; a helping that befriends
 Ourselves: twice bless'd the helping hand that lends
 A help in opening of "A good New Year!"

Much in "Little."

OF all the touching advertisements one sees from persons desirous of raising money on their personal effects the BAILIE has noticed none more touching than one in the *Citizen* last week from a "young lady" who "would sell her little gold watch." "Her little gold watch!" Mark the pathos of the "little." If it were a big gold watch the announcement would be commonplace; but as it is, one pictures crowds of sentimental bachelors flinging their purses at the maiden's feet, and indignantly declining to deprive her of the little gold watch. As for Asinus, he grew quite maudlin over the advertisement, and retired, as he said, to write a poem on the subject. He also expressed a desire to assist the young lady in disposing of the diminutive ticker. Tender-hearted and disinterested Animile!

ON DIR.—That the new Municipal Buildings are to be designed after the Tower of Babble.

A Roarin' Trade—Street preachin'.

Quavers.

THE Ayr Choral Union's performance of "The Creation," on Wednesday evening, was more than creditable. It was in nearly all respects equal to the best that could have been given. With an enthusiastic, obedient, well-trained, and strong chorus, a complete and highly-skilled orchestra, a party of principals of more than average talent, and a conductor competent to tackle the work in its minutest detail, and to seize its spirit broadly, the performance could not but be, what it was, a marked success.

The Union has been strengthened in numbers since last year, and possibly only in the tenor part needs improvement a little. The "attacks" in the choruses of the oratorio were firm and unflinching throughout, the notes being sung with accuracy and tunefulness. Mr M'Nabb has given a fresh proof of his marked ability as a conductor, not alone in the guidance of a chorus, but, what we have long noticed, in the management of an orchestra, in this latter respect winning the esteem and admiration of the players, not too ready with their smiles, or even obedience, when in "the country."

The efforts of Mrs Buntine and Miss Henderson of Ayr, and Messrs Kiddell and Howell of Glasgow, at the oratorio, merit a special word of commendation.

The Hillhead Society's concert on Wednesday night last, with Romberg's "Lay of the Bell" as the principal item of a well-selected programme, was on the whole a very agreeable one. We sometimes think the tone might be a little brighter, but there is generally every reason to be pleased with the society's vocal taste and style.

At the Orchestral Subscription Concert to-night (Tuesday) will be played the overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis," with the coda written by Wagner (Mozart had also written a coda for it) to close the overture as a concert piece. In the opera the overture leads directly into the first scene. A recital of Glück's classic and elegant composition is worth considering by our societies. It is eminently vocal. The symphony is to be from Haydn, one of the four in the key of G major, and a charming and piquant emanation from the active, lively pen of the "Viennese master." (Is the synonym all right, ye critics?) One of the "Leonora" overtures (Fidelio) is to be played, the No. 3 produced under Herr Tausch last year. Miss Hopekirk will be heard in the Schumann (sole) pianoforte concerto, also in a scherzo from a concerto by Saint-Saens. Miss Helen D'Alton is the vocalist.

On New Year's Day, the oratorio, "The Messiah" will of course be performed in the early part of the day, and in the evening there will be a miscellaneous concert of orchestral selections, with Signor Foli as solo vocalist. Among the instrumental pieces may be noted a festival march, "Welcome," by Mr Manns; the overtures, "Merry Wives of Windsor," and "La Dame Blanche;" excerpts from Raff's "Leonore" symphony; and a waltz, "Golden Myrtles," composed (by Fahrbach) in commemoration of the golden wedding of the Emperor and Empress of Germany, and dedicated to their majesties. There will also be a fantasia from "I Puritani," most melodious of operas, if now somewhat overlooked.

Mr William Miller's "Select Choir" appears at the City Hall on New Year's Day, with a popular and rather lengthy programme. Mrs Buntine (who sang at the Ayr oratorio) will sing, also two members of the choir.

The orchestral concert of Saturday evening next will be of a specially attractive nature. There will be, for example, the "Ruy Blas" overture of Mendelssohn, excerpts from that melodious source, the "Rosamunde" music of Schubert, and an overture, "The Brewer of Preston," by Adam (not by Meyerbeer!) Mr Manns will also figure again as a composer, this time in the polka "Minnie," introducing an ophicleide solo (Mr Hughes); and we shall hear Saint-Saens in ballet music from his "Samson and Delilah."

Offenbach is heard at his best in Madame Favart. The music is pure, quiet, and artistic, and grateful therefore to the most fastidious. The company sing tunefully and intelligently, as a rule, and this is what many companies of the kind do not do,

Madame Favart, musically as well as dramatically deserves, what it will no doubt have, a prosperous run in Mr Knapp's beautiful house.

The position of the orchestra at the Royalty merits remark. It is a great improvement indeed, on the old plan, to have the players out of sight, though they are placed possibly just low enough for good effect. The least heightening of the orchestra floor might be suggested. The music would be sufficiently toned down, a really desirable matter in theatres generally, without the muffled effect.

The programme of the Greenock Choral Union's concert of Monday evening last consisted, for the first part, of selections from Handel's oratorio, "The Messiah." That Handel was to be sung, however, could only be inferred, for, very oddly, no indication whatever is given of the fact in the programme, except by inference. In the second part, devoted to secular pieces, were included Smart's "Sea King," Seligmann's "Land of the Leal," and Moodie's "Jock o' Hazeldean." We trust to have another opportunity by and bye of hearing the Society, so auspiciously started under the direction of Mr Tosh.

At the Kibble Palace, on Saturday afternoon and evening, 3rd January, there will be the double attraction of the Band of the 4th Dragoon Guards (from York) and the York Glee Union, thus appealing, one might say, to distinct musical proclivities. The band is a famous one, and comprises solo players of marked attainment. At the morning concert will be played—amongst other music—the overtures to "Rosamunde" and "Fra Diavolo;" selections from "Carmen" and "Les Cloches de Corneville," and, in particular, the "March of the Silver Trumpets."

The members of the York Glee Union are four in number. They are officially connected with the Cathedral Choir, and have a high reputation. Male voice singing is rarely heard now, and this is an opportunity which should not be lost. The Union will sing some standard English glees and Scotch part-songs, as well as solos.

At the evening concert the band selections include the "British Army" quadrille, the overture to "William Tell," and again the "Fra Diavolo" overture, in which, by the way, the trumpet obligato will be played by twelve trumpeters. The Glee Union also appear, noticeably, in some Scotch music.

"What more suitable present for a lady," inquires an enterprising advertiser, "than a nice muff?" "None," replies Angelina the mercenary, "provided that the muff's niceness takes the shape of cash!"

A contemporary says that all the American humorists have been compositors. The BAILIE knows to his cost that there are also some wild wags among the British compositors—bless them!

Apropos of the St. Rollox discovery, our Own Celt observes that the Mak'-tear tiamonds are likely to mak' cheap tiamonds. (Another on the shovel, please!)

A venerable musician last week married a youthful lady named Fortey. Is it out of place to remark that the wedding would have been more appropriate had the lady been *Fifty*?

American Apples from 17s 6d per Barrel, at M. CAMPBELL'S 18 Gordon Street, or from any of his Branch Shops.

Beveridge's Guaranteed Mixed Pickles, Red Cabbage, Mushroom Ketchup, Sauces and Table Condiments, unrivalled for purity and flavour.

1880 Resolutions.

THE dawning year being one fraught with peculiar perils to unprotected bachelors like myself, I sit me down, with a due sense of the gravity of the situation, to draw up a code of rules for my guidance during the next twelve months. In short, I look before I "leap," and, looking, I resolve—

To shun all feminine society, not excluding my sisters, and my cousins, and my aunts. (*N.B.*—E-pecially the cousins—though I may possibly make an exception in favour of little Kate, who is only a child of seventeen, and consequently not dangerous.)

To shun, also, the society of my creditors.

To go in for a course of "solid" reading. My friend Welred tells me I'm shockingly backward, and recommends as a beginning Rollin's "Wealth of Nations;" Albert Smith's "Ancient History of the Medical Student" (I think that's it—not sure); and Bass's "Melancholy Anatomy of Burton" (shall begin with that; but why melancholy?)

To rub up my French. A young Parisian in our office has given me the names of some standard authors, such as Fenelon and Paul de Kock, and offers to lend me the Paris *Figaro*, which is, it seems, the organ of the evangelical party in France.

To eschew the ecclesiastical pomps and vanities of St. Mary's, and return to the straight path of Presbyterianism as it is to be found "under" the Rev. Dr M Blether (F.C.) who never pre-aches for less than fifty-five minutes by Shrewsbury or any other clock.

To become a total abstainer—What! a total abstainer? Well, an almost total abstainer—from all alcoholic beverages of whose quality I am at all doubtful.

To give up smoking that old "cutty" which is such a scandal to my "genteel" friends when they call upon me—Welred says smoking is "a vile habit"—and invest in a brand-new meersch-chaum.

1880 resolutions, did I say? Well, I'll give you the balance at the end of the year when I see whether I have acted up to them or not. I haven't tried even the above yet.

"QUEEN ANNE'S DEAD."—Asinus thinks some of our young men who write for the papers don't seem to be aware of this fact. Here is what a local scribe says:—"The talented caricaturist who, under the name of "Mars," furnishes some of the best sketches to the French comic paper *Le Journal Amusant* this week selects the people of Glasgow and Edinburgh as the text of his social criticism. The recognition of Glasgow as a centre of society and attractiveness is a compliment which will doubtless be appreciated by its inhabitants." If this be a compliment to feel proud of, Glasgow must have a pretty lengthy cock-a-hoop. The drawings mentioned were published more than twelve months ago.

The "Wedding Day"—The last day of the year.

LONDON SCOTCH RESORT, 3 Water Lane, Ludgate Hill, London, the only House for "Real Johnny" Scotch Whiskies of all Brands, Scotch Ales, &c. Neil Mackay, Proprietor.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT Christmas was anything but a lively affair.

That things will be more lively at the New-Year.

That the tradesmen who expected a rush of business have been disappointed.

That disappointments are the only things one is certain of nowadays.

That the Lord Provost was "rale happy" in addressing the "auld wives" at the Christmas dinner to the poor.

That he did not meet with the slightest opposition.

That Lord Deas was sly and pawky when he alluded to the "slight indisposition" of the Provost.

That the Provost, douce man, said "just e'en let it be."

That the report of the "Mutual Supply Association" shows a Grieve-ous state of affairs.

That it proves that the people with money and without brains are still the prey of those with plenty brains and no money.

That the property speculators still occupy the time of the Bankruptcy Court.

That the revelations show that building investments have not proved such a fruitful source of profit as some people imagined.

That at property sales the purchaser is as often sold as the tenements.

That mushroom landlords have had their day in Glasgow.

A O' PUGS.

1st *Urchin* (with elation)—We've a pug dug at hame!

2nd *Do.* (derisively)—Aye, an' ye've a pug nose tae!

Two gentlemen, appearing at one of our music-halls style themselves "eccentric American Hottentots." An American Hottentot must indeed be an eccentric being—in fact, quite an anthropological phenomenon.

ANTIDOTE V. BAIN.—In spite of the BAILIE'S warnings, the Conservatives have resolved to run a second candidate. So be it. They have chosen to reject his Worship's antidote to bad counsel. Let them have their Bain.

A Wet Mornin'—The first mornin' o' the year.

Government Manilla Cheroots and Cigars (large size), 5 a Is. D. CARMICHAEL, 161 Ingram St., and 121 Buchanan St.

Ancell's Beefsteak Grill, 88 Virginia Place (Rear of Union Bank). Steaks, Chops, Kidneys, &c., cooked in large room.

LADIES' FUR-TOP GLOVES

with Patent Spring Fastenings,

2s 11d PER PAIR. **2s 11d.**

Gentlemen's from 3s 6d Per Pair.

The Largest Stock in the City.

PROVAN & SMELLIE,

120 TRONGATE,

A few doors West of Candleriggs.

COOPER & CO.'S FRUIT SYRUPS.

LEMON and GINGER Especially Recommended.

1s 9d BOTTLE FOR 8½d,

3s 6d " " 1s 3d,

A Tablespoonful of the above in a Tumblerful of Cold Water makes a most refreshing and inexpensive Summer Drink.

To be had only from the Makers,
COOPER & CO., 10 and 12 Howard Street, and Branches.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.
HENRY THOMSON & CO'S
OLD
IRISH WHISKY.

SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—
ROBERT BROWN, 17 HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.

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DAVISON'S CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE GINGER BEER.

A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE
YEAR ROUND; WARM, GRATEFUL, AND AROMATIC.
As Supplied to the Western, Junior, New, and other Clubs.

THOMAS DAVISON,
DISPENSING CHEMIST,
126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

LADIES' 2 BUTTON

FRENCH KID GLOVES,

Only 1s 11d per Pair,

IN ALL THE NEW SHADES.

PROVAN & SMELLIE, 120 Trongate.

CENTRAL DINING AND TEA ROOMS,

51 BUCHANAN STREET.

(Opposite Argyle Arcade.)

LADIES' ROOM—no Gratuities—no delay.

WM. NIVEN, Proprietor.

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125 TO 133 ARGYLL STREET,

OPPOSITE ARGYLE ARCADE,

IS NOW OPEN AS A HIGH-CLASS CLOTHING & OUTFITTING ESTABLISHMENT.

ULSTERS! ULSTERS! In all the Latest Novelties for the present Season, Ready-made or to Order, for Ladies, Gentlemen, Boys, and Girls. Prices, Quality, and Style unequalled.

OVERCOATS! OVERCOATS! In Endless Variety and most Fashionable Materials.

BOYS' OVERCOATS and ULSTERS. 4s, 6s, 8s, 10s, 12s, 14s—all Sizes, most durable Materials, Style, Quality, and Fit Guaranteed.

JOHN LESLIE,

CENTRAL CLOTHING HOUSE, 125 TO 133 ARGYLL STREET, OPPOSITE ARGYLL ARCADE.

SUPERB TEA at 2s 4d Per Lb.

FAMILIES who are being supplied at "Wholesale Rates" (so called) by Wholesale Grocers and West-End Co-Operative Stores, should compare what they are buying at 2s 6d, 2s 8d, and 3s per lb. with the above Tea. There is nothing like it in Scotland.

NOTE.—From our large stock we still sell the same qualities at the old prices, notwithstanding the advance of 6d per lb. upon the Wholesale London Market.

STUART CRANSTON & CO.,

76 ARGYLE STREET (CORNER OF QUEEN STREET), GLASGOW.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 31st, 1879.

THE close of the year is above all others the period at which men are most given to review the past with care, and to form resolutions and generate hopes for the future. Then the prudent man surveys his position and prospects, and strikes a comparison with the immediate preceding New-Year. On the present occasion the result to many may be far from what was to be desired, but to a still greater number it will probably be more favourable than the exceedingly dismal outlook at last New-Year led them to anticipate. The despair of the opening of 1879 may well give place to the buoyant hopefulness of the dawn of 1880; the unfortunate should see in a new year a renewed promise of prosperity, and the prosperous may hope to be privileged to view an extended horizon. A keen but enlightened scrutiny of individual well-being must inevitably lead to the consideration of that of one's fellows, and of the community in the midst of which one lives, and a kindly interest in them at all times exercises an ennobling influence on self. At the present moment this could not take a more suitable form than the somewhat unusual one of resolving to take a direct and practical interest in local affairs. The feeling that our municipal administration is not what it ought to be is so widely spread that it is strange that the only means of reform should not have been recognised long ere now. It is not merely that wealthy and influential citizens of acknowledged position and experience are backward in taking a share in the management of local affairs, but rather the prevalent apathy with which civic duties are disregarded by the wise and discreet, and the general indifference of the intelligent electors as to the selection of eligible representatives. The East End has as keen an appreciation of the occasional humours of a Town Council Meeting as the West End, and it is no more careful in expressing its contempt for fools in high places; but the superfine gentility of the West End, and its ignorance of the city's needs, is largely responsible for the present low ebb in local public spirit. An enlightened estimate of the duties of those who desire to be worthy citizens of Glasgow, and a willingness to share the duties and responsibilities of representation is essential if the credit

of the city is to be maintained in regard to several highly important municipal matters which must be settled during the ensuing year. It is for gentle and simple now to resolve whether they shall be inert or active.

Sir Jeems's Latest.

THE latest development! Sir James Bain lectured last week in a Mile-End church on "Incidents of Travel in Spain and Morocco"—a subject, by the way, upon which Mr Nicol Fleming may be able to give us further information some day. Sir James is progressing. But wasn't the "collection at door to defray expenses" rather *infra dig.* for a belted knight and a prospective—very prospective—M.P.? Possibly it was intended as the nucleus of an election-expenses fund.

Christmas Waits.

WAITING for the good time coming.
 Waiting till the Members of the Liberal Association have given over their bickerings.
 Waiting till the Conservatives see the absurdity of running more than one Parliamentary candidate.
 Waiting till the Glasgow Town Council resumes its former dignity.
 Waiting till masters and workmen find out the folly of strikes.
 Waiting for the erection of the handsome waiting rooms at the steamboat wharf.
 Waiting till the Glasgow gas shows 30 candle illuminating power.
 Waiting for the long predicted revival of trade.

A DECIDED SUCCESS.

(Roderick has been to Glasgow, and returned a heavy swell, to the astonishment of the native grubs.)
Dougal—And you must have got on ferry well whatever, Rodrick.
Roderick—Oh yes, I've no reason to be thankful; I left shust a year ago with twenty pounds and I believe to day I've more than £500 debt in Clasco, and I'm shust beginning to deal in bills, too!

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

In London for Sew-age "The Song of the Shirt,"
 For sewage in Gla-gow "The Song of the Dirt."

EAST WIND INSTRUMENTS.—Asinus says, truly enough we daresay, that General Cough is accompanied, not, like the late Lord Clyde, by the bagpipes, but by a catarrh.

Tawny Wings.

By W— B—.

WE are spinning along through the water, and the spray sometimes splashes our imperious Queen's sleeve. "Halloo, there," cries the middy, and our Queen is at once attention, and some one hums or whistles—(but in this cool north of dark rocks and silvery skies what does it matter which it is?)—

"Ban o' Macgregor, wee, is the wild knight,
Ban o'—"

and here the voice drops, for she sees that our middy is beside her—sees that he has put on his blue jacket lined with green which he keeps for very great occasions indeed—and is silent. We are all silent; there is something in the song which makes us feel hot and cold, cold and hot both at once.

"And it is ferry cold the morn's morning," says Slippery John—our old mate from the Clyde—"and the young lady will pe forgetting the Pig o' Balwham."

It is a peculiarity of our mate that although he was born on the Tweed, and nourished on the herrings of the Sautmarket, he always adopts this manner of speaking when he is at sea with me. We all look at him attentively, even fixedly. Our Queen raises her opera glass. But he is not embarrassed; no, he turns to the young lady in tartan and red hair who is sitting next our Queen—(can it be that it was she who hummed that strange air some time back?)—and points out the place where Ewen M'Callum lost his knife, and the burn where Jessie M'Gregor slipped when she was going home from "speiring" for Tam Tamson's bairn, and the hill where a great English gentleman had once given him a dram. We were all very interested.

But the sky darkens; was that a flourish that the red young lady gave her parasol? is a storm gathering round Tinto? surely the light in the Cloch should be in sight, for we passed the Mull an hour ago, and must be at Pladda to-night if we wish to get our Tawny Wings returned within a week. Our Queen is economical.

Well, come when the storm will, it will find us prepared. I have a nautical dictionary, and our middy has a navy code of signals, and we put on our waterproofs, and turn up the places where there are marks, while Slippery John hands round a dram. It is wet now, and the great green billows start our Queen from her reverie; but she will stay where she is—"Only let me be," she says. Our middy hums a bar of "Twickenham Ferry."

He is in great spirits, and he and Silppery John dance a saraband on the deck's rather inclined plane, to the delight of the steersman, in whom I confess I would have more confidence if he would stick to his wheel, and not leave it so often to execute an impromptu addition to the dance.

Then Slippery John blacks his face in the fore cabin—I think that's what he calls the place—and sings a nigger melody to the music of the bones. It sounds somewhat ghastly in a kilt, 'mid the rain and the wind.

And now the great clouds come up from the east and the west, and red and green and blue floods of colour from the north and south, and banks of violet and yellow lie to the rear, and before us is only a vision of white and gold. Great whales come and toss themselves beside us, and the flying fish catch themselves in the recesses of the tartan young lady's shawl. Our Queen is very silent. "Only let me be," she says; and we let her.

I have known these seas yearly since I had 6d. to hire a boat, and as I lay myself down under the shadow of the high bulwark, to watch the storm, and the Highland fling and Spanish cachuca which Slippery John and the young middy are alternately executing to the accompaniment of the bagpipes and a barrel organ which our Queen always takes with her, I have another subject for thought.

Where have I seen that middy before? Was he not the young Prussian officer who accompanied us on the Unremarkable Journey of a Wheelbarrow, or—ah, Heavens! is it possible that he is young Mackleod of Dair who was *not* drowned?

It grows darker and darker. We can scarcely see the blue peter at the foremast—the spin-drift whizzes round and over us, and still these demoniac figures dance, and a voice sings—huskily, is it?—

"Duncan Gray cam' here tae woo."

Is it Trelawney of the Feathers?—only he and Mackleod know my love for that old ballad.

And down the good ship leaps and sinks in the trough of the ocean, and again she rises on the weary breast of the sea. Our Queen asks—can it be the same Queen who so short a time ago sang or hummed?—she asks, "If those lights are in Dumbarton Castle?"

Red and blue, now blue and red, casting great shadows on the sea, and broad paths of light. Then we hear a cry from overhead. Our middy has mounted the mainmast, and is throwing

rockets to starboard and larboard as he sings an old French chanson. Those are the lights which we fancied belonged to the well-known lighthouse on Dumbarton Rock.

It *must* be Mackleod of Dair!

And in the darkness, every moment thickening with shivering timbers and crashing beams, we sail on and on with this abandoned spirit.

Is this revenge—your revenge, Mackleod? It is worthy of you.

LOCALITY.

Tuncan, tit you'll socht it wass so easy to learn French as Ingilish?

Well you see, Ertchie, I wass socht it wass more as easy to learnt Ingilish, iff you wass in ta same place you wass aalways porn in.

SCHOOL BOARD ARITHMETIC.

(Scene — Public school; Meeting of School Board members with defaulting parents.)

Member (to boy whose parents wish him to be exempted from attendance)—Hoo mony's ten times eleeven?

[Boy puzzled.]

Member—Ten times ten, then?

Boy—A hundred.

Member—Weel, add *yin*, man!

A Plea for the Cat.

AT recent Circuit Courts convictions of robbery with violence have been followed by heavy sentences of penal servitude, and yet last week there was the usual long list of these atrocious crimes. It is thus clear that we have not found the way to the ruffian's hardened heart. He seems to laugh at penal servitude. Let us see if he will laugh at the "cat." That little instrument has done an amazing amount of good in England; and as the *genus* brute is much the same all the world over there is no reason why it should not accomplish a like mission in Scotland. Hand us, then, Mr Secretary Cross, a few spare felines of the most approved "pattern." The lashes from which Tommy Atkins has been saved will be well spent on the back of Bill Sikes.

New-Year Cheer.—"Hurrah!" at the Cross.

A Christmas Card.—The ticket for soup.

Transmutation of Metals.—"Brass" into gold.

A "Brilliant" Invention.—Mr MacTear's, of St. Rollox.

The Post-Office Fee-Mail.—No, not the telegraph-clerk, but the "registered letter."

Megilp.

IT seems that, while the altogether honest strictures passed in this column on the skimble-skamble work of M Legros have been received with a chorus of delighted approval by professional artists in Edinburgh and Glasgow, they have created no small amount of irritation in other quarters where it was certainly never intended, or indeed suspected, that any irritation would have arisen. No notion was meant to be conveyed, in what was said here, that M. Legros is a painter devoid of talent. Indeed there could be no better method for any one to write himself down an ass than to hint at such an opinion. M. Legros is a draughtsman of surpassing ability. He can depict, in a few strokes, not only the features, but the character of his sitter as well. Where he fails, and where he fails egregiously, is in his colour.

But the head and front of the offending of M. Legros consisted in his coming here, as it would, indeed, in his going anywhere, and advertising that he would "paint a portrait" in so many minutes. Would it not be better to keep this, and all other kinds of sleight-of-hand, to the stage of the music-hall? When an artist paints a likeness of some "John Polson, Esq., Paisley," before a gaping crowd, he does not exactly compete with Gainsborough or Sir Joshua. His real rivals are Dr Lynn and Robert Heller.

Visitors to the Water-colour Exhibition should pay special attention to the "bit" contributed by Mr Colin Hunter. It looks, and it certainly is blotchy, and it might be reasonably objected by those accustomed to more commonplace art that Mr Hunter had put on his colour "just anyway." A careful study of the drawing, however, will show how truthfully and carefully the artist has worked. He has painted just what he saw before him, and he has painted this with surprising vividness and force.

Is there not some slight affectation, in spite of all its ability, in the work of Mr Robert Allan in the Water Colour Collection? Surely his largest sketch, a fleet of fishing boats at anchor, belongs rather to a school than to nature. Is the local colour, for instance, correct? Is the drawing, even, strictly accurate? Mr Allan is an artist of such wonderful promise, he has already achieved so much, that what might be passed, might possibly, indeed, be applauded in a lesser man, must of necessity be criticised when it is sent out by him. It must always be remembered, moreover, that criticism does not mean enmity. "Fine words butter no parsnips."

"They say" that we are to have an exhibition of the works of various deceased Scottish painters in the Fine Art Institute in the course of the coming summer. Bough and Chalmers are mentioned among others, but if Bough and Paul Chalmers, why not Milne Donald and Docharty.

Mr Walker, the secretary of the Institute, enters on his new duties on Thursday, the 1st of January.

A number of the pictures mentioned, the other day, in the *Herald*, as being prepared by London artists for Glasgow, have already reached this city. Two or three of them have been exhibited in the Royal Academy and elsewhere, and they are not of a kind that will put the works of artists resident north of the Tweed altogether out of court.

The Black and White Exhibition is to take place in the rooms of the Fine Art Institute.

A FAUSE FACE.

Behind a mask why hide your charms?

The why-'tis even to ask it flattery;

It may be, Love that B. auty arms

Worst wounds behind a mask'd battery.

The *Herald*, when speaking last week of the "men composing 'the Waits,'" might have added, "and discomposing the public."

A "Leap" in the Dark.—1880.

THE GAIETY.

Proprietor and Director, Mr C. BERNARD.
EVERY EVENING,

MAGNIFICENCE AND COMPLETENESS
NEVER BEFORE EQUALLED,
FORTY THIEVES;
OR, STRIKING OIL IN FAMILY JARS.
Open at 6. Commence at 7. Prices, from 6d to 5s.

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SAUCHIEHALL STREET,
Lessee and Manager..... Mr E. L. KNAPP.

GREAT SUCCESS

TO-NIGHT, (MONDAY,) DECEMBER, 29TH.

THE POPULAR COMIC OPERA,

MADAME FAVART.

Now Nightly Played at the Strand Theatre, London, supported
by a Most Powerful Company, under the Direction of
Mr ALEX. HENDERSON.

NEW SCENERY by Mr R. S. SMYTH.

The Performance will commence at 7-30 with OFFENBACH'S
Grand Comic Opera,

MADAME FAVART,

Music by M. OFFENBACH, Written and Produced under the
Direction of H. B. FARNIE.

Seats can be secured at Messrs J. Muir Wood & Co.'s,
Buchanan Street.

ROYALTY THEATRE.

MORNING PERFORMANCES,

NEW-YEAR'S HOLIDAYS.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 1st, at 12 and 3.

FRIDAY, " 2nd, at 12 and 3.

SATURDAY, " 3rd, at 12 and 3.

MONDAY, " 5th, at 2.

And Every Evening at 7-30.

Children under 10 admitted to Morning Performances at the
following prices:-- Orchestra Stalls and Dress Circle, 2s 6d;
Boxes and Pit Stalls, 1s 6d; Pit, 1s; Amphitheatre, 6d.

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager,..... Mr SIDNEY.

THE GREAT GLASGOW SUCCESS,

THE FAIR ONE WITH THE GOLDEN LOCKS.

TO-NIGHT AND EVERY EVENING.

GRAND MORNING PERFORMANCES.

THURSDAY, JAN. 1, 1880.....at 12, 3, and 7.30.

FRIDAY, JAN. 2;.....at 12, 3, and 7.30.

SATURDAY, JAN. 3,.....at 12, 3, and 7.30.

MONDAY, JAN. 5,.....at 2, and 7.30.

Box Office Open from 11 till 4.

GRAND POPULAR CONCERT,

ST. ANDREW'S HALL, NEW-YEAR'S EVENING,

1st JANUARY, 1880, at 7-30.

GRAND ORCHESTRA, SIXTY PERFORMERS.

CONDUCTOR—MR AUGUST MANNS.

VOCALIST—SIGNOR FOLI.

Solo Violin—HERR FRANKE.

Solo Flute—Mr A. WELLS.

Solo Oboe—Mr A. CASTEGNIER.

Solo Horn—Mr NALDREIT

Solo Cornet—Mr J. CLEMENT.

Solo Ophicleide—Mr HUGHES.

Tickets—(Reserved Seats, 2s 6d) 2s; Admission, 1s—from
Swan & Co., 49 Buchanan Street.

Doors Open at 6-30; Concert at 7-30.

GLASGOW CHORAL UNION.

THIRD ORCHESTRAL CONCERT.

ST. ANDREW'S HALL,

TO-NIGHT (TUESDAY), 30th DECEMBER, 1879.

GRAND ORCHESTRA OF SIXTY PERFORMERS.
CONDUCTOR—MR AUGUST MANNS.

VOCALIST—MISS HELEN D'ALTON.

SOLO PIANOFORTE—MISS HELEN HOPEKIRK.

Doors open at 7; Concert at 8.

Tickets—7s 6d, 4s, 2s—from Swan & Co., 49 Buchanan Street.
Admission, 1s.

GLASGOW CHORAL UNION.

MESSIAH.

ST. ANDREW'S HALL,

NEW-YEAR'S MORNING, 1st JANUARY, 1880, at 12-30.

Principal Vocalists—

Miss ANNA WILLIAMS. | Mr BARTON M'GUCKIN.

Miss HELEN D'ALTON. | SIGNOR FOLI.

FULL CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA.

Conductor—

Mr H. A. LAMBETH.

Tickets, 8s 6d and 5s (Reserved Seats), 3s—from Swan & Co.,
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Doors Open at 11-30; Concert at 12-30.

CORPORATION GALLERIES;

PRINCE OF WALES'S COLLECTION.

SPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS FOR NEW-YEAR
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From 25th DECEMBER till 3d JANUARY inclusive, the
Collection of Indian Presents of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales
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ADMISSION SIXPENCE.

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Daily till 9 p.m., and the Kelvingrove Museum will Close at
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THE CARNIVAL ON THE ICE,

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Doors Open at 7, Performance commencing at 7-30.

Thursday, January 1st (New-Year's Day), Four Performances.

Doors Open at 11, 2, 4, and 7 o'clock.

Friday, January 2nd, Four Performances. Doors Open at 11,

2, 4, and 7 o'clock.

Saturday, January 3rd, Three Performances. Doors Open at

2, 4, and 7 o'clock.

CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING
CONCERTS.

SATURDAY, 3RD JANUARY, 1880.

One Night Only.—The Celebrated

JUBILEE SINGERS,

From North Carolina, United States.

All of whom have been Slaves in the Southern States.

The Entertainment consists of Quaint and Melodious Sacred
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Mr H. A. LAMBETH, " " " " Organist.

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ANNUAL CLEARING SALE.

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Sole Lessee and Manager,.....Mr H. CECIL BERYL.

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Supported by Messrs Holt and Wilmot's Company from the Duke's Theatre, London.

Pronounced by the Press and Public to be the most complete production presented to a Glasgow audience for some time.

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FROM STOCK
3 1/6, 3 7/8 & 4 1/8 per Dozen.

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At 8 o'clock.

GRAND ORCHESTRA, SIXTY PERFORMERS,
CONDUCTOR—MR AUGUST MANN.

SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS.

VOCALIST—MISS LILLY MARTIN.

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Doors Open at 7; Concert at 8.

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100 HORSES AND ARTISTES.

CANADIAN SLEIGH FETE

(By Moonlight).

The roughest roads are smooth as lawns:

Bring out the merry sleigh.

Hark, hark, the music of the bells, away we go, away!

Hark, hark, the music of the bells, away we go, away!

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THURSDAY (New-Year's Day), JAN. 1st, 11, 1, 3, and 5.

FRIDAY, JANUARY, 2ndat 1 and 3.

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GRAND MORNING CONCERT,
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CHOIR.

MISS MARGARET BUN-
TINE, R.A.M.

MISS J. HINSELWOOD.

MR COLIN DOUGLAS.

Concert at 12; Doors open
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Tickets—6d, 1s; Reserved
Seats 2s; to be had at Mr
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PROGRAMME INCLUDES—

Hail to the Chief
The Broom o' the Cowdenknowes
The Spring Song
When the Heart is Young
Jock o' Hazeldean
Mary Morrison
Yes Brothers, Yes
Waken, Lords and Ladies Gay
Wae's me for Prince Charlie
Tramp Chorus
Fair fa's the Gloamin'
Farewell
O, Hush Thee. my Baby
Let me Dream again
Twa Bonnie Maidens
Tom Bowling
Hail, Smiling Morn
Come o'er the Brook, Bessie
Jessie, the Flower o' Dunblane
Twickenham Ferry
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Flora Macdonald's Lament
To the Woods
John Anderson, my Joe
Auld Langsyne

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GARDENS.

PERFORMANCES:—

DAY—2 to 5. EVENING—7 to 10.

On SATURDAY FIRST, 3rd Jan. 1880,

By Sanction of the General in Command and by kind Permission
of the Colonels and Officers,

The Splendid BAND of HER MAJESTY'S 4th
DRAGOON GUARDS

Will appear for the First Time in Glasgow during the present
Century, and will give TWO GRAND

VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERTS,

Assisted by the
12 TRUMPETERS OF "THE GUARDS"
(Who Perform on Silver Cavalry Trumpets);

THE YORK GLEE UNION,

And Messrs WILKINSON, M'CALL, WATSON, and MASTERMAN,
from York Minster, Solo Vocalists,
ADMISSION—ONE SHILLING.

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The Palace will be open from 1 to 10 p.m.

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NEW-YEAR'S NIGHT.
GREAT SCOTCH CONCERT,

(Conducted by the Directors of the Saturday Evening Concerts.)
Usual Saturday Evening Prices.

Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats, 2s; at Office,
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Doors Open at 6-30; Concert to commence at 7-30.

JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

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Every Evening this Week, at 8 o'clock.

WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 3 and 8.

PHRENOLOGY.	Professor COATES	MESMERISM.
PHRENOLOGY.	in his	MESMERISM.
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PHRENOLOGY.	NOVELTY, MIRTH,	MESMERISM.
PHRENOLOGY.	AND MYSTERY.	MESMERISM.

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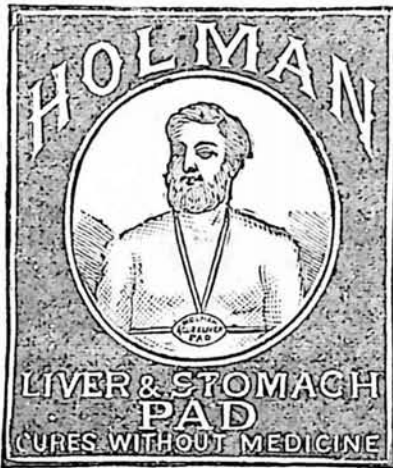
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The TENTH of the ORGAN RECITALS for the present Winter will be given by the CITY ORGANIST (Mr LAMBETH), in the CITY HALL, on SATURDAY FIRST, at Four o'clock prompt.

Doors open at 3-30,
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It works by the natural law of absorption, invigorating the Liver and Stomach, and thereby curing Liver Complaints, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache, Diarrhoea, Loss of Appetite, Nervousness, Rheumatism, & Constipation.

Book and full particulars Free.

Price of Regular Size Pad, 10s.
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Undoubtedly the Finest of all
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Manufactory, CROMAC SPRINGS, BELFAST.
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147 STOCKWELL STREET, GLASGOW.

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ALEXANDER GOW, having resumed possession of this favourite Hotel, has had it thoroughly renovated and made complete in comfort and convenience. Dinner and Supper parties receive his special personal attention, and they are invariably satisfied.

Charges moderate. Viands superb!

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Sale of HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE every MONDAY, in which may be included every description of Movable Property.

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ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, £1 IS.
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CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR SPECIALITIES.

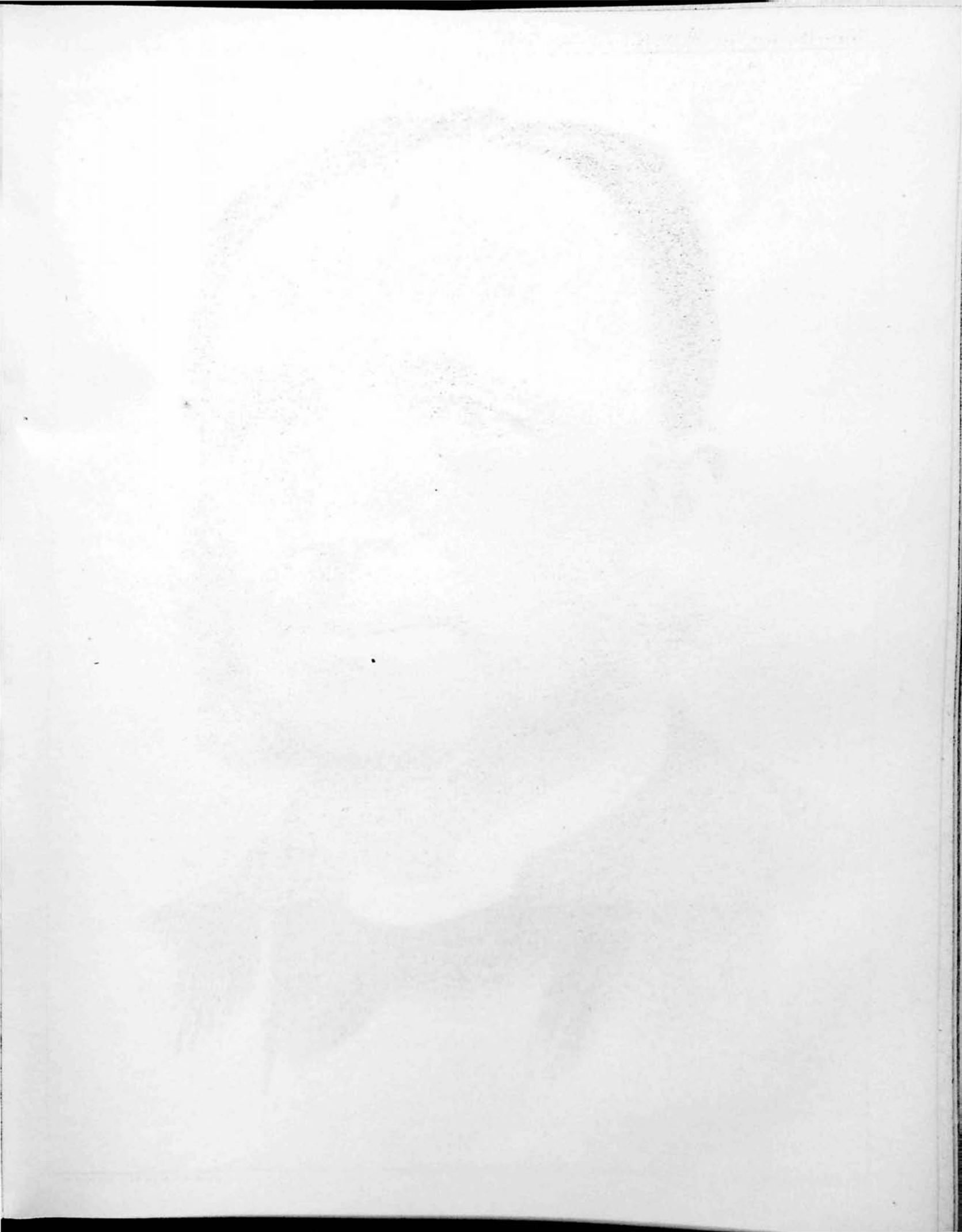
TREMENDOUS DISPLAY THIS WEEK OF
BARGAINS IN LADIES' AND MISSES' TRIMMED HATS AND BONNETS.
WONDERFUL VARIETY.

The New Beaver Hat, in all colours, trimmed and untrimmed, the largest stock in the United Kingdom, at prices which must please all purchasers. We have a nice variety of neat little shapes for Misses. Also, cart-loads of Hats of all kinds—Felts, Straws, Chips, Velvets, &c., &c., in every colour, and at prices so low as to surprise all comers. Ladies, if you intend purchasing "Head Gear" of any description for yourselves or families, you really should not omit to inspect our varied stock.

FELT HATS! SATIN HATS!! GENTLEMEN'S HAT DEPARTMENTS.

These Departments are on different flats, and entirely separate from our Ladies' Hat and Millinery Departments. There are Two Departments for Gentlemen's Hats, each complete in its way. Medium Class Department contains all Felts from 2s 6d to 4s 6d, and all Dress Hats at 6s 6d, 8s 6d, and 10s 6d. These are far-and-away superior to any others sold in Glasgow at same prices. High-Class Hat Department contains all Felt Hats from 5s to 7s 6d, and Dress Hats at 12s 6d, 14s 6d, and 17s 6d. This last-named price *cannot be excelled*, no matter what is paid. Our Felt Hats at 5s 6d are equal to the usual 8s 6d Felt Hat of the Glasgow trade; every Hat guaranteed. Boys' Fancy Hats. It is impossible to enumerate all the thousand-and-one styles we show in this Department—in Velvet, Satin, Cashmere, Wool, Felt, Straw, &c. We can only say that our Stock is the most *recherche* to be found in the commercial capital of Scotland. Many of our designs are strictly confined to ourselves, and cannot be obtained elsewhere.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,
Universal Hat Emporium,
COLOSSEUM,
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The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 377. Glasgow, Wednesday, January 7th, 1880. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 377.

IN treating the personal sketches which have appeared in these columns the BAILIE has, on some few occasions, been rather saddened to find how much too little the subjects of them really bulked in the eyes of his fellow townsmen. Men whose influence was of the most beneficial character, and whose work on examination was seen to be of the widest importance, have been found to be nearly silent powers, making less din in the whole course of an arduous life than some Town Council Vulgarities may achieve in a day. It has been one of the pleasantest functions of the Magistrate to proclaim aloud these too little known Excellencies. There are stars which, though they may be mighty central suns of another solar system, are so far remote from the general ken that their greatness remains unknown beyond their particular spheres. Something of this is the case with the Rev. Dr WILLIAM PULSFORD, of Trinity Congregational Church. Dr PULSFORD has been 22 years a leading mind in the Congregational body, he has spent 15 years in Glasgow, and all this time has been one of the most potent ministerial influences in our midst—a great educative power within and without his congregation—and yet it may be said with truth that, to the majority of our citizens, he is a name and nothing more. Much of this is owing to the fact that Dr PULSFORD has concentrated his energies inside his own sphere, that he has, so to speak, busied himself exclusively with the special work of his ministry, and has given those who came within his orbit the full and undiffused lustre of his moral and intellectual light. Dr PULSFORD does not apparently care to figure much in the petty councils of the sect to which he belongs, where lesser men delight to hear themselves and to be

heard. His mental characteristics are at once of too delicate and too scholarly a cast to be thrown away upon the trivialities which usually take up the time of ecclesiastical committees. From his outset in life his aims have been loftier than those of the mere sectarian minister. At first, but for a short period only, he associated with the Baptist Connection in England. Soon he left and sought a freer intellectual atmosphere by studying in Germany. It is not on record whether it was desire to become master of the treasures of German biblical lore, or whether he sought in the schools of German metaphysics some resolution of the doubts which have perplexed the mightiest minds—at all events, Dr PULSFORD returned after some years' study with an erudition that has since been a source of strength to his exposition, and with no trace that his faith had ever been weakened in the great cardinal doctrines of Christianity. If he had experienced the sorrows of "doubt the devil-born," he had boldly faced the spectres of the period and laid them to his own profit and to the profit also of the many souls to whose passage through life he has since given light and strength. His first charge in Scotland was as pastor of Albany Street Congregational Church, Edinburgh. Here his fame was soon established, and ere long Congregational Churches elsewhere became covetous of his services. About fifteen years ago a new Congregational church became wanted in the West End of our city. A large and wealthy congregation was formed, and in looking for a pastor they fixed their desires at once upon the man, who of all men within their reach, would be most acceptable to a cultured congregation. Dr PULSFORD was the man. He accepted their call, and it may be said that both his and their choice has since proved to be one of fortunately exceptional happiness. Soon

after Dr PULSFORD settled in Glasgow the degree of D.D. was conferred upon him by our own university. He had done admirably good work to obtain it. His German studies had borne fruit in a translation which he published in 1852 of "the Christian Doctrine of Sin" by Dr Julius Muller, and both before and subsequent to this date he had contributed numerous important essays to various monthly and quarterly serials of the ecclesiastical type—all of them, it may be said, of a "sound" doctrinal character, and free from any taint or suspicion of heresy. It is, indeed, the unusual combination of scholastic learning, intellectual breadth and keenness, with unimpeachable orthodoxy, which has made his ministry of so much value to the Congregational Church at large. There are now in his own body many preachers of rising note who owe their first impetus towards the vocation to the fact that they "sat under" Dr PULSFORD, and who may owe the distinguishing excellencies of their style as preachers to the fine model he presented them with. A volume of sermons which he published in 1873 contains probably as exquisite productions of the pulpit as any of recent date, and can give those who have not the good fortune to form part of the Trinity Church congregation some idea of what sermons ought to be. Between himself and his congregation the relations have been those of continuous and increasing esteem. To people with whom he is not intimate Dr PULSFORD is said sometimes to have about him a coldness and reticence of manner that rather repels; but those who know him best speak of him as a man of frank and open nature with, however, a self-containedness of manner that might be mistaken for want of sympathy. Dr PULSFORD was recently "called" to Weigh House Chapel, London, as successor to the famous Dr Binney, but his regard for his Glasgow people prevented his accepting the invitation. In the record of his life one other incident in which his fate has been bound up with that of Glasgow was the failure of the City Bank. Both Dr PULSFORD and his brother, the pastor of Albany Street Church, Edinburgh, suffered severely by the collapse of the Bank, and if mutual good fortune and disaster link men and places together, Dr WILLIAM PULSFORD should now be an abiding figure of Congregationalism in Glasgow.

A Big "Spell."—The Teachers' Conference.

Government Manilla Cheroots and Cigars (large size), 5 a 1s.
D. CARMICHAEL, 161 Ingram St., and 121 Buchanan St.

1879-80.

GO, 'Seventy-nine, with all my heart!
You've left your notch on Time's old tally
It grieves me not that we should part—
You're free to go—excuse the *vale*.

We never drew well, you and I—
We somehow didn't pull together,
That's how I lightly say good-bye—
Nor compliment you on your weather!

Welcome young 'Eighty! 'tis from you
We look for brighter things; who knows
But, while we sanguine start anew,
Like discontent may share *thy* close?

At anyrate we'll hope the best—
Our little life's made up of crosses;
On with the song, the dance, the jest—
In time we'll come to count our losses.

Our losses? nay, perchance our gains!
Why not? Our gains!—that's twice I've said it—
No panacea for our pains?
Yes, patience pencil to our credit.

Is't work?—we shall and with a will;
More? weep!—ah, there, we're sad again;
Man's journey's dreary—all uphill—
No resting—Laugh!—Did I complain?

Another mile-stone newly passed—
All good resolves from now we date them;
Our lives may be too slow, too fast—
This is the time to regulate them.

Fortune be hanged! fret not, but wait—
Wait with your work your worth attesting
Reward will come, or soon or late—
Who speaks?—a poor thing given to jesting.

PER SAMPLE.

Sure, Mike, and what sort av whiskey does yer brudder Dennis kape here now when he's got a public av his own?

Mike—Sorra the betther's (*lic*) out av the old country, Barney dare; just look at me now (*lic*), look at me for (*lic*) ninenpence.

What the Greenock Folk are Saying.

THAT the Holy Troke was a great success.
That raffling and lucky bags were all the go.
That a City Bank lottery would have been a great sin.
That a Free Church lottery was quite a different thing.
That the case being altered alters the case.
That it is astonishing how elastic some folks' consciences become when self is concerned.
That the river line has been lost to sight for a week.
That it was growled over by a Lyon.
That it was cackled over by a lot of geese.
That it got the *coup de grace* from a turkey.
That it was finally sat upon by the X's.
That the result is an unknown quantity.

THE THREE RS.—We are—the teachers;
you are—the Boarders; they are—the rate-payers.

The Nick of Time.—When he cuts his stick,

FERGUSON'S EDINBURGH ROCK
is the best present from Edinburgh. 1 Melbourne place,
near the Castle

A Few Friends.

NO. 6.—GEORGE HAMMERSON.

NOTHING makes a man more aggravating and impracticable than the possession of too many of the minor virtues. He has no pleasant weaknesses in common with frailer mortals, and his very existence is a silent rebuke to the wordlings among whom he moves. He is the peg upon whom many a long-winded discourse is hung, and moralists never tire of flaunting his excellencies in the face of erring mankind. He stands calm and erect on the slippery height of rectitude, while ordinary folks flounder desperately about the base, and think themselves lucky if they can scramble half-way up.

George Hammerson is a fellow of that sort. From his youth up he has combined the spotlessness of Sir Galahad with the harmlessness of Simple Simon. His aversion to the use of a "big big D" is even more pronounced than that of Captain Corcoran of "Pinafore" fame himself. He has been known to say "Dear me!" when a man stamped on his corn, and "Beg pardon!" when a nurserymaid barked his shin with a perambulator. He insists upon telling the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth on every occasion with the pertinacity of a Washington. Now while Washington was a thorough success as a patriot and saviour of his country, one cannot help fancying that in his social relationships he would sometimes be rather a nuisance. However that may be, there is no doubt that Hammerson sometimes is.

For instance, it is perfectly well known that Jones' father hung himself to the bedpost some half dozen years ago, although it is considered the proper thing to attribute the old gentleman's demise to apoplexy. Hammerson, however, on reading in the papers the other day about somebody else who hung himself to the bedpost, felt it his duty to call Jones' attention to the little incident, as another illustration of the fact that history repeats itself. Smith's mother-in-law, too, would have been quite satisfied with Smith's explanation, on his return home last Wednesday morning about half-past two, that he had been seeing off a friend by the London train; but when Hammerson called next day, and, on hearing the circumstance referred to, insisted on explaining that there was no London train within some five hours of that time, the old lady was impelled to make some excessively awkward inquiries. These are the sort of things that make Hammerson unpopular

There is a superstition abroad that, in spite of these drawbacks, Hammerson is a faithful friend, and one of the very rare sort who would not desert a fellow even in adversity; but as no instance of this touching nature has yet occurred, it can only be considered problematical. Even if it be so, a friendship with Hammerson is at best but a sort of insurance against loss by desertion, of which the annual premium is humble submission to the indefinite amount of inconvenience and annoyance his extraordinary goodness always inflicts. One cannot but wonder if the possible gain is worth the sacrifice.

After all, Hammerson's goodness is no great credit to him. The truth is that he is much too cold-blooded ever to go very far astray.

A TINKERISH WISH.

"I hear that the Duke of Argyle is going to Cannes."—*Truth*.
Lauchie—Tougal, tid you'll heard from ta factor that ta Tuke iss going to Can?

Tougal—Yiss, yiss, Lauchie, ant I wish he was going to Pot, mirover.

KNOW ALL MEN, ETC.

"The Presents" evince goodwill to the Prince;
And this, if right wrought as progressive
May lead to this other—to bow to his mother,
While she tries to do the Empress-ive.

NATURAL HISTORY.

(Scene—Before a picture of a lion bounding over a desert, the pyramids in the distance).

1st Youth—Whar'll that lion hae cam' frae?

2nd Youth—Oh, it'll maybe hae broken loose frae a show.

THE DAFT DAYS.

First, Hogmanay; then, Newy'rday after—
The one, daft; the other dafter.

TAKING A "LEAP."—The days are lengthening; so also are the years. This new one is a day longer than was last.

Diamond Cut Diamond.—*MacTear versus Maskelyne*.

Putting on the War Paint—A special correspondent composing highly-coloured battle scenes.

A Mending Situation—A cobbler's.

The Lap of Luxury—A dog feeding on turtle soup.

"Gallantry" at Sea—"Spooning" on board ship.

A "Redd" Letter Day—When one clears out and arranges old epistles.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—The new-year holidays have come and gone, and once more we have settled down to the commonplace every-day work of this commonplace work-a-day world. Although, however, the holidays are past the holiday entertainments at the theatres are not yet at an end. "Madame Favart" goes as charmingly as ever at the Royalty; "The Forty Thieves," with Miss Vesey for Captain and Mr Mackintosh as Lieutenant, continue to steal the admiration of the lieges at the Gaiety; no abatement has taken place in the fun made by Mr Fred. Sidney in the capital pantomime of "The Fair one with the Golden Locks" at the Prince of Wales; while, if any one cares to be thrilled by a melodrama of the good, old-fashioned type, he has only to step over to "New Babylon" at the Royal Princes Theatre on the South Side.

That Pantomime at the Prince of Wales is, all things considered, the best yet produced by Mr Sidney. It is so bright and so full of "go," and the scenery is so telling and so artistic that you can go back to it, night after night, and never tire of your entertainment. The "Fair One with the Golden Locks" will run for a week or two yet, but Mr Sidney, I've no manner of doubt, will draw full houses during its entire career,

Miss Emily Soldene, I am sorry to learn, was taken ill while acting in the Gaiety pantomime on Thursday last. However, Miss Vesey jumped into the part of *Ganem* at a moment's notice, and played with abundant vivacity and *verve*. So often has this clever little lady done similar good and useful service that it is only fair the incident should be duly noted. Miss Soldene is now quite recovered and is in splendid voice.

The ever popular "Cloches de Corneville" will be produced at the Royalty Theatre on Monday week, the 19th inst. Various changes have been made in the company since its last appearance in Glasgow, and these are all changes for the better. Miss Wentworth, who will be recollected as the *Polly* of "Caste," and as a member of Mr Wyndham's "Brighton" company, not to speak of her *Morgiana* in the early days of Mr Bernard's Pantomime, is now the *Serpoleto* of the piece; while Miss Mulholland, who made quite a hit the other day at the London Olympic in the *title-role* of the new Comic Opera of "Marigold," has been engaged to support the part of *Germaine*. The "Cloches de Corneville" company still remains under the direction of Mr James Scanlan, but it passed, at the beginning of the year, from the hands of Mr Alexander Henderson to those of Mr Charles Bernard.

Somehow or other, I can't help thinking, BAILIE, that we feel the loss of Mr Glover from our local stage, more at the pantomime time than at any other season. His scenery supplied theatre-goers, and everybody goes to the pantomime at the New Year, with a very respectable measure of Art education. We can all recollect the taste and elegance of the dresses and the other appointments of his pieces. And then those processions, over which he expended so much pains, and such skill and ingenuity, are we ever to see anything like them again? For my part, I'm afraid, till we have Mr Glover back once more to the stage—if that is ever to be—that the days of splendid pantomime processions are over in Glasgow.

It is quite on the cards that the Theatre Royal may be rebuilt after all, and this in a style of unusual magnificence. Indeed I have heard the middle of next October mentioned as the date when the restored house will be opened. Should the story prove correct, Mr Glover, we may be sure, will be heard of in connection with the new enterprise.

Barry Sullivan won't be "out" this year. Happily the theatre is now-a-days a walking-stick rather than a crutch to him, his circumstances enabling him to act or not to act just as he chooses to make engagements.

What I gave you last week as a mere *on dit* anent the close of Mr Newsome's season turns out to be too true. Pity 'tis true

that the great little horsebreaker, than whom a kindlier soul does not foot the sawdust arena, must positively bring his present visit to a close on Saturday next, the 10th inst., being already announced to open in Leeds on the Monday after. The penultimate night is set apart for the benefit of the "ole man," when my Lord Provost and Magistrates have arranged to be present, to speed the parting guest.

"They say" that over 25,000 holiday folk were "run in" to Hengler's on the first three days of this year of grace, and that this brought grist to the West Nile Street mill to the extent of something like £1300. The house last Friday night was the biggest ever packed within their wooden walls, and is said to have been a genuine one-hundred-and-seventy-pounder. How is that for high? Talk of dullness and depression after that. Bah!

The story goes that a certain young gentleman on a public board means to retire into private life. What has been fun to him has been death to his firm. The dominies have "rounded" on him for aiding to reduce their stipends, and they now abjure the firm and all its works.

Mr Airlie gives his "Annual Comic Concert" in the City Hall on Saturday evening. Won't there be a crowded house! Our friend never fails to get a capital audience together, but on a special occasion like this the hall is always packed.

The other day a non-theatrical friend, fresh from the perusal of Mr Boucicault's definition of a first-class company, applied to me for information as to the principle upon which the terms "lady," "woman," "gentleman," "man," are technically applied to actors and actresses. Mr Boucicault recognises only one "gentleman"—"the walking gentleman"—and three "ladies"—the "first walking lady," "second walking lady," and "utility walking lady." All the rest are "men" and "women." We often hear, however, of "leading gentleman," "juvenile lady," and the like, though never of "first old gentleman," or "second old lady." I confess I was unable to enlighten my friend. The only answer is, I suspect, the old one—"usage."

ONE FOR THE SASSENACH.

(Scene—Top of the Trossachs coach; the coach is nearing the Brig o' Turk).

English Tourist (lifting his eyes from his paper and pointing to ruin on the roadside)—I say, driver, what building is this?

Driver—That will be ta burnt hotel.

English Tourist—Indeed, and, pray, how was it burnt?

Driver—Well, you was see, she will shust took on fire!

[E. T. resumes his paper, and driver cheeps encouragingly to his horses.]

SPEAKING FROM EXPERIENCE.

Blind Man (who is about to be married)—I wad gie a hunder pound tae sec her (*i.e.*, his wife that is to be).

Friend—Nae doot ye wad the noo, but wait till ye're marrit, she'll open your een for ye.

A TOUSIE TEA.

1st Farm Servant—Yon wis a gran' tea we got at the soiree yestreen.

2nd Do.—Man, it wasna the tea—it was the "till't" that was gran'.

Our Dominies in "Congress."

The Bailie learns

THAT the "new profession" had a "congress" all to themselves last week.

That some Professors and members of the Brod fraternised with the dominies thereat.

That both "papers" and pedagoges were on the whole as dull as ditch-water.

That Miss Blyth on "Needlework" was a blithe and bright exception.

That Mr William Mitchell had, of course, to air his knowledge of some School Board crotchets.

That equally, of course, he trotted out his hobby-horse—the Day Industrial School.

That the horse and his rider may run a-muck.

That Mr W. M. Miller's illustration of music in Schools fell rather flat.

That no one knew this better than W. M. M. himself.

That Professor M'Kendrick's prudery was rather pronounced.

That "our James'" paper on "Some Orthographic Anomalies" was held over.

That the "hole forse" of the congress thereby missed a treat.

That they had a "big spell" without this.

That the Lord Provost's conversazione was a spiritless affair.

That the winding-up dinner was spirited—some.

That next year the "educationists" may go to—Stirling.

.....
DISHING HIM.

Young Countryman (issuing from Arcade into Buchanan Street)—Wull ye be ccivil enough, Mister Policeman, to direct me to the Central Dining Rooms?

Policeman (thinking he is being chaffed)—Tsifil iss it? Shust you follow your nose, my lat; it iss cal't ta Scentral owing to ta smell of ta odour of ta cookery, ant if you will gife me any sauce I will run you into ta orichinal Central Dining Rooms, double quick!

.....
A LEARNED THEBAN.

(Scene—Farm house; the parish clergyman has just left).

Tam—An' what div ye think o' the minister whan ye talk tae him hissel'.

Sandy—Man, I think a lot o' him, but whan he begins tae talk about Chelmsford an' Cheena, an' the mune, an' they kenna far awa places, he's ower deep for me.

Professor Ramsay at the Educational Institute.

"DURING the time I have been connected with the University of Glasgow, probably not less than 5000 students have passed through my hands, in most cases fresh from schools, and if Latin be, as it is called, the portal of the University, I may with equal right be likened to the janitor who scans the faces of the candidates for admission and the Professor demands what are their qualifications."

AFTER MACAULAY—A VERY LONG WAY.

Oh who will keep the gate with me,
Quoth Ramsay of Humanity,
And shut it fast against the crowd
Of men and boys with voices loud,
Who knock with golden guineas three
At the class-room called Humanity,
Where uncle and nevy have taught, I and he,
More than half of the Nineteenth Century.

Come Macpherson and Moir, come Jebb and come Jack,
Keep open the door while I stand at your back
Scanning the faces of boys matriculated,
Blockheads and dunces, the big and small-pated—
They'd better remain learning Cæsar at School
Than enter the College and play there the fool;
'Twere human to keep them away from humanity,
But then I'd give way, perchance, to profanity,
If you sent away hundreds who came with their fee
Their matriculate ticket, and gold guineas three.

Tho' I am the Janitor, still one must lunch,
So now you must note the names of the bunch—
And also their callings, for I must analyse,
That garrulous Gladstone may learn with surprise
How Scotchmen can live on a little oatmeal
And hunger for lore in "the land o' the leal."
Take hold of the door, Moir, let no one, prithée,
Pass into the the class without gold guineas three.
"Macpherson," cried Moir, "come lend me a hand,
Take you down the notes while I milk the band;
From counter and workshop they're rushing. I see,
While the Janitor lunches, we'll nobble the fee."

Shoemakers, grocers, tailors, and joiners,
Engineers and shipbuilders, drapers and miners,
Stewards and bookmakers, blacksmiths and others,
Some poor little boys should stay with their mothers,—
They halt at the gate, with a tear in their e'e,
And leave here their passport of gold guineas three.
One smart fellow came, who long "kep" a pike—
By the breath of his brogue, his name it was Mike,—
He tried to dodge past, the poor donkey did he,
But we levied his toll, Macpherson and me.

Now, really, friend Ramsay, said dear little Jack,
You ought to keep scores of these fellows back,
Some dozen who can't decline "ego" like we;
Quoth Ramsay, one can't decline taking their fee.
I'm Janitor, no doubt, "their faces I scan,"
I've passed in five thousand—boy, lad, and man;
I'll let in the women, some fine day, I'm hopin',
For a Janitor's duty is to keep the gate open;
As to teaching them, that is a 'Varsity matter;
I guess, if they like, they'll all get a smatter,
But, shade of my uncle, what can I do
To give 'cultchah' to six hundred and fifty and two."

DIODENES DECIMUS.

Ye Tub, 1st January, 1880.

Quavers.

THERE is a marked demand at present, as may be observed, for choral arrangements of Scotch songs. The propriety of choralising what was intended to be sung by a single voice only has been questioned; but, kept within bounds, and judiciously managed, there can be little harm in this kind of thing. One thing is certain, that few, if any, of the melodies which we find so arranged are ever heard now in solo form.

The publication of a series of Scottish melodies in part-song form, very nicely printed, by the way, has recently been commenced by Mr Donaldson, St. Vincent Street, and six numbers have been issued or announced. Three of the number are of a markedly humorous character, namely: "Rab Roryson's Bonnet," "Kate Dalrymple" (the original melody), and "Scroggam." The two former are arranged by Mr William Moodie. The last mentioned, to some ludicrous words, broad, but innocent enough, by Burns, is Mr Moodie's own composition, exhibiting not only humour and drollery, as found in his "Willie Wastle" and "The Auld Man," but evincing musical ability of a high order as well. "The Lass of Patie's Mill" is another of the series, and by the same arranger. It is a very graceful piece of part-writing. "Maggie Lauder," a melody more familiar in the East of Scotland, probably, than hereabouts, has been arranged by another of our local harmonists, one of its features being the introduction of a bag-pipe drone in the verse which tells of Maggie's terpsichorean exhibition. If only for its lively and attractive melody, "Maggie Lauder" should be in general request by associations. The remaining number of the six is an arrangement by Mr John Fulcher of "O, are ye sleeping, Maggie?" which, it is not necessary to say, is executed in musicianly fashion.

A favourite composer of ours, Mr John Francis Barnett, is now writing a cantata on Longfellow's poem, "The Building of the Ship," the subject by the way of a composition by Henry Lahee, which was successfully produced in Paisley a short time ago by the choir of Thread Street U.P. Church under Mr Patterson. We may look for some beautiful writing from the pen of the composer of "The Ancient Mariner" and "Paradise and the Peri," the latter of which, it is curious to note, is greatly better known in Paisley than it is in Glasgow.

"Dear Kelvin Glade" is the title of a song written, words and music, by Mr John Bogue, a member of one of our Select Choirs. The melody is pleasing, and the accompaniment shows considerable artistic feeling.

A rather remarkable little volume has recently been issued in Novello & Co.'s Music Primer series. Mr Greenwood's Manual of the Sol-fa system of teaching singing (from the old notation) as used in Lancashire and Yorkshire, is referred to. The peculiarity of the method is that only the syllables *mi, fa, sol, la* are used, these being evidently regarded as containing all the essentials of the modern scale, *fa* and *sol* being sharpened as *fe* and *se* as required. Excellent results are stated to be produced by this plan of teaching to read music, and we all know that Lancashire and Yorkshire are pre-eminently musical portions of Great Britain.

The curious thing, however, is that, as usual, the plan is a very old one. It seems to have been in common use as far back as the 16th century, for in psalters of the period we find the identical initials, to the exclusion of the remaining ones of the scale, attached to the notes of the stave, as a guide to the singer.

It is very pleasant to observe the unanimity of the critics this season regarding the orchestral concerts. The performances seem to be entirely satisfactory to our mentors and guides, whatever their musical (political?) standpoint, and the public cannot be too grateful for the fact. We (the public) have all along had occasion to be more or less pleased with the musical feasts set before us from season to season, and it was very annoying always to find that we ought not to be pleased. But this is all changed now, and let us hope the state of matters will continue. One cannot help, however, remembering that the same paper which belauded the supinest of conductors, Arthur Sullivan, went in wildly for Bulow, the fiercely energetic, though now it

sensibly reflects the sentiment which animates us all—that A. Mann's *the man for a' that*.

The programme of to-night's (Tuesday) orchestral subscription concert, comprises chiefly Symphony No. 5 of the Beethoven set, probably the clearest of the nine, as it is certainly by far the most popular; Mendelssohn's overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," the "Siegfried Idyll" of Wagner, and the "Rhapsodie Ecossaie" of A. C. Mackenzie, a rapidly rising composer, are remaining items. There is also a violoncello solo (Mr Ould) from Marcello, a name chiefly remembered by his "Psalms." Signor Alberto Bach will be the vocalist, and sings "The Two Grenadiers" of Schumann, and Bartolo's song in "Il Barbiere," telling in tuneful measures of the onward destroying course of calumny.

The Pollokshields Musical Association gave a concert on Friday evening, under the direction of Signor L. Zaverl. The chorus is stronger this year, and the parts are fairly well balanced. The bass and alto voices are of particularly good quality. The chief musical work produced on this occasion was Haydn's First Mass in B flat, which, it gives us pleasure to say, was excellently performed all through. In particular, the famous fugue, "In gloria Dei patris," was sung not only with accuracy, but with not a little brilliancy, while the Benedictus was marked by much good taste. The Mass, it may be observed, was sung right on without almost a pause. This we incline to consider a mistake. The Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, Sanctus, Agnus Dei, and Dona Nobis are all divisions that should have been well marked.

The Pollokshields Society will not unlikely produce Sterndale Bennett's "May Queen" at their next concert in the Spring.

We have not heard for a very long time military band playing so excellent as that of the band of the 4th Dragoon Guards, at the Kibble Palace on Saturday. There was a richness of tone, at times, too, a mellowness and softness one has unfortunately not often occasion to associate with regimental music. The players seemed all to be thorough artists, and the conductor, Mr W. Stewart-Smith, wielded the baton with ease and grace. The overtures to "William Tell" and "Fra Diavolo" were splendidly played, the introduction of twelve trumpets in the latter at the fanfare being quite a hit.

Another delightful element in the concert, and one now almost entirely novel, was the singing by the York Glee Union, a male quartette party of exceptional individual talent. Their concerted selections were one and all most artistically given, and the solos were equally satisfactory. We were especially delighted with the rendering, by the alto of the party, of the songs, "Phyllis is my only joy," and "She wore a wreath of roses." Happily there are signs that the cultivation of the male voice alto is reviving.

Next Saturday evening's concert at St. Andrew's Hall will be one of Scotch and humorous music, which is certain to attract.

GOING TO THE DOGS.—The "Suburb" is seldom awakened into enthusiasm, but when she is she really means it. One of those gushing correspondents who "write for the papers" assures us that "seldom has there been held in Paisley a more interesting exhibition of the canine race than that which is open in the Abercorn Rooms." If this young man is euphemistic enough to call a dog show "an interesting exhibition," the Cuddie could easily supply another name for it!

A joker of the Maskelyne (masculine) gender declares that Mr M'Tear's trump card is not diamonds.

Beveridge's Guaranteed Mixed Pickles, Red Cabbage, Mushroom Ketchup, Sauces and Table Condiments, unrivalled for purity and flavour.

Intemperate Temperance.

AT a recent teetotal meeting in Greenock, the Rev. Dr. Wallace delivered himself of the following choice comparison:—"What man could describe the great blessing that Watt had been to the human race? And yet, whilst he (Dr. Wallace) admired his genius, and whilst he stood there profoundly impressed with the blessings that Watt had conferred on the human family, he believed that John Dunlop, in connecting himself with the temperance reformation 50 years ago, had even done more than Watt did for the moral and spiritual regeneration of the world; at all events, he would not be disposed to place the one behind the other (applause). If Greenock had the Watt Institute, why should Greenock not have the Dunlop Institute too, so that Greenock might represent the two great forces—the steam engine on the one hand by Watt, and the still mightier moral force of the temperance reformation, as identified with the name of John Dunlop."

The foregoing might have passed unnoticed as simply the usual style of teetotal exaggeration, but when it was followed by a donation from ex-Provost Lyle of £5 towards the Glasgow Free Breakfast Fund, in testimony of his appreciation of what he described as one of the most eloquent, telling appeals on behalf of the temperance cause to which he had ever listened, it amazes the BAILIE how people, otherwise sensible and hard-headed, should get intoxicated by swallowing bunkum of which any man of common sense might well feel ashamed.

HANDSOME IS THAT HANDSOME DOES.

Country Laird—What cam' o' ye yesterday, Tam?

Tam—Aw wis awa grapplin' for the auld miller that wis drooned.

C. L.—A lot that wid pit in yer pooch.

Tam—Weel, laird, a'm shure ye needna grudge me bein' awa for yae day, for ye ken quite weel hoo frank a' wad be in len'in' a haun if it had been yersel' that had gin doon the watter.

DESPISING CUSTOM.

Highlander (to friend who has just acquired a spirit shop)—I say, Donalt, where is your public-house? She'll be making her fortune noo. Eh! Donalt?

Donalt (irritably)—Neither you nor any one born shall know where she'll sell her drink!

American Apples from 17s 6d per Barrel, at M. CAMPBELL'S 18 Gordon Street, or from any of his Branch Shops.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT we have got over the New-year. That empty pockets were the order of the day on Monday morning.

That Teetotal tickets and Templar bibs are now in great demand.

That there is a general desire to turn over a number of new leaves.

That sudden conversions are seldom lasting.

That the City Bank meeting passed over very quietly.

That it was a case of "claw me and I'll claw you."

That the shareholders didn't care to look the salvors of the wreck in the mouth.

That the Liquidators were perfectly delighted at getting their report adopted, and receiving a "vote of thanks" for their services.

That Sheriff Guthrie has given "furious drivers" considerable encouragement.

That he thinks no one should attempt to cross a street unless he has got all his eyes, legs, and wits about him.

That an additional pair of eyes in the back of the head is sometimes needed.

That Stipendiary Gemmel is getting very nice regarding his decisions.

That he contends he is "not a magistrate of the city."

That if he isn't a "magistrate of the city" we would like to know what he is.

That the dominies held their annual congress last week.

That there was an infinite deal of nothing talked at the gathering.

That your average teacher dearly loves to hear himself talk.

That it pleases him and hurts nobody else.

That Lord Provost Collins patronised the dominies.

That the firm of Messrs Collins and Son are the publishers of an excellent series of school-books.

That the slaters had a busy time of it last week.

That it's an ill wind that blows naebody guid.

That there has been a decrease of nearly £8000 in the Tramway receipts for the last half-year.

That this does not look healthy for the shareholders.

That the half-crown dividend will be a shilling next time.

Ancell's Beefsteak Grill, 88 Virginia Place (Rear of Union Bank). Steaks, Chops, Kidneys, &c., cooked in large room.

GIFT OF £5000.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,
The COLOSSEUM, 70 JAMAICA STREET.

In return for the unprecedented and liberal patronage accorded to us during the past ten years, we have determined to deduct the above amount from the ordinary prices charged on our stock, and have arranged a gigantic Sale this month. Our arrangements with our Wholesale Departments necessitate this being the last Sale in the Colosseum. Such being the fact we have determined to give our friends and supporters a benefit that will not be forgotten. Come early, as we cannot guarantee any of these special lines after the first two weeks.

LADIES' BEAVER HATS. MISSES' BEAVER HATS.

Ladies' Imitation Long Pile White Beaver Hats for 1s; ordinary price, 5s.

Ladies' Imitation Long Pile Beavers (all colours), 2s 11d; ordinary price, 4s 6d.

Ladies' Real (English) Beaver Hats 5s 11d; ordinary price, 9s.

Ladies' Real (French makes) Beaver Hats, 7s 11d; ordinary price 12s.

Ladies' Real (Best French makes) Beaver Hats, 9s; ordinary price, 16s. Several Thousands to choose from. These are just the very latest novelties, and are beautiful Goods.

SEAL RINK HATS. SEAL HATS (All Shapes.)

Imitation Seal Hats for Misses, 1s 5½d; regular price 3s.

Splendid Line of Real Seal Hats, 6s 11d; regular price, 11s 9d.

25 Only Real Seal Hats, now for 25s; regular price, 40s.

These last are extremely choice Goods. Ladies should see them.

TONS UPON TONS OF FELT AND STRAW HATS.

3720 Felt Hats for Ladies or Misses at 1d; regular price, 1s 6d.

9376 Felt Hats for Misses, the Newest Shapes, 4½d; regular price 2s 6d.

6211 Felt Hats for Ladies, all Colours and Shapes, 11½d; regular price 4s 9d.

This last line are all beautiful Goods and the Newest Fashion.

CARTLOADS of LADIES' and MISSES' STRAW HATS given away from 1d upwards.

REAL CHIP HATS AND BONNETS.

WONDERFUL LINE OF REAL CHIPS,

Newest Shapes, for 11½d each.

TRIMMED HATS. TRIMMED BONNETS.

Several Hundred Millinery Bonnets and Hats at nominal Prices. Nine only remaining French Patterns, by Viro, Gilot, &c. Prices, 160s, 140s, 110s, and 100s; now for 50s, 45s, 40s. One Hundred and Fifty Crape Bonnets will now be sold from 2s 6d up; All the remaining new Canadian and Fregno Hats for 4s 11d. Mob Caps and Dress Caps from 11½d each.

FLOWERS! FLOWERS!! FLOWERS!!!

Roses, all the new Colours, One Penny each; also, immense variety of French and English Sprays, Wreaths, Trails, &c. Ostrich Tips and Flats, all colours, at very low prices. Everything reduced, Birds, Wings, Ornaments, &c.

GENTLEMEN'S FELT AND DRESS HAT DEPARTMENTS.

EXTRAORDINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

For particulars see Last Page.

Intending Purchasers should call early in the day to save inconvenient overcrowding.

HAT CLEANING DEPARTMENT.

Ladies' and Misses' Felt Hats cleaned, dyed, and altered by the very best workmen in the trade in a manner that surpasses all the efforts of the smaller fraternity. Our price this month for dyeing and altering Felts to any shape for Ladies or Misses is Sixpence. These Hats can be renovated and trimmed by us in three days.

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SALE TO COMMENCE 10th JANUARY, 1880,

AT NOS. 8 AND 32 JAMAICA STREET, 124 COWCADDENS STREET,

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The Goods in these Lots are all Separate and Distinct from our Regular Stock, and are Sold without Responsibility.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 7th, 1880.

GLASGOW will soon cease to be an eligible place for the residence of the criminal classes. At the Christmas Circuit Court Lord DEAS entered on a new crusade against assault and robbery, and now our Sheriffs have resolved to stamp out theft by housebreaking. These crimes are no doubt prevalent, but it must be remembered that they are always so during times of distress among the lower classes. In street robberies, it is to be observed, that except in rare cases the person operated upon has duly qualified himself for the display of the skill of even a novice, by imbibing more or less freely. The known carelessness with which many persons secure their premises and property is a strong incentive to housebreaking, and when in want the fear of detection and the remote chance of appearing before Lord DEAS is not likely to be the dominant idea in the mind of a criminal. But the strange point in his Lordship's recent declaration was the confession that his policy of repression, whether its object was vengeance or terror, has been a failure. It may be that a sentence, however heavy, does not exercise a deterrent influence beyond a certain point, while the want of uniformity of the sentences given by different judges in similar cases—there have been glaring instances of this recently—deprives them of beneficial effects on

others than the recipient. The judicial, as well as the administrative function, should be free from spasmodic action, and crime should at all times be awarded its just punishment according to its degree. That a policy of repression usually leads to a relapse into a state of fancied immunity from a social disorder was well illustrated by our local magistracy banishing part of the city's impurities to the suburbs and then allowing the tide to flow back as free as if there were neither police nor law to prevent it!

HINT FOR WEARY MOTHERS.

(Scene—Tram car, popular suburban route; Time, 5-30 p.m.; weather wet; car comfortably (?) filled; enter woman carrying prize infant, looks round for seat which is *non est*).
Polite Male Passenger (rising)—Take my seat.
Self-denying Mother—Oh dinna mind me, just tak' the wean a bit.

[Speedy exit of polite male passenger to top of car.]

ASINUS' RHYME UPON THE TIME.

In honour of the day it was
I did so jolly get;
I kept not dry, of course; because—
The day itself was wet.

"PHONETIC."—The 1st L.R.V. (Larvæ) don't like to be told they are in a caterpillar state.

A Laughing Stock—The BAILIE'S weekly supply of jokes.

"Tangled Talk."—Bhrhitish Chohnstishtushn.

Jeems Kaye's New Year Philosophy.

BEARING in min' oor unfortunate Ne'yr-day party o' last year, an' oor still mair unfortunate Christmas denner o' the year before, aboot baith o' which I wrote ye, BAILIE, I this year determined tae hae nae reg'lar party; but twa or three o' us had a freenly meetin' the ither nicht ower a gless o' toddy an' a currant bun, an' we had a crack aboot ae thing an' anither; an' in the course o' the nicht Mr M'Cunn an' I had a gey sair argument aboot the telephone, he sayin' it wis naething new, having been kent tae the ancients o' Japan hun'ers o' years ago, an' I sayin' it wis a maist extror'nar affair—batin' the telegraph oot an' oot—an' if it wisna for the expense I wid hae ane fitted up between the hoose an' the coal ree, when Mr M'Cunn interrupted me an' says—

"Man, Mr Kaye, ye wid threep onything! I suppose ye'll tell me next the worl' is no' roon' like yer ain heid."

"Certainly I will," I says, "ye hivna Scripture for that, at ony rate."

"But a' scientific men are agreed aboot it," he says.

"Weel, that's where I differ frae them, ye see," I rejoined; "can ye gie me day an' date for it ever being measured or seen a' at ance as it were, tae see whether it wis roon' or no. An', man, it's no' reasonable tae suppose it, for if it wis, them on the side o't wid be walking like flees on the wa', while them doon below wid be gaun aboot upside doon. Look, see, here's an oranger, roon' like *your* heid: weel, we're up here: Stra'bungo's no' a big place, but it's aye something, an' it'll be aboot here, aboot the size o' a preen heid. Weel, we're tell't Austreelia's richt at the ither side o' the worl'; noo, that maun be doon here at the bottom. Then, Mr M'Cunn," says I, shovin' ower the oranger, "jist let's see hoo ye could mak' my auldest brither, wha's oot there enoo wi' his wife an' family, walk aboot without being either upside doon or wi' his heid rivetted tae the grun' an' his feet on naething! It's no' possible! Mony a letter I've had frae him, an' he says naething aboot being upside doon, an' dae ye think he widna mention't if it wis the case?"

Mr M'Cunn muttered awa', but I quickly shut him up by saying, "There's the oranger, Mr M'Cunn, let us see hoo in the wide world ye can bring oot yer notions? Come on, noo!" A' this time, d'ye see, the rest were fairly astonished at my sound common sense.

Mr M'Cunn then says, "Ye don't believe the planets are inhabited either, I suppose?"

"Decidedly not," I replied; "there's a when folk want tae be literary celeebrities, an' write books, an' as they canna write aboot things folk can un'erstaun', they soar awa' intae the regions o' fancy, an' write aboot things that neither they nor ony ither body can un'erstaun', an' they tell ye that up in the planets the'r folk leevin' an' goin' aboot their business like us, wi', I suppose, tramway cars rinnin'—it's a mercy the planets are no' roon', or some day a runaway car micht tummle ower the edge an' fa' doon on us—an' ships sailin', an' footba' matches, an' wars, an' folk sittin' drinkin' toddy roon' a fire in a hoose, an' cabs fleein', an' a' in what? no in a fine, substantial worl' like this, but in a bit ba' o' fire! It's nonsense, man, nonsense! An' then they say we're spinning roon' like a peerie! D'ye think, Mr M'Cunn, I hae'na my judgment? Man, if we were gain' roon', the Shaws wid be tae the east o' us the tae day, an' tae the wast the tither. We wid never ken where we were. But I'll gie ye twa startling facts—facts, Mr M'Cunn, mind that—an' the mair ye look intae them the mair ye'll be convinced o' their truth, for they're tangible—ye can grasp them. First "Ye'll fin' every man that's got on in the worl' has a big hat"—here they a' laughed. "Oh! ye may laugh," I says, "try it! try it! I've tried it an' proved it! Get a man wha's in a wee way, strugglin' along, an' ye'll fin' he has a wee hat, an' the wee hat aye keeps him doon. If ever ye get a visit frae a prosperous man, slip oot tae the lobby an' try on his hat, an' ye'll fin' it'll go richt doon ower you're e'en, an' the farther it'll slip doon the mair prosperous the man is. If ye get a board o' directors o' a big company an' tried on a' the hats, as I've done, ye'll fin' every hat is ower big for ye; the manager's hat comes next in size tae the directors', then the secretary's, an' sae on doon an' doon, till ye'll fin' the poor clerks hae the vera sma'est size."

Here it was proposed we should a' try hats on. Three o' the hats were jist aboot a muchness, an' we were a' in aboot the same position—bien and weel tae dae. Then Mr Pettigrew's hat wis tried—Mr Pettigrew wis the wealthiest man in the room, an' had lots o' property—an' I found it widna go on me at a'. This kin' o' bamboozled me a wee. I tried it an' squeezed it, an' Mr M'Cunn laughed at me; but it turned oot it wisna Mr Pettigrew's hat at a', but belanged tae Mr Lamont, a puir body that has a

hard struggle tae get on—we had made the toddy raither strong, I think. Hooever, we then got Mr Pettigrew's richt hat, an', my certy, it gaed doon ower my nose an' chin.

"Mr M'Cunn," says I, "ye may laugh noo! There's my theory proved, ye see; truth triumphs, as Shakespeare says." An' then I says tae Mr Lamont, "Mr Lamont, that hat's your bane; can ye no get a bigger ane, even tho' it should be a wee uneasy for ye.

"Noo, Mr M'Cunn, that's one fact for ye tae think ower; the ither is—'A' widows hae black hair.' Of course, ye understaun', I'm no talking o' widows o' seeventy or eighty, but ony below—say fifty. Aye, laugh awa, but shut your eyes a meenit, an' cast your thochts around ye, an' I'll wager ye a saxpence nineteen oot o' twenty widows that ye ken are black-haired! If ye dae come across a red-heided ane, mak' diligent enquiry, an' ye'll fin' that her man wis drooned, or shot, or run ower by a tramway car or something—he didna dee a natural death. Noo, don't tak' my word for it; think ower't for yersel'. Mr Pettigrew, did ye ever ken o' a red-heided widow?"

Mr Pettigrew, taking anither sip o' the toddy, declared he never had.

"No," I says, "nor very few have. It's aboot as difficult tae see a red-heided widow as tae see a deid cuddy or a Quaker wi' a wudden leg."

Goodness, BAILIE, that put a clincher on Mr M'Cunn an' his faur awa' notions o' planets being inhabited; an' the hale room declared, as we mixed anither gless o' toddy, that "I wis a faur-seeing, sensible man, an' above a', a practical man, wi' nae ootlandish notions belonging tae ither spears." An' jist at this, Betty put her heid in at the door tae say the ladies were in the paurLOUR wearying for oor company, so we screwed doon the gas, and went ben tae them.—
Yours,
JAMES KAYE.

P.S.—After this I maun send a special messenger for your usual jar. Last nicht, when sittin' takin' a smoke, I heard an unco "gurglin'" on the stair-heid, an' I says tae Betty, "I doot there's somebody chokin' oot there; I hope they'll no dee on oor stair-heid; if they wid jist gang up tae the next flat an' lie doon there!" But when we opened the door wha wis this but the laddie wi' the jar: he had the bung oot, an' wis sookin' the whisky through a strae. My certie, I warned his ears for him; but it'll no dae at a'—every year there's something wrang—last year I wis overcharged thruppence, an' this year lost aboot a gill.—J. K.

LONDON SCOTTISH RESORT, 3 Water Lane, Ludgate Hill, London, the only House for "Real Johnny" Scotch Whiskies of all Brands, Scotch Ales, &c. Neil Mackay, Proprietor.

Famed 8d Dinner and 6d Tea Service, City Commercial Restaurant, 60 Union Street, Matthew Waddell.

THE ORPHAN AND ANTI-
Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean,
And so it was betwixt them both
They hit the happy mean:
While he to Allan's Anti- went,
At Lipton's she her money spent,
Now none knows which—they're both content.

A CROWNING GLORY.

Yankee Tourist (in the Colosseum at Rome)
—Wal, I guess, stranger, you haint got nary an institooshion in your little whisky patch of a country ekal to this, eh? Reckon if all the folks who've bin killected here could raise their heads neow they'd be more'n you could count.

Glasgow Chappie—"Institooshion" is't? Man, we hae a Colosseum in Glesgo far a-head o' this ruin, for if a' yer dead Romans wir tae raise their heads the Glesgo Colosseum o' Walter Wilson could fit them wi' hats, an' hae plenty ower to supply a' the bumptious Yankees in the worl' forbye, an' that's whit nane o' yer Roman or American "institooshions" could dae.

Why, inquires Bauldy, is the coffee bean like the site of a public-house? Because, he rejoins with a guffaw, it is "ground" for drinking purposes, to be sure.

What is the difference between a soldier and Borwick's baking powder? Why, one is food for powder and the other powder for food.

Why is a ship in a gale like the letter W? Because it is before the eye (I) of the wínd. He-haw!

NEW READINGS.

For Pig-Iron Market read Rig Iron Market.
For Speculation read Peculation.
For Matrimony read Matter o' Money.
For a good pennyworth read the BAILIE.

"WEE THINGS FLEY COWARDS."

(Scene—Pollokshaws Road; half-past eleven P.M.; Enter group of young men, one of whom is playing a concertina).

Irish Policeman appears—Now, then, clear out ov this; making such a noise at this time of the night. Does yiz think there's nobody in bed but yir selves?

[Exit dumfounded youths.]

The Garrotter's Song.—"Whistle and I'll come to you, my lad."

Mitchell's Old Irish Whisky, Belfast, is famed over the World, Agent, David Mitchell, 20 Hope Street, Glasgow.

Megilp.

THE sending-in day for the Fine Art Institute is Thursday next, the 8th inst. The private view and the opening conversation take place on Monday, the 2nd of next month, and the Exhibition will be opened to the public on the following day, Tuesday the 3rd.

Mr James A. Aitken has never painted such a strong, vivid picture as the "Scottish Pastoral" he has prepared for the forthcoming Exhibition of the Institute. A deep ravine, through which flows a brawling stream, here sparkling in sunlight and there gloomy in shadow, supplies what may be termed the incident of the work. Its banks are clad with a thick covering of dwarf oaks and sturdy hazels, while on either side spreads a windy expanse of open down. A misty wood, the line of which is broken by the towers of an ancient keep, occupies the left middle distance of the picture, and for background we have the horizon line of the sea, the blue waters of which are flecked with streaks of light. Boldness of treatment, and a warm, glowing scheme of colour, are the distinguishing features of the "Pastoral." Indeed, in no former picture has Mr Aitken worked with such evident appreciation of his subject. His effects of light and shadow, the sense of contrast and gradation he has introduced into his colours, even the handling of the foliage—which has all the definiteness and yet all the mystery of nature—these are no hap-hazard, uncertain results of an aimless smudging of pigments over canvas. The artist has felt the picture before beginning to paint it; his labour has been guided at once by a love of art for its own sake, and a delight in the heroic in nature.

One of the notable Glasgow paintings of the year is the Langbank picture of Mr David Murray. The stand-point selected is a portion of the Finlayston grounds between Langbank and Port-Glasgow, and the artist has portrayed the long stretch of shining river—Mr Murray has made the Clyde glisten like silver in the sunlight—toward and beyond Bowling. Perhaps the predominant character of the work is the green, spring-like feeling with which the artist has succeeded in transfusing it. The undulating features of the landscape have been caught with wonderful success, but there is no over-elaboration of detail; everything possesses that out-door, local effect, which any amount of studio manipulation can never secure. With characteristic skill Mr Murray has suggested, by the introduction of a steamer and other craft, that the noble river is something more than the thing of beauty he has made it, while a silver birch in the left foreground, and a water trough on the right, which mirrors the fleecy clouds overhead, suggest, with characteristic felicity, the practised cunning of a master of landscape composition.

Mr Murray, moreover, has shown laudable courage, and courage which lesser men would do well to emulate, by daring to go to "our ain doors" for the subject of his picture. Why must our little Jack Easels and Dick Tintos run off a couple of hundred miles to find material for the exercise of their brushes? Pictures, besides, are painted to bring in money, and pictures of Lanarkshire and Renfrewshire scenery would find a much readier market than pictures of Loch Erich or Ben Wyvis.

Among the works ready for "sending-in" to the Institute is the "Hallowe'en" of Mr J. E. Christie. Let us hope that Mr Christie will get better treatment in the new galleries than he got in the old. Should "Hallowe'en" be hung in a proper light, the artist is sure to become as popular in Glasgow as he is already in London. The work is thoroughly Scotch in its character. It is of course a figure picture, but together with the figures—which suggest a party of peasants wending their way along a country road—the misty, eerie feeling peculiar to Hallowe'en has been caught with surpassing skill.

Harvard Thomas, a young sculptor who is rapidly making his way in London, is also among the intending contributors to the Institute.

The Edinburgh artists are busy over their pictures for the forthcoming exhibition—the fifty-fourth—of the Royal Scottish Academy. Among the more important works of the year will be a large "Quoilers on a Village Green," by Mr Lawton Wingate, one of the new Associates. Mr Wingate is a Glasgow man by birth and early training—how he used to flood our

print-shop windows, to be sure, with crude studies painted *a la Galloway*, some of which were clever and all full of promise—but he has given up the West of late years for the East, and has done this to capital purpose too. Mr Vallance, the *facile princeps* of the purely marine painters of Edinburgh, has completed a view of "The Busy Clyde," a fine picture, but one, the idea of which, at all events, he has caught in some measure from Mr Noble, who was the earliest of recent days to reproduce the mystery and the beauty of our swarming tidal waters and crowded piers. The scene selected by Mr Vallance is one of the Greenock quays, and the river outside is filled with steamers, sailing vessels, and rafts of wood.

The work over which Mr Robert Macgregor has spent most time in the past season is the representation of a group of rustics studying the poster of a travelling circus; Mr Otto Ledye, one of the most charming of men, and one of the most unaffected and yet painstaking of artists, shows to advantage in a picture at present in his studio of two girls standing on the beach; the studies of cattle painted by Mr Denovan Adam near Oban are wonderfully clever; and Mr W. G. Stevenson, and Mr Anderson, another of the new A.R.S. As., are at their best, the one in a series of farm-yard scenes, and the other in the drawing of a boat tossed about on an angry sea.

As might be guessed from his contributions to our Water Colour Exhibition, Mr John Smart has worked of late very extensively in this charming medium. His chief oil picture of the year is a view in Strath-Tay near Grandtully. The portraits of Mr M'Taggart will be a feature in the Exhibition of the Scottish Academy. Together with his portraits this accomplished artist is at present engaged on some delightful sea-side studies.

♦♦♦♦♦

A FEW YEARS AFTER THE PASSING OF THE
PERMISSIVE BILL.

Tonald—Hulo, Tukalt, hoo pe her sae oferchoyed the day?

Tukalt (poetical)—Pless her, did she'll not know—hic—her nainsell was peen to Opan an' kot a trop of the—hic—of the milk of human kindness—or—hic—as she'll wad say—the licht of other tays!

Tonald—Eh! Whuskey?

Tukalt—Ay! Here, tak' her fill. (Passes the bottle).

Tonald (the picture of "o'er a' the ills o' life victorious," drinks an' drains the bottle)—Koot kracious, she'll koot swallow a still!

♦♦♦♦♦

A LITTLE TOO PUNCTUAL.

(Scene—Cowcaddens; Time, Saturday night, 11-45; draper is locking up his shop).

Workman's Wife (whose husband has dropped work at one o'clock)—I was wanting a hap'ney black bobbin. Man ye're in a terrible hurry tha nicht!

♦♦♦♦♦

The "Dean" Cemetery—Westminster Abbey.

READINGS.—MR W. S. VALLANCE, the Most Popular ELOCUTIONIST of the day. Belmont Literary Association, London, 7th; Brighton, 10th; Bath Rooms, Torquay, 13th; and Mechanics' Institute, Plymouth, 14th January.

ELOCUTION.—Mr Vallance recommends Teaching on the 16th January, 9 CAMBRIDGE STREET.

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Lessee and Manager,.....Mr SIDNEY.
FOURTH WEEK OF THE PEOPLE'S POPULAR
PANTOMIME,

Abounding in Fun, Dance, Song,
BEAUTIFUL SCENERY AND DRESSES.
TO-NIGHT (TUESDAY), JANUARY 6TH,
MR SIDNEY'S FIFTH PANTOMIME,

The Great Glasgow Success,
THE FAIR ONE WITH THE GOLDEN LOCKS.
Greatest Successes ever achieved in Glasgow.
Doors Open at 7. Commence at 7.30.

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Proprietor and Director,.....Mr C. BERNARD.
EVERY EVENING,

MAGNIFICENCE AND COMPLETENESS
NEVER BEFORE EQUALLED,
F O R T Y T H I E V E S ;
OR, STRIKING OIL IN FAMILY JARS.
Open at 6. Commence at 7. Prices, from 6d to 5s.

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SAUCHIEHALL STREET,

Lessee and Manager.....Mr E. L. KNAPP.

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MADAME FAVART.

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"N E W B A B Y L O N."

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Pronounced by the Press and Public to be the most complete
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Box plan at Donaldson's Rooms, 77 St. Vincent Street.
Doors open each Evening at 7. Overture, 7-30. (Saturdays,
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3 1/6, 3 7/6 & 4 3/6 per 1/2 Dozen

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FOURTH ORCHESTRAL CONCERT.

ST. ANDREW'S HALL,
TO-NIGHT (TUESDAY), 6th JANUARY, at 8 o'clock.
GRAND ORCHESTRA OF SIXTY PERFORMERS.
CONDUCTOR—MR AUGUST MANNS.

VOCALIST—SIGNOR ALBERTO B. BACH.
SOLO VIOLONCELLO—MR OULD.

Tickets—7s 6d, 4s, 2s; Admission, 1s—from Swan & Co., 49
Buchanan Street.

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CONCERTS.**

SATURDAY, 10TH JANUARY, 1880.

GREAT ANNUAL COMIC CONCERT.

MISS MARIE LAWSON.	MR ARTHUR YOUNG.
MISS MARIANNE SMITH.	MR JAMES LUMSDEN.
MISS CECILIA MACK.	MR JAMES HOUSTON.
MR W. H. LANNAGAN.	MR JOE SAWERS.
MR JOE EDMONDS.	

Mr F. W. BRIDGMAN,.....Pianist.
Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats, 2s; at the Office, 58
Renfield Street. Doors open at a Quarter to 7; Concert
commences at 7-30.

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INGRAM STREET, GLASGOW.
MONDAY, JANUARY 5,

Positively the
LAST SIX NIGHTS

Of the Season, previous Arrangements precluding the possibility
of prolonging it on this occasion.

The Magnificent and Romantic Equestrian Spectacle,

DICK TURPIN'S RIDE TO YORK;

OR, THE DEATH OF BONNY BLACK BESS!

Black Bess by, without doubt, the Most Highly-Trained Mare
in the World.

If blood can give nobility,
A noble steed was she;
Her sire was blood, and blood her dam,
And all her pedigree.

TURPIN,.....Mr J. NEWSOME.
LANDLADY,.....MADAME NEWSOME.

SPECIAL DAY PERFORMANCES,

THE CANADIAN SLEIGH FETE.

THIS DAY, TUESDAY, JAN. 6,at 3 o'clock.
WEDNESDAY, JAN. 7,at 3 o'clock.

And Every Evening at 7-30,

TURPIN'S RIDE TO YORK.

Grand Fashionable Night, FRIDAY, 9TH JANUARY,
Last Night but One of the Season,

Under the Distinguished Patronage and Presence of
LORD PROVOST AND MAGISTRATES OF GLASGOW,
Being for the

BENEFIT OF JAMES NEWSOME, THE PROPRIETOR.
A Host of Novelties too numerous to mention.

SATURDAY, JAN. 10,
DICK TURPIN'S RIDE TO YORK,
And the Last Night of the Season,

On which occasion Mr J. Newsome will have the pleasure, as
usual, of thanking his numerous friends and patrons for past
and present favours.

The Last Day Performance on Saturday, January 10, 1880.

HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE, WEST NILE STREET, GLASGOW.

TWO PERFORMANCES EVERY DAY,
Morning, Open at 2; Evening at 7.

Mr C. HENGLER'S 1880 ANNUAL,

THE CARNIVAL ON THE ICE,

Preceded by Varied Scenes in the Circle by
HENGLER'S EQUESTRIAN COMPANY.

Prices of Admission—3s, 2s, 1s, and 6d.

Acting ManagerMr WM. POWELL.

Proprietor.....Mr CHAS. HENGLER.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST. ANDREW'S HALL, 10th JANUARY, 1880,

At 8 o'clock.

SCOTCH AND HUMOROUS MUSIC.

GRAND ORCHESTRA, SIXTY PERFORMERS,

CONDUCTOR—MR AUGUST MANNS.

Tickets—2s and 1s, from Swan & Co., 49 Buchanan Street,;

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Until further Notice the INDIAN COLLECTION of
H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES will be on EXHIBITION
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The SUBSCRIPTION BOOK for ENROLLING MEMBERS
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January, 1880.

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The Second Exhibition of this Society is now open in the
Gallery,

108 WEST NILE STREET,
Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

CORPORATION ORGAN RECITALS.

The Eleventh of the ORGAN RECITALS for the present Winter will be given by the CITY ORGANIST (Mr LAMBETH), in the CITY HALL, on SATURDAY FIRST, at Four o'clock prompt.

Doors open at 3-30,
Admission and Programmes of the Music Free.
Chamberlain's Office, 5th Jan., 1880.

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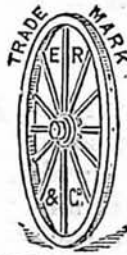
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Dinner and Supper Parties contracted for.
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BELFAST GINGER ALE,

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Admirably Adapted for a
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Manufactory, CROMAC SPRINGS, BELFAST.
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ATHOLE ARMS HOTEL,

13 and 21 DUNDAS STREET, GLASGOW.

ALEXANDER GOW, having resumed possession of this favourite Hotel, has had it thoroughly renovated and made complete in comfort and convenience. Dinner and Supper parties receive his special personal attention, and they are invariably satisfied.

Charges moderate. Viands superb!

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BRIDGE STREET STATION, GLASGOW,

Three Minutes' Walk of St. Enoch's Station and Highland and Coasting Steamers.

This HOTEL has undergone extensive Alterations and Improvements. Has been Refurnished throughout. Visitors will find every comfort, combined with moderate Charges. Night Porter in attendance. Smoking-Rooms, Baths, and Billiards.

J. MAITLAND, Manager.

THE ROYAL RESTAURANT,

10 AND 12 WEST NILE STREET,

C. WILSON & SON, Proprietors.

WASTE PAPER, Ledgers, Letters, Books, Ropes, Bagging, Tailors' Clips—bought at PAPER MILL STORE, 98 MAXWELL STREET, for Re-manufacture

NEW CHEAP SERIES OF
COPYING LETTER BOOKS,
LEAVES, STRONGLY BOUND, for
1000 5s, 7s, or 9s.

The best evidence of their excellence is the fact that we are constantly receiving renewal orders.

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JOHN M. SIMPSON, Furniture Warehouse, and Show-rooms, 60 GREAT CLYDE STREET (Corner of Maxwell Street), Glasgow. One of the largest Stocks in the City. New Illustrated House Furnishing Guide to be had Free on application. The Cheapest Establishment in the City for Really Good Substantial Furniture of Artistic Design and Superior Finish. Quality Guaranteed.

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO.,
AUCTIONEERS AND VALUATORS.
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R A E B R O W N & C O.,
AUCTIONEERS AND VALUATORS,
Beg to intimate that they have REMOVED into their new Premises, the WESTERN SALE-ROOMS, 151 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

Sale of HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE every MONDAY, in which may be included every description of Movable Property.

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CIRCULATING MUSICAL LIBRARY,
28 GREAT WESTERN ROAD, HILLHEAD.
ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, £1 1s.
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WE have much pleasure in informing our numerous Customers and the General Public that, in addition to our already Established Business, we have OPENED Large and Elegant SHAMPOOING and HAIR-DRESSING ROOMS, which, in regard to comfort and elegance, are fitted in a style equal to any in the city. They are under the direct superintendence of a most experienced Manager, and the Assistants are from the Best Houses in the Trade.

In introducing this New Department of our Business, we may explain that though it is the first attempt of the kind in Glasgow, yet it has been carried on with great success by the most celebrated Hosiers and Glovers in the Cheapside and Strand, London, and we feel quite confident that with your kind patronage, and our strict attention, this novelty cannot fail to be a great success.

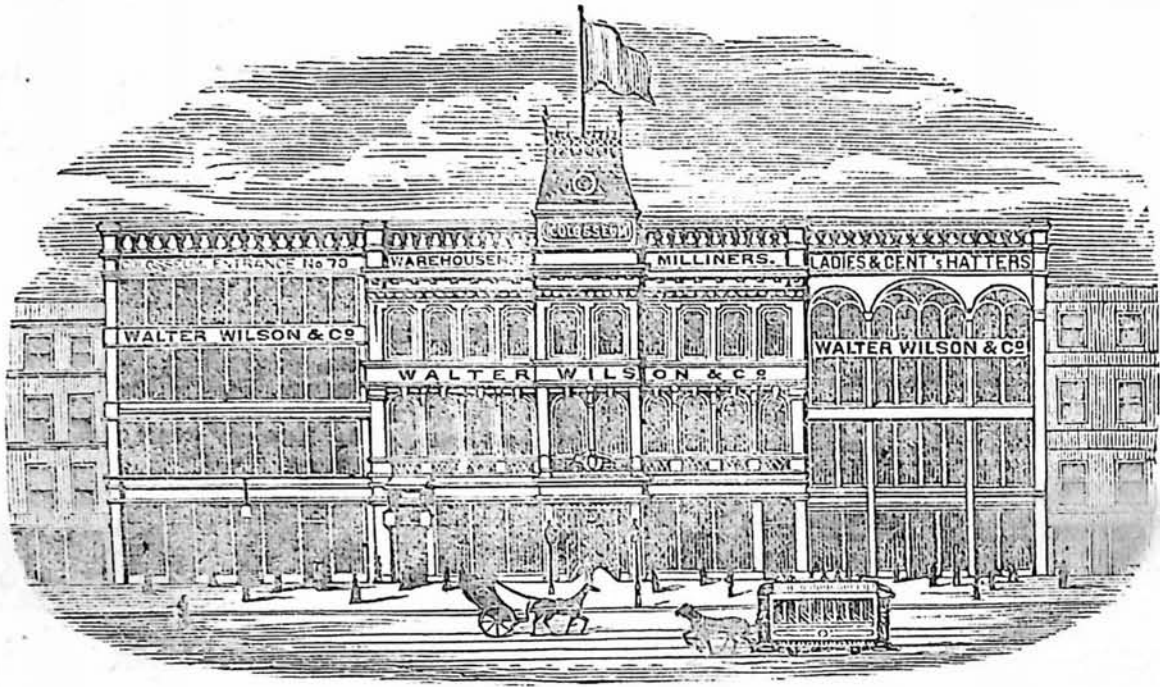
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GLASGOW APOTHECARIES' Co

have REMOVED to their
NEW AND ENLARGED PREMISES

AT
32 AND 34 VIRGINIA STREET.

14s 6d HOLYTON SOFT COAL 14s 6d
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GENTLEMEN'S FELT & DRESS HAT DEPARTMENT.

EXTRAORDINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

For the first time, and for this month only, we will make a reduction in our prices of Gentlemen's Hats. Mr Binnie has laid out his Superb Stock of Felt and Satin Hats at the undernoted prices:--Gentlemen's Felt Hats, 6s 11d, 5s 11d, 4s 11d, 3s 11d, 2s 11d, 1s 11d, 11d. Gentlemen's Satin Hats, 15s 11d, 13s 11d, 11s 11d, 9s 11d, 7s 11d, 5s 11d. We specially ask our friends and supporters to take advantage of this sale, as never in the history of the Hat Trade was there such value offered. To give an idea of the comparative values, we may say the 6s 11d Felt are regularly sold elsewhere at 10s 6d and 12s 6d: and the 15s 11d Dress Hat is the best that can be had for money. Travelling Caps, Tam o' Shanter's, &c., at less than maker's prices. The Boys' Fancy Hat and Cap Department, to describe which would take a column itself, we content ourselves by saying to parents and guardians that this is a golden opportunity, and should not be lost.

2,500 BOYS' TWEED TAM O' SHANTERS, for 10½d each.

To those with a family of Boys, they are what is wanted.

FOR PARTICULARS OF MILLINERY DEPARTMENT SEE INSIDE.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,
The Leading Hatters,
COLOSSEUM,
70 JAMAICA STREET,
UP STAIRS.



The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 378. Glasgow, Wednesday, January 14th, 1880. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 378.

THE Deacon-Conveners of the Trades House of Glasgow present as long and honourable a roll of names as that possessed by any of the great families of the land. Now-a-days, to be sure, the post is a comparatively honorary one, but a couple of hundred years ago, when the commercial horizon was narrowed down to the limits of the individual municipality, and the Trade Incorporations exercised a direct influence over the lives and fortunes of their fellow-townsmen, to be Deacon-Convener was to be equal, if not superior in standing and importance to the Lord Provost of the day. Tough, stout-hearted men they were, these old burghers. They could hold their own in the sturt and strife of the times, and the functions delegated to them by their fellows were administered with a firmness and a judgment which has been of no slight import in the subsequent history of the city. We may be sure, moreover, that, as the men were then so are the men now, although their days, as becomes the altered character of modern life, are of a much more tranquil cast than of yore, and the struggle for existence is fought out in quite other galleys than those in which the old Trades' Deacons rowed. The present holder of the post of Deacon-Convener of the Trades House, Mr ANDREW M'ONIE, is a very fair example of the men who made the city Clear-headed and shrewd, kindly, if somewhat absolute in temper, with an excellent—his critics occasionally hint an overweening notion of the value of money, but honest and upright in all his dealings, Mr M'ONIE is one of the people who, while keeping themselves in the background, contrive to make their personality felt, and that to considerable purpose, inside a by no means limited circle. Like the BAILIE himself, Mr

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M'ONIE is a Glaswegian by birth and breeding. Some three score years ago he was born in Springbank, on the Garscube Road, about a couple of miles, as the crow flies, from the Old Tolbooth of Glasgow. He received a decent, plain education at the Blackquarry School, one of the city institutions which has been improved off the face of the earth by the modern rage for novelty, his teacher being Mr Alex. M'Donald—a very different personage, by-the-bye, from Alexander Macdonald, Esquire of Wellhall, M.P. for Stafford, albeit that "Sandy" still brags in his more effusive moments that he at one time wielded the ruler and taws of the usual dominie of the hedge-school type. While still a boy Mr M'ONIE manifested a very decided aptitude for mechanical pursuits, and when the time came for him to go out to the world he was apprenticed to the well-known firm of Messrs Thomas Wingate and Co., Engineers and Shipbuilders, whose works, now at Whiteinch, were then at Springfield. At the close of his term of apprenticeship, the Man you Know took suit and service with his two brothers, Peter and William, who had recently begun business as Engineers and Millwrights in Scotland Street, Tradeston, under the designation of Messrs P. and W. M'Onie and Co. Beginning as a "hand," Mr ANDREW M'ONIE gradually wrought himself up to the position of foreman, and latterly became manager of the concern. In course of time the junior partner, who is now Bailie M'Onie, retired, and was replaced by Mr Mirrlees, the present Dean of Guild, the firm becoming M'Onie and Mirrlees; next Mr Peter M'Onie died, an event which was followed, no long time afterwards, by the withdrawal of our friend. ANDREW now joined his brother, the Bailie, and the pair started the business in Scotland Street, of W. and A. M'Onie and Co., Engineers, which they still continue. All his life the Man you

Know has been popular among the members of his trade. He is a Burgess of the Craft Rank, he has been Collector of the Hammermen, and for two years he was Collector of the Trades House. Now that he has "donned the velvet," Mr M'ONIE has shown that he can support, in every particular, the dignity of the craft to which he belongs. Whether as regards his conduct of the affairs of the Trades House, or his appearances at the board of the Town Council, he has approved himself altogether worthy of the honour that has been conferred upon him by his brother tradesmen. And while speaking of the Town Council, it strikes the BAILIE, he may remark, as a rather noteworthy circumstance, that at present there are gathered round the Municipal Table, every meeting day, a Lord Dean of Guild, a Deacon-Convener, and a Bailie—all of them kenspeckle and buirdly men, and all originally connected with the old firm of Messrs P. and W. M'Onie and Co. Neither in the memory of the Magistrate, nor yet in that of his friend, Mr Jeems Brown, "the perpetual," has, he believes, a coincidence like this taken place. Nay, he even questions whether his "worthy faither the Deacon" ever saw the like. As it is, he says long life to all three. Their presence in the Town Council is at once a credit to themselves and a testimony to the vitality of our municipal institutions, which, however much they may be sneered at by ignorant youngsters of the radical persuasion, possess a value and an interest that can never be sufficiently prized by every true Scotchman.

THE LATEST "BOTTLE-TRICK."—A story comes across the Atlantic of three Kentucky girls who found husbands by each setting afloat a bottle containing a piece of paper inscribed with her name and a promise to marry whomsoever should find the bottle. If any Scottish maiden should think of angling for a husband with a bottle for bait, let her see that it contains something more tempting than paper!

Sheriff Guthrie discoursed last Friday evening of the "Principles of Evidence." It would be highly interesting to hear a Glasgow policeman's views on the same subject.

RATHER!—"Saleswoman wanted for Unredeemed Sale-Shop." Doesn't this startling advertisement seem to indicate a case for a missionary rather than for a saleswoman?

FERGUSON'S EDINBURGH ROCK is the best present from Edinburgh. I Melbourne place, ear the Castle

An Ode

Respectfully dedicated to Professor Blackie.

PRAISE waits for Shon for yon gran' screed,
'Tis plessit, tae, she's pleased to read,
An' like her nainsell sair she'll plead
For Ossian's ponny Gaalic.

'Tis alder tan ta warl' hersell,
For she has heard great Blackie tell
Tat lang before King Atam fell,
Ta angels sang in Gaalic.

When Atam first his wife tit fiew,
Smilin', beneath an Eden yew,
When he'll spoke "hooch," fu' weel she knew
'Twas "Kiss me quick" in Gaalic.

An' when ta tiel cam' like a snake,
An' gart puir Eve an apple take,
Ta ferry worts ta teefil spake
Were "Help yoursell" in Gaalic.

Hoich! lang ere Papel's weathercock
Turned wi' the win', ta speech was spoke
Py a' oor anti-Saurian folk
Wis shoost her nainsell's Gaalic.

Ta writin' on Pelshazzar's wa',
Tat nane could understood ava,
Was prawly kent py Taniel, wha
Wrote psalms in Pudzeoch Gaalic.

When Palaam, on her cuddy's hide,
Tree times her oaken rung applied,
She'll gaped her mou', puir peast, and cried,
"Fat's tat for, sir?" in Gaalic.

Ta pest o' sermons, preacht py mens,
Amang her Hielan' hills and glens;
Ta sweetest o' auld Ossian's strains,
Pe preacht aud sung in Gaalic.

Ta Queen to Inverary's gaun
To see her grace ta Tuke, good man,
She'll taucht her, shoost as weel's she can,
To read Argyleshire Gaalic.

An' Shon will help her, tooth and nail,
Ta muckle Hielan' verbs to spell,
For weel she kens Shoon Proon hersel'
Was porn amang ta Gaalic.

When firstlans maut was made and milt,
When ale was prewt and fusky stilled,
Hoich! mony a primmin' pat she's filled,
Ta kirstened her in Gaalic.

Put, py an' py, ta warl' o'er,
She'll spoke one spoke for nevermore,
For noo-a-days all nations swore,
Tere's naething like ta Gaalic.

An' when ta shudgement pipers call
All peoples porn since Atam's fall,
She'll no pe saved at all
Tat canna spoke ta Gaalic.

MATCH-LESS GENEROSITY.—Messrs Bryant & May offer to erect a statue of Mr Gladstone. What a case of coals of fire—or, say, burning vesuvians—it would be if they were to do the same for Mr Lowe!

From the number of advertisements one sees for "stout lads" one might imagine that the Pickwickian "Fat Boy" would be a highly eligible candidate nowadays!

"Slaughter!"

THERE were some rhetorical gems of purest ray serene in last week's church-debate in the Town Council, and they must not be permitted to lie hid in the "dark, unfathomed" columns of the daily papers. We had Mr Martin applying to the Established Church the graceful epithet of "jawbox," and suggesting that new adherents of the "jawbox" "had gone away from Voluntary institutions to a place where they could get their Gospel feed (*sic*) by slipping a bawbee into the plate." Then Mr Martin's eloquence "reminded Mr Smith of a sky-rocket charged with green, blue, and yellow, which burst to all points of the compass." Fancy! The last "elegant extract" for which his Worship has room is the passage where Mr Wilson spoke of Bailie Dunlop "seeming to writhe under the slaughter Mr Jackson had inflicted." If our municipal orators go on like this they will soon have us all writhing under their "slaughter."

GROSS INJUSTICE.

(Scene—Berkeley Street; entrance to St. Andrew's Hall; New Year's Day; "Messiah." Gentleman arrives in great haste shortly after noon.)

Gent. (to crowd in front)—Make way; I have secured ticket of admission.

Voice (near the door)—Oh, I say, hand it this way, I'll tick-et in.

[Collapse of the *Gent.*—laughter of the crowd.]

HARD ON TA HIELANTS!—Mr Gladstone's speeches are to be translated into Gaelic! This is cruel. Our Celtic friends who "haf no Sas-senach" are cut off from many advantages, but hitherto they have had a "pull" over us in their immunity from the Gladstonian "spate." Now, however, they are about to descend from their pedestal of superiority, and even a Glasgow bobby will be liable to come under the spell of the People's William!

Those considerate "gentlemen of the Press!" A poor woman, it seems, bereft by the Tay Bridge catastrophe of her only son, "requested that the reporters should not write 'any palaver about him'"—a request of which the said reporters take advantage to spin out a considerable amount of "palaver" of the sickliest kind. Tender-hearted "gentlemen of the Press!"

Government Manilla Cheroots and Cigars (large size), 5 a 1s. D. CARMICHAEL, 161 Ingram St., and 121 Buchanan St.

The Coinage of the Lawyers' Brain.

ST. MUNGO is celebrated in many ways—
S for wealth, luxury, show, extravagance, and mud, rain, and smoke. Dubbed the "second city" she may well feel proud, but her "writers' " advertisements "cow the gowan." A "House to be sold" is "a Lodging." A lodging to let and a lodging to be sold sound queerly in other ears than Glaswegians', but the recently-invented phrase (see *Mail* and *Granny* of 7th January), "Works for Sale in consequence of the 'Effluxion' by time of the co-partnery," baffles the ingenuity of the Animile to make out. He turns up his dictionaries—Walker, Nuttall, &c., and finds that "effluxion" simply means "emanation," "effluvium," "flowing out." And yet this word effluxion is creeping into genteel advertisements, issued by refined lawyers!

ALAS, POOR YORICK!—Another bitter disappointment for Asinus! Coming, the other day across an advertisement with the tempting heading, "Partner—Scotch Whisky Trade," he read eagerly on:—"Favourable opening for any one of energy and knowledge of the Trade, *and who can command a capital of about £10,000—*." Tableau!

DAFT.—Now, isn't this a sweet thing in advertisements?—"To Gentlemen.—A respectable boy, horse daft, wants situation about stable or otherwise." Horse-daftness is, it is to be presumed, an exaggerated variety of daftness—as we say "horse-laugh"—an advance, probably, upon donkey-daftness. Please, "gentlemen," don't all speak at once!

THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY.

(Scene—Frosty day; road leading from compensation pond, Greenock.)

Boy (to his chum)—A'm as guid as maist o' them that were up the day—(after a pause)—A' tumelt fifty o' them, a' gents, tae.

Mr Martin says that a brother-Councillor "pleads for horses in preference to human beings." Ill-natured people might be inclined to ask whether Mr Martin champions the "humans," the horses, or a class which may be regarded as between the two.

Of what are some folks made? During the hearing of evidence the other day regarding the awful Tay Bridge disaster the proceedings were frequently interrupted by laughter. Some of those people would grin at the Laocoon.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—The "Forty Thieves" continues to draw very large houses at the Gaiety. Last week the theatre was crowded nightly by fashionable and appreciative audiences. Mr Bernard's pantomimes have always been successful, but the "Forty Thieves," I understand, has headed its several predecessors in the matter of money, its receipts being far in excess of those drawn by all similar productions. Owing to the illness of Mr Blythe, the stage manager, clever Mr Sam Austin, who occupies the post of general manager, had the entire manipulation of both the stage and the "front" on his single pair of shoulders during the past holiday season, and the result, as every *habitué* of the house can testify, is "greatly to his credit."

The programme arranged by Mr Bernard for the coming season at the Gaiety includes the Carl Rosa opera company; Miss Soldene's company in "Carmen," "Madame L'Archiduc," and other favourite French operas; "Crutch and Toothpick," the great success of the London Royalty; "La Petite Mademoiselle," a piece over which all Paris has of late gone into ecstasies; the ever-welcome "Caste" company of Mr Tom Robertson, Jun.; the merry nautical-comical-satirical-and-always-acceptable Gilbert-Sullivan comic opera cyclept "H.M.S. Pinafore;" and—what do you think?—"Our Boys." This, moreover, is only the opening of Mr Bernard's programme, but on the principle, *ex parte Herculem*, you can judge from it what the part which follows is likely to be.

The "Tay Bridge Benefit," to be given by Mr Bernard at the Gaiety on Wednesday afternoon, will, it is to be hoped, command a bumper audience.

Now is the time, my Magistrate, for your friends to go up to the Prince of Wales Theatre. The holiday crowds are comparatively over, the dresses and the scenery provided by Mr Sidney for "The Fair One with the Golden Locks" are as bright and as gay as ever, and the pantomime itself "goes" better than it has ever done before. For a lightsome entertainment, one warranted to chase away all melancholy and moodiness, why I don't know where you can get anything better than "The Fair One."

Those clever people, "the Majiltons" (Miss Marie and Mr Frank), now at the Prince of Wales Theatre, start in March, with a company of their own, in what is described to me as "a big speciality." They have selected Mr H. Cecil Beryl, of the Royal Princess's Theatre, to book their tour and make their business arrangements—a happy choice, as all who know Mr Beryl will say—but this will not, of course, interfere with our friend's management here.

The present are the last nights of "Madame Favart" at the the Royalty, the famous "Cloches de Corneville" being announced for production on the Monday of next week. "Madame Favart," all things considered, is one of the brightest, merriest pieces I have seen for many a day. And have not our play-going population discovered this for themselves? Why, go in any evening you like and you will find Mr Knapp's charming theatre filled in every corner. The house, indeed, just suits the opera—there is an elegance about the Royalty that captivates you whether you will or no.

I should advise any of your readers who have not seen "New Babylon" at the Royal Princess's to stand not upon the order—but the quotation is somewhat musty. The piece has now entered on the last fortnight of its run. "New Babylon" will be followed by a round of Irish Drama, of the conventional type.

The Volunteer Officers' Amateur Dramatic Society will give three performances at the Gaiety on February 26th, 27th, and 28th, and the piece selected is Albery's charming Comedy "The Two Roses." As usual, the performances will be in aid of the Local Charities.

Mr Walter Bentley has now begun the five weeks' Scottish reading tour I mentioned some time ago. Last week he made

the round of Mid Ayrshire, beginning at Catrine on Monday, appearing in Old and New Cumnock, Ochiltree, Lugar, and Mauchline on the other five nights. His programme, which includes selections from Dickens, Samuel Lover, the American Trowbridge, and Shakespeare, Hood's "Dream of Eugene Aram," and the immortal "Tam o' Shanter," is compact, interesting, and unhackneyed. Down in Ayrshire he had crowded houses every evening, much to the delight of his local *entrepreneur*, Mr Thomas Drysdale of Catrine.

Mr Charles Gibbon, the popular author of "Auld Robin Gray," "For Lack of Gold," and half-a-dozen other novels, which, appearing originally in the *Weekly Mail*, where they met with great favour, were exceedingly successful when republished in the orthodox three volume form, will shortly take to the platform as a public lecturer, and will visit this city on his tour. Mr Gibbon spent his early years, and had his first training in literature, in Glasgow, and this, of itself, ought to assist in gaining him large audiences here. The subject of one of his lectures will be "Literary London."

Arrangements have been made, for the early starting of a daily illustrated paper in London. It will be managed by one of the Ingrams, the proprietors of the *Illustrated London News*.

The members of the Western Burns Club have arranged to hold their annual symposium on the evening of Monday, the 26th inst. Mr Campbell Douglas, of Messrs Campbell Douglas & Sellars, will occupy the chair, and Mr Dan, Miller, C.E., will act as croupier.

The annual dinner of "The Corner" was held as usual in Messrs Watson & Blaine's on Wednesday last, and also, "as usual," the members enjoyed themselves—each individual member, as the saying is, to the top of his individual "bent."

Malheur ne vient seul. The young gentleman of whom I told you last week that he meant to retire from a public board into private life, has just met with another rather unexpected rebuff. Among a number of candidates for membership in a certain New Club he was the only one "black balled." Hence these weeps.

Mr Airie, ever on the look-out for a programme that will satisfy his patrons, has arranged for the appearance, in the City Hall, on Saturday evening, of the Court Christy Minstrels—a company of twenty vocalists, comedians, and instrumentalists. Their performance, I understand, is a capital one, and his audience, I feel certain, will fill the hall.

The tide of popularity at Hengler's continues at the flood, and therefore must needs lead on to fortune. The "Carnival" has hit the public hard, and brings them out in overwhelming force. One point therein I really don't like—the "business" of Young Willie as a female tyro in skating is far too broad, and ought to be toned down or cut altogether. I hear that Mr Powell holds a number of good things in reserve for his patrons. On Monday next three artistes from the Liverpool Cirque will make their first appearance here this season—the clever Whimsical Walker; a new clown, Felix; and a genuine "missing link" by the suggestive name of "Sloper." Other tips and

THE REVIVAL OF TRADE—Trade is reviving. An advertiser asks fifteenpence for his "performing monkeys." Now, hitherto there have been any number of performing monkeys going about—warranted to walk, in a sort of a way, to smoke a cigar, to drink from a glass, and to hold another glass in one eye—for whom nobody would give twopence!

Up to the Scratch—Mr M'Tear's Diamonds.

The Festive Sea-son—Jack ashore.

A Scientific Frontier(?)

"TA Force" in the far North appear to have even more extended notions of their power and dignity than ta Force elsewhere. The Pultneytown Superintendent happening the other day, in his zeal for public order, to overstep his "boundary," he was incontinently "run in" by a Wick (qy. wicked?) constable! Just fancy Captain M'Call being collared by a parasitic bobby on venturing, "in the execution of his duty," to cross one of our numerous "boundaries!" My conscience!

Those gentlemen who indulge in the amiable weakness of wife-beating, could not do better than migrate to the model burgh of Govan. On Saturday a fellow in Govan—who had been previously convicted nine times of assaulting his wife—for seizing his better half by the hair, striking her on the face, and brandishing a poker, was sentenced to—60 days without the option of a money penalty you will say—nothing of the kind—the sapient dispenser of justice who occupied the bench ordered him to pay 42s!

HOW IS THAT FOR HIGH?—In the *Scotsman* of Thursday it is stated that the thermometer in the open air indicated 265 degrees. This must have been Fahr-in-heit—or rather far-in-heat—with a vengeance. Apart from the intuitive wickedness of the printer's D. this extreme limit may perhaps be accounted for by the omission of the decimal point between the second and third digits. That's clearly where the point—and the larf—comes in.

HEAD AND FOOT.—Our friend, the *Mail*, tells us that "Mr Robert Walker, B.D., of St. Enoch's Parish Church, Dundee, has been appointed head assistant to Dr Burns of the Cathedral, Glasgow." Now, we would like much to know what it is that is wrong with the Reverend Dr.'s head that it is need of an assistant; and why that to the head, of all parts of the human mechanism, the assistance should be of a "walker."

"A DISCRETION."—Mr Gladstone tells the Kirkaldy Foresters that they must "consider their own discretion" as to giving his name to a new "court." The ex-Premier is rather fond of telling other folks to "consider their discretion." Suppose, for a change, he were to take to considering his own?

O, JEM-INI.—There be "diamonds" and diamonds—the real Mactear as well as "the real Mackay."

MAKIN' TOSH ALL ROUND.

Noo, Macintosh, "What's wrang wi' ye?"
 "De matter wid dat hat!"
 Jist "Bide a wee," I'll gang wi' ye,
 An' syne we'll see what's what.
 I'll see you through your brilliancy;
 You'll not see me, I guess;
 I'll see what all "the million" see,
 These "Forty Thieves'" success.

SAFETY OF THE CONSTITUTION?—A great danger may be apprehended if diamonds become common and cheap as chuckie-stones. The value of even the Imperial Crown itself may be in pearl.

The lessee of the new National Halls on the South Side announces that on the occasion of the soiree of the natives of Donegal, the hall was perfumed with the "Essence of Patchulla." Well, the lessee ought to know best, but the Cuddy opines that the hall would require all the perfume to eradicate the scent of the seditious speeches delivered on the occasion.

A telephonic wire is, it seems, to be laid in Edinburgh "between Princes Street and the City Chambers." This, no doubt, is for the benefit of the "fashionable," loungers of the Council. Happy thought! Suppose we were to lay a wire between *our* City Chambers and, say, "John's?"

ANOTHER SYMPTOM.—Another symptom of the revival of trade! Last Friday the first four items advertised in the *Herald* as "lost" were a hundred-pound-note, a gold necklet, a gold watch, and a diamond ring. Money must be plentiful when folks can afford to chuck about their valuables in this fashion.

A NEW ACQUISITION.—The chairman of a meeting held last Thursday declared that "the great heart" of the Glasgow Liberal Association was "sound." My conscience! When did it get a "great heart?"

Some excitement seems to have been created in Falkirk by the capture there of a "runaway policeman." *We* should not be excited if our entire "force" were to "run away." We should resign ourselves with the utmost calmness.

"DIAMONDS" LEAD.—If, as Touchstone tells us in "As you like it", "civet is of a baser birth than tar," may not perfume be some day elaborated from even the stench of Saint Rollox?

The "New Babylon"-ish Captivity—Being held spell bound at "The Royal Princess's."

"I 'Doat' upon the Military"—Professor Blackie.

Quavers.

THE present series of Choral and Orchestral Concerts is again drawing to a close. The concluding concert is on Tuesday evening the 17th. All who may not have heard the band yet, so ably conducted by Mr Manns, should embrace the few opportunities that are yet left of hearing it.

The distinguishing item in the concert of to-night (Tuesday), is the symphony by Goetz, a name almost unknown in this country till quite recently. The music is "advanced," as the word is, but—what advanced writing generally is not—it is clear and purpose-like, while melodious and often brilliant. Altogether the new symphony is one which is likely to take a permanent place among the best works of the class. Once again we shall hear a composition of the old-world times of Handel—a concerto for the oboe, with *obbligati* for two oboes and two violins, the term concerto having a somewhat modified signification in this instance. Mr Sullivan's picturesque incidental music to "Henry VIII.," the famous overture to "Tannhauser," and the scherzo from the octett of Mendelssohn, are the remaining orchestral selections. Miss Marian Williams is the vocalist, and her songs are "Vedrai Carino" (Don Giovanni), and "My mother bids me bind my hair" (Haydn).

On Saturday the last but one of the "popular" concerts will be given, and a plebiscite will then be taken of votes for the programme of the following and concluding Saturday concert.

Unavoidably, no doubt, two of the subscription concerts occur this week, the second taking place on Thursday evening. This latter consists of choral music, however, so that there is sufficient distinction. Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," and Gounod's "Gallia," are the chief works. The latter, written to commemorate the siege of Paris by the Germans, is much admired. It is, indeed, a wonderful piece of music, and an evident inspiration. "Gallia" has been several times produced by the Choral Union, and is always heard anew with pleasure.

A concert by Mr Moodie's Choir, the other evening, in the joint burgh hall of Crosshill and Govanhill, afforded not only a fresh opportunity of hearing this smart little association, but of judging of the acoustical properties of the new building. The resonance of the principal room is a degree too much, we found, from, probably, the undue height of the ceiling, but the building quite supplies a marked want in the neighbourhood.

The select choirs are cropping up again in town, now that the orchestral concerts are about finished. The Glasgow Select announce a Burns night at the appropriate time, and the others will not, of course, be behind.

One of our most deserving musical societies—the St. George's Choral Union—announces a concert for the 2nd prox., in the St. Andrew's Halls. The society will sing some of the more massive part-music suitable to be sung by a large number of voices, such as the famous madrigal, "As Vesta was," with one or two choruses from Haydn and Handel; also, what will be a novelty, a choral arrangement of Schumann's Blondel's Song, with organ accompaniment. Miss Emma Beasley and Mr H. Seligmann will contribute solos, and Dr Peace will play on the grand organ.

Herr Ernst Pauer's interesting course of lectures on music and teaching begins on Monday next. Herr Pauer is very much worth hearing, both as a lecturer on his art and as a pianist, and the meetings (lasting a week) will doubtless be as largely attended as formerly.

"OH, RESPECTABILITY, WHAT CRIMES ARE COMMITTED IN THY NAME!"—"The greatest surprise" is said to be felt in Newcastle at the perpetration of various robberies by "a supposed respectable tradesman." Unsophisticated Newcastle! We in Glasgow have long ceased to feel any surprise whatever at the unveiled enormities of the "supposed respectable" community.

Froude or "Fraud?"

MR FROUDE has been enlightening our Edinburgh friends on the subject of South Africa, but his efforts seem to have been met with more merriment than acclamation—and no wonder, when we find him expressing mild surprise that Lord Carnarvon did not change his opinion about the Boers when "I told him they were like the Ayrshire Covenanters," and hinting that his audience possessed rather fewer virtues than the Zulus. "Great historians" occasionally talk nonsense, and mischievous nonsense "at that."

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

F. C. Minister—Well, Thomas, what did you think when I stopped my sermon on Sabbath to rouse you sleepers?

Hearer—I thocht it was the only pairt o' your sermon you could say aff the book.

NO CLERICAL ERROR!—It is said that the "Fenian delegates" now in this country were warmly received in Glasgow, but coldly in Manchester, owing to the steps taken against Fenianism by the Roman Catholic priesthood in the latter city. If this be so—and if the "delegates" in question have any but an imaginary existence—our Catholic clergy, such as Archbishop Eyre, Dr Munro, and other worthy ecclesiastics and citizens, should require no further hint than is conveyed by the above statement.

A WORD TO THE WISE.—The BAILIE has a high respect for the Roman Catholic clergy of the city, who are, as a rule, upright and hard-working men; but he may hint that it does not conduce to that respect to see, as on last Wednesday evening, some half-dozen of them sitting "consenting" while a wild "orator" spouts—well, let us put it mildly, and say Parnellism.

A HAPPY LAND.—The Duke of Richmond and Gordon fails to sympathise with the alleged distress of his tenantry in the Glenlivet district, and Asinus agrees with his Grace. The inhabitants of that festive country ought all, he says, to be as jolly as so many Mark Tapleys.

MR SPURGEON, in *Sword and Trowel*, says "The straight, turned-up, turned-down, and oblique pointed PENS of MACNIVEN & CAMERON are marvellously good. It is a pleasure to write with them."

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

6d and 1s per box at all stationers.
MACNIVEN & CAMERON, 23 to 33 Blair Street, Edinburgh.
Penmakers to Her Majesty's Government Offices (Estd. 1770.)
Beware of the party offering spurious imitations.

Human Nature at Dumfries.

TRAGIC occurrences like the Tay Bridge disaster generally lead to the exposure of some very ugly—as well as, occasionally, some very beautiful—phases of human nature, but surely a morbid “interest” never showed itself more strongly than has been the case in Dumfries with reference to the catastrophe referred to. It appears that the Dumfriesians, after the disaster, took to stealing from the local reading-room newspapers and engravings dealing with the accident! People who frequent reading-rooms are usually supposed to possess some degree of education. A psychological philosopher might find some interest in studying this incident in its various bearings.

VERMICULAR.

(Scene—Pub. in neighbourhood of West Nile Street).

Tom (to Jeems who is having his “nip” at the bar)—You’re jist chasin’ them, I see, Jeems.
Jeems—Chasing what?

Tom—The worms; ye ken they’re awfu’ fear’t for whuskey.

HAPPY THOUGHT!—In neighbouring columns of a contemporary appear two somewhat singular and suggestive advertisements. One runs,—“Wanted Lady to read history to shorthand writer.” The other tells us that “A lady wishes to train young gentlemen to lead a congregation.” Now, doesn’t this look very like a double case of yearning for a “sympathetic soul?” and might not the yearners come to a mutually advantageous arrangement? Suppose the musical lady were to read history—say, “The Decline and Fall off:” *vide* “Our Mutual Friend”—to the shorthand writer, and that he, in the intervals of his phonographic, or stenographic labours, were to let himself be “trained?” How would that do, eh?

THE EGLINTONS ARE COMING—DOWN.—Ye Lords of Eglintoun seem to be given to “coming down” on folks humbler than themselves. The difference between his late Lordship and the present Earl is that, whereas the latter “comes down” on poets, the former confines his attention to Toon Cooncillors. (*Vide Herald* of 8th inst.) On the whole the BAILIE is inclined to approve rather of the paternal policy.

Somebody wants “two coloured *darners*.” How would two profane niggers do?

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT we are promised a couple of heresy hunts at an early date.

That there are a pair of packs on the scent on this occasion.

That there will be a good deal of mouthing during the run.

That Sheriff Spens is coming down heavy on the milk adulterators.

That the magistrates have neglected to issue their orange skin proclamation.

That our pavements are accordingly littered with the treacherous vegetable scraps.

That they have caused any number of accidents of late.

That a small fine for a flagrant case might put a stop to the nuisance.

That there is always certain to be an extra outbreak of crime in Glasgow at the rising of the Justiciary Court.

That the present season is no exception to the rule.

That Dr Burns was last week elected one of representatives of the Town Council on the Juvenile Delinquency Board.

That of the three dozen members he is the only parson.

That the Dr proposed himself privately and “Oor Jeems” publicly for the appointment.

That of course the sporting parson won in a canter.

That there are always wheels within wheels in these arrangements.

That Mr Martin thinks himself a better man than Dr Burns of the Cathedral.

That it might not be uninteresting to hear Dr Burns’s opinion on the subject.

That ex-Bailie Young posed at last meeting of Council as the champion of “the agricultural interest.”

WOMEN’S CHANCE—LEAD MEN A DANCE.

Year ’80, last of the decade,
Decade, but no decadence,
As Leap-year, one day longer made
For mischief-making maidens.

“JOKING” *à la* MAYBOLE.—Singular ideas prevail in Maybole as to what constitutes a “joke.” It is, it seems, a Maybole joke to send a brutal threatening letter to a gracious and benevolent lady. It is a pity that the stocks, the pillory, and the whipping-post are extinct institutions. Each and all might have been very appropriately used to reward the sprightly efforts of our Maybole wit.

GIFT OF £5000.

IMMENSE EXCITEMENT! TREMENDOUS CROWDS!! Unparalleled in the History of the Hat Trade, Thousands upon Thousands are taking advantage of Wonderful Offer.

FRESH LOTS BROUGHT FORWARD TO-DAY. Several Hundred Beautiful Large FELT HATS, the Newest Shapes, Full Trimmed with Velvet, for 11½d. Immense Piles of IMITATION BEAVERS, for 7½d; worth 5s 9d. MILLINERY BONNETS and HATS, the First Stock in Scotland, now selling at astonishing Reductions. Every kind of Hat for Ladies, Gentlemen, Misses, Boys, or Infants.

DO NOT WAIT TILL THE CRUSH—CALL EARLY.

In return for the unprecedented and liberal patronage accorded to us during the past ten years, we have determined to deduct the above amount from the ordinary prices charged on our stock, and have arranged a gigantic Sale this month. Our arrangements with our Wholesale Departments necessitate this being the last Sale in the Colosseum. Such being the fact we have determined to give our friends and supporters a benefit that will not be forgotten. Come early, as we cannot guarantee any of these special lines after the first two weeks.

LADIES' BEAVER HATS. MISSES' BEAVER HATS.

Ladies' Imitation Long Pile Beavers (all colours), 2s 11d; ordinary price, 4s 6d.

Ladies' Real (English) Beaver Hats 5s 11d; ordinary price, 9s. Ladies' Real (French makes) Beaver Hats, 7s 11d; ordinary price 12s.

Ladies' Real (Best French makes) Beaver Hats, 9s; ordinary price, 16s. Several Thousands to choose from. These are just the very latest novelties, and are beautiful Goods.

SEAL RINK HATS. SEAL HATS, ALL SHAPES.

Imitation Seal Hats for Misses, 1s 5½d; regular price 3s. Splendid Line of Real Seal Hats, 6s 11d; regular price, 11s 9d. 25 Only Real Seal Hats, now for 25s; regular price, 40s; also a few at 60s, with lining slightly soiled, for same price. These last are extremely choice Goods. Ladies should see them.

TONS UPON TONS OF FELT AND STRAW HATS.

9376 Felt Hats for Misses, the Newest Shapes, 4½d; regular price 2s 6d.

6211 Felt Hats for Ladies, all Colours and Shapes, 11½d; regular price 4s 9d.

This last line are all beautiful Goods and the Newest Fashion. Our clients are not to fancy that these are a lot of rubbish worth almost nothing—they are value for four times the price.

CARTLOADS OF LADIES' AND MISSES' STRAW HATS, GIVEN AWAY FROM 1d UP.

REAL CHIP HATS AND BONNETS.

WONDERFUL LINE OF REAL CHIPS, NEWEST SHAPES, for 11½d Each.

TRIMMED HATS. TRIMMED BONNETS.

Several Hundred Millinery Bonnets and Hats at nominal Prices. Nine only remaining French Patterns, by Viro, Gilot, &c. Prices, 160s, 140s, 110s, and 100s; now for 50s, 45s, 40s. One Hundred and Fifty Crape Bonnets will now be sold from 2s 6d up; All the remaining new Canadian and Fregno Hats for 4s 11d. Mob Caps and Dress Caps from 11½d each.

FLOWERS! FLOWERS!! FLOWERS!!!

Roses, all the new Colours, One Penny each; also, immense variety of French and English Sprays, Wreaths, Trails, &c. Ostrich Tips and Flats, all colours, at very low prices. Everything reduced, Birds, Wings, Ornaments, &c.

GENTLEMEN'S FELT AND DRESS HAT DEPARTMENTS.**EXTRAORDINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.**

For the first time, and for this month only, we will make a reduction in our prices of Gentlemen's Hats. Mr Binnie has laid out his superb stock of Felt and Satin Hats at the undernoted prices:—Gentlemen's Felt Hats, 6s 11d, 5s 11d, 4s 11d, 3s 11d, 2s 11d, 1s 11d, and 11d. Gentlemen's Satin Hats, 15s 11d, 13s 11d, 11s 11d, 9s 11d, 7s 11d, 5s 11d. We specially ask our friends and supporters to take advantage of this Sale, as never in the history of the Hat Trade was there such value offered. To give an idea of the comparative values, we may say the 6s 11d Felt is regularly sold elsewhere at 10s 6d and 12s 6d; and the 15s 11d Dress Hat is the best that can be had for money. Travelling Caps, Tam o' Shanter's, &c., at less than makers' prices. The Boys' Fancy Hat and Cap Department, to describe which would take a column itself, we content ourselves by saying to parents and guardians that this is a golden opportunity, and should not be lost. 2500 Boys' Tweed Tam o' Shanter's, for 10½d. These are selling in hundreds.

HAT CLEANING.

Ladies' and Misses' Felt Hats cleaned, dyed, and altered by the very best workmen in the trade in a manner that surpasses all the efforts of the smaller fraternity. Our price this month for dyeing and altering Felts to any shape for Ladies or Misses Sixpence. These Hats can be renovated and trimmed by us in three days.

Intending Purchasers should call early in the day to save inconvenient overcrowding.

WALTER WILSON & CO.'S
Great Bonus and Last Sale,
COLOSSEUM,
70 JAMAICA STREET,
UP STAIRS.

"GLENGYLE"

OLD HIGHLAND WHISKY.

A Judicious Combination of the Finest Matured HIGHLAND MALT WHISKIES. Unrivalled for Toddy and General Family Use.

18S PER GALLON OR 36S PER DOZEN.

(Jars and Bottles Returned.)

SOLE PROPRIETOR—

J. H. DEWAR,

Wholesale Family Wine Stores,

47 ROSE STREET, GARNETHILL (Corner of Bucc'each Street);
And 190 ST. GEORGE'S ROAD (Opposite West Princes St).

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

HENRY THOMSON & CO.'S

OLD

IRISH WHISKY.

SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—

ROBERT BROWN, 17 HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.

DAVISON'S

**CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE
GINGER BEER.**

A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE YEAR ROUND; WARM, GRATEFUL, AND AROMATIC. As Supplied to the Western, Junior, New, and other Clubs.

THOMAS DAVISON,

DISPENSING CHEMIST,

126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

LADIES' 2 BUTTON

FRENCH KID GLOVES,

Only 1s 11d per Pair;

IN ALL THE NEW SHADES.

PROVAN & SMELLIE, 120 Trongate.

**CENTRAL DINING AND
TEA ROOMS,**

51 BUCHANAN STREET.

(Opposite Argyle Arcade.)

LADIES' ROOM—no Gratuities—no delay.

WM. NIVEN, Proprietor.

**COOPER & CO.'S
FRUIT SYRUPS.**

LEMON and GINGER Especially Recommended.

1S 9D BOTTLE FOR 8½D,

3S 6D " " 1S 3D,

A Tablespoonful of the above in a Tumblerful of Cold Water makes a most refreshing and inexpensive Summer Drink.

To be had only from the Makers,

COOPER & CO., 10 and 12 Howard Street, and Branches.

ADVERTISEMENTS received for ALL
PAPERS by A. F. SHARP & Co.,
14 Royal Exchange Square.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 14th, 1880.

THE trifling amount of genuine business transacted at the two meetings of the Town Council held last week does not give the hope that interminable talk is to give place to work in the municipal world in the year which has now been entered on. No abuse could be more clamant. To all appearance the proposed all-round reduction of official salaries is as good as shelved. The officials, from the police force upwards, are naturally jubilant at the Council's lack of courage to interfere with their sleek emoluments. Even the Assessors deem themselves safe, presumably owing to their masters being fully engaged with their petty squabble with the Stipendiary regarding his cab fares to St. Rollox. Mr MARTIN'S two-month old question as to whether £3500 is the whole income received by Dr MARWICK in connection with Council matters is still under the consideration of a committee. When they report—if they ever do so—it is extremely desirable that they should give some definite information regarding the enormous account for extra services which the Town-Clerk is alleged to have presented for payment, and also regarding the present amount and disposal of the Fee Fund. Some three years ago Dr MARWICK had £1000 a year added to his salary out of this fund because it was accumulating so fast that there was a fear that the Court of Session would compel the Council to confer a benefit on the public by reducing the Fee Fund dues. To judge from the notices of motion there are some Councilors anxious for municipal financial reform, and although the powers that be do not rise above "cobbling" the expense of the Master of Works office and trivial economics which are not based on any principle, it is something to find a live Bailie, and that one Bailie LAING, admitting that he and his colleagues have done many things in connection with the Common Good which were wrong. While in the confessing mood could he not have got his friend ex-Bailie WALLS to admit that although he and Dr MARWICK have had the proposed consolidation of the Trusts in charge for several years no progress worth mentioning has been made since the Provisional Order was obtained to make the Police Board a committee of the Council? The remarks made by the LORD PROVOST and others

were so vague and temporizing, and the desire to stop discussion was so manifest, that the inference is irresistible, that those who have the subject in hand are unable to grapple with it, or that it has been neglected. Settle it who may, further delay is not to be thought of.

A Fillip for Fanatics.

THE BAILIE tenders his thanks to the Bishop of Peterborough, who has once more administered a sounding slap in the face to the cold-water fanatics. Certain of these gentry having proposed to the Bishop a day of humiliation on account of the sin of intemperance, he points out that the result of holding such a service would be that the majority of those engaged in it would be humiliating themselves for the sins of their neighbours—also that a true day of humiliation is a day when each man specially confesses and bewails his own sins. The latter hint may perhaps not be lost on certain cold-waterites nearer home than Peterborough. My Lord, the BAILIE “looks towards you.”

YE BANKS AND BRAES!

Jones (reading paper)—Hullo! More Glasgow banks giving way!

Brown—Eh? What?

Jones—The banks of the Clyde, to be sure.

MARTIN'S PUZZLE.—At last meeting of Council Mr Martin “asked Dr Marwick's substitute whether it was legal or not to take money out of a fund when there was nothing to take, and when a refusal was given to take anything at all for the purpose of assisting the starving population of the city.” It is scarcely necessary to remark that “Dr Marwick's substitute” judiciously ignored this Martinian “puzzle”

MORE LIKE IT.—Provost Campbell, of Greenock, has apologised to the youth of Sugaropolis for comparing them to Zulus. Isn't there some mistake here, Provost? You meant to apologise to the Zulus, didn't you?

OLD AND YOUNG!—Is this the nineteenth century? The BAILIE has long been under the impression that it is, and yet a well-known firm advertise that they are selling “old shopkeepers' and that they are about to have a “special kid sale!” Talk of Slave Circulars after this! Where are the police?

LONDON SCOTTISH RESORT, 3 Water Lane, Ludgate Hill, London, the only House for “Real Johnny” Scotch Whiskies of all Brands, Scotch Ales, &c. Neil Mackay, Proprietor.

Heresy-Hunting Extraordinary. THE BAILIE had thought that the heresy-hunting mania, having reached a head, was about to subside; but not so. Among other symptoms of its revival, may be noticed the abortive attempt made in the F.C. Presbytery to arraign no less burning and shining a light than Professor Candlish. This sort of thing may strike ecclesiastical nobodies as a cheap and easy way to notoriety, but the notoriety may turn out to be dearly purchased. By the way, what a spectacle for gods and men it would be if some youngster, imbued with the Robertson-Smithian “new light,” were to impeach the orthodoxy of, say, Dr Adam!

SPEAKING BY THE CARD.

Registrar of B. D. and M.—What's your occupation?

Informant—Aw work in the fields.

Registrar—That is an agricultural labourer.

Informant—Na, na, the bleach fields, man.

STRAINING AT GNATS.—If rigid scrutiny be of any avail, Motherwell should be economically governed. Among the items objected to in the expenses of the recent municipal election were a box of pens and a dozen lead pencils. So far as the BAILIE is aware, not even Oor Jeems has ever “condescended” this length. But do the Motherwell authorities ever, by any chance, swallow camels?

A SELL!—Oh, outraged Borderers! Oh, cruel, if economical, Gladstone! Wherefore outraged? Wherefore cruel? Why, thusly? The “Gladstone Tweed Presentation Suit” is advertised for sale! The plaids, flat-irons, warming-pans—were there warming-pans?—and the rest will doubtless follow in due course; but, for decency's sake, it is to be hoped the great financier will keep the advertisements out of the Scotch papers.

JUDGING BY HERSELF.—According to Granny, “not four persons in a hundred”—observe the exactness of the percentage—“are capable judges of the beef or mutton they consume.” Bless the old lady! She mustn't take her aged palate as a criterion!

Appropriate Name for a Brand of Whisky
— { “Aul' Lovat,”!
— { A' love it.

Beveridge's Guaranteed Mixed Pickles, Red Cabbage, Mushroom Ketchup, Sauces and Table Condiments, unrivalled for purity and flavour.

Concerning Mountains.

MOUNTAINS belong to a higher class of terrestrial subjects than all other earthly things. The level ground pertains to the simpler stage of evolution; mountains date from a more advanced period, that of double names. Just as flounders, which are born flat, ready for packing, are plainly members of a more highly developed class of the Darwinian family than cod and ling which have got to be split before the curers can box them, or as the era of christian and surname in the human family is in advance of the time of simple Adam, so does the double nomenclature of mountains prove them to be in the van of things inanimate. That's as clear as protoplasm any day.

The godfathers of mountains, like those of the human race, appear mostly to have been afflicted with a not very euphonious first name. John is common among men though it is not lovely; and Ben is almost universal among mountains. It is short and easily said, but it must be confessed its wide employment makes it a little confusing. And the puzzle becomes all the more perplexing when we find the masculine designation applied to female mountains such as Ben An and Ben Ledi. But what will you have? There are difficulties to be met with in all subjects worthy of investigation. It is to be regretted, however, that men of genius have continued to increase these difficulties. Sir Walter Scott wrote—"Land of *the* mountain and *the* flood," as if there were one mountain and one flood in the land conspicuous above all others. Everybody knows that the "flood" referred to is the pure and sparkling, yet noble stream, the voice of whose murmuring waters softens the obdurate hearts of the inmates of the Jail of the Suburb. But how about the mountain? Can he have meant Neilston Pad? The suggestion is as likely as any other the BAILIE, or the Ass either, for that matter, has seen.

Mountains, like human beings, serve useful purposes, though sometimes it may not be easy to discover what they are. Special mountains have special functions, as some demoiselles in France are supposed to have a "vocation." Ben Macdhui, for example, if not exactly a pillar of the Church by law established, bears valuable testimony to orthodoxy. The name, freely translated without the assistance of Professor Blackie, means "Benjamin, son of the Black One." Nobody now remembers the christening of this mountain—the ceremony belongs to pre-

historic days. At that time not a single nigger had been deported from the vicinity of "Afric's sunny fountains" to Old Kentucky; nor had the British African Steam Navigation Company made the Celts of Caledonia familiar with Sambo's ebony countenance. From whence, then, had the ancestors of this mountain their knowledge of a "Black One?" The answer is too plain to need pointing out. At any rate, it is as plain as the notion that the word "everlasting" means something that shall not, as legal deliverances run, "take end."

From the number of fishing-rods, with legal luminaries at the butt ends of them, that whip Loch Tay every season, the Magistrate is inclined to fancy that the letter Y has been dropt out of the name of Ben Lawers; but with the terrors of the law of libel before his eyes he declines to be responsible for such a suggestion. If, from any point of view, a single objectionable feature could be discovered in the mountain, the whole profession would be down upon him for substantial damages.

The derivation of Schehallion has puzzled the most earnest philologists to the present day. Though the BAILIE would not like to pronounce definitely, his own impression at this moment is that it is taken from the alphabet. He intends, however, to examine this ancient document more closely; and he has been promised the invaluable assistance of a Town Councillor whose close connection with the alphabet is familiar to everybody.

Ben Lomond is of mixed derivation, and means the mountain of the low world; being originally spelt Lowmond. The first syllable is of native growth, the second is plainly taken from the French "Monde" or world; only, as was the custom in savage times the captors put out their prisoner's "e." This mountain has long been the most celebrated Ben in the district. Only once was its supremacy threatened, and that was by a certain Ben Nett (whose Christian name was Samuel); but Ben Lomond triumphed and maintained its sway.

Then there is Ben More, and More still; and Ben Dizzy, the mountain that was one too many for Mahomet.

Here endeth the true history of mountains.

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Megilp.

LAST Thursday was a busy day in that portion of Sauchiehall Street between West Campbell and Wellington Streets. Artists on foot with pictures under their arms; artists in cabs, with pictures on their knees; porters with pictures; office-boys with pictures, wandered or drove up and down, seeking eagerly for some way of ingress to the Fine Art Institute. The vans of the local carvers and gilders, loaded with pictures, were driven to the door in the Meuse Lane at the back of the building, but painters who carried or sent their works directly to the Institute, less familiar with the ways of the new edifice, found no small difficulty in delivering up their treasures.

There can be no question as to the capital manner in which the interior of the Institute has been arranged. Upstairs and downstairs every inch of space has been utilised to advantage. Purists in art may possibly hint that the classical entrance-hall and staircase is hardly in keeping with the Scottish-antique character of the woodwork provided by Mr Burnet for the ceilings of his galleries, but this is a matter which the great body, even of the art-loving public, is not very likely to notice. A more serious point is the proper lighting of the galleries, always a difficult matter in a picture exhibition. At present, moreover, we are threatened with a dado, round the walls, of hot-water pipes. The notion is certainly an original one; probably the less said about it in an artistic sense the better.

The four pictures sent by Mr William Glover to the Institute are views of Loch Eck or scenes in the valley leading down from the Loch to Kilmun. Careful, and yet deft and easy in treatment, and masterly in colour, they are valuable transcripts of the scenery of this beautiful district, which, while, comparatively speaking, at our own doors, is as picturesque and as striking as any lake or glen far withdrawn in the recesses of Perth or Inverness-shires.

The *Biograph* for January contains an appreciative and interesting sketch of the life of Mr David Murray.

Mr J. C. Noble is still busying himself over shipping scenes. A Thames picture he is sending to the Royal Scottish Academy is particularly strong and effective in colour. In Glasgow he will be represented by a work similar in character to that he has contributed to the Edinburgh exhibition. Mr Noble always painted with abundant skill, but this year his handling has a solidity and a precision of touch, and his colour is distinguished by a richness and a brilliancy such as he never before manifested.

The "loan pictures" in the Institute will include Mr M'Whirter's fine study of "Hawthorn Blossom," painted a couple of years ago near the Lake of Menteith.

Probably the exhibition of the Art Club, which closed a week ago, was the least successful that the Club has yet held—in a pecuniary sense, that is.

The first Art Club conversazione of the year was held in the rooms of the Club, Bothwell Street, on the Monday of last week. Among the noticeable pictures on the walls were a green, delicate summer study by Mr Walton, Mr A. K. Brown's "Mill at Shere," and a "Man in Armour," by Mr Alexander Davidson.

The gathering of artists and their friends on Monday evening, as is usually the case at these conversaciones, was a large one, and altogether the meeting was exceedingly pleasant. Quite a little sensation was created by the unusual vein of mimetic humour manifested by one of the younger members, who seemed able to imitate, not only every denizen of the barn-yard, but birds and insects as well.

A Langbank wild-fowler in his boat, is the subject of Mr Robt. Crawford's largest picture of the year. The drawing of the work is admirable, and the artist has been exceedingly successful in conveying the notion of one of the cold bleak days of last summer.

Mr George Aikman has sent three works to the Glasgow Institute.

The annual exhibition of the Manchester Academy of the Fine Arts opens in the Royal Institution, Moseley Street, Manchester, in the last week of February,

The sending-in day for the Royal Scottish Academy is Thursday next, the 15th inst.

Mr John Miller contributes a large Dunure picture to the Institute, together with a smaller canvas containing a study of bold cliffs with a foreground of sandy beach, and a little cabinet "bit"—a driving party on a wet day. All three are effective works. The largest is especially noticeable for the fine tone of a cliff in the left hand corner, and the luminous painting of the sea in the foreground.

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR A GOOD BOY.—As the BAILIE has more than once admiringly noted, Oor Jeems has clearly gone in for "improving himself." The atmosphere of the School Board is not without its effect. That letter of last Friday, in which he vindicates his character for attention to public duty, is—comparatively speaking—quite Addisonian! "Macte nova virtute puer: sic itur ad astra." There, Jeems! When you've finished your English studies go to work on *that*.

THE 25TH PROXIMO.—The BAILIE remembers when—before we had become so gracious with France—the head of the statue of the Duke of Wellington was wont on the anniversary of Waterloo to be wreathed with laurel. On the anniversary of the great poet's birth, might not the bronze brow of Burns be bound with bay?

What the Greenock Folk are Saying.

THAT the cricketers are very sore over the special licence question.

That they did their best to stump the chief objector.
That it was a mistake to twit him with not having treated his dinner guests *à la Collins*.

That they should rather have commended him for acting as he did.

That the teetotal Grundys have had the dinner under consideration for some time.

That the rabid ones are determined to denounce the head of the house.

That more will be heard of the business before long.
That the river serpent got its head above water twice last week.

That the wordy duel between N's M. and N. over its bed was highly instructive.

That outsiders evidently know more about its mysterious movements than the members of the Harbour Trust do.

That some of the latter are kicking against the keep-it-dark-from-them system which is being carried out.

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Lot No. 16—A small Lot of Women's Grained Leather Elastic-side Boots.....	3 10	Lot No. 42—A small Lot of Boys' and Girls' Lorne Shoes; a splendid chance, to suit ages 3 to 12 years.....	3s to 4 6
Lot No. 17—A Lot of Infants' Patent Lacing Boots and Slippers. A capital chance.....	1 0	Lot No. 44—A small Lot of Women's Coloured Persian Slippers, sewn; a bargain.....	2 0
Lot No. 18—A small lot of Boys' Elastic-side Boots. Very strong good school boot, to suit ages from 6 to 12 years. (Sold only in 32 Jamaica Street.)	5s to 6 6	Lot No. 45—A Small Lot of Children's Leather Lacing and Elastic Boots, to suit ages 2 years to 4.....	2s to 3 0
Lot No. 19—A small Lot of Women's Leather and Cloth Slippers. A bargain	1 6	Lot No. 47—A very small Lot of Ladies' very fine Morocco Elastic Boots—the greatest Bargain of the sale.....	5 0
Lot No. 20—A small Lot of Boys' Wellington Boots. A stylish, magnificent boot. (Sold only in 32 Jamaica Street.)	4 0	Lot No. 48—A very large Lot of Ladies' Kid Elastic Boots—A great sacrifice.....	6 0
Lot No. 21—A small Lot of Children's Leather Elastic-side and Lacing Boots, to suit ages 2 to 3 years, from.....	1 6	Lot No. 49—A very large Lot of Ladies' Levant Leather Elastic Boots—a rare bargain.....	5 0
Lot No. 22—A small Lot of Misses' Kid Elastic-side Boots, to suit ages from 6 to 10 years	4s to 5 6	Lot No. 50—A lot of Ladies' Levant Leather Elastic Boots; never sold so cheap.....	4s to 5 0
Lot No. 23—A small Lot of Misses' Strong Leather Buttoned Boots, to suit ages from 3 to 5 years	3s to 4 0	Lot No. 51—A small Lot of Ladies' Fine Kid Buttoned and Balmoral Lacing Boots. (Sold only in Jamaica St. Shops.)	5 0
Lot No. 24—A small Lot of Girls' Balmoral Lacing Boots, sewn, to suit ages from 6 to 13 years	3s to 4 6	Lot No. 52—A very small Lot of Ladies' Dress Shoes and Slippers, given away at.....	3 6
Lot No. 27—A small Lot of Men's Strong Leather Elastic and Lacing Shoes.....	5 6	Lot No. 53—A small Lot of Misses' White Kid and Coutil Elastic Ball Boots, from.....	1 0
Lot No. 29—A very small Lot of Children's Grained Leather Strap Slippers, to suit ages 3 to 9 years. (Sold only in 32 Jamaica Street.).....	1s 6d to 2 6	Lot No. 54—A very small Lot of Women's Warm House Boots—A Miscellaneous Lot.....	2 2
		Lot No. 55—A Lot of Ladies' Fancy Felt Boots.....	3 0
		(Sold only in 32 Jamaica Street.)	

E. J. SCOTT & SONS, 8 and 32 JAMAICA STREET,

124 COWCADDENS STREET, 138 CANNING STREET, BRIDGETON; SOUTH-SIDE WORKING-MEN'S DEPARTMENT, 26 KIRK ST., GORBALS; AND GORBALS SHOE FACTORY, KIRK ST., GLASGOW.

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The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 379. Glasgow, Wednesday, January 21st, 1880. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 379.

"DIAMOND me no diamonds, prize me no prizes," quoth the bold Sir Lancelot of the Lake, when he had been borne to the earth by the young Sir Lavaine in the jousts at Camelot. And this, or something like this must have been the feeling of Mr JAMES MACTEAR when, at the end of the series of experiments he conducted in company with Mr Maskelyne, the crystalline substance he had supposed to be diamond dust resolved itself, for the most part, into silica, alumina, and magnesia. But yet the disappointment he endured was surely slight indeed, as compared with that caused by his letter of a couple of days later in the minds of the male and female snobs who had hoped that diamonds would become in the future as cheap as tenpenny nails. The little people who delight to adorn their diminutive persons with silver and gold and precious stones have one and all received a shock. They are up in arms against the bold, bad man whom they assert has deceived them, and their rancour found tongue, the other day, in the columns of at least one local print. Mr MACTEAR deserves, however, every praise for the candour of his letter on the subject. He had certainly entertained high hopes with regard to his discovery, and these hopes were shared by the leaders of scientific opinion in London; but no sooner had the substance in question resolved itself into other than the constituents of a diamond, than he boldly announced this to the world at large. Besides, the product of Mr MACTEAR'S discovery is a material which promises to be of much value in the industrial arts, and then it must not be forgotten that even yet the question of the artificial production of diamonds has not been settled, and that our Glasgow chemist, accord-

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ing to the leading authorities on chemistry and mineralogy, has hit upon the process which is likely to lead to a successful solution of it. The hero of this seven days' wonder is still a young man. He bears a name which is widely known and as widely respected in Glasgow. Mr JAMES MACTEAR was born in 1845. While a boy he had a narrow escape from being apprenticed to the trade of engraving, but the natural bent of his mind, and his taste for experimenting, led him to engage in the study of chemistry under Dr Wallace, the present City Analyst. After undergoing the usual curriculum of laboratory study, Mr MACTEAR was engaged for a short time in a small chemical work in the city. He then spent several months as assistant to Mr E. C. Stanford, the inventor of the improved processes for the preparation of iodine. The experience gained in these comparatively subordinate situations enabled the Man you Know to expand his wings for a wider flight. From the last named situation he transferred himself to Newcastle, where for three years he officiated as manager in the large and important chemical business of Messrs C. Allhusen and Sons. We next find him back in Glasgow—this being in the end of 1867—in the practical management of that busy hive of industry, the St. Rollox Works of Messrs Charles Tennant and Co. How highly his services were esteemed by the firm may be best understood by the circumstance that, two years later, he was assumed as one of the partners. As technical managing partner of the business, he directs the operations connected with the manufacture of the various chemicals produced, as well in the Hebburn-on-Tyne and Manchester works, as at St Rollox itself. Mr MACTEAR is well-known for his introduction of many economies and improvements in practical chemistry, and also for his appliances for saving labour in connection with

the wear and tear on men employed at chemical furnaces. Several of the inventions and processes he has patented—as, for example, his mechanical fireman—are successfully at work both in this country and on the Continent. His communications to various learned societies on the subjects he has specially made his own have attracted much attention, and for one of these, that descriptive of his improvement in the alkali manufacture, he received the silver medal of the London Society of Arts. He was one of the jurors at the Paris Exhibition of 1878, where he received, moreover, two silver medals for his exhibited inventions, the firm being awarded, at the same time, a medal of gold. This career is surely one of far more success than that of the every day prosperous city magnate. Mr MACTEAR, as already said, is still a young man. What he has done is no more than an earnest of what he is capable of doing. His investigations into the nature of diamonds have made his name known all over the country, and we may be sure that we have not yet heard the last of the artificial production of precious stones

◆◆◆
ONE FOR THE CLOTH.

Minister (to small boy who has been using profane language) — Are you not aware, my little boy, that Satan hears all these bad words? He is everywhere and hears everything.

Small Boy (wonderingly)—Is he every place?

Minister—Yes, every place.

Small Boy—Is he in oor house?

Minister—Yes.

Small Boy—In the kitchen?

Minister—Yes, in the kitchen.

Small Boy—And in the room?

Minister—Yes, even in the room.

Small Boy—And in the coal cellar?

Minister—Yes, my boy, he is even there, too.

Small Boy (running away laughing)—Oh whit a lee. We've nae coal cellar!

◆◆◆
WHO OWNS THEM?—"The police," says a contemporary, "in investigating the case, recovered the articles, and when shown to their owners, were at once identified and claimed." It is doubtless interesting to learn that the police have been identified and claimed, and the BAILIE wishes "their owners" joy; but it would have been only considerate on our contemporary's part to state who the said owners are.

◆◆◆
FERGUSON'S EDINBURGH ROCK is the best present from Edinburgh. I Melbourne place, near the Castle

Some Men we Know.

THE world keeps on moving, though some people say
It is now near the end of its tether,
Yet things come and go in the old sort of way,
Unless in the case of the weather.

In the morning it's frost, in the evening it's rain,
At mid-day the sun may be blinking;
But the *Clerk of the Weather* is wrong in the main—
Can the man be addicted to drinking?

That *Man in the Moon* is inclined to be late—
His spouse is not one who loves storming—
He is shady at times, and, though riding in state,
Slips quietly to bed in the morning.
He indulges in "quarters, in "halves," and gets "full,"
Who his cronies can be I've been thinking.
The *Clerk of the Weather* has with him been at school—
Can the pair be addicted to drinking?

There's old *Daddy Neptune*, a worthy old salt,
Has a rough sort of love for *Britanni*,
Though some think his liking's as strong for *Miss Malt*,
And his conduct at times—well, uncanny.
While *Boreas*, his friend and companion to boot,
Tries all sorts of games and high jinking;
With that *Clerk of the Weather* they go out to shoot—
Can they all be addicted to drinking?

Then old *Davy Jones*, so very well known,
Gets now and then into deep water;
And queer things are said of that locker, you'll own,
But to some folks it cannot much matter.
If a friend be indeed a friend when in need,
He watches o'er ships when they're sinking,
With trouble and toil he looks after the spoil,
But who will dare say he's been drinking?

John Frost is a man with a mind of his own,
He respects neither people nor nations;
His grip is as hard as a nether millstone.
And with dainty swell folk he's no patience.
The rich rather like him, the poor stand in fear,
The healthy adore him when rinking;
His visit comes round with the dull time o' year,
And I fear he encourages drinking.

Another old crony is *Bacchus* the bold,
About whom we've various opinions.
His "spirited conduct," we're frequently told,
Leads down to the lower dominions.
But, granting he sometimes gets out on the loose,
His jolly old face, to my thinking,
Sends a glow through the hearts in a sorrowing house,
Though I fear he's addicted to drinking.

◆◆◆
SHORT, IF NOT SWEET.—If brevity be the soul of wit, it is not always the soul of lucidity. *Ecce signum*. "Auctioneer.—Wanted, by gentleman of means, engagement. Exercise part or full time. Nominal. Respectability only apply." This is clipped from the advertising columns of the *Herald*, and if the "gentleman of means" gets what he wants the readers of those columns must be better hands at guessing conundrums than the BAILIE.

Home Rule—The Rule of Three—Queen, Lords, and Commons over Scotland, England, and Ireland. That's about it.

"Dangerous Quarters"—Nips, when yin tak's ower meny.

"The Voice of Providence."

IT was not to be expected that such a disaster as that of the Tay Bridge could occur unfol- lowed by various unseemly attempts to make capital out of it. We have, of course, had "sen- sation" sermons preached on the subject, and last week a member of the Dundee Free Pres- bytery proposed, in effect, that the Presbytery should record their opinion that the catastrophe was the natural—or supernatural—result of Sunday travelling. It is pleasing to note that this suggestion did not meet with much support, though the opposition in general was of a some- what lukewarm character. One reverend gentle- man considered that there was "a difficulty" in the way of carrying out the proposal, while an- other did not think the present "the very best time to bring the matter forward." One mem- ber of Presbytery, however, had the good sense and the courage to take higher ground and point out that "if there was such a thing as breaking the Fourth Commandment, there was also such a thing as breaking the Third Com- mandment by an unworthy interpretation of Providence." Those persons, lay and clerical, who are in the habit of talking profanely of "the voice of Providence" in connection with such occurrences as this would do well to take that last remark to heart.

A CASE OF SOW-ASIDE.

Celt—O aye, she'll be going to give a vurra pig, pig pairty.

Cockney—Then it's likely you'll have a ham- ateur performance?

Celt—For course she will; she'll jist be order her at Lipton's.

A CASE FOR COVENTRY.—Has Mr William Kidston any friends who have influence with him and are at the same time acquainted with the decencies of civilised life? If so, their services are urgently needed. His latest exploit is to insult his colleagues at a public board and defy the chairman. In the meantime, until such influence as that referred to can be brought to bear, a temporary residence in Coventry might benefit the Laird of Ferniegair.

THE M'HARDYS ARE COMIN'!—The police establishment of Scotland seems in a fair way to be given over to the M'Hardy family. An- other of the clan has turned up in the person of the Chief-constable of Sutherlandshire.

Government Manilla Cheroots and Cigars (large size), 5 a rs.
D. CARMICHAEL, 161 Ingram St., and 121 Buchanan St.

A West-End "Atrocity."

THE BAILIE is pleased to see attention once more called to the cruelty inflicted on that wretched bird in the West-End Park. Letters published on the subject had the effect of calling the attention of Mr Frederick White, Chief In- spector of the Glasgow Society for the Preven- tion of Cruelty to Animals, to the matter. This personage paid various visits to the Park, studied the ways of the eagle and its juvenile friends, and reported that there was no reason for tak- ing any further steps, since the bird was never—or, at least, hardly ever—maltreated, and was quite happy. A Chief Inspector, S.P.C.A., may possess peculiar powers of reading the feelings of the brute creation, but to the non-inspectorial eye the eagle presents a spectacle of superlative misery. If the powers that be do not speedily provide suitable accommodation for the wretched creature, the BAILIE has a good mind to load his blunderbuss, and, risking the consequences, put an end to its sufferings.

"WATER ADULTERATED WITH MILK."— Your Ayr adulterator is no sticker at trifles. For audacity he might even give "points" to that bold bad man, Mr William Mackintosh. His butter-milk, for instance, is certified to "contain 122 parts of water to 100 parts of milk!" Asinus, who has not visited the Land o' Burns for some time, is curious to know what the whisky is like.

SUSPICIOUS.— Have "the members of the Free and United Presbyterian Presbyteries of Lanark" any interest in some "guid-gaun" shebeen or shebeens? It looks like it, since they met last week and proposed that the Justices should "grant no new licenses, nor grant licenses to new applicants when the old ones lapsed."

RETIRED AND RETIRING.—Certain persons have been at a loss to account for Admiral Sir William Edmonstone's extreme bashfulness, but now the secret is out. He has, it seems, been for some years on the "retired" list.

PRIMA FACIE.

Mr A.—Her face, sir, is so beautiful that even intellect respects it—hesitates to disturb it.

Mr B.—Ah, I see, too weak to light it up, and so, if "beautiful" as you say, expressionless.

Beveridge's Guaranteed Mixed Pickles, Red Cabbage, Mush- room Ketchup, Sauces and Table Condiments, unrivalled for purity and flavour.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE.—The fun made by Mr Mackintosh in the "Forty Thieves," now that he has really settled down to his work, and has felt, so to speak, the pulse of the public, is really first-rate. Indeed, if it were not a species of *less-majesty* to hint at such a thing in the presence of Miss Emily Soldene, I should say that he carries along the entire Gaiety pantomime by the sheer strength and "go" of his native humour. Not that Miss Soldene is to be decried for a moment, but Mackintosh, you see, has so many chances, and uses these to such excellent advantage, that when you come away you think more of his "bold, bad man" than of any other of the people who have made sport for your amusement.

Mr Sidney's pantomime terminates on Saturday week, the 31st inst. "The Fair One with the Golden Locks" has been his most successful pantomime, and it has deserved its success. On the following Monday—the 2nd of February—the usual theatrical season begins at the Prince of Wales, and I believe that Mr Sidney has some capital cards in his hand.

Mr Knapp's first month as a manager terminated on Saturday night, when the Royalty Theatre was quite filled in every part by a most enthusiastic audience. So far his independent career has been a brilliant success. To-night the ever-popular "Bells of Corneville" will be produced by a capital company. The Miser will be played by Mr John Howson—our first *Gaspard*, Mr John Rouse—who is now, by-the-bye, a successful Boniface in Bristol—will be the *Bailie*, Mr Danvers the *Gobbo*, and Mons. Loredan the *Marquis*, while, as I mentioned a fortnight ago, Miss Mulholland—a protegee of the Marchioness of Downshire, will be *Germaine*, and Miss Fanny Wentworth *Serpoulette*. The company is under the direction of Mr J. C. Scanlan.

Arrangements, I understand, are being made by Mr Knapp for a fortnight of old English comedy at the Royalty. Among the members of the company will probably be Mrs Chippendale and Miss Rose Leclercq, two ladies who are certain of an enthusiastic reception in this city. There are some hopes, moreover, that Mr Chippendale may appear in one or two of his more celebrated parts—*Old Harcastle* and *Sir Anthony* among others—during the visit of Mrs Chippendale.

This is the last week of "New Babylon" at the Royal Princess's Theatre on the South Side, Mr Beryl advertising that he will produce an Irish drama, written (?) and acted by Mr Hubert O'Grady. Surely, however, the days of the National Irish Drama are over—for the present at least. We are all surfeited with the Irish of Mr Boucicault and his followers. Why doesn't Mr Beryl produce such another drama as "New Babylon" now that he knows that this is the kind of entertainment that will draw the public. There's "Under the Gaslight," for instance, or "The Great City," or "After Dark," all of them as superior in its own way to "New Babylon" as "New Babylon" is to the "National Irish Drama." Let him put up "Under the Gaslight" for a month and his house will be packed every night of its performance.

Mr F. M. Paget, whose capital performance of the *Doctor* in "Peril," last September, will not be forgotten by Glasgow playgoers, is about to start out with a company of his own in a fresh version of "Nos Intimes," by Horace Wigan, called—happy thought!—"The Doctor." Arrangements for booking his tour have been made by Mr Paget, who is at present in Glasgow, with his old friend Mr H. Cecil Beryl—and a very competent "nurse" the Doctor will have.

One of the Members of the Committee of the Fine Art Institute is busy with a history of its ups and downs since it was started in 1861—the year in which it replaced the old West of Scotland Academy, an association which did good work in its day, but never wholly succeeded in getting out of the rut of a narrow provincialism.

I wonder, BAILIE, who the lucky (?) man will be into whose mouth the designing of the facade of the new Municipal Buildings in George Square will fall. Rumour has it that the internal arrangements will be designed by Mr Carrick, but that the Front Elevation is being made a matter of competition among outside architects.

"The New Gleanings from Gladstone" have been a great success. The thirty-third thousand is now being printed, and the financial result is rather satisfactory to the young author, who, by the way, scored his first hit in the famous "Fashionable Tragedian."

The gallery of Hengler's Cirque at a morning performance is in itself a sight worthy seeing. The charity children of the city are presently having a good time therein. Some ultra goody-goody folks, I believe, won't allow their youthful charges to share in this treat. Of course there be Pharisees now as of old, and the modern type is even more hollow than the ancient. If you want to see little folks extremely happy, look in, my Magistrate, at the open door of the West Nile Street house any Saturday afternoon.

BLUE BLOOD—The sons of the Prince of Wales have had their faces tattooed. This looks much like a device of My Lord Beaconsfield. He must be about to annex some vast territory of savages, and his policy is to confer upon it a sovereign of their own fashion. The time of the royal scions to rule Britannia is of course looming in the distance.

Should "Gleanings from Gladstone" prove a profitable book the public need not be surprised if it is followed by "Brushings from Bright," "Cullings from Calcraft," "Hauls from Hartington," "Jabberings from Jenkins," "Litter from Lowe," and "Morsels from Marwood." The birthday book for next season will be "Beauties from Beaconsfield."

A contemporary speaks of an accident having befallen a man while he was acting "in his capacity as a carter." When accidents happen to the Jehus who make a van-demons' land of our streets the said Jehus are generally acting in their incapacity.

THE RANK IS BUT THE "ANCHOR" STAMP.—When the lady let fall her garter, the best thing to do was to *Honi soit* it, and make the garter honourable. So if the tattooing cannot be eradicated from the noses of the young Princes, why not put the best face upon it, and create an Order of Tattoo? A man's patent of nobility would be then inalienable from his "blood."

OF THE FIRST WATER.—Bauldy has discovered "diamonds," the real Mak' Tear, too. Guess? A lady's eyes.

"Lady-Killers"—Tight Dresses.

A "Railing" Accusation—Mr Osborne's.

A Mint of Money.

THE other day an Aberdeen clergyman announced from the pulpit that the collection on the previous Sunday "had amounted to 17s and a peppermint lozenge," adding—whether with bitter sarcasm or guileless innocence, who shall say—that the donor of the lozenge, who had probably given it in mistake for a shilling or sixpence, might receive his property by applying at the vestry. Why reject the offering? If the worthy parson spoke in all sincerity and kindness, why not present the lozenge to some poor but honest member of the congregation? If, on the other hand, he was animated by a more bitter spirit, he might keep it to sweeten his temper withal.

AN ILLUSTRIOUS STRANGER.
(Scene—A Tea Party.)

Hostess (to London guest who is "bragging a bit)—Tuts, tuts, Mr Smith, ye'll be quite at hame the nicht. Div ye no see I've "London buns" on the table?

A BOLD BAD BOY.
(Scene—Newsvendor's Shop.)

Bold Bad Boy—Hev ye this week's Dick Turpin?

Conscientious Shopkeeper (who declines to sell such literature)—to his assistant—Hand me down a Shorter Catechism.

Bold Bad Boy (with scared look)—Guidness! I've enough of they things at hame. Rushes off hurriedly.

TEMPESTS AND TEACUPS.—The *Herald* attaches so much importance to a certain correspondence now going on, that it publishes an apology for the circumstance that, in one instance, "Mr Gladstone's letter was by mistake made to follow instead of to precede that of Mr Ferguson." Oh, thunder and small-beer!

ABOUT RIGHT.—Apropos of the charge for admission to the exhibition of the Prince of Wales's presents, a correspondent of the *Herald* asks if the "common good" fund is "to be retained only for such 'common good' as the citizens may not partake of." This view of the matter is not perhaps so very wide of the mark.

HATT TON.—The *Mail* (female?) critic, referring to last week's Choral Union Concert informs all whom it may concern that "Mendelssohn's choral writing makes very high demands on the virtuosity of all sections of the chorus." *Virtuosity* is good, very excellent good. The *Young* idea shouldn't shoot just so very high.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Paddy (on board Belfast Steamer during rough weather)—What d'ye call this boat?

Deck Hand—The Buffalo.

Paddy—Thank ye. Well, bedad, we might go to the bottom and not a bit of me would have known the name of the steamer I was drowned in.

WHAT NEXT?—In a little suburban village—erst of water-works—champagne-luncheon—celebrity—the local Bobby has just been "run in" as a deacon—not of the weavers—but of the local Free Kirk. Fancy a member of "ta force" in uniform doing duty at "the plate" on Sundays, and solemnly going through the other diaconal business. The force of fancy, or rather the fancy of "the force"—could no further go.

OUR "SENTIMENTAL CELT."—The Gladstone-Ferguson farce goes merrily on. The "sentimental Celt"—thus doth John describe himself in his latest epistle—continues to discharge volleys of Hibernian "illoquence" at the head of the ex-Premier, who responds solemnly, if briefly. One smiles to think of how my Lord Beaconsfield—or, in fact, anybody but W.E.G.—would deal with the sentimental Celt.

TITS!—Turning his mighty intellect aside for a while from matters of *haute politique*, the Duke of Argyll writes to the *Times* on the subject of small birds—a topic in which he is, perhaps, more at home. But what does he mean by saying that "the crested tit is . . . unknown in this country?" His Grace himself might well enough pass muster as a "crested tit," being both wee and naturally "crested."

A CHAISE "BY ANY OTHER NAME."
(Scene—A Country School.)

Inspector (to Class)—Can you give me another word for chaise?

First Boy (sharply)—A gig.

Inspector—Another word.

Second Boy (hesitatingly)—A machine.

Inspector—Another word.

Third Boy (doggedly)—A dog—"cairt."

Inspector—Another word. Come away; any-one answer.

Little Boy (intelligently)—A barrow.

The Animile's kindred may be found far North. A glance at the map of Sutherlandshire shows that there's an Ass ynt. What has the beast to say to this? He-haw, to be sure.

Quavers.

AT the orchestral concert to-night (Tuesday), the ninth of the entire series, they will play No. 7 of the Beethoven symphonies. Perhaps the most familiar portion of this important work is the allegretto, rhythmically very simple, yet full of variety. The finale is a favourite number, too, being a capriccio in its way, and showing the master in what we might almost call a funny mood. The No. 7 was last performed here under Dr Bulow's appreciative baton.

Another example from Beethoven, and to precede the symphony, is to be given in the *allegro con brio* for violin and orchestra, in C major, the solo part in which is to be played by Herr Franke. We cannot say that Herr Franke excels in tone; indeed, the average German violinist for some reason seems behind his English brother in this respect; but Herr Franke's skill is undeniable, and he has given us every reason to be satisfied with (what are somewhat rare qualities) his conscientiousness and steadiness as leading violin of the orchestra.

We shall hear at this concert Verdi the neglected, in the prelude to "Aida;" and the overtures "Masaniello" and "William Tell" are to be given. Miss Robertson will contribute the vocal music, singing "Non mi dir" (*Donna Anna* in *Don Giovanni*), also a (vocal) waltz, and the canzone "Marinella" by Randegger.

The last concert of the subscription series takes place next Tuesday evening, when portions of Mozart's great Requiem music, with some other important compositions of that master, commemoratively, also Beethoven's No. 9 or choral symphony, will be produced.

It is pleasant to be able to record that the Saturday evening concerts have been all along in excellent favour. The "Messiah" for Saturday evening week is a capital idea, and there should be a very large attendance. Things have altogether gone very well evidently this season.

Herr Pauer's six lectures (characteristic sketches of great musicians) are being delivered this week in the New Halls in connection with the Glasgow Association for the Higher Education of Women. They are given on every afternoon of this week, at 3-30, and the musicians lectured upon are, in order, Beethoven, Weber, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Chopin, and Schumann, with illustrations from their pianoforte works. The sterner sex are admitted.

In keeping with the announced *raison d'être* of the society, the Merle Musical Association gave a concert to the inmates of Barnhill Poorhouse on Friday evening last. The programme consisted of part-songs, choruses, &c., among the first-mentioned being "Duncan Gray," harmonised for the Glasgow Select Choir, "Kate Kearney" (both encored), and "Believe me if all those endearing young charms;"—the latter, by the way, is just such an air as suits for refined part-singing, and one wonders it is not heard of more in that way. The concert came off with marked *eclat*.

The Burns concert given with so much success by the Glasgow Select Choir in the Kibble Palace on Saturday evening is to be repeated next Saturday night, more appropriately, as to date, in the City Hall. Mr Archer has arranged "My Nannie's awa'," "A man's a man for a' that," "O' a' the airts," "My Nannie O," and "Last May a braw wooer," specially for the Burns concerts.

By the way, at the last meeting of the Pen and Pencil Club, some male-voice arrangements of Scotch songs, contributed by two of the members, were sung, and Romberg's Toy Symphony was played. There is plenty of musical talent to draw on in the Club, no doubt, and no reason why it should not be fully made use of.

Handel's "Semele," first time in Scotland, is to be performed by the South-Side Tonic Sol-Fa Society on Friday evening. Every pains has been taken to ensure an adequate presentation of this little-known but interesting oratorio or cantata.

On the same evening, the Crosshill Musical Association have their first concert of the season, in Govanhill Burgh Hall.

The Bellahouston Musical Association gave a concert on Friday evening last in the Maclean Street Rooms. Prout's cantata, "Hereward," occupied the greater part of the evening,

and, as the result proved, was by no means a good choice. Wagnerian in character, orchestral accompaniment, even stage representation, seems necessary to make the work at all acceptable; and it is as unsettled in melodic phrase as "Lohengrin" itself, while without a spark of the genius of the Bayreuth exemplar. The result is weariness to the singers, as one can see, and certainly want of interest for the hearers. The Society was in rather indifferent form, unfortunately, and besides singing the "Hereward" choruses weakly, did but scant justice to the few part-songs in the second part. If but little can be said for the choral singing—for which Mr Moodie did the best that could possibly be done—great praise must, on the other hand, be given to the solos: soprano, tenor, and bass; also, of course, to the piano accompaniments of Mr T. Berry,—a much-enduring gentleman, as we have often thought—and to those on the harmonium by Mr R. Donaldson, Jun.

But the subject of association concerts generally is worth consideration. By and bye we shall recur to it.

PIPES ROUND.

Rubbert—Hey, Donal, ye're gaun tae hae a gran' Gaelic concert in the Ceety Ha' on the twinty-third, I see. Nae doubt ye'll be gaun tae sing an oratorio at it yersel'?

Donald—No, inteet, Ropert, it wass no rory-tory I woot tiskrace ta pipes with, ne nor an orkan recital on them mirover.

Rubbert—I daursay ye'll hae the best orchestra that's tae be had for daein' the accompaniments?

Donald—Yiss, yiss, to pe surely, we shell haf tozens ant half-tozens of ta pest pipers in Scotland, more as twinty of ta pest pipers altokether. It wass ta kreatest treat Kleskow will effer hart

DIVIDE BY FOUR, AND LOOK BEFORE.

In marriage, Ladies, matter weighty,
Never sell yourselves too cheap;
And this being leap-year, Eighteen-eighty,
See you "look before you leap."

In the course of a debate in the U.P. Presbytery last week one member expressed his opinion that "to put questions to children of eight or ten years of age as to the habits of their parents would be a somewhat questionable procedure." The BAILIE is inclined to think that some epithet more appropriate than "questionable" might be found to characterise a proposal to raise an army of infantile spies upon their own parents.

PATRIOTIC ANIMILE!—A "Sister," dating from a Kerry convent, advertises in the *Herald* for "a thousand Irishmen to collect for the distress in Ireland," and offers as an inducement "a splendid box of shamrocks" to each collector. Asinus says that if the "Sister" will make the shamrocks thistles he's "on."

Mitchell's Old Irish Whisky, Belfast, is famed over the World. Agent, David Mitchell, 20 Hope Street, Glasgow.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the authorities have made a raid upon the beggars.

That there are more beggars among us than are to be found soliciting alms in the public streets.

That there are the genteel beggars.

That there are also the members of the begging letter fraternity.

That the prosecution of one or two of these gentry might do some good.

That the game of beggar my neighbour has been going on for some considerable time in Glasgow.

That the revelations in the Bankruptcy Courts show how it's done.

That it is a capital thing for the beggar, but ruination to the neighbour.

That certain of the College Professors are taking a deep interest in the formation of the "Girls' School."

That a few of them would have no objection to change a professorship for the Principalship of a thriving Institute.

That Lord Provost Collins has got two additional letters added to his name.

That he is now a Depute Lieutenant of Lanarkshire.

That—that's what he is.

That the Council are determined to go on with the bakery job in the East-end.

That in a year or two the proprietor of the bakery will receive a good round sum to shift his shop elsewhere.

That Mr W. R. W. Smith wants the "pestiferous atmosphere" of the Council Chamber improved.

That less talk and more work would be a great improvement.

That Mr W. R. W. has always some bee in his bonnet.

That he recently challenged a "member of the church militant" to a discussion.

That the muscular churchman didn't see any good in debating with a man possessed of so many initials.

That the City Bank Liquidators have kindly consented to an extension of time for the applications from depositors who are willing to accept their principal without their interest.

That those who have not already applied are quite willing to wait for both principal and interest.

That the political busy bodies are growing fidgety over the redistribution of seats.

That which of the J. B.'s is to be the coming man it is difficult to say.

That Sheriff Guthrie knows how to deal with the "fifing fiends."

That "15 months with hard labour" will give their party feelings time to cool.

That this is the way to make them "pay for their whistle."

THE POTENTIAL MOOD, THREE TENSES.

India's presents from India past
India's future may help re-cast.

Take your Choice!

IF the faculty of nice discrimination be desirable in a critic, then "Mr J. G. Fairweather, consulting engineer, assistant to the Professor of Engineering in Edinburgh University, and Lecturer on Engineering in Edinburgh and Glasgow," must be accorded a high position in "the ungentle craft." That personage lectured in this city last week on the Tay Bridge, and remarked that "many of the theories of the disaster that had been ventilated in the press were ingenious, and most of the others were contemptible. He did not mean to say that Sir Thomas Bouch's theory was either the one or the other, but he thought it occupied a place between the two"—that is to say, it is either ingeniously contemptible or contemptibly ingenious. Sir Thomas, the BAILIE presumes, may take his choice. Is this Mr Fairweather, by the way, the gentleman who, a couple of years ago, delivered a startlingly "original" address before the Institution of Engineers and Shipbuilders?

A WATERY LOOKOUT.

(Scene—Rutherglen Station, Saturday 2 p.m.; Arrival of heavily laden train with skaters from "Central" after thaw has set in).

Ragged Urchin (to companion) — A' say, Jamie, A' didna' ken sae mony folk could soom.
[Sensation among the ladies.]

CONSULTING THE ABSENT.—In the course of the Kidston episode at the School Board meeting last week, Mr Fleming suggested that Ferniegair should "consult his own good sense," whereupon Dr Dodds "did not think it was fair to speak of good sense in that way." What could he mean?

Certain to Suck-seed — An Orange-man.

LONDON SCOTTISH RESORT, 3 Water Lane, Ludgate Hill, London, the only House for "Real Johnny" Scotch Whiskies of all Brands, Scotch Ales, &c. Neil Mackay, Proprietor.

GIFT OF £5000.

IMMENSE EXCITEMENT! TREMENDOUS CROWDS!! Unparalleled in the History of the Hat Trade. Thousands upon Thousands are taking advantage of Wonderful Offer.

FRESH LOTS BROUGHT FORWARD TO-DAY. Several Hundred Beautiful Large FELT HATS, the Newest Shapes, Full Trimmed with Velvet, for 11½d. Immense Piles of IMITATION BEAVERS, for 7½d; worth 5s 9d.

MILLINERY BONNETS and HATS, the First Stock in Scotland, now selling at astonishing Reductions. Every kind of Hat for Ladies, Gentlemen, Misses, Boys, or Infants.

DO NOT WAIT TILL THE CRUSH—CALL EARLY.

In return for the unprecedented and liberal patronage accorded to us during the past ten years, we have determined to deduct the above amount from the ordinary prices charged on our stock, and have arranged a gigantic Sale this month. Our arrangements with our Wholesale Departments necessitate this being the last Sale in the Colosseum. Such being the fact we have determined to give our friends and supporters a benefit that will not be forgotten. Come early, as we cannot guarantee any of these special lines after the first two weeks.

LADIES' BEAVER HATS. MISSES' BEAVER HATS.

Ladies' Imitation Long Pile Beavers (all colours), 2s 11d; ordinary price, 4s 6d.

Ladies' Real (English) Beaver Hats 5s 11d; ordinary price, 9s. Ladies' Real (French makes) Beaver Hats, 7s 11d; ordinary price 12s.

Ladies' Real (Best French makes) Beaver Hats, 9s; ordinary price, 16s. Several Thousands to choose from. These are just the very latest novelties, and are beautiful Goods.

SEAL RINK HATS. SEAL HATS, ALL SHAPES.

Imitation Seal Hats for Misses, 1s 5½d; regular price 3s. Splendid Line of Real Seal Hats, 6s 11d; regular price, 11s 9d.
25 Only Real Seal Hats, now for 25s; regular price, 40s; also a few at 60s, with lining slightly soiled, for same price. These last are extremely choice Goods. Ladies should see them.

TONS UPON TONS OF FELT AND STRAW HATS.

9376 Felt Hats for Misses, the Newest Shapes, 4½d; regular price 2s 6d.

6211 Felt Hats for Ladies, all Colours and Shapes, 11½d; regular price 4s 9d.

This last line are all beautiful Goods and the Newest Fashion. Our clients are not to fancy that these are a lot of rubbish worth almost nothing—they are value for four times the price.

CARTLOADS OF LADIES' AND MISSES' STRAW HATS, GIVEN AWAY FROM 1d UP.

REAL CHIP HATS AND BONNETS.

WONDERFUL LINE OF REAL CHIPS, NEWEST SHAPES, for 11½d Each.

TRIMMED HATS. TRIMMED BONNETS.

Several Hundred Millinery Bonnets and Hats at nominal Prices. Nine only remaining French Patterns, by Viro, Gilot, &c. Prices, 160s, 140s, 110s, and 100s; now for 50s, 45s, 40s. One Hundred and Fifty Crape Bonnets will now be sold from 2s 6d up; All the remaining new Canadian and Fregno Hats for 4s 11d. Mob Caps and Dress Caps from 11½d each.

FLOWERS! FLOWERS!! FLOWERS!!!

Roses, all the new Colours, One Penny each; also, immense variety of French and English Sprays, Wreaths, Trails, &c. Ostrich Tips and Flats, all colours, at very low prices. Everything reduced, Birds, Wings, Ornaments, &c.

GENTLEMEN'S FELT AND DRESS HAT DEPARTMENTS.**EXTRAORDINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.**

For the first time, and for this month only, we will make a reduction in our prices of Gentlemen's Hats. Mr Binnie has laid out his superb stock of Felt and Satin Hats at the undernoted prices:—Gentlemen's Felt Hats, 6s 11d, 5s 11d, 4s 11d, 3s 11d, 2s 11d, 1s 11d, and 11d. Gentlemen's Satin Hats, 15s 11d, 13s 11d, 11s 11d, 9s 11d, 7s 11d, 5s 11d. We specially ask our friends and supporters to take advantage of this Sale, as never in the history of the Hat Trade was there such value offered. To give an idea of the comparative values, we may say the 6s 11d Felt is regularly sold elsewhere at 10s 6d and 12s 6d; and the 15s 11d Dress Hat is the best that can be had for money. Travelling Caps, Tam o' Shanter's, &c., at less than makers' prices. The Boys' Fancy Hat and Cap Department, to describe which would take a column itself, we content ourselves by saying to parents and guardians that this is a golden opportunity, and should not be lost. 2500 Boys' Tweed Tam o' Shanter's, for 10½d. These are selling in hundreds.

HAT CLEANING.

Ladies' and Misses' Felt Hats cleaned, dyed, and altered by the very best workmen in the trade in a manner that surpasses all the efforts of the smaller fraternity. Our price this month for dyeing and altering Felts to any shape for Ladies or Misses Sixpence. These Hats can be renovated and trimmed by us in three days.

Intending Purchasers should call early in the day to save inconvenient overcrowding.

WALTER WILSON & CO.'S
Great Bonus and Last Sale,
COLOSSEUM,
70 JAMAICA STREET,
UP STAIRS.

"GLENGYLE"

OLD HIGHLAND WHISKY.

A Judicious Combination of the Finest Matured HIGHLAND MALT WHISKIES. Unrivalled for Toddy and General Family Use.

18S PER GALLON OR 36S PER DOZEN.
(Jars and Bottles Returned.)

SOLE PROPRIETOR—

J. H. DEWAR,
Wholesale Family Wine Stores,

47 ROSE STREET, GARNETHILL (Corner of Buccleuch Street);
And 190 St. GEORGE'S ROAD (Opposite West Princes St).

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

HENRY THOMSON & CO.'S

OLD

IRISH WHISKY.

SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—

ROBERT BROWN, 17 HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.

DAVISON'S

**CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE
GINGER BEER.**

A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE YEAR ROUND; WARM, GRATEFUL, AND AROMATIC.
As Supplied to the Western, Junior, New, and other Clubs.

THOMAS DAVISON,
DISPENSING CHEMIST,

126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

LADIES' 2 BUTTON

FRENCH KID GLOVES,

Only 1s 11d per Pair,
IN ALL THE NEW SHADES.

PROVAN & SMELLIE, 120 Trongate.

**CENTRAL DINING AND
TEA ROOMS,**

51 BUCHANAN STREET.

(Opposite Argyle Arcade.)

LADIES' ROOM—no Gratuities—no delay.

WM. NIVEN, Proprietor.

**COOPER & CO.'S
FRUIT SYRUPS.**

LEMON and GINGER Especially Recommended.
1s 9d BOTTLE FOR 8½d,
3s 6d " " IS 3d,

A Tablespoonful of the above in a Tumblerful of Cold Water makes a most refreshing and inexpensive Summer Drink.

To be had only from the Makers,

COOPER & CO., 10 and 12 Howard Street, and Branches.

ADVERTISEMENTS received for ALL
PAPERS by A. F. SHARP & Co.,
14 Royal Exchange Square.

SEVERAL WONDERFUL LOTS, WHICH CANNOT BE REPEATED, WILL BE OFFERED TO-DAY AND THIS WEEK, AT

OUR GREAT GENUINE SALE,

which is now in full operation. Lots are being offered cheaper than ever. We select a few lots as an index of the reductions on all classes of Goods in our large and varied stock.

Lot 599—Celebrated "Josephine" Black Kid Gloves, all sizes; Regular Price, 3s; will be offered at 1s 6½d. A more extraordinary lot has never been offered. Every pair stamped.

Lot 587—Celebrated "Cherot" Coloured Kid Gloves, all sizes; Regular Price, 3s; will be offered at 1s 6½d. Equally surprising value to Lot 599.

Lot 777—Our Newest Styles of Dress Goods, which sold at 1s 4d, 1s 5d, 1s 6d, will be sold this week at 10½d. A better opportunity of getting really first-class new goods at such a sacrifice rarely occurs.

Lot 29—40s Ladies Stylish Costumes will really be sold for 25s 6d.

Lot 30—50s Ladies Stylish Costumes will really be sold for 30s.

60s Ladies' Stylish Costumes will really be sold for 40s. These goods are all of the newest design and of the latest fashion.

Lots 73 to 77—Comforts in Winter. 500 Knitted Wool Shawls from 1s 2½d to 3s 11d; former prices, 2s 3d to 8s 9d. All Fresh New Goods.

SPECIALLY INTERESTING TO DRESSMAKERS.

Lot 326—60 Gross No. 13 Black Trimming Braid, 36 yards for 8½d.

Lot 347—Large delivery of Celebrated Wedgewood Ware Teapot or Kettle Stands, various patterns, sale price, 7½d each; regular price, 1s each. All those disappointed last week can now be supplied. The lot is varied, and designs are most artistic.

Lot 603—5000 yds. Fashionable Dress Trimmings will be cleared at 6½d for 12 yds. These goods sold for 3d to 9d per yd.

Lot 666—Real Ostrich Feathers (Tips), all colours, at 1s 11d; worth 3s 6d.

Lot 358—100 Sets Pillow and Bolster Cases, complete, to be cleared at 1s 7½d per set.

Lot 356—200 Sets Soiled Curtains, from 1s 10½d to 13s 9d a pair; less than half price.

Lot 357—46 Pairs Soiled English and Scotch Blankets, 7s 6d to 19s 6d; or from 2s 9d to 5s reduction per pair.

Lot 354—Remains of Best Brussels Carpets, regular price 4s 6d, 5s per yard, will be cleared this week at 3s.

Lot 355—Remnants of Best Scotch 3-ply Tapestry Carpets, from 11½d to 2s; regular price, 1s 11d to 5s per yard.

SIMPSON & SONS, JAMAICA STREET CORNER, GLASGOW.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 21st, 1880.

AS Nature abhors a vacuum she must view with profound dismay the void made by the retiral of Mr A. GLEN COLLINS from the School Board of Glasgow. This very meteoric young gentleman's flight ended last week amid regret which must have been very deep indeed, as it has found no public expression. FERNIEGAIR, the colleague who loved him as a very brother, will not be comforted, and the ratepayers' party are mournfully chanting, "We're headless, head-

less, Gregalach." Few people have shot more suddenly into prominence than Mr GLEN COLLINS. His exertions in season and out of season (and there were not a few of the latter kind) in connection with the Loan Exhibition on behalf of the Royal Infirmary gave him a certain notoriety, which he mistook for fame. His ambition was increased so much by the success of his first effort that he boldly suggested that Glasgow should be so foolish as to attempt to get up an International Exhibition! For a time, indeed, this young man was truly the *enfant terrible* of the city, and not a few sober-minded people began to dread that the entire local government was in the fair way of being handed over to Messrs A. GLEN COLLINS, Father, and Clique. Luckily, the danger has been averted, and the ex-member of the School Board is now free to apply his talents in an endeavour to set the Thames on fire. His retirement will be a great gain to himself and small loss to the public. Crude, aggressive, and wanting in balance, the temporary success which he so rapidly attained should convince our younger citizens who value the position and fame of a career in the service of the public, that it is to be obtained easily by those who have the requisite ability and knowledge, with vigour of exertion and soundness of principle.

Church Nuisances.

A LADY recently appeared before a Magistrate of one of the English towns to answer to the charge of bawling or singing loud in church to the annoyance of members of the congregation. She tried to impress upon the stony heart of the judge that she had sung her best, but all in vain. The cruel man did not discharge her until she promised not to do it again.

The youngest of the BAILIE'S young men being a lover of harmony, and an enemy to the creators of jarring sounds in church, means to cite the above case as a precedent to future proceedings on his part. If he may be allowed the phrase of the Rev. Robert Thomson, he has "ta'en the physogs" of the following notables, and he means to have them all up before Stipendiary Gemmel on an early date, if they do not immediately mend their ways.

Mr Timothy Timmertone is the possessor of a most inhuman thrapple. He gargles, and chokes, and trembles out a variety of palsied sounds, and in return receives the scowls and unuttered anathemas of all his auditors. Frown

at him and the evil is intensified. Smile, and you get a like result. By his unprecedented cacophony the pews have been depopulated within a radius of ten yards: and he, verily, is a confounded nuisance, financially and otherwise.

Miss Lucy Ladywell, ever since she got her new hat, with its Sunday crimson decorations, has increased her usually strong pipe to a disagreeable pitch, and is now certainly a nuisance.

Mr George Gruffpipe is the victim of a grievous hallucination. He believes himself to be a born *basso profundo*, and keeps up an amusing and entirely original pom-pun with great vigour while the singing is going on. George is a proper fool and a nuisance.

Miss Minnie Musicnaught, a marriageable young lady, who has unfortunately found her way inside the choir, contrives to keep that select body in a state of nervous agitation by indiscriminately hopping upon the wrong note. Although treated somewhat coldly by her fellow choristers she persists in regular attendance and mongrel music; and has proved to be a serious nuisance.

Mr Josiah Jawbraker hasn't even acquired an elementary acquaintance with music, but has heard that good vocalists aren't afraid to open their mouths wide enough. Anxious to be regarded as a good vocalist, he lengthens his face during the psalm to an alarming extent. His mouth when in a state of repose might be more conveniently measured by the yard-stick than by the foot-rule: in a state of commotion it assumes the magnitude of one of Secocoeni's caves—one at which Sir Garnet has been hurling dynamite fuse-cartridge if we may judge from the quantity of unearthed teeth and the squinted condition of those intact. Josiah is a nuisance to be put down.

It is hoped that church officers, impelled by a sense of duty, will get this warning pasted on the church notice board, so as to preclude the offenders from pleading ignorance of the law when under the judgment of our exacting Stipendiary at the Central.

An advertising draper talks of "well-knowned makes." Until his Lindley Murray is "well-knowned," this gentleman would do well to compose his advertisements by deputy.

OVERWEIGHTED.—Duke Frederic of Schleswig-Holstein - Sonderbourg - Augustenbourg is dead. No wonder!

MARMALADE ORANGES.—Now is the time for preserving. 2d per lb., or 14 lbs. for 2s.—M. CAMPBELL, 18 Gordon Street.

Megilp.

THE selecting committee of the Institute completed their labours some eight or ten days ago, and the "hangers"—Messrs Smith, Henderson, and H. L. Anderson—have been busy at work ever since. And hard work it is too. There are ten places of honour to be filled in the several rooms, and how these are to be apportioned among, say, sixty claimants, is only another version of the old puzzle in which you were asked to put a quart of wine inside a pint bottle. Let the "hangers" do their best, and they are certain to offend somebody. So long, however, as an artist gets "the line" for his work, he has but very scant cause for grumbling. It is the people who are "skied" who deserve our sympathy—or, still worse, the unfortunates whose pictures are rejected altogether.

This year the number of works sent in was something enormous, and the rejections have necessarily been proportionately great.

Fifteen or twenty years ago Mr Whistler was regarded by so competent a judge as Mr Francis Palgrave as one of the lights of the annual exhibition of the Royal Academy. His "gifts and graces in art," the "soft purity" and "tenderness of undertone" manifested in his work were dwelt upon over and over again by the distinguished critic. It would be interesting to know what Mr Palgrave thinks of the "portrait" which will be hung in the exhibition, and which all artistic Glasgow will be busy discussing in a couple of weeks' time.

Sir Coutts Lindsay, the proprietor of the Grosvenor Gallery, contributes a life-sized female figure, attired in classic costume, to the Institute.

Perhaps the most sensational work which will be included in the exhibition of the Institute will be the "Portrait of Mr Whistler by himself." This is extravagant to the last degree. Even the "bold girl" of the Grosvenor Gallery is commonplace—shall we say artistic?—beside it.

Mr David Murray will be represented in the exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy by his "Highland Funeral" and by at least one other Hebridean picture, in which the effect of the level sands and shallow fords of The Lews is reproduced with great delicacy and power.

The chief contribution sent by Mr James A. Aitken to Edinburgh is a view from the interior of Fingal's Cave, looking outward. Its tone of colour is peculiarly luminous and rich.

Mr Percy Hedderwick has made a great advance in the principal picture he will exhibit at the exhibition of the Institute. It is a strong bit of work, with well contrasted colour, and broad, massive handling. The scene represented—a garden adjoining a cottage—is thoroughly English in its character.

Mr E. A. Walton and Mr Wellwood Rattray will be seen to special advantage in the exhibition of the Institute. The large picture of the former, which is an upright, with a birch tree, a stream, and a boat, and a stretch of green pasture-land beyond, is exceedingly effective.

Mrs Agnew, whose husband, Mr Joseph Agnew, is a well-known amateur, is among the fortunate ones who have secured admission to the coming Institute exhibition. Her pictures are two skilful, solidly painted flower pieces.

"Hope" Told a Flattering Tale—In the "anchor" on the young Princes' noses.

A-four-time—Bissextile.

MR SPURGEON, in *Sword and Trowel*, says "The straight, turned-up, turned-down, and oblique pointed PENS of MACNIVEN & CAMERON are marvellously good. It is a pleasure to write with them."

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

6d and 1s per box at all stationers.

Sample Box of all the kinds assorted, by post, 1s 1d.

MACNIVEN & CAMERON, 23 to 33 Blair Street, Edinburgh.
Penmakers to Her Majesty's Government Offices (Estd. 1770.)

Inverness on the Rampage,

THE members of the Inverness Gaelic Society had their annual "blow-out" in the Waverley Hotel the other night, and the chairman made a "creat spoke" on the occasion. Will he excuse the Bailie for being a little critical on the subject? What did the worthy gentleman mean, for instance, by saying that "the Highlanders were conquered, disarmed, and, he might say, undressed," after "the '45"? Independently of the metaphorical dressing which Tonalt received, it was surely not undressing him to compel him, willy-willy, to wear breeks? Why, you might as well say that we undressed Cetewayo! The chairman's next point, accentuated by "cheers," was the declaration that "in the large towns and cities in the south they would find the Highlander a policeman—a calling combining order and adventure, the essential qualities of a good soldier." My conscience! "Order and adventure!" Restraining his emotions, the BAILIE hurries on to the proposal that the "ladies of the present day should emulate the Duchess of Gordon, who induced the men to enlist with the bounty of a sovereign and a kiss." Really, if the Inverness Gaelic Society exists for the purpose of disseminating this sort of thing, the Inverness Gaelic Society must be suppressed.

AN EPITAPH.

Here lies pair J-m-e, stiff an' stark,
Whase tongue nae man could tether:
Lang ere he dee'd he made his mark
As Glasgow's biggest blether.

ANOTHER OUTRAGE!—Another outrage upon poor old Ireland, and this time inflicted by the brutal foreigner! A "foreign gentleman" advertises in the *Herald* his desire to share his apartments with a "Scotch or English gentleman." Though the insolent postscript, "No Irish need apply," is not given in so many words, it is clearly implied, and the BAILIE begs to call Mr John Ferguson's attention to the matter. He might make it the text of another letter to his friend Mr Gladstone.

INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE—Implicit believers in the infallibility of the daily press must entertain peculiar ideas on many subjects. For instance, Granny the other day informed her readers that in 1846 "the Emperor and Empress (of the French), with the baby Prince Imperial, were in the height of their glory!"

Pillars of the State—Columns of the Press.

A Scottish Wrong.

THE BAILIE trusts that on the assembling of Parliament some patriotic Scottish member will bring before the House the case of two of his countrymen who were accused the other day in London of being drunk and disorderly, merely because one of them was giving a recitation of "Tam o' Shanter" for the benefit of the promenaders in Piccadilly. It is intolerable that a generous Scot, bent on the edification of the Southron, should be subjected to indignity at the hands of an ignorant and unappreciative Cockney constable, with no poetry in his sordid soul. If this sort of thing is to go on it's about time for another War of Independence.

TWICE AS MORE.

(Donald, returning from a visit to his brother Dougald, in the Glasgow Police Force, who is quite proud of his white gloves.)

Father—An' did ye'll see Dugald?

Donald—Yes, I'll saw Dugald.

Father—Did he'll wear the kilt?

Donald—Wear the kilt, na! He'll wear trows on his breeks, an' breeks on his hans too, whatefer!

The Quay-dive—A Broomielaw "header."

Granny appears to have a rather poor opinion of the literary acquirements of her constituency. The other morning she began a review thusly—"Probably few of our readers ever heard of Erasmus Darwin, and fewer still of his 'Botanic Garden.'" Draw it mild, old lady!

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager,.....Mr SIDNEY.

LAST TWELVE NIGHTS

of

Mr Sidney's Fifth Great Glasgow Success,

THE FAIR ONE WITH THE GOLDEN LOCKS.

TO-NIGHT AND EVERY EVENING AT 7.30.

Box Office Open Daily from 11 to 4.

Doors Open at 6.45. Commence at 7.30.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.
MAIN STREET, SOUTH SIDE, GLASGOW.

Sole Lessee and Manager,.....Mr H. CECIL BERYL.

LAST FOUR NIGHTS OF

"NEW BABYLON."

TO-NIGHT (Wednesday), JANUARY 21st, and Three following nights, positively terminating SATURDAY FIRST, in consequence of previous arrangements.

Hundreds unable to gain admission last Saturday.

THE GLASGOW SUCCESS.

MONDAY First, powerful Irish Drama, "THE EVICTION," with entirely New Scenery and Effects.

Doors open each Evening at 7. Overture, 7.30. (Saturdays, half-an-hour earlier).

Box plan at Donaldson's Rooms, 77 St. Vincent Street.

THE GAIETY.

Proprietor and Director,.....Mr C. BERNARD.

EVERY EVENING,

MAGNIFICENCE AND COMPLETENESS

NEVER BEFORE EQUALLED,

FORTY THIEVES;

OR, STRIKING OIL IN FAMILY JARS.

Open at 6. Commence at 7. Prices, from 6d to 5s.

ROYALTY THEATRE,

SAUCHIEHALL STREET,

Lessee and Manager.....Mr E. L. KNAPP.

Every Evening at 7.30 (Saturdays at 7),

The Successful COMIC OPERA,

LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE.

Seats can be secured at Messrs J. Muir Wood & Co's,

Buchanan Street.

HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE,
WEST NILE STREET, GLASGOW.

Continued Success of

HENGLER'S Holiday Programme and Varied Entertainment,

concluding with

THE CARNIVAL ON THE ICE.

SATURDAY, JAN. 24, "CARNIVAL ON THE ICE"

MAINEE. Doors Open at 2.

Prices of Admission—3s, 2s, 1s, and 6d.

Acting Manager.....Mr WM. POWELL.

Proprietor.....Mr CHAS. HENGLER.

GRAND GAELIC CONCERT

By ST. COLUMBA CHURCH GAELIC CHOIR,

IN THE CITY HALL, CANDLERIGGS,

ON FRIDAY, 23rd JANUARY, 1880,

at EIGHT o'clock, p.m.

CHARLES TENNANT, Esq., M.P.,

in the Chair.

Tickets, 1s and 6d each, to be had at the door.

CORPORATION GALLERIES.

PRINCE OF WALES' INDIAN PRESENTS.

Until further Notice the INDIAN COLLECTION of H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES will be on EXHIBITION as under:—

Daily (except Saturdays), from 10 till 4 and 6 till 9.

On Saturdays, 10 a.m. till 9 p.m.

ADMISSION SIXPENCE.

Employers may obtain Parcels of 80 Tickets, Price £1, on

Application at Galleries.

The Upper Galleries remain Open Free as usual.

TO SKATERS.—LOCHBURNIE,

near Maryhill, is now full Flooded and in Splendid Condition for Skating and Curling. Buses from foot of Buchanan Street every half-hour.

Admission to Loch, 6d; Children under Twelve, 3d.

NOW ON VIEW,

At Messrs T. & P. ANNAN'S,

153 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

The Celebrated Portrait of the RIGHT HON.

W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P.,

By J. E. MILLAIS, R. A.,

Exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1879.

Admission, Sixpence, Open from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m.

GLASGOW CHORAL UNION.

SIXTH ORCHESTRAL CONCERT.

ST. ANDREW'S HALL,
TO-NIGHT (TUESDAY), 20th JANUARY, at 8 o'clock.
GRAND ORCHESTRA OF SIXTY PERFORMERS.
CONDUCTOR—MR AUGUST MANN'S.

The Programme will include Overtures, Masaniello (*Auber*) and William Tell (*Rossini*); Symphony No. 7 (*Beethoven*), Prelude to Aida (*Verdi*), "Dance of the Hours," Ballabile from La Giaconda (*Ponchielli*), &c., &c.

SOLO VIOLIN—HERR HERMANN FRANKE.
VOCALIST—MISS ROBERTSON.

Tickets—7s 6d, 4s, 2s; Admission, 1s—from Swan & Co., 49 Buchanan Street.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
ST. ANDREW'S HALL, 24th JANUARY, 1880,
At 8 o'clock.

GRAND ORCHESTRA, SIXTY PERFORMERS,
CONDUCTOR—MR AUGUST MANN'S.

PROGRAMME—
SUFFRAGE UNIVERSAL.

Tickets—2s and 1s, from Swan & Co., 49 Buchanan Street.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

ST. ANDREW'S HALL,
[SATURDAY, 31st JANUARY, AT 7-30 P.M.

M E S S I A H.

POPULAR PRICES.

Tickets from Swan & Co., 49 Buchanan Street. Balcony Seats (Reserved), 2s 6d; Area, 1s.

CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.

SATURDAY, 24th JANUARY, 1880.
Great Annual Celebration of BURNS' Birthday.
GRAND POPULAR BURNS' CONCERT
by the

GLASGOW SELECT CHOIR.

Mr FREDERIC ARCHER, Conductor
AND SOLO PIANIST.

NO INCREASE IN PRICES.

Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats, 2s; at the Office, 58 Renfield Street. Doors open at a Quarter to 7; Concert commences at 7-45.

JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

GLASGOW SOUTH-SIDE TONIC SOL-FA CHORAL SOCIETY.

GRAND CHORAL CONCERT

IN THE
GRAND NATIONAL HALL, MAIN STREET, S.S.,
ON FRIDAY EVENING, 23rd JANUARY, 1880.
HANDEL'S ORATORIO "SEMELE,"

First Performance in Scotland.

SOLOISTS—

Mrs SMITH, Soprano.
Miss EMILY DONES, Contralto.
Mr WM. PARKINSON, Tenor.
Mr JAMES ALLAN, Bass.

Harmonist, Mr SENIOR.
Pianist, Mr BERRY.

CHORUS OF 200 VOICES.

Conductor, Mr JAMES M'KEAN.
Admission—Front and Side Galleries, 2s; Front Area, 1s;
Back Area and Back Gallery, 6d.
Doors Open at 7-15. Concert at 8.

At Drury Corner, Renfield Street, on Wednesday, 21st Jan., at One o'clock.

PUBLIC SALE OF
WINES, SPIRITS, BRANDY, & CIGARS,
Duty Paid.

DUNCAN KEITH & BUCHANAN will
Sell, by Public Auction, as above.

Samples may be tasted on Morning of Sale.

Full particulars in Catalogues.

Drury Corner, Renfield St., Glasgow, 19th January, 1880.

At Drury Corner, Renfield Street, on Wednesday, 21st January, at One o'clock.

PUBLIC SALE OF
10 HHDS. CAMPBELTOWN WHISKY,

Bonded 17th May 1879; 12 Hhds. Invernettie Whisky, Bonded 17th and 24th April, 1879; 6 Hhds. Bisquit, Dubouché & Co.'s Brandy, Bonded May 1875, and February, 1876; 2 Hhds. Lucien Bellot & Co.'s Brandy, Bonded February, 1876; 2 Quarter-Casks Jules Robin & Co.'s Brandy, Bonded December, 1875; 1 Hhd Sayer's Brandy, Bonded February, 1873; 1 Quarter-Cask Martineau's Brandy, Bonded December, 1873; 3 Quarter-Casks Marc Marchadier & Co.'s Brandy, Bonded April and March, 1875-6; 1 Quarter-Cask Martell's Brandy, Warehoused January, 1876; 1 Quarter-Cask Henessey's Brandy, Warehoused January, 1876.

Samples on application to the Auctioneer.

Full Particulars in Catalogues.

DUNCAN KEITH & BUCHANAN, Auctioneers.

Drury Corner, Renfield Street, Glasgow.

FORSYTH'S "Creme" SHIRTS
FROM STOCK
31/6. 37/6 & 43/6 per 1/2 Dozen

GLASS AND CHINA ANNUAL CLEARING SALE.

15 TO 25 PER CENT. OFF REGULAR PRICES.

M'DOUGALL & SONS, 77 AND 79 BUCHANAN STREET.

LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK IN THE KINGDOM. SUITABLE FOR ALL CLASSES.
PRESENTS IN ENDLESS VARIETY.

TEA, TABLE, TOILET, AND DESSERT SERVICES, TABLE GLASS, &c., &c.

DEPOT FOR MINTON'S, COPELAND'S, WORCESTER, AND DRESDEN PORCELAIN. SOLE AGENTS for
GLASGOW for Dr SALVIATI'S VENETIAN GLASS, and for BELLEEK PORCELAIN.



ISLAY WHISKY.

W. & J. MUTTER,
BOWMORE DISTILLERY.
COUNTING-HOUSE, 41 ANN STREET, CITY, GLASGOW.

**MORE WHOLESOME THAN BRANDY.
OLD WHISKY [BLEND]**

18s PER GALLON.

JAMES A. JARDINE
(LATE CHAS. CRUIKSHANK),
84 and 86 WEST NILE STREET.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Thursday and Friday,
22nd and 23rd January, at One o'clock.

**IMPORTANT SALE OF
MODERN OIL PAINTINGS,**

Comprising Two Hundred and Fifty Examples, amongst which
the following will command particular attention.

WHISTLER.—The curious Picture entitled "A Symphonic in
Blue and White," which is so widely known as the *Cause
Celebre* of the great trial Whistler v. Ruskin.

BIRKET FOSTER.—The beautiful Picture by this talented Artist,
"Bringing Home the Stray Calf."

EDGAR LONGSTAFFE.—"The Gold Medallist."—The success
of this Artist is most extraordinary.

W. R. STONE.—This Artist ranks high in bold and vigorous
treatment of subject.

J. W. MORRIS (Son of the celebrated Old Morris, Animal
Painter) follows in the path so assiduously adhered to by his
gifted father.

J. WILSON and JNO. BROOME.—These two gifted Marine
Artists contribute some interesting examples.

SCOTT MILES.—The productions of this Artist are held in high
esteem by the recognised Critics of the Art World. A
celebrated Lecturer upon the Arts purchased one within the
last few weeks, as also one of Mr Longstaffe's.

PROFESSOR BUES—(Master of School of Art, Dusseldorf) has
thoroughly identified himself with Figure Painting of the
highest character.

E. A. ATKINS, Esq., R.H.A.—This celebrated Artist enjoys a
well-known and wide reputation. Few Artists put forth
equal claims entitling them to the patronage of true lovers
of Art.

Daniel Griffin,	Also, Works by	E. Roc,
Delawar,	H. Livens,	E. J. Watt,
Lara,	Miss West,	Carville,
Marshall,	Edwin. Buttery,	M. Hunt,
Colin Greame,	Frisch,	Murray,
	Williams,	
	And others.	

And several well-known

EXHIBITED WORKS,

Will be found in the Collection, the whole of which are guaran-
teed by the proprietors.

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell the above
by Auction, in their Fine-Art Galleries, North Court,
St. Vincent Place, on Thursday and Friday, 22nd and 23rd
January, at one o'clock each day.

Catalogues may be had, on application, and the Collection will
be on View on Wednesday, 21st January, from 10 a.m. till 5 p.m.
and Mornings of Sale.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 19th January, 1880.

FIRST LANARKSHIRE RIFLE VOLUNTEERS.
G R A N D C O N C E R T,
ST. ANDREW'S HALLS, 28th JANUARY, 1880.
Doors Open at 7. Concert at 8.

Tickets from R. J. & R. ADAMS, 83 Buchanan Street.

IMPORTANT UNRESERVED SALE.
In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Wednesday and
Thursday 28th and 29th January.

**PUBLIC SALE OF
VALUABLE ITALIAN SCULPTURE**
Consigned direct from Volterra for Positive and Unreserved
Sale, ex "ZENA," from Leghorn.

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. have received
instructions from Signor del Colombo to Sell the above,
by Auction, *without the slightest Reserve.*

Particulars in future advertisement.
Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 19th January, 1880.

A GUID SCOTCH STORY,

ENTITLED

MATTIE DUNCAN;

OR

LEFT BY THE TIDE,

BY

WM. M'QUEEN,

*Author of Peter Sannox, Gipsy Nell, and other
Scotch Stories,*

WILL BE COMMENCED

IN THE

WEEKLY MAIL

THIS WEEK.

GLASGOW ART CLUB.

THE SEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION
of PAINTINGS in OIL and WATER-COLOURS, by
Members of the Club, is now Open
in Messrs ANNAN'S GALLERY, 153 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.
ADMISSION FREE.
CATALOGUES SIXPENCE.

**SCOTTISH SOCIETY OF WATER-
COLOUR PAINTERS.**

The Second Exhibition of this Society is now open in the
Gallery,

108 WEST NILE STREET,
Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

CORPORATION ORGAN RECITALS.

The Thirteenth of the ORGAN RECITALS for the present Winter will be given by the CITY ORGANIST (Mr LAMBETH), in the CITY HALL, on SATURDAY FIRST, at Four o'clock prompt.

Doors open at 3-30,
Admission and Programmes of the Music Free.
Chamberlain's Office, 19th Jan., 1880.

LAW UNION

FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COY.

REVENUE, £138,000; RESOURCES, £1,500,000.

Branch Office:—
65 WEST REGENT STREET,
SMITH, STODDART, & RODGER,
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RUTHERFORD'S PHOTO. STUDIO,

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Near Hope Street.

PHOTOGRAPHERS TO THE QUEEN.

RALSTON & SONS,
141 SAUCHIEHALL STREET 141
AND

311 BYARS ROAD, (Opposite the Burgh Hall), HILLHEAD.



WHEELER & CO'S
BELFAST GINGER ALE,
Undoubtedly the Finest of all
NON-INTOXICATING BEVERAGES,
Admirably Adapted for a
WINTER DRINK.

Manufactory, CROMAC SPRINGS, BELFAST.
DEPOT FOR SCOTLAND,
147 STOCKWELL STREET, GLASGOW.

ATHOLE ARMS HOTEL,

13 and 21 DUNDAS STREET, GLASGOW.

ALEXANDER GOW, having resumed possession of this favourite Hotel, has had it thoroughly renovated and made complete in comfort and convenience. Dinner and Supper parties receive his special personal attention, and they are invariably satisfied.

Charges moderate. Viands superb!

MANN'S RAINBOW HOTEL AND RESTAURANT,

BRIDGE STREET STATION, GLASGOW,

Three Minutes' Walk of St. Enoch's Station and Highland and Coasting Steamers.

This HOTEL has undergone extensive Alterations and Improvements. Has been Refurnished throughout. Visitors will find every comfort, combined with moderate Charges. Night Porter in attendance. Smoking-Rooms, Baths, and Billiards.

J. MAITLAND, Manager.

THE ROYAL RESTAURANT,

10 AND 12 WEST NILE STREET,

C. WILSON & SON, Proprietors.

WASTE PAPER, Ledgers, Letters, Books,
Ropes, Bagging, Tailors' Clips—bought at PAPER
MILL STORE, 98 MAXWELL STREET, for Re-manufacture

NEW CHEAP SERIES OF
COPYING LETTER BOOKS,
1000 LEAVES, STRONGLY BOUND, for
5s, 7s, or 9s.

The best evidence of their excellence is the fact that we are constantly receiving renewal orders.

GEORGE GALLIE & SON,
99 BUCHANAN STREET.

JOHN M. SIMPSON, Furniture Warehouse,
and Show-rooms, 60 GREAT CLYDE STREET (Corner of Maxwell Street), Glasgow. One of the largest Stocks in the City. New Illustrated House Furnishing Guide to be had Free on application. The Cheapest Establishment in the City for Really Good Substantial Furniture of Artistic Design and Superior Finish. Quality Guaranteed.

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO.,
AUCTIONEERS AND VALUATORS,
ROYAL EXCHANGE SALE-ROOMS.

RAEBROWN & CO.,
AUCTIONEERS AND VALUATORS,

Beg to intimate that they have REMOVED into their new Premises, the WESTERN SALE-ROOMS, 151 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

Sale of HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE every MONDAY, in which may be included every description of Movable Property.

THE SCOTTISH
CIRCULATING MUSICAL LIBRARY,
28 GREAT WESTERN ROAD, HILLHEAD.
ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, £1 1s.
MUSIC LENT BY THE WEEK.
Catalogues, 2s 6d. Prospectus Free.

H. & P. M'NEIL.

WE have much pleasure in informing our numerous Customers and the General Public that, in addition to our already Established Business, we have OPENED Large and Elegant SHAMPOOING and HAIR-DRESSING ROOMS, which, in regard to comfort and elegance, are fitted in a style equal to any in the city. They are under the direct superintendence of a most experienced Manager, and the Assistants are from the Best Houses in the Trade.

In introducing this New Department of our Business, we may explain that though it is the first attempt of the kind in Glasgow, yet it has been carried on with great success by the most celebrated Hosiers and Glovers in the Cheapside and Strand, London, and we feel quite confident that with your kind patronage, and our strict attention, this novelty cannot fail to be a great success.

21 AND 23 RENFIELD STREET, GLASGOW.

GLASGOW APOTHECARIES' Co

have REMOVED to their
NEW AND ENLARGED PREMISES

AT
32 AND 34 VIRGINIA STREET.

14s 6d HOLYTON SOFT COAL 14s 6d
15s 6d WISHAW PARLOUR COAL 15s 6d
16s 6d AYRSHIRE DIAMOND COAL 16s 6d
WM. CHALMERS & CO., 88 BATH ST.

E. J. SCOTT & SONS'

GREAT ANNUAL FACTORY AND WAREHOUSE CLEARING SALE.

ALL SOILED BOOTS, ALL DAMAGED BOOTS, ALL OLD SHOPKEEPERS, TO BE SOLD,
MANY OF THEM AT NOMINAL PRICES, SO AS TO CLEAR THEM OUT CLEAN AND AT ONCE.

These Goods are no worse for the wearer, though, for various reasons, unsuitable for our General Stock.

FOR RETAIL CUSTOMERS ONLY.—FOR LIST OF LOTS SEE FRIDAY AND SATURDAY'S PAPERS.

SALE TO COMMENCE ON SATURDAY, 10th JANUARY, 1880,

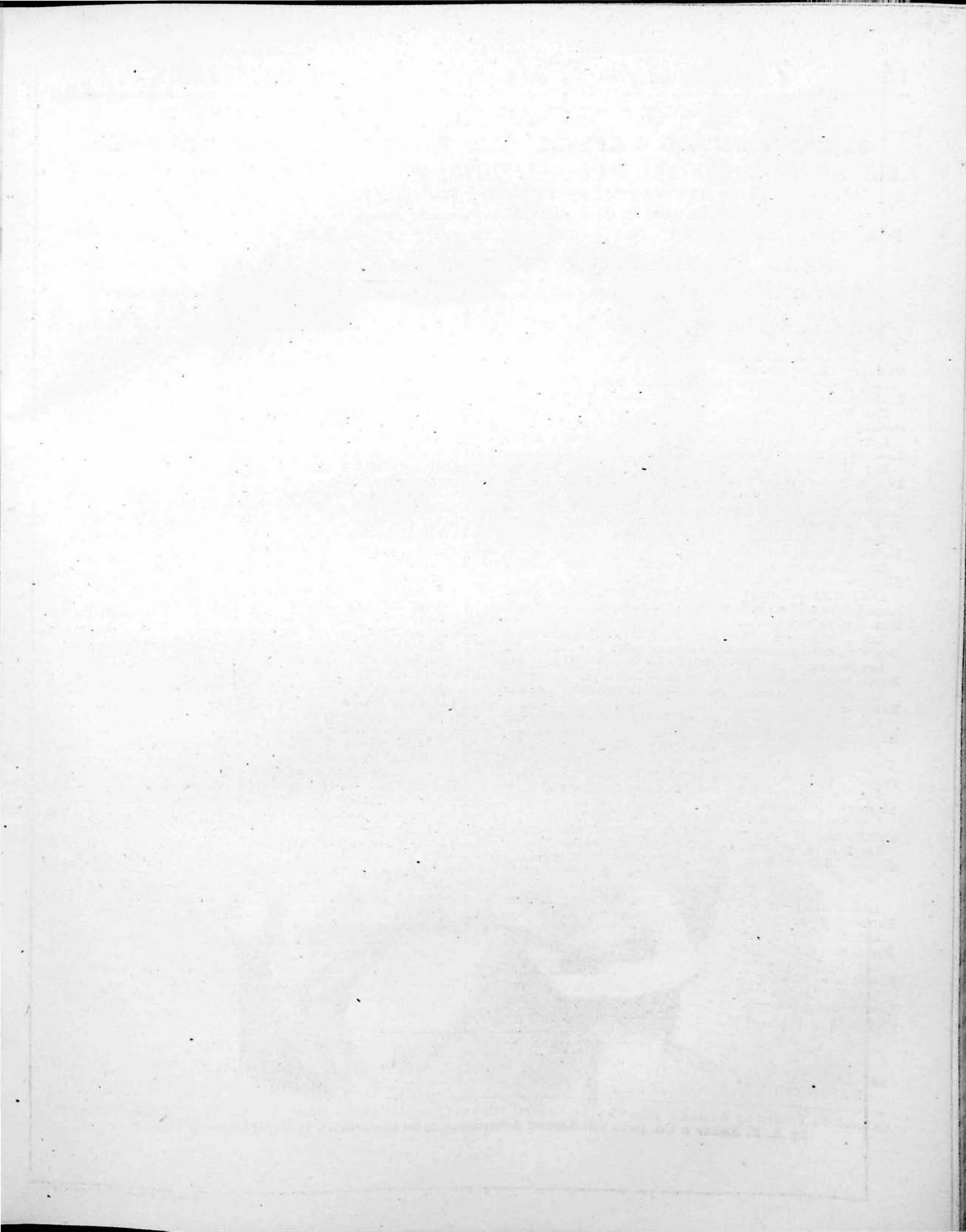
The Goods in these Lots are all Separate and Distinct from our Regular Stock, and are Sold without responsibility.

	Per Pair.		Per Pair.
Lot No. 1—A large Lot of Men's Strong Leather Elastic-side Boots. A special cheap line for Working Men.....	6 0	Lot No. 30—A small Lot of Girls' and Boys' Strong Leather Lacing Boots; a splendid wearing article, to suit ages from 3 to 12 years.....	3s to 4 0
Lot No. 2—A large Lot of Men's Strong Wearing Pegged Balmoral Lacing Boots	6 0	Lot No. 31—A Lot of Boys' and Youths' Strong Kip Leather Lacing Balmoral Boots; to suit ages 6 to 11 years.....	4s to 6 0
Lot No. 3—A large Lot of Men's Stout Fashionable Lorne Shoes	5 6	Lot No. 32—A very small Lot of Boys' Calf Leather Balmoral Lacing Boots; a splendid Dress Boot, to suit ages 6 to 13 years.....	6s to 7 0
Lot No. 4—A large Lot of Men's Strong Every-day wearing Blucher Boots, either with tackets or sparables.....	5 0	Lot No. 33—A very small Lot of Gentlemen's Dress Kid Lorne Shoes; the very thing for stewards and waiters.....	6 0
Lot No. 6—A small Lot of Women's Best Grained Leather Elastic-side Boots	3 0	(Sold only in 32 Jamaica Street.)	
Lot No. 7—A very small Lot of Women's Grained Leather Elastic-side Boots. Price speaks for itself	2 6	Lot No. 34—A very small Lot of Men's Strong Balmoral Lacing Boots—a splendid wearing first-class Boot.....	8 6
Lot No. 9—A very large Lot of Women's Grained Leather Elastic side Boots, riveted. Especially suited for Working Women	3 6	(Sold only in 32 Jamaica Street.)	
Lot No. 10—A large Lot of Women's Stout Wearing Balmoral Boots, sewn	4 6	Lot No. 35—A small Lot of Men's Stout Balmoral Lacing Boots—a bargain. (Sold only in 32 Jamaica Street.).....	4 6
Lot No. 11—A Lot of Women's Grained Leather Slippers, sewn, elastic in front	2 9	Lot No. 38—A very small Lot of Men's Strong Garibaldi Elastic Boots; a rare chance for those who wish a bargain.	6 6
Lot No. 12—A large Lot of Boys' Stout Hide Leather Lacing Boots, iron heels, tackets, and toeplates, to suit ages from 6 to 14 years	4s 9d to 5 6	Lot No. 39—A small Lot of Gentlemen's Calf Leather Elastic Boots, old shopkeepers, to be cleared.....	9 0
Lot No. 13—A large Lot of Girls' Lacing Balmoral Boots, to suit ages from 3 to 12 years, price	2s 9d to 3 6	Lot No. 40—A Lot of Men's Strong Leather Elastic Boots; a chance not to be lost.....	5 0
Lot No. 14—A Lot of Girls' Grained Leather Elastic-side Boots, to suit ages from 3 to 12, price	2s to 3 6	Lot No. 41—A large Lot of Children's Strong Every-day Wearing Boots; <i>special line</i> , to suit ages from 2 to 12 years.....	2s to 4 0
Lot No. 16—A small Lot of Women's Grained Leather Elastic-side Boots.....	3 10	Lot No. 42—A small Lot of Boys' and Girls' Lorne Shoes; a splendid chance, to suit ages 3 to 12 years.....	3s to 4 6
Lot No. 17—A Lot of Infants' Patent Lacing Boots and Slippers. A capital chance.....	1 0	Lot No. 44—A small Lot of Women's Coloured Persian Slippers, sewn; a bargain.....	2 0
Lot No. 18—A small lot of Boys' Elastic-side Boots. Very strong good school boot, to suit ages from 6 to 12 years. (Sold only in 32 Jamaica Street.)	5s to 6 6	Lot No. 45—A Small Lot of Children's Leather Lacing and Elastic Boots, to suit ages 2 years to 4.....	2s to 3 0
Lot No. 19—A small Lot of Women's Leather and Cloth Slippers. A bargain	1 6	Lot No. 47—A very small Lot of Ladies' very fine Morocco Elastic Boots—the greatest Bargain of the sale.....	5 0
Lot No. 20—A small Lot of Boys' Wellington Boots. A stylish, magnificent boot. (Sold only in 32 Jamaica Street.)	4 0	Lot No. 48—A very large Lot of Ladies' Kid Elastic Boots—A great sacrifice.....	6 0
Lot No. 21—A small Lot of Children's Leather Elastic-side and Lacing Boots, to suit ages 2 to 3 years, from.....	1 6	Lot No. 49—A very large Lot of Ladies' Levant Leather Elastic Boots—a rare bargain.....	5 0
Lot No. 22—A small Lot of Misses' Kid Elastic-side Boots, to suit ages from 6 to 10 years	4s to 5 6	Lot No. 50—A lot of Ladies' Levant Leather Elastic Boots; never sold so cheap.....	4s to 5 0
Lot No. 23—A small Lot of Misses' Strong Leather Buttoned Boots, to suit ages from 3 to 5 years	3s to 4 0	Lot No. 51—A small Lot of Ladies' Fine Kid Buttoned and Balmoral Lacing Boots. (Sold only in Jamaica St. Shops.)	5 0
Lot No. 24—A small Lot of Gir's' Balmoral Lacing Boots, sewn, to suit ages from 6 to 13 years	3s to 4 6	Lot No. 52—A very small Lot of Ladies' Dress Shoes and Slippers, given away at.....	3 6
Lot No. 27—A small Lot of Men's Strong Leather Elastic and Lacing Shoes.....	5 6	Lot No. 53—A small Lot of Misses' White Kid and Cou-tille Elastic Ball Boots, from.....	1 0
Lot No. 29—A very small Lot of Children's Grained Leather Strap Slippers, to suit ages 3 to 9 years. (Sold only in 32 Jamaica Street.).....	1s 6d to 2 6	Lot No. 54—A very small Lot of Women's Warm House Boots—A Miscellaneous Lot.....	2 2
		Lot No. 55—A Lot of Ladies' Fancy Felt Boots.....	3 0
		(Sold only in 32 Jamaica Street.)	

E. J. SCOTT & SONS, 8 and 32 JAMAICA STREET,

124 COWCADDENS STREET, 138 CANNING STREET, BRIDGETON; SOUTH-SIDE WORKING-MEN'S DEPARTMENT, 26 KIRK ST., GORBALS; AND GORBALS SHOE FACTORY, KIRK ST., GLASGOW.

GLASGOW: Printed by WILLIAM MUNRO at his General Printing Office, 80 Gordon Street; and Published for the Proprietors by A. F. SHARP & Co. (who will Receive Advertisements for the BAILIE), 14 Royal Exchange Square.





The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 380. Glasgow, Wednesday, January 28th, 1880. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 380.

THE heat of the conflict between the upholders on the one hand of the benefits derived from the study of the dead languages, and those on the other, who claim for the knowledge and investigation of the facts of physical science the pre-eminence of usefulness in education, has, of late years, abated in intensity. Educationalists, the BAILIE rejoices to perceive, are growing in wisdom. They are beginning to confess that truth does not lie altogether with either one side or the other—and leaving to unreasoning partisans the maintenance of dogmatic and narrow opinions, they are inclined, more and more, to recognise the infinite differences in their pupils' natures, and to acknowledge in practice that varying conditions of mental temperament require varying treatment for their cultivation and perfection. To the end of time there will be classical scholars and there will be men of science; intellects that find their truest happiness in the reverent study of the words of truth and beauty bequeathed to us as one of the richest legacies from the past, and intellects that turn aside from books to seek their stimulus and delight in investigating and poring over the facts written on "the round ocean and the living air," and on all the wide expanse of "this green earth," and which study is the more useful of the two, and the better fitted to develop the minds, latent powers, and capabilities depends, the BAILIE believes, entirely on the student himself, and the bent of his nature. Not in the world of gastronomy alone is it true that one man's meat is another's poison. The followers of science have shown no little skill in defending their position and in year by year rendering it more impregnable to the arguments and sneers of pedants, who are interested in Greek

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roots only, and are blind themselves and wish all the world as well to be blind to the glories of the milky way and the wondrous revelations of the microscope. In the good fight for the honour and nobility of science, Scotland has played no mean part, and her Universities have furnished valiant soldiers for the fray. The Man you Know whom the BAILIE proposes this week to introduce to his readers is one who upholds well the credit of our ancient University. JOHN YOUNG, M D., Professor of Natural History and Geology, comes, as other philosophers have done before him, from the East. His family are of Forfarshire origin. His father was for many years connected with the Union Bank in Edinburgh, and was a learned bibliographer. His mother was of Celtic blood; hence, perhaps, some of the peculiarities that distinguish the Man you Know. Professor YOUNG was a student of Edinburgh University. He early manifested a special interest in mental diseases, and acted, the BAILIE believes, for some time as assistant to Dr Skae at Morning-side Asylum. His true tastes and inclinations, however, lay strongly in the direction of zoology and the allied sciences, and as occupant of the chair of Natural History and Geology in Glasgow University he has found a fitting field for the exercise of his peculiar gifts. As a lecturer, he cannot be said to be very popular, as he is in style too diffuse, and assumes too much knowledge on the part of his audience. As an investigator, however, he is quick in apprehension, patient in his work, and while full of interest in every new scientific theory that appears to have truth to recommend it, is yet cautious in his advocacy until "fully persuaded in his own mind." With "advanced" views in science he is supposed to be in perfect sympathy, and numbers among his friends Huxley and others whom the straiter sects in our midst look upon

with horror. He has been an unwearied friend to the Hunterian and Kelvingrove Museums, although his action with regard to the sale of collection of coins belonging to the former did not command universal approbation. In promoting many good works connected with his own profession of medicine—such as the Nurses Institution, Dispensaries, and Convalescent Hospitals, he has taken a hearty and judicious part. The BAILIE may safely say that to the Man you Know the women of Glasgow owe many of their present and increasing educational advantages. For their “higher education” he long fought single-handed, with resolute and chivalrous ardour, and for the good work he has done in this direction, the BAILIE almost feels inclined to pardon him his advocacy of woman-suffrage and his pronounced Radicalism in politics. He is an accomplished linguist, he is constantly employed in the revision of educational text books, and his skill as a draughtsman is of great value in enabling him to prepare diagrams and illustrations for his classes. The versatility of the Man you Know is almost unbounded; and herein lies his weakness. He is deficient in concentration of power; with more devotion to fewer objects he would attain more permanently valuable results. In temperament he is restless and excitable, full of prejudices and impulses, impatient of opposition, and always burning to ride out, like a modern Don Quixote, to redress all wrongs and set the Universe—not to speak of Glasgow University—to rights. Snobs and hypocrites find no mercy from him. At heart, generous and kindly, and possessed of wit and humour, he yet—with his strongly expressed opinions and his eager manner—often raises up enemies where he only sought to gain friends. His nature is sharp and keen; with it he offends some, but he at the same time always makes his influence felt, and he never hesitates to lift his voice on behalf of what he believes to be the just cause. The Man you Know will always be faithful to his colours and opinions—he can be a true friend, and when an enemy he is one to be held in profound respect.

MEAT-EROLOGY.

(Scene—Dinner table on board S.S. “Clansman.”)

Celtic Passenger (excitedly)—Here, steward! come here! This roast beef’s no haff boiled.

An Upper Flat—An aristocratic noodle.

Come a’ Ye Jolly Beggars.

COME a’ ye jolly beggars,
That fatten on the laun’,
I can see ye’re lookin’ deggers
Since your wallet-string’s been drawn,
Since the magisterial ‘ee
Has seen through your little game,
You have felt quite “up a tree”
Since Gemmel sent ye hame,
Since Gemmel sent ye hame,
Since Gemmel sent ye hame,
Nae tobacco nor *strong tea*,
Noo since Gemmel sent ye hame.
There’s been weepin’, there’s been wailin’
In the dens about the toon,
For the law’s condemned black-mailin’,
And that not a whit too soon;
“Either work or go to Jail”
Thunders Gemmel in Law’s name,
If you’re nabbed—then without fail—
He’s the lad will send you hame,
He’s the lad will send you hame,
He’s the lad will send you hame,
“Without the option,” or a bail—
Stracht tae Duke St you’ll gae hame.
I’m afraid your times o’ plenty,
Hae slipped frae ‘neath your feet.
Nae mair wi’ morsels denty,
Your fine stomachs you will treat;
While for drink you sold the food
Given you in pity’s name,
You’ll yet wish for some as good
Noo that Gemmel’s sent ye hame,
Noo that Gemmel’s sent ye hame,
Noo that Gemmel’s sent ye hame,
Deil help ye, though ye should
After Gemmel sends ye hame.

GENEROSITY IN JOURNALISM.—The *Herald* generously “admits” that in addressing his constituents last week “Dr Cameron made an honest attempt to be funny.” Who can say after this that there is such a thing as journalistic jealousy?

“That sensitive animal, the Glasgow pig, has,” says a daily paper, “become perfectly rampant with the excitement of the present and the hope of the future.” Has our friend Lipton anything to do with this?

A CASE FOR SENSE-URE.—A contemporary talks of “the sense” of the Edinburgh United Liberal Committee being taken. This seems a wrong thing to do. If the Committee has any “sense” why not leave it in possession of the valuable commodity? But no doubt the proposed deprivation is a plot of some jealous member of the G.L.A., who—in strict consistency with his party creed—believes in “levelling down.”

FERGUSON’S EDINBURGH ROCK
is the best present from Edinburgh. 1 Melbourne place,
near the Castle

Pilgarlic on Stilts.

“OH Goloptious, what a great big tail our cat has got,” muttered the Animile t’other night, as he read, in the columns of that large and influential organ, *The Glasgow Evening Times*, that “the liquidators of the City Bank, as we suggested, have resolved to extend the period within which creditors of the Bank had an opportunity of accepting payment without interest of their balance.” In a matter of this kind most folk might have supposed that those grave and reverend seignors, Messrs Haldane, Jamieson, Anderson, and Cameron would only have altered their previous arrangement after much calculation, and a careful inquiry into the possible results of the alteration; but, as it now turns out, such a notion would have been altogether wrong. There was no calculation, no inquiry—no nothing in fact. Some little Pilgarlic or other bent on “making copy” for an evening ha’penny throws out a suggestion to the liquidators, and these worthies, snapping at it on the instant, proceed at once to put the proposal into practice. This, at least, is Pilgarlic’s own story, and we are bound, of course, to accept his statement. How little, verily, doth the world know of its greatest men!

A MATTER OF GEOGRAPHY.

(Scene—A fashionable suburb; Minister, while about to visit one of the wealthy ladies of his congregation, meets a poorer member).

Minister—I’m sorry, Mr Smith, I’ve not been able to call on you yet, I’ve been so busy, and you live so far away.

Mr Smith (drily)—Aye, aye, sir, had I been livin’ here about ye maybe nicht hae been.

SHOCKING CASE.—Another very gross case has turned up in the Edinburgh Bankruptcy Court. It is that of a trader whose assets actually exceeded his liabilities by upwards of £150! If business men do not combine to put this sort of thing down, our commercial system will soon be in very serious danger.

Somebody advertises having lost a “switch of hair” in the neighbourhood of the Royalty Theatre. It is not improbable that the loss may have been due to Mr Howson’s powerful acting in “Les Cloches.” We often hear of hair standing on end from alarm, and why should it not, under exceptional circumstances, walk bodily off?

MARMALADE ORANGES.—Now is the time for preserving. 2d per lb., or 14 lbs. for 2s.—M. CAMPBELL, 18 Gordon Street.

“Poor Old Blackie.”

LAST Friday evening Professor Blackie made sport for the Philistines, “as per usual,” on the occasion of the Cowal folks’ spree. “After songs had been sung and a Highland fling danced”—by the Professor?—“Professor Blackie addressed the assemblage,” and the assemblage of course went off into cachinnatory hysterics, as assemblages always do, in church, class-room, or elsewhere, when Professor Blackie addresses them. What the good people saw to laugh at is not quite apparent to ordinary perceptions, unless, indeed, it be funny for an elderly gentleman to describe himself as “a serious monster” and “poor old Blackie.” It would, perhaps, be unkind to suggest that the cause of the glee was the Professor’s announcement that Friday’s was likely to be his farewell performance, though the BAILIE must own to having experienced a thrill of satisfaction, on both “poor old Blackie’s” account and his own, when he read the news.

The Enterprising Adulterator.

THE BAILIE had occasion the other week to congratulate the honest men of Ayr upon the enterprise displayed by the local adulterator. He has now to pay a similar compliment to Greenock. The Sugaropolitan butter has been found to contain 40 per cent. of foreign fat, the Sugaropolitan cream to be adulterated to the extent of 66 per cent., and the Sugaropolitan milk to be sophisticated to the amount of a full half. All this is encouraging, as indicative that commercial enterprise and ingenuity are not dead in the land of Adam Smith, James Watt, and Lewis Potter.

SOUND THE ALARM!—The “monstrous regiment of women” is beginning to assume an alarming aspect in Edinburgh. At the recent meeting of contributors to the Infirmary, it was stated that a considerable proportion of the votes for managers were given in favour of having lady managers only! If our friends in the East don’t look out they will soon have their sisters and their cousins and their aunts voting in the General Assembly and pleading before the Court of Session.

AFTER FRANKLIN.—A picture purchased from an artist of some notoriety for 200 guineas was last week re-sold in Glasgow for £12 10s. The original buyer is understood to have come to the conclusion that he paid rather too dear for his Whistle (r).

A Pauer-ful Lecturer—The Herr of that Ilk,

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—That wonderfully clever pantomime, "The Forty Thieves," is to take a fresh lease of life at the Gaiety this evening, when Mr Bernard will introduce a "second edition" of the burlesque to his friends. If the "second edition" be as good as the first—and "they say" that second thoughts are always best—I don't see why the former shouldn't run as long as the latter.

Is it too late to suggest that some alteration ought to be made in the cast proposed for the "Two Roses" when it is played at the Gaiety by the members of the Volunteer Officers' Dramatic Society in the middle of next month? The *Digby Grant* of the comedy, as every theatre-goer knows, is tall and lanky, and possesses a somewhat "haw-haw" manner and a semi-military bearing; while the *Jenkins*, on the other hand, smart and dapper, is inclined, as becomes his trade of commercial traveller, to perkiness, and is ready, under all moods and circumstances, to indulge in and enjoy a bit of broad fun. (What a splendid *Jenkins*, by-the-bye, was lost to the Society when Mr W. C. Thomson sailed for Natal.) As the cast stands at present the *Jenkins*, I believe—well the *Jenkins* is neither dapper nor short, and not even his dearest friends have accused him of a tendency either to stoutness or to low comedy; while, as for the *Digby Grant*—at all events others than "the unskilful" will of necessity laugh when a "comfortably made" *Digby Grant* of, say, 5 feet 4½ inches in stature, hands up "a little cheque," snarling the while, to a *Jenkins* of 6 feet 3 inches, who accepts it with the air of a *Vere de Vere*.

The present is the last week of Mr Sidney's pantomime, and on Friday evening—the penultimate night of its performance—Mr Fred Sidney will take his benefit. On this occasion he will take part, as *King Lachrymoso*, in the famous duet "Have you seen the show," he will give his marvellous drum solos, he will introduce a brand new topical song, will dance a new umbrella dance, will sing "Ta clerk in ta ofis," and will give, once more, his "Whisky-toddy-ology," which is, out of sight, the best pantomime song I ever listened to. As if all this were not enough, the *beneficiaire* will support, moreover, the part of *Colonel Berners*, in the fine old-fashioned farce of "Cut off with a Shilling." Surely the programme is one that must satisfy even the most ardent seeker after amusement, and the response to Mr Sidney's appeal will therefore, let us hope, will be such a one as he deserves.

The present is the concluding week of "Les Cloches de Corneville" at the Royalty, a fact which should not be lost sight of by all who care for charming music and who delight in strong, masterly acting. Indeed I don't know where, on the provincial stage, anything like the *Gaspard* of Mr Howson is at present to be found. Mr Knapp, by the bye, announces an afternoon performance of "Les Cloches" on Saturday at two p.m., when our "country cousins," and those who don't care to venture out o' nights during winter, will doubtless throng the house.

Mrs Chippendale and Miss Rose Leclercq will appear at the Royalty on the Monday of next week. Among the parts to be sustained by Miss Leclercq are *Lady Teazle*, *Lydia Languish*, and *Miss Harcastle*.

As I mentioned last week, Mr Beryl is running "The Eviction" at the Royal Princess's. I haven't seen the piece, but its subject seems appropriate to the times, and the very title should "fetch" our multitudinous Irish population. It is, I understand, put on the stage with great completeness.

It is still "Carnival" time at Hengler's where the Plympton saturnalia is likely to hold out at least a fortnight longer. Whimsical Walker has been the main speciality of the past week. His dumb-show and pantomimic action generally is atrociously funny. Mr Powell presents some striking novelties this week. "The Photoscope" looks rather like an infringement on your rights, BAILIE, in that it shows up, or throws light upon, lots of "Men you Know." Then we are to have

"The Selbini and Villion Troupe" of bicyclists back again, a "Vanishing Vampire" interlude, and by and by the great "Ethardo" in his spiral-ascension ball business. This is enterprise and no mistake.

Mr W. S. Vallance has just returned to town after a very successful elocutionary raid on the Southrons. He penetrated as far south as Devon and Cornwall, and in "New Babylon" itself gave many evenings with popular authors, ranging in eminence from "Jeems Kaye" downwards. Jeems's "Christmas Dinner" is said to be one of the most "fetching" pieces in his repertory. Mr Vallance gives a free entertainment to the Mossbank boys to-morrow night.

"They say" that after a little more wooing and coaxing, Mr R. T. Middleton will be prevailed upon to accept the vacant seat on the School Board. Mr Connal, I learn, really means to retire this time, and Mr Middleton will be elected to reign in his stead. Failing this gentleman's acceptance of the seat, however, the Opposition can call in a man entirely of their own colour. The coalition of the three R.C.'s, the four *Mail* proteges, Dr Logan Aikman, and "oor Jeems," could thus smite the Kidstonites hip and thigh, and "raise Cain" generally among the poor dominies. Mr Fife would then be chairman, and after that—the millenium.

What a terrible fuss is, to be sure, being made by the Board over the appointment to the headmastership of the City Public School for boys. These schools, by the way, are a huge blunder, and a big infliction on the ratepayers. That's so.

Professor Tait, of Edinburgh University, is the Science Lecturer for Thursday night, when he will discourse to our local *savans* on "Thunderstorms." The Professor, who is a joint author of "The Unseen Universe," is one of the five or six British scientists whose names are a power beyond the "silver streak."

"They say," my Magistrate, that the Messrs Henderson, of the Anchor Line, have succeeded in solving the Greenock Sunday train difficulty—and that in a most effectual manner. They have chartered a regular Sunday train from Greenock to Glasgow on behalf of their American passengers.

What an exquisite refinement of cruelty was that of the officers of the 74th Regiment just fresh from the tropics, to trot out their band on the day of their arrival to the frigid surface of a Maryhill loch, whereon they had to perform for five mortal hours, for the delectation of a sixpenny skating-auditory. What was fun to the skaters might be death to the bandsmen. *Verb. Sap.*

Messrs Hutchison & Dixon advertise a tempting sale for the Monday and Tuesday of next week. The objects to be disposed of include works of art in bronze, china (Dresden and Sevres), musical and scientific instruments, &c.; and the sale will no doubt attract a large assemblage of those who come to see, as well as those who come to buy.

"GAIETY" AND FORTY-TUDE.

"Second Edition!"—What, another spell?

Yes, yet to see those pretty "Thieves XL."

Reporting on a recent Board of Trade inquiry into a railway accident in the east of Scotland, Major Majendie says "that though the facts are undisputed, he found it impossible to assign the blame, on account of the grave discrepancies in the evidence, some of the witnesses having evidently stated the grossest and most deliberate falsehoods." And this is religious Scotland, the land of Begg and Kidston and Quarrier!

Nightly Under Showers of Applause — A "bold bad man" in a "Macintosh."

"Whoa, Emma!"

IF Mr George Anderson did not make a particularly brilliant appearance in the City Hall on Thursday evening, his speech contained at least one bold and original suggestion. This was his proposed remedy for the financial difficulties of India. "I believe," said Mr Anderson, amid the cheers of his intelligent audience, "we should begin with the Lord-Lieutenant (*sic*), and from him downwards cut down the income of every European to one half its present amount." If this did not prove an effectual remedy it would, of course, be easy to complete the reform by "cutting down" the other half—that is to say, if "every European" were not so unreasonable as to object. Mr Anderson believes, it seems, in a sort of modified Home Rule for Scotland. The running for the first Chancellorship of the Exchequer would clearly lie between himself and, say, Mr John Neil.

Unkind.

A GAELIC concert was held in the City Hall on Friday evening, and Mr Tennant heroically took the chair. Other magnates, less bold or less complaisant, escaped under the cover of "letters of apology," and among these was—"unkindest cut of all!"—Professor Blackie, who wrote what the report calls "the following characteristic"—everything the Professor does is, of course, "characteristic"—"note:"—"No, no! One service in the evening is quite enough for me." The BAILIE can quite understand even Professor Blackie finding a Gaelic concert too much for him; but, after all his recent professions, he need not have cried off quite so eagerly.

CHEERING.—At last Tuesday's Convalescent Home meeting Bailie Wilson remarked that "one gift" to the Home "which was specially cheering to the directors was a bottle of wine sent by an old patient." It is interesting to learn that the directors were cheered by the old patient's bottle of wine. Let us trust they were not also inebriated.

ONE'S ENOUGH!—According to Mr Tennant M.P., the choir of St Columba Church is the only one in the world which sings Gaelic lyrics. "So mote it be!"

In his latest poetical production Professor Blackie talks of "the cloud-capt Ben." Does he mean Lord Beaconsfield?

Jones asks if the "smoking concerts" now in vogue in London are ever *succes de steam*.

"Rory" Himself Again!

MR JAMES MOIR was quite in his old form at the meeting of Mr Anderson's committee the other day. "Devils" and "profligates" are as apt and expressive terms to apply to political opponents as they are tasteful and polite. Mr Moir should not, however, commit himself to such rash statements as that "he has no hesitation in telling us that the more we have to pay the less we have left to ourselves." Let him stick to his own peculiar "devilish" and "profligate" style of oratory, and leave such startling, if brilliant, paradoxes alone.

The Admiral and "Science."

THE Admiral" once more demonstrated at last week's dinner of the "Sons of the Rock." Sir William has evidently but a poor opinion of the modern tar who goes ashore in "a tall hat and polished boots," but it is generous on his part to admit that the officer of to-day is "not much the worse" for a knowledge of science. By the way, it is to be hoped that Sir William himself is not altogether destitute of "science." He declares that "he has the greatest possible difficulty in keeping himself from going at" his Parliamentary opponents "in a way that he might afterwards regret." Should that difficulty ever prove too much for the Admiral, a little of the science of the P.R. might diminish his subsequent "regret."

ON THE "KEY" VIVE.—Can it be that Lord Provost Collins is a bold bad man with a hankering after the paths of Peace? It looks like it when he informs a meeting of volunteers that, "though he will not tell them how he managed it, he has the key of the Barracks in his possession." The BAILIE begs to call the attention of the War Office to this announcement.

GLACIAL.—Mattie being asked what she thought of the fairy fancy frostwork on the window the other morning, her reply was, that she thought that it was rather an ice design for a *freeze*!

THE MARK-IT.—During the week there has been a considerable fall in mercury, and slight in snow; ice has been firm and has held out against much keen competition.

Although he has taken to the making of conundrums—at Renfrewshire dinners and elsewhere—the pastor of Saint Andrew's is not necessarily a merry-andrew.

The Professional Beggar—Mend-he-can't.

Quavers.

THE present most successful series of Choral and Orchestral Concerts come to a close to-night (27th), and with a programme which includes, it may be said, the two greatest works of two of the greatest musicians. As commemorative of Mozart's birthday, which this day (Tuesday) happens to be the anniversary of, there will be given, among other extracts from the composer, several numbers from the celebrated Requiem—the weird story about which every one has heard; also, to complete the performance of the series during the season, the king of symphonies, Beethoven's Choral Ninth, the first time that it will have been heard in Glasgow.

Here truly is a feast for the lovers of classical music, and it will be a matter of surprise indeed should the spacious concert hall not be crowded on the occasion to its utmost capacity.

The Choral Symphony is of course an instrumental work with a vocal and instrumental sequel. The first portion, orchestral proper, consists of five movements. The second portion, orchestral and choral, of seven. The words of the vocal numbers are from Schiller's "Ode to Joy," by which, as it were, relief is given to the over-strung feelings excited by the music from the instruments, and happier strains are sought.

One lovely passage will be recognised in the first division of the symphony, the adagio No. 31 in the notes, but it is to be hoped that all intending to be present at the concert have been faithfully perusing the analysis issued with the programme. It is impossible, indeed, at all properly to realise the scope of this great musical composition without some such preliminary study.

With this concert Mr Manns' sojourn among us for the time comes to an end. We are sure we express the feeling of every one who has attended during the season when we say that Mr Manns has more than satisfied us, that he has in fact delighted us beyond expectation. We have never had orchestral performances conducted with such taste and skill as during Mr Manns' tenure of office. And beneath all there has been a stratum of good common sense, business management, tact, and forbearance—qualities by no means always present with those who guide our orchestras. It is to be hoped that the results this season will be such as to encourage the committees to resume these concerts next year as usual. In that case—what we should not wonder is expected—the services of Mr Manns' will of course be secured again; for apart from the desirability of getting so competent a conductor back again (what the management are without doubt sensible of) it is well, if possible, to have always the same guiding hand.

A lecture is to be given on the 3rd February, in connection with the Elgin Place Church Literary Institute, by Mr Senior, organist of the chapel, on the interesting subject of the music of Purcell and Arne. Mr Senior will have the assistance of the choir in the musical illustrations, which will include examples also of the piano compositions (little known) of these worthies. Mr R. Donaldson, Jun., will act as accompanist.

The First Lanarkshire Rifle Volunteers are a highly musical corps, as may be observed. They have a regimental glee club, as well as a regimental band. The first enjoys the instruction of Lieut. M'Nabb, of the Ayr oratorios, &c.; the second, that of Mr Adams, a household name in military music. A concert by members of the vocal association and by the band is to be given to-morrow (Wednesday). Among the vocal pieces are Calcott's glee, "Ye Mariners of England," Sir Herbert Oakley's arrangement for male voices of "Pibroch o' Donuil Dhu," Sullivan's "Beleaguered," Loder's "Brother Soldiers;" while the band will play, among other pieces, selections from "Faust," introducing vocally the Soldiers' Chorus. The concert is in aid of the funds of the West of Scotland Rifle Association.

At the concert by St. George's Choral Union on Monday evening next, Dr Peace will play some choice organ solos, also an organ accompaniment to the choral arrangement of Schumann's "Blonde-lied," which the Union are to sing, and which ought to prove a hit. Madame Beasley sings "Softly Sighs" from "Der Freyschutz," Mr H. Seligmann Mendelssohn's "Garland," with other solos and duets. This should be a very pleasant concert of its not too frequent class.

The South-side Tonic Sol-fa Society achieved a marked success in every respect by their production of Handel's "Semele" on Friday evening last. We were much pleased with the tone of the society taken all over, the style of singing also being highly promising. Mr M'Kean is evidently a hard working trainer, and he conducts with much taste.

On the same evening the Crosshill Musical Association had their annual winter concert. Mozart's First Mass was performed, and in a very satisfactory manner. The balance of the voices was good, and the tone pleasant. The acoustics of the room (Govanhill Burgh Hall) are defective, however, and the effect of the singing was greatly interfered with in consequence. The solo music of the Mass, and the other numbers for single voices, were as a rule well executed, and considering that this is but its second year, the society may be said to be doing very well. Mr T. S. Drummond conducted, and Mr Channon Cornwall played the piano accompaniments, Mr T. J. Hammond filling up on the harmonium.

The Partick Musical Association gave their second annual concert in the Burgh Hall, Partick, on Thursday evening. The chorus proved to be well balanced, and, fortunately, the membership can boast of some six or seven excellent soloists. Almost every choral number in the programme was marked by pure, full tone, precision of attack, and what is rarer, delicacy of expression. The first part comprised sacred extracts from Haydn ("The Creation") Handel, and Mozart; the second, secular, from Webbe, Purcell, and other composers of like classical position. Mr Duncan Smyth (conductor), and the committee of management are to be congratulated on the position the Society has already attained among kindred associations; and, by the way, the programme was of just such a character as one must desiderate for a concert in mid-session, not consisting chiefly of a heavy and, as it often proves, ill-performed work, but of short, good pieces, such as are likely to be at least respectably sung.

The course of Musical Lectures last week by Herr Pauer was remarkably well attended—chiefly, of course, by young-lady students, who could not but be greatly benefited by the valuable lessons contained in the critical analysis of the different styles treated of, and from the illustrations, which were given in the masterly manner to be expected of so distinguished a pianist as Herr Pauer.

Dr Spark of Leeds has been lecturing in the neighbourhood during last week, his subjects being the music of the Victorian period, and that from Bach to Gounod. Why should lectures of the kind not be as popular as those on scientific or literary matters?

Cowen's "Rose Maiden" is being performed to-night (Tuesday) in Creeff by the Musical Association of that rising town. The taste of the society is to be admired in the selection, though of course there are stronger works of the cantata class.

THE TIME OF DAY.

(Scene—A back street.)

Gent. (hurrying)—Can you tell me what time it is, my man?

Tonalt—Her canna sure, sir, she's a stranger here.

A Hamilton Home-Ruler wrote last week to the *Herald*, beginning, "Your readers may remember that I had occasion to write in your columns a letter . . . on the 8th November last." My conscience! Fancy remembering any one particular piece of Home-Rule drivel for more than two months!

LONDON SCOTTISH RESORT, 3 Water Lane, Ludgate Hill, London, the only House for "Real Johnny" Scotch Whiskies of all Brands, Scotch Ales, &c. Neil Mackay, Proprietor.

Rab the Rover.

THERE is terror at the Vatican, there is alarm in Constantinople, there is quaking in Africa! And wherefore? Why, because the Reverend Robert, of Ladywell, is about to "leave"—as *per* advertisement—"for missionary travels, &c., in the south of Europe, Africa, and Asia." We have not forgotten Robert's former exploits as a traveller, and we may expect even bigger things from the more extended tour which he now has in prospect. But one word in your ear, Robert. Could you not make the present "mission," in part at least, one of peace? Sit on the Pope, swallow brigands, and devour Vesuvius if you will, but when you get to Asia and Africa you might do your country a good turn by settling affairs at the Cape, arranging our little difficulties with the Sultan, and carrying out your friend Beaconsfield's "scientific" programme in Afghanistan. Do this, and you may return, deserving well of your native land, to "take physogs" and drive the pownie for the rest of your natural life.

SCENE—GLASGOW GREEN.

Sandy and Tammas (two East-end worthies) meet.

Sandy—Hech, man, Tammas, but ye look gash; ha'e ye been ailin'?

Tammas (shaking Sandy's hand affectionately)—Ailin'! Bless my sowl, did na ye hear! I was just about awa wi't, I can tell ye. Tammas, I got a braw fricht. I read richt through frae Genesis tae the Revelation in a fortnicht!

MUSICAL NOTE.—A daily contemporary illustrates its criticism of last week's orchestral concert by presenting its readers with certain "leading motifs" in musical type. The idea is novel, enterprising, and capable of further development. For instance, the paper referred to, whose art criticisms are fearful and wonderful, not to say unintelligible, things, might make itself better "understood of the people" by interspersing its lucubrations with neat explanatory cuts. Try it, contemporary.

In Guid Han's—The spirit trade. (He "believed in Scotland the spirit trade was very much in the hands of the elders of the different churches"—Sir Wilfrid Lawson in his speech to the Edinburgh students).

"The Kirk's Alarm"—William E. Gladstone.

Everidge's Guaranteed Mixed Pickles, Red Cabbage, Mushroom Ketchup, Sauces and Table Condiments, unrivalled for purity and flavour.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the Members' meeting was a tame affair.

That the speeches were dull.

That it wasn't till the heckling began that the audience wakened up.

That the gathering then became a perfect "bear garden."

That all the efforts of the Chief Magistrate and the three Members failed to restore order.

That the *Herald* went into ecstasies over Mr Tennant's speech.

That it kindly patted "George" on the back.

That it fell tooth and nail on Dr Cameron.

That Granny isn't likely to admit that any good thing can come out of Union Street.

That it is quite refreshing to see how these newspaper proprietors love one another.

That W. R. W. Smith has broken out in a new place.

That he has become an insurance agent.

That it is a little "too much" to use a Town Council meeting as an advertising medium.

That he talks as glibly about "recommending members to insure their property in this company" as if he were orating on the sewage question.

That the railway directors have declined to run trains on Sunday.

That this is cruel after the frantic efforts of Granny on behalf of Sunday travellers.

That the City Bank shareholders' relief report shows that Scotland can be generous in a good cause.

That the work of the committee has been done in a very satisfactory manner.

That a great deal of suffering and hardship has been relieved in a quiet and unostentatious manner.

That Sir James Bain is determined to have a seat in the next Parliament.

That he may be the Bain but the electors will find the antidote.

That if Sir James doesn't get in it won't be for want of hard fighting.

That the members of "ta force" continue to distinguish themselves as much as ever.

The other day the Edinburgh students hailed Sir Wilfrid Lawson with the chorus, "For he's a jolly good fellow." Considering the manners and customs of the average undergrad., one would rather have expected some such adaptation as, "Confound his eyes if ever he tries to rob a poor cove of his beer!"

GIFT OF £5000.

IMMENSE EXCITEMENT! TREMENDOUS CROWDS!! Unparalleled in the History of the Hat Trade. Thousands upon Thousands are taking advantage of Wonderful Offer.

FRESH LOTS BROUGHT FORWARD TO-DAY. Several Hundred Beautiful Large FELT HATS, the Newest Shapes, Full Trimmed with Velvet, for 11½d. Immense Piles of IMITATION BEAVERS, for 7½d; worth 5s 9d.

MILLINERY BONNETS and HATS, the First Stock in Scotland, now selling at astonishing Reductions. Every kind of Hat for Ladies, Gentlemen, Misses, Boys, or Infants.

DO NOT WAIT TILL THE CRUSH—CALL EARLY.

In return for the unprecedented and liberal patronage accorded to us during the past ten years, we have determined to deduct the above amount from the ordinary prices charged on our stock, and have arranged a gigantic Sale this month. Our arrangements with our Wholesale Departments necessitate this being the last Sale in the Colosseum. Such being the fact we have determined to give our friends and supporters a benefit that will not be forgotten. Come early, as we cannot guarantee any of these special lines after the first two weeks.

LADIES' BEAVER HATS.**MISSSES' BEAVER HATS.**

Ladies' Imitation Long Pile Beavers (all colours), 2s 11d; ordinary price, 4s 6d.

Ladies' Real (English) Beaver Hats 5s 11d; ordinary price, 9s. Ladies' Real (French makes) Beaver Hats, 7s 11d; ordinary price 12s.

Ladies' Real (Best French makes) Beaver Hats, 9s; ordinary price, 16s. Several Thousands to choose from. These are just the very latest novelties, and are beautiful Goods.

SEAL RINK HATS.**SEAL HATS, ALL SHAPES.**

Imitation Seal Hats for Misses, 1s 5½d; regular price 3s. Splendid Line of Real Seal Hats, 6s 11d; regular price, 11s 9d.

25 Only Real Seal Hats, now for 25s; regular price, 40s; also a few at 60s, with lining slightly soiled, for same price.

These last are extremely choice Goods. Ladies should see them.

TONS UPON TONS OF FELT AND STRAW HATS.

9376 Felt Hats for Misses, the Newest Shapes, 4½d; regular price 2s 6d.

6211 Felt Hats for Ladies, all Colours and Shapes, 11½d; regular price 4s 9d.

This last line are all beautiful Goods and the Newest Fashion. Our clients are not to fancy that these are a lot of rubbish worth almost nothing—they are value for four times the price.

CARTLOADS OF LADIES' AND MISSSES' STRAW HATS, GIVEN AWAY FROM 1d UP.**REAL CHIP HATS AND BONNETS.**

WONDERFUL LINE OF REAL CHIPS, NEWEST SHAPES, for 11½d Each.

TRIMMED HATS.**TRIMMED BONNETS.**

Several Hundred Millinery Bonnets and Hats at nominal Prices. Nine only remaining French Patterns, by Viro, Gilot, &c. Prices, 160s, 140s, 110s, and 100s; now for 50s, 45s, 40s. One Hundred and Fifty Crape Bonnets will now be sold from 2s 6d up; All the remaining new Canadian and Fregno Hats for 4s 11d. Mob Caps and Dress Caps from 11½d each.

FLOWERS! FLOWERS!! FLOWERS!!!

Roses, all the new Colours, One Penny each; also, immense variety of French and English Sprays, Wreaths, Trails, &c. Ostrich Tips and Flats, all colours, at very low prices. Everything reduced, Birds, Wings, Ornaments, &c.

GENTLEMEN'S FELT AND DRESS HAT DEPARTMENTS.**EXTRAORDINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.**

For the first time, and for this month only, we will make a reduction in our prices of Gentlemen's Hats. Mr Binnie has laid out his superb stock of Felt and Satin Hats at the undernoted prices:—Gentlemen's Felt Hats, 6s 11d, 5s 11d, 4s 11d, 3s 11d, 2s 11d, 1s 11d, and 11d. Gentlemen's Satin Hats, 15s 11d, 13s 11d, 11s 11d, 9s 11d, 7s 11d, 5s 11d. We specially ask our friends and supporters to take advantage of this Sale, as never in the history of the Hat Trade was there such value offered. To give an idea of the comparative values, we may say the 6s 11d Felt is regularly sold elsewhere at 10s 6d and 12s 6d; and the 15s 11d Dress Hat is the best that can be had for money. Travelling Caps, Tam o' Shanter's, &c., at less than makers' prices. The Boys' Fancy Hat and Cap Department, to describe which would take a column itself, we content ourselves by saying to parents and guardians that this is a golden opportunity, and should not be lost. 2500 Boys' Tweed Tam o' Shanter's, for 10½d. These are selling in hundreds.

HAT CLEANING.

Ladies' and Misses' Felt Hats cleaned, dyed, and altered by the very best workmen in the trade in a manner that surpasses all the efforts of the smaller fraternity. Our price this month for dyeing and altering Felts to any shape for Ladies or Misses Sixpence. These Hats can be renovated and trimmed by us in three days.

Intending Purchasers should call early in the day to save inconvenient overcrowding.

WALTER WILSON & CO.'S

Great Bonus and Last Sale,

COLOSSEUM,

70 JAMAICA STREET,

UP STAIRS.

"GLENGYLE"

OLD HIGHLAND WHISKY.

A Judicious Combination of the Finest Matured HIGHLAND MALT WHISKIES. Unrivalled for Toddy and General Family Use.

18S PER GALLON OR 36S PER DOZEN.
(Jars and Bottles Returned.)

SOLE PROPRIETOR—

J. H. DEWAR,
Wholesale Family Wine Stores,

47 ROSE STREET, GARNETHILL (Corner of Bucc'each Street);
And 190 ST. GEORGE'S ROAD (Opposite West Princes St).

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

HENRY THOMSON & CO'S

OLD

IRISH WHISKY.

SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—

ROBERT BROWN, 17 HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.

DAVISON'S

**CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE
GINGER BEER.**

A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE YEAR ROUND; WARM, GRATEFUL, AND AROMATIC.
As Supplied to the Western, Junior, New, and other Clubs.

THOMAS DAVISON,

DISPENSING CHEMIST,

126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

LADIES' 2 BUTTON

FRENCH KID GLOVES,

Only 1s 11d per Pair,

IN ALL THE NEW SHADES.

PROVAN & SMELLIE, 120 Trongate.

**CENTRAL DINING AND
TEA ROOMS,**

51 BUCHANAN STREET,

(Opposite Argyle Arcade.)

LADIES' ROOM—no Gratuities—no delay.

WM. NIVEN, Proprietor.

**COOPER & CO'S
FRUIT SYRUPS.**

LEMON and GINGER Especially Recommended.

1S 9D BOTTLE FOR 8½D,

3S 6D " " 1S 3D,

A Tablespoonful of the above in a Tumblerful of Cold Water makes a most refreshing and inexpensive Summer Drink.

To be had only from the Makers,

COOPER & CO., 10 and 12 Howard Street, and Branches.

ADVERTISEMENTS received for ALL
PAPERS by A. F. SHARP & Co.,
14 Royal Exchange Square.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 28th, 1880.

IN the beggar as described by Homer there was a nobleness and dignity entirely wanting in the miserable regiment which has been passing in review before the Glasgow Police Courts during the last fortnight. Squalor and depravity could be traced in many of their countenances; the readiness of resource in lying, the skill in whining, and the assumed air of innocence all went to show that they had been following begging as a trade for a considerable time. That their alms-seeking was not the result of want solely is plain from the number of cases in which it was necessary to send the prisoners to jail or give an admonition; but a long-suffering public, if not the police, know that only a small section of the pests who have been infesting the city have yet been dealt with. The suburbs, the quiet residential streets in the city as well as those given over to business, and even our leading thoroughfares, have all been the scene of the operations of this motley crowd. At mid-day or after dark, and even though the police were at hand it made no difference. How much money has been obtained and annoyance caused by these beggars it is impossible to say, but the wonder is that from the juvenile who is surely graduating in crime, to the grown up insolent and undeserving examples, they should all have been allowed to prey upon the charitable for so long. The raid which is now being made on the beggars has served to emphasize the extent of the nuisance and the time it has been in existence. The police can scarcely be assumed to have been ignorant of the prevalence of the evil; why then wasn't it dealt with before now? Was it allowed to grow in order that it might be shied at like an Aunt Sally, or was it their tender sympathies which prevented them interfering till compelled to do so? The benevolence of her citizens, the resources of her charities, and the efficiency of her Poor Law administration entitle the city of Glasgow to expect that the authorities will at all times keep the beggar nuisance at a minimum.

HOLE-Y.—Dr Hatley Waddell's "Isaiah intil Scottis" reminds an anonymous critic of "Burns in his holier moments." Does he mean raggeder moments?

A Sound Investment—A telephone.

Megilp.

THE work of "hanging" the pictures in the Institute is now completed, or all but completed; Friday has been set apart as the "touching-up" day; Saturday is the "press day;" the "private view" takes place on Monday; and the opening *Conversazione* on Monday evening. It is open to question, however, whether the Council of the Institute should not have marked the inauguration of their new Galleries with something more distinctive than the old and somewhat time-worn "*Conversazione*." A "*Conversazione*" has only a local and temporary interest. On Monday the opportunity was afforded of bringing forward some well-known orator, or some distinguished Light in Art, whose presence and whose remarks would have made the occasion celebrated all over the country.

The Exhibition of Sculpture promises to be an exceedingly good one. Among local artists represented will of course be Mr Mossman and Mr James A. Ewing, the Stevensons, and Mr Macbride, who have sent through various works from Edinburgh; while the London brigade includes Birch, Boehm, and Thorneycroft.

The annual dinner of the Scottish Artists' Club took place in Edinburgh on Friday evening.

An Arts Club is proposed for Glasgow. The notion is that, in addition to painters, its members shall include sculptors, architects, decorators, and indeed all who make their living out of the practice of what is usually known as "art."

Mr Edwin Calvert's chief picture of the year, which represents the ebbing of a wave that has spent its force on a shingly beach, is intended for the Royal Academy. The idea is novel, and if it be successfully carried out the work will make a hit even in London.

Among the pictures on which Mr William Glover is busy, is a scene from "Macbeth," illustrative of the meeting of Macbeth and the Witches on the "Blasted Heath." It is a commission from Mr Henry Irving.

The "hanging committee" of the Royal Scottish Academy consists of Messrs M'Taggart, Lockhart, and Gourlay Steell, and it would be difficult to select three abler men, or three men more likely to do justice to the works—as well of their friends as of their rivals, and also of that much larger—and therefore too often neglected—class who are neither friends nor rivals. To single out one member of the trio (and he is singled out because he is neither so old as Gourlay Steell nor so young as Lockhart, Mr M'Taggart, while one of our leading Scottish artists, is also one of the most courteous and least-hearted of Scotchmen. Were a description of M'Taggart wanted, none could be found more apt than the delightful phrase of "tender and true" applied by the old "makar" to the typical Lord Douglas, and repeated by "glorious" Tennyson—as the poet-laureate is termed by Mr Swinburne—in his "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington."

The mention of Mr Swinburne, by the bye, recalls the fact that he doesn't quite share the opinion of M. Legros recorded the other day in this column. In his newly published "Study of Shakespeare," when alluding to the heroines of "A Warning for Fair Women," and "Arden of Faversham"—two plays of the Elizabethan age, the latter of which he regards as a possible work of Shakespeare's, while the former is due to a much inferior and commonplace hand—he says, "They stand as far beyond comparison apart as might a portrait by any average Academician and a portrait by Whistler or Legros."

Coming back for a moment to Edinburgh and the Royal Scottish Academy, the opinion may be expressed here that the Academicians have not improved the esteem in which they are held in the West Country by their attempt to steal a march on Glasgow in the matter of the opening of their exhibition. Whether, moreover, the movement is a concerted one, or is only the result of individual impulse, there can be no question that our Edinburgh friends (?) have treated the Institute with but scant favour so far as the sending of good pictures is concerned. In some cases at least, works that have originally been exhibited in Edinburgh, and have subsequently gone the round of various minor collections, are now being sent here as a *dernier ressort*.

Fortunately, it needs no special gift of prophecy to foretell how these "old masters" will be regarded by our local buyers of pictures.

The new monthly entitled *The Artist* has made an exceedingly good start. It is altogether practical; is meant, indeed, for workers in art, and not for the general public. No one looks for criticism in such a paper; its *metier* is to supply news, and the first number has news in plenty.

A FEATHER-WEIGHT.

Jim (who is accustomed to "brag")—Mr Smith has a solid gold cup.

George—Solid gold!

Jim—Yes, it's as light's a feather.

"MOST MUSICAL MOST MELANCHOLY."—The Berwickshire parish of Chirnside must be a happy hunting ground for skilful yet inpecunious musicians. The parish church of that ilk notifies by circular and otherwise that it presently wants a precentor, that said precentor must hold the Church of Scotland diploma, and is also expected to be able to play the organ. It is likewise stated that employment of various kinds—probably stone-breaking, road-mending, &c., may be found in the neighbourhood. The salary is fixed at the munificent figure of £15 per annum. Now Messrs Lambeth, Archer, Peace, &c., please take notice that applications for this prize in the profession must be lodged at latest by the 31st inst. The BAILIE will be pleased to announce the name of the fortunate candidate.

"J. B. IS SLY!"—Sir James Bain (M.P.) has broken out in a fresh place. The other night he took the chair at a "festival" of West End grocers, informed the festive men of sugar that he was "in the trade," and declared it to be "very unpatriotic (*sic*) in any of the West-End residents to go into the centre of the town for any articles they might require." What is the next "interest" to be conciliated, Sir Jeems? Have you sufficient ingenuity, think you, to "hedge" over the liquor question?

PREPARE TO RECEIVE—INFANTRY!—Here is something that looks like a new field for young gentlemen under age and uncertain in what direction to turn their talents. "A healthy infant," declaring himself to be "well connected," advertises in the *Herald* his desire "to be adopted into respectable family." To simplify matters, he adds, "No remuneration given." Doesn't the healthy and well-connected infant wish he may get it?

Egyptian Affairs—Mummies.

Mitchell's Old Irish Whisky, Belfast, is famed over the World. Agent, David Mitchell, 20 Hope Street, Glasgow.

The "Second" Tory Candidate.
REGARDLESS of the BAILIE'S oft-repeated warnings, the Conservatives of Glasgow have resolved on the suicidal policy of running two candidates, and, as if to make their chances of success doubly hopeless, have nominated Sir James Bain as the second. From every point of view the decision which has been arrived at is one to be regretted. In choosing their course of action the Conservative Association have been unfortunate, and in choosing their second candidate they have been more unfortunate still. Even granting the expediency of putting up two candidates, there are at least half-a-dozen men to be found who would unite all sections of the party, so that it would present a firm and compact front when the time of action arrived. But the very first effect of Sir James's nomination has been to introduce disaffection and disunion. The nomination itself was carried by a very narrow majority, and that in a meeting where the friends of the nominee doubtless turned out in all their strength. Had those on the other side had the courage to put up a man who really would represent the party, it needs no diviner to see that the result would have been very different. As a Tory of the old school, the BAILIE cannot help feeling that the old cause has fallen upon evil times. The representative he would choose would certainly not be that candidate who is capable of masquerading in a yellow sash and rosette for the purpose of gaining the votes of a knot of Orange fanatics, of kow-towing to the Permissive-Billites, and currying favour with a horde of Fenian irreconcilables. What the deuce, he asks, does such a one in the Conservative galley? Sir James has seen it his duty "to accept the offered honour." Of course he has. No one doubted that when the honour was offered he would accept it, because, like one of Shakspeare's heroes

"He is not made of stone,
 But penetrable to all kind entreaties."

To those who have watched his tactics and have noticed his coquettings with the various parts of the body politic, all with a view to bringing about this result, there must be something very amusing in the meek way Sir James resigns himself to the greatness which has been thrust upon him. The fact is that for a long time back Sir James has been a kind of old man of the sea on the neck of the Conservative party. All attempts to shake him off have been in vain. As in the case of Sinbad the

more he was shaken, the faster he clung. In submitting to adopt him as their second candidate the leaders of the party simply recognise the fact that he is on their shoulders and that they can't get quit of him. But those who have read the old story will recollect that when Sinbad had gone a bit with *his* old man of the sea, he felt the legs twist so tightly about his throat that he had either to get rid of the incubus or allow himself to be strangled. The moral is so obvious that the BAILIE will not insult the intelligence of his readers by pointing it out.

THE "HIND LEGS."

(Scene—Printing office; Boy applying for situation).

Boy—Are ye needin' a boy?

Manager—Yes; what have you been accustomed to work at?

Boy—Am in the Gaiety at nights.

Manager—Are you one of the fairies?

Boy—No; am the hin' legs o' Alli Babi's donkey!

[The donkey is at once set to work.]

SURELY A SIN OF COMMISSION!—This is an age of "commissions"—"double" and otherwise—but it is nevertheless startling to old-fashioned folks like the BAILIE to find an advertiser offering an "office boy" "12s per month and commission." What a lively office the advertiser's must be!

RU'GLEN BRASS.—The Rutherglen Town Council have decided to give a donation of three guineas to the local "brass band." Unless some arbitrator is appointed to decide which is the brazenest band in Rutherglen, there will be a "fite" for that money!

Two men were sent to prison last week for stealing a quantity of "butterine." Would it not have been a more appropriate punishment to have condemned them to consume their nasty plunder?

"If brevity be the sole of wit, what," enquires Bauldy, "is the heel?" "Why silence, to be shoe-r," he replies with a grin.

Mr SPURGEON, in *Sword and Trowel*, says "The straight, turned-up, turned down, and oblique pointed PENS of MACNIVEN & CAMERON are marvellously good. It is a pleasure to write with them."

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

Sample Box of all the kinds assorted, by post, 1s 1d.
 MACNIVEN & CAMERON, 23 to 33 Blair Street, Edinburgh,
 Penmakers to Her Majesty's Government Offices. (Estd. 1770.)

Very Filly-sh!

HOW true it is that evil communications corrupt good manners! From a correspondence read at Wednesday's meeting of the Highland and Agricultural Society it appears that at the Perth show a certain filly was discovered to be adorned with false hair, and, as all complicity is denied by her owner and everybody else concerned, it follows that the artifice in question must have been the work of the misguided creature herself. We have heard a good deal of late about the unnecessary pomps and vanities indulged in by the families of our agriculturists, and really, when we find a farmer's very fillies following artificial fashions, there seems to be some truth in the charge.

Motto for a Cobbler Working 'Long Hours—
"Never too late to mend."

T H E G A I E T Y.

Proprietor and Director,Mr C. BERNARD.
EVERY EVENING,

MAGNIFICENCE AND COMPLETENESS

NEVER BEFORE EQUALLED,

F O R T Y T H I E V E S ;

OR, STRIKING OIL IN FAMILY JARS.

Open at 6. Commence at 7. Prices, from 6d to 5s.

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager,Mr SIDNEY.
LAST SIX NIGHTS

of

Mr Sidney's Fifth Great Glasgow Success,

THE FAIR ONE WITH THE GOLDEN LOCKS,

TO-NIGHT AND EVERY EVENING AT 7-30.

With all its beautiful Scenery and Effects.

ROYALTY THEATRE,

SAUCHIEHALL STREET,

Lessee and Manager,Mr E. L. KNAPP.

Last Week of

LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE COMPANY.

Morning Performance on SATURDAY, JAN. 31, at 2 o'clock.

MONDAY, FEB. 2, ENGLISH COMEDY COMPANY.

Mrs CHIPPENDALE, and

Miss ROSE LECLERCQ.

Seats can be secured at Messrs J. Muir Wood & Co.'s,
Buchanan Street.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

MAIN STREET, SOUTH SIDE, GLASGOW.

Sole Lessee and Manager,Mr H. CECIL BERYL.

Every Evening until further notice a powerful Irish Drama,

Entitled

"THE EVICTION,"

In which Mr and Mrs HUBERT O'GRADY and their Irish
National Company will appear.

Entirely New Scenery specially Painted by Mr WM. W. SMALL.

New Music by HERR ALOIS BROUSIL.

Mechanical Effects by Mr E. J. WILSON.

Box plan at Donaldson's Rooms, 77 St. Vincent Street.
Doors open each Evening at 7. Overture, 7-30. (Saturdays,
half-an-hour earlier).

GLASGOW CHORAL UNION.

ST. ANDREW'S HALL,
TO-NIGHT (TUESDAY), 27TH JANUARY, 1880,
at 8 o'clock.

FOURTH CHORAL CONCERT,
Last Grand Concert of the Season.

Part First—

MOZART ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION.
Allegro Assai, from Symphony in D—"The Parisian."
Selections from the "REQUIEM MASS."

Maurerische Trauermusik (Masonic Funeral March),
Overture to "The Magic Flute."

Part Second—

BEETHOVEN'S CHORAL SYMPHONY.

VOCALISTS—MIDDLE, FRIEDLANDER,
AND MEMBERS OF GLASGOW CHORAL UNION.
ORCHESTRA—60 PERFORMERS.

ORGANIST—DR A. L. PEACE,

CONDUCTORS—MR H. A. LAMBETH and MR AUGUST
MANN (his Last Appearance this Season).

Doors Open at 7; Concert at 8.

Tickets—8s 6d, 5s, 3s, 2s, and 1s. The Programme, with
Analytical Notes, is now ready—Double Number, 1s. From
Swan & Co., 49 Buchanan Street.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

ST. ANDREW'S HALL,
SATURDAY, 31ST JANUARY, AT 7-30 P.M.

M E S S I A H.

Tickets from Swan & Co., 49 Buchanan Street.
(Reserved Seats, 2s 6d), 2s, and 1s.

FIRST LANARKSHIRE RIFLE VOLUNTEERS.

G R A N D C O N C E R T,
In Aid of Funds of West of Scotland Rifle Association
by the

REGIMENTAL GLEE CLUB,
Leut. Hugh M'Nabb, Conductor, and

THE REGIMENTAL BAND,

Mr Adams, Conductor,

In ST. ANDREW'S HALLS,

On WEDNESDAY, 28TH JANUARY, 1880.

Doors Open at 7. Concert at 8.

Tickets—Area, Evening Dress or Uniform,2s 6d.

" Morning Dress or Uniform,2s 6d.

" Back, Area or Gallery,1s 0d.

Carriages may be ordered for 10-15.

Tickets to be had from Messrs J. R. & J. ADAMS, Music-
sellers, 83 Buchanan Street.

H ENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE,

WEST NILE STREET, GLASGOW.

Every Evening at 7. Commencing 7-30.

"THE PHOTOSCOPE,"

A Novel and Unique Entertainment by Professor BROWN.
The Accomplished

SELBINI AND VILLION TROUPE,

New Scenes in the Circle by

HENGLER'S EQUESTRIAN COMPANY.

Concluding with

THE CARNIVAL ON THE ICE.
SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JAN. 31, "CARNIVAL
ON THE ICE" MATINEE. Doors Open at 2.

Prices of Admission—3s, 2s, 1s, and 6d.

Acting ManagerMr WM. POWELL.

Proprietor.....Mr CHAS. HENGLER.

CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.

SATURDAY, 31ST JANUARY, 1880.

Another Great

BURNS' NIGHT & SCOTTISH FESTIVAL.

Burns' "Jolly Beggars." Burns' Songs. Burns' Poems.
Highland Dancers and Pipers.

Artists:—

Miss E. HUNTER.	Mr W. H. DARLING.
Miss HINSHELWOOD.	Mr RUSHBURY.
Mr W. S. VALLANCE,	Mr WM. CRAWFORD,
Celebrated Reader.	Scotch Comedian.
MR W. M. MILLER'S SELECT CHOIR.	
The Celebrated Highland Dancers and Pipers,	
Messrs Gilroy, M'Gregor, Crichton, Stewart, and Gray.	
Mr F. W. Bridgman,	Pianist.

Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats, 2s; at the Office, 58 Renfield Street. Doors open at a Quarter to 7; Concert commences at 7-30.

JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

ST. GEORGE'S CHORAL UNION.

GRAND MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT

IN

ST. ANDREW'S HALLS, BERKELEY STREET,
On MONDAY, 2nd FEBRUARY, 1880.

Madame EMMA BEASLEY, Soprano.
Mr H. A. L. SELIGMANN, Tenor.
Conductor, Mr WM. MOODIE.
Dr. A. L. PEACE, Organist.
Mr JOHN TURNBULL, Pianist.
Reserved Seats, Balconies, 2s 6d; Balconies, Unreserved, and Front Area, 2s; Area, 1s.
Doors open at Seven. Concert at Eight.

GLASGOW SCIENCE LECTURES.

Professor TAIT, M. A.

ON

"Thunderstorms."

CITY HALL, THURSDAY, 29th January, 1880, at 8 p.m.
Tickets, 2s, 1s, and 6d, to be had at Hall Doors, or from
WILLIAM SMITH, Secretary,
114 Bath Street.

CORPORATION GALLERIES.

PRINCE OF WALES' INDIAN PRESENTS.

Until further Notice the INDIAN COLLECTION of H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES will be on EXHIBITION as under:—

Daily (except Saturdays), from 10 till 4 and 6 till 9.

On Saturdays, 10 a.m. till 9 p.m.

ADMISSION SIXPENCE.

Employers may obtain Parcels of 80 Tickets, Price £1, on Application at Galleries.

The Upper Galleries remain Free as usual.

CORPORATION ORGAN RECITALS.

The Fourteenth of the ORGAN RECITALS for the present Winter will be given by the CITY ORGANIST (Mr LAMBETH), in the CITY HALL, on SATURDAY FIRST, at Four o'clock prompt.

Doors open at 3-30,

Admission and Programmes of the Music Free.

Chamberlain's Office, 26th Jan., 1880.

GLASGOW ART CLUB.

THE SEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION

of PAINTINGS in OIL and WATER-COLOURS, by Members of the Club, is now Open in Messrs ANNAN'S GALLERY, 153 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, ADMISSION FREE. CATALOGUES SIXPENCE.

SCOTTISH SOCIETY OF WATER-COLOUR PAINTERS.

The Second Exhibition of this Society is now open in the Gallery,

108 WEST NILE STREET,
Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

NOW ON VIEW,

At Messrs T. & P. ANNAN'S,

153 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

The Celebrated Portrait of the RIGHT HON.

W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P.,

By J. E. MILLAIS, R. A.,

Exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1879.

Admission, Sixpence, Open from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m.

MORE WHOLESOME THAN BRANDY.

OLD WHISKY [BLEND]

18s PER GALLON.

JAMES A. JARDINE

(LATE CHAS. CRUIKSHANK),

84 and 86 WEST NILE STREET.

JOHN M. SIMPSON, Furniture Warehouse, and Show-rooms, 60 GREAT CLYDE STREET (Corner of Maxwell Street), Glasgow. One of the largest Stocks in the City. New Illustrated House Furnishing Guide to be had Free on application. The Cheapest Establishment in the City for Really Good Substantial Furniture of Artistic Design and Superior Finish. Quality Guaranteed.

FORSYTH'S "deme" SHIRTS
FROM STOCK
3/6, 37/6 & 43/6 per 1/2 Dozen

GLASS AND CHINA

ANNUAL CLEARING SALE.

15 TO 25 PER CENT. OFF REGULAR PRICES.

M'DOUGALL & SONS, 77 AND 79 BUCHANAN STREET.

LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK IN THE KINGDOM. SUITABLE FOR ALL CLASSES. PRESENTS IN ENDLESS VARIETY.

TEA, TABLE, TOILET, AND DESSERT SERVICES, TABLE GLASS, &c., &c.

DEPOT FOR MINTON'S, COPELAND'S, WORCESTER, AND DRESDEN PORCELAIN. SOLE AGENTS for GLASGOW for Dr SALVIATI'S VENETIAN GLASS, and for BELLEEK PORCELAIN.

IMPORTANT SALE
OF
HIGH-CLASS ART PROPERTY.

On Monday and Tuesday, 2nd and 3rd February, within The Mart, 7 West Nile Street, commencing each day at 12 noon.

IMPORTANT SALE
OF A

COLLECTION OF HIGH-CLASS
CONTINENTAL ART PRODUCTIONS,

Consigned for realisation (advances having been made thereon), consisting, amongst other interesting articles of curiosity and novelty, of Valuable and superb

MODELS OF BRONZE STATUETTES AND GROUPS, Equestrian, Mythological, &c, from the Studios of Barbedienne (the eminent Parisian Sculptor), Turin, and others.

A UNIQUE SELECTION OF EXQUISITELY MODELLED

DRESDEN CHINA,

Comprising Beautifully-Shaped Candelabra, Bouts de Table Vases, Gourdes, Cups and Saucers, &c., from the Renowned Royal Saxon Factories; also,

A SELECT COLLECTION OF
SEVRES VASES.

Of Artistic Designs, Painted with Watteau and Wouvermann. Subjects of highest order.

PIANOFORTES

Manufactured by the Celebrated Continental Makers—Erard, of Paris, Franz Rubenstein, of Stuttgart, &c.

DRAWING, DINING-ROOM, AND HALL CLOCKS
AND GARNITURES

Of most tasteful Designs and Combinations, striking the hours on Bells, Chimes, Gongs, etc.

MUSICAL BOXES AND MECHANICAL ORGANS

Of attractive kinds, playing from 8 to 24 Airs, with Orchestral Accompaniments.

Specimens of

SCIENTIFIC, MATHEMATICAL,
AND
OPTICAL INSTRUMENTS.

The whole forming a rare assemblage of novel and recherche Art Productions, which, owing to the peremptory and stringent instructions from the holder,

WILL BE SOLD, BY PUBLIC AUCTION, BY

HUTCHISON & DIXON, within the Mart, 7 West Nile Street, on Monday and Tuesday, 2nd and 3rd February, commencing each day at Twelve o'clock Noon.

Catalogues (now in course of preparation) may be had on application to the Auctioneers, and the Collection may be Viewed on Saturday, 31st January, from 10 to 4 o'clock.

ON VIEW TO-MORROW.

IMPORTANT UNRESERVED SALE.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Wednesday and Thursday 28th and 29th January.

PUBLIC SALE OF

VALUABLE ITALIAN SCULPTURE

Consigned direct from Volterra for Positive and Unreserved Sale, ex "ZENA," from Leghorn.

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. have received instructions from Signor del Colombo to Sell, by Auction, without the slightest Reserve, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Wednesday and Thursday, 28th and 29th January, at Twelve each day.

On View, To-Day (Tuesday), and Mornings of Sale. Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 26th January, 1880.

MATTHEW WYLIE'S SEQUESTRATION.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Friday, 30th January, at One o'clock.

PUBLIC SALE OF

HIGH-CLASS WINES AND SPIRITS
(IN BOND).

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell the above, by Auction, in their Rooms, on Friday, 30th January, at One o'clock prompt.

Samples Morning of Sale. Details in Catalogue, which may be had on application to the Auctioneers.

Royal Exchange Sale Rooms, 26th January, 1880.

RE ROTHENBERG & CO., LONDON, IN
LIQUIDATION.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Tuesday and Wednesday, 3rd and 4th February.

PUBLIC SALE OF A STOCK OF

MODERN OIL PAINTINGS AND SUPERIOR
OLEOGRAPHS,

After the *chef d'œuvres* of the most celebrated Ancient and Modern Artists, all handsomely framed, and Consigned, by order, for Positive Sale.

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. have received instructions to Sell the above, by Auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, North Court, St. Vincent Place, on Tuesday and Wednesday, 3rd and 4th February, at One o'clock each Day.

On View with Catalogues on Mornings of Sale. Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 24th January, 1880.

In the Royal Exchange Sale Rooms, on Thursday, 5th February, at One o'clock.

EXTENSIVE PUBLIC SALE OF
HIGH-CLASS WINES,
PORTS, SHERRIES, CLARETS, AND
SPARKLING WINES,

All specially selected by extensive Importers, and now forced upon the Market to meet pressing obligations.

AND

100 Boxes Genuine Havana Cigars, including well-known Brands.

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell the above, by Auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, North Court, St. Vincent Place, on Thursday, 5th February, at One o'clock.

Catalogues may be had Day prior to Sale, and Samples Tasted on Morning of Sale.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 26th January, 1880.

ROYAL EXCHANGE.

The SUBSCRIPTION BOOK for ENROLLING MEMBERS for current Year is Open Daily from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m.

January, 1880.

BY ORDER.

ISLAY WHISKY.

W. & J. MUTTER,
BOWMORE DISTILLERY.
COUNTING-HOUSE, 41 ANN STREET, CITY, GLASGOW.



LAW UNION

FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COY.
REVENUE, £138,000; RESOURCES, £1,500,000.

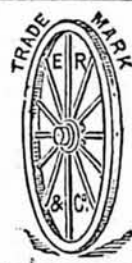
Branch Office:—
65 WEST REGENT STREET,
SMITH, STODDART, & RODGER,
District Managers.

RUTHERFORD'S PHOTO. STUDIO,

127 SAUCHIEHALL STREET
Near Hope Street.

PHOTOGRAPHERS TO THE QUEEN.

RALSTON & SONS,
141 SAUCHIEHALL STREET 141
AND
311 BYARS ROAD, (Opposite the Burgh Hall), HILLHEAD.



WHEELER & CO'S
BELFAST GINGER ALE,
Undoubtedly the Finest of all
NON-INTOXICATING BEVERAGES,
Admirably Adapted for a
WINTER DRINK.

Manufactory, CROMAC SPRINGS, BELFAST.
DEPOT FOR SCOTLAND,
147 STOCKWELL STREET, GLASGOW.

ATHOLE ARMS HOTEL,

13 and 21 DUNDAS STREET, GLASGOW.
ALEXANDER GOW, having resumed possession of this
favourite Hotel, has had it thoroughly renovated and
made complete in comfort and convenience. Dinner and Supper
parties receive his special personal attention, and they are invari-
ably satisfied.

Charges moderate. Viands superb!

MANN'S RAINBOW HOTEL AND RESTAURANT,

BRIDGE STREET STATION, GLASGOW,
Three Minutes' Walk of St. Enoch's Station and Highland and
Coasting Steamers.

This HOTEL has undergone extensive Alterations and Improve-
ments. Has been Refurnished throughout. Visitors will find
every comfort, combined with moderate Charges. Night Porter
in attendance. Smoking-Rooms, Baths, and Billiards.

J. MAITLAND, Manager.

THE ROYAL RESTAURANT,

10 AND 12 WEST NILE STREET,
C. WILSON & SON, Proprietors.

WASTE PAPER, Ledgers, Letters, Books,
Ropes, Bagging, Tailors' Clips—bought at PAPER
MILL STORE, 98 MAXWELL STREET, for Re-manufacture

NEW CHEAP SERIES OF COPYING LETTER BOOKS, 1000 LEAVES, STRONGLY BOUND, for 5s, 7s, or 9s.

The best evidence of their excellence is the fact that we are con-
stantly receiving renewal orders.

GEORGE GALLIE & SON,
99 BUCHANAN STREET.

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO., AUCTIONEERS AND VALUATORS, ROYAL EXCHANGE SALE-ROOMS.

RAE BROWN & CO.,
AUCTIONEERS AND VALUATORS,
Beg to intimate that they have REMOVED into their new Pre-
mises, the WESTERN SALE-ROOMS, 151 SAUCHIE-
HALL STREET.

Sale of HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE every MONDAY,
in which may be included every description of Movable Property.

THE SCOTTISH CIRCULATING MUSICAL LIBRARY, 28 GREAT WESTERN ROAD, HILLHEAD.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, £1 1s.
MUSIC LENT BY THE WEEK.
Catalogues, 2s 6d. Prospectus Free.

H. & P. M'NEIL.

WE have much pleasure in informing our
numerous Customers and the General Public that, in
addition to our already Established Business, we have OPENED
Large and Elegant SHAMPOOING and HAIR-DRESSING
ROOMS, which, in regard to comfort and elegance, are fitted
in a style equal to any in the city. They are under the direct
superintendence of a most experienced Manager, and the Assist-
ants are from the Best Houses in the Trade.

In introducing this New Department of our Business, we may
explain that though it is the first attempt of the kind in Glasgow,
yet it has been carried on with great success by the most cele-
brated Hosiers and Glovers in the Cheapside and Strand, Lon-
don, and we feel quite confident that with your kind patronage,
and our strict attention, this novelty cannot fail to be a great
success.

21 AND 23 RENFIELD STREET, GLASGOW.

GLASGOW APOTHECARIES' Co

have REMOVED to their
NEW AND ENLARGED PREMISES

AT
32 AND 34 VIRGINIA STREET.

14s 6d HOLYTON SOFT COAL 14s 6d
15s 6d WISHAW PARLOUR COAL 15s 6d
16s 6d AYRSHIRE DIAMOND COAL 16s 6d
WM. CHALMERS & CO., 88 BATH ST.

GREAT AND SUCCESSFUL SALE

OF

W. SIMPSON & CO.'S TRUST STOCK.

P ABERNETHY & SON, while thanking their Customers for the liberal support accorded them during their Sale of the First Portion of the above Stock, beg to inform them and the General Public that they have now laid out for Sale the whole of the Remaining Portions at prices even lower than the First, as P. A. & Son intend giving up some of the Departments carried on by W. Simpson & Coy., and also remodelling the whole Warehouse to suit their own extensive Trade.

The Whole Stock must be cleared out before taking delivery of their Spring Contracts. The Carpet and Furniture Departments being among those intended to be given up, they will offer for sale to-day and following days the whole remaining Stock in these Departments at prices never before heard of in the Carpet Trade.

There can be no doubt of their ability to do so, seeing the Stock in the Carpet Department alone was fully one-fifth of Simpson's whole Stock, and was bought by P. A. & Son at less than half W. Simpson & Co.'s cost price. As the Stock of Carpets has been greatly reduced during the past few days, intending purchasers would do well not to lose time in inspecting the Stock. The following gives a slight idea of the prices now charged:—

Tapestry Carpets that we sold last week at 1s 11½d are now 1s 6d, the 2s 6d Lot now 1s 11½d, and the 3s 3d Lot now 2s 5d. These are now less than half-price.

Brussels Carpets, 2s 3d; last week's price, 2s 11d. Do., 2s 6d; last week's price, 3s 3d. Do., 3s; last week's price, 3s 11d. Scotch Carpets, yard wide, and all wool, 1s 6d, 1s 8d, 1s 11d, and 2s 4d; last week's prices, 1s 11d, 2s, 2s 6d, and 3s 3d.

A Lot of Short Lengths, in all the different kinds accumulated during the past month's Sale, will be given away, regardless of cost. Hearth Rugs to match all Carpets at the same fabulous reductions.

CURTAIN SECTION.

All-Wool Damask, 54 inches wide, in Crimson, Green, Maroon, &c., from 1s 6d to 3s a yard; last week's prices, 1s 11d to 3s 11d. These Goods cost to make fully a half more. *A Special Lot of All-Wool Green Damask at 1s 3d a yard.* Lace, Leno, and Harness Curtains. We have determined to make this Sale of Curtains long remembered, and have marked them at prices which we feel certain will carry out our aim. Bed-Room Curtains from 1s to 3s 11d a pair. Parlour, Dining, and Drawing Room Curtains, in the most beautiful Floral and Corinthian Designs, at 3s 11d, 4s 10d, 5s 3d, 6s, 7s 6d, to 18s. All these Lots are less than half manufacturer's prices.

Window Cornice Poles, Curtain Fringes, &c., at desperate reductions. Cretonnes and Twilled Stripes from 2½d a yard.

BEDDING SECTION.

Full-Sized Wool Bed, strong Tick, 5s 11d, 8s 11d, and 10s; worth double. Fed Ticking from 3½d a yard.

FURNITURE SECTION.

Dressing Glasses—a few only left in Ash and Mahogany Frames, that sold at 18s 6d; now 8s. Inlaid Card and Draught Tables, in Walnut, that sold at 13s 6d; now 6s. Heavy Iron Beds, a large stock to select from, at 7s 3d to 18s; these are worth from 12s 9d to 37s 6d. Come early and see this Lot, as we can never replace them at anything like the prices.

SILK AND DRESS DEPARTMENT.

We have just cleared out some very important Manufacturer's Stocks to mix up and assort with the remaining portion of Simpson's Stock. We will be able to offer the above on fully as

good terms, and at as moderate prices as the first portion of the Sale. We shall show to-day and following days 7000 Yards Dress Tweed, all shades for 5d per yard. 3000 Yards Winceys at 3½d; worth 7d. 2000 Dark Gray Aberdeen, 8½d; worth 1s 4d. 1500 Imperial Serges, 8½d; worth 1s 3d, along with all the Repps, Poplins, Grecian Corals, Sicilian Cloths, Lustres, and Costume Tweeds. Left over Silks are still further reduced in order to clear out at once. 6000 Yards Hoyle & Co.'s Prints for 4d per yard; former price 6½d.

READY-MADE CLOTHING.

As we have still a large Lot of Simpson's Ready-Mades in Stock, we will offer the whole at prices which will ensure a speedy clearance. For examples, note the following prices:—Men's Diagonal Suits for 26s 6d; good value for 45s. Men's Tweed Trousers, 4s 11d, 5s 11d, 6s 11d, 7s 11d, 9s 9d, worth double. Men's Tweed Trousers and Vests, 7s 11d, 10s 3d, 11s 3d, 12s 11d; barely pays for making-up. The whole remaining stock of Men's and Boys' Overcoats will be cleared off regardess of Cost. Boys' Knicker and Eton Suits from 1s 4½d to 6s 11d; worth from 3s 6d to 13s 6d. Large Lot of Remnants and odd lengths of Scotch and English Tweeds accumulated during the Sale, to be cleared out at desperate prices; these will be found very suitable for Boys' School Suits. Men's Tweed Caps from 4d. Boy's Glengary's from 3½d.

HEAVY DEPARTMENT.

In Blankets we have made enormous reductions from Simpson & Co.'s prices, as will be seen from the under-mentioned quotation. We have also added from our Wholesale Stock in Brunswick Street a lot of Real Ayrshire Blankets, which, notwithstanding the great advance in this class of goods, we will offer for Sale at prices fully 20 per cent. below our original wholesale price. 89 Pairs Scotch Blankets, 3s 11d; Simpson's price, 7s 6d. 55 Pairs Scotch Blankets, 4s 6½d; Simpson's price, 7s 11d. 89 Pairs Scotch Blankets, 6s 3d; Simpson's price, 9s 9d. 48 Pairs Super Scotch Blankets, 8s 4½d; former price, 13s. 36 Pairs Super Scotch Blankets, 8s 11d; former price, 13s 6d. 61 Pairs Real Ayrshire Blankets, 7s 11d; former price, 11s 6d. 32 Pairs Real Ayrshire Blankets, 9s 3d; former price, 14s. 300 Pairs Real Ayrshire Blankets, 12s; former price, 16s 9d. 230 Pairs Real Ayrshire Blankets, super, 15s 6d; former price, 23s. 162 pairs Real Ayrshire Blankets, super, 17s 6d; former price, 24s 9d. Also, a large stock of English Blankets, at prices ranging from 10s 6d to 25s. These Goods are really worth a half more.

SHEETINGS.

4-4 and 8-4 Bleached and Unbleached Linen and Cotton Sheetings will be cleared out at prices greatly under Manufacturers Lists.

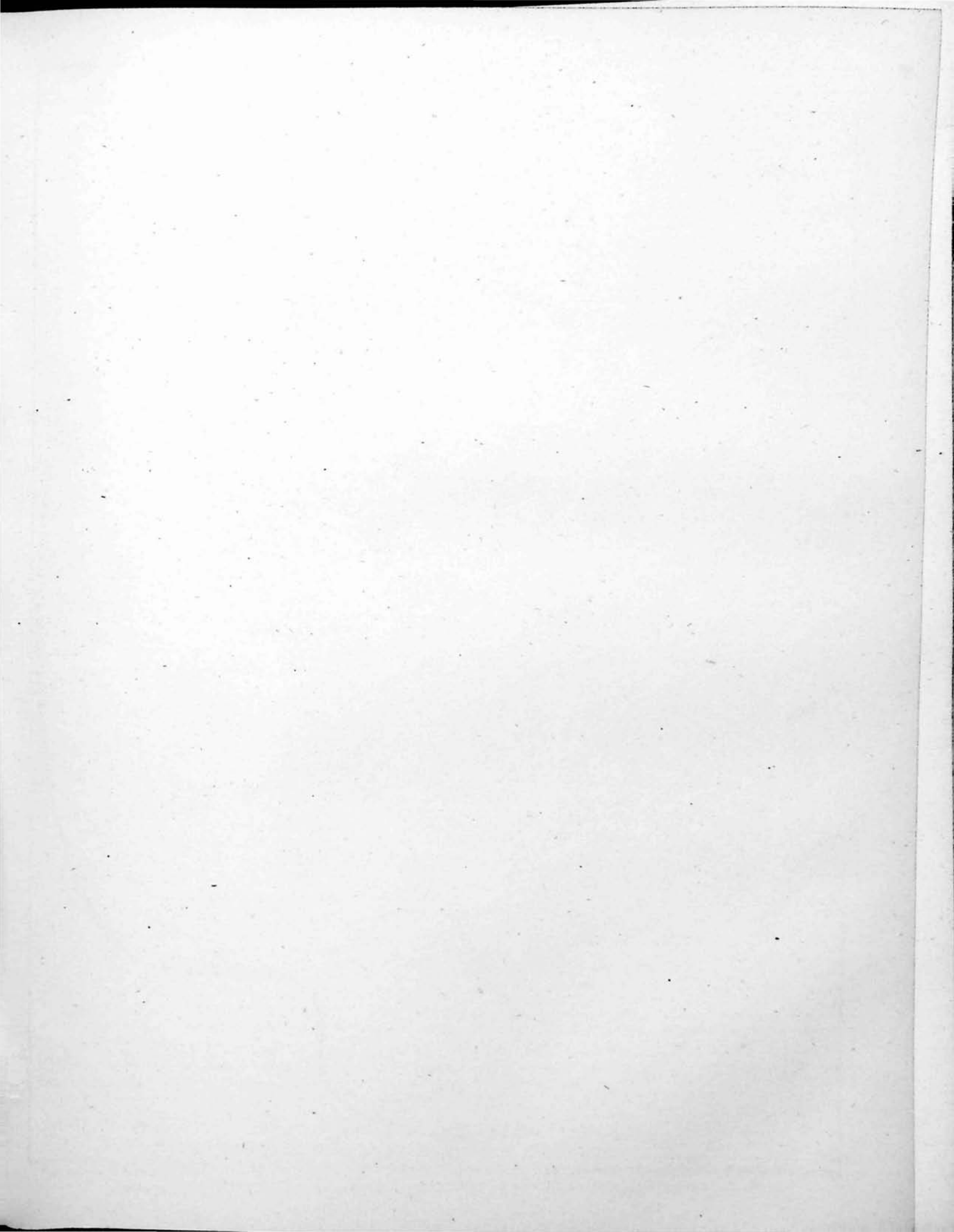
TABLE NAPERY.

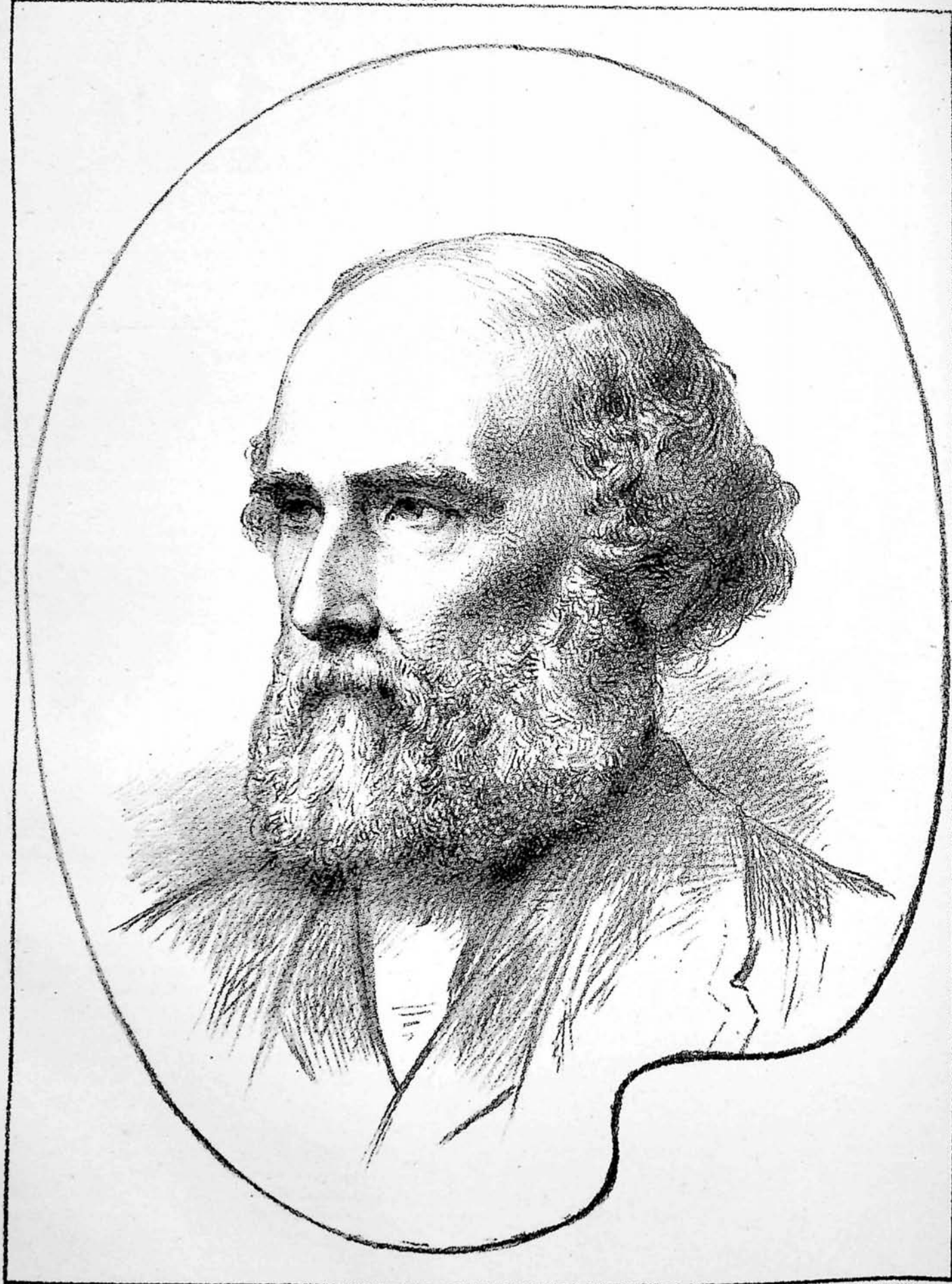
As we have still a large lot of Simpson & Co's stock of these goods on hand, we are determined to clear them out at 50 per cent. below their prices. In Bed Quilts we will offer a Special Lot of 10-4 White Honeycombs at 3s 9½d; former price, 7s 6d; 11-4 and 12-4 we will offer equally cheap at 4s 4½d and 5s 4½d; also 149 Flowered and Diced Fringed Bed Mats at prices ranging from 4s 6d to 10s 6d.

FLANNELS.

7-8 White Welsh Flannels at 5½d, 6½d, 9d, and 10½d; 4-4 white Welsh Flannels at 7½d, 9½d, 10½d, and upwards. These are special value. 7-8 and 4-4 Scarlet Flannels at prices ranging from 5½d to 2s. Plaidings and Fancy Flannels at equally low quotations.

P. ABERNETHY & SON,
60 & 62 TRONGATE (Opposite the Tron Steeple.)





The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 381. Glasgow, Wednesday, February 4th, 1880. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 381.

THE BAILIE is proud of the new Art Institute in Sauchiehall Street. Externally the building is an important addition to the architectural features of the city; internally its arrangements are singularly well suited to the requirements of a picture exhibition. Nowhere else, indeed,—certainly not in Edinburgh, and as little in the two London galleries, the Royal Academy and that of Sir Coutts Lindsay in Bond Street,—are the rooms so well-lighted, or so excellently calculated to show off pictures to the very best advantage. It need hardly be added to this that the BAILIE hopes the Exhibition which was opened on Monday will prove out of sight the most successful which has yet been held under the auspices of the Fine Art Institute. So far the success of the Institute seems to have culminated four years ago. From its establishment in 1861, up till the year 1876, the sales of pictures and the attendance of visitors were in a constantly ascending ratio; since 1876 the sums received for pictures have diminished instead of increased, and in sympathy, as it were, with the sales, the numbers of the general public who came to see, if not to buy, have also fallen off. Surely the erection of the new Galleries, together with the undeniable merit of the present Exhibition, will alter all this. For a time, at least, the building will have the charm of novelty to recommend it to "the general," while the lesser circle who understand and appreciate Art for its own sake must necessarily experience a much keener and more vivid pleasure when studying a picture in the rooms constructed by Mr Burnet, than in the cheerless and conventional suite of apartments known as the Corporation Galleries. Following his usual custom, the BAILIE arranged a week ago that he should present his readers with the *vera effigies*

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of a painter for the opening of the Exhibition, and when casting about for an artist who should represent in a fitting manner so important an occasion as the arrival of the Institute in its new home, he, almost of necessity, lighted on his old friend Mr ROBERT GREENLEES. A quarter of a century ago Glasgow could boast of a local school of artists, albeit that the encouragement extended to their efforts had no possible relation to that dealt out by our wealthy classes in these later and more halcyon days to the people who wield the brush and the mahl-stick. Of this school Mr GREENLEES is now the only survivor. Graham-Gilbert, Bough, Cooper, Edmund Glover, Sam Campbell, Cairns, Milne-Donald, are no more than names—names, it may be, to conjure with—the people themselves have gone, one by one, "from sunshine to the sunless land." The son of a Trongate stationer, the Man you Know has lived an eminently even and unchequered life. His career has been too uniform and too prosperous to admit of even the veriest shade of romance. Apprenticed while a boy to the trade of glass-staining, he early began to paint on canvas, his first works having been exhibited in the rooms of the old Dilettanti Society in Buchanan Street. When the Dilettanti Society had served its day, and fell to be numbered with the things that were, and the West of Scotland Academy took its place, Mr GREENLEES was one of those who assisted to start the new association. His connection with the W. S. A. continued till the close of its existence, and when it merged into the Fine Art Institute, he took the same interest—first as a member of Committee, and subsequently as one of the Council—in the new organisation, that he had previously manifested in the Academy. For over a quarter of a century Mr GREENLEES has been identified with the Glasgow School of Art. He was long associated with Mr Heath Wilson,

and when Mr Wilson retired, in 1863, our friend was promoted to the post of head-master. What numbers of Art students he has initiated, to be sure, into the secrets of their profession in all these years! With four, or at the most five exceptions, every member of the Glasgow Art Club has at some time or other been one of his pupils. And it is not only the artists pure and simple who have come under his hands. Our house painters, our decorators, the people who design our carpets, our table-cloths, and our window curtains, have all been taught by Mr GREENLEES. Even those of a more mechanical turn, ship-draughtsmen, and the people who make drawings for engineers, owe something to him of their skill and cunning. It is not too much to say, moreover, that few teachers have been better liked by their pupils. Simple and kindly in his manners, he possesses the knack of putting himself *en rapport* with everybody whom he meets. For a series of years Mr GREENLEES'S little figure pictures used to be eagerly looked for on the walls of our Exhibitions, but in 1876 he made a "new departure," and created quite a sensation with his "Silver Firs." Since then he has painted a series of important landscapes, his latest work being the "Scotch Firs," which at present occupies a prominent place on the line in the large gallery of the new Institute buildings. Coming back, in conclusion, to the Institute itself, the BAILIE must once more express the hope that, now that its members have freed themselves from the feeling of irksome dependence which is always attendant on the position of mere tenants-at-will, the tide of prosperity which had been somewhat interrupted for a year or two will once more set in, and that it will continue to flow with an ever increasing strength and volume.

DEGENERATE HIELAN'S!—Our Hielan' frien's are "agoing of it." Not content with Celtic chairs and Gaelic concerts, they have just—most fantastic trick of all!—organised a "Highland Temperance League." Spirits of the mighty—Islay and Talisker and Glenlivet—what are we to think of this latest "departure?"

KEEP IT DARK!—At a teetotal meeting held in Kilmarnock last week, we are told, a Mr Darke was in the chair—whereanent a sarcastic Bung inquires if it was not the "chair" that was in the dark.

FERGUSON'S EDINBURGH ROCK is the best present from Edinburgh. 1 Melbourne place, at the Castle

A Solo on the (Nasal) Organ.

I AM the strictest of T. T.'s,
My only drink is water,
No pampered appetite I please
With what I didn't ought-ter;
Yet, spite of all my anxious care,
My trouble daily groweth,
As, purpled by the frosty air,
My nose, dyspeptic, gloweth.

The toper's eye upon it rests,
And smiling kinship claimeth;
The youthful arab bitter jests,
En passant, at it aimeth.
My banker, too, I grieve to say
Sharp glances at it throweth;
His very credit seems to flee,
Whose nose, dyspeptic, gloweth.

Friends shake their heads; foes grin and talk;
Boys wink and girls titter;
My Alice Maude's ashamed to wa'k
With such a red-beaked "critter."
Happy yon wight with nose so wan!
He thinketh not nor knoweth
What woes afflict the luckless man
Whose nose, dyspeptic, gloweth!

Refined Tars.

WHAT a model of refinement Jack Tar seems to have turned all of a sudden! "The Admiral" is constantly bearing witness to Jack's ultra-civilisation, and at a meeting in Glasgow last Thursday a Captain Townsend declared that "no coarse expressions or bad language" can now be heard from the lips of the sailors at the Tail of the Bank. If that be so, a visit to the Tail of the Bank might benefit some of our Town Councillors, not to speak of the members of the Liberal Association.

A MODEST REQUEST.

1st Street Boy—Ha', Jock, is that you?
2nd Do.—Aye.
1st Do.—Got ony matches?
2nd Do.—Aye.
1st Do.—Hoo much?
2nd Do.—Wan.
1st Do.—Gies yin!!

TRANSPLANTING A NEGATIVE — Recent events would seem to prove that many of our old adages, hitherto unquestioned, are in urgent need of revision—*e.g.*, "People who live in glass houses *should* throw (u)s tones." Mr Mann's visit renders that alteration imperative. Again, Mrs Watson of "Crooked bawbee" fame has taken an old Latin one in hand. Her reading is "Nimmo *non* me impuni laccessit."

A "Jew" d'Esprit—The Queen's Speech.

Beveridge's Guaranteed Mixed Pickles, Red Cabbage, Mushroom Ketchup, Sauces and Table Condiments, unrivalled for purity and flavour.

An Injured Class.

THE BAILIE had no idea until recently that our butchers were such a conscientious, self-denying, and charitable set of men as they are. They one and all carry on business at a dead loss; they never—no, never!—sell American beef for home-fed; and their sole object in remaining in the trade is to provide one of the necessaries of life for an ungrateful public, who grumble at their prices and laugh their professions of upright dealing to scorn. This must be the case, for “they themselves” have been “saying it” in Glasgow, Paisley, and elsewhere every other day of late. His Worship will therefore in future carve his joint in a humble and grateful spirit, will never think of checking his butcher’s bills, and will blush at the thought of inquiring “where the American beef goes to.”

ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

(Old coachman meets his master at country railway station; the old ‘un has had several “halves” during his wait).

Master (sniffing)—What’s this John? I feel the smell of whisky off you again.

John—Weel! weel! my Lord, I’ve felt the smell o’ whusky aff you mony a time and I ne’er said oucht about it!

THE GOVERNMENT AGAIN!—Your average letter-to-the-editor-writer is a decidedly amoosin’ cuss. One of the tribe, complaining the other day of having to pay a Post Office registration fee of a guinea, declares his opinion that his one-pound-one was forced out of him by “our Government” “to meet their ruthless and wasteful extravagance,” and prophesies that the “understrapper” who suggested the imposition will be rewarded with a peerage! Sir Stafford had better refund that guinea, or the consequences may be serious.

A BRUTAL SPORT.—At Paisley the other evening a Mr Paterson asked Mr Holms, M.P., if he would “use his influence in Parliament to place fox-hunting, hare-coursing and pigeon-shooting under similar laws as pugilism, prize-fighting, and dog-fighting.” Mr Holms declined the task; but doubtless he would have no objection to use his influence towards the suppression of that other exceedingly brutal sport known as M.P.-heckling.

An Eye Servant—An optician.

LONDON SCOTCH RESORT, 3 Water Lane, Ludgate Hill, London, the only House for “Real Johnny” Scotch Whiskies of all Brands, Scotch Ales, &c. Neil Mackay, Proprietor.

The Craft in Danger

HAS that usually cool and astute light of the Bench, Sheriff Spens, taken temporary leave of his “five wits?” He is at present writing a series of articles in a daily paper, in the first of which he actually advocates the simplification of criminal indictments; and on what ground, think you? Why, that, “apart altogether from the saving of expense in the way of printing, it really would make the charge against the individual much more intelligible to a man of ordinary intelligence than all the verbiage which I have quoted!” A lawyer who wants to make law cheaper and more intelligible is clearly a dangerous character, and one to be immediately and sternly sat upon. Let all those zealous “limbs” who have wit enough to see that their craft is in danger lay their heads together, and draw up against the erring Sheriff an indictment compared to which those in the City Bank case were models of simple brevity!

A LITTLE HADES ABOVE.—What a sweet place of abode Maybole must be for quiet-going folks! Its inhabitants amuse themselves by sending threatening letters to ladies, and destroying the property of those who differ from them in religion. Poor “W. J. O’Shaughnessy, P.P.,” who seems to have had a lively time of it of late, “really thinks he must petition for a Royal Commission to inquire into the state of the town.” If he does petition, and is successful, the members of the Commission might do well to insure their lives.

ARRAN-T IMPROPRIETY.—The *Herald’s* Kildonan (Arran) correspondent writes, “Our local pastor deemed it his duty to warn us of the evils of promiscuous dancing upon three successive Sundays.” And quite right too. If the Kildonan folks must dance “permisc’ous,” they might find occasions to indulge their tastes more appropriate than “three successive Sundays.”

MORE GAS!—An indignant inhabitant of Kirkintilloch writes a lengthy epistle to the *Herald* complaining that the local authorities do not supply a sufficiency of gas. This is a somewhat novel grievance. The good folks of this city—not to go further afield—are apt to complain of being overdosed with municipal “gas.”

The spread of slang grows alarming. In the current number of a grave commercial journal appears an article entitled, “Our Tin Resources, Why not ‘Our Financial Resources?’”

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—That "bold, bad man," William Mackintosh, is still urging on his wild career at the Gaiety, and is, if possible, a greater favourite than ever. What with Mackintosh, Miss Soldene, and Misses Vevey and Kate Lovell, the Pantomime of "The Forty Thieves" continues to draw capital houses for Mr Bernard. Its "run," however, must shortly terminate, and those, therefore, who wish to renew an acquaintance with it must not omit to note that their opportunities for doing so are growing fewer every day.

On Saturday evening Mr Sidney served his patrons with the last slice—for the present season—of pantomimic pudding, and this week the staple dish at the Prince of Wales Theatre is melodramatic beef—*à la mode*. The piece which Mr Sidney has chosen as the opening one of his new dramatic season—"Bound to Succeed"—is well spoken of. It is played by a strong company—Mr Fred. Sidney, who is more popular than ever, having a particularly good part—and I have little doubt that it will justify its title.

Mr Knapp has brought a capital company together for the representation of a series of English comedies at the Royalty. Indeed I should like to know where, whether in London or the provinces, you will find a *Lady Teazle* equal to Miss Rose Leclercq, or a *Mrs Caudour* like Mrs Chippendale? Our only *Sir Peter* is, of course, Mr Chippendale, while the mantle of his father has in a great measure fallen on Mr Rowland Buckstone, and Mr Jenner—whilomè of the "Caste" company, and at one time a member of the company at the Theatre Royal—makes a capital *Charles*. "The Rivals," "Extremes," "New Men and Old Acres," and "A Scrap of Paper" are among the pieces which will be represented at the Royalty during the coming three weeks. The season opens to-night with the "School for Scandal."

That clever manager and accomplished gentleman, Mr George Loveday—so long the *fides Achates* of Mr Toole, has organised an English opera company, the members of which are Signor Foli, Mr Turner, Mr Ludwig, and Mr F. H. Celli, together with Mesdames Blanche Cole, Rose Hersec, Lucy Franklein, and Cave-Ashton. Shall we have any chance of hearing this admirable company at the Royalty?

"The Eviction" has proved almost as great a success in its way at the Royal Princess's as was "New Babylon." It is well acted, and the admirable scenery sustains the rapidly increasing reputation of the house. I understand that "The Eviction" will be followed by Mr F. M. Paget and company (including Miss Marie Glynne and other excellent *artistes*) in "Mistaken," "Bag," "Right," and Ms Wigan's adaptation of "Nos Intimes," entitled "The Doctor."

What is this I hear, BAILIE, about a pair of "difficulties" of the "rough-and-tumble" order, in which certain local notabilities occupied the position of principals? In one of them, "they say," a "weaver," if not a "spinner," played a very different part from that performed by your famous "sorbear" in the Clachan of Aberfoyle; the *Major Galbraith* of the later story, whom he had dared to insult, and who is a bold militia captain, and not quite unknown in artistic circles, here and elsewhere, having thrashed him soundly in the first place, and then forced him to make an ample apology for his rudeness and vulgarity. The other "affair," which took place in the smoking-room of a certain western club, showed that a Professor of Physics need not necessarily confine himself to theorising on the subjects of which he is a teacher. In this instance, at all events, a Professor put various natural laws into practice, to the utter discomfiture of a country laird and ex-guardsmen, who in future, let us hope, will keep a better command over his somewhat unruly tongue. The Professor, who bears an honoured name in science, and who has proved himself worthy to be his father's son, has sent in his resignation to the committee of the Club, but it does not follow that his resignation will be accepted.

Was it modesty or fear that induced the gentleman to get his name taken down at the club before the ballot came off? Not modesty, surely, for the man who could be bold enough to offer his wares to Lord Beaconsfield, and to boast of the vulgar exploit afterwards, can have little bashfulness in his composition.

The vacancy in the headmastership of the City Public School for Boys is not yet filled. There are three Richmonds in the field—all good men and true. The tug of war comes off in public at the usual monthly meeting of the Board when there is expected to be a lively passage of arms twixt the Kidstonites on the one hand and the Aikmanites on the other.

I should like to proclaim a remarkable feat somehow overlooked by all our daily contemporaries. Can it be believed that a mere stripling—a twig of ye branch of Lethamhill—carried off the honours, plus a silver cup, in a prolonged bout at "the roaring game," with hoary headed veterans?

At the valedictory dinner in honour of the head dominie of one of the "City Pubs," the guest of the evening who, in season and out of season is a rabid tectotaller, insisted on the word "toast" being expunged from the proceedings, and the term "sentiment" substituted.

Just as the Roman Carnival is about to begin, so the Hengler "Carnival" is about to end. Saturday next sees the last of perhaps the most varied and most pleasing spectacle ever put up at the West Nile Street house. Go, my Magistrate, and have a last fond look at the skating, sleigh driving ballet d'action, &c. "Ethardo" begins on Saturday. Seven years ago he appeared in the same arena, and created a great furor. That he will do so again is safe to predict. He is certainly the biggest "star" of the season so far, and is to be followed at no distant date, I hear, by quite a galaxy of talent, among which may be Senor Gomez with his performing Spanish—not Irish—Bull, and the clown "Little Sandy," one of the funniest fellows out.

Mr W. Irving Bishop promises us a "full explanation" of "Heller's Wonders" in St. Andrew's Hall, on the evening of the 10th inst. Those who used to puzzle their heads in the Trades' Hall some time ago over the marvels performed by poor Heller and his fair sister will doubtless crowd to see "how it was done."

Following two consecutive evenings devoted to Burns, under Mr Airlie's management in the City Hall, and of course very largely attended, comes (next Saturday) a grand recital of Bellini's melodious and evergreen opera of "Norma." The music of the Priestess will be sung by Miss Webster, that of her faithless spouse *Pollio* by Mr Parkinson, *Adalgisa* by Miss Fulton, and *Oroveso* by Mr Thomas Walker. The choruses will be sung by the Glasgow Tonic Sol-fa Society. An Italian Operatic Solo party appears on the following Saturday evening—the rather erratic Ilma de Murska, and Madame Marie Roze, being of their number.

The annual concert (the ninth, one notices) of Mr Carl Volti's violin pupils takes place on Tuesday next. Few local musicians deserve better recognition than Mr Volti, who has trained not a few excellent instrumentalists in his day.

HIS "SOOR PEAS"

(Scene—Poop of an Anchor liner; the captain is pacing up and down; to him enter second engineer).

Engineer—A've tae compleen, Captain, aboot the Cook. He dis ony thing he likes wi' us. A' noticed yesterday that the cabin folk got soor peas tae their biled mutton, noo he gies me nae soor pees tae mine.

[The Captain hints at "capers," a word which sends the engineer away feeling more aggrieved than ever.]

What they are Saying about the Sunday Cars.

MR EZEKIEL STIGGINS says that *at last* the unrighteous have succeeded in introducing "the thin end of the wedge."

Mr Aminadab Sleek says that *now* we shall have "the Continental Sunday" upon us with all its horrors.

Mr Uriah Chadband says that in a few months, if not weeks, we may look for Sunday newspapers, Sunday theatres, and a Sunday Mabile.

Mr Jeremiah Mawworm says he hopes the Jamaica Bridge may not some day give way beneath a car-load of Sabbath-breakers.

Mr Tartuffe Dives (who drives to church every Sunday of his life) says he cannot imagine what people want with these cars, and implores the public to consider the religious interests of the employés and horses.

Mr Lazarus Oldbones (who is neither so rich nor so strong as he might be) says that now he will be able to attend the ministrations of his old and favourite pastor.

Mr Tom Chipps says that at last he has an opportunity of taking wife and bairns outside the city stones, on his only holiday, with some degree of comfort.

The BAILIE says that the directors would have shown more common-sense and courage had they not shilly-shallied so long over granting a necessary and inevitable public boon.

A ROUGH DIAMOND.

Tam—Weel ye may say't, but lookin' at ye I wad nivver hae ca'ed yer wife a jewell o' a wuman.

Sandy—If ye mean becuz she scarts ma face, that's the very reason for what I say. Ye ken it's a priff o' the genuineness o' diamonts that they can scratch, an' sae as ma wife's aye scartin' me its gey aident she maun be a regular gem.

EVIL FOR GOOD.—Now, this is what the BAILIE calls returning evil for good. Only last week his Worship congratulated the journalistic profession on the handsome compliment paid by the *Herald* to Dr Cameron's facetious efforts, and now what does the Doctor's paper do? Why, talk of "the Ministerial advocates in the press, from the *Times* down to the *Glasgow Herald!*" If ever there was a case of a blow for a kiss surely we have one here.

"A Fool's Paradise"—A bumper house at a clown's benefit.

His Mission.

SIR JAMES BAIN has at last declared his Parliamentary mission, which has hitherto not been over-apparent. It is not to encourage shebeening by shutting up the public-houses; it is not to foster sectarian animosities by countenancing Orange bigotry and tomfoolery; but it is—to "see to the fortification of the Clyde!" "He himself has said it" at a festive meeting last week, and no doubt, when Sir James gets into Parliament, we shall see Millport and Gourock made as "strong places of arms" as—well, as, say, Cyprus.

Indefinite.

IN replying to the toast of "The Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Councillors of Glasgow" at the Ayrshire dinner the other evening Bailie Farquhar remarked that "the report of their proceedings in Council did not show them in a very amiable light. These, however, were but excrescences on a noble institution." Nobody will quarrel with the first of these statements; but which are the excrescences—the reports, the proceedings, or the Councillors? Pray explain, Bailie.

ACROSTIC.

Kick your neighbour as you're kicked—
Is the motto, else you're licked—
Run him down behin' his back,
Kindly streak him "tête a tête"
Imprecate each mother's son
Now attempting to cast down
'Twa tongued tattlers, roun' an' roun'.
Ignorance is rampant here,
Love or friendship's seldom near,
Libellous scrolls in circulation,
Odious to a' civilisation,
Constant strife, and childish piques—
Hang abomination cliques.

GOOD NEWS FOR SHEBEENERS.—That moral and judicious peer the Earl of Zetland has decreed that after the 15th of May there shall be no licensed establishments in his burgh of Grangemouth for the sale of "malt or spirituous liquors;" and the heart of the gay and festive shebeener accordingly sings for joy.

QUOTE OF MAIL.—Did the Lord Provost intend a sly allusion to the occupant of the chair when he talked at the Merchant's House last Tuesday of having "gone forth among men *Mail-ed* in the armour of a pure intent?"

Somebody advertises for "a second-hand bogey," and the BAILIE'S Own Radical wants to know if the Emperor of Russia would do.

A Light of the Dark Ages—Candlemas.

Quavers.

THE Choral Union is hardly singing now with the artistic taste that was once its characteristic. Time was when the Union was but a larger select choir, as distinguished for refinement as for breadth. The absence of the former more valuable quality was really very noticeable in the rendering of the Requiem music last Tuesday, not to speak of the want of readiness in attack. These and the other obvious deficiencies in the execution of Mozart's magnificent music, rather helped to make the evening tedious somewhat.

It was disappointing, too, to hear an English adaptation used in the Requiem, in place of the grand old Latin original. Much of the strength of Mass music is dissipated in these English adaptations—which are, as a rule, not even translations, but consist of any incoherent, inconsequent sacred words that may be thought to reflect the passing phrases, in some degree.

The Choral Union gave its usual almost unequalled interpretation of the choruses in the "Messiah" on Saturday evening—the performance, which otherwise was highly respectable, being given in presence of an overflowing house.

Our German friends in the late orchestra have not all gone yet. Herr Mahr, at any rate, can sing in the spirit of Viscount Dundee, "Ye ha'e no' seen the last o' my fiddle an' me," for, assisted by Miss Helen Hopkirk the talented pianist, and Herr Gallrein, violoncellist, he intends giving a concert of chamber music in St. Andrew's Halls (the lesser room) on Thursday the 12th inst. The programme will be arranged in chronological order, and will contain specimens of solo and concerted music from Tartini to Mendelssohn. This is a class of concert far from common in Glasgow, but all the more to be prized on that account.

The concert on Friday evening by the musical association of Plantation U.P. Church was a little disappointing—not as to selection, for that was all that could be desired, but as to execution. Another time we hope to hear the society in better trim, also better supported.

The cantata "Daniel" was performed by the Townhead Tonic Sol-fa Society on Thursday evening.

The "Albert Choir," of which Mr R. W. Sinclair is conductor, were at Thornliebank last Tuesday evening, with a rather lively programme, from which, too, one sees that yet another name must be added to our local Scotch song arrangers—Mr James Merrylees.

We have had a "perusal" of the last lot of Scotch part-songs recently added to the stock in hand of the Glasgow Select Choir. They are from the untiring pen of Mr Archer, and have been sung at late Scotch concerts. Among the best of these arrangements are "My love is like a red, red rose," "My Nannie's awa," and "O' a' the airts." With "A man's a man for a' that" Mr Archer has hardly been so successful, and "My Nannie O" wants ease. "Last May a braw wooer," one of the series, has now been printed, and has the merit of simplicity, an attraction to many.

Mr Henry Leslie has written a part-song for the Glasgow Select Choir. It is entitled "Homeward," and as need not be said, is marked by the highest finish. "Daybreak" is the name of another similar composition, written for the choir by Walter Macfarren; and "The Arrow and the Song," by John H. Gower, is a third. Mr Macfarren's music is bold and striking; the new setting of Longfellow's poetry somewhat realistic.

Mr Channon Cornwall, who has so cleverly arranged "Caller Herrin," has "done" "Gin a body meet a body," and with marked success. The melody is treated partly antiphonally, and with really good effect; and, what it is pleasing to see, the harmonies are not always the same throughout. The part-song will likely be sung at Mr Lambeth's Burns concert on 7th inst.

The cantata "Nativity" was performed, with orchestral accompaniment, by the choir of Anderston U.P. Church, last Wednesday evening, and with considerable success. The music is not difficult, but is good of its kind. It contains one or two orchestral numbers, well played on the occasion.

A "Foot" Bridge.—The instep.

"Coddling" Them.

WHAT a paradise, to be sure, is the "charming watering-place" of Millport as described by Mr A. B. Stewart in the Queen's Rooms the other evening! "It is without doubt the most salubrious and hospitable place on the face of the earth;" "the cod and whiting caught off the Eilans are the finest fish in the Clyde;" "it is the only burgh in Scotland which has a nobleman for its Provost;" "the views, looking out from the island, are among the loveliest in Britain;" while the natives "are characterised by a charming independence of character." My conscience! If the natives swallow all that, they must be characterised by a charming bumptiousness of character. The BAILIE may hint, however, that there are other "cods" in existence besides those "caught off the Eilans"

"EACH MAN HERE WILL PLAY HIS PART."

Ambitious Precentor (to church music class)—I think, now that our singing is perfection, we should form a select choir, give a few concerts, and make some money.

Chorus—Agreed, agreed.

A. P.—What part will you take, Deacon Campbell?

Deacon—Oh, me! I'll tak' an easy pairt. I'll take the siller at the doors!

[Collapse of the ambitious precentor.]

A BACKSLIDER.—Can it be that "our senior member" is backsliding? At a dinner the other evening Dr Cameron "said the company had already toasted the Parliamentary system of government of this country, and it was fit to drink now to their municipal institutions." Oh, Doctor, Doctor! what will friend Wilfrid say if he hears of this?

THE HEAD AND FRONT.—*Othello*.—Asinus was recommended to apply rum to "the open o' his heid." And he applied it to the principal "open" he knew of—his mouth.

Farnie-tickled—With the "Mac"-up in Has-sarac.

"Three pens for three essential virtues famed,
The 'Pickwick,' 'Owl,' and 'Waverley' were named.
The first in flexibility surpassed,
In ease the next, in elegance the last.
These pens, united with attractions new,
Have yielded other boons, the 'Phæton' and 'Hindoo.'" Sample Box, containing all the kinds, is rd by post.—Patentees: MACNIVEN & CAMERON, Penmakers to Her Majesty's Government. Offices, 23 to 33 Blair Street, Edinburgh. (Established 1770.)

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT a new lamp has been erected at the corner of Jamaica Street.

That it is a "burning and a shining light."

That a few more of the same description would lighten up the busy street corners of Glasgow.

That the united Liberals had a demonstration last week.

That the lion lay down with the lamb.

That there was a little lying all over the shop.

That the "stay or flit" missives are out.

That the house-hunting season has once more begun.

That landlords would secure and retain respectable tenants if their rents were a little more moderate.

That the result of the meeting on Irish distress was highly creditable to the promoters.

That the Marwick dispute waxes fast and furious.

That the Council is divided upon the subject of the salary and the extras of Mr Marwick.

That the raid on the beggars is likely to fill the poorhouses.

That meanwhile begging goes on as lively as ever.

That Sir James Bain has attended another soiree.

That the Hon William Collins, Lord Provost of Glasgow, has been presented with an address by the Stationers' Company.

That the Barony Board have some rare notions on the subject of economy.

That they take £2 from the wages of a couple of poorly-paid officials and add £50 to the salary of a highly-paid official.

That this is what they call "cutting down the expenditure."

That the ratepayers may see it in another light.

That the Govan Board are pretty sharp with their debtors.

That in these dull times a little latitude might be advantageously given to those who can hardly make both ends meet.

That the latest champion of the G. L. A. is Professor Ramsay.

That the Professor "is no orator as Brutus was."

THE QUESTION OF "THE DAY."

To run, or not to run the cars

Has public need or favour tested?

Has Sabbath ceased for man and beast,

For them is Day of Rest arrested?

As (Some) Ithers See Us.

IF we may believe Sir Edward Colebrooke, we Glasgow folks are about the boldest and "baddest" lot going—next, of course, to the members of Her Majesty's Cabinet. That simple country gentleman "has watched with the greatest interest the rapid progress" of one of the parasitical suburbs "of the great city of Glasgow, a city whose invasion of their (*sic*) peaceful neighbours reminds him of some of those political aggressions," &c, &c, &c. Sympathetic Sir Edward! Greedy Glasgow! Poor, persecuted, "peaceful neighbours!"

Sympathy for the Afflicted.

THE latest performance of the Revs. Thomson and Gault, Mr H. A. Long, and other heroes of the same kidney, is to excite themselves over the woes of that afflicted and "languishing" martyr, "Sir Roger Tichborne or Castro." The large-hearted sympathy which can penetrate to the unhappy "nobleman's" distant cell is only equalled by the delicate consideration evinced in giving him the title which he claims. His Worship trusts the aims of "Sir Roger" and his "kyind" friends in Glasgow may meet with all the success they deserve.

THE IGNORANCE OF THESE SAXONS.

English Tourist—Can you tell me, my good man, what is the name of this Water?

Celt—Waater, sir, we call it the Ræver.

Tourist—Oh! And what is the name of that high hill?

Celt (opening his eyes wide in great amazement and calling to his companion) — Och, Tonal, come here, Tonal! Here's a chap as toes not know Pen Weevis! wan ov the most ancientest mountains in Scotland!

[Tourist feels very small, and subsides.]

"THE OLDEST AND GRANDEST OF THE ARTS."—Aforetime, when Architecture was relegated to a dark, dingy corridor, there was some reason for architects not exhibiting. Now it has spacious and well-lighted rooms, but within them architecture is scarcer than ever. Not only is this scarcely becoming in the city of David Hamilton and Alexander Thomson, but architects have let pass an opportunity of paying a compliment to their professional brother, Mr Burnet.

MARMALADE ORANGES.—Now is the time for preserving. 2d per lb., or 14 lbs. for 2s.—M. CAMPBELL, 18 Gordon Street.

THE FINAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

The LAST GREAT SALE in the COLOSSEUM Terminates on SATURDAY, 7th February.

THE GRAND GIFT OF £5000

To the Citizens of Glasgow by WALTER WILSON & CO.,

Has been Appreciated, is being Appreciated, and will be Appreciated.

LAST DAY, SATURDAY, 7th FEBRUARY.

The Painters and Decorators begin operations immediately. We are preparing our Warehouses for the GRAND SHOW OF FASHIONS FOR 1880. NOTE THIS EVENT.

As a Grand Termination to the WONDERFUL SALE we have had for the past few weeks, we now intimate the following STARTLING FACTS!

We are now offering our Whole Stock of Ladies' and Misses' BEAVERS—numbering 840—of all kinds. This can only last a few days now, as from To-Day we offer the Pick at 5s 11d; also Rare Line at 1s 11d. These Beavers are selling regularly at from 4s 6d to 16s. Ladies, we must impress upon you the Magnitude of such a Reduction, as these Goods are so Durable and Stylish, requiring almost no trimming. Parents and Guardians, see that you secure some of these Misses' Beavers early. *Delay can only end in disappointment.*

THE LAST OF OUR SEAL HATS!

About 20 of the Finest Seal Hats, that will last for years, and are always fashionable. Pick now for 20s; worth from 35s to 60s!

TONS UPON TONS OF STRAW AND FELT HATS.

Several Thousands laid out To-Day at 1d each; these are worth 1s 6d. Only one can be sold to each customer. We have been compelled to restrict this line, as Shopkeepers have been buying them up in grosses, and re-selling them at 1s up.

Over 5000 of the Newest Shapes for Misses, 4½d; regular price, 2s 6d.

Over 6000 Felts for Ladies, all colours and shapes, for 11½d; regular price, 4s 9d. These last are splendid Hats, the latest styles, and are well worth four times the prices we ask. Do not judge from the usual trash sold by Drapery Houses.

The Public may at all times depend on never getting Rubbish at the COLOSSEUM.

Cartloads of Ladies' and Misses' Straw Hats given away from 1d up.

Several Piles (newly laid out) Large-sized Black Straw Hats, 2d.

REAL AND IMITATION CHIP HATS AND BONNETS.

Rare Line of Real Chips for 11½d each. Imitation Chips for 7½d.

HAT AND BONNET SHAPES.

Hundreds from 1½d to the best made for 6d each; these are usually sold at 9d and 1s.

Infant's Hats and Hoods, wonderfully cheap. See them. Special Line, slightly soiled, for 1s each; worth 5s 6d.

TRIMMED BONNETS.

Several Hundreds Millinery Bonnets and Hats sold regardless of cost. Ladies wishing something very stylish should see our few remaining French Pattern Hats and Bonnets. This week no reasonable offer refused.

MOURNING MILLINERY. CRAPE HATS AND BONNETS.

These are now selling at a merely nominal figure. Bonnets worth 10s for 3s 6d and 2s 6d.

FLOWERS AND FEATHERS.

All our Stock of French Flowers now greatly reduced. Large Lot of soiled Sprays for One Penny. Roses, all Colours, only One Penny. Ostrich Tips, in Black and Colours, at very low prices. Everything reduced.—Last Week.—Birds, of all kinds, Fancy Wings, Gold and Jet Bonnet Ornaments, from One Penny. Gold and Silver Wings, Four a Penny; worth 6d each.

GENTLEMEN'S FELT AND DRESS HAT DEPARTMENTS.**EXTRAORDINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.**

For the first time, and for this month only, we will make a reduction in our prices of Gentlemen's Hats. Mr Binnie has laid out his superb stock of Felt and Satin Hats at the undernoted prices:—Gentlemen's Felt Hats, 6s 11d, 5s 11d, 4s 11d, 3s 11d, 2s 11d, 1s 11d, and 11d. Gentlemen's Satin Hats, 15s 11d, 13s 11d, 11s 11d, 9s 11d, 7s 11d, 5s 11d. We specially ask our friends and patrons to take advantage of this Sale, as never in the history of the Hat Trade was there such value offered. To give an idea of the comparative values, we may say the 6s 11d Felt is regularly sold elsewhere at 10s 6d and 12s 6d; and the 15s 11d Dress Hat is the best that can be had for money. Travelling Caps, Tam o' Shanter's, &c., at less than makers' prices. Special Line of Men's Felt Hats, suitable for Workmen, for 4½d each.

HAT CLEANING.

Ladies' and Misses' Felt Hats cleaned, dyed, and altered by the very best workmen in the trade in a manner that surpasses all the efforts of the smaller fraternity. Our price this month for dyeing and altering Felts to any shape for Ladies or Misses Sixpence. These Hats can be renovated and trimmed by us in three days.

Intending Purchasers should call early in the day to save inconvenient overcrowding.

WALTER WILSON & CO.'S

LAST SALE, Ending SATURDAY, 7th FEBRUARY,

COLOSSEUM,

70 JAMAICA STREET.

UP STAIRS.

"GLEN GYLE"

OLD HIGHLAND WHISKY.

A Judicious Combination of the Finest Matured HIGHLAND MALT WHISKIES. Unrivalled for Toddy and General Family Use.

18S PER GALLON OR 36S PER DOZEN.
(Jars and Bottles Returned.)

SOLE PROPRIETOR—

J. H. DEWAR,
Wholesale Family Wine Stores,

47 ROSE STREET, GARNETHILL (Corner of Buccleuch Street);
And 190 ST. GEORGE'S ROAD (Opposite West Princes St).

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

HENRY THOMSON & CO'S

OLD

IRISH WHISKY.

SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—

ROBERT BROWN, 17 HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.

DAVISON'S

**CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE
GINGER BEER.**

A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE YEAR ROUND; WARM, GRATEFUL, AND AROMATIC. As Supplied to the Western, Junior, New, and other Clubs.

THOMAS DAVISON,
DISPENSING CHEMIST,

126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

LADIES' 2 BUTTON

FRENCH KID GLOVES,

Only 1s 11d per Pair,

IN ALL THE NEW SHADES.

PROVAN & SMELLIE, 120 Trongate.

**CENTRAL DINING AND
TEA ROOMS,**

51 BUCHANAN STREET.

(Opposite Argyle Arcade.)

LADIES' ROOM—no Gratuities—no delay.

WM. NIVEN, Proprietor.

**COOPER & CO'S
FRUIT SYRUPS.**

LEMON and GINGER Especially Recommended.

1S 9D BOTTLE FOR 8½D,

3S 6D " " 1S 3D,

A Tablespoonful of the above in a Tumblerful of Cold Water makes a most refreshing and inexpensive Summer Drink.

To be had only from the Makers,

COOPER & CO., 10 and 12 Howard Street, and Branches.

ADVERTISEMENT received for ALL PAPERS by A. F. SHARP & Co.,
14 Royal Exchange Square.

P. ABERNETHY & SON,
60 AND 62 TRONGATE.

REMAINING PORTIONS OF
WM. SIMPSON & CO'S TRUST STOCK.

NOW ON VIEW.

Whole stock will now be cleared out at Less than One-Half Former Price.

TAKE NOTE,

That in every Department all Remaining Stock of Simpson's will be Sold at Prices that will ensure an Immediate Clearance.

—o—

NOTE THE ADDRESS—

P. ABERNETHY & SON,

60 AND 62 TRONGATE.

(Opposite Tron Steeple).

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 4th, 1880.

WHEN reputed clever people perform an act which is commonly known as "putting their foot in it" the result is usually rather surprising. The truth of this observation will speedily commend itself to the judgment of Mr J. D. MARWICK. Although he was brought to Glasgow seven years ago with the view of ending the unhappy disputes between the Corporation and its Town Clerks, it seems as if a temporary peace only had been patched up, and that the battle is again to be fought. Mr MARWICK'S position may be better than that of the late Mr ANGUS TURNER and Mr MONRO in respect that it has statutory authority, but it is impossible to say that his demands are more moderate than theirs. The public, and it is believed their representatives also, never had any idea but that Mr MARWICK'S salary of £2500 was to cover every official service he might render to the city, of whatever nature. When Mr MARWICK'S salary was increased to £3500, two years after his appointment, no attempt had been made by him to place a different construction on its terms, although he had from the time he came to Glasgow been giving professional services similar to those for which at the expiry of nearly seven years he is claiming to be paid the handsome total of £8016 19s 9d. Of this sum Mr MARWICK has received £4000 to account, which is certainly not the least wonderful fact connected with this strange

matter. It is proposed that Mr MARWICK should be asked to refund one-half of this sum, which would make his salary £3500, as from the date of his appointment; but there are a great many people who would insist on every penny being disgorged. It may be impossible to define Mr MARWICK'S duties as Town Clerk, but there can be no great difficulty in estimating the value of his services. What his own appraisal of them may be is of little moment to Glasgow, as there is reason to fear that his and its interests and sympathies are not in harmony, and the discovery of the fact is unlikely to add to the reputation or public usefulness of its Town Clerk.

Megilp.

Æheu fugaces! What changes, to be sure, have taken place in the "forms, modes, and shows" of art, since those "salad days" of ours when we were "green in judgment," if not exactly "cold in blood." Even the *venues* of our exhibitions has changed time after time. There were, first of all, the Dilettanti Rooms in Buchanan Street; then the pleasant, cosy Gallery in the Arcade occupied by the now historical W. S. A.; and next the "West of Scotland" Exhibition in Dixon Street, where the Glasgow public were first introduced to modern Continental pictures. The Corporation Galleries were secured by the Institute when it started in 1861, and now, in 1880, a totally new building has been erected, and to-day we are all busy admiring its fine proportions, and the admirable manner in which arches, corridors, condemned cells, and those other nooks and corners which suggest inferiority in the works exhibited in them, have been altogether dispensed with.

Perhaps the chief feature of the new exhibition is the excellent quality of the pictures exhibited by our local artists. Where we were accustomed to look in the main for crude, indifferent work, we find evidences of honest thought, and of distinct individuality in conception and handling.

The loan pictures, moreover, are of a very high class indeed. Corot's "Dance of the Nymphs," which is here, will enable any one who cares, to understand, in some measure, the peculiar qualities of his style, will show through what eyes Corot looked at nature, and will supply an evidence, if such were needed, of the influence which this artist—especially in the treatment of trees—is already exercising, as well in our own country as in France. Two large Highland scenes by Gustave Dore tell with great emphasis what phases of Scotch scenery seem to a Southern eye most picturesque; while a "Spanish Interior" by Jimenez brings us at a step to a clime where outlines are sharper and colours brighter than with us.

If any one cares to understand the greatness of Sam Bough, he has only to look at the "Mail Coach," in the Large Gallery; M'Taggart's "Through Wind and Rain" is so instinct with life and motion as to almost atone for the sketchiness of his treatment; Colin Hunter, in his present work, is what he always is—marvellously effective; although that he is still too much given to reach the end of his journey by short cuts, and he hardly treats his subjects, one is apt to think, with sufficient reverence.

While wandering through the rooms names seem to associate themselves and works come together that have only the similarity of contrast—as, for instance, J. Maris and Macnee; Orchardson, Oules, Cecil Lawson, and Hook—who is represented by an inland subject which conveys no possible notion of his greatness; Albert Moore and Millet; Pettie and Troyon.

Our local artists never shone so much advantage as now. David Murray manifests increasing power and also increasing delicacy in his grand Clyde picture—he still appreciates the value of the indigenous flora; Joseph Henderson can deal

with a waste of waters as few other painters, local or otherwise, can; the "Scotch Pastoral" of J. A. Aitken, is charming with its tones of refreshing green, and its bright, crisp handling; A. K. Brown is finer than ever he was; and the same can be said of Young, Glover, Tom Donald, Miller, Wellwood Rat-tray, and Hall-Maxwell.

Even in figure painting, not hitherto the strong point with West Country Artists, there is some capital work in the Exhibition. Two pictures by R. C. Crawford, "Wild fowl shooting on the Clyde," though large enough for the subject, and "Contemplation," while rather suggestive of Tissot, must needs, by reason of their masterly drawing and conclusive treatment, hold their own in any Gallery in the country.

MacKellar in "His latest adventure" likewise manifests increased skill in dealing with character, and Tom M'Ewan's homely studies are growing in truthfulness.

What a crowd thronged the galleries of the Edinburgh Academy on Saturday to be sure. Looking at the pictures was next to an impossibility, the mob was so dense. Two works, however, seemed to stand out from their neighbours—the "Wild Roses" of George Reid, which is wonderfully fine; and the "Cardinal Beaton" of Lockhart, which is a *succes manque*.

The "hanging" in Edinburgh is poor; the Exhibition in this matter offers a marked contrast to the skill and taste and good feeling with which Messrs Smith, Henderson, and Anderson, the Glasgow hangers, have done their work.

On Saturday evening the Academy students held their annual dinner in the "Peacock" in Newhaven, and made the old house ring with their fun and frolic.

The following letter explains itself:—

"My dear Bailie,—Knowing your desire to see justice done to all, we take the liberty, through your assistance, of bringing briefly to the notice of those interested, the unceremonious way in which we Glasgow artists are treated by our Eastern brethren. We send them pictures (often our best), and in return they do not deign to say whether they are accepted or not—they simply telegraph to an agent to "come and remove the rejected." Then when we *are* accepted, we get no touching-up notice; in short, to judge fairly from the circumstances, neither our pictures nor ourselves are wanted. What would any R.S.A. say to similar treatment from the Glasgow Institute? If a spirit of economy has taken hold of that wealthy body, the Royal Scottish Academy, we shall have to "smile and submit;" but we would honestly advise the Royal Scottish Academy not to be above taking a lesson from the Royal Academy, where every artist, be he great or small, is treated as a gentleman and a brother.—We are, yours,
"SOCHNEE FRERES."

High "Anglican."

HOW'S this for high? Speaking of Professor Jebb's recent lecture, the Edinburgh correspondent of a contemporary observes, "His discourse last night was on Greek history, and the clear and telling voice of the Glasgow Professor, modified by a slight Anglican (!) accent, went rapidly over all the centuries from Alexander to Lord Byron, postponing to a later evening the account of his visit to the country itself." The idea of the Professor's "Anglican" voice postponing an account is good—very excellent good.

MUSICAL QUERY.—Asinus wants to know if a sea-captain ever rises to be a C major. (Heehaw!)

Mitchell's Old Irish Whisky, Belfast, is famed over the World, Agent, David Mitchell, 20 Hope Street, Glasgow.

How it's Done.

NOTHING is so powerful to attract the interest of mankind as the exposure and explanation of a mystery. When smart Mr Bishop, some time ago, undertook to show up the tricks of spiritualistic mediums, the largest hall in the city could not hold half of those anxious to "assist," and the 'cute little man reaped a golden harvest. Like almost all mysteries the explanation proved very simple, the principal requisite of the medium seeming to be the possession of an unlimited amount of cheek and audacity. But a greater mystery than any revealed by Mr Bishop was last week unravelled by one of the BAILIE'S contemporaries before the admiring gaze of the Glasgow public. How the "second Tory candidate" managed to get himself nominated and, to a certain extent, adopted, was a puzzle to even the Magisterial brain. That he should gain the support of those one-ideal enthusiasts who have no political principles whatever, but are ready to vote for any sort of candidate, provided only he will swallow their own pet nostrum, was nothing wonderful; but that even a section of the steady-going Conservative party in a great commercial city like Glasgow should fix upon Sir James Bain as an eligible representative, seemed nothing short of marvellous. From an article, however, in the *Glasgow News* which, for this occasion only, has undertaken the role of Mr Bishop, there appears to be no mystery whatever. It seems to be within the power of any one to get himself nominated for parliamentary honours, if he only possesses a certain amount of that cheek and audacity which constitute the medium's indispensable stock-in-trade. The man who can push himself forward, cling to the button-hole of a casual acquaintance till the unhappy mortal is concussed into saying something civil in order to obtain release; who, when he has a few friends round his mahogany, gets their assent to the proposition that, as in the case of Mr Veneering, Britannia has discovered that she wants him in Parliament, and that Her Majesty's faithful Commons are incomplete without him, is sure to be successful in the end—that is so far as getting up a requisition is concerned. And when he has got it up—but the BAILIE will stand aside and let his young friend the *News* speak. "When he has moved heaven and earth to get up a requisition to himself, he will indite a letter to some bosom friend thanking his fellow-citizens for the honour they have con-

ferred upon him." My conscience! Can this be pointed at *our* second candidate? If so, how the Conservatives of Glasgow must have rubbed their eyes when they read this sentence in their own organ and saw for the first time how cleverly they had been manipulated. In some of the ordinary medium's best tricks, the subject has to be blindfolded in order to secure success, but the medium who can blindfold his subject without the victim being conscious of the fact, till some friendly hand takes off the bandage, is a master of his art. Over Sir James's feelings when he perused that cruel article the Magistrate would draw a veil. Rhadamanthus as he is, there was something of pathos in the chuckle the BAILIE indulged in when he fancied the scene. But public duty rises superior to personal weakness, and he cannot help agreeing to the suggestion that when a constituency is troubled with such a candidate no time should be lost in showing him to the door.

A FOND RECOLLECTION.

Tommy (aged thirteen, who is recalling last night's Band of Hope soiree)—Man, the soiree wis nice. A' got ten cups a' tea, and A' could'a got ma fill if A'ad liket!

More "Association."

THAT amiable and irrepressible Liberal Association! Not only do its members hurl shrill defiance at one another on their own dunghill, but they proceed to "raise Cain" on those of their neighbours. At last Wednesday's meeting of the West of Scotland Association Mr Burt did his "little utmost" to "break up the feast" of reason (?) "in much admired disorder." He had had applied to him and his the terrible epithet "so-called," and he wouldn't stand it—hanged if he would. Conciliation was tried, but with incomplete success, and the outraged Liberal retired from the attack grumbling and muttering. It is to be hoped the "Associations" will continue thus to associate. It is all immensely funny for the members of the "stupid party," who, poor things, haven't wit enough to keep from laughing!

THE NEW COMMANDMENT.—"Seven days shalt thou labour, thy horse, and thy servant."

A "Pairting Glass"—Yin that divides a gill intae three.

"High Art"—The lettering on the facade of the New Fine Art Institute.

On 'Change.

WHEN the BAILIE recorded that "his worthy fayther the Deacon—rest and bless him," had given some sound commercial advice, he said something that might be laid to heart by a few people who are frequently seen on 'Change. The advice was, "Never put out your hand farther than you can conveniently draw it back again," or words to that effect. It is one thing to say and another thing to do, and however gently caution may be advised, there are many who never put it in practice. Of this class are the folks who buy Caledonian Stock at 111, and North British at 75. Neither stock is worth the money. Everybody owns the lamentable fact, but everybody acts as if each stock were an El Dorado. Nobody believes that North British can pay a dividend on its ordinary stock, and the company has met with a disaster which must make it less able to pay than ever. Yet there are people who buy the stock at 75, and trust to the chapter of accidents for a return on their money. Or rather, perhaps, they trust to something "turning up," as that sanguine but imprudent Mr Micawber trusted. Last half year the company failed to pay any dividend on its most recently constituted stock, and it dismissed the second last stock with 2½ per cent. instead of 4½. And yet the ordinary stock, which ranks after these two, stands at over 75, as if it were paying 3 per cent. or more, and there are people who buy and hope to make the transaction pay. This does not look as if the speculators were acting on the wise Deacon's advice, and it will not be astonishing if some one should get a lively baby to hold.

A few excellent persons are running after Glasgow Tramway shares just now. The cars are expected to pay now that they can be run on Sunday. Perhaps so, but did it ever occur to any one that the company works on a terminable lease, and that the £9 paid shares are now standing at 12½? If the lease were in perpetuity the price might be comprehensible, but when the lease is terminable there ought to be a handsome reserve fund to provide adequate compensation and protection to the shareholders.

Get into a certain set On 'Change and you will hear many marvels. Talk of Trunks and it will be said they are very strong. For the benefit of the unwary I may state that Trunks are not of the portmanteau order. Trunks are a railway that does not pay any dividend. Six short months ago its ordinary stock stood at 7½. To-day it is 23. In July the 3rd Preference could be bought at 13¾. Now it cannot be got for less than 32. These stocks have not paid dividend for years and probably never will, but it is fashionable to buy Trunks at the advanced prices.

Some one tells some one else that a third fellow has bought Trunks. The third fellow is supposed to be the agent of a fourth fellow who is a clever fellow. The clever fellow goes out to Canada, and then it happens, quite suddenly, that something is to be done which must set the poor Trunks on their legs again. What it is does not matter. It may be that stocks 1 to 3 are to be consolidated, or that the ordinary stock is to be divided into Preferred and Deferred. This latter plan is a magnificent contrivance. The way it works is this. It is as if a man charged a shilling and procured two sixpences for it. The sixpences being supposed to be a more negociable property, are promptly valued at ninepence each, and by a mere stroke of the pen the shilling thus becomes eighteen pence. The heart of the clever fellow in Canada rejoices. He is there now.

SCRUTATOR.

A Match—"Box"—'Twixt Mat Mauley and Sam Smashim. "When Greek meets Greek," &c., Greek fire, you know

Pro Bono "Public"—oh!—Ought teetotallers to pay extra water rates?

The "Latest Out" (and earliest as well)—A night policeman.

The King of Clubs—Dr Johnson.

"Anne," an Indefinite Article.

RUM—"AUNE-TIC," 'stead of Rome antique,
Is now the phase of fashion
That connoisseurs in Fine Arts seek
To waste their surplus cash on.

It troubles little to design,
Still less to criticise it;
Alike the drawn or written line
It's scarce worth while revise it.

In only Art (?) "Queen Anne" has scope,
In Letters Queen Anne dead is;
No Addison, or Swift, or Pope
Nor written now, nor read is.

It may be uncharitable, but when the BAILIE observes a gentleman offering, by advertisement, his services "in any capacity," he is always inclined to think that there should be an "in" before the last word quoted.

In *Vino Veritas*.—Asinus says that the bridge of his nose has crossed the rubicund.

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This course has been determined upon in order to prevent dis-
appointment, and to avoid a repetition of the consequences of
the immense crush which took place at Mr Bishop's recent
Lectures in Glasgow. Tickets can be purchased only of Messrs
R. J. & R. Adams, 81 and 83 Buchanan Street, and Purchasers
in all cases will be guaranteed Seats.

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The Fifteenth of the ORGAN RECITALS for the present Winter will be given by the CITY ORGANIST (Mr LAMBETH), in the CITY HALL, on SATURDAY FIRST, at Four o'clock prompt.

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Admission and Programmes of the Music Free.
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On View with Catalogues on Mornings of Sale.
Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 2nd February, 1880.

In the Royal Exchange Sale Rooms, on Thursday, 5th February, at One o'clock.

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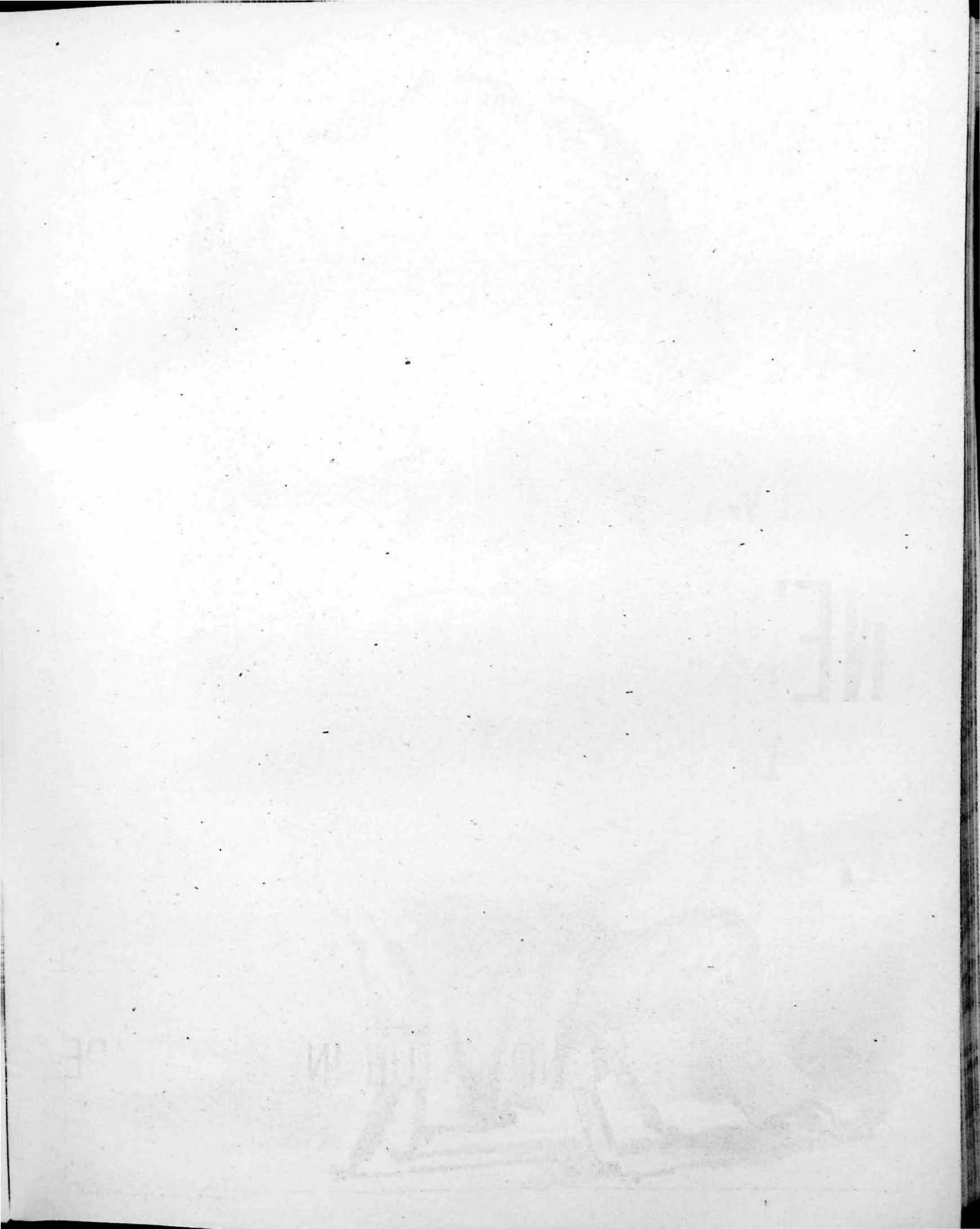
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The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 382. Glasgow, Wednesday, February 11th, 1880. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 382.

WEDNESDAY'S proceedings in the Free Church Presbytery will hardly add much to the esteem entertained for that rev. court by the community at large. The majority, it is true, of the fathers and brethren did their best to discredit Mr Campbell's motion with regard to Professor CANDLISH, but the fact that such a motion was brought forward at all, and especially that it was brought forward in the manner adopted by its proposer, seems a very serious matter indeed. Professor CANDLISH occupies a prominent position in the Church. He has written much on theological and other kindred subjects. As a teacher he has, for the past eight years, necessarily exercised an important influence over great numbers of the younger clergy, and of those who are qualifying themselves for the clerical office. Passing by, however, his sermons, his acknowledged papers and essays, and the character of the teaching he dispenses to his students, Mr Campbell seizes upon a "necessarily hasty and inexact" condensation, in the columns of a newspaper, of one of Dr CANDLISH'S lectures, and bases upon this a charge which is neither more nor less than one of heterodoxy and general unsoundness in the faith. He does this, moreover, in a style that is wanting, not only in brotherly consideration, but in the usual courtesy with which even clerical antagonists are accustomed to treat one another. That Mr Campbell was defeated has nothing to do with the affair. His motion should never have been made. It was calculated not only to injure Professor CANDLISH, but to bring discredit upon the Church of which both the accuser and the accused are members. JAMES SMITH CANDLISH, D.D., who is the victim of this latest out-

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break of ecclesiastical virulence and vanity, bears a name which is honoured all over Scotland. His father was the famous minister of Free St. George's, Edinburgh. Born in 1834, and intended from boyhood for the Church, he was educated in the Edinburgh Academy, in the Edinburgh University, and in the Edinburgh Free Church College. His first ministerial charge was at Logie-almond in Perthshire, to which he was appointed in 1863; then he was translated, in 1869, to the East Free Church, Aberdeen; and three years later—in 1872—he was appointed Professor of Theology in the Free Church College here. Shy in manner in the earlier years of his ministry, he gradually developed as a preacher, until, in Aberdeen, he was generally regarded as a man of superior pulpit power. His sermons were solid in thought, vigorous in the handling of the topic, and earnest in spirit. About this time, too, his articles in the *British and Foreign Evangelical Review* began to attract considerable attention, and he gradually came to be regarded as peculiarly fitted, by reason of his natural abilities, theological acquirements, soundness of judgment, and unquestionable orthodoxy, to occupy the position of a Professor of Dogmatics in one or other of the colleges connected with the body of which he is a member. His Glasgow appointment, therefore, gave satisfaction to all parties, and the manner in which he has filled the Chair of Theology has fully justified the expectations formed regarding him. Indeed, it may safely be said, without any disparagement to others, that in none of the colleges of the Free Church is the important department of Systematic Theology taught in a more efficient or reliable manner than in Glasgow. Dr CANDLISH has had considerable experience in literary work. Before he was settled as a minister he assisted in the editing of the last edition of the *Encyclo-*

pedia Britannica, he is a contributor to the present edition of that work, he was for several years editor of the *British and Foreign Evangelical Review*, and he has just completed a treatise on the Sacraments, which forms one of the series of handbooks now publishing for the use of Bible classes. That this excellent teacher, scholar, and gentleman should have been selected as the subject of the recent wanton and ill-advised attack is only another illustration of those "spurns which patient merit of the unworthy takes."

Passing Her Along.

THAT was a rather naïve recommendation which Bailie Dunlop gave to a beggar-woman at the Southern Police Court the other day. In dismissing the poor body the Magistrate advised her to go to Bailie Waddel, who "would do his best to assist her." This reminds one of the eulogy recently passed by Mark Twain on a friend, who never sent a tramp away empty-handed, but always passed him on with a letter of introduction to him (Mark). It is to be hoped that Mr Waddel will appreciate his colleague's polite consideration.

SHINING LIGHTS.—It seems that the Paris policemen have been obliged to carry torches on account of the fog. Suppose we in Glasgow were to borrow the idea? It would be a pleasant novelty to behold Tonalt in the rôle of an angel of light.

THE LOWEST DEPTH.—A little decrepit object was haled before the Stipendiary last Thursday for some petty pilfering. Asked if he wouldn't like to go to Mr Quarrier's Home, the young 'un, who seems to have had a peep behind the scenes of "Home" life, replied, "I wud rather gang tae Mossbank." It is somewhat suggestive that this juvenile delinquent would rather be a prisoner in the one place than a free agent in the other. Like other sensible folk he prefers to bear the ills he has than fly to others that he wots not of.

At a recent coursing-match, we learn, "Fair Helen beat Brewer"—which might be poetically described as a triumph of Venus over Bacchus.

ONE WAY OF PUTTING IT.—In the City Hall the other evening Lord Colin Campbell talked of the Highlanders who might be found "wandering through the thoroughfares of a too-alluring city." Did he mean the bobbies?

Beveridge's Guaranteed Mixed Pickles, Red Cabbage, Mushroom Ketchup, Sauces and Table Condiments, unrivalled for purity and flavour

An Old Favourite.

AYE! there 'tis in the play-bill as of yere—
Miss Rose Leclercq; sweet name, that takes us back
 To happy days—or nights—that are no more,
 That still in memory leave a pleasing track.
 Of days when travelling companies were unknown;
 When the same faces charmed us all the year;
 With actors round us we could call our own—
 Save when some straggling star would cross the sphere.
 'Twas then, sweet lady, yours the arduous part
 To play the singing-maid or Tragic Queen;
 We've seen you grace a farce with as much Art
 As chilled our veins in Duncan's murder-scene.
 These were the pleasant days! (Old stagers think
 Past days the happiest; perhaps they're right;
 What joys we now possess in value sink—
 Things past and things to come seem ever bright).
 Then was the time we could arrange a play
 As well's the manager—does't seem absurd?
 A piece was underlined for next week, say—
 We knew the "sup." who'd hand, "A chair, my lord!"
 Take "As you like it;" well, there's *Touchstone*—Lloyd;
Old Adam—Fitz.; *Orlando*—who?—dy'e mind?
 Then *Audrey*—Mrs—ah, the bill's destroyed,
 But fresh in memory is the *Rosalind*.
 Yes! *Rosalind*—Miss Rose Leclercq; it goes
 As smoothly on the tongue as Shakespeare's feet!
 Leclercq!—and we make bold to say "No" Rose
 By any other name would sound as sweet."
 And yet we've dim remembrance now—'twill be—
 No dates—it was your benefit that night,
 ("The full moon rose"—the which we didn't see)—
 You said your "name was Norval!"—are we right?
 Well, here you're back—back for three weeks or so;
 And we are grateful for the visit—bless you;
 We vow you've come but just to let us know
 (As if we knew it not) what 'tis to miss you.

"RATEPAYERS' CANDIDATES."—At the annual meeting, last week, of the subscribers to the Glasgow Training Home for Nurses Professor M'Kendrick observed that "he had to confess that he had not such implicit confidence in the principles of popular representation as applied to the present social position as to look forward with pleasure to the advent of ratepayers' candidates." Professor M'Kendrick is understood to be a Radical, but, like other Radicals, he is ready to throw his pet theories overboard the moment their execution threatens to inconvenience himself. After all, however, the BAILIE cannot blame him for his antipathy to "ratepayers' candidates." Their advent "in another place" has not been encouraging.

It seems that an attempt is being made in Paris to introduce the fashion of carrying muffs by gentlemen. Some fellows the BAILIE knows could follow the new fashion by merely attending to their carriage of themselves.

FERGUSON'S EDINBURGH ROCK
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On 'Change.

THERE is a cheerful rhyme which narrates that
 "Jack Spratt had a cat,
 It had but one ear,
 It went to buy butter
 When butter was dear."

At the present moment there are more Jack Spratts in the world than the subject of that ingenious rhyme. They are buying their butter in the very dearest market, under the insane delusion that they will shortly get an adequate return for their outlay. A friend of mine, of the Jack Spratt order, bought £4000 Caledonian Ordinary Stock at 125. That was little more than two years ago and he paid £5000 for his purchase. He has been holding the delightful baby ever since, and last half year he drew £100 in dividend, at the rate of 2½ per cent on his stock. It was at the rate of exactly 2 per cent, upon the capital he had invested, and he now rejoices in the happy consciousness that he might have laid in his stock on easier terms, and so saved £1000 to £1200.

The Jack Spratts of the Stock Exchange are hankering after Caledonian Stock at the present moment, until they have run it up to over 113, and seem likely enough to send it higher. Supposing the forthcoming dividend to be 4½ per cent., which is unlikely, the delighted stockholder will receive nearly 4 per cent., with the agreeable prospect of much less in six months' time.

The desire to acquire Caledonian Stock of some kind has influenced even the No. 2 Deferred, which nobody wanted, because it conferred no benefit beyond the honour and glory of holding railway stock. The honour is so highly appreciated that this remote claim upon the Company has jumped from £2 to £4 10s. A dividend may be expected in the Greek kalends.

The people who burn to possess North British at 78 must have great faith. It is beyond the wildest conjecture how they can expect to get a return, and the inference is that they do not expect any. The stock is probably purchased because those who buy it think that there are still bigger fools in the world than themselves.

Huntington Copper is slowly recovering from the prostration caused by the attacks of Sir James Bain and his brother cormorants. At its best it can hardly hope to do well, but it has at least a chance when relieved from the superincumbent weight of the little old man of the sea who threatened to strangle it.

It will not be at all astonishing if the Stock Exchange settlement this week should be attended by a little annoyance. The differences are enormous in some cases, and, to judge from the anxiety to shove things down again, the difficulty must have been foreseen.

Always distrust a man who offers to sell you the forthcoming dividend in a railway company. Apply the same rule to the other man who proposes to buy the dividend which you have not got. The dividend season has set in actively, and the Scotch railways will be saying something very soon. I may have a little to say on the subject by and bye, but it is yet too early, and I must wait awhile.

SCRUTATOR.

ANOTHER PAIR OF TONGUES.

(Scene—Ironmonger's shop; a customer has just left).

Senior Shop Boy—What gar't ye ay talk about the "shivels?"

Junior do.—Weel, is't no "shivel?"

Senior do.—No, it's no shivel, an' mine ay an' ca't a "shuffle" eafter this.

"THE FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN."

"She stoops to conquer" on the stage,
 With Chippendale to play a part—
 Reveals unto this latter age
 A gem undimmed in Goldsmith's art.

A Remonstrance.

THE BAILIE fears that Bailie Waddel is becoming more "frivolous" than is seemly in a weaver, a banker, and a magistrate to boot, since the other day he hotly declared that "it would be an injustice to him to be prevented from taking a ride on a bicycle." Admitting the injustice of such prevention, it is to be hoped the worthy Bailie will be content with the concession made, and will not proceed to put theory into practice. The spectacle of our revered, not to say venerable, friend careering round the Green on a velocipede might be diverting, but it would scarcely be edifying, or conducive to the dignity of either the Bank or the Bench.

A STRAIGHT TIP.—If last Wednesday's "heresy" debate in the F. C. Presbytery was not altogether edifying, the heresy-hunting novice may draw at least this moral from it, that he is unwise to fly at too high game. If he does so, he must expect to be snubbed all round, and informed that he is "bold," "rash," "ignorant," "ungentlemanly," &c. Let him practise on humbler prey till his wing is more powerful and his talons keener—*then* "go for" Professors and fathers of the Church.

THAT'S SO.—Addressing the Stirlingshire electors the other day, Mr J. C. Bolton said that, "when he was before the Glasgow constituency, although he spoke four times a day for four days, he did not see a third of the constituency, and he believed that not a third of them knew anything about him, or what his opinions were." He might have added that those who did know didn't care anything about him or his opinions.

Dominies take their pleasures sadly. At a recent dinner to a schoolmaster, where the guest was a strict teetotaler, we are told that "Before leaving, the guest of the evening bade each of the company an affectionate farewell!" Affectionate! My conscience, only think, an "affectionate Dominie!"

LET'S HOPE So.—According to Dr M'Call Anderson, "as years roll on, medical students are becoming more and more highly educated and deeply impressed with the dignity of their calling." This is gratifying, and encourages us to hope that when years have rolled on a little further the young gentlemen in question will give some proof of the said deep impression.

"Strapping Fellows"—Barbers and schoolmasters.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE. — They give the last morning performance of the "Forty Thieves" at the Gaiety on Saturday morning, and the last evening performance on Saturday evening.

On Wednesday Mr William Mackintosh will take his benefit, when, in addition to the pantomime, the "First Night" will be played, with the *beneficiaire* in the role of *Achille Talma Dufard*, a character made famous by Alfred Wigan. Mr S. H. Austin and Miss Clara Vesey will also take part in the performance. This, however, does not complete the tale of the evening's entertainments. Madame Soldene will sing a new ballad written specially for her by Mr Bernard, Mr Vallance will give a selection of readings, Mr Fred. Sidney will amuse us with his Whisky-Toddy-ology and his inimitable drum solo, and the "bold bad man" himself will warble a new patriotic ballad.

Madame Soldene's benefit takes place in the Gaiety on Friday. It will be under military patronage, and the programme is an exceedingly interesting one. Mr Bernard will sing Tom Bowling, Mr Vallance will read an extract from Professor Aytoun's "Lays," and Mr William Glover and Madame Soldene will appear in the combat scene from "Rob Roy," the former, of course, repeating his famous "broadsword scene," and the latter essaying, for the first time, the role of *Helen Macgregor*. As if all this—which is played, you must recollect, in conjunction with the "Forty Thieves"—were not enough, we are to be favoured, besides, with the second act of "The Grand Duchess."

On Monday next Miss Eloise Juno makes her re-appearance at the Gaiety in the part of *Jeannie Deans*.

The bill at the Prince of Wales Theatre this week is a strong one. In addition to "The Colleen Bawn," an evening's entertainment in itself, we have a version of "Jo," in which "little Louie" takes the role of the crossing-sweeper whose sorrows have brought tears to the eyes of us all at one time or another. I don't care much, as a rule, for the performances of your "infant phenomenon," but "Little Louie" plays with a freshness and pathos that place her in quite a different category from the average "infant." As for "The Colleen Bawn," good wine needs no bush, and the best of all Irish dramas needs no recommendation. Mr Fred. Sidney makes a somewhat bold experiment in essaying the part of *Myles*, but I have no doubt that, if not a Boucicault, he will give a good account of his role, as he always does.

What a success, to be sure, has attended the production of English comedies at the Royalty. What with the excellence of the acting, the beauty of the house, and the tact and taste of Mr Knapp's stage arrangements, the entertainments have been altogether admirable in their character. And the patronage extended by the public has been equal to the merit of the performances. Why all last week the theatre was crowded every night. In boxes, stalls, pit, and galleries, it didn't matter where you looked, a sea of faces met your gaze. 'Tis now "too late a week" to praise "She Stoops to Conquer" or "The School for Scandal," just as no play-goer, be he old or young, needs to be told of the excellence of the Chippendales—*mari et femine*, or of the grace of Miss Rose Leclercq, but people generally may be reminded that Sheridan and Goldsmith cannot be seen too often, and that when Mr and Mrs Chippendale retire from the stage they leave not their like behind them.

Mr Knapp has for years been a recognised Glasgow man—a "Man you Know," indeed, to all intents and purposes, and it is pleasant so see what a host of old Glasgow people he has gathered round him in the Royalty Theatre. He entertained his employees to supper, on the stage, on Friday evening, at the close of the performance, and every second face among the crowd round the tables was one that had been known for years in "the profession." The genuine liking and respect entertained by the guests for their host—an evidence of his kindness and attention to their feelings and comfort—was also an especially interesting feature of the evening.

After the tables had been cleared, and singing and toast-drink-

ing had set in, Mrs Chippendale delivered quite a brilliant little speech when replying for "The Drama," while Mr Chippendale sang a Scotch song with amazing vigour, and Johnny Burney—shall we ever see his *O'Callaghan* again?—sent the entire company into fits of laughter with a comic recitation.

Mr Beryl advertises the last six nights of "The Eviction" at the Royal Princess's. The piece has been a great success, being specially appreciated by pit and gallery. It will be followed, as I mentioned last week, by Mr Paget and company in "The Doctor"; and those of your readers who revelled—as which of them did not?—in the fun and "sensation" of "New Babylon" will be glad to learn that we are promised a return visit of that most amusing and "thrilling" drama. Among Mr Beryl's arrangements for the future is the engagement of our old friend Talbot, who "opens" at the Princess's towards the end of March.

My hint anent the cast of the "Two Roses," when it is played by the Volunteer Officers at the Gaiety, has not been taken, and more's the pity say I. Meanwhile, the amateurs are busy rehearsing the comedy, under the direction of Mr Sam Austin, the manager of Mr Bernard's establishment. The programme, I understand, in addition to "The Two Roses," will include the fine old farce of "The Two Polts," the leading parts in which will be played by Mr Austin and Mr James Buchanan.

That was a wonderfully close shave with Hengler's at the big fire next door last Wednesday morning. A small part of the Cirque really was burned, and the valuable live stock had a very bad quarter of an hour with the stifling smoke that completely filled the interior. Mr Powell and the stud groom were first on the scene, and in a twinkling had the animals "on the pillar" ready to trot out had the Cirque gone in with the other pyrotechnic display. Happily the scene was changed and a disaster averted.

Ethardo made a great hit on Saturday night. His performance has this supreme merit to "the general," that he runs any amount of risk at every move up and down his narrow spiral ledge.

Mr Irving Bishop's entertainment for to-morrow (Tuesday) evening in St. Andrew's Halls, promises to be a "big success." Among the other discoveries made by the little man is that of the secret of popularity.

That Pillar Hall in the Queen's Rooms has witnessed a few lively things lately. But the privileged 150 who assembled there on Friday evening last on the "invite" of that prince of purveyors, Mr John Forrester, will confess that a more "awfully jolly" evening could hardly be imagined—we all know what "John" can do when he tries, and when I say that he *tried*, I do not need to tell you "what an afternoon" we had. Long life to you Johnnie, my boy!

Another well-known landmark will soon disappear from one of the busiest thoroughfares in Glasgow. The attractive fruit shop, at the corner of St. Enoch Square and Howard Street, so long occupied by Mrs Adam, is announced to be let. Mrs Adam has been for over thirty years in Howard Street, her earlier place of business being a little to the west of the present shop. When Messrs Matthew Langlands and Son, long the Agents for the Liverpool steamers and the New York and Clyde liners, removed from the corner of the Square, Mrs Adam removed to the handsome shop which she has for so many years conducted so successfully, and which she succeeded in making one of the most tempting and attractive sights in Glasgow.

Councillor Gray thinks the city has deserved well of the surrounding agriculturists because she has given them "St Enoch Square to meet in." The BAILIE thinks the agriculturists would deserve well of the city if they would meet somewhere else.

Another "Sunday Question."
THE Town Council have authorised the use of bicycles in the Green on six days of the week—which appears to the BAILIE a somewhat peculiar decision. One could have understood absolute prohibition or unqualified permission, but why this *dies non*? The tabooed day is presumably Sunday, but this does not make the matter any clearer, since it is not easy to see wherein a bicycle is a more "profane" vehicle than a cab, or a phaeton, or a perambulator, or, for the matter of that, than "Shanks's naiggie." If the BAILIE were a bicyclist he would feel inclined to raise the "Sunday bicycle question" *vice* the "Sunday car question," settled.

♦♦♦
 "LET LAWS AND LEARNING DIE?"
Fee so, fum, I smell
 The breath of"—hum, ah well
 No matter—my degree
 Is not L.S., but LL D.
 ♦♦♦

A CHAMPION OF INCOMPETENCY.—At last Wednesday's meeting of the Glasgow Established Presbytery Mr Wallace of Solsgirth remarked that "there was not a conceivable subject under the sun but might form the subject of a motion in the Presbytery, and he thought they should receive every motion whether competent or not." Bravo, Wallace Wight! The sentiment is worthy of you. The BAILIE looks forward with "mingled feelings" to the day when you shall have your own way, and a competent—or incompetent—Presbytery shall supersede the Trades' Council, the High Court of Parliament, the Police Board, and all other legislative and deliberative assemblies whatsoever.

AN ABUSE OF POWER.—At a meeting of "temperance reformers" held in Edinburgh last Thursday with reference to the Grangemouth teetotal fiat, Sheriff Guthrie Smith expressed the opinion that "the step taken by the Earl of Zetland would be the means of drawing attention to the present state of the land laws." The Sheriff is probably not far wrong. Such arbitrary acts as the one in question are likely to lead to grave consideration of how far it may be advisable and possible to curtail a power which is liable to be so grossly abused.

KEPT OUT OF HER OWN HOUSE.—In an address at the opening of the Institute, Sculpture was spoken of as a "stepchild." As Architecture was wholly unmentioned—"left out in the cold"—it is possible that in the speaker's estimation she is no more than a "connection" or a "poor relation."

To Whom the Cap Fits.
 (By Lottie Lively.)

I KNOW a head, with curly hair,
 They say 'tis vacant quite;
 If so, I'd like to flit in there
 And set that matter right.
 I've met him at a dozen "hops,"
 Yet, spite my charms and cash,
 'Taint mine to stroke these "mutton-chops,"
 Or brush that sweet moustache.
 He says he hates a talking muff;
 Men's mouths were made for Bass;
 A girl will twaddle quite enough
 If helped along with "Ya—as?"
 That's quite my style, I hate all stops,
 Except the breathless dash;
 I chat—he twist the "mutton-chops"
 And strokes the big moustache.
 Why don't he see I'm made for him,
 And that he's made for me?
 Through life, the boat we'd nicely trim,
 He's big, I'm very wee.
 Unless the question soon he pops,
 I w'll do something rash
 To win those curly "mutton-chops"
 And pull that big moustache.

THE NAKED TRUTH.—Councillor Wilson is in a state of great apprehension lest "the Japanese would be apt to imagine that the people of this country go about in a state of nudity." If the Japanese read the reports of our municipal meetings they must be very apt to imagine that some of our Councillors go about in a state of intellectual nudity—and are not ashamed either!

The Ass has no patience with those sneering Radicals who profess to underrate the importance of the present session of Parliament. Why, says the beastie, not to mention anything else, among the bills to be brought in are one "relating to the sale of beer" and another "for the improvement of spirits in bond." Unimportant, indeed!

DIAGNOS(E)IS.—Asinus says he is certain it is cat-arrrh, because of the mew-cuss.

A DIFFERENCE.—Between "shooting stars" and "shooting the moon."

By an Indignant Anti-Ritualist.—"The rite man in the right place"—A Ritualist in the Roman Catholic Church.

RUNNING TO SEED.—Where is this "pedestrian" craze to stop? In an advertisement for a foreman baker it is stated that he must be "a good runner!"

Two busy Bees (Bs)—Bernard and Barrett,
 Nursery Tails—The taws.

Quavers.

IT affords pleasure again to call attention to the concert to be given in the St. Andrew's Lesser Hall, by Herr Mahr on Thursday evening. The selections are to be chronologically arranged. The famous Kreutzer Sonata for the violin (Beethoven) is to be played, also a Suite by Handel for piano, Miss Helen Hopekirk, who made so successful an appearance at the Orchestral Concerts recently, being the solo pianist. A thoroughly pleasing and instructive musical evening may confidently be looked for.

Dr Peace was to play last Saturday evening at the Bow and Bromley Weekly Organ Recital, Mr H. Seligmann—whose purity of style and sweetness of tone were so much admired at the St. George's Choral Union Concert of Monday se'nnight, was to sing. Glasgow is evidently of some moment after all in the eyes of musical London.

The London *Musical Times* contains the following interesting paragraph: "The death is announced of the wife of Frederick Penna, and mother of Miss Catherine Penna. A niece of the Dowager Countess of Essex, formerly Miss Stephens, she will be remembered chiefly as the soprano of the duet singers the Misses Smith, who were highly popular some years ago, especially in Scotland and Ireland." The Misses Smith will be well within the recollection of middle-aged readers of the BAILIE, chiefly as Scottish duettists in the City Hall in its early days, such almost forgotten lyrics as "The Bonnie Breast-Knots," "The Keel Row," and "What's a' the steer, kimmer?" having been in their repertoire.

By the way, in the same musical journal, somebody writes inquiring as to the real authorship of Mozart's Twelfth Mass. He should place himself in communication with the respected critic of the *Glasgow News*, who has, as we all know, made profound research into this disputed matter.

The choir of Cathcart Road Wesleyan Church gave a very good concert on Wednesday evening last. Dr Stainer's "Daughter of Jairus" was the principal musical composition brought forward, but there were also two or three rather unacknowledged and interesting anthems. The precision of attack and the tunefulness and earnestness of the singing were noticeable features, and would have done credit to musical associations of much greater pretensions. Mr Birch conducted, and Mr George Hopper officiated on the organ.

"The Children's Tribute of Praise" is the title of an excellent collection of sacred poetry with music, which has been recently published, and is edited by Mr Robert D. Jamieson, of Free St. Stephen's Church, Glasgow. The peculiarity of Mr Jamieson's book is that the music is arranged for treble and alto voices, with a bass which may or may not be sung, without detriment to the effect. This is a mode of arrangement which is just what is wanted for the purpose—four parts, or even three essential parts, being out of place for the purpose. The musical editing seems to have been well executed. The present edition is in the new notation. Doubtless an old notation edition is in contemplation, which would also then be useful for the harmonium.

Mr Charles Halle and his Manchester orchestra give their yearly concert here next Wednesday. The annual musical celebration at Edinburgh of the birth of General Reid, founder of the music chair there, is the immediate occasion of the visit to Scotland of this excellent band at this time. The military musical enthusiast whose example in endowing the Edinburgh chair might with propriety be followed in other Scottish universities, is of course to be remembered also as the author of the air to the patriotic lines, "In the garb of old Gaul."

They are rather musical in Cathcart, one notices. Not very ambitious, perhaps, but showing appreciative taste so far. A very good concert was given in the old school-house there last week, by Mr Jordan, leader of the Parish Church Choir, in which he had the assistance of members of the choir and friends. The songs, "No, sir!" and "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," were especially well sung, and generally speaking the choir made a good appearance in the glees and part-songs, which included such old favourites as "Sigh no more, ladies," "Awake, Æolian lyre," also the more modern "O who will o'er the

downs," and "Hush thee, my baby." The hall was quite full.

The Glasgow Select Choir have prepared a specially interesting programme for next Saturday evening. They will sing two of the part-songs newly composed for them—"Homeward," by Henry Leslie, and "The Arrow and the Song," by Gower, noticed last week—also two of Mr Archer's recent arrangements—"A man's a man for a' that," and "O' a' the airts," the latter of which is very fine. "Forester, sound the cheerful horn" (for male and female voices), Smart's beautiful "Dream, baby, dream," the six-part carol, "Let us by the fire," and the clever setting by C. A. Macirone of Autolycus' song from "A Winter's Tale," are among the other selections. But not the least interesting item, what had been almost omitted to notice, is a new part-song "Chloe," from the pen of the veteran J. L. Hatton, written specially for the choir. The theme and the treatment are characteristic of the composer, and the music is in his happiest vein.

Among the best sung of the part-songs at the Burns Concert by Mr Lambeth's Choir in the Kibble Palace on Saturday evening, were Hatton's "My love is like a red, red rose." Mr Lambeth's model arrangement of "Ay wakin' O," his ingenious yet thoroughly clear setting in canon form of "John Anderson my jo," Mr Moodie's arrangement of "My heart is sair," and that by Mr Seligmann of "My Nannie's awa'," both very successful, were likewise well interpreted by the choir. Mr Channon Cornwall's "Gin a body meet a body," was not so effectively sung as it might have been. It is very clever, but, on hearing it sung, it struck us that the coy simplicity of the theme may possibly demand somewhat less elaborate treatment. It was enclosed. The choir is markedly advancing. In the trio, "Willie brewed," for example, the voices (male) were particularly tuneful and of a fine quality of tone.

A HANDLE TO HIS NAME.

Politely dedicated to the musical critic of the *North British Daily Mail*, who has again, for about the hundredth time, informed an astounded British public that Handel was merely a petty larcenist, whose credit as a composer is due mainly to the use he made of other people's ideas.]

Handel was a Saxon,
And Handel was a thief;
Handel came to my house
And stole a music leaf.
I went to Handel's house,
But Handel was not nigh—ah!
Handel came to my house
And stole all the "Messiah."

HE COULDN'T HAVE A BETTER REASON.

(Scene—Barber's shop; Weaver enters.)

Barber—Shave, sir?

Weaver—No; I want my heed cut.

Barber—Dear me, your heed cut. What's wrang? Is trade bad, or has you an' the wife been talking politics?

Weaver—It's waur than that. The Tories have—

Barber (interrupting him)—I'll cut it.

PAWKY JAMIE!—Mr Moir "thinks Mr Martin may take it for granted that any moneys"—not "monies," please—"paid to counsel in London are held by the counsel there." The BAILIE would not be surprised if Mr Moir were about right.

A "Star" in the As-cendant—Ethardo.

What the Folks are Saying

THAT two clerical heresy hunts took place last week.

That the U.P. hounds will run again during the season.

That their fox is an old hand at the game, and knows how to double and hark back.

That the Auld Kirk is still the representative of broad sentiments and liberal views.

That the Free Presbytery are furious at the Tramway Company for running Sunday cars.

That meanwhile the cars are doing their work quietly, and are well patronised.

That we are promised a busy Justiciary Court next circuit.

That crime does not seem to be on the decrease in Glasgow.

That trade has revived.

That the "Magistrates and Council of the City and Royal Burgh of Glasgow have applied to the Dean of Guild Court for permission to erect a tool-house, bothy, and shed."

That "now we're busy."

That this is the first of the new Municipal Buildings.

That the Museum craze is being once more trotted out.

That Lord Provost Collins begins to get afraid that his term of office may come to a close without his having done anything to mark his reign.

That the "To Lets" are filling our daily sheets.

That the number of the announcements show what a quantity of unoccupied property there must be in Glasgow.

That if landlords had to pay taxes on unoccupied tenements the total would come to a pretty penny.

That Sir Jeems Bain is "birsing forrit."

That he was always of a retiring disposition.

That the "second candidate" is now anxious to become "a colleague" of the first.

That the friends of the first candidate don't quite see it.

That Sir Jeems has appeared at one more soiree.

That Sir Jeems is a great teetotaller.

That the Hibernians who have prospered in our midst are contributing munificently to the fund for the relief of their distressed countrymen at home.

That this is said "sarkastic."

That football is hardly so attractive as it once was.

That a few more exhibitions like that on Saturday between the Dumbarton and Vale of Leven Clubs and the game will cease to be popular.

That before sending teams to Canada it would be well to show that a gentlemanly game can be played in a gentlemanly manner at home.

That Glasgow was nearly in darkness one evening last week.

That the convener of the Gas Committee must look to the quality of the coal.

DISTRESSFUL.

Collector—"This is a fine day, sir, I called to see if you would be so good as subscribe to the Mail Distress Fund?"

Shopkeeper—The Mail Distress Fund! Dod, is that paper in distress again? The Mail's aye in distress!

WHICH?—In what different lights may the same fact appear to two different persons! At last week's meeting of the F. C. Presbytery Mr Hall complained that "the Free Presbytery was Dr Adam" and talked of an "ecclesiastical oligarchy;" whereupon Mr Taylor protested that 'if there was any feeling they ought to cherish towards Dr Adam, it was one of intense gratitude for the extraordinary way in which he took the burden of work on his shoulders.' Now, reverend fathers and brethren, how do the rest of you feel—sat upon by an ecclesiastical oligarchy, or intensely grateful to an "extraordinary" worker? Try to make up your minds, and let the BAILIE know

ALARMING.—Referring to the Sunday cars, the Rev. Mr Howie says he "believes that there is enough of Christian feeling in the community to raise forms of opposition that the directors are not aware of." Now, "Christian feeling" has often manifested itself in very unchristian fashion. "Christian feeling" has, for instance, led one set of Christians to roast another set of Christians alive. So Mr Howie's threat is as alarming as it is vague. Let's hope his mysterious "opposition" won't take the form of dynamite.

"MY KINGDOM FOR A HORSE."—The *Standard* says that "a Home Rule Whip has been issued." Into whose hands has it been put, husband's or wife's; and into whose the reign?

A "Bishop's" See—His seeing through Heller.

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A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE
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—o—

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Business Man, who in his Special Department has spared
no effort to secure a widespread measure of Public support, than
to find that his exertions have been fully appreciated. We
frankly confess that such has been our experience. The various
well-considered schemes which it has been our good fortune from
time to time to announce have met with a very cordial response
at the hands of a large circle of Patrons, which has incited us to
redouble our efforts for the future.

What Gentlemen Desiderate is Real Practical Economy in the
matter of Dress, along with First-rate Quality, Style, and Fit,
and this we have always made it our careful study to supply.

Our most recent effort in this direction will, we doubt not,
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ciate Extraordinary Value when they see it. It is no other than
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FIRST-CLASS WEST OF ENGLAND
AND
SCOTCH TWEED TROUSERS
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and we are confident it will prove an unparalleled success.

We need hardly remind our Friends that every Garment is
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ance of a very large demand that has induced us to fix a Price
never before attempted.

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ADVERTISEMENTS received for ALL
PAPERS by A. F. SHARP & Co.,
14 Royal Exchange Square.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 11th, 1880.

THE resolution of the Finance Committee
and Magistrates to present Mr MARWICK
with £3000 without recognising the principle of
any accounts being chargeable by him outside
of his salary is a haphazard and highly unsatis-
factory solution of the new Town Clerk dispute,
and one which is likely to be as fully criticised at
the special meeting of the Town Council on

Thursday, as it has been out of doors. The committee, instead of facing the question boldly, have sought the refuge of the infirm of purpose—a compromise; they have brought up a paltry resolution instead of a report on the whole circumstances of the case and of the arrangements proposed for the future. By omitting to do this they have courted an irregular discussion, and left the Council and the public to estimate Mr MARWICK'S strenuous pleading on his own behalf by the help of their own knowledge or recollection of facts which are of the utmost importance in enabling a right judgment to be formed. There is the primary and essential point that the Act was obtained for the purpose of ending the unhappy disputes with the Town Clerks, making the remuneration of the office by salary instead of by fees. If the Act is ineffectual in this respect, as Dr KIRKWOOD seems to admit, then, it may be asked, by whose instructions and for what purpose a loophole was left. But on the other hand Mr MARWICK knew the intention of the Act, and says that before and since his appointment he fully and frankly stated his views as to what fell and did not fall within his official duties and [was covered by his salary. To whom did he express these views? Did he make any reference to them when he obtained the addition of £1000 to his salary in 1875? Did he pointedly raise the question when he was instructed to perform the duties for which he is now claiming payment? If not, why did he omit to do so? When did he first make any part of his present claims? Was payment of the £4000 to account of these obtained with the knowledge and sanction of the Corporation, or any of its Committees, and what control is there upon the Fee Fund? What remuneration other than salary, and what sum has Mr MARWICK received since he came to Glasgow, for services rendered on the instructions or with the permission of the Council? For example, what did he receive in connection with the proposed Conservancy Bill? Do the accounts—which, by the way, have not been audited—include nothing but charges for the Town Clerk's personal professional services? And lastly, what control is to be exercised in the future over the Fee Fund, and what is to be the relation of the Corporation to the staff in the Town Clerk's office? These are a few of the important questions which demand an answer at the present moment, if the new Town Clerk dispute is to be settled satisfactorily. Whatever doubt there may be about the legal question,

it is at least a very narrow one, and so like an after thought as to be opposed to the spirit, intention, and understanding of the agreement between the Corporation and its Clerk. Recognising that he is not only well but handsomely paid for his services by his salary, Mr MARWICK would best consult his own interests and reputation by gracefully departing from these claims now and for the future.

A Frosty Rime.

I KNOW no pleasure in this life,
Of winter's own creating,
(Though foot-ball now is pretty rife)
That can compare with skating.
Though many folks may say I'm "fond"—
I care not for their prating;
While Mr Frost congeals the pond,
I'll revel in my skating.
I've looked for this the winter through—
And this rewards my waiting;
Now maudlin mortals may look blue—
I'm rosy with my skating.
Our lady friends—sweet sofa-birds—
(The pond's the place for mating!)
Have voted novels are but words,
And skipped to join the skating.
Like angels, sans the wings, they trip,
All formal manners hating;
The finger tip, and pursed lip,
Are things unknown while skating.
This to Miss Prim may seem untrue,
And on her ear come grating;
But tell the prude to "buckle too"—
She'll find it out when skating.
I might keep up this harmless song,
And still be understating
The many virtues that belong
To this same grace of skating.
But rhymes will tether poet's tongue,
And stint his overrating;
Suffice it then what verse I've strung
In praise of next week's skating.

Jeems of all Trades.

SIR JAMES BAIN has been demonstrating again, the occasion this time being the soiree of the "iron and ironmongery trades," in the City Hall, on Friday evening, when he occupied the chair, and remarked amid applause that "he had great pleasure in presiding at that festival, for during his lifetime he had been connected with the iron trade." On one of Sir James's latest public appearances he identified himself with the grocery trade. What will the next one be? The brass trade, eh?

A Man of the "World."—Principal Caird.
The great Ark-aid—At the Deluge.
A Male Coach—A Velocipede.

Megilp.

THE success of the Fine Art Institute in its new home is now assured. On no single week, during any former year of its existence, has it attracted so much attention; then the sales already made amount to more than those of all last season together. The Council are fortunate in having been able to bring such an excellent collection of pictures together, they are fortunate in the possession of such excellent buildings, and they are exceptionally fortunate in the selection they made of Mr Walker as their acting secretary.

Dr Cameron is a rising legislator, and an authority on the "habitual drunkard" question, but his description of Mr R. C. Crawford's "Duck Shooting" as a "wintry scene," in his speech at the Fine Art Institute on Monday, showed that he doesn't know quite so much about pictures as about "Alcoholism." Can it be that the hon. gentleman consulted the art critic of the *Mai!* before making his speech?

Very general satisfaction is felt in artistic circles with the result of the recent election of Members and Associates of the Water Colour Society. Mr Denovan Adam and Mr William Young, two of the new members, are accomplished painters and charming gentlemen, and if Mr Allan, the third member, has something of the *brisquerie* and opinionativeness of youth, not even his keenest critic would attempt to deny for a moment that he has already gained for himself a prominent position in the world of art. One of the new Associates is Miss Christina Ross, a daughter of the late Mr R. T. Ross, the Scotch Academician. Another is young Jack Lorimer, the clever son of the Professor of Public Law in Edinburgh University; and the third, Mr Pollok Nisbet, an artist whose long sojourn, now in Venice and now in Spain, has hitherto prevented him from taking that position to which his eminent talents so well entitle him.

The Exhibition of works by Sam Bough and Paul Chalmers, which, it has been arranged, shall be held in the Glasgow Fine Art Institute in the months of August and September, is regarded with anything but favourable eyes among the Edinburgh artists. They were both, it is urged, Academicians, and any exhibition of their works should have been held under the auspices of the Academy. In reply to this it is easy to point out that Bough's early, and indeed a portion of his mature manhood, was spent in Glasgow; and that his closest friends were connected with this city; while, as is well-known, Paul Chalmers found the readiest market for his pictures among West Country buyers. But the best rejoinder, after all, to any grumbling from Edinburgh, is to be found in the simple fact that the proposal with regard to the Exhibition originated with the Glasgow Institute, and that it is under the auspices of the Institute that it is to be carried out.

Everybody—artists, that is, and artistic people generally—affects to despise popular criticism, and yet no set of folk are more eager for popular applause than these same artists and their friends. What the real value of popular criticism is will be best understood, in connection, at least, with the present Exhibition of the Institute, when it is known that the two pictures that have hitherto commanded the largest measure of popular admiration are Mrs Engelhart Amyot's "Return of the Penitent," and Mr Patalano's "Crossing the Brook!"

What does Mr Orchardson mean by dubbing his timid, down-cast little gentleman, attired in Spanish doublet and hose, and numbered 182 in the catalogue, "Don Cæsar de Bazan?" Certainly the picture is charmingly painted—it is the property of Mr Andrew Maxwell, who is to be congratulated on its possession—but it is the picture of anybody rather than of the daring roysterer who "held his life at a pin's fee," and whose only wish was that he might be enabled to "die" like a soldier, "upon some open plain"—*vide* Vincent Wallace, not to speak of Victor Hugo.

How impressed we all are, to be sure, with Mr Cecil Lawson's enormous "Surrey Pastoral." Certain would-be critics allege that they never saw colour like that given by Mr Lawson to his picture. This only means, however, that these worthy people never indulged in a visit to a Christmas pantomime.

"They say" that several—or, indeed, that quite a crowd—of the well-to-do folk who thronged the galleries of the Fine Art Institute at the conversazione on the evening of Monday week, regarded their admission ticket as entitling them not only to a look at the pictures, but to a refreshment as well. At all events, not only the tea, coffee, and ices, but the fruit and pastry of Mr Assafray besides, were "put away," and he was really, as well as in a Pickwickian sense, "left lamenting." When a gentleman in high-lows, and with no shirt-collar round his neck, indulges in conduct of this kind, we call it larceny, and send him 30 days to gaol.

The Water Colour Exhibition in West Nile Street will close on Saturday. Now that the last week has arrived, it would be well for those who care for this delightful species of art to pay it at least one other visit.

The Champion of Agriculture.

BAILIE YOUNG has once more fought the battle of the agricultural interest, and this time with success. His arguments at last meeting of Town Council were, indeed, unanswerable. Had the Council, he triumphantly asked, "no interest in the farms of Dalmuir, Mount Blow, Blackhill, Peckie, and the Island of Shuna, with its 1500 acres of fine pasture land?" And were not the sire and grand-dam of the famous horse "Prince of Wales" foaled and bred on the Council's "own estate?" Again, if Shuna should be pshawed and "Prince of Wales" pooh-poohed, "we are likely to have a pretty large surplus this year—something like £1500—and now there are three-fourths of the year already gone, and not a farthing voted away!" After this last masterly stroke opposition could not but break down. Despite Bailie Dunlop's sarcastic suggestion of a grant to "the circus," and Mr Martin's "smile," the required sum was voted by a majority, and Scottish agriculture lifts its drooping head!

ONE FOR THE ANIMILE.

Mistress (in workroom to new girl)—This is some work for you; wait a minute and I'll get a cuddy (meaning a tressel) to lay it across.

Girl (to her next neighbour)—Bedad! she toald me she would bring me a cuddy an' I'm aye luckin' an' luckin' to see the baste wa'king in at the door.

A contemporary announces the publication in its columns of "Lisa Lena, the Life of an Out-cast," by Edward Jenkins, M.P. Can the author of "Ginx's Baby" mean this for an autobiography?

Status of Statues.—Asinus wants to know (what's his business?) how the "whole" sculpture in the Exhibition is fifty "pieces."

A Sign of the "Times"—A Peer-age,

A Scream from the Eagle.

IT'S not often I read the papers, BAILIE, but from a bit my dinner was wrapped in the other day, I saw somebody had been taking up my case again. Will he accept a poor exile's thanks : it is all I can offer him.

I have never been comfortable here, but my custodiers have been either very stupid or careless or hard hearted, so all appeals on my behalf have been disregarded. However, this last week or two it's been fearful. Having hurt my leg I am not able to get off the ground now, but have to lie all day and submit to the laughs and jeers and orange-peel and stone-throwing of the boys, while at night—ah! night's horrible, BAILIE—the thought of it makes me shudder all over so that I can hardly hold the pen.

"Got used to it now, surely," I hear you say.

Well, goodness knows I might be used to it now—(seven or eight years—I have lost my reckoning, but it must be thereabouts—you may think should have reconciled me to my lot, but it hasn't)—but my poor bones ache as much or more than ever, my feathers are bare, and my food doesn't warm me or nourish me, as I get no exercise, and in these cruel, biting winds let me turn where I will—back, front, or sideways—there is no shelter. Dear BAILIE, is Glasgow so poor that it can't afford to pay a joiner a day's wage to board the back and sides of my cage? Couldn't some decent showman with a booth or a caravan be got to buy me? I would then, at least, be protected from wind and frost and snow and hail and rain.

Rather than live as I have done, I wish Bailie M'Bean would give me a knock on the head at once, and put me in the museum with the label hung from my carcase,

"The unfortunate Eagle of the West-end Park."

THEATRICAL AMATEURS.

"O wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us."

A THING TO BE WA(I)VED.—The Provost of Greenock approves of street preaching. He says "it has become as the waves of the sea to him, he is so accustomed to it." It is interesting to know that Mr Campbell is accustomed to the waves of the sea ; but, at the same time, he might do well to be less figurative when he finds himself in the witness-box, and to remember that he is not put there to make speeches.

Sunday Trains—Rows of carriages at church doors.

It May Go to Japan for Us!

COUNCILLOR WILSON is anxious to know if the Japanese are satisfied with the pictures we have sent them, and Bailie Colquhoun reprovingly asks if the Councillor thinks "they would send the refuse of the Corporation to Japan." Well, "maybe ay, and maybe no;" but of one thing the BAILIE is certain, and that is that there is a good deal of "Corporation refuse," in the shape of pictures, Councillors, officials, &c., that might with great advantage—so far, at least, as we are concerned—be sent to Japan, Hong Kong, Jericho, or anywhere else furth of our boundaries.

FINGERS A' THOOMBS.

Scene—Village Library ; Member wishes book exchanged.

Librarian—Man, Tam, what girs ye dirty a' the books that way? There's no yin ye hae gotten out but ye've brought back a' thoomed wi' yer forefinger.

SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE.—Mr Martin thinks that bicyclists "ought not to be allowed to commit murder. If they wish to show themselves off there is plenty of room for them in the country to wallop about." Oh, Jeems, Jeems! Are there not some people besides bicyclists who frequently commit murder—of the Queen's English, the proprieties, &c.? And if some Councillors "wish to show themselves off" is there not plenty of room for *them* also in the country "to wallop about?"

"THE CANT OF CRITICISM."—*Sterna.*

Vita brevis, ars est longa,
If that you should get among a
Set of boring dilettanti—
Talking loud and thinking scanty—
Cognoscenti who select your
Painting, Sculpture, Architecture,
For "tone," or "breadth," or "Classic feeling,"
"Chiaro-scuro," or its dealing
With subtle lights and shades reflected,
"Foreshort'ning," "grouping," lines corrected,
Parts balanced, this with that and to'ther—
For all this affectation bother
Life too short is ; Art to master
Too long is for the criticaster.

NO STAYING POWER.—At last week's meeting of Town Council the Lord Provost suggested that if Mr Mathieson would wait till the end of next century, "perhaps" he might have his "wull" with reference to the Gallowgate Barracks ; whereupon Mr Mathieson said he "was not prepared to wait so long." Some people are so hasty and unreasonable!

Poetry and Pitman.

HERE'S a gem of purest ray serene, plucked from the glowing columns of the *Athenæum*:—"A Young Man would be glad to Correspond, in Pitman's Shorthand, with some one, also Young (of either Sex), who is familiar with the Higher Poetry, who has an ardent liking for, say, Shelley's 'Prometheus Unbound' and 'Epipsychidion,' or Swinburne's 'Songs before Sunrise,' &c.—Address J. H., Box 85, Post-Office, Greenock." The last word forms the anti-climax of this rich announcement. Greenock and "the Higher Poetry!" Shelley and sugar! Swinburne and shoddy! But it is altogether delicious. Fancy this ingenuous youth discoursing, in "fonetik" fashion and crabbed symbols, with a sympathetic soul—"of either Sex"—of the Higher Poetry after which his ardent soul yearns! Imagine the one word "Epipsychidion" written down *à la* Pitman! And then the "&c." Would "an ardent liking for, say," Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy," or Dr Watts's Hymns, or Gilbert's "Bab Ballads" do, *faute de* Messrs Swinburne and Shelley? And is it fair or courteous, good J. H., to ignore your local bard—A. P. P., to wit, whose muse has been too long silent? Natheless, the BAILIE wishes you success in your romantic quest, and trusts that you and that other young person, "of either Sex," may revel to your mutual hearts' content in the Higher Poetry—and Pitman.

A local firm advertises a "new door-closer." This may be a very good thing in its way, but the BAILIE doubts if it is so efficacious as the old original closer of doors—Poverty!

A (W)ringing Machine—A bell.

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager,.....Mr SIDNEY.
Production, with New and Beautiful Scenery and the Original Effects of DION BOUCICAULT, of the
COLLEEN BAWN.
TO-NIGHT (TUESDAY), FEBRUARY 10, at 7-30,
the Dramatic Sketch of "JO," at 8-30, the Celebrated
COLLEEN BAWN.
Prices—6d to 4s. Second Price at Nine o'clock.
Doors Open at 7. Commence at 7-30.

ROYALTY THEATRE,
SAUCHIEHALL STREET,

Lessee and Manager.....Mr E. L. KNAPP.
Every Evening
THE ENGLISH COMEDY COMPANY,
Under the Direction of
MRS CHIPPENDALE.
Miss ROSE LECLERCQ, Mr CHIPPENDALE,
Supported by a Powerful Company.
Seats can be secured at Muir Wood & Co's, from 12 till 4.

THE GAILETY.

Proprietor and Director,.....Mr C. BERNARD.

LAST SIX NIGHTS

of the

FORTY THIEVES.

FINAL PERFORMANCE, Saturday First, February 14.
Open at 6-15. Commence at 7. Prices, from 6d to 5s.
General Manager,....Mr SAM. H. S. AUSTIN.

THE GAILETY.

Benefit of MR MACKINTOSH.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 11th.

When, in addition to the Pantomime of
THE FORTY THIEVES,
will be played the Comic Drama,
BEHIND THE SCENES,

And the following Ladies and Gentlemen will appear:—

MR W. S. VALLANCE.

MR FRED. W. SIDNEY.

MR SAM. H. S. AUSTIN.

MR WM. MACKINTOSH.

MISS KATE LOVELL.

MISS CLARA VESEY, and

MADAME SOLDENE.

Seats can now be secured.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

MAIN STREET, SOUTH SIDE, GLASGOW.

Sole Lessee and Manager,.....Mr H. CECIL BERYL.

In consequence of its enormous success "THE EVICTION" will be repeated every evening until Saturday First, the 14th inst., when it must be withdrawn in consequence of previous arrangements.

Every Evening this Week

"THE EVICTION,"

The beautiful scenery by Mr WM. SMALL, the admiration of all visitors.

FRIDAY FIRST, February 13th, BENEFIT of Mr and Mrs HUBERT O'GRADY, who will, in conjunction with MR BERYL, devote a portion of the receipts of the evening to the IRISH DISTRESS FUND.

MONDAY FIRST, February 16th, Mr F. M. PAGET and his COMEDY DRAMA COMPANY in a New Version of "Nos Intimes," by HORACE ORIGAN, entitled

THE DOCTOR.

Box Office at Donaldson's Rooms, 77 St. Vincent Street.
Doors open each Evening at 7. Overture, 7-30. (Saturdays, half-an-hour earlier).

ST. ANDREW'S HALLS

(Lesser Hall),

ON THURSDAY EVENING, 12th FEBRUARY,

At Eight o'Clock.

GRAND HISTORICAL CONCERT.

Under the Patronage of the
GLASGOW CHORAL UNION.

PERFORMERS—

Miss HELEN HOPE KIRK (Piano).

Herr EMIL MAHR (Violin),

Of the Glasgow Choral Union Orchestra (Herr Manns),

Herr ALFRED GALLREIN (Violoncello),

Of the Glasgow Choral Union Orchestra (Herr Manns), and late Professor of Music at Uppingham College.

The Programme, arranged in chronological order, will include
Handel's Suite for Piano;

Mozart's Celebrated Larghetto (D major) for Violoncello;

Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata; and

Mendelssohn's Trio in D Minor, for Piano, Violin, and Cello.

Reserved Seats, 5s; Second Seats, 2s 6d; Admission 1s.

Tickets at Mr Donaldson's, 77 St. Vincent Street.

Doors open at 7-30.

Carriages at 10.

Entrance by Berkeley Street.

S T. A N D R E W ' S H A L L.

MR CHARLES HALLE
With his Celebrated
MANCHESTER BAND
will give his usual
GRAND ORCHESTRAL CONCERT,
as above, on
WEDNESDAY, 18TH FEBRUARY,
at Eight o'clock.
Mr HALLE will be Accompanied by
M D M E. N O R M A N N E R U D A.
Reserved Seats, in Area, 7s 6d.
Reserved Seats, in Balconies, 5s.
Body of Hall, 3s.
Back Gallery, 2s.
ADMISSION—ONE SHILLING.
Tickets of J. Muir Wood & Co.

H E L L E R ' S W O N D E R S.

MR W. IRVING BISHOP
Will Re-produce and Fully Explain
HELLER'S MOST FAMOUS MYSTERIES.
A Complete Exposition
OF
SECOND SIGHT
OR
SUPERNATURAL VISION.
ST. ANDREW'S HALL,
(To-Night), TUESDAY, 10th FEBRUARY.
Price (Reserved Seats), Five Shillings.
Admittance, Two Shillings.
Tickets to be had only of Messrs Adams, 81 and 83 Buchanan St.

CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.

SATURDAY, 14TH FEBRUARY, 1880.
ANOTHER GREAT SCOTCH ENTERTAINMENT,
CRAMOND BRIG,
OR THE
GUIDMAN O' BALLANGEICH,
In Scene and Character; with other Popular Selections.
CHARACTERS—
Tibbie, Mrs W. Gourlay,
Marion, Miss M. Bell.
Flora, Miss M. Gourlay.
Grimes and Captain, Mr J. W. Cross.
Jabos and Page, Mr Alf. Wilson.
King James V. of Scotland (Guidman o'
Ballangeich), Mr W. S. Vallance.
Jock Howieson, Mr Wm. Gourlay.
Tam Maxwell, Mr W. H. Darling.
James Birkie, Mr H. C. James.
Pianist, Mr F. W. Bridgman.
Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats, 2s; at the Office, 58
Renfield Street. Doors open at a Quarter to 7; Concert
commences at 7-45.
JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

GLASGOW SELECT CHOIR.

ST. ANDREW'S HALL,
SATURDAY, 14TH FEBRUARY, 1880,

NEW PART SONGS Specially Composed for this Choir by

**Mr J. L. HUTTON and
Mr HENRY LESLIE.**

FIRST TIME OF PERFORMANCE.

Popular Prices, 2s and 1s. Tickets from Musicsellers.

H ENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE,
WEST NILE STREET, GLASGOW.

Open Every Evening at 7. Commencing 7-30.
HENGLER'S SPECIALTY PROGRAMME,
ETHARDO, the Spiral Accensionist,
SELBINI and VILLION TROUPE, in their Artistic
Bicycle Entertainment.
WHIMSICAL WALKER, in fresh Grotesqueries,
In addition to Hengler's Great Company.
Illuminated Day Performance Every Saturday.
Prices of Admission—3s, 2s, 1s, and 6d.
SATURDAY EVENING, FEB. 14TH, First Appearance in
Glasgow of the BROTHERS CONRAD,
The Continental Musical Marvels.

CHEAP LUNCHEON!

IS SUPPLIED AT
HENRY SHARP'S, 48 AND 50 GALLOWGATE,
Opposite the Railway Station.

HOT LUNCHEONS AT THREEPENCE.

Excellent Quality! Deliciously Cooked!!
Hot Minced Collops and Potatoes, 3d.
Hot Sausages and Potatoes, 3d.
Ham and Potatoes, 3d.
By Doubling the Quantity, a
GOOD DINNER IS HAD FOR 6D.
For Quantity, Quality, and Cheapness, there is nothing offered
to the Public of Glasgow equal to these Luncheons and Dinners.
Once Tried, Daily Patronage is Secured!
WINES, SPIRITS, BRANDIES—Best Quality.
SCOTCH AND ENGLISH BEERS.

FORSYTH'S "Alemé" SHIRTS
FROM STOCK
3/6, 37/6 & 43/6 per 1/2 Dozen

GLASS AND CHINA

ANNUAL CLEARING SALE.

15 TO 25 PER CENT. OFF REGULAR PRICES.

M'DOUGALL & SONS, 77 AND 79 BUCHANAN STREET.

LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK IN THE KINGDOM. SUITABLE FOR ALL CLASSES.
PRESENTS IN ENDLESS VARIETY.

TEA, TABLE, TOILET, AND DESSERT SERVICES, TABLE GLASS, &c., &c.

DEPOT FOR MINTON'S, COPELAND'S, WORCESTER, AND DRESDEN PORCELAIN. SOLE AGENTS for
LASGOW for Dr SALVIATI'S VENETIAN GLASS, and for BELLEEK PORCELAIN.

CORPORATION ORGAN RECITALS.

The Sixteenth of the ORGAN RECITALS for the present Winter will be given by the CITY ORGANIST (Mr LAMBETH), in the CITY HALL, on SATURDAY FIRST, at Four o'clock prompt.

Doors open at 3-30,
Admission and Programmes of the Music Free.
Chamberlain's Office, 9th Feb., 1880.

CORPORATION GALLERIES.

PRINCE OF WALES' INDIAN PRESENTS.

Until further Notice the INDIAN COLLECTION of H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES will be on EXHIBITION as under:—

Daily (except Saturdays), from 10 till 4 and 6 till 9.

On Saturdays, 10 a.m. till 9 p.m.

ADMISSION SIXPENCE.

Employers may obtain Parce's of 80 Tickets, Price £1, on Application at Galleries.

The Upper Galleries remain Open Free as usual.

GLASGOW INSTITUTE OF THE FINE ARTS.
NEW GALLERIES, SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

EXHIBITION OF

PAINTINGS, SCULPTURE, & c.,
NOW OPEN

Day Admission, Nine till Five,.....1s.
Evening ,, Six till Ten.....6d.

SEASON TICKETS—

Single Season Ticket, Admitting to Exhibition, but not to Promenades..... 5/
Single Season Ticket, Admitting to Exhibition, and to Promenades..... 7/6
Family Season Ticket, Admitting all Members of the Household to Exhibition, but Limited to Three for Promenades and Conversazione, 21/
Musical Promenades every Saturday from 2 till 4.

OFFICE OF THE INSTITUTE—
NEW GALLERIES, SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

ROBERT WALKER, Acting Secretary.

SCOTTISH SOCIETY OF WATER-COLOUR PAINTERS.

The Second Exhibition of this Society will close on 14th Inst.

108 WEST NILE STREET,
Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

NOW ON VIEW,

At Messrs T. & P. ANNAN'S,
153 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.
The Celebrated Portrait of the RIGHT HON.

W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P.,
By J. E. MILLAIS, R. A.,
Exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1879.
Admission, Sixpence, Open from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m.

ROYAL EXCHANGE.

The SUBSCRIPTION BOOK for ENROLLING MEMBERS for current Year is Open Daily from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m. January, 1880. BY ORDER.

LISA LENA,

THE LIFE OF AN OUTCAST,

BY

EDWARD JENKINS, M.P.

AUTHOR OF "GINX'S BABY,"

WILL BE COMMENCED

IN THE

WEEKLY MAIL

THIS WEEK.

ALL THE NEWS OF THE WEEK.

ONE PENNY.

MORE WHOLESOME THAN BRANDY.
OLD WHISKY [BLEND]

18s PER GALLON.

JAMES A. JARDINE
(LATE CHAS. CRUIKSHANK),
84 and 86 WEST NILE STREET.

LETTER BOOKS,

1000 LEAVES,

STRONGLY BOUND, PAGED, AND INDEXED,
Four Shillings and Sixpence, at
THE GLOBE, 57 UNION STREET.

FORTNIGHTLY ART SALE.

In the Royal Exchange Sale Rooms, on Friday, 13th February,
PUBLIC SALE OF

PAINTINGS AND WATER-COLOURS.

Including "The Cornfield," a fine example of Alex. Fraser, A.R.S.A.; "Lledder Bridge," by Fred. Walker; Three Characteristic works by Joseph Henderson, and examples of

Vickers, Senr.,	A. Perigall, A.R.S.A.,
J. L. Wingate, A.R.S.A.,	Haynes Williams,
Chas. Blotherwick,	T. M. Richardson,
John Chalmers,	Copley Fielding,
A. L. Wyllie,	Allan,

And other well-known Artists, comprising a Small Private Collection removed from the West-End.

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell the above by Auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, North Court, St. Vincent Place, on Friday, 13th February, at One o'clock.

COLLARD & COLLARD GRAND.

In the Royal Exchange Sale Rooms, on WEDNESDAY, 11TH FEBRUARY, AT ONE O'CLOCK.
(Unless previously disposed of by Private Bargain).

PUBLIC SALE OF

COLLARD & COLLARD SEMI-GRAND PIANOFORTE, manufactured for Paterson & Sons, Glasgow and Edinburgh, full compass, in Walnut Case, cost 139 Guineas, and very little used, in first-class condition.

NOW ON VIEW

ROBERT M'TEAR & Co., Auctioneers.
Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 9th February, 1880.

ISLAY WHISKY

W. & J. MUTTER,
BOWMORE DISTILLERY.
COUNTING-HOUSE, 41 ANN STREET, CITY, GLASGOW.



LAW UNION

FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COY.
REVENUE, £138,000; RESOURCES, £1,500,000.

Branch Office:—
65 WEST REGENT STREET,
SMITH, STODDART, & RODGER,
District Managers.

RUTHERFORD'S PHOTO. STUDIO,
127 SAUCHIEHALL STREET
Near Hope Street.

PHOTOGRAPHERS TO THE QUEEN.

RALSTON & SONS,
141 SAUCHIEHALL STREET 141
AND
311 BYARS ROAD, (Opposite the Burgh Hall), HILLHEAD.



WHEELER & CO.'S
BELFAST GINGER ALE,
Undoubtedly the Finest of all
NON-INTOXICATING BEVERAGES,
Admirably Adapted for a
WINTER DRINK.

Manufactory, CROMAC SPRINGS, BELFAST.
DEPOT FOR SCOTLAND,
147 STOCKWELL STREET, GLASGOW.

ATHOLE ARMS HOTEL,

13 and 21 DUNDAS STREET, GLASGOW.

ALEXANDER GOW, having resumed possession of this favourite Hotel, has had it thoroughly renovated and made complete in comfort and convenience. Dinner and Supper parties receive his special personal attention, and they are invariably satisfied.

Charges moderate. Viands superb!

MANN'S RAINBOW HOTEL AND RESTAURANT,

BRIDGE STREET STATION, GLASGOW,

Three Minutes' Walk of St. Enoch's Station and Highland and Coasting Steamers.

This HOTEL has undergone extensive Alterations and Improvements. Has been Refurnished throughout. Visitors will find every comfort, combined with moderate Charges. Night Porter in attendance. Smoking-Rooms, Baths, and Billiards.

T. MAITLAND, Manager.

THE ROYAL RESTAURANT,

10 AND 12 WEST NILE STREET,

C. WILSON & SON, Proprietors.

WASTE PAPER, Ledgers, Letters, Books,
Ropes, Bagging, Tailors' Clips—bought at PAPER
MILL STORE, 98 MAXWELL STREET, for Re-manufacture

NEW CHEAP SERIES OF
COPYING LETTER BOOKS,
1000 LEAVES, STRONGLY BOUND, for
5s, 7s, or 9s.

The best evidence of their excellence is the fact that we are constantly receiving renewal orders.

GEORGE GALLIE & SON,
99 BUCHANAN STREET.

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO.,
AUCTIONEERS AND VALUATORS,
ROYAL EXCHANGE SALE-ROOMS.

RAE BROWN & CO.,
AUCTIONEERS AND VALUATORS,

Beg to intimate that they have REMOVED into their new Premises, the WESTERN SALE-ROOMS, 151 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

Sale of HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE every MONDAY, in which may be included every description of Movable Property.

THE SCOTTISH
CIRCULATING MUSICAL LIBRARY,
28 GREAT WESTERN ROAD, HILLHEAD.
ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, £1 IS.
MUSIC LENT BY THE WEEK.
Catalogues, 2s 6d. Prospectus Free.

H. & P. M'NEIL.

WE have much pleasure in informing our numerous Customers and the General Public that, in addition to our already Established Business, we have OPENED Large and Elegant SHAMPOOING and HAIR-DRESSING ROOMS, which, in regard to comfort and elegance, are fitted in a style equal to any in the city. They are under the direct superintendence of a most experienced Manager, and the Assistants are from the Best Houses in the Trade.

In introducing this New Department of our Business, we may explain that though it is the first attempt of the kind in Glasgow, yet it has been carried on with great success by the most celebrated Hosiers and Glovers in the Cheapside and Strand, London, and we feel quite confident that with your kind patronage, and our strict attention, this novelty cannot fail to be a great success.

21 AND 23 RENFIELD STREET, GLASGOW.

JOHN M. SIMPSON, Furniture Warehouse,
and Show-rooms, 60 GREAT CLYDE STREET (Corner of Maxwell Street), Glasgow. One of the largest Stocks in the City. New Illustrated House Furnishing Guide to be had Free on application. The Cheapest Establishment in the City for Really Good Substantial Furniture of Artistic Design and Superior Finish. Quality Guaranteed.

WELL-Educated Boy wanted to assist in a Library. Salary, £20 or £25. Apply, in own Hand-Writing, to "Library," BAILIE Office, 14 Exchange Square.

SPRING. 1880. SPRING.

BUCHANAN & JOHNSON

ARE NOW SHOWING UPWARDS OF

TWO HUNDRED PATTERNS

OF

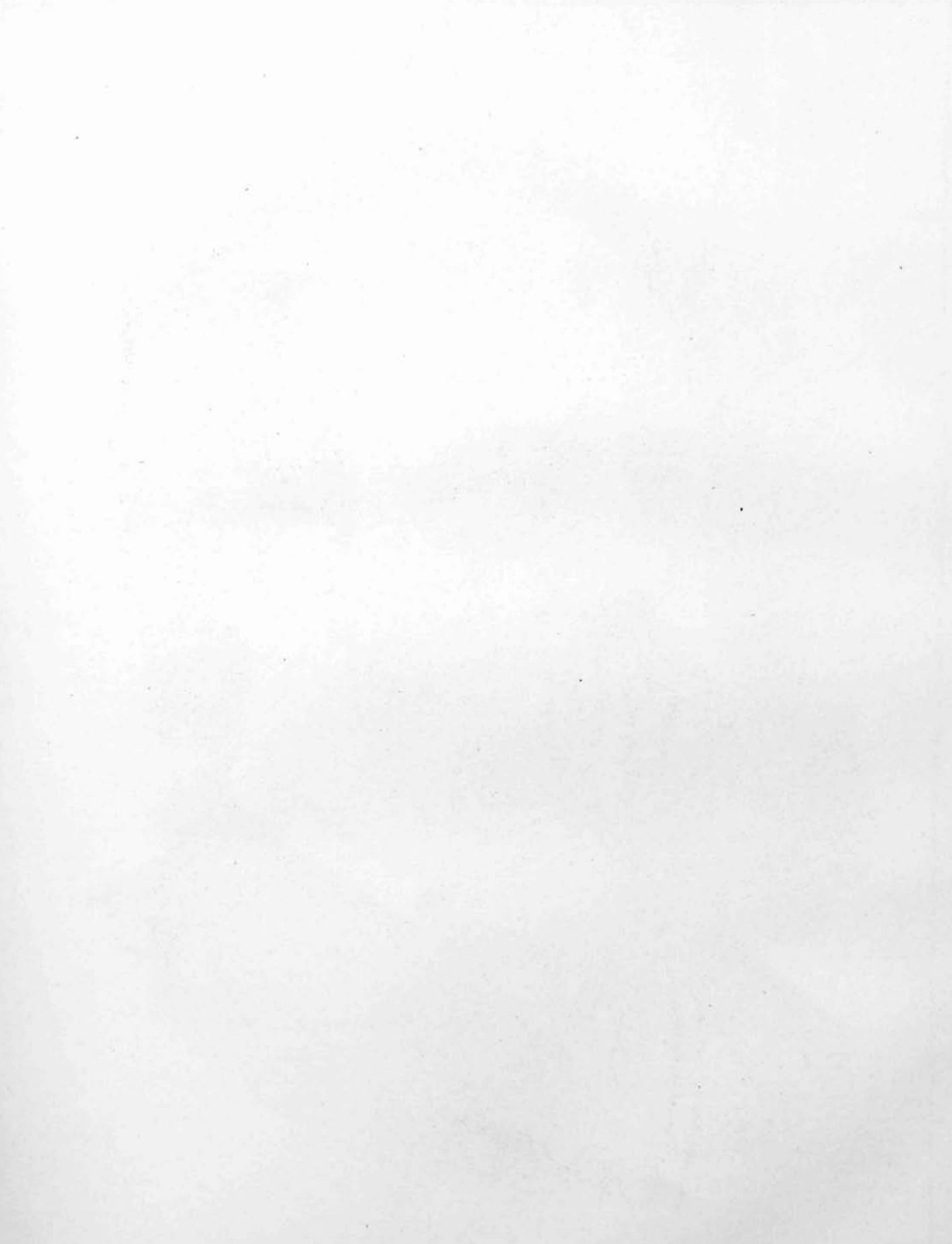
NEW SPRING TWEEDS

IN THEIR SPACIOUS WINDOWS,

174 AND 176 TRONGATE,

Corner of HUTCHESON STREET.

BEST STYLES AND VALUE IN THE TRADE.





The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 383. Glasgow, Wednesday, February 18th, 1880. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 383.

THE comedy, or rather the farce in the coming General Election, so far at least as Scotland is concerned, will be provided as it at present seems in the Kilmarnock Burghs. On no former occasion, not even when that valiant Churchman, the pastor of Ladywell, announced from the hustings that he had had the show of hands and was therefore the legal occupant of the seat, are the burghs threatened with a greater *imbroglio* than during the impending contest. Four candidates are already in the field, other two have hinted that they intend to address the electors, and it is well-known that, on the slightest provocation, those eager politicians and distinguished men of letters, Mr Sam. Bennet of the House of Commons Gallery and the *Dumbarton Herald*, and Mr W. Kinnaid Rose, formerly of Bulgaria, are quite prepared to undertake the duty of representing the burghs in Parliament. It would be wrong, moreover, to sneer at the chances of Mr Bennet, were he to take the field in earnest. As against Mr Commissioner Ker, for instance, who, so far as politics go, is neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring, Mr Bennet would be a most acceptable candidate. According to the doctrine of probabilities he would stand a far greater chance of election than that "sair saunt," Mr Dick Peddie, while, as for the remaining Liberal, who at present occupies the seat, even the keenest of his former supporters seem to have made up their minds that, be the next Member whom he may, he will at least be other than Mr Fortescue Harrison. With regard, however, to Mr J. NEILSON CUTHBERTSON, the Conservative candidate, the case stands very different. Mr CUTHBERTSON is no political adventurer, he is no stranger in the district. On personal grounds

alone he ought to prove the very man for Kilmarnock. His political opinions, as he has defined them at various meetings of late, are anything but narrow or circumscribed. In Glasgow he is both well-known and highly esteemed. A native of the "Second city," where his family has for four generations held a prominent position—the late Donald Cuthbertson, LL.D., the eminent accountant, was one of his near relatives—the Man you Know belongs to the best type of our public men. He began his career over thirty years ago in the office of a German house in town, and he still entertains a warm liking for the little Teutonic colony which has settled down in our midst, and which has done so much, within the past generation, to give tone and character to the mercantile concerns of the city. At the close of what might be termed his apprenticeship, Mr CUTHBERTSON began business on his own account, his dealings being mainly confined to "chemicals," a branch of industry which, according to Lord Beaconsfield, is one of the chief factors in the well-being of the country. For many years our friend has taken an active interest in everything connected with the religious and charitable life of Glasgow. His wife, who was a daughter of Macdonald of Rammerscales, the famous scholar, died not long after their marriage, and thenceforward he chose to devote himself to aiding and promoting schemes which had the succour and improvement of the needy and the ignorant for their aim. He has been more or less intimately connected with all or almost all of our benevolent societies. For some time he was president of the Glasgow Sabbath School Union, he has been sent more than once to the General Assembly as a representative elder, and he is an authority on everything connected with the Normal Schools of the Established Church. In the December of 1878 Mr CUTHBERTSON was ap-

pointed a member of the School Board, where his clear, shrewd intellect, and capital organizing powers have proved of the utmost service. That he will be selected, when a new Parliament is called together, as the representative of Kilmarnock and her sister burghs, the BAILIE has no manner of doubt. As we all know, there is a strong Conservative element in the constituency, but in addition to the Conservatives Mr CUTHBERTSON will certainly poll many Liberal votes. Now-a-days, indeed, the old cut-and-dry formulas, the old definite landmarks which separated a Whig from a Tory are gradually becoming obliterated, and the personal worth of a man, together with his individual value to a constituency, is the main, or at least one of the main elements in an election contest. This, as it seems to the BAILIE, is Mr CUTHBERTSON'S strongest point, and when his individual claims are placed against those of his several rivals, the electors, or at least the moderate portion of the electors, are distinctly bound to cast their votes in his favour.

Apropos of Malaprop.

An Acrostic.

MRS — well, Malaprop, your patience pray;
 Receive this humble sonnet from one, who,
 Struck with your parts of speech—the wisdom, too,
 Concentrated therein—seeks this poor way—
 Hampered although it chance to be—to lay
 In black and white his sympathy most true—
 Pending your approbation—thinking you
 Perhaps the most illtreated in the play.
 Easy it is to grin at your mishaps;
 Now tricked by Lucy (would the mix were near!)
 Daring to love and doubting not of traps;
 Absolute's smiles and vile O'Trigger's laughs
 Leading the thoughtless audiences to cheer
 Each new "derangement" of your "epitaphs."

A HAZY VIEW.

Angus—Tid you'll see ta fog this morning,
 Neil?

Neil—No, my lat, I'll tidn't, for ta mist wass
 too thick too pehold anything at al'.

Bauldy t'other day while proceeding cannily
 along in a westerly direction was passed by a
 stalwart policeman who seemed bent on some
 important if not momentous errand. Struck by
 the phenomenon of a policeman in a hurry, and
 recollecting the semi-epidemic of murder which
 seems to have set in over the city, our friend ran
 —"ran" mind you—after the guardian of the
 peace and enquired whether "onything serious
 was wrang?" "Yis yis," was Robert's reply,
 "I'm goin' for my dinner."

A "Slight" Hurt—The "cut" direct.

Their Valentines.

AMONG the red herrings, dead rats, and
 other objectionable missives—or missiles—
 stopped by the post-office authorities on Valen-
 tine's Day were, the BAILIE understands, the
 following articles:—

An extremely complicated Puzzle which, when
 opened, was found to have "nothing in it."
 Addressed to Mr J—n N—l.

A Gag of great power. Addressed to Mr
 J—s M—n.

A large Snub. (This is apparently the tech-
 nical term for some article with which the BAILIE
 is not acquainted.) Addressed to Dr M—k.

A Last, with inscription, "Stick to it." Ad-
 dressed to Mr J—n B—t, P.G.L.A.

A colossal piece of Cheek, moulded in brass.
 Addressed to Sir J—s B—n.

A Tramway Rail(ing). Addressed to the
 Rev. Mr B—n.

A copy of "Bombastes Furioso," a Lion's Skin,
 and 100,000 Men in Buckram. (My conscience!)
 Addressed to Mr J—n F—n.

A package of Thunder, Small Beer, and
 Roman Candlis/z. Addressed to the Rev. Mr
 C—l.

An allegorical painting entitled, "A Barren
 Reign, or Nothing but Water." Addressed to
 Lord Provost C—s.

A MOOT POINT.—A constable, who was being
 examined in the Greenock police-court the other
 day, stated that, on his knocking at a certain
 door, he was answered by a woman, who "sent
 him to" the lower regions. "And you did not
 get in?" asked the Fiscal, whereupon Tonalt
 stolidly replied, "No; they wouldn't open the
 door!" Whether "they" considered Tonalt too
 good or too bad for admission is a question one
 hesitates to enter upon.

It is to be hoped that a discussion which has
 been going on in the papers about "the speedy
 settlement of ministers" will lead to some
 practical result. The more speedily certain
 ministers can be "settled" the better for society.

"GIVE US, OH, GIVE US BUT YESTERDAY!"
 —An "accountant and house-factor," who ap-
 parently "loves to think of the days when he
 was young," advertises in the *Herald* that he
 "wants youth." Where's Madame Rachel?

The Beggars' Benison—Their aid from the
 public. The Beggars' Malison—Their raid
 from the police.

Cook's Guide—Her nose.

On 'Change.

A NEW phase has been reached in the movement for the higher education of women. Not content with being made physicians and lawyers, to say nothing of occupying seats at school boards, the ladies are now convinced that the direction of public companies forms part of their mission. I gather as much from the formation of the Ladies' Co-operative Supply Association, Limited, with a subscribed capital of £100,000. This novelty in financial circles has a managing committee of eleven, with a secretary, assistant secretary, and provincial superintendent, all these officials being women; but there is a cunning note to the effect that power is reserved to add gentlemen to the committee. Lest I should be misunderstood, I hasten to add that the lady directors, with one exception, are all married. The object of the association is, of course, to furnish everything a woman can possibly want, which is saying a good deal; and the manner in which this promise is made has been ingeniously adapted to the logical capacity of the female mind. Ladies are to obtain fabulous advantages by becoming connected with the company, and the benefits are duly chronicled in underlined sentences, which in print take the form of italics. Among other benefits to be conferred by the company are preference shares and debentures. The shares are to bear a preferential dividend of 7 per cent., and the debentures will be issued at 8 per cent. The ladies modestly ask for £50,000 on preference shares, and £25,000 on debenture. I wonder if it never occurred to them that the rate of interest they offer is rather high. If the security were ample; the association ought to finance upon better terms than that, and I should fancy that very few people would be foolish enough to intrust their funds to the keeping of the ingenious ladies in question.

A rumour has reached me to the effect that, in the event of Sir James Bain really standing for Glasgow at the general election, the shareholders of the Huntington and Canadian Copper Companies will rush to the poll and enthusiastically plump for him. This would be a splendid realisation of the process by which a man's head becomes a mere hearthstone for the reception of coals of fire; but I greatly doubt whether the shareholders in these two companies possess so much charity.

The Caledonian and North British bubbles are still expanding, and though the expansion has received a check, and is not quite so active as it was, I have little doubt that it will go on again. It still troubles me to see why a stock, that cannot possibly pay 4 per cent., should stand as high as 116½ to 117. The fellows who buy and sell dividends are not on the scene yet, but they are coming presently, and I shall be there too.

The Grand Trunk bubble has pretty nearly reached its utmost limit. Some say it has burst, but I am not quite certain of that. The end, however, cannot be far off. SCRUTATOR.

DEFINING A BENEDICK.

(Scene—Outside a registrar's office in Juteburgh; Tam and Geordie are studying the "Marriage Notice" board).

Tam—Am sayin', Geo., fat's a bacheelour?

Geordie—Min ye're an i'gorant kratur, Tam, not to ken that; it's a man that's been marrit twice.

It seems that a new material for ladies' ornaments is chiefly composed of gun-cotton. Gentlemen of an ardent temperament are warned to steer clear of a fair one thus explosively decorated.

FERGUSON'S EDINBURGH ROCK is the best present from Edinburgh. 1 Melbourne place, near the Castle.

"The Sixth Age Shifts," &c.

PROFESSOR BLACKIE says that the theatrical profession is one "that he should have been proud to adopt himself," and he thinks that, had he taken to it, "he might have succeeded in a small way." Very well, Professor; it's never too late to mend. If you think you have mistaken your vocation—and it must be admitted there are grounds for such a belief—by all means turn "pro." It is usual for histrionic aspirants to begin with what is called "general utility," but that is rather beyond you. If you were to begin at once, however, put yourself under a good "coach," and work very hard, you might possibly be fitted to take the part of Pantaloon in one of next season's pantomimes, and might even "succeed in a small way." Go in and win!

Of Purest Ray.

THIS is how the musical critic of the *Mail* puts it in a notice of a concert the other day. "In the first movement of the sonata the absence of full vigorous tone in the rapid passages was as marked as the absence of a real understanding of the wonderful 'storm-driven music' in which the alternations of deepest gloom and flashing, fierce, unearthly light, ought to hold the hearer breathlessly fascinated." Awe-struck and solemnized the BAILIE laid down the paper and continued in a state of "breathless fascination" till Mattie's entrance with the "materials" roused him a little. He has, however, registered a vow to read no more musical critiques. Strong as his constitution is he feels it would succumb before a few attacks like this.

Paisley's Foreign Trade.

IT seems that the payment of that £8, which finds its roundabout way every year from Paisley to the Convention of Royal Burghs via Greenock, confers upon the suburb the right of trading with foreign ports. It is well this discovery has been made in time. If certain penny-wise-and-pound-foolish reformers had their way the payment of this tribute would cease, and Paisley would be deprived of the great revenues she now draws from the stately argosies which crowd her harbours, bearing rich merchandise from every known quarter of the globe—from Govan to Port-Glasgow!

After Mr Gladstone's Ax' upon the "Stamp"—More Liberal faggots in Midlothian,

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE.—They are playing "Jeannie Deans" at the Gaiety this week, with Miss Juno in the *title role*, supported by various well-known names. Among these are Mr Gourlay and Miss Minnie Gourlay, and Mr A. T. Hilton—who is *David Deans*, a part he played for years when a member of the company presided over by Miss Marriot.

Mr Mackintosh is a capital comedian—he can hit off character so nicely, and his humour is so rich and so spontaneous, but he shouldn't condescend—even on a benefit night—to maltreat a part in the manner he illused that of *The Bailie*, when two acts of "Rob Roy" were produced on Friday night at the Gaiety, the occasion being the benefit of Madame Soldene.

Mr Fred Sidney has been engaged by Mr Bernard for one of his next year's pantomimes.

—o—

I'm glad to be able to announce that the blunder I've pointed out more than once with regard to the cast of the "Two Roses," as it is to be played by the members of the Volunteer Officers' Dramatic Society, has now been remedied. The role of *Digby Grant* will be undertaken by Mr James Buchanan, and in his hands it will receive every justice. His voice and figure suit the part admirably; his flexible, and yet strongly-marked features will enable him to give sufficient facial expression to the various shades of feeling by which the arrogant, heartless hypocrite is agitated; and he possesses sufficient stage aptitude and stage experience to enable him to carry off even the more difficult scenes with vigour and brilliancy.

Clever Mr Sam Austin, who has been busily engaged for the past week in drilling the company into their respective parts, will now undertake the part of *Our Mr Jenkins*.

The performances, your friends may recollect, my Magistrate, will take place on the Thursday, Friday, and Saturday of next week, the 26th, 27th, and 28th inst.

—o—

They are playing that capital "horsy" drama of Boucicault's, "The Flying Scud," to-night and during the week, at the Prince of Wales Theatre, Mr Sidney resuming, of course, his old part of *Nat Gosling*, while Mr Fred Sidney is *Mo. Davis*. New scenery and effects have been provided for the piece, and any one who wants an evening's genuine sensation couldn't do better than pay Mr Sidney a visit.

Mr Sidney takes his benefit at the Prince of Wales Theatre on Friday night, when, in addition to the "Flying Scud," an "absurd burlesque sketch, entitled *Twenty Minutes' Voyage with Sinbad the Sailor*" will be produced. The chief part in this will be supported by Mr Fred Sidney, who will introduce his "drum solo," "Have you seen the show," and the famous "Whisky-toddy-ology." Mr Sidney has abundant claims on the attention of play-goers. He gives us a capital bill of fare, and the house, let us hope, will be, as it ought to be, a bumper one.

—o—

Mr Knapp will play "New Men and Old Acres" this week at the Royalty, in order that those accomplished artists, Mr and Mrs Chippendale, may be enabled to appear in their original parts of *Mr and Mrs Vavasour*. The *Lillian* of the cast will, of course, be Miss Rose Leclercq, while Mr Somerset, who is approving himself a thoroughly good actor, will be *Mr Brown*.

Next week, I understand—which, by-the-bye, will be the last of the present company—Mr Knapp proposes to put up "The Lady of Lyons," when Miss Rose Leclercq will give us a representation of one of her finest parts, that of *Pauline*. It has become the custom now-a-days to sneer at Lord Lytton's play, but to my mind, the "Lady of Lyons," regarded simply as an acting piece, is really very admirable. The characters are finely contrasted, the dialogue—albeit that it is written in verse—is brilliant, and the story is interesting. It has been so seldom repeated here of late, that the Royalty, I'm sure, will be crowded during its run.

—o—

As you and your readers are aware, BAILIE, Mr Beryl is, after eight weeks of "strong" melodrama at the Royal Princess's,

giving his patrons a complete change of dramatic diet in the shape of polite comedy. "The Doctor" is, I have reason to know, capitally played by Mr Paget and his company; and on Friday "Mistaken," a new piece by Mr J. Morton Killick, will be produced "under the personal superintendence of the author." Taking a "tip" which I gave him in this column, Mr Beryl will next week return to melodrama, and produce "The Streets of London," now running at the Princess's, London. This production will give the management an opportunity of introducing a stock company, which is intended to be permanent, and which includes such competent artists as Misses Fanny Enson, Eversfield, Maud Howard, Mrs Margaret Eburne, and Messrs Harry Procter, Felix Pitt, and Richard Cowell, while the stage-manager is Mr Frank Kilpack. Does not the good, old-fashioned arrangement of a "stock company" carry you back, BAILIE, to those "palmy days" when "travelling shows" were not, and solitary "stars" were as rare as they were brilliant? May some, at least, of their predecessors' laurels descend upon "The Royal Princess's Company!"

—o—

The London theatres must all shut their doors on Ash Wednesday, although the music halls may remain open. On Wednesday last, therefore, the Lyceum being closed for the evening, Mr Henry Irving spent his enforced holiday by reading one of Mrs Gaskell's shorter stories at the London Costermongers Club, in Brown's Lane, Commercial Road, Spitalfields. The carters and their wives attended in great numbers.

—o—

Was it not a shame that Sir James Bain should have been so scurvily used by the inhabitants of Ross-shire, and after he had treated them to a complimentary speech too? There is, surely no ingrate like your Highlander after all, especially if he come from the neighbourhood of Loch Maree. Sir James, of course, would descant on the virtues of the Highlanders, and claim descent from the famous Man of Ross, just as he claims to be a grocer when he meets grocers, and a man of metal when he feeds with the ironmongers. There is a certain virtue in being all things to all men, but this complaisance is often poorly rewarded. It was too bad to hiss the poor vocalist at the Ross-shire gathering, merely because, in the course of his song, he made complimentary allusion to Jeems as a possible M.P.

—o—

Novelty trips the heel of novelty at Hengler's. Those musical marvels, the Brothers Conrad, are the latest special attraction. They are announced as first appearing in Glasgow at this time; but, BAILIE, I rather think I saw this same clever couple some seventeen years ago when Mr Hengler "tented" on the Green, and when Mr Powell was a scraper of cat-gut in the orchestra. I hear that Mr Powell has arranged for all the big things in Mr Hengler's London and Liverpool Cirques being transferred to the West Nile Street house before the close of the season. As I told you some weeks ago the famous "Ligero" makes his bow here next Monday.

—o—

None of our theatrical managers having seen their way to bringing an Italian Opera Company to Glasgow this season, Mr Airlie characteristically comes to the rescue and gives an opportunity of hearing, in the City Hall on Saturday evening, those queens of song, Mme. Marie Roze and Mlle. Ilma di Murska, who will be accompanied by Signor Leli—the *Jose* of "Carmen" when Madame Soldene produced it at the Gaiety—Mr Carleton, and other capable artists.

A sale which may be said to possess a double interest takes place on Monday the 23d, when Messrs Hutchison & Dixon dispose of the pictures and certain other belongings of the late Mr Alexander Stronach. I say a double interest, because while the pictures are of intrinsic worth—Cooper, R.A., Scott Lauder, Bough, and other artists of note, British and foreign, being represented—there are not a few connoisseurs who will place additional value on them as being, in some sort, relics of "the Bank."

Shakespeare on some "Men you Know."

THE Prime Minister—" 'Tis Dizzy." *King Lear*, act iv., sc. 6.

Bailie Waddell's Bicycling—"An engine fit for my proceeding." *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, act iii., sc. 1.

Millais' "Gladstone"—"The painting is almost the natural man." *Timon of Athens*, act i., sc. 1.

Pryde, Students' Outfitter—"I have here the customary gown." *Coriolanus*, act ii., sc. 3.

The Animile and the "Pubs."—"Nature teaches beasts to know their friends." *Coriolanus*, act ii., sc. 1.

Bailie Macbean and "Music in the Parks"—"I'll devise thee brave punishments. Strike up, Pipers!" *Much Ado about Nothing*, act v., sc. 4.

M. Amesou, Hengler's—"How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse." *Richard II.*, act iv., sc. 1.

Mr Bradlaugh & Co.—"What care these roarers for the name of king?" *Tempest*, act i., sc. 1.

Clyde Ferry "Waits"—"Like strange souls upon the Stygian banks staying for waftage." *Troilus and Cressida*, act iii., sc. 2.

The BAILIE and his after-dinner forty winks—" 'Tis a custom with him i' the afternoon to sleep." *Tempest*, act iii., sc. 2.

Theatrical "gods"—"These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse." *Henry VIII.*, act v., sc. 3.

Lambeth to his Choir—"Most sweet voices. I will make much of your voices." *Coriolanus*, act ii., sc. 3.

Father O'Shaughnessy, Maybole—"By my troth, your town is throubled with unruly bhoys." *Comedy of Errors*, act iii., sc. 1.

A certain Town Clerk—"Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly Out, alas, Sir! cozenage, mere cozenage!" *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act iv., sc. 5.

William Powell—"Can turn and wind a fiery Pegasus, and witch the world with noble horsemanship." *1 Henry IV.*, act iv., sc. 1.

No-rent Parnell—"You have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers." *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, act ii., sc. 4.

The "Bold, Bad Man"—"Hear him cog, see him dissemble; yet remain assured, that he's but a made-up villain." *Timon of Athens*, act v., sc. 1.

David Macrae-ism—"A comfortable doctrine,

and much may be said of it. But where lies your text?" *Twelfth Night*, act i., sc. 5.

Cetewayo—"To be a king in bondage is more vile than is a slave in base servility." *1 Henry VI.*, act v., sc. 3.

William Quarrier—"His bones, when he has run his course, may have a tomb of orphans, tears wept o'er them." *Henry VIII.*, act iii., sc. 2.

Our M.P.'s—"You are sent for to the Capital." *Coriolanus*, act ii., sc. 1.

Rivals in Renown.

DUNFERMLINE is the latest competitor for municipal distinction. At the last meeting of the local Town Council a Mr Clark declared that the officials of the Dean of Guild Court "were totally incapable of discharging their duties," remarked that he did not care "one button" for the censure of the Council, and told the Provost not to "bother his righteous soul." This is not so bad—for Dunfermline.

A lively chiel is Glasgow's Jeems,
Well skilled to bray and quack and bark;
But Dun-ferm-line our rival seems—
She has—she has her noble Clark!

A PUZZLER.

Scene—Road leading from a Churchyard; twa Hieland Freends meet.

Tuncan—Fa's funeral has she peen it ta day?

Tonal—At puir Tavitt Grant's.

Tuncan (surprised)—Is Tavitt Grant deid?

Fat did she dee o'?

Tonal—She didna dee ava, puir chiel, she wuss kilt.

"THE PEOPLE'S WILLIAM," AND THE PEOPLE.

Though Gladstone forth upon the North
Pour'd spates of mouth-work,
Yet Liverpool he could not foal,
Or gammon Southwar'k!

A "Home" Ruler—Mr Quarrier.

A Minister of "The Interior"—A cook.

A Pillar of "The Corporation"—The spinal column.

Keeping up a Running Fire—A locomotive stoker.

The Grace of Charity—Her Grace of Marlborough.

Heart Studies—Touching-up Day—14th February.

"Bre(a)ches of Promise"—An unsuitable check-mate.

Quavers.

THE annual examination of singing classes in connection with the Glasgow Foundry Boys' Society took place on Saturday the 7th inst. Eight classes were examined, three of them being in the junior department, and five in the senior. Two of the classes sang treble and alto only, the rest the usual four-part harmony. It cannot be said that the two-part singing was a fair test, as unfortunately there was no suitable music to sing from—merely the two upper of the four parts. The inaccurate intonation occasionally heard was not to be wondered at, not to speak of the unpleasantness of the effect. No doubt proper treble and alto harmony will be provided for another time.

Taken altogether, the result of the examination was very satisfactory, for if one or two of the classes were behind somewhat, the majority showed a great advance, and the committee and conductors cannot be sufficiently commended for their disinterested and generally successful labours among a usually uncared for class. The examiners, of whom were Messrs Hugh M'Nabb and D. S. Allan, did their onerous work carefully and well. A word to the conductors may be given. Study soft singing more than was seen to be the rule.

The Glasgow Choral Union have begun to practise the choruses in Haydn's "Creation," it being intended to produce that charming cantata-oratorio next winter.

Under the able guidance of Mr James Allan, the Mount Vernon Musical Association are making marked progress; of which the success of the concert given by the society last Tuesday night (for a charitable object) was a good proof. With a sensible measure of restraint, the society, only yet in its second year, is not flying very high.

The St. George's Choral Union will give a concert again on the 20th of March. Former members of the Union, it is asked to say, are invited to come forward and assist in the chorus at this concert, which is intended to be of the nature of a complimentary benefit to Mr Moodie, who is resigning his connection with the society. Mr Moodie has worked well for the St. George's, and is deserving of all the honour present and former members, not to speak of the musical public generally, can confer on him in this way.

Mr Hallé presents us with a highly interesting programme for Wednesday evening. Spohr's great symphonic work, "The Power of Sound" (not a happy rendering of its title by any means), and Weber's "Euryanthe" overture, are the principal numbers in the orchestral selections. Mr Hallé and Madame Norman Neruda will be heard separately and in conjunction in important compositions for their respective instruments—for example, in the andante with variations from the Kreutzer sonata, the sonata which was to have been played at the chamber concert of Herren Mair and Gallrein last Thursday evening.

The absence from indisposition of Herr Mair from the concert referred to, and the consequent excision of the music he was to have played in, were matters of much regret. Herr Gallrein, who contributed solos at this concert, proved himself an accomplished violoncellist, and one learns with satisfaction that he contemplates residing in the city.

Recurring for a little to the subject of amateur vocal societies, one cannot but refer to a very serious fault which is chargeable to not a few of their number—namely, the selecting of music for study independently of the conductor. If that gentleman is consulted at all, it is only as a matter of form, and after a decision has been come to. Who should know better what the society is capable of doing well than the expert who has been chosen to train it? Yet the important pieces are often settled on by an unskilled committee alone, with too often a disastrous result on the night of the concert.

There is too much striving after novelty, too, and to "produce" what other societies have not "done." Audiences at society concerts are proverbially easy to please, but the indifferent singing that has been too much the rule of late will inevitably bring about the destruction of the "institution" itself. The chance of permanence lies in well-advised selection, simpler music as a rule, and really careful, unhurried preparation.

Evidently audiences are not easy to draw out at the fag-end

of a musical season. At all events, there was but a small attendance at the concert of the Glasgow Select Choir on Saturday evening—a circumstance the more to be regretted that the singing, taken all over, was everything that could be desired, and that the programme was a highly attractive one. The Glasgow Select Choir cannot certainly be charged with want of enterprise, and one commendable instance of their spirit is the production of those new compositions from Leslie and others, some of which were heard on Saturday evening for the first time. "Homeward," by the composer named, and Gower's "The Arrow and the Song," proved very effective, and must become favourites. Brotherton's "Sleep, baby, sleep," gains on being heard again. The extreme forte at the lines, "O how the night wind," &c., is perhaps not altogether in keeping.

The Glasgow Catholic Choral Society intend giving a performance of Mozart's Twelfth Mass on the 1st proximo. The authorship of the Mass is a disputed point, but that circumstance does not alter the fact of the beauty of the music, which will have the unusual and important advantage of being sung at this concert to the Latin words. The tenor solo part will be taken by Mr Parkinson, and Mr Cole will lead the select orchestra which is to accompany. With a chorus, too, possessing peculiar aptitude for such music, a superior performance may be expected; and as a proportion of the proceeds of the Society's concerts goes to charitable objects (£200 has been dispensed, we learn, to Protestant and Catholic institutions alike, since its formation) the concert seems one very worthy of the patronage of the public generally.

ACCOUNTING FOR "TASTES."

1st Stornoway Man—No wonter Clesco' iss setch a trunken ceety, Alister, when you'll wass consiter ta faceelities for ketting a tram there!

2nd S. M.—Oh yiss, yiss, to be sure ant sartainly; putt I ton't know chwhy it iss so.

1st S. M.—It iss peacause they will hev their trams in ta open street al' day long ta whole week through, ant even on Suntays noo, mirover.

2nd S. M.—Then, Tchon Munro, I wish I wass in Clesco' too, myself, for a tram iss alwis an excellent thing, asspaicially efter a try sermon!

A SWEET SIMILE.—There is nothing which so lights up a speech as graceful and appropriate imagery, and the effect is heightened when that imagery falls from clerical lips as was the case at a public breakfast in Paisley last week, when a well-known parson observed that at a meeting on the previous evening "the Tories were swarming—the very platform was dotted all over with them, *just like a face with the small-pox.*" Could taste and fancy further go?

A local reporter, having to record the arrest of a disorderly fellow, cannot do it in words fewer or less fine than—"He was ultimately secured by the police and conveyed to the lock up." Will any benevolent person or persons join the BAILIE in getting up a Society for the Suppression of Journalistic Grandiloquence?

Beveridge's Guaranteed Mixed Pickles, Red Cabbage, Mushroom Ketchup, Sauces and Table Condiments, unrivalled for purity and flavour

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the Marwick affair is scotch'd, not killed.

That the recommendation of the Finance Committee got only scant support from the magistrates.

That even the Provost was but half-hearted in his argument.

That Radical George secured an easy victory.

That the victory may be a most expensive one.

That the tables may be turned in the Court of Session.

That crime is on the increase in Glasgow.

That the income from fines is growing less.

That our dangerous classes are stepping out of vice and into crime.

That another company has gone into liquidation.

That property speculation is at the bottom of its failure.

That various other companies of a like character are in a shaky condition.

That more than one of these companies have their head-quarters in Edinburgh.

That the latest watch story is as good as a novel.

That it's almost too good to be true.

That the parasitical burghs are taking steps to secure a representative in the House of Commons.

That they intend—when they get it—to confer the seat on the gentleman who has been so successful in fighting the big city.

That there is such a thing as counting your chickens before they are hatched.

That this may prove another instance of the old proverb.

That the bobbies are just making a little too much of the beggars.

That the raid is confined to the centre of the city.

That the West-end is even more over-run with beggars than Argyle or Buchanan Streets.

That various of the mendicants who got their names in the papers are making a good thing of it.

That the Irish Distress Fund is footing up to a tidy sum.

That there is still a lack of "nationalist" names.

That these will always be conspicuous by their absence from subscription lists.

That valentines, like other vanities, have had their day.

That the extra staff engaged at the Post-Office had nothing to do on Saturday.

That the publicans are determined to protect the "trade."

That they are down on local option.

That they would much rather have free trade in licenses.

That they are resolved to have a candidate of their own at next election.

That Sir James Bain ought to approach the publicans now that he has failed with the teetotallers.

That the election cannot be put off much longer.

That the irrepressibles who write letters to the editor are preparing for the fray.

That "John M'Gregor" may be looked for among the first.

That John finds a change of names convenient.

A CONFESSION.

Scene—A country lane; a couple of lovers pass arm-in-arm.

Edwin (apparently in deep thought)—Ay, an whaas bonnie lassie ar' ye?

Angelina (leaning her head gently upon her Edwin's shoulder, and gazing fondly up into his face)—Tuts, ye ken fine!

Bribes for Belles.

THE "Glasgow Parliamentary Debaters' Association" held its "third annual conversation" the other evening, when a somewhat novel feature was introduced. In the course of the evening it was stated that "the committee had arranged to show their appreciation of the manner in which the ladies had attended by presenting them with three gifts, which were drawn for by the 90 ladies present." The Parliamentary Debaters must have but a modest opinion of their own attractions if they consider it necessary to bribe ladies to attend their gatherings. At the same time, if such baits are really required, would it not be well to provide them in greater abundance? None but the most enterprising of ladies are likely to face such long odds as 30 to 1.

OUT OF WORK!—Somebody advertises for employment for "an elderly man, slightly imbecile." Poor old boy! How did he escape getting into the Town Council? Imbecility too slight, no doubt

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SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—

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DAVISON'S
CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE
GINGER BEER.

A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE
YEAR ROUND: WARM, GRATEFUL, AND AROMATIC.
As Supplied to the Western, Junior, New, and other Clubs.

THOMAS DAVISON,
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P. ABERNETHY & SON,
60 AND 62 TRONGATE.

REMAINING PORTIONS OF

WM. SIMPSON & CO.'S TRUST STOCK.

NOW ON VIEW.

Whole stock will now be cleared out at Less than One-Half
Former Price.

TAKE NOTE,

That in every Department all Remaining Stock of Simpson's
will be Sold at Prices that will ensure an Immediate Clearance.

—o—

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(Opposite Tron Steeple).

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THERE are few things more gratifying to a
Business Man, who in his Special Department has spared
no effort to secure a widespread measure of Public support, than
to find that his exertions have been fully appreciated. We
frankly confess that such has been our experience. The various
well-considered schemes which it has been our good fortune from
time to time to announce have met with a very cordial response
at the hands of a large circle of Patrons, which has incited us to
redouble our efforts for the future.

What Gentlemen Desiderate is Real Practical Economy in the
matter of Dress, along with First-rate Quality, Style, and Fit,
and this we have always made it our careful study to supply.

Our most recent effort in this direction will, we doubt not,
surprise the Citizens of Glasgow, who know well how to appre-
ciate Extraordinary Value when they see it. It is no other than
the supplying of

FIRST-CLASS WEST OF ENGLAND

AND
SCOTCH TWEED TROUSERS
at 15s 6d Per Pair.

So rare a boon has never before been offered in the Trade,
and we are confident it will prove an unparalleled success.

We need hardly remind our Friends that every Garment is
made on the premises by our own Workmen, without the inter-
vention of cheap female or slop labour; and it is only the assur-
ance of a very large demand that has induced us to fix a Price
never before attempted.

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OLD HIGHLAND WHISKY.

A Judicious Combination of the Finest Matured HIGHLAND
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18S PER GALLON OR 36S PER DOZEN.

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And 190 ST. GEORGE'S ROAD (Opposite West Princes St).

ADVERTISEMENTS received for ALL
PAPERS by A. F. SHARP & Co.,
14 Royal Exchange Square.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 18th, 1880.

IT is some time since so much plain speaking
and commonsense were heard in the Council
Chamber as on Thursday last, and the resolution
of the majority was in harmony with their senti-
ments. They have affirmed that in common
with the public the Council understood and
intended that Mr MARWICK should be paid for
his services to the Corporation and Trusts by

salary and not by fees. In opposition to that opinion it is surprising to find that so little that was not purely legal argument, which has been very late in the day in finding expression, was advanced by those who supported the recommendation of the Finance Committee and Magistrates. If Mr MARWICK has held the same opinion regarding his position right down from the date of his appointment, he has himself to blame for not making it known some years ago, and also for choosing such an unfortunate mode of asserting his rights as that narrated by Councillor OSBORNE at Thursday's meeting. The Town Clerk acted strictly on the footing that he was master of the situation, but he must now be satisfied from the resolution of the Council, that they have been labouring under an essential error, if his view is the correct one. The Lord Provost's feeble reason for paying the £3000 is an undoubted fallacy, because, although the accounts should be receivable from third parties, they are nevertheless funds which, in the view of the Council, belong to the public, and fall to be paid into the Fee Fund. Why the accounts of the Fee Fund have not been made up annually and lodged with the Auditor of the Court of Session, as provided by the Act of Parliament, is a most unsatisfactory feature in the controversy. Half-a-dozen years is a long period to take to settle a dispute between even two such august personages as a Town Clerk and a City Chamberlain, regarding the correct mode of stating an account. If these two officials are unable to agree in discharging the statutory requirements on the point, it is clear that some other power, as was suggested by Councillor URE, must be brought into action, otherwise the accounts may never reach the Auditor at all, and the public will thereby be deprived of the protection which Parliament intended to create. It is but too apparent that unless Mr MARWICK should be brought to understand that his services are not much more valuable than those of a Lord of Session, and that when he was earning the very large accounts for which he claims payment, his official duties must have been performed by some one else, or left to "wriggle," then the new Town Clerk dispute will be a scandal, and a source of unpleasantness for a long time to come. In the interest of the City, as well as for his own comfort and reputation, Mr MARWICK should gracefully withdraw his claims, as even he cannot afford to be tilted at by such vigorous jousting as Councillors WILSON and BRYCE, and a few discussions like that of

Thursday last would knock the best of reputations into a cocked hat.

The Maryhill Guards.

THE loyal and martial spirits of Maryhill have received a sad rebuff. It will be remembered that it was proposed to signalise the Duke of Cambridge's recent visit to the burgh by the formation of a regiment of "Guards" who were to bear the "Dook's" honoured name. But alas! After enduring months of terrible suspense the would-be "Guards" have received an intimation that H.R.H. cannot sanction the proposal. No reason is assigned for this cruel decision, but Maryhill may console itself with the thought that the Commander-in-Chief feels himself unworthy of the proposed mark of distinction.

Turning Respectable.

CONSIDERABLE disappointment was experienced in the city at the tameness of Thursday's proceedings in the Town Council. There was, it is true, a good deal of roaring done, but it was chiefly of the sucking-dove order. Mr Neil talked about "plunder," but explained that the word was "an allegory," while Mr Martin was mildness itself, letting Dr Marwick down in the gentlest manner, and merely comparing Dr Kirkwood to the wife that "Willie had." Such expressions as "inordinate," "iniquitous," "Jesuitical," &c., crept into the speeches of other members, but they were for the most part either withdrawn or so qualified as to be comparatively harmless. In short, the Council was by no means up to its usual form, and if the members do not take care they are like to lose their reputation as being about the rowdiest body in the three kingdoms.

"ROUNDING" ON HIM.—Speaking at a Disestablishment meeting in Paisley last week, "Dr" Hutton laid down an axiom to the effect that "if there was to be silence upon questions, the silence should be all round." Suppose the "Doctor" were to set the example by becoming "silent all round" himself?

In a learned article on Valentine's Day a contemporary speaks of "Francis de Sales, whom it was proposed to make a patron saint of newspapers and their editors." Would not this proposal have been more apropos if the gentleman's name had been Francis de *Sells*?

A Woa-ful Situation—A carter's,

Megilp.

THE event of the week in the Fine Art world of Glasgow has been the closing of the Water Colour Exhibition. In view, however, of the scant favour extended to it, one is tempted to ask whether the so-called feeling for Art which is said to exist among our well-to-do classes is more than a mere fashion? Whether the collection was regarded as a whole, or its individual drawings were taken one by one, it was fairly equal to the average shows of the London Water Colour Societies. Everybody admitted that its excellence conferred a distinction on Scottish art and Scottish artists. At the same time it never became fashionable. Day after day and week after week the rooms remained empty, or next to empty, of visitors, and now that it has closed, the majority of the drawings are being returned unsold to the artists. If Glasgow is to become a great art centre, this treatment of the Water Colour Society must be reversed when its next Exhibition takes place.

The Council of the Fine Art Institute are making ample provision for the future. As already stated, they have arranged for an exhibition in the coming August and September of the works of Bough and Chalmers. This, it may now be mentioned, is to be followed up in the autumn of 1881 by an exhibition of pictures by Horatio Macculloch and John Milne-Donald.

When collections like this of our older artists' works are being formed, the name of Scott Lauder should not be forgotten.

That vestibule of Mr Burnett's, in the new Institute, is worthy of attention by all visitors to the galleries. There is nothing commonplace on the one hand, or meretricious on the other, about the work. Looking, besides, at its extent, the feeling of quiet dignity it possesses is altogether excellent. Neither the entrance to the Royal Academy, nor even that to the much-vaunted Grosvenor Gallery, is so fine as this we have been favoured with in Glasgow.

While on this subject, it may be hinted that the Council of the Institute should put on a *commissionaire* at the street entrance to the galleries. At present ladies, especially elderly ladies, have the utmost difficulty in either getting in or getting out.

As we become more and more familiar with the Exhibition of the Institute, and have also had repeated opportunities of contrasting it with that of the Royal Scottish Academy, its excellence becomes only the more apparent. In Edinburgh, moreover, some of the very worst pictures have been placed in the most conspicuous places. It is no very great distinction—this year, at least—to be placed on the line in the Royal Scottish Academy. One work, numbered 213 in the catalogue, is simply grotesque, as well in colour as in drawing. The Edinburgh people, after this example of inanity—not to speak of its neighbour No. 45—can hardly throw Solomon Hart in the faces of the London Academicians.

Last week's election of Royal Scottish Academicians has given very general satisfaction. The elder of the new members is associated with the traditional school of Scottish portrait painting, and the other is personally—outside altogether of his art—one of the most charming and kindly of men. Wasn't it somewhat unusual, however, to elect two portrait painters at the same time?

Alas! how the mighty are fallen. On Thursday last Messrs Sotheby, Wilkinson, & Hodge sold by auction, at their house in Wellington Street, Strand, London, Mr Whistler's Grosvenor "Harmony in Yellow and Gold," or, to use the title given it by outside barbarians, his "Bold Girl." This was, of course, a portrait of Connie Gilchrist, a dancing girl at the London Gaiety. It brought the magnificent sum of—fifty guineas!

Hawarden Castle, Feb. 7, 1880—"Mr GLADSTONE has tried the Hindoo Pens, and finds them very good."

Beware of the Party offering spurious imitations of these Pens. Patenters: MACNIVEN & CAMERON, 23 to 33 Blair Street, Edinburgh (Established 1770.)

Pen-Makers to Her Majesty's Government Offices.

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

Disestablishment "Amenities."

IF there is one thing which more than another distinguishes your Disestablishment orator, it is the graceful and generous way in which he speaks of members of the State Church. For instance, at Paisley the other day a Mr Mackean "referred to the position of the congregation of the Abbey Church, which highly respectable congregation, he thought, would find itself in a better position if they paid for their own ministers rather than accepting as they did now of their stipends on the same terms as did the unfortunate occupants of our jails and work-houses." Like a good deal of Disestablishment rhetoric, this is slightly incoherent, but the kindly intention is quite evident. On the same occasion another gentleman, who had come all the way from London to say it, remarked that "the Church of England received the support of the Church of Scotland much for the same reason that one drunk man supported another drunk man. They were in the position of two drunk men," &c., the tasteful simile being carried out with characteristic unctiousness. What an enviable cast of mind must be possessed by men who take pleasure in comparing their ecclesiastical opponents to "drunk men" and jail-birds!

THE "SECRET SERVICE" AND THE PUBLIC SERVANT.

For "Indian Empress" with ta Tuke
Adroit "address" suffice d'd,
But Beaconsfield aboveboard dealt,
By "act" he-legalised it.
The Lib'rals now defend his Grace
For deed as dark as daring,
Those who, the "Titles Bill" when read,
Denounced it as ensnaring,
Who growled when openly 'twas pled,
The Queen herself not sparing:
Illegal, secret, was the one,
In law, in light, the other don^e.

HIS DOOM.

A.—What are ye dae'n noo?
B.—Am in the stationery line.
A.—Hoo's trade?
B.—Stationary.
A.—Are ye gan tae flit this year?
B.—No, am going to remain stationary.
A. (riled)—Gang and droon yersel' in a paper pock!

"The Long Parliament"—The Beaconsfield.

Among the presents to Mr Gladstone was a satin hat. Was it a crush hat, asks Bauldy, as it was sat-in?

Jeems Kaye on the Coal Trade.

THIS is a vera go-ahead age, BAILIE, and we Scotch are comin' on—we're no much ahint the Yankees. Hoo different frae 30 years ago; then business was done quietly, soberly, and in order—noo it's a' push, scramble, an' hurry; an' I'm a wee afraid there's whiles a lee or twa tell't. Just walk along the streets, an' what d'ye see?—

“Immense sacrifice! Previous to stock-taking a good pound's worth for five an' sixpence.”

“Fire! Fire!! Fire!!! Goods slightly damaged by water at half-price.”

“James So-and-so has bought the bankrupt stock of Willie Such-another-body frae the trustee at 75 per cent. less than cost price, an' will gi'e the public the benefit” (sideways).

There are ithers wha advertise in a mair genteel way—mair honest an' quietlike—but they're sly, desperately sly.

“Orders of £1 and upwards carriage paid to all parts of Europe and China.”

“All goods carefully delivered per our own vans ten times daily, or oftener, if required.”

“Owing to a great press of business, we crave the forbearance of our customers if orders are not delivered so promptly as they would wish.”

In my line—the coal way, ye ken—things go on pretty much in the auld groove: although there's a heap o' opposition we don't deliver the coals carriage paid tae China, nor ha'e I ever been asked tae dae sae—if we deliver roon' the corner we chairge a penny a hun'er extra—nor dae we ever advertise we ha'e bought a bankrupt stock an' are selling it at 75 per cent. aff. No, thank guidness, we ha'ena come that length yet; when we dae, I'll gie't up. At my time o' life I couldna leeve aye in a ferment—aye selling aff. Of coorse I'm aye selling aff in one way, but it's in a regular way, no' in a spasmodic, feverish way.

Still, even in oor line we're subject tae bits o' variorums noo an' again. A when years since I min' a lot o' folk tried coal selling in a genteel way—at least they thocht it wis a genteel way. They rented a shop, an' having got it a' nicely pented, they got a desk, a box o' pens, a ruler, a big book, an ink-bottle, an' twa-three wafers, an' a laddie tae min' them a'. Next they bocht three hun'erwecht o' coals, an' breakin' them up intae lumps o' different sizes, they stuck them intae the window, arranged very natly, I'll admit. Then every lump wis ticketed differently:

“Duke o' Hamilton's Jewel Coal, 14s 6d.”

“Lord Belhaven's Wishaw Coal, 13s 6d.”

“Dixon's Best Parlour, 12s 6d, delivered at the door.”

“Camlachie Black Seam, 10s 6d, for kitchen use.”

An' sae on. For a wee I got a fricht, an' even went the length o' gettin' estimates for the penting o' my coal ree, an' the fitting up o' a bit box, wi' an umbrella stand an' a chair, tae tak' orders in; but it blew by. They a' gi'ed it up.

Then they tried anither new-fangled way. Instead o' the fine auld respectable twenty-fower hun'erwecht tae the waggon lying loose in the cart, wi' the horse daunerin' awa' at its leisure, an' the carter an' the man tae put them in walking behin' smoking, they got bits o' spring vans wi' licht horses, an' the coals in bags, an' twa men sitting on the tap, ane driving an' the ither hauding the coals frae tumbling aff, an' the horse fleeing along the street as if it wis a fire engine. They only gied twenty hun'erwecht, so whether the folk thocht they lost the fower hun'erwecht tae mak' up for the horse rinnin' sae hard, or what it wis, I kenna, but it's maist defunct noo, an' we work awa' in oor auld way.

Trade's no' brisk enoo, but I'm thankful tae say it's improving: I sold three hun'erwecht an' a hauf mair last week than the correspondin' week last year, sae ye see I've nae reason tae compleen. There's ither twa in the same line in the destrict, an' ane o' them—a Mr Saumon—did a big business at wan time; but what wi' my civility, an' me bein' an elder, I manage tae get along gey weel. Some o' the folk at first jist slippit intae my ree at an odd time, gi'eing the ither man the big share, till they saw the advantage o' comin' my way, which they dae noo gey often. Ye see there's great difference in coal: them I keep are saft, an' burn awa clear an' bricht, and leave vera few ashes, an' what they dae leave is clean, while the coals Mr Saumon sells are vera hard an' kin' o' cross-grained. There's nae breakin' o' them, they're jist like a when hard whinstanes; in fact there's a neebour woman o' oors—a Mrs M'Faurlan, wha bein' a guid-sister o' Mr Saumon's, aye bocht her coals frae him—an' as oor Betty was telling me, ae day when she wis in Mrs M'Faurlan's hoose ha'ein' a crack, the body began pouterin' up the fire tae mak' it bile the kettle, an' the coals were sae confoondit hard that what wi' the daudin' an' smashin' at them tae break them the body fairly knockit her thoom oot o' joint, forbye dingin' oot twa o' the ribs o' the grate. Noo, ye ken it's a sin for onybody tae sell coals like that.

By the bye, a freen' wis advisin' me the ither day tae get a cuddie; he said it lookit sae respectable tae be takin' oot the coals. They say, forbye, that cuddies are no ill tae keep—an e micht sleep in a corner o' the washin' hoose, ye ken. I maun ask about it.—JEEMS KAYE.

COOL AND AYR-Y.—Your Ayr contractor appears to be an accommodating individual. A gentleman of that "persuasion" recently claimed £500 from the local Town Council for work done, but was afterwards obliging enough to reduce his charge first by £100 and again by £50. The fact of £150 being considered an Ayr-y nothing in the case of a contract with a public body is, to say the least, suggestive.

T H E G A I E T Y.

Proprietor and Director,Mr C. BERNARD.

This and Every Evening at 7-30,

MISS ELOISE JUNO,

Mr WM. GOURLAY. Miss MINNIE GOURLAY,

In the Highly-Interesting Scotch Drama,

JEANIE DEANS; Or THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN.

Open at 6-30. Commence at 7-30. Prices, from 6d to 5s.

Box Office Open Daily from 10 till 4.

T H E G A I E T Y.

VOLUNTEER OFFICERS' DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

THREE PERFORMANCES OF

**T W O R O S E
AND
T W O P O L T S**

26TH, 27TH, and 28TH FEBRUARY.

In Aid of Funds of

WEST OF SCOTLAND RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

Admission Tickets at the various Orderly Rooms and Music-sellers' Shops, or from Lieut. Ferguson, 137 West George Street. Box Office open for Booking on and after Monday first. Late Trains will be afterwards announced.

Volunteers Invited to Appear in Uniform.

R O Y A L T Y T H E A T R E,

SAUCHIEHALL STREET,

Lessee and Manager.....Mr E. L. KNAPP.

Every Evening at 7-30.

Saturday at 7.

NEW MEN AND OLD ACRES,

In which MRS CHIPPENDALE,

Miss ROSE LECLERCQ, and Mr CHIPPENDALE, will appear,

Seats can be secured at Muir Wood & Co.'s, from 11 till 4.

H E N G L E R ' S G R A N D C I R Q U E,

WEST NILE STREET, GLASGOW.

Open Every Evening at 7. Commence, 7-30, and Saturday Afternoons at 2, commence 2-30. *Great Novelty Programme.*—

The Bros. Conrad, Musical Marvels. The Conrads!! The Conrads!!! The Greatest of Musical Grotesques. in their Marvellous Harmonic Interludes. Ethardo's wonderful Ascent and Descent, the Selbini and Villion Troupe of Bicyclists, and Hengler's Great Troupe. TO-MORROW (WEDNESDAY) EVENING, Special Volunteer Bespeak. For particulars see daily papers. Prices of Admission, 3s, 2s, 1s, and 6d.

Acting Manager,.....Mr WM. POWELL,

Proprietor,.....Mr CHARLES HENGLER,

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager,.....Mr SIDNEY.

To-Night and Every Evening,

Production, with New Scenery and Effects of DION

BOUCICAULT'S Popular Drama of

F L Y I N G S C U D.

Nat Gosling, an Old Jockey.....Mr SIDNEY.

Acted by him upwards of 300 Nights in England and Scotland.

NOTICE.—ON FRIDAY, 20TH FEBRUARY, FOR THE BENEFIT OF MR SIDNEY, LESSEE, **F L Y I N G S C U D,**

And an Absurd Burlesque Sketch, entitled **TWENTY MINUTES' VOYAGE WITH SINBAD THE SAILOR.**

Introducing "Have you Seen the Show?" with the Original Drum Solo; "Whisky-Toddy-ology," etc., etc., etc.

Prices—6d to 4s. Second Price at Nine o'clock.

Box Office Open from 11 to 4 o'clock.

Doors Open at 6-30. Commence at 7.

R O Y A L P R I N C E S S ' S T H E A T R E.

MAIN STREET, SOUTH SIDE, GLASGOW.

Sole Lessee and Manager,.....Mr H. CECIL BERYL.

GREAT SUCCESS OF MR F. M. PAGET'S COMPANY.

Every Evening (excepting Friday) an Adaptation of VICTORIEN

SARDOUS' "Nos Intimes," entitled

T H E D O C T O R.

FRIDAY FIRST, FEB. 20, BENEFIT OF MR F. M. PAGET,

Production of a New Comedy Drama, entitled

M I S T A K E N,

By J. MORTON KILLICK.

MONDAY FIRST, FEB. 23, production of

T H E S T R E E T S O F L O N D O N,

As now being Played at the Royal Princess's, London.

First Appearance of

MR BERYL'S ROYAL PRINCESS'S COMPANY.

Doors open at 7 each Evening. Overture, 7-30.

Box Office at Donaldson's Rooms, 77 St. Vincent Street.

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A R T S,**

NEW GALLERIES, SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

EXHIBITION OF

P A I N T I N G S, S C U L P T U R E, & c.,

NOW OPEN

Day Admission, Nine till Five,.....1s.

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SEASON TICKETS—

Single Season Ticket, Admitting to Exhibition, but not to Promenades,..... 5/

Single Season Ticket, Admitting to Exhibition, and to Promenades,..... 7/6

Family Season Ticket, Admitting all Members of the Household to Exhibition, but Limited to Three for Promenades and Conversazione, 21/

Musical Promenades every Saturday from 2 till 4.

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NEW GALLERIES, SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

ROBERT WALKER, Acting Secretary.

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A R T S,**

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Luncheons, Ices, Coffee, Tea, Chocolate, &c.

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From 213 Sauchiehall Street.

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MR CHARLES HALLE
With his Celebrated
M A N C H E S T E R B A N D
will give his usual
GRAND ORCHESTRAL CONCERT,
as above, on
W E D N E S D A Y, 18TH F E B R U A R Y,
at Eight o'clock.
MR HALLE will be Accompanied by
M D M E. N O R M A N N E R U D A.
Reserved Seats, in Area,7s 6d.
Reserved Seats, in Balconies,5s.
Body of Hall,3s.
Back Gallery,2s.
ADMISSION—ONE SHILLING.
Tickets of J. Muir Wood & Co.

G L A S G O W C A T H O L I C C H O R A L S O C I E T Y.

GRAND CONCERT,
Under the Patronage of His Grace Archbishop EYRE,
IN THE CITY HALL, ON MONDAY, MARCH 1, 1880,
At Eight p.m.

First Public Performance in Glasgow, in its Complete Original Form, of

MOZART'S TWELFTH MASS,
WITH FULL ORCHESTRAL ACCOMPANIMENTS;
And SELECTIONS.
SOLO VOCALISTS—MR W. PARKINSON AND MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY.
Hon. Conductor, Mr JAMES M'ARDLE.
N.B.—One-Third of the Surplus Proceeds will be devoted to the Irish Distress Fund.
Tickets, 3s, 2s, 1s, and 6d,—may be had at the Principal Musicsellers, &c.

G L A S G O W S C I E N C E L E C T U R E S.

The Rev. W. H. DALLINGER, F.R.M.S.,
on
"The Latest Researches into the Origin and Development of the Least and Lowest Life Forms."
CITY HALL, THURSDAY, 19th February, 1880, at 8 p.m.
Tickets, 2s, 1s, and 6d, to be had at Hall Doors, or from
WILLIAM SMITH, Secretary,
114 Bath Street.

C O R P O R A T I O N O R G A N R E C I T A L S.

The Seventeenth of the ORGAN RECITALS for the present Winter will be given by the CITY ORGANIST (Mr LAMBETH), in the CITY HALL, on SATURDAY FIRST, at Four o'clock prompt.
Doors open at 3-30,
Admission and Programmes of the Music Free.
Chamberlain's Office, 16th Feb., 1880.

C I T Y H A L L S A T U R D A Y E V E N I N G C O N C E R T S.

SATURDAY, 21ST FEBRUARY, 1880.
As there will be NO ITALIAN OPERA in Glasgow this Season, the Directors have the honour to announce that they have made arrangements with Mr MAPLESON for a

MDLLE. ILMA DI MURSKA,
MDLLE. DARIALLI,
MDLLE. SACCONI, AND
MDME. MARIE ROZE;
SIGNOR LELI,
SIGNOR SUSINI,
M. CARLETON, AND
PROFESSOR HILL.

GRAND
SPECIAL
CONCERT,
CITY HALL,
S A T U R D A Y,
21ST FEBRUARY,
PRINCIPAL
ARTISTES
ITALIAN OPERA
COMPANY.

Tickets at Swan & Co., and Office, 58 Renfield Street. Reserved, 5s; Galleries, 3s; Front Area, 2s; Second Area, 1s; Back Gallery, 6d. Concert at 7-45.

JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.
C O R P O R A T I O N G A L L E R I E S.
P R I N C E O F W A L E S ' I N D I A N P R E S E N T S.

Until further Notice the INDIAN COLLECTION of H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES will be on EXHIBITION as under:—

Daily (except Saturdays), from 10 till 4 and 6 till 9.
On Saturdays, 10 a.m. till 9 p.m.
ADMISSION SIXPENNY.
Employers may obtain Parcels of 80 Tickets, Price £1, on Application at Galleries.
The Upper Galleries remain Open Free as usual.

L I B R A I R I E E T R A N G E R E.
FOREIGN and ENGLISH BOOKS of All Kinds.
English, French, German, Italian, and Spanish Grammars, Dictionaries, Novels, &c., at Low Prices.
CORNER OF CATHEDRAL AND BUCHANAN STREETS.

PRODUCES A MOST BRILLIANT POLISH MAKES THE LEATHER SOFT AND PLIABLE

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"WE HAVE TRIED THIS CELEBRATED BLACKING AND HAVE NO HESITATION IN SAYING THAT IT IS THE BEST WE HAVE EVER USED"

BLACKING.

PRE-SERVES THE BOOTS & MAKES THEM WATERPROOF. MAY BE HAD FROM ALL GROCERS.

FORSYTH'S "demi" SHIRTS
FROM STOCK
3 1/6, 3 7/6 & 4 3/6 per 1/2 Dozen

G L A S S A N D C H I N A.
A N N U A L C L E A R I N G S A L E.
15 TO 25 PER CENT. OFF REGULAR PRICES.
M'DOUGALL & SONS, 77 AND 79 BUCHANAN STREET.
LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK IN THE KINGDOM. SUITABLE FOR ALL CLASSES.
PRESENTS IN ENDLESS VARIETY.
TEA, TABLE, TOILET, AND DESSERT SERVICES, TABLE GLASS, &c., &c.
DEPOT FOR MINTON'S, COPELAND'S, WORCESTER, AND DRESDEN PORCELAIN. SOLE AGENTS for GLASGOW for Dr SALVIATI'S VENETIAN GLASS, and for BELLEEK PORCELAIN.

GREAT SALE OF PIANOFORTES, HARMONIUMS, AMERICAN ORGANS, MUSICAL BOXES, &c.

As the Lease of our Premises at 49 Buchanan Street expires at May Term, we have decided not to renew it, but will continue to carry on the Business, in all its Departments at our WEST-END HOUSE, 331 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

As the Large STOCK of INSTRUMENTS now on hand must be CLEARED OUT by the End of May, great inducements will be offered to intending Purchasers.

Instruments purchased at this Sale may be Warehoused free till end of May.

49 BUCHANAN STREET.

SWAN & CO.

In the Royal Exchange Sale Rooms, on Tuesday and Wednesday, 24th and 25th February.

PUBLIC SALE OF A

LARGE AND IMPORTANT CONSIGNMENT OF NOTTINGHAM LACE CURTAINS, In New and Tasteful Designs (consigned direct from the Manufacturers in Nottingham for Absolute Sale).

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell the above, by Auction, in their Rooms, North Court, St. Vincent Place, on Tuesday and Wednesday, 24th and 25th February, commencing each Day at Twelve prompt.

On View (with Catalogues) Mornings of Sale.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 16th February, 1880.

On Monday, 23rd February, at The Mart, 7 West Nile Street, at Twelve Noon.

Sale of the Valuable Collection of

OIL PAINTINGS, WATER COLOURS, Handsome BRONZE CLOCK, BRONZE VASES, &c.

(Which belonged to the late Alexander Stronach, Esq.)

HUTCHISON & DIXON have received instructions to Sell, as above, commencing at Twelve Noon.

This Valuable Collection includes Important Examples of

T. S. Cooper, R.A.,	Vandeveldt,
W. MacTaggart, R.S.A.,	Kock,
Boddington,	Gourlay Steel, R.S.A.,
Passman,	Ovenback,
Wouverman,	Lancaster,
R. Scott Lauder,	Earle,
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PUBLIC SALE OF

THE WHOLE STOCK OF WHISKIES AND WINES,
Duty-Paid and in Bond

(Belonging to the Sequestered Estate of Matthew Wylie, and Sold by order of John Gourlay, Esq., C.A., 24 George Square)

DUNCAN KEITH, BUCHANAN & M'CLOY.

have been instructed to sell, by Public Auction, as above. Catalogues may be had on application to Messrs Thomson, Jackson, Gourlay, & Taylor, C.A., 24 George Square, or the Auctioneers.

Drury Corner, Renfield Street, Glasgow,
11th February, 1880.

At Drury Corner, Renfield Street, on Wednesday, 18th Feb. (Immediately after the sale of Mr Wylie's Stock).

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FINE OLD WHISKIES IN BOND,

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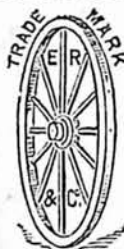
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In introducing this New Department of our Business, we may explain that though it is the first attempt of the kind in Glasgow, yet it has been carried on with great success by the most celebrated Hosiers and Glovers in the Cheapside and Strand, London, and we feel quite confident that with your kind patronage, and our strict attention, this novelty cannot fail to be a great success.

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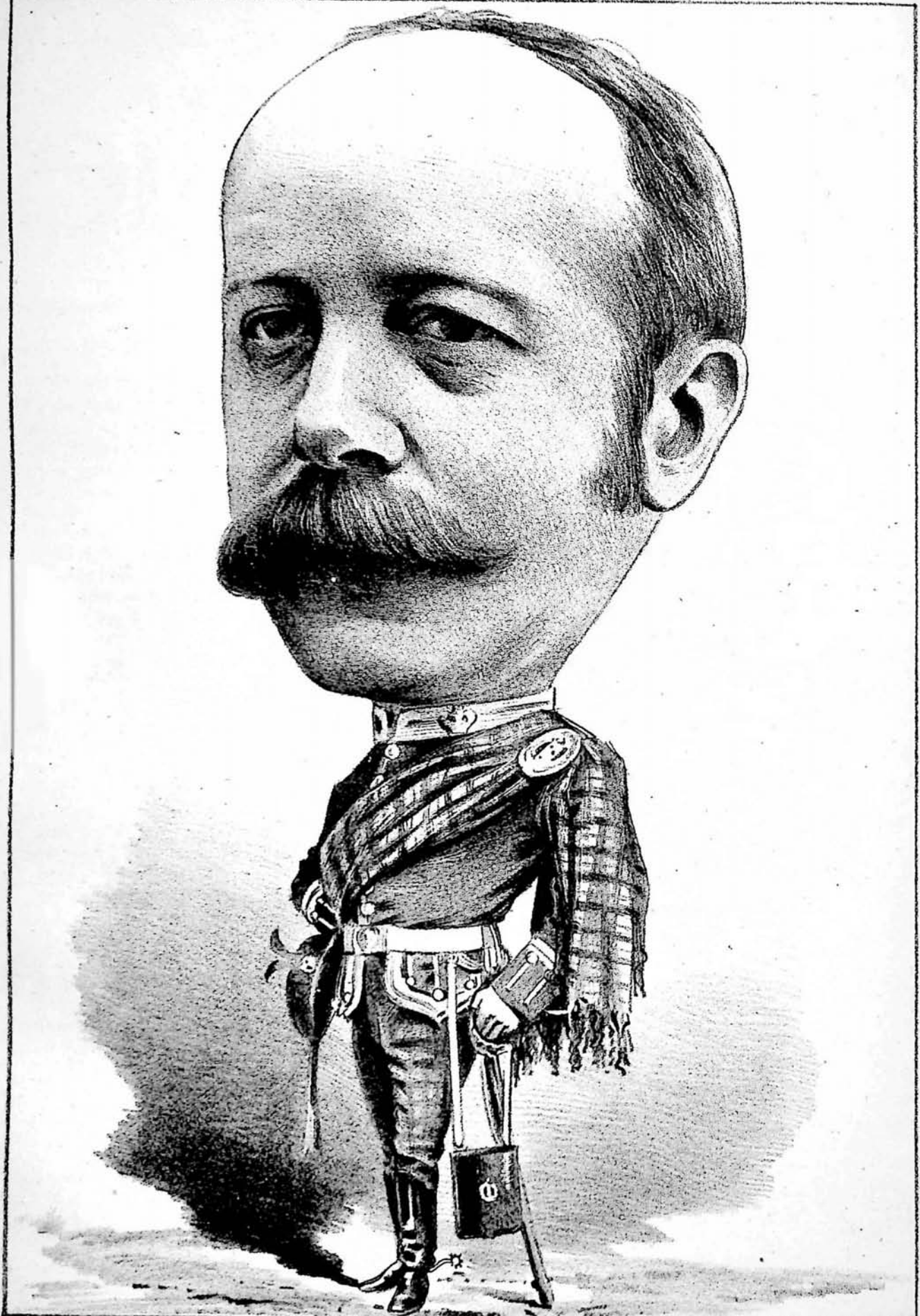
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SURREY STREET PICKLE WORKS,
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DR WALLACE, City Analyst, reports :—"I have examined various Samples of the FAMILY PICKLES manufactured by Messrs A. BEVERIDGE & Co., and have found them all to be *well cooked, free from copper or other impurity, and made with malt vinegar of full strength,*" &c.

Shun the Cheap Raw Pickles sold at 3d and 4d per Bottle. The harsh and inferior vinegar which they are usually made with is hurtful to the teeth as well as the stomach.



The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 384. Glasgow, Wednesday, February 25th, 1880. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 384.

THE Highland legend is popular in Glasgow. A "bonnie braw John Hielan'man" is a favourite in every class of our society. Unlike Edinburgh, where a Celt from the further side of the Grampians is regarded with no more liking than is extended to his cousin-german who hails from the western shores of the Irish Sea, the "Second City" receives every Donald and Dugald of them all with open arms. They are, indeed, the folk she most delights to honour. She makes policemen of them, and sheriff-officers; she has placed Bailie M'Bean on the magisterial bench, and she is going to send Dr J. A. Campbell to represent her in Parliament. *The BAILIE* himself is by no means exempt from the prevailing craze. To be sure, like his forbear, the kinsman of Rob Roy, he has some Celtic blood in his veins, and this may account, in a great measure, for his very pronounced prejudices in favour of the Highlanders. The Man you Know, whom the Magistrate proposes to introduce this week to the nation at large, is a typical son of the Gael. He is a Hielan'man, and a leader of Hielan'men besides, being no other than Lieut.-Colonel JAMES T. STEWART, the officer directly in command of the Glasgow Highlanders, otherwise the Volunteer regiment known as the 105th L.R.V. Colonel STEWART has been a Volunteer for over 20 years. He joined the movement in 1859 as a private in Western Company, No. 2. A couple of years afterwards he was commissioned as an Ensign in the 19th L.R.V., was next commissioned as an Ensign in the 1st Lanark Engineer Volunteers, and in 1863 he received a company in the Engineers, and was for sometime acting adjutant of the regiment. In 1868 Captain STEWART, with several other Celts, strong in their belief in

the Highland element in the city, set themselves to form a kilted regiment for Glasgow. The movement was a success from the outset. Within a very short time several companies were formed, and of these, Company No. 2 was allotted to the Man you Know. So eager and enthusiastic was he, however, and so intimate with the duties pertaining to the post of a Volunteer officer, that in 1870 he was appointed Major, and in 1876 Lieut.-Colonel, the post which he still holds. The regiment of Glasgow Highlanders, which numbers 900 men, is one of the most efficient in the Volunteer service. It is animated, from the rawest recruit up to the Colonel-Commanding, by a thoroughly Highland spirit. Indeed its pervading feeling can be best expressed by the regimental motto, which is "Clanna nan Gaidheal ri Guailibh a cheile," which, being interpreted, means, "Hielan'men shouter to shouter." The uniform it has adopted, with the sanction of the War Office, is that of the famous "Black Watch," and between the 42nd, and the 105th L.R.V., an exceedingly friendly spirit has always been maintained. The Marquis of Lorne, it may be mentioned, is the honorary Colonel of the 105th, while the post of Colonel is occupied by Mr F. R. Reid of Gallowflat, and of the officers still in the ranks, who assisted at the founding of the regiment, are Majors Williamson and Arrol, and Captain Menzies. To return to Colonel STEWART, it should be known that, not only has he taken a deep and abiding interest in volunteering proper, but he has also exerted himself to the utmost to promote the practice of rifle shooting in the West of Scotland. He has been vice-chairman and chairman of the West of Scotland Rifle Association, and in both capacities has he wrought manfully to further the interests of the body. Much of the success, moreover, which is likely to attend the performances, on Thursday,

Friday, and Saturday next, in the Gaiety Theatre, in aid of the funds of the Association, will be directly due to the efforts of the Man you Know. The performances will be given by members of the Volunteer Officers Dramatic Society, with which Colonel Stewart is intimately connected, and of which he was at one time president. He will not act himself, it is true, but he has been instant in season—and it is whispered that some of the more easy-going members believe out of season as well—over the perfecting of the arrangements for the series of entertainments. Eager, active, and high-spirited gentlemen of the class to which the Lieut.-Colonel of the 105th belongs, are really the salt that gives savour to our city life. We have always, and of late years more than ever, been given, over much, to the worship of “weavers and spinners, and such mechanical persons.” It is well that a taste for something beyond mere money-getting or, what is still worse, the idle, frivolous existence led by so many among us, should be instilled into the breasts of our younger generation, and how can this be better done than by preserving the memory of the old, free, natural lives led by our fathers on the hill-slopes or by loch-side or sea-shore? Add to this taste the relish and opportunity for out-of-door exercise which volunteering and rifle-shooting always supply, and you will really command that “healthy mind in a healthy body” which is, or at least ought to be the ultimate aim of all public effort, whether this be of the political, or only the strictly social order. Such are the feelings fostered, such is the aim sought by Colonel STEWART; and coming back, therefore, at the close to the point from which he started, the BAILIE gives our “bonny, brow John Hiellan’man” with all the honours—Highland honours, that is—and he wishes to include in the toast the 900 “kiltie lads” whom Lieut.-Colonel STEWART so worthily commands.

VERB. SAP.—Mr Honeyman, architect, concludes a long letter to the *Herald* upon the competition-designs for the new municipal buildings, by saying—“I have no idea what are to be the conditions of the proposed competitions.” Might it not have been better had Mr Honeyman read the conditions first, and written afterwards?

A Flower-bed—A “bed of roses.”

FERGUSON'S EDINBURGH ROCK is the best present from Edinburgh. 1 Melbourne place, near the Castle.

Forgotten.

“Breach of custom is breach of all.”—*Cymbeline*.

ST. Valentine's day has come and gone—

The fourteenth was the date—
And though I rose at earliest dawn
The postman's knock to wait,

There ne'er a letter came for me—

Ah me, 'twas hard to bear,
Thus all expectancy to be,
And through the window stare.

To watch the post at every door—
At every door but mine—
For every nymph there seemed a score—
For me—well, not a line.

I am not old, though past my teens;
Why suffer this neglect?
I cannot fathom what it means—
It can't be disrespect?

I'm sure I do my best to please;
My pride I try to cloak;
I'm never saucy—never tease—
I laugh at every joke.

When did I e'er refuse to dance?
I've waltzed until I grew sick;
And while I play, you've all a chance
To come and turn my music.

I strive to cherish friends of old,
Nor sigh for newer faces;
And never—tuts! 'tis overbold
To catalogue my graces.

Enough—you see I'm put about—
I'm sort of out-of-jointed;
I'm—Oh, dear me!—without a doubt
I'm sadly disappointed.

To think I've been remembered not!
To think that day past by
And not a Valentine was—what!
You're sorry?—So am I.

A SPHERE FOR JEEMS.—Mr Jeems Martin considers it a most reprehensible thing that “sweetie-makkers” and “dailers in ile” should be on the Watching and Lighting Committee while he, Jeems, is excluded therefrom. Jeems's reason is that the said “makkers” and “dailers,” having to purchase the police clothing, and “knowing nothing about cloth,” are obliged to call in and pay for outside help; and it may be that Jeems has got hold of the right end of the stick this time. For goodness' sake let us utilise him if he *can* be utilised.

THE LAST STRAW.

Gudewife—Losh, John, what are ye gaun about ragin' like the picture o' Sawton in the Pilgrim's Progress? Keep mind Job had patience.

Gudeman—Tuts, woman, Job never had a'coo coupit a tub o' tar.

A Legal “Proceeding”—From M'Lean's Hotel to the Court Houses.

On 'Change.

I WONDER how many simpletons, who disregarded the advice I tendered some weeks ago, are now left to regret that they gave no heed to my remarks regarding Caledonian and North British ordinary stocks. They were no doubt buoyed up by the circumstance that because my predictions were not instantly fulfilled, there would therefore be no fulfilment at all. It seems almost incredible that people should go on buying up to 117, when it is pointed out to them that the stock they are buying cannot yield more than perhaps $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. It seems more extraordinary still that a stock which will probably yield nothing should be sold at 75 and over.

Some one had the hardihood to buy Coal Exchange shares the other day. I respect the courage of the purchaser, and I congratulate the seller on getting 32s 6d for his £4 paid share.

I have not heard of any more great fires in South America, and yet the Scottish Commercial Insurance shares dropped 1s 6d the other day.

A project that offers as little advantage as possible to the capitalist is the Investment Registry and Stock Exchange, Limited. This affair has a nominal capital of £200,000. Its promoters indulge in the luxury of preference shares, but unlike some other public benefactors they offer no more than 6 per cent. instead of 7 and 8. That is all in their favour, no doubt, but I still question the soundness of their undertaking. Their object is to multiply Stock Exchanges by establishing a new one in London, not very far from Capel Court, and another in the West End. The argument advanced is that stock brokers and jobbers make too many profits, and an imposing list is given of instances where these profits are supposed to have been realised. I know some brokers and jobbers who have a different tale to tell. The promoters of the new company, in their zeal to make out a good case for themselves, have laid on the whitewash too thickly. They have perhaps some reason to question the utility of the dealer or middleman, but that peculiar animal does not flourish so luxuriantly as is usually imagined. In Glasgow he is hardly known, and may be said to have no *locus standi*. What is wanted is reform in the existing London Stock Exchange, not the starting of fresh facilities for speculation. Glasgow was once the happy possessor of three Stock Exchanges, but I do not believe that the citizens were wiser or better than they are now, when they have only one.

I should like very much to know why it was that the directors of the Investment Registry and Stock Exchange, Limited, did not mention in their prospectus the amount of remuneration they were to receive. For the benefit of my readers I shall state exactly how this matter stands. There are five directors, and they stipulate for £1000 per annum certain. Should the company prosper, and yield a dividend of 9 per cent. on the preferences, then the directors are to have £500 more. If the dividend reaches 13 per cent., they are to get another £500, and so on to 21 per cent., at the rate of an extra £500 for every 4 per cent. It looks all very nice and equitable on paper, but the curious thing is that a director's qualification is only 5 shares of £1 each!

This concern reminds me of a certain minister who was once preaching a charity sermon. After discoursing solemnly on the duty of casting one's bread upon the waters, that it might be found again after many days, he launched into this splendid peroration—"He who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord; and if you like the security, my brethren, down with the dust."

GRANNY'S "COURTESY."—Granny had the temerity the other day to refer to certain suburban magistrates as "Chief Commissioners, by courtesy called Provosts." The BAILIE can imagine the wrath which this slighting allusion is calculated to arouse, from Partick to Crosshill, in the bosoms of each great one who has worn a gold chain or sat at Lord Mayors' feasts. "By courtesy," quotha!

Strong Measures.

AN Irvine man tried to throttle a local Town Councillor the other day, and, as the offender got off with a fine of 7s 6d, it may fairly be presumed that he was considered to have received some provocation. The BAILIE would nevertheless impress upon that Irvine man in particular, and a long-suffering public in general, that the endeavour to suppress obnoxious Town Councillors *a la garotte* is open to objections on the score of humanity. Milder measures should first be tried. His Worship does not know, of course, what he may be driven to; but, judging by his present feelings, he really does not think he could bring himself to throttle even Messrs Neil and Martin.

THE YOUNG IDEA.

Sabbath School Teacher—When did the Queen of Sheba come to see Solomon?

Child (innocently)—I dinna ken, but when I gang hame my faither 'ill look the time-table.

S. S. T.—But, my dear, there were no time-tables in those days.

Child (puzzled)—Aweel, the Bible says that she came wi' a very great train.

SECOND-HAND WANTS.—The demand for second-hand articles sometimes assumes odd phases. It was only the other day that the BAILIE spoke of a fellow who wanted a "second-hand bogey," and now he comes across one individual in search of a "second-hand baritone," and another who yearns after a "second-hand disintegrator." His Worship is always glad to give whatever assistance lies in his power, and he has also pleasure in stating that a second-hand baritone may be picked up at any of our concert halls, while Mr John Ferguson's stale assaults upon the constitution may be said to qualify him for the *role* of second-hand disintegrator.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS, &c.—The *Herald's* musical critic says that at Mr Halle's concert the other evening "every inch of room ought to have been contested for." Does he mean that there should have been a free fight for seats?

"Aye Waukin' oh"—"Blower," Brown & Co.

Harzard Castle, Feb. 7, 1880.—"Mr GLADSTONE has tried the Hindoo Pens, and finds them very good."

Beware of the Party offering spurious imitations of these Pens. Patentees: MACNIVEN & CAMERON, 23 to 33 Blair Street, Edinburgh (Established 1770.)

Pen-Makers to Her Majesty's Government Offices. "They come as a boon and a blessing to men, The Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley Pen."

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE.—They are still playing "Jeanie Deans" at the Gaiety, and playing it very excellently too. I suppose, indeed, now that Miss Marriot—well—that Miss Marriot has ceased coming as far north as Scotland, that the only impersonator of the part of "douce David Deans's" elder daughter left us is Miss Eloise Juno.

On Thursday, and the two following evenings, the Volunteer Officers' Dramatic Society appear at Mr Bernard's house in the "Two Roses," and I've no doubt that their audiences will be both large and fashionable. The coaching of the Officers in the comedy has been done by Mr S. H. Austin, the manager of the Gaiety.

Next Monday the ever popular "Pinafore" Company will pay us another visit under the auspices of Mr Bernard.

Among the leading members of Mr Frederick Archer's English Opera Company will be Mrs George Loveday, a charming actress and vocalist, who may be better recognised under her maiden name of Miss Annie Tremaine.

I wonder how many of your readers, BAILIE, I mean your theatre-going readers, recollect Tom Glenny? A score of years, nay, a quarter of a century ago, Tom was a popular actor of the melodramatic order, who only needed a chance, and possibly rather more education, to become a Fechter or a Wallack. Unhappily, however, the needed education was never acquired, and the chance never came, and Glenny is still, at the end of all these years, where he was when he first did starring business on the Green. He appears to-night at the Prince of Wales' Theatre in an adaptation of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in the representation of which a troupe of real darkies will take part.

Mr Knapp promises us a sufficiently varied bill of fare this week at the Royalty. To night, and to-morrow and Wednesday nights, he will perform "A Scrap of Paper," one of the cleverest comedies of intrigue ever taken from the French. The hero of the piece will be represented by Mr Somerset, while Miss Rose Leclercq will appear in the part of Susan, a character we have hitherto associated with Miss Madge Robertson. On Thursday and Saturday the "Lady of Lyons" will be played, and on Friday Mrs Chippendale—on whose shoulders, it must not be forgotten, have rested the duties of the stage direction during the present engagement—will take her benefit, when Goldsmith's charming comedy of "She Stoops to Conquer" will be presented, before, let us hope, a bumper house.

As it seems to me, Miss Measor, the young lady who is the *ingenue* of the Chippendale Combination Company, has by no means received a sufficient measure of attention at the hands of our local critics. Her playing, last week, of *Fanny Bunter*, in "New Men and Old Acres," was exceedingly clever. Her style, it is true, would be distinctly improved were she to manifest a little more spontaneity—were she to be rather more impulsive than she is at present; but even as it is, she is a very pleasant, agreeable actress, and she promises, when she has acquired more confidence and experience, to take a leading position on the stage.

The two Buckstones—J. C. and Rowland—are really clever young actors. Rowland, the more juvenile of the pair, is somewhat overweighed, of course, in his father's parts of *Bunter* and *Tony*, but he knows his words and his business, and by-and-bye his success as a low comedian is secure.

Mr Beryl is sure to draw crowded houses with the "Streets of London" at the Royal Princesses Theatre. The piece which, with the exception of one of the comic scenes and the burning house, is taken bodily by Mr Boucicault from "Les Pauvres de Paris" of MM. Brisebarre Nus, is really a capital melo-drama. Ever so many years ago—was it late in 1864?—it was produced at the old Theatre Royal in Dunlop Street, and Mr William Glover, I recollect, distinguished the production by painting a wonderfully realistic scene on its behalf, illustrative of the Tron-

gate on a snowy winter night. In order to give further local character to the play, the title it went under was "The Streets of Glasgow." Poor Fred Dewar, who was the *Badger*, played with a vast amount of skill and pith.

The older sort of our playgoers must recollect the name of Edmonston Shirra, an actor who, some twenty years ago, was regarded by them with a favour which was all the warmer on account of its object having been Glasgow born and bred. Shirra unfortunately died before his powers had come to anything like maturity. He left a son, a mere infant at the time of his death, who, following his father's example, has also taken to the stage. At present the younger Shirra is travelling in Ireland, following the fortunes of Mr John Coleman, who, at the head of a little band of mummers, has of late made a somewhat difficult progress over various of the southern districts in the sister island.

Miss Rachael Sanger (Mrs J. C. Scanlan), has made her *debut* on the New York stage, and has fairly taken the critics of the Empire City by storm. She appeared as *Jenny Northcote* in "Sweethearts," and also took part in a performance of Gilbert's farcical absurdity entitled, "A Wedding March," in which she played the *Marchioness of Market-Lamborough*.

Those who care to show the esteem in which they hold the memory of a man who died bravely in the performance of his duty, and that when it would have been no disgrace to him had he saved himself by flight, can do so by sending a subscription in aid of the widow and children of poor Harry Egerton, to Mr William Smith, 61 West Regent Street, the hon. secretary and treasurer to the Glasgow branch of the Egerton Fund Committee.

The annual ball of the Clyde Yacht Club, which is always one of the most brilliant of the season, takes place in St. Andrew's Halls, on Wednesday evening. Lady Rumour, who is assumed to know everything, declares that the supper is to be on a scale of unusual magnificence. It will be the work of Mr Guildford, of Messrs Ferguson & Forrester.

"They say," or rather "they whisper," for the matter is only whispered as yet, that Mr Dalrymple will retire for the representation of Buteshire at the coming General Election. Even, however, should this take place, it does not quite follow that Mr Russell of the Saracen Foundry, who is the Liberal candidate for the seat, will be allowed a "walk over." There is one other Glasgow gentleman who is even more closely connected with the county than Mr Russell, and whom electors of all shades of politics delight to honour, and it is believed that he may not be altogether disinclined, should a vacancy occur, to offer himself for their suffrages.

One of the books announced for publication by the Messrs Tinsley of London is "Random Recollections by an Old Actor" by F. Belton. Poor Fred! A conscientious actor of the old school—he had been trained under Charles Kean—he was manager, a dozen years ago, of the Exeter Theatre, and was a comparatively comfortable and prosperous, if not a very wealthy or famous member of his profession. In an evil hour he came to Glasgow and undertook the management of the Prince of Wales Theatre, and twelve months thereafter he was a ruined man—the savings of a hard-working life were lost, and he was sent adrift in middle age to begin the world all over again. From Glasgow he went to London and thence to Australia, and now he seems back in England, but I'm afraid that evil fortune is still continuing to dog his footsteps. Let us hope that his book will provide him with at least some little glimpse of that sunshine which has so long been denied to his appearances on the stage.

A Music Haul.—The proceeds of a successful concert.

Railway Passenger Duty.—To keep his or her seat till the train stops.

A Definite Heart-Tickle.

'TIS twenty years since last we met,
 We met—and parted;
 She to become an old man's pet,
 I broken-hearted.

The widow's weeds now wreath her hair;
 The life-long lease is
 Run out; and I'd my heart repair—
 But she's the pieces.

I'd make it up, and on the whole
 Might so arrange it,
 That for the heart she says I stole
 I'd p'rhaps exchange it.

And should she hint the old man's pelf,
 I might consider;
 I'm not at all going in for self,
It's for the widder.

A Railway Danger.

A POOR fellow, who had been in delicate health, died the other day from the shock caused by the loud and sudden slamming of a carriage-door on the Portpatrick line. Such a case is, perhaps, unprecedented; but, in all seriousness, would it not be well if our railway-officials were to discharge their door-shutting duties with a little more regard to the feelings of passengers? At present they seem to take a delight in making as much noise as possible, and there are few of us, with any nerves at all, who have not at one time or another suffered a shock, more or less violent, from this cause. It is not easy to shut a door in a hurry with perfect silence, but neither is it necessary to make a noise like a thunder-clap, and if officials would kindly remember that fact they would save us from what is a minor misery of travel to the strongest, and may be fraught, as we have seen, with serious consequences to the weak.

POLITE CRITICISM.—The authorities of Ayr possess a stern critic in the person of "Mr Stewart of Gearholm," who, at last meeting of the local Parochial Board, deliberately declared that the police were "not worth a spittle out of your mouth," and that "the magistrates were just on a par with the police." The BAILIE has heard of magistrates and police nearer home to whom a somewhat similar criticism might be applied, but if his Worship were the critic he would endeavour to be more refined if less forcible.

Architectooralooral—What is the difference between the House of Peers and the "House of Arches?"

At Night to A-light—The head of Jamaica Street,

Who is He?

HAS Paisley, in addition to its other "amenities"—how the BAILIE loves that word!—started a Duke of its own? In a paragraph relating to the Abbey a contemporary says, "The Sounding Aisle is the burying-place of his Grace's family;" and no clue whatever is given as to the identity of "his Grace." Did the paragraph refer to, say, Inveraray or Hamilton, the matter would be clear enough; but who is the Duke of Paisley? "Dr." Hutton, Bailie Cochran, or the Laird of Brediland? Who, which, or what?

JEEMS "TAKING CREDIT."—At last meeting of the Town Council, Mr James Martin, amid "great laughter," "took credit to himself for having raised" the Town Clerk question. "It was his motion of the 3rd October last which led to the whole matter being gone into." Oh, Jeems, Jeems! Pray let the motion rest in the oblivion which is its most merciful fate.

Mr Marwick has done well in acquiescing in the decision of the Town Council in the Fee Fund dispute, but he can scarcely be congratulated on the mode in which he has intimated this. The discussion on Thursday week concerned no person so much as Mr Marwick, and yet he has not read the newspaper reports of it! He should do so at once. Mutual understanding alone will beget the mutual respect which will lead to harmonious action between Mr Marwick and the Town Council, and the avoidance of further irritation.

A JEWEL OF A TOWN!—A contemporary describes a view of Greenock, in the Royal Scottish Academy, as "a rare little gem." If the description be correct the likeness cannot greatly resemble the original.

HONOUR TO WHOM HONOUR IS (MOUNTAIN) DEW.—At a public supper last week, the Croupier while proposing "The Lord-Provost, Magistrates, and Town-Council," suddenly remembering that the chief civic dignitary and others were teetotallers added water to his whisky, and then—although perhaps not realising that union is strength—emptied his glass with a clear conscience. 'Twas a neatish compliment.

PRECIOUS STUFF (TOUGH).—Bauldy declares that the female heart is as multiplex and saccharine as is a honeycomb. The honeycomb of the honeymoon he calls it. [Asinus says that's a reg'lar "sell." The "comb" that he has heard of 's a three-fitted ane.]

Quavers.

THE ancient and royal burgh of Rutherglen—how your parliamentary creations of yesterday, Hillhead, Crosshill, and so on, pale, in respect of age and dignity, before it—can boast of a fine town hall, the chief room in which is admirably fitted for concert purposes, as your reporter, BAILIE, had the opportunity of observing one evening last week at the musical display by the Philharmonic Society there. Not to enter, however, into the vexed subject of acoustics, the concert referred to was, taken all over, most creditable to the town, and if the society keeps together there is no doubt it will do much better yet than even on this occasion. The membership is about forty in number apparently, and the parts are very well balanced, all the voices being of particularly pleasing quality. Mr Hemphill is the conductor.

The programme contained, however, one or two selections that must be considered unworthy of the society, such as "The Dying Christian" and the extract from Bradbury's "Esther," the latter even more common-place music than hearing it for the first time, we had expected it to be. When the society can execute so well "The Heavens are Telling," the Kyrie adaptation from Mozart's 12th Mass, the Chorale (by Melchior Teschner, 1613), and the part-songs which they sang, they may well take up only the higher examples of musical writing. A little further attention to "expression," and the cultivation of an easy and so to speak undulatory style of singing, are all that the Rutherglen Philharmonic Society need to enable it to hold its own with any of similar constitution.

An orchestra, local and supplemented, lent good aid in accompanying some of the selections, and played one or two instrumental pieces very well indeed.

The Pollokshields Association will have the distinction of introducing at their next concert, the cantata "The legend of the fair Melusina," by Heinrich Hoffman, a composer, who though enjoying marked distinction and popularity in Germany, may be said to have been absolutely unknown in this country till but the other day. The libretto of Melusina is the favourite one, the mutual love of an immortal and a mortal (Melusina and Count Raymond) and their unfortunate union, and excellent scope is afforded for picturesque and dramatic musical illustration. Herr Hoffman's setting of the story is exceedingly melodious, and the harmonies are rich and in some instances striking, though seldom, as far as one has noticed, what are called "advanced." "Melusina" must soon become as well known and as well liked here as it appears to be in Germany.

Reeve's Musical Directory for 1880 is a publication which every one connected with the profession must be interested in. It gives a list of all the musical societies, colleges, choirs, &c., in the United Kingdom, the names and addresses of teachers and performers, vocal and instrumental, also of "the trade," with a large extent of similar useful information.

Mr Airlie of the Saturday evening City Hall concerts, announces that he has arranged for a competition of solo vocalists, of the four voices, to take place in the City Hall, on the 10th of April, names of intending candidates to be sent to him on or before the 15th March. Everything considered this is not at all a bad way of bringing talent to light, and some rather creditable additions have already been made to the list of our local professional vocalists by its means.

It seems a pity that the organ should not (what is to be assumed) have been employed in accompanying the children's singing at the "Festival of Sacred Song" of the Western District Sabbath School Union on Friday evening, especially when being played at any rate. The thing is innocent enough surely, while such an accompaniment is a great treat to the youthful chorals, as well as a decided musical advantage.

The Hillhead Musical Association are studying—for their next concert—Schumann's "Pilgrimage of the Rose"—most beautiful music, not without some difficulty, however, but yet attractive to vocalists, especially to the treble and alto parts, for which there is much scope in this cantata. The subject, it will be remembered, is the same as that of F. H. Cowen's "Rose Maiden," a somewhat dubious title, by the way.

The operatic concert at the City Hall on Saturday evening attracted a large audience, of course. Madame Marie Rose sang charmingly, as usual; Madlle. Irma de Murska also with little or no abatement of her remarkable and phenomenal vocal powers. Of Madlle. Darialli, Mr Carleton, and Signors Leli and Sissini, it may be said generally that they jointly and severally appeared with acceptance. But the duet, "The moon hath raised her lamp," sung by Messrs Leli and Carleton; the song, "Rose Marie," by the latter; also the air from "La Favorita" by the contralto of the party, Madlle. Darialli, are specially to be instanced. The harp solo performances of Madlle. Sacconi, and her accompaniments (for example to "Robert, toi que j'aime,") were a decided and rather novel attraction. Professor Hill proved a skilful accompanist on both piano and violin.

By the way, the directors of these concerts must have come to form a very high opinion of the intellectual status of their audiences, for the programme gave versions in Latin, French, and German of the words for the Gounod-Bach Cantique, but no English translation. Of course, of the several interpretations printed, the audience, "paying its money," would "take its choice."

A concert is to be given by the North British Railway Musical Association on Thursday, the 26th inst., in the City Hall, in behalf of the sufferers by the dreadful Tay Bridge accident. The society, which is conducted by Mr Adam Thomson, will sing some of the most favourite part-songs and Scotch arrangements, and four of our best local vocalists will contribute songs and quartettes. Mr Channon Cornwall will play some organ selections. The programme altogether is a choice one, but apart from that, there ought to be a large attendance in view of the object. Mr Stirling of Kippendavie, chairman of the N. B. R., is to preside.

HER "DAILY MAIL."

Irish Woman (to postmaster)—Are the Indian letters in yet?

Postmaster—No mum, the Indian Mail has not arrived yet.

Irish Woman—Bedad it isn't Indian mail (meal?) I want, but letters.

NO QUARTER!—An advertisement appears in the *Herald* for a man "competent to use Parisian barm and quarter sponges." The BAILIE trusts the competent one will turn up. His Worship knows nothing about Parisian barm, but he has had some experience of "sponges," and, though ordinarily a humane man, he would gladly see the whole tribe "quartered," after being duly "hung" and "drawn" in the good old orthodox fashion.

THEY SHOULD KNOW.—A sermon was advertised to be delivered last Sunday on "The Foolishness of Preaching." A good many parsons ought to be able to preach an excellent discourse on that text.

How to make the Game of Football More Attractive—Play it as a game, and fight it out elsewhere.

BICYCLES. { West of Scotland Bicycle Co. Show Rooms, 104 Renfield St. (near Sauchiehall St.), Works, 67 E. Howard St., Makers of the "Royal Scottish" and "West of Scotland" Bicycles & Tricycles, Repairs, Fittings, &c.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the "inevitable plumber" has been at it once more.

That the "lapsed masses" wouldn't have been altogether displeas'd to see Stirling's Hotel razed to the ground.

That if such had been the case the inhabitants of Glasgow would have required, like Brabantio, "to look to their houses."

That the Town Council Doctor has humbly kiss'd the rod.

That Lord Provost Boyd's remarks at Edinburgh, when making a presentation to the Depute Town Clerk there, may have had something to do with this decision.

That radical George will neither be "to haud nor bind" at the result of his motion.

That oor Jeems thinks a deal of the credit of saving the city £4000 belongs to him.

That the Doctor hardly expects he'll be asked to give up all the money.

That the Glasgow Liberal Association has got a new president.

That the last president was made an M.P.

That the present one expects to be made ditto.

That may be ay—and —

That the Glasgow architects are sorely exercised over the designs for the new Municipal Buildings.

That the terms are not very munificent for the Second City of the Empire.

That nevertheless there will be a keen competition for the job.

That it is to be hoped the correspondence regarding cab fares may be productive of some good.

That anybody going into a cab in Glasgow has no notion what he will have to pay when he comes out.

That the table of fares is looked on by the cabmen as a standing joke.

That few people care about losing a day over the prosecution of a cobby for overcharge.

That cabs would be taken advantage of to a far larger extent if the fares were reasonable.

That the secret of manufacturing diamonds has once more been discovered.

That Professor Maskelyne is perfectly positive regarding the success of the latest invention.

That our former experience of the Professor hasn't given us the most implicit confidence in his judgment.

That his present conclusions may or may not be correct.

That W. W. has found out 1222 Scotch poets.

That he ought to be made to read through their united works.

That if he did so W. W. would no more "trouble you trouble you."

That a recent case in the Western Police-Court throws a curious light upon the method in which rates are sometimes collected.

That that method savours more of "unspeakable" Turkey than of free and enlightened Britain.

That an introduction to the cat would benefit the "musical" ruffians who destroy the peace of the city every week.

The Faggot Flats for "Bill Built."

THIS is the House for Bill built.

These are the Votes that lay in the house for Bill built.

These are the Faggots that formed the votes that lay in the House for Bill built.

This is the Hewert that "ax'd" the faggots that formed the votes that lay in the house for Bill built.

This is the *Coup* to turn the Hewert that ax'd the faggots that formed the votes that lay in the house for Bill built.

This is the Roll to go to the Poll to make the *coup* to turn the Hewert that ax'd the faggots that formed the votes that lay in the house for Bill built.

These are the Tories, Mid-Lothian's glories, all on the roll to go to the poll to make the *coup* to turn the Hewert that ax'd the faggots that formed the votes that lay in the house for Bill built.

HIGHLY ELEVATING.

Bauldy—Another unsuccessful attempt on the life of the Czavr, I see. He seems tae hae a chairm'd life since naebody succeeds in blawin' him up.

Peter—Eh, man, if he wiz only maerit tae oor Kirstie she'd blaw him up wi' a vengeance, an' that afore he could say Jack Robison!

THE ONLY USE FOR THEM.—The O'Gorman says that the sorrows of Ireland are due to the use of artificial manure. Quite right, Major. What Ireland wants is a fine natural top-dressing of Home-Rulers. We can supply one or two.

New Man and Old Acres.—Mr. Honeysett in "The Rivals."

Beveridge's Guaranteed Mixed Pickles, Red Cabbage, Mushroom Ketchup, Sauces and Table Condiments, unrivalled for purity and flavour

WALTER WILSON & CO.,
THE COLOSSEUM,
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The Leading Hatters and Milliners in Scotland.
**GREAT SPRING SHOW OF NOVELTIES EARLY
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GLOVES.

<p><i>1st CHOICE</i> GENT.'S CALF GLOVES, Only 2/6 per Pair. PERFECT FITTING.</p>	<p><i>JUST RECEIVED,</i> 75 Doz. EVERY PAIR GUARANTEED.</p>
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Present Value, 3s 3d per Pair.

PROVAN & SMELLIE,
 120 TRONGATE.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.
HENRY THOMSON & CO'S
 OLD
IRISH WHISKY.

SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—
 ROBERT BROWN, 17 HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.

DAVISON'S
**CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE
 GINGER BEER.**

A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE
 YEAR ROUND; WARM, GRATEFUL, AND AROMATIC.
 As Supplied to the Western, Junior, New, and other Clubs.

THOMAS DAVISON,
 DISPENSING CHEMIST,
 126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

P. ABERNETHY & SON,
 60 AND 62 TRONGATE.

REMAINING PORTIONS OF
WM. SIMPSON & CO'S TRUST STOCK.

NOW ON VIEW.

Whole stock will now be cleared out at Less than One-Half
 Former Price.

TAKE NOTE,

That in every Department all Remaining Stock of Simpson's
 will be Sold at Prices that will ensure an Immediate Clearance.

NOTE THE ADDRESS—

P. ABERNETHY & SON,
 60 AND 62 TRONGATE.
(Opposite Tron Steeple).

**A DESIDERATUM
 FOR GENTLEMEN.**

THERE are few things more gratifying to a
 Business Man, who in his Special Department has spared
 no effort to secure a widespread measure of Public support, than
 to find that his exertions have been fully appreciated. We
 frankly confess that such has been our experience. The various
 well-considered schemes which it has been our good fortune from
 time to time to announce have met with a very cordial response
 at the hands of a large circle of Patrons, which has incited us to
 redouble our efforts for the future.

What Gentlemen Desiderate is Real Practical Economy in the
 matter of Dress, along with First-rate Quality, Style, and Fit,
 and this we have always made it our careful study to supply.

Our most recent effort in this direction will, we doubt not,
 surprise the Citizens of Glasgow, who know well how to appre-
 ciate Extraordinary Value when they see it. It is no other than
 the supplying of

**FIRST-CLASS WEST OF ENGLAND
 AND
 SCOTCH TWEED TROUSERS**
 at 15s 6d Per Pair.

So rare a boon has never before been offered in the Trade,
 and we are confident it will prove an unparalleled success.

We need hardly remind our Friends that every Garment is
 made on the premises by our own Workmen, without the inter-
 vention of cheap female or slop labour; and it is only the assur-
 ance of a very large demand that has induced us to fix a Price
 never before attempted.

FORSYTH,
 5 AND 7 RENFIELD STREET.

"GLEN GYLE"
OLD HIGHLAND WHISKY.
 A Judicious Combination of the Finest Matured HIGHLAND
 MALT WHISKIES. Unrivalled for Toddy and General
 Family Use.

18S PER GALLON OR 36S PER DOZEN.
 (Jars and Bottles Returned.)

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J. H. DEWAR,
Wholesale Family Wine Stores,

47 ROSE STREET, GARNETHILL (Corner of Buccleuch Street);
 And 190 ST. GEORGE'S ROAD (Opposite West Princes St).

NEW DINING HALL.

*To meet the requirements of an increasing business, a
 NEW DINING HALL, has been Opened at the VICTORIA
 DINING ROOMS, 3 Renfield Street and 62 Gordon Street;
 conjoined with which will be introduced a*

SPECIAL FEATURE—

SNACKS (AT ALL HOURS),6d.

M'CALL & FERGUSON, PROPRIETORS.

ANGLING.—WM. HAIGH, FLYDRESSER,
 FISHING ROD AND TACKLE-MAKER,
 16 HANOVER STREET,
 RODS AND REELS REPAIRED, FLIES TO PATTERN.

ADVERTISEMENTS received for ALL
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M I L L A R & C O .,
FAMILY HATTERS,
QUEEN STREET CORNER, GLASGOW,
ARE SHEWING THEIR NEW SPRING GOODS.
See the Windows.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 25th, 1880.

THE proposal that Glasgow should build a lordly official palace has been advanced another stage in what looks suspiciously like a hurry. What has been resolved on is in great part in the right direction, though it is quite clear that the estimated cost must be considered in a much more deliberate way than the Council have done, and with the aid of the best professional and practical advice. Glasgow has hitherto been somewhat unsuccessful in her efforts to supply herself with suitable Municipal Buildings. The last attempt can only excite the same emotion that passing the door of the smithy produced in Robin Tamson's rather lively son-in-law. The Second City in the Empire cannot afford the luxury of another such failure, and nothing must be left undone to avoid this. An open competition, conducted on fair and reasonable conditions, seems to be unanimously accepted as the most likely mode of securing a design of an elevation which shall be worthy of such an important building; and no doubt some of the best architects in the kingdom will exercise their highest skill in their noble art, in the hope of having their name associated with it. The humbler, but not less important set of designs—viz., those of the interior of the buildings—are deserving of quite as much care and thought as those of their exterior. There is no person in the City so well qualified as Mr CARRICK, the Master of Works, to prepare the plans showing in detail the internal arrangements and accommodation necessary in the new Municipal Buildings; but even plans prepared by Mr CARRICK for such an important object deserved something different from the perfunctory consideration which they have received from the Town Council. How many members understand them? It would be interesting to know the general scheme on which these plans have been prepared. In building a house the intention always is to make it suitable for the proprietor's family, but not infrequently the result is that the family have to suit themselves to the house. In the case of the new Municipal

Buildings is it merely intended to bring together under one roof the several public departments which now occupy separate buildings, or is the accommodation provided on the footing that the whole or sections of some of these departments are to be combined with a view to greater efficiency and economy. A short time ago the LORD PROVOST said that there was more in the scheme for the consolidation of the Trusts than at first sight appears. Has his Lordship seen that there is an intimate connection between that scheme and the internal arrangements of the new Municipal Buildings, and to what extent is this given effect in the plans referred to?

Strong Drink for Babes.

WHETHER or not the infants of Langloan are nourished on strong meat, strong drink seems to enter, as a matter of course, into their dietary. A man belonging to the village in question took his son, aged five, out for a walk the other Sunday, and treated him to ale and whisky at the various hotels. Considerable astonishment prevailed when the poor little "bona fide" presently died. A convivial maxim of the olden time bids us "make our heads" when we are young; but the good folks of Langloan should remember that all heads are not alike, and that some may give way in the process of "making."

Their Opportunity.

BACHELORS ought to be having rather a lively time of it in the North Highlands this Leap Year. In the parish of Glenelg, "no entry has been made in the parish registry for the year now ended;" in the parish of Laggan, "only three marriages have been celebrated during the last two years;" in the parish of Nairn, "a year has now passed since the 'Marriage Notice Act' came into operation, but the board has not once been used." It will not say much for the spirit and enterprise of the Northern spinster if the records of 1880 do not show a very different state of things.

Cell'd Again—Although tobacco is not allowed in Bridewell, the prisoners had a big smoke the other day.

AN EXCEPTION TO A RULE. — Delays are not always dangerous, as evidenced in connection with the latest attempt on the Czar's life.

A "Liberal" Journal—the *New York Herald*.

A Trip-le Alliance—The three-some reel,

Megilp.

THE interest shown by the general public in the Exhibition of the Fine Art Institute continues as strong as ever. Up till Saturday the money taken for admission was something like fifty per cent. over the amount drawn for the like period of last year.

Why doesn't Hugh Cameron paint bigger and stronger pictures? A year or two ago we all regarded him as the coming Scottish painter—as the painter who, in his own way, would ultimately take a place in the art of the country not unlike those occupied by Sir David Wilkie and "Philip of Spain." At present, at all events, he is frittering himself away on small, elegant, pretty canvasses. It may be a harsh thing to say, but it is nevertheless true, that he is weaker this year than he was last year, and that he was weaker last year than he was in the year preceding.

None of the Chantrey Bequest purchases made in May last by the Royal Academy attracted more attention than the "Waning of the Year" of Ernest Parton, although it was pointed out by some critical folk at the time that Mr Parton, who is an American, and was educated in France, was following the modern French school just a little too closely. This tendency has grown upon him in the interval, and now his contributions to the Institute out-corot even Corot himself. Like all imitations, however, the works of Mr Parton are far from good. Take as an example of his style the tree trunk in his "Autumn Morning" (No. 374), which is poor in colour and is absolutely without modelling of any kind. Why, instead of possessing the roundness of a trunk, the stem of the tree is as flat as a deal board.

As a rule the arrangement of the pictures in the Institute is very excellent, but surely "the Hanging Committee" have shown anything but tact in placing Tissot's "Hammock" (No. 225) and "The Interrupted Chapter" (No. 227) of Otto Weber cheek by jowl with one another. The works are almost identical in subject, and one of them fairly kills its neighbour.

"How thankful we ought to be for the energy and foresight that has given us the splendid suite of rooms in Sauchiehall Street! Such was my reflection," says a critical friend, "after a visit the other day to the Royal Scottish Academy. I walked through the small familiar octagons with their narrow, connecting corridors, peeped with a shudder into the octagon mildly styled the 'Dark'un,' and said to myself surely the Heart of Mid Lothian is the stronghold of conservatism. I found the same had hanging as of yore, the same admixture of splendid work with vile daubs by Academicians on the line, and the same pleasant recognition of West of Scotland art by delegating it to the amphitheatre and upper gallery. One characteristic that is very noticeable this year is the poverty of invention and want of thought displayed by the younger generation of Edinburgh artists. To paint the single figure subject—sometimes in white and sometimes in black; here placed in sunlight and there in shadow—seems to be their highest aim.

"From a hurried visit like mine to the 'Show in the Mound' one carries away a recollection of fine masterly work in figure subjects by McTaggart and Lockhart, Wingate in landscape and figure combined, Smart (with a great improvement in his colour) in pure landscape, and the 'Roses' of George Reid. This latter is a marvellous work of genius. Our own David Murray's 'Whack Jarves' shows to much better advantage here than in the Royal Academy."

THE RULE OF THUMB.

Young Gent—Well, my boy, I suppose you have some fifty hens going about?

Boy—Och man, we've near a "hauf a hunn."

Drawing the Line.

WHATEVER may be the faults of our heaven-born Premier, he has seldom been accused of cowardice; yet even his courage has its limits. He has bearded hostile Senates in his day, and challenged his foe to the duello, but he cannot muster sufficient pluck to face a "monstrous regiment" of shrieking sisters headed by a female politician from Edinburgh. They must write to him if they wish him to become acquainted with their hysterical "views." Well, well! The BAILIE can sympathise with his Lordship. Beaconsfield is but mortal, after all.

Snatching a Fearful Joy.

GREENOCK is at present congratulating itself upon hearing "H.M.S. Pinafore" for the first time, but it is open to question whether Greenock would not have had more reason to congratulate herself upon not hearing "H.M.S. Pinafore" at all. That the opera is a charming one we all admit, but when one hears the airs sung, whistled, barrel-organed for, say, the hundred-thousandth time, and when one is treated to that "hardly ever" inanity, in private life, for, say, the millionth, it must be confessed that the thing *does* pall a little. Other delights besides violent ones have at times unpleasant endings, and Greenock is at the best but snatching a fearful joy.

"AND I HIS CLERK: THEREFORE BE WELL ADVIS'D
HOW YOU DO LEAVE ME TO MINE OWN PROTEC-
TION"

As Beaconsfield would not receive
The wreath of Turnerelli,
So Marwick did the Fee Fund leave,
To quash a *casus belli*,
The magnanimity of which
We scarce know how to prize it,
His, who away the wreath could pitch,
Or his, Fee Fund despise it—
Despise, and so get o'er the hitch,
Despise, not "compromise" it.

"THE MORE" THE MERRIER!—Bailie Thomson disapproves of restricting the cost of the new municipal buildings on the ground that "really it is a working-man's question, and the more that is spent on these buildings the more will go into the pockets of the working-men in the shape of wages." This is, no doubt, very true; but is there nothing to be said from the point of view of those out of whose pockets "the more" will come in the shape of rates?

The First Columns of the New Municipal Buildings—The columns of the newspapers.

LONDON SCOTTISH RESORT, 3 WATER LANE, LUDGATE HILL,
The only House for "Red Joints" Scotch Whisky
& Brand, Scotch Ales, &c. Ne Mackay's private

Ferniegair on the War Path.

THE only and original Ferniegair made a "great spoke" at a Conservative gathering last week. He began by promulgating Kidston's patent cure for Parliamentary obstruction. In order to make "the whole thing go to smash at once" all we have to do, it seems, is to sign a petition "to the effect that when any member of the House exhibits such a degree of ultra-opposition as to stop all the business, it should be moved and carried that the said person be not heard any more that session." The simplest thing in the world, you see! Hey, presto! A difficulty that has driven skilled Parliamentary managers to their wits' end is solved in a moment when the intellect of a Kidston—which, like the elephant's proboscis or the steam-hammer, is fitted for the mightiest efforts as well as for the most minute and delicate operations—is flashed upon it. Nor is Ferniegair content with offering mental and moral aid. He will give £50 to set his cure in operation. Noble Ferniegair! The rest of the speech absolutely blazed with coruscations of epigrammatic phrase worthy of the Premier himself or of ex-councillor Steel. Thus, amid the enthusiastic cheers of his audience, he called the Obstructionists "violence personified," and hurled defiance and foul scorn at "the Radico-Republican party" and "600 anti-Bible button-makers of Birmingham." Rising to still greater heights of imagination and eloquence, he termed Sir James Bain a "god-send"—an appellation under which that civic Galahad must have slightly winced—and avowed his intention of frightening Messrs Anderson, Cameron, and Tennant "out of their skins." In an earlier portion of his speech Mr Kidston had expressed his desire that "parties" should "take their proper names." If this "party" from Ferniegair were to "take his proper name," he would call himself a great—well, suppose, for the sake of peace, we say a great orator.

Jones wants to know, you know, if the party in the poem, whose "des(s)ert was small," had "three courses" open to him? (Ask Mr Gladstone.)

FAST AND LOOSE. — The Pope condemns divorce, declares it to be contrary to religion and morality, and a moral depravation. What then about the Hamilton-Monaco case, your Holiness?

Paying for their "Whistle"—The wry-neck'd fifiers under sentence by Bailie MacBean.

An Ambitious Parasite.

PARTICK is not happy. She admits that she already posseses "a Provost, Bailies, and Magistrates of her own," that she has got "a large burgh hall, and a police force, the members of which boast that they can thrash anything," that she owns "a grand new steam-engine for the amusement of the inhabitants," and that she will soon have "a new cemetery, where the inhabitants can meditate among the tombs;" and *still* Partick is not happy. She is tired of the Provost and the police force and the steam-engine, and wants to replace them with a new plaything, while the prospect of meditations *a la* Hervey has no charms for her. And what, think you, will satisfy her? Why, nothing less than a real live member of Parliament of her own! That is the new toy which she has in her covetous eye; and the BAILIE hastens to assure her that she has quite as much chance of getting it as have the majority of the other Little Peddlingtons which are hungering and thirsting after "direct representation." Member for—Partick! My conscience!

"ON THE HOUSE-TOPS."

From place to place no more the Arts
Flit, like migrating swallows;
Among the lot they've Wisdom got,
And each now owns a Pallas.

ANOTHER KICK.—That unfortunate Liberal Association is always coming in for a buffet of some sort. For the latest it has to thank Professor Edward Caird, who is evidently, and not unnaturally, ashamed of his association with the Burt-M'Dougall caucus, since he requests that his name shall not appear in connection with it. The only wonder is that a person of culture and position should ever have given the said caucus an opportunity of trading upon his name.

THE 'MODERN MINISTER.'—The latest novelty in things ecclesiastic is a Sunday evening concert in a church of the Scottish Establishment, with professional singers engaged and no sermon preached. This took place in Dumfries, and ought to keep Dr Begg going for, on a moderate calculation, six months. It will, at all events, carry him over the General Assembly.

"ANOTHER GOOD MAN GONE WRONG!"—At last week's meeting of the Glasgow Liberal Association Mr John Burt actually moved the appointment of a "representative of the spirit trade" as a member of "the executive!" Who would have thought of finding friend John consorting with publicans and sinners?

BEGGAR-AID.

IN prosecuting the raid on beggars, the attention of the authorities is respectfully called to the following parties, all of whom are neither more nor less than public nuisances, viz:—

John Fish, alias Thirsty Jack, who may be found loitering at some respectable bar, hanging on to be "stood" a glass of beer, or other grocery.

Bill Stonehouse, a builder to trade, and with no fixed place of residence, who is continually pestering bankers and others for advances on bills of no value, or begging for longer time to pay some bill he has succeeded in flying.

Charlie Hardie, who is looked upon as a professional beggar owing to his little peculiarity of "Lend me a bob."

J. Greedy Gatherall, described as a "D.D.," who is ever preaching charity, and begging larger contributions from his congregation.

Dick Pryde, who forces himself into all classes of society, and, when there, politely "begs your pardon."

An Invitation.

A CERTAIN "analytical chemist" recently paid a "surprise visit" to the Greenock Gaswork, and offered for a fee of £1000, subsequently reduced to £500, to reveal to the Police Board the secret of a great and unaccountable leakage of gas. The Board wasn't inclined to "trade;" but look here, Mr Analytical Chemist. If you pay a visit, "surprise" or otherwise—which is rhyme—to the Glasgow Town Council, and point out a remedy for the enormous leakage of "gas" there, the BAILIE can guarantee that there will be no haggling over your reward.

"Chief Places of Interest in the City"—The banks.

THE GAIETY.

Proprietor and Director,Mr C. BERNARD.
REALLY GENUINE SUCCESS
Of the Highly-Interesting Scotch Drama,
JEANIE DEANS; Or THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN.
Open at 6-30. Commence at 7-30. Prices, from 6d to 5s.
Box Office Open Daily from 10 till 4.

APTOMMAS.

APTOMMAS, the World-Renowned HARPISST, will give RECITALS at the GRAND HOTEL, Charing Cross, Glasgow, on THURSDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 26th, commencing at 3 o'clock.

Programmes and Tickets at Pentland's Music Warehouse, Charing Cross; and of R. J. & R. Adams, 83 Buchanan Street,

THE GAIETY.

VOLUNTEER OFFICERS' DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

TWO ROSE AND TWO POULTS

26TH, 27TH, and 28TH FEBRUARY.

In Aid of Funds of

WEST OF SCOTLAND RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

Admission Tickets at the various Orderly Rooms and Music-sellers' Shops, or from Lieut. Ferguson, 137 West George Street. Box Office open for Booking, daily from 10 to 4. For Late Trains see Day Bills.

Volunteers Invited to Appear in Uniform.

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE.

To-Night, at 7-30.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN,

Special Engagement of

MR T. H. GLENNEY,

MR JAS. ELMORE,

MISS KATE VARLEY.

New Scenery by Mr SWIFT.

Box Office Open from 11 to 4 o'clock.

Doors Open at 7. To Commence at 7-30.

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SAUCHIEHALL STREET,

Lessee and Manager.....Mr E. L. KNAPP.

LAST NIGHTS OF

Mr and MRS CHIPPENDALE and Miss ROSE LECLERCQ.

A SCRAP OF PAPER,

Preceded by, at 7-30,

MY WIFE'S MOTHER.

Seats can be secured at Muir Wood & Co.'s, from 11 till 4.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

MAIN STREET, SOUTH SIDE, GLASGOW.

Sole Lessee and Manager,.....Mr H. CECIL BERYL.

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EVERY EVENING until further notice, DION BOUCICAULT'S

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Supported by Mesdames Fanny Enson, Eversfield, Maud Howard, Mrs Margaret Eburne, Messrs Frank Kilpack, Felix Pitt, Fred Hall, Harry Proctor, Richard Cowell, Elf. Beresford, Clifford Bown, Arthur Hilton, E. Emery.

New Scenery by Mr Wm. W. Small. Music selected and arranged by Herr Alois Brousil.

Doors open at 7 each Evening. Overture, 7-30.

Saturdays, half-an-hour earlier.

Box Plan at Donaldson's Rooms, 77 St. Vincent Street.

CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.

SATURDAY, 28TH FEBRUARY, 1880.

THE CELEBRATED ALLEGHANIANs,

Vocalists and Hand-Bell Players.

Miss CARRIE HIFERT,

Miss JESSICA TINSON,

Miss OLIVE SINCLAIR,

Mr WALTER FIELD,

Mr J. M. BOULARD.

Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats, 2s; at 58 Renfield Street. Doors open at a Quarter to 7; Concert commences at 7-45.

JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE,
WEST NILE STREET, GLASGOW.

Open Every Evening at 7. Commence, 7-30, and Saturday Afternoons at 2, commence 2-30. Every Evening, till further notice, An Exciting Sketch entitled "THE STEEPLE-CHASE," introducing the stud of LEAPING HORSES, in addition to

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Proprietor,.....Mr CHARLES HENGLER.

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GRAND CONCERT,

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IN THE CITY HALL, ON MONDAY, MARCH 1, 1880,
At Eight p.m.

First Public Performance in Glasgow, in its Complete Original Form, of

MOZART'S TWELFTH MASS,
WITH FULL ORCHESTRAL ACCOMPANIMENTS;
And SELECTIONS.

SOLO VOCALISTS—MR W. PARKINSON AND MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY.

Hon. Conductor, Mr JAMES M'ARDLE.
N.B.—One-Third of the Surplus Proceeds will be devoted to the Irish Distress Fund.

Tickets, 3s, 2, 1s, and 6d,—may be had at the Principal Musicsellers, &c.

BALLOON. BALLOON. BALLOON.

A Pretty Balloon is given to all Children having their Hair Cut at
LEON GENIN,
203 and 205 SAUCHIEHALL STREET,

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Thursday, 11th March.
PUBLIC SALE OF THE CELLAR OF

CHOICE WINES,

(Which belonged to the late D. C. Rait, Esq., Jeweller, Glasgow; by instructions of Robert Blyth, Esq., C.A., Factor for the Trustees.)

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell the above small but very choice Cellar of Wines and Spirits, by Auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, North Court, St. Vincent Place, on Thursday, 11th March, at One o'clock.

Particulars in Catalogues, which may be had Six Days before the Sale.

Samples may be tasted on Day prior to and on Morning of Sale.

Messrs M'CLELLAND, M'KINNON & BLYTH, C.A.,
115 St. Vincent Street.

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO., Auctioneers.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 23rd February, 1880.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, To-day (Tuesday) and To-morrow (Wednesday), 24th and 25th February.

IMPORTANT PUBLIC SALE OF A LARGE CONSIGNMENT OF NOTTINGHAM LACE CURTAINS,

In New and Tasteful Designs, Embracing Floral Insertion, Vandyke Lace, Snowflake, Basket of Flowers, Begonia, Pomegranate, Fruit, Ferns, and Flowers, together with a Large Quantity of

LACE BEDCOVERS, in choice designs;

ALSO,

ANTIMACASSARS, WINDOW VALLANCES, &c.

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell the above, by Auction, in their Rooms, North Court, St. Vincent Place, To-day (Tuesday) and To-morrow (Wednesday), 24th and 25th February, commencing each Day at Twelve prompt.

On View (with Catalogues) Mornings of Sale.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 24th February, 1880.

FORTNIGHTLY ART SALE.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Friday, 27th February.

PUBLIC SALE OF

PAININGS AND WATER-COLOURS, Comprising the Small Private Collection of an Edinburgh Gentleman.

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On View, with Catalogues, Morning of Sale.

IMPORTANT UNRESERVED SALE.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Tuesday, 2nd March.

PUBLIC SALE OF

VALUABLE ITALIAN SCULPTURE.

Consigned direct from Volterra for Positive and Unreserved Sale, ex "Zena," from Leghorn.

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. have received instructions from Signor del Colombo to Sell as above, by Auction, *without the slightest reserve.*

Particulars in future Advertisement.

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3 1/6. 3 7/6 & 4 3/6 per 1/2 Dozen

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DONALD & SELLAR,
90 AND 92 TRONGATE,
THEIR WHOLE STOCK
AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

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The Eighteenth of the ORGAN RECITALS for the present Winter will be given by the CITY ORGANIST (Mr LAMBETH), in the CITY HALL, on SATURDAY FIRST, at Four o'clock prompt.

Doors open at 3-30,
Admission and Programmes of the Music Free.
Chamberlain's Office, 24th Feb., 1880.

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Until further Notice the INDIAN COLLECTION of H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES will be on EXHIBITION as under:—

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HOT LUNCHEONS AT THREEPENCE.

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Hot Minced Collops and Potatoes, 3d.
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In introducing this New Department of our Business, we may explain that though it is the first attempt of the kind in Glasgow, yet it has been carried on with great success by the most celebrated Hosiers and Glovers in the Cheapside and Strand, London, and we feel quite confident that with your kind patronage, and our strict attention, this novelty cannot fail to be a great success.

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JOHN M. SIMPSON, Furniture Warehouse,
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1000 LEAVES,

STRONGLY BOUND, PAGED, AND INDEXED,

Four Shillings and Sixpence, at

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PLEASING IMPROVEMENT IN Coffee Essences,

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SOLE AGENTS
FOR EXPORT



The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 385. Glasgow, Wednesday, March 3rd, 1880. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 385.

WE have got as far as the fourth act of the City Bank tragedy. It seems a whole lifetime since the black October day of 1878, when the collapse of the concern was made known to all the world; and now, as some think, we are in sight of the end of the play. As is usual, even in the very grimmest of stage histories, the element of comedy is not wanting to this sad and mournful tale. The quarrel of the liquidators over their respective fees is such a joke as would have made even *Timon* smile had he known of it while he wandered solitary and in rags along the sea-shore of Attica. Among the people who seem to appreciate the humour of the situation—they can hardly be said to enjoy it—are Messrs WILSON and Russell, the remanent members of the City Bank shareholders' committee. A year and a half ago seven good men and true—seven men of substance and position—were selected by the shareholders to direct, as far as might be, the course of the battered and broken wreck of what had been regarded as a gallant argosy, laden with gold and silver of unknown value. Five of these have succumbed to the necessities of their position, but the two who still remain are as eager as ever in their anxiety to do their best towards bringing all that is left of the craft safely into port. The elder of the two, Mr JOHN WILSON of Hillhead House, is a capital specimen of the best type of City man. He has been altogether the architect of his own fortunes. A "Paisley bodie"—he was born in Ferguslie, that portion of the suburb which renders a species of feudal allegiance to those Cheerybles the brothers Coats—he came to Glasgow an orphan boy of fifteen years, and obtained a situation as clerk in the establish-

ment of Messrs Crichton & Eadie, tube manufacturers, London Street. After passing through all the grades pertaining to the position of clerk, our friend became a traveller for the firm, and ultimately he entered into business on his own account. This move was made something like three-and-twenty years ago, Buchan Street, Gorbals, being the scene of his earliest operations. Widely, moreover, as these have extended in the interval, he continues in Buchan Street still, although, his premises being among those scheduled by the City Improvement Trustees, he is at present busy over the erection of new works at Govan. Besides being a tube maker in Buchan Street, Mr WILSON has long carried on business as an iron broker, and in this capacity he has intimate relations with Australia and Canada. Indeed he has for some time been practically a Canadian as well as a Scottish merchant, a branch of his firm, presided over by one of his sons, having held a prominent position, for several years back, in Montreal. The Man you Know possessed 10 City Bank shares at the time of the collapse. Like sensible folk all the world over he had pursued the policy of distributing his eggs among a number of baskets, and, unfortunately for himself, the City of Glasgow Bank was one of the baskets he employed. The calls he has paid on account of this wretched investment have already amounted to £30,000, a sum that would have broken the heart, even had it left the pocket intact, of any nature less brave, and well balanced, and self reliant than that of our friend. By Mr WILSON, however, the failure of the Bank was deplored more on account of his brother shareholders than his own. He has been heard to say, indeed, that his individual losses never cost him five minutes sleep at nights. Even when the calamity was new, and the pangs it caused must have been sharpest, he succeeded in preserving

his equanimity unchecked. At present no more cheerful, easy mannered gentleman is to be met with at "high noon" on the floor of the Exchange. Mr WILSON has long been held in high esteem by the community of which he is a prominent member. He is a Justice of the Peace and a Commissioner of Supply for Lanarkshire, and whispers have been heard that the dignity of D. L. is one that may yet be in store for him. Certainly, the calm fortitude with which he has fronted the tide of disaster that has swept away so many of his friends, and the skill he has shown in endeavouring to effect his own extrication and that of the other sufferers, calls for some general mark of respect, not only from those he has directly aided, but also from the nation to which he belongs, and upon which his unflinching steadfastness and integrity have shed something of a reflected light.

TWELVE OR A DOZEN?

(Scene—Post-Office, West-end).

Highland Servant—How much are your post-cairds?

Post-Master—Sevenpence per dozen.

H. S.—How much is a dozen?

P.-M.—Sevenpence.

H. S.—Gie me twelve, and ho' much are they?
[Post-master collapses.]

COUNTRY DELICACIES.—The country tradesman is evidently determined not to be outdone in "enterprise" by his town rival. In a village shop near Uddingston a "cartload" of putrid provisions has been found, which, but for their accidental discovery, would doubtless have been dispensed to the inhabitants, with obvious results. A prosecution is on foot which may serve to show that it is not safe to impose putridity upon even the guileless Uddingstonians.

GUID "SPIRITS."—Asinus uttered a hee-haw of delight as he finished, the other day, the perusal of an article in the *Lancet* devoted to "the sustaining and often even curative power of 'good spirits.'" Where, he triumphantly asks, are the teetotallers now?

An Indian ass has committed suicide. Would that some asses nearer home would follow the example! But no; they're too asinine to do so sensible a thing.

March In—With the convict-directors, "march out!"

FERGUSON'S EDINBURGH ROCK is the best present from Edinburgh. 1 Melbourne place, near the Castle.

The Floating Teetotaller.

A PROTEST.

YE thirsty souls wha love to roam,
Or 'doon the water" go,
Think weel before you cross the foam
On board the "Ivanhoe."

"First of a fleet of temperance ships,"
So says oor Alick Allan.
I fear your ships will make few trips,
My decent, sober callan'.

A wee drap "Scotch" is unco guid,
When wi' a frien' ye're nebbin';
The c ink o' a hauf-mutchkin lid
Soonds cheery in the kebbin.

Ye wielders o' the moral broom,
Who deal in precepts fine,
What got ye in the "model room?"
The Press says "cakes an' wine!"

Come quat yer havers an' ha'e sense,
I'm fairly oot o' patience;
I canna bide yer mim pretence
An' drouthy innovations.

Fit up a tidy bar in her,
Let not our spirits sink—
Unlike the "Ancient Mariner,"
We'll have a "drop to drink."

A MEASURE OF CAPACITY.—"Student" receives the following information from the omniscient editor of the *Weekly Mail*:—"Mutchkin" is the name for a Scottish measure of capacity, and is not used in England." "Student" (of divinity or medicine?) doubtless contemplates a migration southward, and is anxious to know whether his favourite measure of capacity will be available in his new abode. But let him not be troubled by the negative reply. Let him regard his mouth as a measure of capacity, and try to fill it. He will soon discover the measure of *his* capacity.

OVERWEIGHTED.—"Wee Colin" has not managed to keep the promise regarding the Gaelic language which he made to the Ayrshire electors. At the Islay meeting in the City Hall on Friday he piteously declared that the task of getting up the tongue of Ossian was too much for him. Why cannot his constituency have mercy, and relieve the poor laddie of this as well as any other pledges which he may find inconvenient?

WHY NOT?—In a second article on legal reform Sheriff Spens remarks, "There is far too much fining goes on in the Burgh and J.P. Courts for brutal assaults." Quite true, Sheriff; but why not be grammatical?

Attic Salt—A Greek Sailor.

Beveridge's Guaranteed Mixed Pickles, Red Cabbage, Mushroom Ketchup, Sauces and Table Condiments, unrivalled for purity and flavour.

On 'Change.

MANY Glasgow citizens will learn with regret of the death of Mr James Hertz, which occurred in London last week. Mr Hertz was well known here from his old association with the firm of Messrs Dalglish, Falconer, & Co. He was an estimable man, whose commercial energy and tact latterly found a congenial outlet in fostering the Cheque Bank, of which he was the founder.

Investors are asked to contribute capital towards the formation of the Pioneer Mining Co., Limited. The prospectus is ingeniously alluring. It insidiously sets forth that only a limited number of shares will be issued at par, and that the remainder will be issued at not less than 25 per cent. premium. One great inducement held out is that the chairman was once chairman of a concern that yielded 100 per cent dividend. The absurdity of this reasoning is manifest. Then a list is given of seven mining concerns yielding fabulous profits, and out of which "immense fortunes" were made. Not a syllable is uttered regarding the hundreds of similar undertakings where the unfortunate shareholders lost every farthing they advanced. It is all very well to talk of the profits made out of "Wheat" shares, but in this case, as in some others that could be named, it would be better to let "wheat" alone.

"Every man has his price," but I never knew the exact price until now. The Glasgow Herald of Friday last threw much light upon this interesting question. It stated that "the total force in the fleet and coast-guard service is £58,800, divided into seamen and boys 45,800, and marines 13,000 of all ranks." The men and boys add up exactly 58,800, so that, according to this authority, the price is £1 per head. I recommend this ingenious calculation to the promoters of public companies. Henceforward, there ought to be no need to present "qualifying shares" to provosts, magistrates, committees, or Members of Parliament. A single sovereign would appear to be all that is wanted.

SCRUTATOR.

A New Departure.

PROFESSOR YOUNG'S youthful friends at Gilmorehill in particular, as well as the Glasgow public in general, will be surprised to learn that that gentleman is developing a vein of modesty. At last week's meeting of the Liberal Association he advocated the disfranchisement of the Universities, remarking that he did not see why he should have a vote "owing to the airy possession of knowledge." If the Professor considers his stock of knowledge so "airy" as not to entitle him to representation he can easily disfranchise himself by abstaining from voting; but why seek to make others, less airily-endowed, responsible for his shortcomings? At the same time, this new departure of the "cocky" Professor is not without its encouraging features, and it is clear that the festive "meds." of Gilmorehill will have to find another appellation for their revered instructor.

The Round of Sovereignty—When Cæsar had the world at his feet, he had rather a biggish foot-ball.

TRICYCLES. West of Scotland Bicycle Co. Show Rooms, 104 Renfield St. (near Sauchiehall St.), Works, 67 E. Howard St., Makers of the "Royal Scottish" and "West of Scotland" Bicycles & Tricycles, Repairs, Fittings, &c.

George in a New Role.

MR GEORGE ANDERSON fairly broke out in a fresh place when he rose in Parliament the other evening to make a pathetic defence of Lord Rosebery, who had been accused of interfering in elections. "If," said George, with, as one may imagine, a tremor in his manly voice, "Lord Rosebery had been attacked in his own house he was very well able to take care of himself, but when attacked in the House of Commons there was no one to defend him"—except the chivalrous George, who thereupon proceeded to a vindication of his noble young friend. The House seemed rather amused, but George is not one to be deterred by idle laughter, and the BAILIE wishes him all success in his new role of champion of a slandered and defenceless aristocracy.

The Bazaar of the Future.

AMONG the rules of a bazaar held in Glasgow last week were "No lotteries allowed," and "All prices strictly moderate." What do these radical innovations portend, and what manner of institution is the bazaar of the future to be? This abolition of raffles and this moderation of prices are doubtless but the beginning of an end when the fortune-teller and the flower-girl shall be banished, when no lady under the age of 40 shall be permitted to act as saleswoman, and when even these mature dames shall be forbidden to accost a stranger without a formal introduction. Ichabod! Ichabod!

MUSICAL KNOWLEDGE.

(Scene — A public park; instrumental band playing).

Friend—Div ye like music, Dougal?

Tougal—Och ay, putt she likes singin' petter.

BAZAAR SYMBOLISM.—At a bazaar held in the Crown Halls last week "a finely shaped and finely-feathered barn-door cock" was on exhibition in the middle of the room. This proud bird was doubtless meant to be symbolical of the human bipeds who entered the bazaar jingling their money and, metaphorically, plucking their "fine feathers." Had another specimen of the genus rooster been exhibited hard by, plucked and dejected, he might have symbolised the said bipeds as they appeared an hour or two later.

A Leading Feature in the Designing of the New Municipal Buildings—A call-in-aid.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—We are having another six nights, beginning this evening, of the ever popular "Pinafore," at the Gaiety Theatre. Just as "good wine needs no bush," so the "Pinafore" needs no words of mine to recommend it to the Glasgow public. The oftener it is played here, the better we seem to like it, and in this we are by no means singular—the opera is out of sight the most brilliant success of recent times.

Next week "La Petite Mademoiselle" will occupy the Gaiety stage, and among the engagements announced by Mr Bernard are those: Carl Rosa, the Kendals, and Miss Ellen Terry.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" is still running at the Prince of Wales Theatre and is drawing packed houses. However, I don't wonder at this, a capital company has been engaged to support the piece; besides, the interest of the drama itself is of a kind that invariably goes down with the public.

Let us hope that before Mr Glenny leaves Glasgow, we will be afforded an opportunity of seeing him in some other part than that he plays in the "negro drama."

"The Streets of London," at the Royal Princess's Theatre, continues to "fetch" the denizens of the streets of Glasgow. While the snow-scene and the burning house naturally evoke the greatest enthusiasm, the piece, as produced at Mr Beryl's house, depends for success by no means on these bits of "sensational" alone. The "setting" throughout is admirable, and the acting, all round, is such as to show that my good wishes for the success of "The Royal Princess's Company" are likely to be fulfilled.

Quite a host of popular favourites make their appearance on the boards of the Royalty to-night and during the week in Bronson Howard's screaming comedy, farce, or burlesque—call it what you will—entitled "Truth." Previous to "Truth," a little comedietta, called "Jilted," the work of that accomplished actor, clever artist, and charming companion, Mr Alfred Maltby, will be played. "Jilted" proved quite a hit at the London Criterion.

On Monday next Mr Knapp proposes to introduce us to Burnand's "Deal Boatman," a clever serio-comic drama, made up, partly out of the "Poor Jack" of Captain Marryatt, and partly out of the "Little Em'ly" scenes in David Copperfield. It was originally placed on the stage at Drury Lane as far back as 1863. In addition to the "Deal Boatman," the evening's programme will include Sullivan and Gilbert's famous "Trial by Jury."

The Royalty orchestra, as conducted by Mr T. Smyth, is really an interesting feature of the entertainment at Mr Knapp's theatre. Last week, especially, its playing was uncommonly good. Among the more noticeable numbers in the programme were a selection from "Lucrezia Borgia," and Dubois' "Gavotte in F."

The playgoers of "auld Killie" are in luck. They are to be favoured with a week's visit of the Chippendale Company, including Miss Rose Leclercq, commencing on 15th inst.

I suppose we have now seen the last of the Volunteer Officers' Dramatic Association. Criticism is always easy, especially slashing criticism, but it would be cruel, now that the Society is a thing of the past, to slash our Volunteer friends. Let us recollect that they have really been of value to various City charities, and that several of their number have displayed a distinct aptitude for the stage. The acting last week at the Gaiety of Mr Buchanan and Mr Mack had nothing amateurish either in its intention or its style.

I think the present programme at Hengler's is the most amusing one Mr William Powell has produced the entire season. What with "Funny Felix," "Eccentric Sloper"—such names mingled; our clever friend Mr Sheriff—who always carries his trunk along with him, and the "London Troupe of Canine Wonders," you are never off the grin from the moment you en-

ter till you come away. These marvels, it must, besides, be remembered, are additional to the usual "feats in the circle" and "scenes in the arena."

"Guy Mannering" has proved such a success on the previous occasions of its production in the City Hall that Mr Airlie will once more give us it on Saturday evening, when the leading roles will be filled by well-known artists. The "incidental music" will include a number of songs, &c., not directly connected with "Guy Mannering."

Local lovers of out-door sports will henceforth miss the kenspeckle face and burly form of John Ferguson, who died on Tuesday, at the early age of 35. In his youth an excellent amateur quoter and sprint runner, Mr Ferguson was for many years a constant attendant at football, cricket, and other athletic displays, where he was always the centre of a knot of enthusiastic and admiring spectators. Intelligent, open-hearted, and overflowing with good nature, our friend was gifted with a memory of rare quickness and tenacity, and had a wonderful "head for figures," for the exercise of which he found ample scope in the audit office of the Caledonian Railway, where his death has caused a serious blank.

Political movements are rife in Glasgow at present. We are all familiar with the troubled condition of the Conservative mind over the candidature of Sir James Bain. What is not so well known, however, is the fact that the various sections of the Liberals are busy preparing any number of mines—not for the Tories, but for one another.

Our friends of the Glasgow Liberal Association have made up their minds that the trio of members who will represent the City in the next Parliament are Messrs Cameron, Tennant, and Middleton. They have thrown Mr Anderson and all his works overboard, and are working, tooth and nail, to compass his defeat. Were the history told of their coquetting with the Electoral Union, towards whose leader, Mr Battersby, they nourish a supreme dislike, the entire constituency would fall a laughing.

The more ambitious among our parasite burghs are anxious to secure M.P.'s all to themselves, as well as provosts and police. Government, "they say," are to be approached on the subject, and it is fondly hoped that Lord Beaconsfield will bestow one member on "West Glasgow," which is to include Maryhill, Partick, and Hillhead, and another on "South Glasgow," otherwise Govanhill, Crosshill, East and West Pollokshields, Kinning Park, and Govan.

Messrs J. & R. Edmiston advertise two highly interesting art sales for this week. To-morrow (Tuesday) and on Wednesday they will sell a large collection of oil-paintings which includes important examples of Landseer and Sidney Cooper; but it is to Thursday's auction that most local interest attaches. This is no less than a "clearing sale" of the contents of Mr George E. Ewing's studio, which takes place in consequence of our old friend's prolonged and successful stay in America. Many of your readers have long been familiar with the studio in Bath Street and its fine show of statuary, and those who have not been so fortunate in the past have now an opportunity, not only of inspecting the collection, but also of securing a specimen from it.

HARD ON THE COMMISSION.—In the House of Commons last week Mr Sandy McDonald gave notice of his intention to move that a certain sum for the expenses of a commission on mining accidents should not be granted till the report of the commission was brought out. Sandy is to be congratulated on his ingenious application of the system of payment by results; but isn't it something like asking the unfortunate commission to make bricks without straw?

Those Ayr Bobbies!

IF the Ayr police-force is not a perfect body, it certainly is not owing to its not being looked after. Last week the BAILIE had occasion to notice the forcible criticism bestowed on the force by a member of the Parochial Board, and now the School Board has its fling. The other day a reverend member of the latter body expressed his opinion that "if the police would turn their attention to where evil was actually going on, and not make a show of doing their duty where their services were not required, it would be better for all concerned." This remark seems to indicate that police-characteristics are everywhere much the same.

NATIONALITY—A FACT—OF COURSE.

(Scene — Cooking-Depot; Dinner time; an Irishman and a Scotchman are discussing their respective nationalities).

Sandy—And you say the Irish are an ancient people.

Pat—Yes, the most ancient people in the world.

Sandy—Ay, an' whar did the first Irishman come frae?

Pat—Where did he come from? Why from Ireland, to be sure! [Collapse of Sandy.]

VARIOUS READINGS. — At a "Conference of Temperance Reformers," held in the Queen's Rooms the other evening Mr Alexander Allan "hoped the day might come when medical men would covet the addition of the letters F.S.T.L. (Fellow of the Scottish Temperance League) to their names." The BAILIE'S Own Medical Student suggests that the letters might rather read, "Fellow who Scouts Temperate Liquors."

"J. B. IS SLY!"—"He is a most sarcastic man, that quiet Mr ——" Cuthbertson. At Dumbar-ton the other evening, three cheers for Mr Gladstone having been proposed and but feebly given, Mr C. "extremely regretted that the name of a gentleman whom he greatly revered as an opponent should be introduced there, for it grieved him to think that the support given should have been so small." Sly Mr C.!

A LIETETIC CURIOSITY.—A contemporary include water among "The Curiosities of Diet." What have the teetotallers to say to that?

Supporting Church and State—"O, I'll jist ha'e a hauf o' the 'Kirk o' Scotlan'."

"Crown Hauls"—Treasure-trove.

"ART'S MEET ABODE."

Stout Father (jocosely) — That's raither a "hit" in purveying that refreshment "buffet" at the new Fine Art Galleries, Maggie.

Accomplished Daughter — Buffet, papa, how can you say buffet? It is pronounced beefy, you know.

Stout Father—Beefy is't? Weel it's very a' propose nae doot, for they supply ye wi' beef an' ham there an' ither eatables. They ca' me "beefy" becuz I'm big an' stoot, but I never thocht to hear a refreshment room described as such! Eddication certainly is makin' lairge advances!

BANE FOR BABES.—Would it not be well if a closer watch were kept upon the "sweetie"-trade in our midst? Another child has just been poisoned by a lollipop which is described as having been "daubed over with green"—which most probably means arsenic—"and blue and other colours." Between watered milk and poisoned sweets our bairns have a hard time of it, which a little more analytic activity might serve to mend.

THE REASON WHY.—A Yankee paper offers to those of its subscribers who pay three years in advance a coffin free of charge at their death. The reason the BAILIE does not do likewise is that, in the first place, he does not find it necessary to offer any adventitious inducements, and, in the second place, folks who read his paper are not likely to need their coffins for an indefinite time to come.

Last week the BAILIE pointed out that a certain city cleric had delivered a sermon on "The foolishness of preaching;" and now he has to record that another member of the cloth has lectured on the "Advantages of being laughed at." If our parsons would only take an example by these two brethren, and talk to us about those subjects they are most familiar with, in how much greater esteem should we hold them than we do at present!

"FAST."—At a walking match in Glasgow last week it was announced that "some of the fastest men in the world were competing." Surely it would have been better to ignore such a dubious distinction.

A Proper Name for a Policeman—M'Nab. Hee-haw!

A "Cordial" Hatred—The Animile's aversion to raspberry vinegar and other teetotal tippie,

Quavers.

FINDING something interesting musically in Rutherglen to write a paragraph about last week, one's attention has since been directed in the same line of art. a few miles further eastwards—in Uddingston, to wit. A concert was given there on Thursday evening by the Parish Church Musical Association, the programme being exclusively sacred in character. Mendelssohn's Thirteenth Psalm was the principal piece and that composer and Handel may be said to have monopolised the evening, there being a chorus and an orchestral piece from the former, and several vocal solos and a chorus from the latter, while Mozart, Himmel, and Sullivan, the remaining sources, had one hearing each. The choir had the assistance of members of the Glasgow Amateur Orchestral Association.

The Psalm, the beautiful mezzo-soprano solo in which was carefully and sympathetically sung by Miss Young of the Glasgow Select Choir, was very fairly executed, and much more was made of the concluding fugue than might have been expected, from the crude and unattractive character of the music—crude and unattractive for Mendelssohn, relatively speaking, one means, of course. The orchestra, however, was perhaps disproportionately large for the number of voices, the choir naturally inclining to a robust style of singing, as a consequence, when thus accompanied. Probably the choir's most successful appearance was in the Gloria from Mozart's Twelfth Mass, which was excellently rendered on the part of both chorus and orchestra. Mr John P. Kinghorn conducted, and with intelligence and promise. Little to the credit of the place, there was not at all the attendance there should have been.

Miss Young's interpretation at this concert of the air, "He was despised," deserves special mention for its artistic feeling and sweetness—also, what is of moment, for its repose and reverence.

The orchestra, too, is not to be forgotten, for it possesses some real ability among its members. The war march of the Priests from "Athalie" (the drums being absent), was well played, as also the accompaniment generally, and one learns with much regret that there hardly exists now any proper form of cohesion in Glasgow to bind so useful a body of instrumental amateurs together.

The "Festival of Sacred Song," to be held by the scholars of the Glasgow Middle District Sabbath School Union, in the City Hall, on Friday evening, is a coming event of the kind of no small importance. Besides the usual selection of hymns from the Union Hymnal, there will be sung a number of well-known anthems for the four voices, such as Elvey's "Arise, shine," Eliza Flower's "Now pray we for our country," and a chorus arranged from Mozart, "Blessing and honour," with one or two others of the same class, which were sung at the Sydenham Crystal Palace Sunday School Festival. There is something very pleasing to the ear in such music with the treble parts by children's voices, and what will increase the pleasure at this time is that all will be accompanied on the organ. Mr M'Nabb will conduct, and Mr Lambeth will accompany.

The "Messiah" is to be performed at Johnstone this week, the solos to be taken by Miss Fulton (soprano) of that district, Miss Young (contralto), Mr Murray (tenor), and Mr Fleming (bass), all members of the Glasgow Select Choir.

The programme of the concert given by the Anderston Parish Church last week, invites the special observation that the Mozart Twelfth seems to be coming into much favour, for while not fewer than four choruses were included in the selection on that occasion, excerpts seem quite common at present from it—not to speak of its complete performance this week by the Catholic Choral Society.

The Glasgow Select Choir announce a concert of humoristic music for Saturday evening, in St. Andrew's Hall. The choir has quite a distinction in the production of humorous music, their indefatigable conductor, Mr Archer, having contributed not a little towards their repertory of this sort. Mr Archer has, in effect, written music for this concert to Hood's famous punning lines, "Faithless Sally Brown," of which one verse is always fresh—

"His death, which happened in his berth,
At forty odd befel;
They went and told the sexton,
And the sexton tolled the bell."

Comical musical illustration is a strong point with Mr Archer, as we have all observed, and he has been very successful in his treatment in this instance. The puns and points are effectively emphasised and brought out, and the music is quaint, tuneful, and varied. "Poor Miss Bailey" (in a similar category), some Scotch humorous part-songs, &c., are to be sung, and one may well anticipate an evening's "genuine amusement," as the phrase is.

"In the Name of the Law!"

AN amusing and highly characteristic episode occurred the other evening in the course of an address by Professor T. R. Fraser, "under the auspices of the Edinburgh Total Abstinence Society." The Professor treated of the valuable properties of alcohol, and was proceeding to show that "it had stood the test of being able to maintain the nutrition of the body while absolutely no ordinary food was being taken," when an elderly gentleman left the hall in disgust, shouting out, "The whole thing should be stopped by law!" Never was neater satire on the teetotal craze. If nature does not suit her operations to our "fads," these operations must be "stopped by law." This is merely carrying out to its logical issue the doctrine of making the nation sober by Act of Parliament.

HIS FAVOURITE CHARACTER.

(Scene—Parlour of the village inn; company seated round the table; Jamie Tosh, the local humourist, has just given his favourite comic song and the "house" is cheering vigorously).

Jamie (bowing, with gleam of happiness in his eye)—Thank ye a', gentlemen, d'ye ken I maist think I should ha' been a thaitre.

Chairman (with a grin)—'Deed, Jamie, had ye been a thaitre ye'd ha' been fu' every nicht!

HOW SWEET THE MOONLIGHT SLEEPS UPON
THIS BANK.

When the moonlight awoke the Bank had broke,
Leaving nought to be seen but moonshine sheen.

NEW LAMPS FOR OLD ONES.—No, his Worship didn't think to find the two very best of Mr Ruskin's "Seven Lamps" lighting up the threshold of the Fine Art Institute; but he certainly did expect to see lamps and lampions, not of the street, streety, but in their æsthetic unquity, worthy of being set before a Pallas.

LONDON SCOTTISH RESORT, 3 Water Lane, Ludgate Hill, London, the only House for "Real Johnny" Scotch Whiskies of all Brands, Scotch Ales, &c. Neil Mackay, Proprietor.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the latest diamond scare is over.

That the scare scared nobody.

That the holders of diamonds *Hannay* anything to fear—hee-haw!

That the heresy hunt in the Free Presbytery was renewed last week.

That the chief dog at the sport was an east country hound.

That he has a keen nose for heresy.

That Councillor Neil is anxious for a strike in the baking trade.

That John is a retired master baker.

That the City Bank liquidators are quarrelling over their plunder.

That last week's "nobbling" exhibition at the Circus in Ingram Street was a painful spectacle to all present.

That the promoter didn't make a fortune by his "happy thoughts."

That the daily papers are sadly lowering themselves by aiding and abetting such shameful affairs.

That the raid on the beggars is being done to death.

That a raid on the thieves would be a pleasing change in the way of variety.

That the bobbies are not very successful in their detection of crime.

That when they are fortunate in making an apprehension, they expect a "puff in the papers."

That the reporters are occasionally more friendly than accurate in giving "Robert's" story in "Robert's" own words.

That "Robert" never fails to appreciate his own merit.

That the shipbuilding returns give evidence of returning trade.

That it is to be hoped this will continue.

That our paper engineers have been down on the Tay Bridge.

That "some folk rush in," &c.

That the more blatant the nonsense talked by theorists the greater the chance of their being talked about by the public.

That the Glasgow Liberal Association has had its annual meeting,

That the latest M.P. retired and the expectant M.P. took his place.

That they both counselled union among Liberals of all shades of opinion.

That "union" means, "Do what the Glasgow Liberal Association tells you."

That this is the story of the "three tailors of Tooley Street" over again.

The Lord Provost "Gifes a Barty."

THE other evening the Lord Provost hospitably entertained to tea fifty Free Church students and Mr David Fortune. In the course of the evening his Lordship, in order, doubtless, to prevent any misunderstanding, plainly intimated that the meeting was a teetotal one, and Mr Fortune's presence was doubtless intended to give political—and vegetarian—importance to the occasion. "Several of the students," we are told, "gave a number of popular chorus songs." So far as the BAILIE has observed, the average student's chorus deals with some such subject as "the good old whisky" or the equally "good Rhine wine," but under the circumstances ditties less bacchanalian in character were probably substituted. It is true that "the singing of 'Auld Langsyne' brought the pleasant gathering to a close." Let us trust that Mr Collins let his guests away in time to realise, in their favourite North Street haunt, the convivial sentiments of that national anthem.

GETTING MORE INFORMATION THAN SHE BARGAINED FOR.

(Country Sunday school; teacher in pursuit of home knowledge, addressing pupil who has gone out to service).

Teacher—How do you like your place?

Pupil—Well enough, mem.

Teacher—Do you like your mistress?

Pupil—Yes, mem.

Teacher—Do you get plenty to eat?

Pupil—A aye get as muckle as I can eat—(aside but still overheard by teacher) mair than your servant gets.

[Teacher proceeds with the lesson].

OUR VIRTUOUS GRANDMAMMA.—"Nothing," remarks Granny with lofty severity, "can be said in favour of the manner in which some sections of the press have occasionally pandered to a depraved appetite for the brutal horrors of a violent death." Virtuous Granny! *She* has never "pandered"—not she!

IN THIS STYLE.—Whatever else, the new Municipal Buildings ought to be at least Carrick-teristic.

Harwarden Castle, Feb. 7, 1880.—"Mr GLADSTONE has tried the Hindoo Pens, and finds them very good."

Beware of the Party offering spurious imitations of these Pens.

Patentees: MACNIVEN & CAMERON, 23 to 33 Blair Street, Edinburgh (Established 1770.)

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

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 GREAT SPRING SHOW OF NOVELTIES EARLY
 IN MARCH.

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CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE
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A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE
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 OLD HIGHLAND WHISKY.
 A Judicious Combination of the Finest Matured HIGHLAND
 MALT WHISKIES. Unrivalled for Toddy and General
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 18S PER GALLON OR 36S PER DOZEN.
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 47 ROSE STREET, GARNETHILL (Corner of Buccleuch Street);
 And 190 ST. GEORGE'S ROAD (Opposite West Princes St).

NEW DINING HALL.

*To meet the requirements of an increasing business, a
 NEW DINING HALL, has been Opened at the VICTORIA
 DINING ROOMS, 3 Renfield Street and 62 Gordon Street;
 conjoined with which will be introduced a*

SPECIAL FEATURE—
 SNACKS (AT ALL HOURS),.....6d.

M'CALL & FERGUSON, PROPRIETORS.

MILLAR & CO.,
 FAMILY HATTERS,
 QUEEN STREET CORNER, GLASGOW,
 ARE SHEWING THEIR NEW SPRING GOODS.
 See the Windows,

A
"DESIDERATUM"
 FOR GENTLEMEN.

THERE are few things more gratifying to a
 Business Man, who in his Special Department has spared
 no effort to secure a widespread measure of Public support, than
 to find that his exertions have been fully appreciated. We
 frankly confess that such has been our experience. The various
 well-considered schemes which it has been our good fortune from
 time to time to announce have met with a very cordial response
 at the hands of a large circle of Patrons, which has incited us to
 redouble our efforts for the future.

What Gentlemen Desiderate is Real Practical Economy in the
 matter of Dress, along with First-rate Quality, Style, and Fit,
 and this we have always made it our careful study to supply.

Our most recent effort in this direction will, we doubt not,
 surprise the Citizens of Glasgow, who know well how to appre-
 ciate Extraordinary Value when they see it. It is no other than
 the supplying of

FIRST-CLASS WEST OF ENGLAND
 AND
SCOTCH TWEED TROUSERS
 at 15s 6d Per Pair.

So rare a boon has never before been offered in the Trade,
 and we are confident it will prove an unparalleled success.

We need hardly remind our Friends that every Garment is
 made on the premises by our own Workmen, without the inter-
 vention of cheap female or slop labour; and it is only the assur-
 ance of a very large demand that has induced us to fix a Price
 never before attempted.

FORSYTH,
 5 AND 7 RENFIELD STREET.

ANGLING.—WM. HAIGH, FLYDRESSER,
 FISHING ROD AND TACKLE-MAKER,
 16 HANOVER STREET,
 RODS AND REELS REPAIRED, FLIES TO PATTERN.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 3rd, 1880.

IT is an old saying that the King's chaff is as
 good as other people's corn, and it would
 now appear that the partial services of certain
 chartered accountants for a twelvemonth are
 worth more than the toil of a less highly privi-
 leged mortal's lifetime. There is a superstition
 abroad that there is some virtue or dignity con-
 tained in the letters C.A., a belief which the
 possessors of the appendage are careful to foster
 in others, and act up to themselves. Not being
 under the wise restraints imposed on their legal
 brethren it is matter of notoriety that account-
 ant's charges, especially in bankruptcies, have
 everywhere been a subject of public complaint.
 The Courts of Law have had frequent occasion
 to adjudicate on their bills, but the Court of

Session has never been called on to decide as to the remuneration to be allowed to accountants in a case of such magnitude, both as regards the estate and the proposed charge, as the City of Glasgow Bank Liquidation. Their Lordships of the First Division have supervised the liquidation and decided the cases arising out of it with such ability and promptitude that they may safely be expected to dispose of Messrs JAMIESON and HALDANE'S note in a way which will command equal commendation. The dispute is one which may well cause astonishment; but no one, unless it be the gentlemen named and their colleague, Mr WM. ANDERSON, can regret that the matter has been suddenly pitchforked into the Court of Session. The parties themselves and their advisers, as well as the remanent members of the Shareholders' Committee, have taken up such decided ground that the fight is sure to be keen and decisive. The three Liquidators were apparently willing to recognise the existence of the Shareholders' Committee so long only as they agreed to what they proposed to pay themselves, and allowed Mr CAMERON to be cut off with £2500. When the solvent members of the Committee demurred, however, the triumvirate questioned their powers and objected to the Committee being reconstituted by the shareholders! In a word, the triumvirate made themselves masters. The breach between them and their colleague and the Shareholders' Committee is now so serious, and as it is understood that matters are ripe for the step being taken, it would seem desirable that the entire liquidation should now be devolved on Mr CAMERON. If the outcome of experience is wisdom it will be some time before four liquidators are appointed on such an indefinite understanding as in the case of the City Bank.

A STUMP SPEAK.

Scene—Street leading from a dispensary; Tonal wi' a handkerchief at her mooth meets a freend.

Freend—Fat's the maiter, Tonal, and far his she peen?

Tonal (painfully)—She peen ava getting her teeth pu'd, putt it wudna traw!

A Chiel's amang ye takin' Notes, an' faith he'll "Print" them—The musical critic in the *Herald*.

Asinus's Design for the Municipal Buildings—"The House of the Seven Gabbles."

Blazeshill Burgh.

(Scene—Monthly meeting of Commissioners).

Provost Blandsmile—The minutes of the committee having been read, it is with great pleasure that I move the Commissioners tender their very best thanks to Bailie M'Stammer for the purchase of a new broom and two gas burners at less than cost price.

Commissioner Tonic—I heartily second the motion.

Bailie M'Stammer—M—M—Mithter Thairman and gentlemen, a—a—am perfectly overwhelmed with your kindneth. A owe a duty t—t—to the public and try to dithcharge it to the v—v—very beth of my ability.

Bailie Solenn—While I don't make any amendment, Mr Chairman, I object to the time of the meeting being frittered away in this manner, while several important matters are allowed to lie aside, such as supplying horses and hose for the fire engine, and removing the mountains of mud in every street.

All—Chair! Chair! Withdraw! Put him out!

Provost—Gentlemen, such remarks are quite unworthy of serious consideration; pray let us go on with the next business—namely, whether the closes should be painted pea-green or dun brown.

THE TWENTY-NINTH OF FEBRUARY.

Each four years round there comes about
In second month an extra day,
The reason being, I do not doubt,
To give the ladies more their way;
Their way when they've a chance to tout
For husbands; when 'tis theirs "the say"
To pop the question out and out—
"Fine" those a(d)dress who say them "Nay."

HALL IN MY EYE.—One learns with some surprise that a "Professional Hall" is one of the latest additions to the institutions of Edinburgh. Most of us have been accustomed to think that "professional hauls" are anything but novelties in the "grey Metropolis."

"FOR EVER!"—"A middle-aged gentleman," advertising in the *Herald* for a wife, declares that he has "a small property in house and land for ever." "For ever," eh? Has the middle-aged gentleman discovered the *elixir vita*, or is he a heretic of an even more double-dyed description than Mr David Macrae?

It Pleases Him, and Does Me no Harm—Baldy sticks at nothing. By the latest bulletin, Nothing is nothing the worse of it,

Megilp.

IT can hardly be said that the promise of the early days of the Exhibition of the Fine Art Institute, with regard, at all events, to the picture sales, has so far been carried out. For the last two weeks the sales have been comparatively few, and a walk round the galleries will show even the veriest tyro that the vast majority of the good pictures have yet to find purchasers. We hear plenty about the manner in which our wealthier classes appreciate Art. They have been educated, we are told, into a knowledge of painting. Fine words, however, butter no parsnips, and meanwhile the evidence of any very wide-spread liking for pictures, on the part of our west-end people, is sadly wanting.

The arrangements for the Bough and Chalmers exhibition in the Fine Art Institute, during the months of August and September next, are proceeding apace. As a matter of course the exhibition will be a loan one, and it is to be hoped that the owners of examples of either artist will exercise a due measure of liberality by placing them freely at the disposal of the committee of the Institute.

Speculations and discussions anent the forthcoming exhibition of the Royal Academy are beginning to be heard in our studios. The sending-in days for the Burlington House show are Monday and Tuesday, the 29th and 30th curt.

The annual meeting of the members of the Art Club was held in the Club Rooms in Bothwell Street on Thursday night, when Mr Joseph Henderson was elected chairman, and Mr J. D. Taylor vice-chairman for next year, while Mr Grimmond was appointed secretary, and Mr Cowan treasurer. The new committee are Messrs A. K. Brown, C. M'Ewen, A. Davidson, William Young, and Andrew Black. Although elected on Thursday, the new office-bearers don't enter into possession till next November.

It is almost necessary, in a column like this, to make some mention of the Fraser article in the *Portfolio* for January. To those, however, who know the constant ill health under which Mr Fraser has suffered for years, any apology for the article must be altogether unnecessary. Besides, the story of Lord Lynedoch has in a measure become public property. It has been told over and over again, and the notice that appears in the "Perthshire in Bygone Days" of the late Mr Drummond, is little more than a summary of portions of the biography of the brilliant soldier, given to the world, some half dozen years ago, by one of his collateral descendants. Under all the circumstances the letter of Mr Hamerton that appears in the *Athenaeum* of Saturday seems somewhat uncalled for. He is too anxious to show that Mr Fraser is "unable to defend himself" and that the "accusation" of plagiarism, preferred against him is "fully established."

Mr Hamerton is understood to be one of the candidates, if not, indeed, the favourite candidate, for the chair of Fine Art which is about to be established in Edinburgh University. As things go he is a man of considerable wealth. A native of Lancashire, where his family are great millowners, he applied himself from boyhood to art. He has proved an utter failure, however, as a painter. Several years ago he placed a number of his works on exhibition in London, and the collection—well the collection was laughed at consumedly. He next turned his attention to etching and established the *Portfolio*, but fortunately for the success of that journal he abandoned the "dry point," after the first dozen numbers, to more capable hands.

Among Mr Hamerton's publications are a book of forgotten rhymes entitled "The Isles of Loch Awe," the well known "Painter's Camp," and a volume of apothegms which bears the somewhat imposing title of "The Intellectual Life," and is not entirely unworthy to occupy a place on the shelf beside the "Proverbial Philosophy" of Mr Martin Tupper. "Wendholm," a Lancashire novel, and a safe, if a somewhat commonplace biography of Turner, complete the tale of Mr Hamerton's strictly English publications. For a number of years, however, he has fixed his abode near Autun, in the French province of the Saone et Loire, and to his stay among our Gallic neighbours we owe "The Unknown River"—an account of a voyage in a paper canoe, a volume containing the lives of one or two

second-rate Frenchmen, and a clever novel, the catastrophe of which is mixed up with an episode of the Franco-German war.

No one will question Mr Hamerton's desire to succeed in the several lines of action he has proposed to himself. As to his success there is likely to be a certain measure of dubiety.

"A PROPHET HAS NO HONOUR," ETC.

(Scene—Buchanan Street; a sign painter from Camlachie, who has been a rejected contributor to the Glasgow Institute, meets a member of the Institute Council)

Sign Painter—Are you Mr Blank?

Mr B.—Yes; that's my name.

Sign Painter—Ye're connected wi' the Institute, are ye no?

Mr B.—I have that honour.

Sign Painter—Do ye ken what ye've din? ye've thro'n oot ma picter! D'ye ca' that encouraging local talent?

Mr B.—Well, really, I'm very sorry, but I am not to blame. I'm not on the selecting Committee.

Sign Painter—Selectin' Committee or no, I'll tell ye what'll be the end o't. Ye'll drive us a' tae London!

Something Like a Candidate.

IT would be interesting to know whether Dr Byrne, the Conservative free-lance who has come forward to contest the Dumfries Burghs, is any relation of Old King Cole, of "glorious," pious (?) and immortal memory. At all events, the Doctor is a bit of a "jolly old soul." He "calls for his pipe," and denounces "income-taxes and taxes on necessaries, including tobacco;" he "calls for his glass," and declares that the "remedy for intemperance" is pure liquor; and the BAILIE feels half inclined to "call for his fiddlers three" to play the "Conquering Hero," for really in these later days less promising candidates have turned up than the jovial Doctor.

"HOUSES" VENTILATED.—The Land Question ought early to engage the attention of the House, especially the question of such "lands" as are now being faggot-built in Midlothian.

"FAMILIAR AS HIS GARTER."—Mattie says that she never knew the use of "Gar'ners' Gartens" till yesterday, when she saw old Cabbagehead affixing up his hoes with them.

NEW SMOKING MIXTURE, put up in
1-lb. ½ lb. and ¼-lb Tins.
5s 10d. 3s 1s 6d.
"PLANTER'S PRIDE." This is a Mixture which, if once tried, will always be used. Forwarded to any address in town on receipt of Post-Card. Sold by
C. J. RATTRAY & Co., 2 Glassford St., Glasgow

Nothing Like a Good Start.

ON Wednesday last the new river steamer "Ivanhoe," which is to be the pioneer to the temperance fleet, was consigned to her watery element with the usual ceremony. After the launch the builders entertained a company to *cake and wine* in the model-room at Meadow-side. Mr David Henderson proposed "Success to the Invanhoe." (Applause.) (*Vide* daily paper, Feb. 25, 1880).

On Wednesday last the new "British Workman Public House" was opened at Fuddleton by the noble band of reformers who are making themselves conspicuous by their endeavours to stem the tide of intemperance. After the usual burst of *watery* oratory the noble band stood trest all round at the "Corner Pub." Mr Richard Swiveller proposed "Shucshesh—to—Brsh—wooman—Publ—oose." (Uproarious applause, &c.)

A KNOCKER DOWN.

(Scene—A Court of Law; trial for manslaughter is going on; Pat in the witness-box).

Counsel for the Prisoner—Did you see the prisoner at the bar knock down the deceased?

Pat—No, yir honour; he was alive when I see him knocked down.

"WUT."—If brilliant wit can be held to qualify a man for a seat in Parliament then should Mr Ainslie be unanimously returned for the St. Andrews Burghs. At a recent meeting that gentleman remarked that "he did not wish to see the game laws abolished altogether, although it was a better thing to abuse preserves than do as the Tories did—preserve abuses." There! What truth! What point! What humour! The reproach of dulness will most assuredly be taken away from the House of Commons when Mr Ainslie is numbered among its members.

A GRAVE OFFER.—The great Talmage lately took occasion, while kindly patting Robert—"not," to use the Doctor's eloquent words, "Lord Burns, or High Chancellor Burns, but Robert"—Burns on the back, to declare that "next to his own beloved country he would choose Scotland for residence and grave." If he wouldn't mind combining the residence and the grave perhaps Scotland might see her way to accommodating the great Doctor when his own beloved country declines to stand him any longer.

Going over the Score—Counting 21.

THE GAIETY.

Proprietor and Director,Mr C. BERNARD.
To-Night and During the Week,
D'OYLY CARTE'S OPERA COMPANY
H. M. S. PINAFORE,
Preceded at 7-30 by a Musical Absurdity,
FOUR BY HONOURS.

Open at 6-30. Commence at 7-30. Prices, from 6d to 5s.
Box Office Open Daily from 10 till 4.

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE.

Continued Success.—Second Week.

To-Night, and Every Evening, at 7-30.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN,
With a

MAGNIFICENT DRAMATIC COMPANY,

With the

ORIGINAL JUBILEE SINGERS,

REAL NEGROES, FREED SLAVES,

AND AMERICAN COMEDIANS.

Box Office Open from 11 to 4 o'clock.

Doors Open at 7. To Commence at 7-30.

ROYALTY THEATRE,

SAUCHIEHALL STREET,

Lessee and Manager.....Mr E. L. KNAPP.

This and Every Evening during the Week,

MR CHAS. WYNDHAM'S CRITERION COMPANY.

At 7-30,

JILTED;

After which,

TRUTH.

Seats can be secured at Muir Wood & Co.'s, from 11 till 4.

HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE,

WEST NILE STREET, GLASGOW.

Open Every Evening at 7, and Saturday Afternoons at 2.

IMMENSE PROGRAMME OF NOVELTIES.—Ellwell's

Great Troupe of Performing Dogs—Funny Felix and

Eccentric Sloper—the Educated Elephant—the Brothers

Conrad—Selbini and Villion—the Steeplechase—and

HENGLER'S GREAT COMPANY.

MONDAY, MARCH 8.—The Great Troupe of Roman Gladiators,

headed by Mons. Berisor.

Prices of Admission, 3s, 2s, 1s, and 6d.

Acting Manager,.....Mr WM. POWELL.

Proprietor,.....Mr CHARLES HENGLER.

MIDDLE DISTRICT SABBATH SCHOOL UNION.

FOURTH ANNUAL FESTIVAL

OF

SACRED SONG.

Hymns and Anthems in Four-Part Harmony.

CITY HALL,

FRIDAY EVENING, 5TH MARCH, 1880.

Doors Open at 7. Commence at 8.

THOMAS H. WATSON, Esq., President of the Union,
in the Chair.

MR H. A. LAMBETH

Will preside at the Organ, and give Selections of Sacred Music.

Conductor, Mr HUGH M'NABB.

Tickets—6d and 1s,—to be had from Swan & Co., Buchanan Street; Religious Institution Rooms, Buchanan Street; Mr Robertson, Stationer, Dennistoun; Mr Niven, Stationer, Eglington Street; Mr Donald, Hosier, Queen Street; and Members of Committee.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.
MAIN STREET, SOUTH SIDE, GLASGOW.
Sole Lessee and Manager,.....Mr H. CECIL BERYL.
ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL PRODUCTION.

Enthusiastic Reception of the Royal Princess's Company.

Many unable to gain admission on Saturday,
EVERY EVENING until further notice, DION BOUCICAULT'S
Great Drama.

THE STREETS OF LONDON.
CHARING CROSS ON A WINTER'S NIGHT,

and
THE HOUSE ON FIRE,

The admiration of all Visitors, and pronounced by the Press
and Public to be the most realistic Scenes ever presented to a
Glasgow Audience.

Doors open at 7 each Evening. Overture, 7-30.
Saturdays, half-an-hour earlier.

Bo Plan at Donaldson's Rooms, 77 St. Vincent Street.

**CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING
CONCERTS.**

SATURDAY, 6TH MARCH, 1880.

In consequence of the great success on 1st November,

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S
GUY MANNERING,
In Scene, Dialogue, and Character.

Characters—

Julia Mannering.....Mrs W. GOURLAY.
Flora.....Miss FANNY WRIGHT.
Henry Bertram,.....Mr W. H. DARLING.
Dandie Dinmont,.....Mr JAMES HOUSTON.
Lucy Bertram,.....Miss JESSIE SIMPSON.
Meg Merrilees,.....Miss M. GOURLAY.
Colonel Mannering and Gabriel,.....Mr T. WALKER.
Dominie Sampson,.....Mr W. GOURLAY.

Also, in order to give as complete and intelligible a rendering
of the Piece as possible, such portions of the text as cannot
be suitably rendered on the concert platform in Scene and
Character, will be read by

MR W. S. VALLANCE.

Mr F. W. BRIDGMAN,.....Pianist.
Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats, 2s; at 58 Ren-
field Street. Doors open at a Quarter to 7; Concert commences
at 7-30.

JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

ACCIDENT AT
STEWART & M'DONALD'S WAREHOUSE.
FALL OF THE ROOF.

GREAT DESTRUCTION OF
CLOCKS, WATCHES, BRONZES, ELECTRO-PLATED
GOODS, JEWELLERY, &c.

JOHN YOUNG,
JEWELLER, &c.,

1 & 3 BUCHANAN STREET, & 136 ARGYLL STREET,
having made an amicable arrangement with Messrs Stewart &
M'Donald for Damages sustained in the above Catastrophe, is
now prepared to dispose of his Whole Stock

AT UNPRECEDENTED REDUCTIONS.

All Damaged Goods now Repaired and made Wearable or fit
for Use, will be Cleared out at One half the Former Price

SPECIALITIES FOR MONDAY'S SALE.

ONLY SOILED—NOT DAMAGED

50 Electro-Plated Cake Baskets, that sold from £1 3s to
£5 10s; now from 22s 6d to £3 15s.

30 Tea Sets, that sold from £2 15s to £13 10s; now from
£1 15s to £9 10s

ALL OTHER GOODS AT THE PROPORTION.
INSPECTION INVITED,

GLASGOW SELECT
CHOIR.

GREAT ANNUAL
HUMOROUS
CONCERT,
St. Andrew's Halls,
SATURDAY FIRST.

Tickets, 2s and 1s, from the Musicsellers.

At Self-Contained Lodging, No. 1 Newton Place, on Friday,
5th March, at Twelve o'clock.

EXTENSIVE PUBLIC SALE OF
HOUSE FURNITURE AND PLENISHING
(That belonged to the late D. C. Rait, Esq., Jeweller, Glas-
gow, and sold by instruction of Robert Blyth, Esq., C.A., 115
Saint Vincent Street, Factor for the Trustees.)

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell the above,
by Auction, at Self-Contained Lodging, No. 1 Newton
Place, on Friday, 5th March, at Twelve prompt.

Catalogues are now ready, and may be had from Messrs
M'Clelland, M'Kinnon & Blyth, Chartered Accountants, 115
Saint Vincent Street; Messrs Keydens, Strang & Girvan,
Writers, 186 West George Street; or from the Auctioneers,
North Court, St. Vincent Place.

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 1st March, 1880.

Sale To-Day (Tuesday) and Wednesday, in the City Sale-
Rooms, 41 West Nile Street.

FINE ARTS.

Large and Valuable Collection of

MODERN OIL PAINTINGS,

Including

"The Benediction,"By W. C. T. Dobson, R.A.
"The Wounded Stag,"By Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.
"Landscape with Cattle,"By T. Sidney Cooper, R.A.

BY AUCTION,

(Instructed by Mr W. Lesser, of London).

J. & R. EDMISTON have much pleasure in
announcing to Connoisseurs and Collectors of Modern
Art this Important Collection will be offered in the Saloons of
the City Sale-Rooms, 41 West Nile Street, on Tuesday and
Wednesday, 2nd and 3rd March, at 12 Noon each Day, includ-
ing choice examples of

H. M'ulloch, R.S.A.

W. F. Witherington, R.A.

J. F. Herring

E. Roberts

J. Hayllar, S.B.A.

J. Clayton Adams

H. S. Glindoni

J. R. Herbert, R.A.

J. B. Smart, R.S.A.

Wm. Hemsley, S.B.A.

Haynes King

J. B. Smith

James Peel

Wm. Luker

J. Danby

G. W. Horlor

S. R. Percy

Duverger

Wm. Oliver

E. Gill

Together with upwards of 200 Fine Specimens of equally well-
known Artists, which have been carefully selected during the
past season from the Artists' Studios, recent Exhibitions, and
other reliable sources, the whole forming a Collection of Modern
Art rarely offered for Public Competition.

The above will be on View To-Day, and on Mornings of Sale,

Catalogues on application.

Sale each day at 12 noon.

All Pictures strictly Guaranteed.

CORPORATION GALLERIES.
PRINCE OF WALES' INDIAN PRESENTS.

Until further Notice the INDIAN COLLECTION of H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES will be on EXHIBITION as under:—

Daily (except Saturdays), from 10 till 4 and 6 till 9.
On Saturdays, 10 a.m. till 9 p.m.
ADMISSION SIXPENCE.

Employers may obtain Parce's of 80 Tickets, Price £1, on Application at Galleries.
The Upper Galleries remain Open Free as usual.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Thursday, 11th March.
PUBLIC SALE OF THE CELLAR OF

CHOICE WINES,

(Which belonged to the late D. C. Rait, Esq., Jeweller, Glasgow; by instructions of Robert Blyth, Esq., C.A., Factor for the Trustees; also the Cellar of another Gentleman.)

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell the above small but very choice Cellars of Wines and Spirits, by Auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, North Court, St. Vincent Place, on Thursday, 11th March, at One o'clock, including choice parcels of Lafitte, Leoville, La Rose, Lebeque, Casdestournal, and St Julien Clarets of 1864, '68 and '69 vintages, in magnums, quarts, pints, and half-pints. The Ports include a bin of the famous 1820 vintage; as also some lots of 1834, 1844, 1847, and other choice vintages supplied by Gibb & Bruce, Dow, R. & J. C. Cockburn, and others. The Sherries, which are rich and delicate, comprise rare old parcels of 1815, 1820, 1826. "Don Reivero," "Fino de Reserve," "Palma," "Amoroso, Amontillado, a very rich golden Sherry, bottled by Thomson, Lauder & Co., and other esteemed varieties. Burgundy vintage 1870, Chamberton 1862, and parcels of Madeira, Moselle, Hock, Sauterne, Chablis, Chartreuse, Old Tom, Rum Shrub, highest quality Champagne, very old Campbeltown and Islay Whiskies, rare old Cognac, imported in bottle, vintage 1869; Qr.-Cask Sherry, Qr.-Cask Old Whisky, etc.; etc.; Fine Lafitte, Leoville, Medoc and St Julien Clarets; Burgundy, vintage 1870; Old and Matured Ports, Fine Dry Sherries, Madeira, Hock, Sauterne, Chablis, Chartreuse, Champagne, Brandy, Old Tom, and Rum Shrub, Qr.-Cask Sherry, Qr.-Cask Old Whisky, etc., etc.

Particulars in Catalogues, which may be had Six Days before the Sale.

Samples may be tasted on Day prior to and Morning of Sale.
Messrs M'CLELLAND, M'KINNON & BLYTH, C.A.,
115 St. Vincent Street.

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO., Auctioneers.
Royal Exchange Sale Rooms, 1st March, 1880.

GLASGOW SCIENCE LECTURES.

GEORGE J. ROMANES, Esq., M.A., F.R.S.,

on
"Mental Evolution."

CITY HALL, THURSDAY, 4th March, 1880,
At 8 p.m.

Tickets—2s, 1s, and 6d,—to be had at Hall Doors, or from
WILLIAM SMITH, Secretary,
114 Bath Street.

IMPORTANT FINE ART SALE.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Friday, 12th March,
PUBLIC SALE OF THE COLLECTION,
HIGH-CLASS PICTURES,

Principally by Modern Scotch and English Artists,
Rare Old LINE ENGRAVINGS, BRONZES, MARBLE
BUST, VERTU, and ART PROPERTY
(Which belonged to the late D. C. Rait, Esq., Jeweller, Glasgow, by instructions of Robert Blyth, Esq., C.A., Factor for the Trustees.)

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell the above by Auction, in their Art Gallery, Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, North Court, St. Vincent Place, on Friday, 12th March, at One o'clock

Mr Rait's cultivated taste is well known. For many years he occupied a prominent place in art circles in Glasgow, and his Collection is therefore one of great interest, and the most important offered for sale in Glasgow this season. Among the principal Works may be mentioned "Glenrosa, Arran," by Horatio M'Culloch, R.S.A.; "Sea Piece," by E. T. Crawford, R.S.A.; "Ben Nevis," by Edmund Glover; "Portincross Castle," and the Adjacent Castle on the Little Cumbrae, two important Works by Joseph Henderson; "Landscape," by Aug. Bonheur, with sheep and figures by Rosa Bonheur; "English Lane Scene," by Vickers, sen.; "Coast Scene, with Shipping and Figures," by William Shayer; Two "Landscapes," by Miss Nasmyth; "Tivoli," by Williams; Cabinet Landscape, by Horatio M'Culloch, R.S.A.; "River Scene, with Cattle," by Patrick Nasmyth; "Dunderawe Castle," by Copley Fielding; "Sea Piece," by Ewbank; "The Pets," by Keyl; "Boors Drinking," by E. Teniers; "The Halt," by P. Wou- verman; "Landscape and Cattle," by Cuyp; "Landscape," by De Huisch; "A Musical Party," by Watteau; "The Card Players," by Metz; "Architectural Subject" (painted on porcelain), by Greham; "Beau and Belle," by Verwilt; "Nell Gwynne," by Sir Peter Lely, &c., &c., &c.

Old Line Engravings, Roman Bronzes, Equestrian Statuette of "Wellington," Bronze Figures and Groups, Marble Clocks with Bronzes, Life-Size Marble Bust of "Wellington" on Pedestal, Stucco Figure and Group on Pedestal, China Vases, and other Art and Decorative Property.

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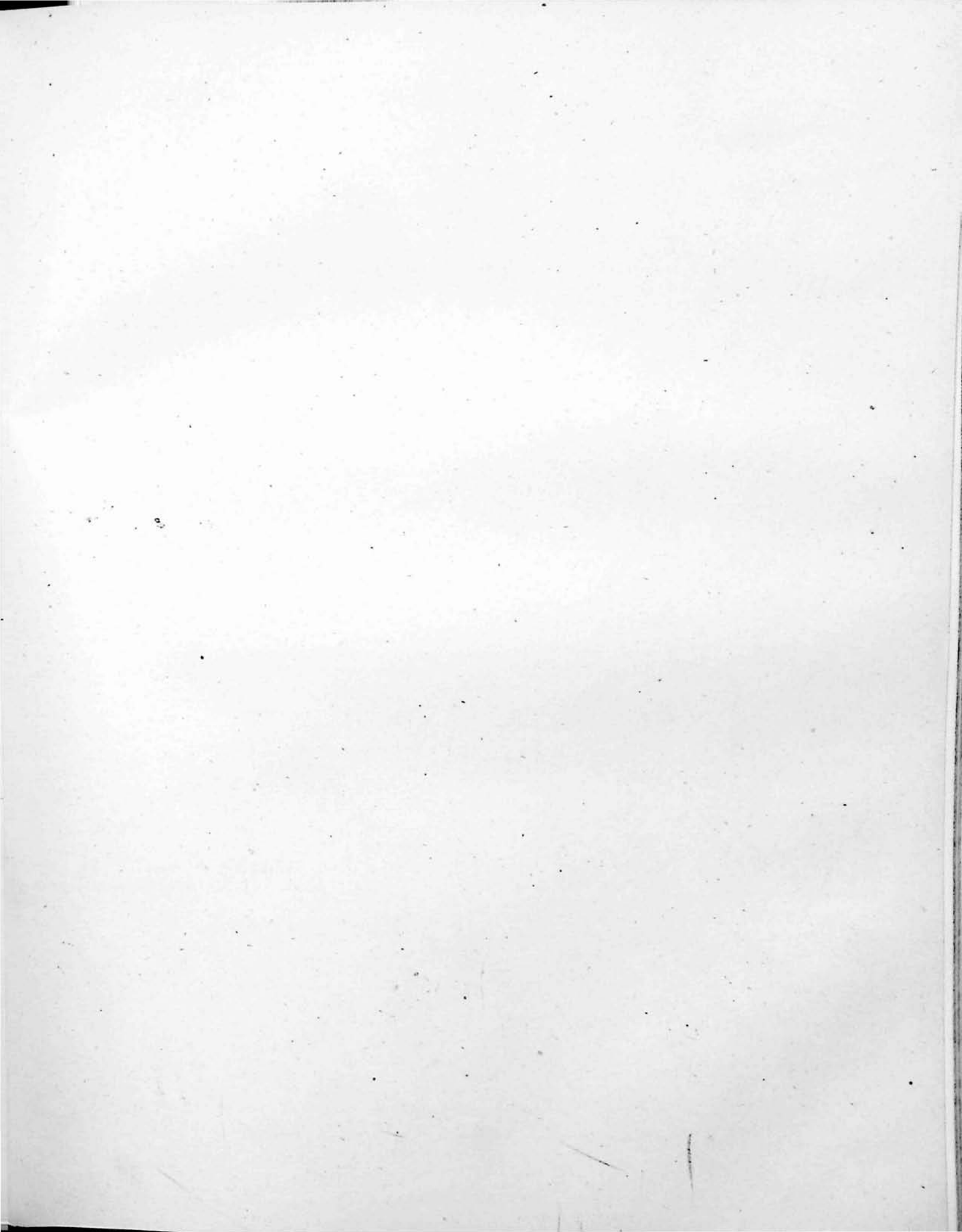
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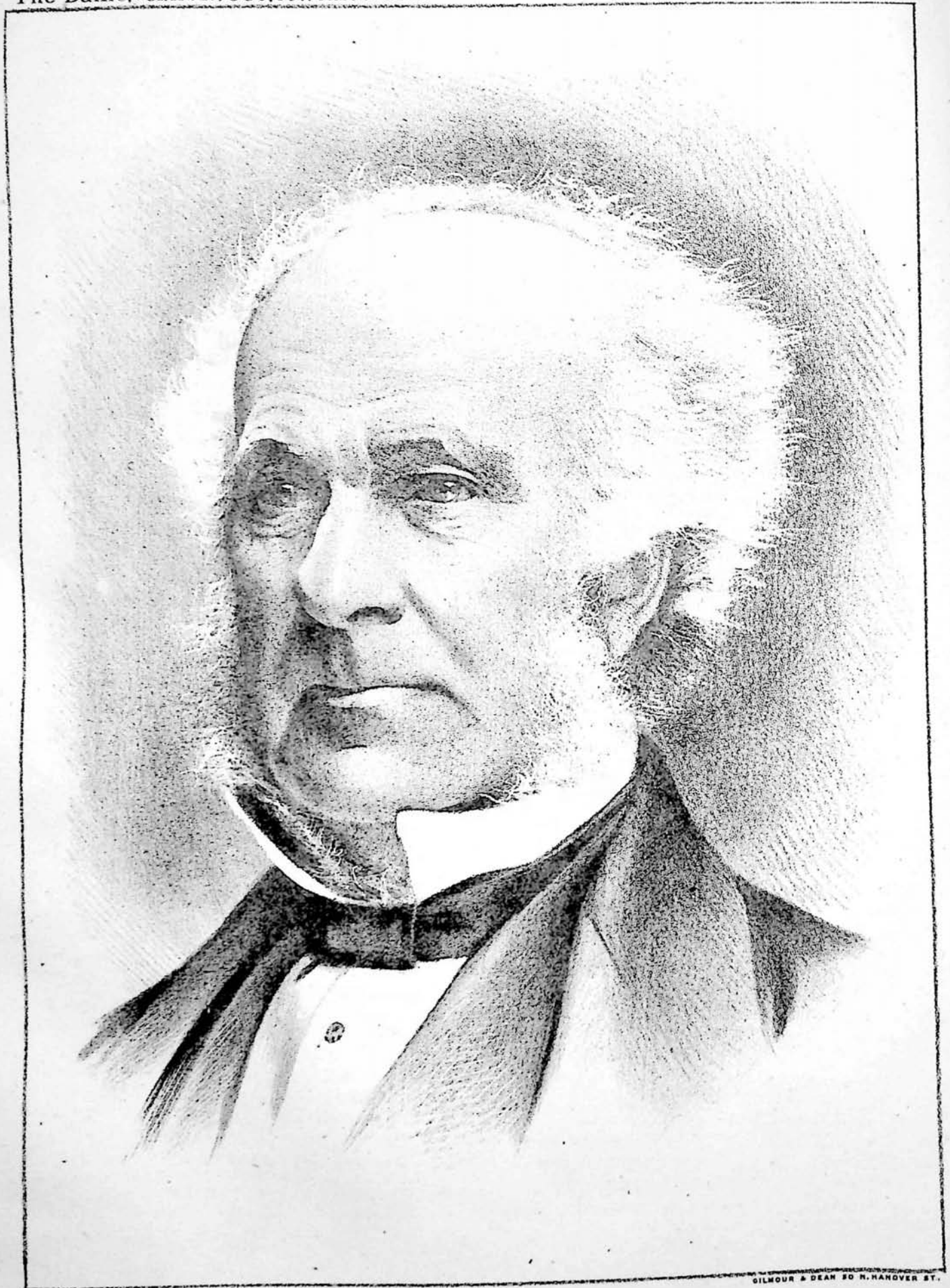
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The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 386. Glasgow, Wednesday, March 10th, 1880. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 386.

ONE of the duties in which the BAILIE takes particular delight is that of making the public familiar with "old Glasgow." He does not mean the city itself—this task he leaves to his friend Mr Macgeorge—but the men who made the city. It is his province to deal with action and character rather than with buildings and streets. Among the more kenspeckle of the civic notabilities of what is rapidly becoming the past generation, Mr JAMES COUPER, the Bailie of Provan, holds a prominent place. Even the BAILIE recognises Mr COUPER as a "grave and reverend senior." Throughout a long and busy life he has taken a marked interest in public affairs. Although still connected, in an honorary way, with the Corporation, Mr COUPER was a Town Councillor, ay, and a magistrate to boot, when men who are now wearing the distinction of grey hairs were no more than fledgling boys at school. In addition to his various municipal offices, Mr COUPER was long a member of the City Parochial Board, and he also served for a term of years as Preceptor of Hutchesons' Hospital. Like so many other of our better-known citizens he was at one time chairman of the Mechanics Institute, and while occupying this post it became his duty to lay the foundation stone of the present building in Bath Street, no mean honour, as it seems to the BAILIE. He has likewise done excellent service as a trustee on Glen's School, on Aitkinson's bequest, and on Anderson's College. For many years a Justice of the Peace, he has spent much time over the labours pertaining to this important, if sometimes rather too lightly regarded position. All his life Mr COUPER has been a keen politician. He was a Reformer in the Pre-Reform Bill days, and he advocated Free Trade

long before the abolition of the Corn Laws. All, and even more than all the measures he supported in his boyhood, have now, however, been passed into law, and like so many of a similar way of thinking he has long since made up his mind, so far as politics are concerned, to adopt the fine old Conservative maxim of "rest and be thankful." Some notion may be gained of the spirit by which our friend was animated in his youth when it is known that he took part in the destruction of Harvey's Dyke, and that some time before the obnoxious structure was finally razed to the ground, he, and his now deceased brother-in-law, Mr Reid, the telegraph engineer, made a midnight raid on the Dyke, and succeeded, by their unaided efforts in effecting a notable gap in the erection. Mr COUPER, it may be interesting for ladies to know, has celebrated not only his gold but his diamond wedding as well. When the last named event took place the Man you Know, together with his venerable and highly-esteemed "better-half," were presented with a gold medal struck specially in their honour by their troops of friends and descendants. Mr COUPER succeeded the late Bailie Harvey in the Bailie-dom of Provan, perhaps the only relic of the feudal times still left to our go-a-head and sleepless city and generation. This Bailie-dom, which was founded so far back as 1449, was for centuries an important civic post. Now, however, the duties connected with it are altogether honorary in their character. The Bailie-dom still affords a capital opportunity for rewarding those of our municipal dignitaries who, although laid aside from the exercise of active work, still take an eager interest in city affairs, and it was in this spirit it was conferred on the Man You Know. Any notice of Mr COUPER would be incomplete without some allusion to the importance he has given to the glass manufacture

in the West of Scotland by the admirable work turned out by the City Flint Glass-works, of which firm he is the head. All his life our friend has set his face steadily against scamped or indifferent work, and the result has been that the Glasgow City Flint Glass-works have taken a high place in the glass industries of the country. Pleasant and chatty, and possessing a large acquaintance with men and an intimate knowledge of our civic life, Mr COUPER, in spite of his four-score years, is an agreeable and interesting companion. He is above all things a Glasgow worthy, and, as such, he fitly takes his place in the picture gallery of the BAILIE.

♦♦♦
A WAG-NE(A)R AT THE WA'.
(Scene—Terrace in West End.)

Two long-haired spectacled enthusiasts in the Music of the Future are enjoying a first reading of Wagner's "Gotterdammerung" arranged for pianoforte—four hands. Street boy passing is arrested by the sound, drops his "Grandfather's Clock," and leans against the railing to listen. At conclusion of movement the youngster roars in at the open window with bitterest sarcasm—"Oho! an' you twa think ye can play the piawna!"—winds up the timepiece of his ancestor, and sets it once more agoing with redoubled energy.

♦♦♦
JEEMS MEDITATETH AMONG YE TOMBS.—
What sombre change has come over the spirit of Oor Jeems's bright dream? At last Thursday's meeting of Town Council he declared that, as a site for a dwelling-house, the immediate vicinity of a cemetery was rather desirable than otherwise, adding gloomily, "They should remember that the graveyard was the place they would all go to at last." My conscience, Jamie, you're surely not "wearin' awa'" like friend Gladstone? Take a dram, man, and cheer up! Don't be thinking of "The House by the Churchyard" or the churchyard itself for a while. Who knows but you may be of some use in your generation yet?

WANTED, MANUFACTURERS. — "Manufacturers of Canton Cloths for Waterproofing. Wanted to buy, quantity of above, 62 in. wide, for cash." A manufacturer 62 inches wide ought to be worth a good deal of cash for exhibiting purposes; but is such traffic as is here suggested altogether legal?

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"Evil Communications."

IT is difficult nowadays for an ordinary mortal to avoid an occasional descent into slang; but we expect better things of one who is not an ordinary mortal, but a Provost—and, which is more, a Provost of Greenock—and, which is still more, a teetotal Provost of Greenock. It was therefore with pain that his Worship observed Provost Campbell the other day characterising a local dominie as "tremendously bumptious." What can be expected of that youthful "Zulu"—the term is the Provost's own—the Sugaropolitan schoolboy, when he has the example of such lingual atrocities set him in high quarters? Of a truth, Provost, if you mind not your p's and your q's you must be "preeches," as Sir Hugh Evans says.

♦♦♦
Mr Russell Cymbal-ic.

THAT distinguished "working-man," Mr William Russell, takes Sir James Bain benevolently under his wing in the columns of the *Herald*, and wishes to be permitted "to premise, in the first place, that the statement of any man or body of men who have not the manliness to put their names and address to their lucubrations is, in the language of the Apostle, as a sounding brass and tinkling cymbal." This "lucubration" on William's part, if not a model of elegant composition, is, it must be admitted, severe, and ought to have the effect of putting to silence for the future all "cymbals" whatsoever. The only "trouble," as a Yankee would say, is that lucubrations have not always the effect which they ought to have.

AN UNKIND CUT.—Granny christens Mr Wilson's "Poets' Corner," in the Mitchell Library, a "Chamber of Horrors." Whence this thushness? Have not the old lady's traditions, from the days of Sammlle downward, been ever poetical? Can it be that Mr Wilson has declined to accept—? But no! His Worship will *not* believe it.

OH, BLISSES AND KISSES!—Sober folks have long considered Professor Blackie somewhat frivolous, but that "Scotch Lassie" outburst of his in the *University Magazine* is *too* much altogether. What has a respectable elderly person like you, Professor, to do with "burning bliss" and "the rapture of her kiss?"—an elderly person, moreover, who is supposed to have quite enough on his hands in the way of Celtic Chairs, Greek literature, Land-laws, and social regeneration in general, without rhapsodising *a la* A. C. Swinburne. Go to, John Stuart, and bridle your prancing Pegasus.

On 'Change.

IRON is uppermost at present. Some people might say that it ought to be at the bottom of the ship rather than at the top, inasmuch as it makes excellent ballast, and indeed it appeared at one time that it was going very low indeed. Everything about it seems low, including the conduct of a certain firm from whom better things might have been expected. If the events of last week have not sobered people nothing will. Only a few weeks ago it was asserted that the American demand would send iron up to fabulous prices. It is now stated that this was all nonsense, the iron must come down. A great firm rushed into the market and violently offered to sell. Weak holders did the same thing in order to save themselves, and so they helped to turn sharp weapons against themselves. Any one who likes to come on 'Change will find plenty of people ready to call Heaven to witness that iron must go down to 50s. This is all nonsense. Iron cannot at present do anything of the kind, and the man who believes these knaves is himself a fool. The best augury for the future is the fact that iron must be wanted by foreign countries for a long time to come, and timid speculators ought to take their warrants out of the market and lock them up.

A lovely illustration of means to an end was furnished last week. The directors of the Caledonian Railway announced a dividend of 3 per cent, and the stock straightway went up. It now stands at 111, with a dismal prospect of a 2 per cent dividend six months hence. The movement is suspicious, and it indicates an oversold account. I should not be at all surprised to find stock in demand during the next two or three settlements. Nothing succeeds like success, it is said, and it is certainly edifying to find a prospective 2 per cent stock standing at 111.

All this must be delightful to the gentlemen who buy North British at 76. They are buying a stock which next half year, in all probability, will yield nothing at all, but of course some sacrifice must be made to secure the honour and glory of connection with a great company.

SCRUTATOR.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

Harry (entering a feather bed establishment)
—Well, Jack, how's trade; I suppose your stuff is nearly all up?

Jack—No, old man, my stuff is nearly all "down."

Harry (seeing the joke)—You naughty boy, "I'll strike you with a feather" (departs, but returns again looking rather "down" in the mouth) I forgot to tell you, Jack, I'm out of a crib.

Jack—No.

Harry—Fact

Jack (sympathisingly)—That's rather a serious business.

Harry—Not at all, my dear boy, fact of the matter is I want one for my little girl, so thought I would just pop in and give you the order.

"BEARING" LANGHAMS.—The BAILIE understands that a serious fall is anticipated in the value of the Langham Hotel Company's shares, in consequence of Mr Alexander M'Donald's latest letter to the *Herald* being dated from the Westminster Palace Hotel.

"The Forbidden Book."—Lord Bute's "Breviary."

A Protest.

THIS sort of thing has gone on long enough. A stop must be put to this artificial diamond manufacturing business, or life will not be worth living. For the last few weeks announcements of methods of making diamonds have formed part of the pabulum of newspaper readers as regularly as the discovery of Nihilistic plots or Dissolution rumours. So long as the inventors confined themselves to the manufacture of microscopic gems of microscopic value the BAILIE held his peace; but now that a Greenock genius threatens to turn out diamonds as large as marbles in the same matter-of-fact way that a Brummagem man does buttons, his Worship opines that forbearance ceases to be a virtue. The results of this impending flood of precious stones are almost too awful to contemplate. The bare idea that our plutocracy, who have hitherto been compelled to confine their diamond-using habits to such unimportant trifles as scarf pins, ear-rings, and necklaces, will now be able—as they have always been willing—to have diamond door-handles, diamond boot heels, and diamond walking-sticks, is enough to make the boldest tremble. For the sake of our common humanity, the BAILIE adjures this Greenock man to pause in his reckless scientific career. Why add to the miseries of this already too miserable world? If he would turn his gigantic intellect to the problem of keeping the Greenock streets reasonably clean, or of making the place more fit for human habitation by lessening the rainfall, he would earn the thanks of mankind; but in the name of Golconda and the Arabian Nights let him leave diamond-making alone!

MY CONSCIENCE!—We have it on no less exalted authority than that of ex-Bailie White, of Partick, that "next to the approval of a man's own conscience" is the approval of the Partick curlers. It is interesting to know this, and in the highly improbable event of the BAILIE'S ever failing to gain the approval of his "conscience" he will throw himself upon the clemency of the curlers of Partick.

"THE NATUR' O' THE BEAST."—Your bank-director, like your policeman, seems very much the same sort of crittur all the world over. Of two Dutch gentlemen of that "persuasion," who have just got into trouble, one is said to have "exercised a great influence over" the other, who is stated to be "of a weak character." Didn't we hear something very like this a year or so ago?

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—“La Petite Mademoiselle,” the Lecoq opera which was produced at the Alhambra in the October of last year, will be played to-night at the Gaiety for the first time in Scotland, or indeed for the first time out of London.

A special company has been organised for the performance of “La Petite Mademoiselle.” It includes Frank Celli—one of the most admirable vocalists of the day, Madame Cave Ashton, and Madame Tonnellier, not to speak of that quaint humourist, Mr C. S. Lester.

They are still playing “Uncle Tom” at the Prince of Wales Theatre, and on Thursday the programme will be increased with the addition of the exciting drama entitled “The Polish Jew.” Surely two such pieces in one evening, as “Uncle Tom’s Cabin” and “The Polish Jew,” should stay the stomach of even the most exacting play-goer.

Next week the houses at the Prince of Wales ought to be good ones. That capital piece called “Lost in London” will be produced on Monday and played during the week with our old friend Alfred Davis—*le cher* Alfred—in the character of *Blinker*, and T. H. Glenny in that of *Job Armroyd*. Another Glasgow favourite—Miss Louisa Gourlay, will appear next week on the Prince of Wales boards, and together with Mr Davis, in a burlesque bearing the suggestive title of “Forty minutes with King Lachrymoso and the Old Fair One.”

Mr Knapp has prepared a sufficiently attractive “bill of the play” for the coming six nights at the Royalty. “The Deal Boatman,” “Trial by Jury,” and “Chiselling,” are just such a series of pieces as should send an audience away in the most pleasant temper in the world. While sufficiently varied in their character, they are yet—one and all of them—amusing, and, in the case of the Gilbert operetta, delightfully absurd beyond measure. That capital comedian, Mr George Thorne, returns to Glasgow to appear in the drama and the farce.

Next week Mr Knapp announces the appearance of Mr Sullivan and his Irish company in “Arrah-na-Pogue.”

Mr Peryl continues to fulfil his manifest destiny by giving the patrons of the Royal Princess’s “strong” melodrama and lots of it. This week he puts up the evergreen “Ticket of Leave Man,” which, for my own part, I would go miles to see as well played as it is sure to be by the Royal Princess’s Company. The principal roles are filled by Miss Fanny Enson (*Mary Edwards*), Mr Frank Kilpack (*Hawkshaw*), and Mr Felix Pitt (*Bob Brierley*).

Miss Annie Allen, a young lady whose earlier stage experiences were gained on the boards of the Gaiety, has made quite a hit at the Princes, in Manchester, where she appeared last week as *Rosalind*. The press of Cottonopolis, while admitting that she has still something to learn, are unanimous in their admiration of her grace, and sprightliness, and intelligence. Among the company by whom Miss Allen is supported are Mr Harry St. Maur and Mr George Blythe.

An old friend, who has not been heard of for months, has turned up in London. This is Mr Edward Major, so long a favourite at the Theatre Royal here. He is at present playing the low comedy part in “Belphegor,” at the Duke’s Theatre, Holborn. Mr Clarence Holt, the manager of the company, is *Belphegor*.

Various signs and portents tell us that the season at Hengler’s is drawing to a close. The last night is, I believe, Wednesday the 24th inst., the Thursday previous being set apart for a complimentary benefit to Mr Wm Powell. The performances on that occasion will be under the patronage of the Duke of Hamilton, Colonel Buchanan of Drumpellier, Colonel Jago and officers of the 74th regiment, Sir James Bain, Sir James Watson, and quite a host of other eminent “Men you Know,” including, of course, your Worship. Mr Powell migrates with the Glas-

gow company to the ancient Chester, in time to catch the Easter holiday-makers.

The programme at the West Nile Street House is of the best. What with the classic Roman Gladiators, headed by Mons. Berisor, of Parisian Hippodrome renown; the troupe of canine, elephantine, and equine wonders; the merry motleys, gymnasts, bicyclists, &c., &c., surely here is something to gratify the most fastidious circus palate.

This stormy month has had a tragic opening, and will be fraught with gloomy reminiscences in many a west country home. For my own part, I have seldom had a sadder task than that of devoting a line or two to the memory of Lieut.-Col. Watson, 1st L.A.V. A simple, genial, true-hearted gentleman, it could not be said of him that he ever neglected a duty or deserted a friend. The manner of his death has been so startling, so terrible, that I, at least, have still a difficulty in realising that I have taken his hand for the last time, and that honest “Willie West Watson” has fallen “with harness on his back.”

You are, I know, a Tory, BAILIE, and *bein’ sich* are likely to be somewhat blind to the little hitches that take place among your own friends. I may just hint to you, therefore, by way of opening your eyes, that the correspondence in the *Herald* between Mr Heron and Mr William Russell, 17 Garden Street, has gone far not only to destroy the chances of Sir James Bain at the coming election, but even to seriously interfere with the prospects of Dr J. A. Campbell, the leading candidate of your party.

The Sugaropolitans went in for a fancy dress ball a week or two ago, in order that some break might be supplied to the monotony of their existence, and, according to all accounts, a very successful and pleasant gathering it was. Not the least remarkable feature of the entertainment was the sight of a veritable Kirk of Scotland parson, attired in his M.A. gown, dancing merrily *vis-a-vis* to Auld Clouty himself—personified on this occasion by a youthful crutch-and-toothpick from St. Mungo—who seemed to think it great fun to have an opportunity of rubbing shoulders for once with one of his natural enemies. The parson is well known to despise Mrs Grundy, but it is just possible that some of his co-presbyters may take an early opportunity of expressing their views upon this new departure of their free-and-easy brother.

One of those little carnivals known as bazaars takes place in the Crown Halls, on the Thursday, Friday, and Saturday of this week. It is held for the purpose of raising funds to “restore” St. Andrew’s Church—a popular church with a popular parson—and is sure to draw out the beauty and fashion, including yourself and Mattie. I would particularly direct the attention of visitors in search of “unprecedented bargains” to the “Fine Art Stall.”

Connoisseurs, gastronomic and artistic, are likely to flock to the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms this week, when Messrs M’Tear & Co. sell the wines and pictures of that well-known judge of both, the late Mr D. C. Rait. The wines are to be put up to auction on Thursday, and the pictures on the two following days.

A local firm advertise that their cloths are “actually unwearable!” “Not to be worn out” is probably what is meant, but the phrase looks odd, to say the least.

“Looking Five Ways for Sunday”—The muddled “Five Sundays in February” correspondents of the *Herald*.

The Clan Chattan.—A party of female gossips

A School for Sheriffs.

THE BAILIE has every respect for our local Sheriffs-Substitute, but that respect would be in no degree lessened if their lordships would pay a little more attention to the niceties of grammar. Last week his Worship was obliged to gently rebuke Sheriff Spens on that score, and now another Sheriff talks of a litigant deciding "what course she would take for (*sic*) to cope with" her opponent. If this sort of thing goes on the School Board will have to consider the propriety of establishing night schools for Sheriffs. Possibly, however, the immense amount of antiquarian and other lore possessed by the Sheriff-Principal is considered to atone for any educational shortcomings on the part of his subordinates.

BOILING IT DOWN.—A Manchester paper tells of a Scotch sub-editor who received the manuscript of an article by the proprietor of his newspaper "and seeing at a glance that it was not the work of any member of the editorial staff, proceeded to diminish its proportions by removing the verbiage. Having by that means brought it within the compass of a few lines he put to it an appropriate heading, and then, for fear it might in that shape be mistaken for the work of one of the reporters, added the significant word (Communicated)." There is an opening for that young man on some of the Glasgow newspapers just now.

WHAT'S BRED IN THE "BONE."—Your Rutherglen Liberal is, as a rule, no milk-and-water politician, but he cannot beat "Mr Wm. Bone, Glasgow," who informed him last week that we at present possess "a wicked and abominable Government, having neither truth, honour, justice, righteousness, nor anything but corruption from first to last." Like other Liberal orators, Mr Bone evidently prepares himself for his oratorical efforts by "boning" a selection of polite Billingsgate.

"CALLING NAMES."—At a meeting last week Mr R. T. Middleton declared that the Premier was "correctly described" as "a clever fellow," "a bold man," and "an unprincipled scoundrel." If Mr Middleton's ambition soars Parliamentward he should endeavour to be a little more Parliamentary and a little less scurrilous.

A RISING BURGH.—The inhabitants of Kilmalcolm are said to be "discontented with their present status," and to yearn after a Police Act, a Provost, and magistrates. Time was when "Out of the world and into Kilmalcolm" was a household word familiar in Renfrewshire mouths, but those days are past. Once possessed of a "hydropathic" and a Provost, there is no saying where the Kilmalcolmian ambition will stop. In due time—who knows?—we may behold the rising burgh adorned with a gaol, a Jeems Martin, an Improvement Trust, and a Liberal Association.

AGE WITHOUT HONOUR.—Is the art of our fathers a failure, and are the "Old Masters" played out? It looks like it, since at a recent sale in Edinburgh works by Rubens and Lely realised prices absolutely microscopic compared with those brought by the paintings of Sam Bough, M'Whirter, and Waller Paton. But it is whispered that there are "Old Masters" and "Old Masters."

Lord Palmerston once remarked in the House of Commons that the best argument in favour of marriage with a deceased wife's sister was that a fellow would have only one mother-in-law. That was neat, but a prisoner brought before Stipendiary Gemmel the other day said just as good a thing. Being asked why he had abused "this woman," he replied "She's my mother-in-law, your honour." 'Twas quite unnecessary to add another word.

"A FLATTERING TALE."—Mr Tennant, M.P., considers the Glasgow Liberal Association "a great political organisation, which will become every year more powerful and less difficult to work," and which "will exercise a beneficial influence on the interests of the Liberal party." Will Mr Tennant, M.P., kindly inform an anxious public where he buys his rose-coloured spectacles?

The ship Loch Lomond left the harbour for Melbourne last week having on board upwards of £55,000 worth of spirits and beer. Some days afterwards she was seen labouring heavily, having lost several sails. No wonder she had the staggers. With such a cargo on board the surprising thing is she was able to keep her nose to the wind at all.

A fellow has got into trouble in the country for passing off "an old ass" for "a young cow." The Ass laughs the affair to scorn. He would like to see anyone take *him* for a calf.

BICYCLES. { West of Scotland Bicycle Co. Show Rooms, 104 Renfield Street, Works, 67 East Howard Street, Makers of the "Royal Scottish" and "West of Scotland" Bicycles & Tricycles, Repairs, Fittings, &c.

Quavers.

IN several respects the performance of Mozart's Twelfth Mass by the Glasgow Choral Association on Monday week was very satisfactory. Chorally, it was almost entitled to be considered a model performance, for except for a tendency to undignified haste, and probably some lack of sonority in the male voices, it would have completely deserved that character. The vocalisation was accurate, and the attacks were almost always unflinching, while the phrasing was intelligent, neat, and pointed. Of course the Mass was sung in the original Latin.

Supported by a better orchestra than was present, interpretation of this work of doubtful authorship would certainly have been more successful even than it was. Mr M'Ardle is an excellent conductor, and is evidently at home in the class of composition. A word or two further about this concert, which stands out somewhat in one's view. Nearly every musical person is familiar with the Gloria of Mozart's 12th, the allegro opening of which in C is meant by this general title. It is the custom to sing this section all through in chorus, but at the words "laudamus, benedicimus," and on through the modulation into A flat till the culmination in G the quartet only should sing, and this was the arrangement at the concert. It is an undoubted gain to the effect of the chorus and was probably the original intention of the composer, whoever, by the way, he may have been.

One does not know what to say about this matter of the authorship on which our friend of the *Glasgow News* discarded so ably when noticing the concert. It is hardly fair, however, to compare the Twelfth with the Requiem Mass as he does, for the Requiem among even Mozart's undisputed Masses is "like a lone star," and "dwells apart." Still, that the Twelfth is meretricious somewhat and unlike Mozart's usual reverential style is what no musician can deny. A correspondence has begun in the *Musical Times* on the subject of the authorship.

The St. George's Choral Union complimentary concert to Mr Moodie takes place, it may be reminded, on the 20th inst. It is to consist of Scotch music, solos, duets, and part-songs, and the chorus will be considerably augmented for the occasion by former members of the Union and by other well-wishers. "The Auld Man" and "Willie Wastle," two of Mr Moodie's hits in the humorous line, will be sung, as well also as some of his arrangements of Scotch songs, with others by Seligmann and Baptye. A choral arrangement has been written of "The Garb of Old Gaul" for this concert, the melody of which has the attraction of novelty, and is one that "choralises" capitally.

The Paisley Philharmonic Society (Mr Hoeck, jun., conductor) is really the chief, perhaps now the only, amateur orchestral body in the West of any moment. Their doings are therefore of some interest. The society has settled on a selection for their next concert, the programme of which will apparently not be so absolutely new as that of last concert, but will be equally good. Among the orchestral excerpts will be the overtures to "Athalie" (Mendelssohn), "The Lily of Killarney" (Benedict), and "L'Italiana in Algieri" (Rossini); one of the three of Haydn's symphonies in the key of B flat, and played at the orchestral concerts here in the Bulwark; also, among the smaller pieces, the beautiful Scherzando from Beethoven's eighth symphony, and the march from Costa's "Eli." A programme truly for execution by an amateur society, of which the "suburb" has reason to be proud.

The "Festival of Sacred Song" by the Middle District Sabbath School Union, on Friday evening last, was quite a success. Evidence was given that in Scotland as well as further south, children can be trained to take their part intelligently in the anthem or motett; and if the line of instruction is continued in with judgment and taste, the benefit artistically to the community generally can hardly be overestimated. The anthems "Praise ye the Lord," "Thou wilt keep him," but especially Elvey's "Arise, shine," were remarkably well executed, and much credit is due to Mr Hugh M'Nabb for his painstaking efforts in training the children to sing so efficiently. Mr Lambeth accompanied with his usual discretion.

Dr Peace has begun a series of organ recitals in St. Andrew's

Hall, and it is to be hoped they will be well attended. Dr Peace's organ performances have the special merit of being free from clap-trap and sensationalism—what the particular instrument to be manipulated has not seldom been permitted to be degraded by.

The production of the "Messiah" at Johnstone last Friday evening was highly creditable to that active, machine-making town. The chorus performed their arduous task very well, and the soloists (whose names were mentioned last week) were quite successful in their equally important parts. There was no orchestra, only the organ, which, however, was in the able hands of Mr Channon Cornwall.

Mozart's No. 12 is to be produced at Larkhall by the Tonic Sol-fa Association there to-night (Tuesday), and with full orchestral accompaniment. Miss Agnes Struthers and Mr James Cossar are to take part in the solos. There is a wonderful run just now upon this melodious work.

Mr W. T. Hoeck, Paisley, gives an organ recital in the Baptist Church there to-night (Tuesday). The programme includes No. 5 (in D) of the six grand sonatas for the organ by Mendelssohn, with the last movement of the sixth in D minor; also an andante by Henry Smart, the famous prelude and fugue on St. Ann's tune by Bach, and a Marche Militaire by Gounod, with some lighter selections from Mozart, Batiste, and Guilman. The skill, knowledge, and taste of Mr Hoeck have attracted attention beyond the town where he resides, equally as an organist and as an orchestral conductor.

The attendance at the concert on Saturday night by the Glasgow Select Choir was not what the reputation of the choir deserves. It is possible that Mr Archer's absence had something to do with this, but the public would do well to bear in mind that Mr Archer has an able deputy in Mr James Allan, who took his place on Saturday evening, and we are bound to remark that there was a degree of repose, natural grace and quiet in the singing of certain of the pieces such as has not hitherto been generally noticeable in their previous appearances; whilst the precision for which the choir are justly celebrated was maintained. For illustration take the triple time andante movement in Steven's glee "From Oberon in Fairy Land," which was sung with a fulness, smoothness, and degree of sostenuto that we only associate with the choir under a former regime,

A BARKER.

(Scene—Argyle Street, cabman has just run over and killed a dog).

Nervous Old Lady (in vehicle)—Pray, cabman, what was that horrid noise I heard just now?

Cabman—Naething, maam, only a shipwreck.

N. O. L.—A shipwreck on the street!

Cabman—Yes, maam, a shipwreck; run over a dog, a bark (barque) lost, ye ken!

DROP IT!—In the report of a recent football match we read that "the Glasgow Academical three-quarter-back foolishly took his drop, and the ball passed under the bar and went dead." Yes, it was foolish, Mr Glasgow Academical. Stimulants are very well in their proper place, but if you cannot wait to "take your drop" till after a match is over, you must expect to "go dead."

"Ovum Mali."—The "Beaumont Egg."

Beveridge's Guaranteed Mixed Pickles, Red Cabbage, Mushroom Ketchup, Sauces and Table Condiments, unrivalled for purity and flavour.

Good for Govan!

THE Govan police have evidently become alive to a sense of their duties and privileges, and determined to play second fiddle no longer to their Glasgow brethren. The couple of feats by which they distinguished themselves last week would have done honour to the "boldest" and "baddest" of Captain M'Call's lambs; but, while congratulating them on their achievements, the BAILIE would venture humbly to suggest that it would have been well to begin with a policy somewhat less "heroic." By gradually accustoming the Govanites to a Melikoffian sway such as we enjoy in Glasgow, the suburban bobby would soon find himself in the proud position which he covets, whereas too bold a start is apt to lead to a check in mid career. Other suburbs may profit by this hint.

A GROUP OF AYRSHIRE LITTERATEURS.

(Scene—Country road, Ayrshire.)

Affable English Tourist—Your native county, Sandy, seems to boast of some literary men.

Sandy (a farm labourer)—Oh aye, we hae nae need to be ashamed o' oor bookmen, for we've Rabbie Burns, Jeems Montgomery, and auld M'Ranter o' the "Byres" doon yont, and —

A. E. T.—M'Ranter! a very euphonious name indeed, and pray, Sandy, what did *he* write?

Sandy—Deed, sir, I clean forget the name o' his bundle o' tracts, bit I think he wis the author o' a family Bible!

What the Greenock Folk are Saying.

THAT municipal affairs are being managed in true imperial style.

That the advantages of electing a Provost out of spite are now painfully apparent.

That the latest addition to the legal staff of the Bill shows that fighting is meant.

That a declared enemy is better than a concealed one.

That quite a hatful of cases were produced in evidence.

That the point as to whether it was tweedle-dum or tweedle-dee was a *tenuer* one.

That there will be a perfect exodus to London when the Bill is called.

That all hands have been promised a trip to keep things sweet.

"THE REMAINDER REMAINS."—Discussing the state of the river banks, the *Herald* informs us that "only the remanent portion" of the weir "now remains." This is a deeply interesting—not to say startling—piece of information, which will, it is to be hoped, be duly appreciated by a grateful public.

LONDON SCOTTISH RESORT, 3 Water Lane, Ludgate Hill, London, the only House for "Real Johnny" Scotch Whiskies of all Brands, Scotch Ales, &c. Neil Mackay, Proprietor.

Nobbery and Snobbery.

IF one were bold enough to undertake the compilation of a New Book of Snobs plenty of material could be collected in this good city of ours. For instance, what could be more snob-bish than the advertisement—signed, by the way, by Sir James Watson—of a concert to be given in St Andrew's Hall, by the pupils of a London college, "including His ROYAL HIGHNESS Prince ALEXANDER of HESSE?" It is difficult to see much difference between this and the announcement by the proprietor of a penny show that he has on view a Zulu Princess or the Crown Prince of the Cannibal Islands.

BOUNDLESS "CONTIGUITY" OF BOSH.—This is how the extension of our Highland railway-system strikes one of the young lions of the Glasgow press:—"It is not strength, but feebleness, which would make a poet seek to live in a Paradise, as he may call it, apart from the living and shaping forces of the world, in some 'boundless contiguity (*sic*) of space!' undesecrated by such vulgar creatures as the rushing 'Steam God' or the 'Electric Ariel.'" Any lady or gentleman is welcome to her or his own opinion as to whether this is "strength" or "feebleness."

A MAID TO BE MADE MUCH OF.—Here's the latest in servant-galism, clipped from the *Herald*:—"Young lady desires situation as maid to a"—why not "to another?"—"lady. No objections to travel. Willing to be useful." What a rush of "other" ladies there ought to be, to secure the services of this highly accommodating demoiselle, who has no objections to travel, and is positively willing to be something more than an ornament to her "situation!"

RIGHT ABOUT MARCH.

March came in like a lion,
Days there wasn't a dry un';
With blowing and pouring, and snowing and roaring,
You couldn't know what had the sky on;
Yet through the crowding of dull heavy clouding
The lamb was awaiting to try on
A wreathed smile of a March-out style,
And keeping the lion his eye on.

SPOONY.—"Strange," reflected Jones, after perusing a paragraph in the *Evening Times* on "The Antiquity of the Spoon," "that most 'spoons' in my experience have been rather youthful than antique!"

The Latest Freak(e) for the alleviation of the Irish Distress—Mrs Freake's forthcoming *tableaux* from the Waverley Novels.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,
THE COLOSSEUM,
70 JAMAICA STREET.

The Leading Hatters and Milliners in Scotland.
GREAT SPRING SHOW OF NOVELTIES EARLY
IN MARCH.

LADIES' 2 BUTTON
FRENCH KID GLOVES,
Only 1s 11d per Pair.
IN ALL THE NEW SHADES.

PROVAN & SMELLIE, 120 Trongate.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

HENRY THOMSON & CO'S
OLD
IRISH WHISKY.

SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—
ROBERT BROWN, 17 HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.

DAVISON'S
CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE
GINGER BEER.

A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE
YEAR ROUND; WARM, GRATEFUL, AND AROMATIC.
As Supplied to the Western, Junior, New, and other Clubs.

THOMAS DAVISON,
DISPENSING CHEMIST,
126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

"GLENGYLE"
OLD HIGHLAND WHISKY.
A Judicious Combination of the Finest Matured HIGHLAND
MALT WHISKIES. Unrivalled for Toddy and General
Family Use.

18S PER GALLON OR 36S PER DOZEN.
(Jars and Bottles Returned.)

SOLE PROPRIETOR—

J. H. DEWAR,
Wholesale Family Wine Stores,

ROSE STREET, GARNETHILL (Corner of Buccleuch Street);
And 190 ST. GEORGE'S ROAD (Opposite West Princes St).

NEW DINING HALL.

*To meet the requirements of an increasing business, a
NEW DINING HALL, has been Opened at the VICTORIA
DINING ROOMS, 3 Renfield Street and 62 Gordon Street;
conjoined with which will be introduced a*

SPECIAL FEATURE—

SNACKS (AT ALL HOURS),6d.

M'CALL & FERGUSON, PROPRIETORS.

M I L L A R & C O.,
FAMILY HATTERS,
QUEEN STREET CORNER, GLASGOW,
ARE SHEWING THEIR NEW SPRING GOODS.
See the Windows.

THE
"ACME" SHIRT.

IN ordinary circumstances we should not
have thought it necessary to refer to this depart-
ment, which is now so well established in public favour,
but in view of the recent advance in Cotton and Linen
Fabrics, the present is an exceptional time. It was
our good fortune to anticipate this advance by laying
in a Stock sufficient to last over several months, and
we have resolved that our Customers shall have the
benefit of our forethought.

It may be permitted us here to remind Gentlemen
that our Shirtmaking Establishment possesses the
most Complete and Experienced Staff in Scotland,
so that the most fastidious may confidently place his
Orders in our hands.

The New FRENCH and OXFORD CLOTH SHIRTINGS
are now to hand for the Season, and for style and
good taste are greatly superior to anything produced
in former years.

FORSYTH,
5 AND 7 RENFIELD STREET.

Repairs have at all times our Special Attention.

ANGLING.—WM. HAIGH, FLYDRESSER,
FISHING ROD AND TACKLE-MAKER,
16 HANOVER STREET,
RODS AND REELS REPAIRED, FLIES TO PATTERN.

ST. ANDREW'S PARISH CHURCH
B A Z A A R.

CROWN HALLS, SAUCHIEHALL STREET,
MARCH 11, 12, AND 13.

THURSDAY, MARCH 11, 12 o'clock,
OPENING ADDRESS—F. W. CLARK, Esq.,
Sheriff of the County.

Mr R. DONALDSON, Jun., will preside during the day at
one of

CLOUGH & WARREN'S CELEBRATED ORGANS.

GREAT OPENING SALE.

P. ABERNETHY & SON,
60 AND 62 TRONGATE.

P. A. & SON having cleared out nearly the entire Trust Stock
of William Simpson & Co. beg to intimate that they will Re-
Open the above large and commodious Premises To-Day with
an entirely New Stock of General Drapery Goods. The satisfac-
tion expressed by all who visited our Sale at the real bargains
they received, forms a guarantee of how we intend carrying on
our Business. Every article is marked at the very lowest cash
price, and will be sold only for cash. P. A. & Son can assure
their numerous Customers that for freshness and cheapness their
Stock cannot be surpassed anywhere.

ST. GEORGE'S CHORAL UNION.

GRAND
SCOTCH CONCERT,

Complimentary to
Mr WM. MOODIE,
On his retiral from
the Conductorship of
the Union.

ST. ANDREW'S
HALL.
S A T U R D A Y,
20th MARCH.

Tickets, 5s, 2s 6d, 1s.
From the Musicsellers

Doors open at Seven.
Concert at Eight.

PART SONGS, &c.

O' a' the Airs
Highland Mary
The Lass o' Patie's Mill
The Land o' the Leal
The Garb of Old Gaul
Specially arranged for this Concert
by Mr Wm. Hume
The Auld Man
The Flowers o' the Forest
Willie Wastle
Flora Macdonald's Lament
Doun the Burn Davie, Love
Thou Bonnie Wood o' Craigie Lee
SONGS, DUETS, &c.
Lochnagar
Afton Water
Tam Glen
O' Willie Brew'd a Peck o' Maut
A Man's a Man for a' that
Cam ye by Athol
Though thou leave me now in sorrow

the Parliamentary Committee to show his hand, which, being interpreted, means explaining why the Council should oppose one scheme and sanction the other. "Immense" is Bailie DUNLOP'S favourite word, and it may be hinted that he displayed "immense" indiscretion in challenging comparison with Councillor JACKSON regarding that invaluable gift. But will it be believed that at the meeting of the Clyde Trust two days previously Bailie DUNLOP was found supporting those who wished to force the Parliamentary Bills Committee of the Trust to show their hand, as he calls it, and that his own convener (Mr WALLS) is reported there to have said that the Trust had been kept much in ignorance, not only at this time but on past occasions, as to what was being done in Parliament? Where was the "immense" confidence here of "Immense" Bailie DUNLOP?

IN MEMORIAM

WILLIAM WEST WATSON.

6TH MARCH, 1880.

WE all have lingered o'er the olden story
Which tells how Sidney let the cup go by,
And added to his fame a triple glory
By showing how a gentle knight could die.
And even so to-day methinks, my brothers,
Our civic soldier played a Sidney's part
When—not a thought for self, but all for others—
He bled, and spoke his simple, manly heart.
No foe was there to face—no warlike rattle—
No hostile cannon menaced from the flood;
Yet who shall say, though 'twas not in the battle,
That Irvine sands drank not a hero's blood?

It has been often cause for astonishment why some men will make speeches; One of these orators, however, let the cat out of the bag the other evening. Speaking at a soiree in the north quarter Mr Walter M'Farlane "remarked that he was in the habit of expressing his opinion when at a meeting, perfectly regardless of whether it was right or wrong." Oh Watty, Watty, what a confession!

A FISHY REQUEST.—The curator of the Paisley Museum, who is at present making a collection of fresh and sea water fishes, "will feel much obliged to any gentleman who can send him any good specimens of fish, and especially if they are of a rare species." The BAILIE has much pleasure in bringing this appeal under the notice of his readers, as many of them must be acquainted with various land-sharks and queer fish of all kinds, who would be much better preserved in Seestu than infesting the streets of Glasgow.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 10th, 1880.

BAILIE DUNLOP is an immense man, very. "He himself hath said it," and there's an end of it. At the last meeting of the Town Council Mr GEORGE JACKSON was the means of getting the question of the interest of the city in the Suburban Railways discussed in an unusually business-like manner. For this public service he was soundly rated by Bailie DUNLOP, who declared that "immense" confidence ought to be placed in the Parliamentary Bills Committee, who had the interests of the entire community at heart. A confiding public allows itself to be lulled into the belief that every member of the Council has "the interest of the entire community at heart," but according to the Bailie it is only the members of the Parliamentary Bills Committee in whom this "immense" confidence should be placed, and not in Mr JACKSON and the other members of the Council. Not only so, but in presuming to discuss the acts of the Parliamentary Bills Committee the Bailie declared that Mr JACKSON and his benighted brethren were just playing into the hands of the enemy, or in other words, they were not promoting the interests of the city but of those who wish evil to befall it. As for poor Councillor JACKSON he was dismissed with the remark that he had displayed an immense amount of indiscretion in raising the question he had done, and compelling the Convener of

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the exhibition of imbecility at last Council Meeting was something melancholy.

That the manner in which Mr Martin was baited in connection with the Marwick case made us blush for the majority round the table.

That for once Bailie Torrens hit the nail on the head by saying that it was the Council who were to be satisfied and no individual member.

That it would be well were Lord Provost Collins to discountenance all such conduct in future.

That the suburban railway is causing a pretty stir.

That the Council don't want the line to interfere with their gas and water pipes.

That the patrons of Hutchesons' Hospital are anxious that as much of their ground should be taken over as possible.

That the owners of villa property would like the line to keep as far back from their houses as possible.

That like Hal o' the Wynd everybody is fechtin' for his ain han'.

That the Glasgow Liberal Association is anxious that the Workmen's Electoral Union should perform the "happy despatch."

That W. W.'s efforts to improve the banks of the Clyde are worthy of all praise.

That it will be some little time yet before the contemplated improvements are effected.

That the Clyde Trustees have gained a substantial victory over Lord Blantyre.

That even members of the Peerage don't always succeed in getting everything their own way in this world.

That Govan is hardly the model burgh its authorities would have us believe.

That the proceedings in the recent perjury case show that the Govan police stick at nothing.

That the Young man at the head of the force deserves a slight "wiggling."

That St. Andrew's Church bazaar takes place this week.

That the popularity of the pastor of St. Andrew's should command a good attendance during the three days while the bazaar remains open.

That St. Andrew's is the city church which really fulfils its vocation.

That some members of the Trades' House are desirous of new buildings.

That Drs Roberton and Kirkwood were consulted regarding the powers of the House in this matter.

That the opinions of these gentlemen were

submitted to a special meeting of the House on Wednesday last and opened the eyes of the advanced advocates of the scheme.

That the go-a-head members are now convinced that the House is not the independent institution that they would like it to be.

That the fourteen incorporations constitute the House and must be consulted.

That Councillor M'Laren's notice anent the Botanic Garden will lead to some result.

That the garden may have a prosperous future in store for it.

THE SHIP'S "RUN."

The "Pinafore" has been afore :—
Behind it ne'er can be ;
Of fav'ring gales that fill its sails,
The rush out's all to see (sea).

A Gregorian Mixture.

THE BAILIE has laughed consumedly over that long-drawn-out correspondence in the *Herald* anent our well-known leap-year fixtures, and the recurrence of a supposed phenomenal February having five Sundays therein. Granny is evidently as much at home in the *rationale* of the Gregorian calendar as in the mysteries of the "Tuscan" tongue, or inscriptions on "Samian ware." It is passing strange that the old lady should have published such vapid curiosities of literature from a set of the most thorough-going ignoramuses and sapient simpletons that have turned up this many a day. Verily the writers did well to veil their identity. They could hardly have survived the exposure of their exhaustive ignorance of a subject which Standard IV. of the "Code" requires our little ten-year-olds to be grounded in. It is quite a revelation for Granny and her wiseacres to learn that the New Style was fixed by statute in these realms 130 years ago, and that the leap-years—not forgetting the many-Sundayed Februarys—were then arranged for right on to the crack of doom! Talk of the perpetual darkness of the Cimmerii after this! Bah!

VITA BREVIS, ARS, &c.—A detective officer was kind enough to take an old schoolfellow to "see life" on a Saturday night in King Street. The "life" he had the pleasure of seeing was "illustrated with cuts," an artist of the name of Edson having at sight given some very striking effects. The detective officer, desirous to show his appreciation of this talent, had the pleasure of introducing Mr Edson to Mr Stipendiary Gemmel.

Megilp.

DAVID MURRAY will probably be represented in the Royal Academy by a picture of "Trawlers," the canvas of which is similar in size to the "Clyde," which is one of the features of the Glasgow Fine Art Institute. The tone of colour is a warm, clear grey, and the work is specially strong in light and shadow. Hitherto Mr Murray has not been noted for his figure drawing, but the "trawlers," which are prominent objects in the picture, have been treated with great vigour, and the artist has succeeded in giving them a distinct individuality, and one which smacks altogether of Tarbert and its fisher folk.

Last year Mr Murray was the only artist living on this side of the Border to whom the honour was accorded of exhibiting in the Grosvenor Gallery. His picture of "A Highland Funeral" really created a sensation in Sir Coutts Lindsay's "palace of art." Should a "Boating Scene on the Thames," which is at present in his studio, find its way to the Bond Street gallery, in May next, his reputation will be still further increased among aesthetic circles in the great metropolis. This picture is marked by all the painstaking which is one of the main characteristics of Mr Murray's work of the present year. And the pains have been crowned with singular success. The canvas absolutely glows with life, and the subject, which is full of traits of present day Society, has been treated in a manner which is quite masterly.

R. C. Crawford is busy over a Langbank picture, which is intended, of course, for the Royal Academy. A balustraded bridge, over which lean a pair of ladies, is the prominent object in the canvas. The picture is full of detailed and careful foreground painting. One of the features of the work is the manner in which a gleam of sunshine, which finds its way through a canopy of leaves, is made to flicker over the rich dresses and pleasant faces of Mr Crawford's ladies.

Perhaps the largest and most important picture yet painted by A. K. Brown, is a Lincolnshire scene, which, although it has not yet left his easel, is all but completed. In the foreground is a quietly flowing river, bordered by reeds and rushes, a stretch of meadow-land occupies the further bank of the stream, while the background is mainly closed in by a splendid group of Lombardy poplars. The atmosphere is heavy with vapour, but a strong sense of light pervades the picture. Broad and effective in its handling, the love for Constable indulged by Mr Brown is particularly noticeable in this fine Lincolnshire scene.

Notwithstanding the flourish of trumpets with which Mr White's "Life" of the late G. Paul Chalmers was introduced in the Scotsman and elsewhere, the book has turned out more or less of a failure. Its merits as a literary performance are of the smallest, while bare justice has hardly been done to the abilities of the dead painter. Indeed, the etching of "The Legend," which is being executed by Rajon for the Society for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland, is a much better tribute to the memory of Chalmers than this ambitious and disappointing volume.

The death of poor old Charles Lees, the Royal Scottish Academician, was due in a great measure to the City Bank failure. He was trustee on an estate which included, among its other assets, a number of City Bank shares, and the calls he had to pay swallowed up the greater portion of his carefully-husbanded fortune. A blow like this would have been hard on even the youngest and bravest of us, but on Lees it told with crushing effect, and he gradually sank under it. Happily his family, all of whom have reached middle life, are in comfortable circumstances.

Rumour is already busy over the Associate who will be selected to fill the place left vacant in the ranks of the Academicians by Lees, and hopes are entertained by his friends that Mr W. F. Vallance may be the fortunate man.

Almost simultaneously with the publication of Mr MacGeorge's "Old Glasgow," there has been issued by Messrs MacLure an exquisite etching from the needle of Mr Kent Thomas of "Glasgow in the 18th century." The view is taken from a little to the west of the south end of the Gorbals Bridge, and shows with the distinctness that argues for fidelity the principal architectural features of the north side of the river. The original is a curious old water-colour drawing; and Mr Muir, the proprietor, deserves

well of those interested in old Glasgow for now giving to mankind what was perhaps originally meant only for a party.

Wanted, a Few!

THE Rev. Robert Howie, of Bruce Road, Pollokshields, wishes to "flit" to Bellahouston or Ibrox. Instead of advertising in the usual way, the Rev. Robert issues a circular after the "hue and cry" style, beginning with the word "Wanted" printed in large capitals, and in many other ways a rather remarkable document. The BAILIE is quite aware that the rev. gentleman is a great man, but he still thought it possible that Robert might condescend to such a worldly duty as looking up his dictionary to see how another kind of "duty" is spelt, and take care that he was correct in writing "feu duty." Perhaps "view" was in the eye of the Sunday car agitator when he wrote, as the circular goes on to inform the inhabitants of Bellahouston and Ibrox, who have been perfectly deluged with the fly-sheet, that a suitable site (why not "sight," eh, Robert?) will be regarded as of "more importance than the size of the building." The BAILIE was quite aware that his friend was a big man in every sense of the word, but a *building* all for himself, and in exchange for a "house in the Shields." Ma conscience!

THE POETRY OF CRIME.—That reporter continueth to delight the Magisterial heart. His latest feat is to describe a pickpocket as "a young man of 20 summers." How poetical! How touching! How suggestive! One beholds, in the mind's eye, this gay, but felonious, butterfly fluttering from flower to flower—or rather from pocket to pocket—through a bright summer season till he finds the winter of his discontent in a police-cell. The Ass was moved to tears on reading the paragraph, and was with difficulty restrained from making it the text of a "pome."

PATERNAL GOVERNMENT.—The Greenock Police Board have resolved not to allow any premises they may acquire to be used "for the sale of intoxicating liquors." Paternal Police Board! Why don't they prohibit druggists', cutlers', and gunsmiths' shops on the ground that they are establishments for the sale of murderous and suicidal agents?

NEW SMOKING MIXTURE, put up in
 1-lb. $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. and $\frac{1}{4}$ -lb Tins.
 5s 10d. 3s 1s 6d.
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Box Office Open Daily from 10 till 4.

General Manager,.....Mr SAM. H. S. AUSTIN.

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Great Success and Last Week of
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REAL NEGROES, JUBILEE SINGERS, FREED SLAVES,
MR T. H. GLENNEY, AND A
MAGNIFICENT DRAMATIC COMPANY.

MONDAY NEXT.—The Celebrated Comedian,
MR ALFRED DAVIS,
In a Grand Revival of
LOST IN LONDON.

Doors Open at 7. To Commence at 7-30.

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Lessee and Manager.....Mr E. L. KNAPP.
MONDAY, MARCH 8, and following Evenings, at 7-30,
THE DEAL BOATMAN;

After which,
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Concluding with
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Seats can be secured at Muir Wood & Co.'s, from 11 till 4.

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inform my numerous Friends and Customers that Business will
be RESUMED as usual on MONDAY, 8th MARCH, when
their continued Patronage will be esteemed.

MRS MCALL.

THOMAS MOORE,

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SATURDAY, 13TH MARCH, 1880.

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Doors Open at 7. Concert at 8. Carriages at 10-15.

Tickets at J. Muir Wood & Co., 42 Buchanan St.

Reserved Seats, Front Area, and Front Galleries, 5s; Gal-
leries, 3s; Second Area, 2s; Back Area and Back Gallery, 1s.

FINE ARTS.

KAY & REID beg to intimate that their

Representative has now returned from a visit to the
principal London and Continental Studios, and that they will
Shortly Open their Second Exhibition of the works of Modern
Artists, which they venture to hope will surpass any Private
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ALL OTHER GOODS AT THE PROPORTION,
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MESSRS J. & R. EDMISTON beg to announce to Connoisseurs and Collectors of Modern Art, that in consequence of delay in transit of a portion of the important collection of High-Class Modern Oil Paintings (which have now just arrived) Mr W. Lesser has given them positive instructions to hold a Final Clearance Sale of the whole in the Saloon as above, on Wednesday and Thursday, March 10th and 11th, 1880. This collection includes choice and desirable examples of many of the greatest Artists of the Modern British and Continental Schools.

Sale at 12 noon each day.

N.B.—The Auctioneers have great pleasure in calling special attention to this Sale as rather than incur the great risk and expense of re-packing nearly the whole will be offered *without reserve.*

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Principally by Modern Scotch and English Artists, Rare Old LINE ENGRAVINGS, BRONZES, MARBLE BUST, VERTU, and ART PROPERTY (Which belonged to the late D. C. Rait, Esq., Jeweller, Glasgow, by instructions of Robert Blyth, Esq., C.A., Factor for the Trustees.)

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell the above by Auction, in their Art Gallery, Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, North Court, St. Vincent Place, on Friday, 12th March, at One o'clock, and on Saturday, 13th March, at Twelve.

Mr Rait's cultivated taste is well known. For many years he occupied a prominent place in art circles in Glasgow, and his Collection is therefore one of great interest, and the most important offered for sale in Glasgow this season. Among the principal Works may be mentioned "Glenrosa, Arran," by Horatio M'Culloch, R.S.A.; "Sea Piece," by E. T. Crawford, R.S.A.; "Ben Nevis," by Edmund Glover; "Portincross Castle," and the Adjacent Castle on the Little Cumbrae, two important Works by Joseph Henderson; "Landscape," by Aug. Bonheur, with sheep and figures by Rosa Bonheur; "English Lane Scene," by Vickers, sen.; "Coast Scene, with Shipping and Figures," by William Shayer; Two "Landscapes," by Miss Nasmyth; "Tivoli," by Williams; Cabinet Landscape, by Horatio M'Culloch, R.S.A.; "River Scene, with Cattle," by Patrick Nasmyth; "Dunderawe Castle," by Copley Fielding; "Sea Piece," by Ewbank; "The Pets," by Keyl; "Boors Drinking," by E. Teniers; "The Halt," by P. Wou- verman; "Landscape and Cattle," by Cuypp; "Landscape," by De Huisch; "A Musical Party," by Watteau; "The Card Players," by Metz; "Architectural Subject" (painted on porcelain), by Greham; "Beau and Belle," by Verwilt; "Nell Gwynne," by Sir Peter Lely, &c., &c.

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Particulars in Catalogues, which may now be had; or will be forwarded on application to Messrs M'Clelland, M'Kinnon, & Blyth, C.A., 115 St. Vincent Street; Messrs Keydens, Strang, & Girvan, Writers, 186 West George St.; or to the Auctioneers.

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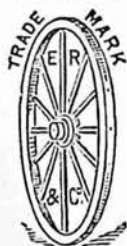
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yet it has been carried on with great success by the most cele-
brated Hosiers and Glovers in the Cheapside and Strand, Lon-
don, and we feel quite confident that with your kind patronage,
and our strict attention, this novelty cannot fail to be a great
success.

21 AND 23 RENFIELD STREET, GLASGOW.

JOHN M. SIMPSON, Furniture Warehouse,
and Show-rooms, 60 GREAT CLYDE STREET (Corner of
Maxwell Street), Glasgow. One of the largest Stocks in the
City. New Illustrated House Furnishing Guide to be had Free
on application. The Cheapest Establishment in the City for
Really Good Substantial Furniture of Artistic Design and
Superior Finish. Quality Guaranteed.

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Four Shillings and Sixpence, at

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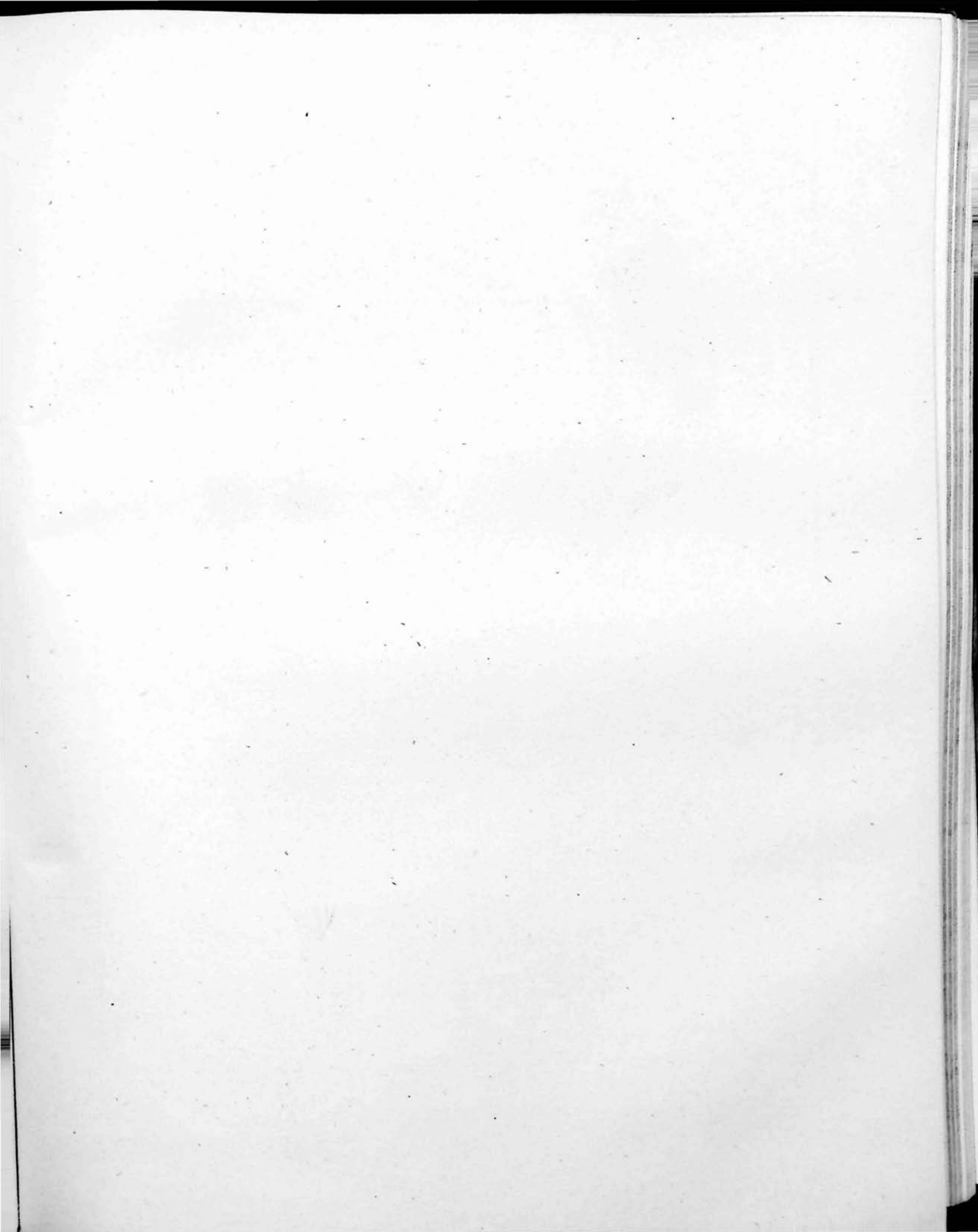
THE GLADSTONE TWEEDS.

On Monday 24th November, a deputation from the Working-Men of Langholm presented Mr Gladstone with a quantity of Tweed Cloth manufactured in that Town.

The Right Hon. Gentleman, in reply, said, "I accept with pleasure the gift of the Working-Men; I shall wear it with a sense that a great honour has been conferred upon me."

The Trongate Clothing Company, 54 Trongate, are now showing Tweeds of the same manufacture for their Celebrated 13s Trousers and 50s Suits.

54 TRONGATE.





The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 387. Glasgow, Wednesday, March 17th, 1880. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 387.

THE ideal candidate has been found at last. As a rule, the aspirant after parliamentary honours is a man who contrives to "set up the back" of some portion of the community. He either has crotchets himself, or he runs directly in the teeth of the crotchets of certain of his neighbours. Like *Hamlet*, he is mad north north-west; when the wind is southerly he knows a hawk from a hand-saw. It invariably turns out, however, that a portion at least of those whom he addresses prefer to take their madness in another point of the compass, and to see only the hand-saw where the candidate for their suffrages would manifest his superior wisdom by desecrating the hawk. Happily in the present instance there is nothing of this. We in Glasgow have been favoured with a gentleman who absolutely declines to be mad in any direction whatever, and who will see either a hawk or a hand-saw just as the *Polonius* of the minute would like. In the days of Queen Anne—who is now dead, by-the-bye, despite the efforts of certain art maniacs who would resuscitate the old lady if they could—one of the phrases that used to be bandied about from pillar to post was that of "heaven-born poet." To adapt this formula to the necessities of the hour, the BAILIE would like, not to speak it irreverently, to dub Sir JAMES BAIN the "heaven-born candidate." Sir JAMES, like the apostle of the Gentiles, is all things to all men. While "Jingling Geordie" was a goldsmith of London Town, the cry of the London shopkeepers was ever "What d'ye lack, what d'ye lack?" and this, without more ado, is still the cry of our latest civic Knight. "Your voices, your most sweet voices, give me them and I'll vote for anything you choose," is the burden of his electioneering address. He has

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a salaam and a pat on the back for every maggot that vexes the political world. Parnellites, Orangemen, Local Optionists, Trades' Unionists have only got to produce their hobbies and this Tory of the new type will mount and ride. He has even made an attempt to inflate that exploded old "fad," the Scottish Education Board, and to raise once more the cry of Home Rule for poor old Scotland. But what will you have? It isn't only the Teetotalers and the Home-Rulers for whom Sir JAMES has spread his net. Is he not one of the most liberal hosts in the West Country? Were there not cakes and ale, and was not ginger hot in the mouth while he occupied the Lord Provost's chair? Has he not secured the good-will of every class and kind in the city? Publicans and adherents of Sir Wilfrid, people who believe in the Asian Mystery, and folk to whom King William is a stumbling block and a snare, intolerable Willie Kidston and kindly Bailie Young, stall-keepers in bazaars, ladies, nay, even policemen, they have all yielded to his spell. One other point on which Sir JAMES has to be congratulated is his boldness. Mr Mackintosh was wont, some weeks ago, to rouse shouts of laughter nightly in the Gaiety Theatre, by declaring that he was a "bold man," but even the audacity of our favourite comedian wasn't a patch on that of the Man you Know, and not half so comical. The candidate who takes the field in the expectation that he will be returned by the votes that can be "combed off" the various sections of the body politic certainly deserves respect for his pluck, whatever one may think of his discretion. But besides his pluck our hero has shown how a single clever man, who knows exactly what he wants, and is determined to carry his point, can bring confusion on a score of other clever men, who are willing to swim with the stream and take things just as they

come. Sir JAMES has not only gained the ear of the Conservative Association, but he has made himself its thorough master. He fairly commands the situation. In the meantime, at all events, the Conservatives are bound hand and foot, they must advance or retire just as he wills it. Fears were entertained when our enlightened legislature abolished the hustings and open air voting that the frolics of a contested election would be gone for ever. True it is, and of verity, that the old pranks of pelting candidates and their friends with soot-bags, eggs of a certain age, and other harmless and sportive missiles, and of playfully tilting a coach-load of voters into a handy horse-pond, are now, in a great measure, things of the past. But though manners change human nature is still the same. To a laughing philosopher like the BAILIE, an election contest is as funny as ever it was. Hogarth himself would find plenty of scope for his pencil in the incidents attendant on the present struggle in Glasgow. And none of these incidents are more essentially humorous than Sir JAMES'S candidature, and the manner in which, as a Permissive-Billite and Home Ruler, he has so effectually muzzled the Tories. The situation has been compared to that in which a mischievous costermonger gets his cart in the way of a Lord Mayor's Show, and brings the entire procession, men in armour and all, to a stand. It may be that it isn't a very dignified one, but at all events it is amusing enough, and a good many people, as it seems to the BAILIE, are prone to admire the amusing quite as much as the dignified side of things. As for the result of the coming election, the Magistrate, at the present juncture, is too wise to hazard his reputation for wisdom by indulging in even a guess. Hitherto we have had a series of surprises on both sides, and who shall say that more surprises are not in store for us before the day of nomination? Perhaps the biggest surprise of all would be to find a couple of real Tory candidates in the field, and the BAILIE, as a Tory of the old school, is prepared, in this event, to toss up his beaver, and do his best to "run them in."

NICE LITTLE BOY FOR A SMALL "PARTY."—Somebody wants "Roman Catholic Party" to "take charge of little boy." What an *enfant terrible* of a little boy he must be, to require the care of the whole "Roman Catholic Party!" Who can he be? Harry Long, Willie Kidston, or Johnny Ferguson?

By a Man of Belial.

If the sermon is dry, or the parson sing-song,
There's a pair of bright eyes in a pew near my own,
By whose light a poor sinner may toddle along,
Through the doctrinal fog that around him is thrown.
They don't thump the pulpit—and yet their effect
Is precisely the same as sledge-hammer fist—
Thump!—Thump! goes your heart, you sit stiffly erect,
But you feel (naughty man!) just as if you'd been kiss'd.

Some sermons, like Hydra, have heads by the score,
Such monsters I cannot abide, sir;
I like just *one* head, to be conn'd o'er and o'er,
My attention I ne'er could divide, sir.

So when, like a wizard, some noodle gets knocking
Head after head from a lean little text,
I leave those who like such Herodias-like talking
To stow each head down, then make room for the next.

One head is enough for my easy digestion—
Two plump little shoulders the charger for me!—
With eyes that can laughingly answer a question,
In language translatable only by me.

IN THE LAP OF LUXURY.

Traveller—Well, Donald, you have improved greatly since I saw you last year.

Donald—Hooch! aye, sir, she'll pe in a new place noo.

Traveller—Indeed, and how do you fare with your new master?

Donald—Oh! the fera pest, sir. One day she'll get poiled peef and tatties twice for her dinner, and the day before she'll get poiled tatties and peef, and then she'll get dry pread and putter, and coffee for her tea, also, too, moreofer!"

WHEN WE WENT TO THE DOGS.—Our Beggs, *et id genus omne*, are mistaken in supposing that inattention to "ordinances" "has come in like a flood" with the present generation. The first meet of the "Glasgow Hounds" took place, it seems, on the autumn Fast-day of 1771. So we began to go, literally, to the dogs—the "demnition bow-wows" of Mr Mantalini—more than a hundred years ago.

BEFORE ADAM.—Dr Johnson declared that the Prince of Darkness was the first Whig, and the *Herald* seems to be somewhat of the same opinion since it speaks of "the old pre-Adamite style of the moderate Liberal." But *was* he a "moderate" Liberal?

AN INSIDE PLACE.—A "young gentleman" advertises his desire for a "situation in a coal exporter." *Chacun à son gout*; but how would the coal exporter like it?

FERGUSON'S EDINBURGH ROCK
is the best present from Edinburgh. 1 Melbourne place,
near the Castle,

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the Parliamentary fight has begun.
 That Sir James Bain is first in the field.
 That he does not intend to be last on the poll.
 That on Thursday he fooled the Bobbies to the top of their bent.
 That on Friday he preached an edifying sermon at the St. Andrew's Bazaar.
 That on Saturday he instructed the Conservative Association to look out for a candidate to support him.
 That our ex-Bailies are working tooth and nail for Sir James.
 That W. W. is certain Sir James would be returned if the ladies had votes.
 That "Lord John" fought for his ex-Chief at the Friendly Society Dinner neither wisely nor too well.
 That it was really all "Dickie" with the "friendly" gathering.
 That so long as Sir James is in the field, he is the only jockey who carries the "blue" colours.
 That Conservatives declare the blue to be of that kind termed invisible.
 That Sir James is determined to "fecht for his ain haun'".
 That Lord Provost Collins has been at the Queen's levee.
 That the Liberal Associations are in their glory.
 That there is certain to be a split in the Liberal Camp before all is over.
 That "oor Jeems" threatens to win without advertizing or addressing a single meeting.
 That not a single sequestration has been entered for over a week in the Sheriff Court Books.
 That this is all owing to the promise of Sir James Bain to "back a bill."

That our local architects are busy over their plans for the new Municipal Buildings.
 That Mr Honeyman's criticism in Monday's *Herald* can't possibly be ignored.
 That Mr Honeyman is an able critic as well as an eminent architect.

O Gem-ini!—Messrs Mactear and Hannay.
 On Dit.—That Lord Beaconsfield is for once looking less towards Ind'us than the *Poll*.

LONDON SCOTTISH RESORT, 3 Water Lane, Ludgate Hill, London, the only House for "Real Johnny" Scotch Whiskies of all Brands, Scotch Ales, &c. Neil Mackay, Proprietor.

Beveridge's Guaranteed Mixed Pickles, Red Cabbage, Mushroom Ketchup, Sauces and Table Condiments, unrivalled for purity and flavour.

On 'Change.

GOLD has been coveted by man for countless generations, and so eagerly, too, that the glittering metal has become a synonym for wealth, and the undue love of it an equivalent for all that is base in humanity. The latest development of a desire to acquire the metal is afforded by the launching of the Gold Coast Mining Co. (Limited), with capital of £65,000, which is, of course, to return fabulous profits to the people who buy shares. With the fate of "L. E. L." before my eyes, I confess I should not like to be the British representative of that Company at the mines. But perhaps there is no British representative, and it may be that the Company will employ intelligent niggers only. This hypothesis is strengthened by the prospectus, which states that grants have been made of gold-bearing land "previously worked by the natives with their rude appliances, and one of these has been secured for this Company." It is not explicitly stated whether the Company has secured one of the natives, or merely one of the natives' rude appliances. I should think it would be better to secure British machinery, to be worked by a healthy Briton who could contrive to exist on the Gold Coast without imbibing too much brandy pawnee.

Going down West George Street the other day I observed that the Staffordshire Insurance Company is about to occupy palatial premises there. Is not this the Company which lately had the folly to bargain with a newspaper proprietor for a puff? In the case to which I refer the manager offered an advertisement as an equivalent for the puff. He was stupid enough, moreover, to sign his name at the bottom of his offer. The result was exactly what might have been expected, and the editor published the correspondence.

Saturday's business must surely have convinced some dabblers on the Stock Exchange that there is occasionally a dark side to the glittering picture. Nothing could be more apparent than that there is a great deal of reckless dealing going on there just now, and that the sooner a reef is taken in the better it will be for everybody concerned. The high prices paid for Glasgow and South-Western and Highland are easily accounted for. Both are good undertakings and well managed, though I think the Ayrshire directors might reduce their fares with advantage to themselves and their clientele. But neither Caledonian nor North British are worth buying at existing rates, and perhaps presently, when it is too late, my warnings may be remembered.

I congratulate the Cunard Company upon the offer of five millions of capital to carry on their business. It is somewhat unusual to find a company receiving applications for shares to the extent of three or four times more than it wanted, but in this instance the result was only what might have been anticipated from the popularity enjoyed by the Company.

SCRUTATOR.

A RUIN.

Scene—St. Andrew's bazaar in the Crown Halls; two elderly ladies stop before a cast of the Venus of Milo exposed at the "Fine Art" stall.

1st Old Lady—Ay, woman, they've broken the airm aff that figger.

2nd Do.—So they hev; aye, an' the ither airm's aff tae.

1st Do.—It'll 'a been a damaged lot.

Hew and Cry—The "woodcutter" and his fagots.

BICYCLES. { West of Scotland Bicycle Co. Show Rooms, 104 Renfield Street, Works, 67 East Howard Street, Makers of the "Royal Scottish" and "West of Scotland" Bicycles & Tricycles, Repairs, Fittings, &c

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—They are still playing "La Petite Mademoiselle" at the Gaiety. The piece is capitally placed on the stage, and the singing of Mr Celli and Madame Cave Ashton is attractive enough to fill the house nightly.

One of the chief cards to be played by the Carl Rosa Company at the Gaiety will be the "Carmen" of Bizet. The caste will include Miss Georgina Burns as *Carmen*, Mr Packard as *Don Jose*, and Mr Bolton as the *Toreador*. Mr Charles Lyall and Mr Snazelle will also take part in the performance.

Mr Alfred Davis revisits for a brief season—beginning to-night—the stage of the Prince of Wales Theatre, the scene, in other years, of so many of his more marked successes. He will take part in the drama of "Lost in London," and will give us, in addition, a reminiscence of that famous pantomime of a dozen years ago entitled "The Fair One with the Golden Locks," which he calls "Forty Minutes with King Lachrymoso." In addition to Mr Davis the company at the Prince of Wales includes Mr T. H. Glenney and Miss Louisa Gourlay.

Mr Charles Sullivan begins a twelve nights' engagement at the Royalty Theatre this evening. He is accompanied by a very fair company, one of whom is Mr Tom Nerney. The opening piece will be "Arrah-na-Pogue," and no better Irish acting is to be found than that of Mr Sullivan in the part of *Shaun*, and that of Mr Nerney as *Fenny*. The repertoire of the company is not confined, however, to the Milesian drama. Among the pieces we may expect to see produced during their stay at Mr Knapp's house is "The Comedy of Errors," a play which has not been represented in Glasgow since Harry and Charles Webb played the two *Dromios*, and Walter Baynham and W. H. Kendal the *Antipholi*, in the old Theatre Royal in Dunlop Street, some fifteen or sixteen years ago. In the present company the *Antipholi* are Messrs C. and D. Seymour, while Mr Sullivan and Mr Nerney appear as the *Dromios*.

One of the recent surprises in local theatrical circles was the excellent playing, last week, at the Royalty, of Mr George Mudie. We had all known Mr Mudie as a promising light tenor, but as nothing else. Last week, however, his performance of the part of *Ashley Merton* in "Meg's Diversion," and of that of *The Judge* in "Trial by Jury," showed that he is a comedian of very exceptional ability. There was no trick in Mr Mudie's acting. Everything he did was careful and finished, and he yet manifested so much spirit, and his intention was so admirable, that his place on the stage as a delineator of character parts ought by right to be a very high one indeed.

Mr Beryl has prepared a wonderful programme for performance during the present week at the Royal Princess's Theatre. He plays "Kathleen Mavourneen" and "Black-Eyed Susan" on the same evening, and if a bill of fare like this doesn't satisfy a lover of the drama, I don't know one what will.

Next week we are to be introduced by Mr Beryl to Mr Henry Talbot, who will appear in a round of his more celebrated Shakespearian parts.

A brilliant success has been scored at the London St. James's Theatre by two old Glasgow actors—Messrs Wenman and Mackintosh—in Theyre Smith's comedietta entitled "Old Cronies." Their performance, according to the *Athenaeum* "could not well have been better, and older actors will have to look to their laurels."

Miss Annie Allen, or to give her the stage name she has adopted, Miss Alleyne, seems to have taken the Manchester critics by storm. The various morning and evening papers of Cottonopolis vied with one another last week in singing her praises. According to them the stage is the richer in Miss Alleyne by a new *Juliet*, a new *Rosalind*, a new *Portia*, and a new *Pauline*. Miss Alleyne appears to-night at the Theatre Royal, Newcastle.

We are promised another Scotch night on Saturday, in the City Hall, Mr Airlie having made arrangements for a recital—

with songs, of course—of that sweetest of pastorals the "Gentle Shepherd" of Allan Ramsay; together with an entertainment he denominates "Half-an-hour wi' Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnny." The company who will appear include Mr and Mrs Gourlay, Mr Houston, and Mr J. D. Turvey.

By the way, BAILIE, don't forget what I told you last week—that Mr William Powell takes a complimentary benefit at Hengler's, on Thursday. As good wine needs no bush so Mr Powell's management requires no puff.

The death falls to be recorded this week of Mr J. D. Napier, of the firm of Messrs Napier Brothers, the inventor of the steam windlass, and generally esteemed as one of our foremost and most skilful engineers. Apart from his profession, Mr Napier was a singular favourite in the large circle of which he formed a part. He died somewhat suddenly from congestion of the lungs, on the forenoon of Friday last.

The formal opening of the "Conservative Club," in Renfield Street, is fixed for Monday next, the 22nd inst. All the culinary and other matters have been placed in the experienced hands of Messrs Ferguson and Forrester.

Among the names mentioned for the editorship of the *Paisley Herald*, vacant by the death of Ex-Bailie Watson, are those of Mr Drewette—the Paisley correspondent of the *Mail*, and Capt. John Crawford of the *Volunteer News*. The proprietor of the paper is a gentleman with a Highland patrynomic, whose figure is as familiar in semi-Bohemian circles in Glasgow as it is among the agricultural J. Ps. with whom he delights to associate in the "suburb."

There is some probability that the original of the etching, "Glasgow in the 18th Century," mentioned in last week's "Megilp" is by Peter Nicholson, architect, and the author of several standard works on the practice of his profession. The drawing is evidently the work of an architect, and at about its date Mr Nicholson was engaged on buildings in the immediate neighbourhood of the standpoint.

The March number of the *Antiquary* contains a paper by a young local littérateur Mr W. G. Black, upon the part played by colour in charms and popular superstitions. Mr Black has been engaged for some time on the preparation of a work on Folk-medicine which is to be published by the Folk-lore Society, and has read papers on the subject before the British Archaeological Association and our local Archaeological Society.

A TENNANT AT WILL.

So Charlie is already tired
Of Glasgow's M.P. yoke,
From grate ambitions once him fired
Ends Tennant's talk in smoke,
In city's service not required,
So by its people Peebles-shired.

AQUA-RD.—Asinus says that the Dissolution is in some measure dew to a supply of water. In "Measure for measure" it is *spirits* that are not finely touch'd but to fine issues.

IN THIS STYLE TO ORDER.—When the new Municipal Buildings are completed, the name of the Square may perhaps be changed from "George" to "Georgeous."

Anything but "Glad"-stone in Mid-Lothian.—That of the unready fagot houses. As Old Adam says, "too late a week."

MARK { With an India Rubber Monogram or Name
YOUR { Stamp. Prices from 2s 6d complete—A. C.
LINEN { Thomson, 278 Argyle Street.

Missing Pictures.

THE Institute Exhibition of Paintings is this year a most meritorious one; the new Galleries are superb; the new refreshment room is a thorough success; and the new secretary is everything that the fondest heart could desire. But nothing is perfect in this world of imperfections. Why are the undernoted works not included in the Exhibition?

"The Happy Father," a companion work to "Twins."

"The Glasgow Liberal Association," by the painter of "A Happy Family."

"The Squeak of the New Boots," after "The Clang of the Wooden Shoes."

"We won't go home till Morning," a companion work to "Fishermen out for the Night."

"The City Churches," by the painter of "Deserted."

"A Leader in the *Glasgow Herald*," by the painter of "Granny's Stories."

"Indigestion and Black Draught," after "Lobster and Blackcock."

"Interior of a Distillery," a companion work to "Still Life."

"The Hon. W. E. Gladstone," by the painter of "The Lost Leader."

"The Teething Infant," a companion work to "A Squally Night."

"A Female Train," after "The Mail Coach."

"Lodging-house Cutlery," by the painter of "Not so Bright as it should be."

"Tiger Lilies," a companion work to "Wild Flowers."

"A little Difficulty with the check-key," after "Approaching the Lock."

"The Fatal Prize Fight," by the painter of "Mill on the Dochart—Killin."

"Wine and Whisky," a companion work to "The Old Port of Rye."

"Dugald M'Othello," by the painter of "A Highland Moor."

"Buchanan Street at Three," a companion work to "Where Ducks delight to dabble."

"Pulling on the Dress Boots," by the painter of "Preparing for the Trip."

"The Reveller's Tale," a companion work to "Listening to the Lark."

"A Man you Know," by the painter of "Kent."

"Sir James Bain as a Conservative candidate," after "The Wrong Man."

Bicycles! } On hire with option of purchase. The "Challenge,"
Triocycles! } "Club," "Dupex," "Premier," &c., latest pat-
terns, at Jennings, 101 Mitchell Street.

A Road Revived.

THE BAILIE learns—

That the Cumbernauld Road is at last to be made famous.

That the present "Duke Street" (71) is to be moved a couple of miles eastward in this highway.

That their new country house, with its elevated site, bracing air, and superior accommodation, ought to satisfy the most exacting of criminals.

That the drive out in the "van" will be a further attraction to patrons of the establishment.

That this is not all.

That a brand-new Reformatory for Boys is to be built in the same neighbourhood.

That "still there's more to follow."

That the Town Council's Cemetery is also to be "there."

"WAST EVER IN COURT, SHEPHERD?"

Away from that Council
Of mix'd spout and sport,
Why, who would have thought it?—
His Lordship at Court!

"FIRM AS A ROCK STOOD HE."

Recruiting Sergeant (to Sandy, who is possessed of immense feet)—Man, Sandy, ye should jine the army, ye wad mak' a first-rate sodger.

Sandy—Aye, hoo div ye mak' that oot?

Recruiting Sergeant—Because if ye were fightin', and were shot, ye widna fa'!

"O, WHY LEFT I MY HAME?"

From "England" wherefore comes this roamer?
Scots, sack him back to home, and Homer.

Orr-a-Tory.—Orr-Ewing.

The "Six Hundred."—Six o' the one, and half-a-dozen o' the other.

SENSIBLE YOUNG MEN.—"Young men (three) desire to learn water-colour painting." *Wide Herald*. Jones, the cynic, suggests that more than three of the young men at present exhibiting in Sauchiehall Street might with advantage advertise similarly.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.—"Alone! Alone! Alone!" wails a deserted one in the agony-column of an evening contemporary. "Oh, why did she leave me because I was poor?" "Why did she leave you," young man? Because you were poor, of course. Put money in thy purse!

The March of the "Cameron" Men—To the Poll.

Quavers.

THE Fifth Annual Musical Festival of the Glasgow Foundry Boys' Society, in St. Andrew's Hall last week, came off with much *celat*. The selections, both sacred and secular, were executed with remarkable intelligence and taste, to the credit alike of teacher and taught. The pronunciation needs a little looking after, however, chiefly in the sound *oo* as in *poor*. Faulty pronunciation has, of course, a deteriorating effect on the quality of the musical tone, and this must be our excuse for drawing the attention of the conductors to the defects one noticed. The singing at the Sabbath School Festival of the week before was not without fault, too, in this respect.

Again to Uddingston, BAILIE, and this time to hear the first concert of the Uddingston Musical Association, which took place on Monday evening last. The association made on the whole a good appearance, in a rather interesting selection of lighter pieces, sacred and secular, but the tone of the treble and tenor parts stands in need of improvement; that of the alto and bass, on the other hand, being of good quality. Under the baton of Mr James Allan, who is the conductor, taste and expression could not but mark the singing; and, by the way, as a last remark, it seems quite a reasonable suggestion to make, that the two societies in the place should "amalgamate." There is certainly more likelihood of prosperity, artistic and otherwise, in union than separately.

A four-part arrangement of "Busk ye, busk ye," by Mr M. Shields, was sung at this concert. It is well designed, and the parts are melodiously written.

The Perth Amateur Orchestral Society, of which Mr J. W. Bryson is the conductor, give a concert on Friday evening next. The programme includes five overtures, two of them Scotch, the second part being exclusively of that nationality. But Weber's "Concertstück" in F minor, orchestrally accompanied, is an item in the general selection that merits being taken special note of. It is to be played by Mr D. Wylie.

The annual concert by members of Trinity Congregation Church Musical Association took place on Thursday. Mendelssohn's Thirteenth Psalm for mezzo-soprano solo and chorus, Gadsby's anthem "The Lord is King," and the chorus "Great and Wonderful," from Spohr's "Last Judgment," were the leading selections. Mr James Greig, honorary choirmaster, conducted, and the choir sang with its accustomed excellence of tone and taste. Mr Berry, organist of the church, accompanied.

Among the part-songs to be sung by the St. George's Choral Union at their Scotch concert on Saturday evening next, may be mentioned Mr Moodie's arrangement of "The Lass o' Patie's Mill," which is executed in a most masterly manner, and must be in demand by societies when it is better known. Mr Seligmann's "Bonnie Wood o' Craigielea" is also to be referred to as in the programme. The arrangement is sweet and tasteful. There are numerous other not less attractive pieces in the programme; and with the special aptitude which Mr Moodie possesses for developing the simple beauties of Scotch music, an interesting and attractive concert may be anticipated, not to omit mention again of its distinctive character as complimentary to Mr Moodie, on the occasion of his retirement from the conductorship of the St. George's Choral Union.

The result of the voting for the plebiscite concert of the Glasgow Select Choir, to come off on the 27th inst., is that "Kate Dalrymple" is at the "top of the poll," to use a phrase appropriate to the time. "The Deil" is far up, too, and "Duncan Gray" is likewise among the elected. "Hail, smiling morn," "Come, Dorothy, come," and the two prize part songs are among those voted for. There will also be sung a clever setting by Mr Lahee of a verse from Edgar Poe's "The Bells," ("Golden bells, golden bells, hear the mellow wedding bells,") which has been composed expressly for the Glasgow Select Choir, and which shall be referred to again.

The Glasgow Select Choir, chiefly in compliance with the suggestion of country friends, intend producing the first two parts of Handel's "Messiah" on the night of the Fast day, their numbers to be augmented by old members of the choir.

A concert will be given by pupils of the Royal Normal

College and Academy of Music for the Blind in St Andrews Hall, on Thursday, the 18th inst. The object of the concert is to assist to liquidate the debt on the College, and a first rate programme has been prepared for execution by pupils, among whom is Prince Alexander of Hesse, who will perform a solo on the violin, the Romanza in F, by Beethoven. Solos on the organ and pianoforte are also to be played, and there will be vocal solos, duets, &c. Mr Hopkins, the well known organist at the Temple, London, is to play a solo. The concert is one deserving of the warmest sympathy and support of the musical public.

Young Humility!

IT is a pity that Pilate had not the privilege of living in the time of the Rev. John Young, Pastor of Trinity U.P. Church, Greenock. Had he been a member of that congregation he would never have presumed upon the question which still rings throughout the ages, for there they have "the truth"—possibly they consider they have the monopoly of the article in Sugaropolis. Mr Young congratulated his people the other night at a social meeting that they had been "characterised" all through their history by their love for *the truth*. He was greatly mistaken if they had itching ears for what was now called "broad views of doctrine." No wonder this "spiritual father," as he dubs himself, gave his people, at the same meeting, the advice—"be humble and thankful." The thankfulness is apparent, but what about the humility, Spiritual Papa Young. Eh?

ONE FOR HIS NOB.

Scene—St. Enoch Square; Time, 4 p.m.

Newspaper Boy (to Morose Swell)—*Citizen, sir?*

Morose Swell—No!

Newspaper Boy (following up)—*Times or News sir?*

Morose Swell—Do shut that large mouth of yours, and get out of my way.

Newspaper Boy—All right. I'm sure *your* mouth couldna be made larger, anyway, unless your ears were shifted.

THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE.—James Martin "doth bestride the narrow world like a Colossus." All hail, J. M.! Member of Town Touncil; all hail, J. M.! Member of School and Parochial Boards; all hail, J. M.! that shall be Member of Parliament hereafter.

The Great "Surprise Party"—The Glasgow Conservatives.

NEW SMOKING MIXTURE, put up in
1-lb. $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. and $\frac{1}{4}$ -lb Tins.

5s 10d. 3s 1s 6d.

"Planter's
Pride." This is a Mixture which, if once tried, will always be used. Forwarded to any address 1 town on receipt of Post-Card. Sold by
C. J. RATTRAY & Co., 2 Glassford St., Glasgow

Canvassing a la Mode.

IN view of a style of canvassing which seems likely to become popular in the Second City of the Empire, the BAILIE has succeeded in obtaining the following anticipatory accounts of two social meetings, at which the leading feature will be the speech of one of our would-be representatives in Parliament. The earlier of these is the annual soiree of the Universal and Enlightened Sweeps Quadrille Assembly, the chair at which will be occupied by Mr Montague Merry, who will be supported on the right by Mr Jacob Surface and his electoral committee. After a pleasing refection, and several comic and sentimental songs have been given, to the entire satisfaction of the ladies and gentlemen present, Mr Jacob, at the request of the chairman, will address the meeting :—

Dear and sooty friends,—The pleasure I feel in meeting persons of any grade who may be useful to me is not less on this occasion than on any other. Despite my social position, it has given me great pleasure to partake of the cake and the oranges your committee have so liberally provided, and the quality of which I can testify to be excellent. (Cheers.) The songs, too, I have heard, have given me much enjoyment; it is always pleasant to me to listen to songs of a lusty and truly Scottish character, and Mr Macleerieye's touching ballad, "O isna' he a pawky chiel," will always ring in my ears and haunt my memory. (Loud applause.) Indeed, upon another occasion, I may feel tempted to offer a little thing of my own,—possibly even to describe my celebrated bull fight scene, and conclude with a few character sketches of the Artful Dodger as a Parliamentary candidate. Though I say it myself,—and you know, my fair friends especially, that I am one of the most modest of men,—I flatter myself that my wink and whistle and smack of the lips are not unfitting to the delineation of this great creation. (Applause.) I have, on more than one occasion, been complimented on the suitability of the character. And, gentlemen, though we have more serious subjects to occupy our thoughts in these times, it is not my intention to trouble you with any remarks of a political character, for in the presence of so many ladies with beaming eyes I feel it would be unfair to you—and to myself, may I add, ladies?—to restrain the flow of conversation with those fair spirits for any length of time. I may, however, be perhaps again permitted to assure you of the cordial interest I have always taken in your

lofty and elevating profession, and that if at a future day it is in my power to advance your interests in the assembly of our sovereign it will give me great and daily increasing pleasure to do so. (Great applause).

It is arranged that at a meeting of the Directors to be held after Mr Jacob's speech, it will be unanimously resolved that the members of the Universal and Enlightened Sweeps Quadrille Assembly shall, irrespective of politics, use all the means in their power to further the election to Parliament of Mr Jacob Surface, and shall also tender their warm and respectful thanks to him for his able, instructive, and scholarly address.

The next meeting will be that of the Royal Polynesian, Peru, and Shetland Fishers (wholesale and retail.) There will be a large attendance, and among the guests on the platform will be Mr Jacob Surface. After grace has been said, and the company have partaken of the usual soiree viands, Mr Jacob, at the request of the chairman, will address the meeting.

Having expressed his sense of the importance of the meeting, he will go on to say that he is in a sense one of themselves, as he has been frequently termed a slippery customer and a queer fish. He was proud, he might say, of both appellations, inasmuch as they enabled him to associate with the men of noble form, and the gracious women he saw before him. (Loud applause.) Proceeding to remark on things in general, he will urge that what the country wants is a continuance in power of the present Government, that is, if they will be content to be assisted by such bodies as he has now the honour of addressing. He feels convinced, he will continue, that hitherto too little importance has been attached to the political feeling of such societies as theirs. He is sure the time is coming when what they thought to-day would be recognised as the thought of the country at large to-morrow, and if no one else will bring the subject before their gracious Sovereign, or that pink of premiers, Lord Beaconsfield, why, unworthy though he be, he himself will do so. (Great applause.) As to the ancient and venerable Church of Scotland, his own church, and that of his fathers—

At this point the BAILIE draws a veil over the proceedings that will subsequently take place. He may mention, however, that at the close of the speech the directors of the society will unanimously resolve to recommend Mr Jacob to the constituency as one of its representatives in Parliament.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,
THE COLOSSEUM,
70 JAMAICA STREET.

SPRING NOVELTIES
IN
LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S HATS,
NOW TO HAND.

SPECIAL GRAND SHOW
FOR ONE WEEK,
Commencing MONDAY, 22nd INSTANT.

LADIES' 2 BUTTON

FRENCH KID GLOVES,

Only 1s 11d per Pair.

IN ALL THE NEW SHADES.

PROVAN & SMELLIE, 120 Trongate.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

HENRY THOMSON & CO'S

OLD

IRISH WHISKY.

SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—

ROBERT BROWN, 17 HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.

DAVISON'S
CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE
GINGER BEER.

A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE
YEAR ROUND; WARM, GRATEFUL, AND AROMATIC.
As Supplied to the Western, Junior, New, and other Clubs.

THOMAS DAVISON,
DISPENSING CHEMIST,
126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

"GLENGYLE"

OLD HIGHLAND WHISKY.

A Judicious Combination of the Finest Matured HIGHLAND
MALT WHISKIES. Unrivalled for Toddy and General
Family Use.

18S PER GALLON OR 36S PER DOZEN,
(Jars and Bottles Returned.)

SOLE PROPRIETOR—

J. H. DEWAR,

Wholesale Family Wine Stores,

ROSE STREET, GARNETHILL (Corner of Buccleuch Street);
And 190 St. GEORGE'S ROAD (Opposite West Princes St).

NEW DINING HALL.

To meet the requirements of an increasing business, a
NEW DINING HALL, has been Opened at the VICTORIA
DINING ROOMS, 3 Renfield Street and 62 Gordon Street;
conjoined with which will be introduced a

SPECIAL FEATURE—

SNACKS (AT ALL HOURS),.....6d.

M'CALL & FERGUSON, PROPRIETORS.

THE

"DESIDERATUM"
TROUSERS.

WHAT Gentlemen Desiderate is Real Practical Economy in
the matter of Dress, along with First-rate Quality, Style,
and Fit, and this we have always made it our careful study to
supply.

Our most recent effort in this direction will, we doubt not,
surprise the Citizens of Glasgow, who know well how to appre-
ciate Extraordinary Value when they see it. It is no other than
the supplying of

TROUSERS MADE FROM
FIRST-CLASS WEST OF ENGLAND
AND SCOTCH TWEEDS,
AT 15/6 PER PAIR.

So rare a boon has never before been offered in the Trade,
and we are confident it will prove an unparalleled success.

We need hardly remind our Friends that every Garment is
made on the Premises by our own Workmen, without the inter-
vention of cheap female or slop labour; and it is only the assur-
ance of a very large demand that has induced us to fix a Price
never before attempted.

FORSYTH,
5 AND 7 RENFIELD STREET.

THE GENERAL ELECTION.

Important to Election Agents and the Public.

Election Agents and others who require the aid of the Printer
for the reproduction of Circulars, Price Lists, &c., &c., would
do well to inspect the Typograph, by which Thousands of Copies
can be printed in Black from a written sheet of paper, without
the aid of a press, at the rate of 400 an hour. It is now in use
in over 300 of the principal offices in Town and vicinity, and is
confessed to be the best by all who use it. Prices from 31s 6d,
complete.—A. C. THOMSON, Agent for Scotland, 278 Argyle
Street, Glasgow.

MILLAR & CO.
FAMILY HATTERS,
QUEEN STREET CORNER, GLASGOW,
ARE SHEWING THEIR NEW SPRING GOODS.
See the Windows.

GREAT OPENING SALE.

P. ABERNETHY & SON,
60 AND 62 TRONGATE.

P. A. & SON having cleared out nearly the entire Trust Stock
of William Simpson & Co. beg to intimate that they will Re-
Open the above large and commodious Premises To-Day with
an entirely New Stock of General Drapery Goods. The satis-
faction expressed by all who visited our Sale at the real bargains
they received, forms a guarantee of how we intend carrying on
our Business. Every article is marked at the very lowest cash
price, and will be sold only for cash. P. A. & Son can assure
their numerous Customers that for freshness and cheapness their
Stock cannot be surpassed anywhere.

ST. GEORGE'S CHORAL UNION.

GRAND
SCOTCH CONCERT,

Complimentary to
Mr WM. MOODIE,
On his retiral from
the Conductorship of
the Union.

ST. ANDREW'S
HALL.
SATURDAY,
FIRST.

Tickets, 5s, 2s 6d, 1s.
From the Musicsellers

Doors open at Seven.
Concert at Eight.

PART SONGS, &c.
O' a' the Airts
Highland Mary
The Lass o' Patie's Mill
The Land o' the Leal
The Garb of Old Gaul
Specially arranged for this Concert
by Mr Wm. Hume
The Auld Man
The Flowers o' the Forest
Willie Wastle
Flora Macdonald's Lament
Doun the Burn Davie, Love
Thou Bonnie Wood o' Craigielee
SONGS, DUETS, &c.
Lochnagar
Afton Water
Tam Glen
O' Willie Brew'd a Peck o' Maut
A Man's a Man for a' that
Cam ye by Athol
Tho' thou leave me now in sorrow

ANGLING.—WM. HAIGH, FLYDRESSER,
FISHING ROD AND TACKLE-MAKER,
16 HANOVER STREET,
RODS AND REELS REPAIRED, FLIES TO PATTERN.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 17th, 1880.

THE dogs of electoral war have been let loose with startling suddenness; the tumult, excitement, and passion already generated would lead to the expectation that the political campaign will be the keenest of the present century. There is nothing thought of, nothing talked of but candidates and contests; the air is filled with the hurrahs and battle cries of the respective parties; and as for the newspapers, their contents are so wanting in variety that even the strongest political stomachs cannot be expected to continue to relish the sameness of the daily fare. To those who are not partisans, to foreigners, and to those who can impartially weigh the various articles in the creed of Tory and Liberal the General Election has many amusing, many ludicrous sides. How in the world do some of the would-be men of "light and leading," as Lord BEAONSFIELD puts it, manage to get themselves brought into the "light," or work themselves or others into the belief that they are fit to lead? To what artifices they have to stoop, what promises to make, what expense to incur, what worry to undergo, and all for what?—the social distinction of being a Member of Parliament and having the *entree* to the best club in the world, which a grateful nation provides for its legislators at

St. Stephen's. As with candidates so with their supporters. How it happens that many of our acquaintances should be staunch Conservatives and others vehement Radicals is often so wonderful as to excite the rippling smile. A political contest is not a social sedative, although it acts as a wet blanket to general business. It acts on the not inconsiderable army of busybodies and sporters instantaneously, and as released from a spell they join in the electoral fandango. The great moral show is now open, the "figgers" are in position and ready to be set in motion, and the public may praise or blame, laugh or cry as they see fit. Everybody must keep to the right and look to their pockets; and may the exhibition be a great success and add to the greatness and glory of our grand old country and its Queen.

The Model Candidate and the Model Heckler.

Model Heckler—Will the hon. candidate vote for a division of the land?

Model Candidate—I have been long of opinion that it was high time the present holders of the land gave up their possessions to be distributed among the population. (Great cheering.)

M. H.—Would you vote for a repeal of the duties on spirits and tobacco?

M. C.—I am for free trade in everything, and would certainly support any proposal to abolish those iniquitous taxes. (Loud applause.)

M. H.—How would you propose to maintain the army and navy?

M. C.—I believe in the truth of making the men who quarrel be the only ones to fight. If Beaconsfield had a dispute with Bismarck, I would get a 24-foot ring, and have them fight it out. (Prolonged cheering.)

M. H.—Would you abolish all places and pensions?

M. C.—Certainly. (Hooray.)

M. H.—Are you of opinion that our policemen should fill up their spare time by sweeping the streets, acting as Sanitary Inspectors, and exercising the functions of School Board Officers?

M. C.—My friend has exactly expressed my sentiments (cheers). And now, having promised you all this, my friend, I suppose I may rely on your vote?

M. H.—Well, if I could get anybody to pay my poor rates, I think I might take your candidature into my serious consideration. (Loud cries of "Put him out," "Chuck him over," and general hubbub.)

Megilp.

THE election of Joseph Henderson to the presidentship of the Art Club was a graceful acknowledgement by its members to the abilities of a painter who occupies a prominent place in the Scottish art of the day. Mr Henderson began his career at a time when pictures were less popular than they are now. To be an artist five-and-twenty years ago—in Glasgow, at least—was to be poor, and to be held in but scant esteem by the well-to-do and the respectable. He pursued his art, however, through evil report and through good report, and the success he has gained has been gained, so to speak, at the point of the bayonet.

Mr Henderson's contributions to the Exhibition of the Royal Academy will be two in number. The larger is a picture of whins in bloom, seen against a background of open sea. Peculiarly tender in its treatment, the sea offers a fine contrast to the brilliant tones of the whin blooms. A pair of figures have been introduced in the canvas, one of which, that of a boy, is searching among the gorse for a bird's nest, while his comrade, a little girl, stands a few paces apart with a nest in her hand.

The second picture is an upright one, and is mainly noticeable for its fine painting of the huge boulders that fill the bed of a Highland burn. As well in modelling as in colour, these are altogether masterly.

Both works are of a specially high class. Indeed, it may be questioned whether two pictures of equal merit have previously left Mr Henderson's easel.

Quite as necessary in its way, to a visitor to the Institute, as the official catalogue of the pictures, is the little book of "Notes" edited by Mr G. R. Halkett, and published by Messrs Thomas Gray & Co. The "Notes" of the present year contain no fewer than 120 illustrations, taken, for the most part, from drawings by the artists themselves. The reproductions of the works of Messrs J. A. Aitken, Murray, William Young, Henderson, M'Laurin, Rattray, Crawford, Donald, Miller, Grey, Davidson, Brown, and McKellar, are especially successful in their character.

The concluding conversaz'one for the season of the Glasgow Art Club, takes place this (Tuesday) evening.

One of the earliest of our local artists to betake himself to out-of-door work has been David Murray, who spent several days last week in the neighbourhood of Cardross, where he has found material for a large spring picture.

Robert W. Allan has gone to Spain, where he will probably make a somewhat lengthened stay. One of the objects of his journey is to make a study of Velasquez, an artist for whom he entertains an enthusiastic admiration. Mr Allan's sojourn in France exercised a marked influence on his style; when he returns from Spain we may expect to find traces of Madrazo and Fortuny in his work.

Sir Peter Coats, it is said, is about to give the Paisley folk a fresh instance of his liberality. This will take the shape of a couple of rooms which will be added to the museum in the High Street, and will be intended to serve as picture gallery for the town.

The coming Black and White Exhibition in the rooms of the Fine Art Institute, promises to be one of the most interesting exhibitions ever held in Glasgow. It will include charcoal, crayon, and sepia drawings, oils in black and white, red chalk, unpublished engravings, and proof etchings. Contributions have been promised from the most eminent workers in monochrome on the Continent, and from members of all the Black and White English societies.

The Grosvenor Gallery Exhibition will be opened to the public on Saturday the 1st of May, and that of the Royal Academy on Monday the 3rd of May.

SERMONS IN STONES.—Like Shakspeare, Burns must have had the prophetic eye. When he wrote of those learned fools who'd "better ta'en up spades and shoos, or nappin'-hammers," he had doubtless a pre-vision of the geologists.

THE CONSERVATIVE PARLIAMENT.

Doom'd i' the Constitution,
Not drain'd out to the lees;
The cause of dissolution,
Old age, but not disease.

PUNCH'S PILOT.—The other week *Punch* had a clever picture of a little boy painting a spider's web on the bare poll of his grandfather. There is at least a suggestiveness in the lines of Basanio in "Merchant of Venice"—"Here in her hair the painter plays the spider."

HONEY SOIT.—The Municipal Buildings are not likely to be, like the Greek temples, a regular cell, notwithstanding all the waxing wroth and comb-ativeness. In the plan "sweets to the suite," and an elevation classic as Hybla, —surely that should satisfy.

Taking the shine out of him.—Shylock must have been a Polish Jew, says Asinus, having heard of the polish of Mr Irving.

Then and Now.—Jaques said that one man in his time played many parts. Asinus says that one man in *his* time plays many "pieces."

The Bane of the Glasgow Conservatives—Sir J., sir-ee.

T H E G A I E T Y.

Proprietor and Director,Mr C. BERNARD.

Last Week of the English and Continental

COMIC OPERA COMPANY,

LA PETITE MADEMOISELLE,

Open at 6-30. Commence at 7-30. Prices, from 6d to 5s.

Box Office Open Daily from 10 till 4.

General Manager,.....Mr SAM. H. S. AUSTIN.

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE.

To-Night and following Evenings,

MR ALFRED DAVIS,

MISS LOUISA GOURLAY, MR T. H. GLENNEY, AND A
MAGNIFICENT DRAMATIC COMPANY,

In a Grand Production of

LOST IN LONDON.

And Forty Minutes with

KING LACHRYMOSO AND THE ORIGINAL FAIR ONE.

ROYALTY THEATRE,

Lessee and Manager.....Mr E. L. KNAPP.

This TUESDAY, 16th MARCH, and following Evenings,
Mr CHARLES SULLIVAN and his Irish Combination Co.,
ARRAH NA POGUE.

Shaun the Post,.....Mr Charles Sullivan.

PRINCE OF WALES' INDIAN PRESENTS.

The CORPORATION GALLERIES are now OPEN
DAILY as under:—

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY,

From 10 a.m. till 5 p.m.

Admission, Sixpence.

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From 10 a.m. till 9 p.m.

Admission, Free.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.
MAIN STREET, SOUTH SIDE, GLASGOW.

Sole Lessee and Manager,.....Mr H. CECIL BERYL.
Every Evening this Week, at 7-30 (Saturday at 7),
The Favourite Irish Drama,

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN;
OR, ST. PATRICK'S EVE.

Concluding with the Popular Nautical Drama,
BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

New and Appropriate Scenery for each Drama. Selections
of Favourite Irish Music by Herr Alois Brousil's Splendid
Orchestra.

MONDAY FIRST, MARCH 22,

Special Engagement, for Six Nights only, of the Popular
Tragedian,

MR HENRY TALBOT,

who will appear in a Round of his Favourite Characters,
supported by the Royal Princess's Company.

Box Plan at Donaldson's Rooms, 77 St. Vincent Street.

**GRAND VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL
CONCERT**

(Under Distinguished Patronage),

IN ST. ANDREW'S HALL,

THURSDAY EVENING, 18TH MARCH,

BY THE PUPILS OF THE

ROYAL NORMAL COLLEGE of MUSIC for the B'IND,
UPPER NORWOOD, LONDON,

INCLUDING

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

PRINCE ALEXANDER OF HESSE

(a Pupil of the College). &c., &c.,

Also, the Celebrated Organist of the Temple Church, London,
MR E. J. HOPKINS.

Doors Open at 7. Concert at 8. Carriages at 10-15.

Tickets at J. Muir Wood & Co, 42 Buchanan St.

Reserved Seats, Front Area, and Front Galleries, 5s; Gal-
leries, 3s; Second Area, 2s; Back Area and Back Gallery, 1s.

HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE,
WEST NILE STREET, GLASGOW.

Every Evening (Doors open at 7),

TURPIN'S RIDE TO YORK,
AND DEATH OF BLACK BESS;

Preceded by

HENGLER'S GREAT COMPANY.

Last Day Performance on

SATURDAY, MARCH 20.

Prices—3s, 2s, 1s, and 6d. Box Office Open from 10 till 3

Acting Manager,.....Mr WM. POWELL.

Proprietor,.....Mr CHARLES HENGLER.

NOTICE.

Thursday Evening March 18, Military Night and Complimentary
Benefit to Mr WM. POWELL (Manager). Distinguished Patronage

A Special Programme will be submitted, including Somer-
sault Throwing over a Detachment of the 74th Highlanders (by
special permission), with Fixed Bayonets, while Firing a Volley.
Mr D. A. SEAL, the Great Shakespearian Jester, will appear
for this night only.

DR. SALVIATI'S VENETIAN GLASS.

M'DOUGALL & SONS, Sole Agents for
Glasgow for the above, have just to hand the Largest
Consignment of DR. SALVIATI'S GLASS that has yet been
exhibited in Scotland, comprising many Novelties of great
Beauty well worthy of immediate inspection.

Depots for Minton's, Copeland's, & Worcester Porcelain.

77 and 79 BUCHANAN STREET.

M'DOUGALL & SONS, 77 AND 79 BUCHANAN STREET.

GREAT FLOWER SHOW.

CITY HALL,

WEDNESDAY, 24th MARCH.

FRANC GIBB DOUGALL, Secretary,
Glas. & W. of Scotland Horticultural Society.

**ASSEMBLY ROOMS, BATH STREET, TUES-
DAY, 23D MARCH.**—READINGS by Mr T. HARROWER,
approved Teacher of Elocution by the Senatus of Glasgow
University. Doors open at 7 30. Readings at 8 Admission
One Shilling.

**CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING
CONCERTS.**

SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1880

GREAT NIGHT WITH ALIAN RAMSAY'S

GENTLE SHEPHERD,

AND BURNS'

TAM O' SHANTER AND SOUTER JOHNNIE.

Allan Ramsay's Beautiful Pastoral,

"THE GENTLE SHEPHERD,"

With the following cast—

Peggy,.....Miss ELIZ. HUNTER.
Jenny,.....Miss AGNES BARR.
Maude,.....Mrs WM. GOURLAY.
Madge,.....Mr JAMES HOUSTON.
Patie,.....Mr W. H. DARLING.
Bauldy,.....Mr WM. GOURLAY.
Roger,.....Mr A. S. MARTIN.
Symon,.....Mr ALF. WILSON.
Glaud,.....Mr J. W. CROSS.
Sir Wm. Worthy,.....Mr J. D. TURVEY.

To conclude with Half-an-hour w^t

TAM O' SHANTER AND SOUTER JOHNNIE.

Tam.....Mr ALF WILSON. | Souter,.....Mr J. HOUSTON.

Mr F. W. BRIDGMAN,.....Pianist.

Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats, 2s; at 58 Ren-
field Street. Doors open at a Quarter to 7; Concert commences
at 7-45.

JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

BUTTER, BUTTER. PURE.

BUTTER, From 10d to 1s 4d per Lb.

BACON, From 3½d to 0s 8d "

CHEESE, From 0d to 0s 10d "

LARD—Finest 6d; in Tins, 5½d.

EGGS, Finest Irish as Fresh as Country,

8s per 120, or 10d per Doz.

Buy your Goods Wholesale Prices,

At DONALDSON BROTHERS', 7 SHAMROCK STREET,
And at 28 ST. GEORGE'S ROAD, CHARING CROSS.

LESSONS GIVEN IN

CHINA PAINTING,

BY FIRST-CLASS ARTIST.

MATERIALS SUPPLIED.

FINE ARTS.

KAY & REID beg to intimate that their Representative has now returned from a visit to the principal London and Continental Studios, and that they will Shortly Open their Second Exhibition of the works of Modern Artists, which they venture to hope will surpass any Private Collection previously brought together in Glasgow.

FINE ART GALLERIES, 103 St. Vincent Street.

THOMAS MOORE

(Late MOORE & KIDD),

AUCTIONEER and APPRAISER,
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OF
ACCOUNT BOOKS.

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3/6. 3 7/6 & 4 3/6 per 1/2 Dozen

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FAMED **13/6** TROUSERS
READY MADE OR TO ORDER
BEST VALUE EVER PRODUCED
IN THE CLOTHING TRADE
GLASGOW
AND AT LONDON
50 & 52 ARGYLE ST.
BOYS CLOTHING EXTREMELY MODERATE PRICES

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE GENERAL COUNCILS
OF THE
**UNIVERSITIES OF GLASGOW AND
ABERDEEN.**

GENTLEMEN,

The Lord-Advocate having announced that he will not seek re-election at your hands at the approaching General Election, I beg leave, in compliance with an invitation with which I have just been honoured by deputations from your number to offer myself as a Candidate for the position of your Representative in Parliament.

Although diffident of my qualifications in many respects for the high honour to which I now aspire, I can at least claim a sincere admiration for our Scottish Universities, and an earnest desire to promote their interests. As a Member of the late Royal Commission on the Universities, I have had opportunities of becoming acquainted with their circumstances and wants. Many of the recommendations of that Commission require the action of Parliament. It would be a privilege to me to assist in any degree to obtain legislative sanction for these recommendations, in so far as they meet with general approval by the Universities.

I would oppose any legislation which would tend to disparage University studies and training. In this respect the Medical Bills, lately referred to a Committee of the House of Commons, appear to me open to serious objection.

The relation of the Universities to general education in our own country is a subject of great interest and importance. The promotion of Education, both elementary and secondary, and both general and technical, would have my earnest support. I believe that much may be done for the improvement of our secondary schools by the more judicious application of some of the existing Educational Endowments.

In general politics I am a Conservative, and would give my cordial support to the present Government.

In my opinion the Government have earned a claim to general confidence and approval by their able administration at a time, and under circumstances, of unprecedented difficulty, and by their firm and patriotic policy both abroad and at home.

With regard to foreign affairs, the action of the Government, supported as it was by the approval of Parliament, appears to me to have done much to prevent the Eastern Question from leading to more serious complications and dangers, and I think it is not too much to say that it is mainly owing to the exertions of Lord Beaconsfield's Cabinet that there is peace at present among the nations of Europe.

As regards questions of domestic policy, I may say generally that I am in favour of progressive reforms, but not of violent changes.

I hold that the maintenance of a Protestant Established Church is of the highest importance to the preservation of our character as a Protestant State and People, as well as conducive generally to the interests of religion. I would, therefore, strenuously oppose any movement for Disestablishment.

Should you honour me with the high office of your representative in Parliament, it will be my duty and endeavour to give every attention in my power to the many important interests of your Universities.

I have the honour to be,

GENTLEMEN,

Your obedient Servant,

JAS. ALEX. CAMPBELL.

STRACATHRO, 11th March, 1880.

TO THE ELECTORS
OF THE
CITY OF GLASGOW.

GENTLEMEN,

Having been adopted by the Conservative Association and Electoral Committee as a Candidate for the Representation of my native City in Parliament, I address you in view of the approaching Election, and solicit your suffrages.

The nation, as represented by Government, has, I think, effected a judicious settlement of the Eastern Question. But for the position taken up by our representatives at Berlin, the Christian provinces of Turkey might have been incorporated with the Russian Empire, and have been subjected to Russian oppression. Our Government rescued them from that fate, and secured for them self-government under Christian rulers. In time, Asia Minor will, I believe, become a profitable field for British enterprise and commerce, such as India now is. The Afghan War was forced upon us by the machinations of Russia, and the necessity of protecting the North-Western frontier of India. The character and strength of the new frontier will, I trust, be such as to enable the Indian Government to devote its energies to the advancement of the social and material progress of the country. The war in Zululand might, perhaps, have been avoided; but once entered upon, it was necessary to disperse the savage armaments whose object could only be the extirpation of the white settlers in Natal.

I approve of a national recognition of Christianity, and I consider that the existence of the Established Church of Scotland is a benefit to the nation. Its creed is the creed of the great majority of the people. It is orthodox in doctrine, and liberal and tolerant in practice. If returned to Parliament I shall oppose any attempt to disestablish it. But it would afford me satisfaction to do everything in my power to promote the re-union of the various Presbyterian bodies in Scotland on a constitutional basis.

I recognise the right of the ratepayers to control the granting of licenses, and to prevent the establishment of public-houses in their neighbourhoods. I would support the resolution of Sir Wilfrid Lawson in favour of "local option," and would back a bill for carrying the resolution into practical and beneficial effect. I would also support measures by whomsoever introduced which would have the effect of promoting temperance.

Though I cannot support "Home Rule" in matters of imperial concern, I am in favour of local matters being investigated on the spot instead of by the present committee and often unsatisfactory tribunal of a Parliamentary Committee sitting in London. I am decidedly opposed to a policy of centralisation. In my opinion local institutions ought to be maintained and strengthened, and if returned to Parliament I shall do my best to obtain justice for Scotland in regard to taxation and the amount of grants she is fairly entitled to receive from the national treasury. In this view I am in favour of the re-establishment of a Board of Education in Scotland, composed of members acquainted with the requirements of the Scottish system of education.

A bill has been brought into Parliament for the purpose of defining and making more stringent the liability of employers to their workmen in cases of accident. I think the measure a fair one, and it shall have my support.

The results flowing from the extension of the suffrage by a Conservative Government to householders in burghs have been such that the application of the principle to counties is merely a question of time. The measure ought to be a Government one, and when it is so brought before Parliament it shall have my support.

The abolition of the Law of Hypothec, an alteration in the Game Laws in the interest of the tenant, greater and cheaper facilities for the acquisition and transfer of land, are measures for which I shall vote if returned as your representative.

While reserving liberty to vote on any question as may seem best for the interests of the country and of my constituents, I would give a general support to Her Majesty's present advisers.

Through the position of Lord Provost of this, my native city, which I held by your favour, I acquired an intimate knowledge of municipal matters and the requirements of the city. This knowledge I believe I might be able to turn to useful account in Parliament for the advantage of my fellow-citizens.

I shall shortly have the pleasure of addressing you personally in various quarters of the city. Meantime,

I have the honour to be,

GENTLEMEN,

Your most obedient Servant,

JAS. BAIN.

Glasgow, 9th March, 1880.

CITY PARLIAMENTARY ELECTION.

CONSERVATIVE CANDIDATURE.

SIR JAMES BAIN'S COMMITTEE-ROOMS

CENTRAL.

THE COAL EXCHANGE, West Regent Street, West Nile Street, and Renfield Street.

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136 CANNING STREET. FRANC GIBB DOUGALL and J. A. D. RISK, Ward Agents.

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93 West Regent Street, 13th March, 1880.

EARLY IN APRIL
JOHN D. MACARTHUR,
 HOSIER, GLOVER, AND SHIRTMAKER,
 Will REMOVE his GENTLEMEN'S DEPARTMENT
 to those Premises,
 263, 265, and 267 SAUCHIEHALL STREET,
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The LADIES' DEPARTMENT will be carried on as formerly at the present premises, 195 and 197 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, but with Increased Accommodation and Stock.

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Excellent Quality! Deliciously Cooked!!

Hot Minced Collops and Potatoes,.....3d.

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GOOD DINNER IS HAD FOR 6D.

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 67 COWCADDENS.

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WHOLESALE, RETAIL, & EXPORT PRINTSELLER,
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P. COWIESON begs to intimate that he has opened the above Premises with a Splendid Stock of First-Class ENGRAVINGS (Framed and unframed), WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS, CHROMOS, OLEOS, &c. As the Business will be conducted solely on Ready-Money principles, every advantage money and experience can command will be offered to those who may favour him with their patronage.

Now on View, and for Sale in the Gallery, *fac simile* India Artist's-Proof Line Engraving of the "Battle of Prestonpans" (Painted by Sir WM. ALLAN, P.R.S.A.). Presented to and graciously accepted by Her Majesty the Queen on the occasion of her Visit to the Duchess of Roxburghe, Broxmouth Park, 24th August, 1878.

At 43 Argyle Street, on Wednesday, 17th March.

FIRST-CLASS NEW JEWELLERY AND WATCHES including:

Diamond Rings, Pearl Rings, Diamond and Pearl Earrings, Brooches, Locketts, Signet Rings, NEW GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES (by various eminent makers), Gold Guards, Coloured Gold Alberts, Plated Tea Set, Liquor Stand, Plated Dessert Cutlery, Pieces Black Silk, Walnut Cottage Pianoforte (Chappell & Co.), Walnut Harmonium, (7 stops).

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ROSS'S
 "WE HAVE TRIED THIS CELEBRATED BLACKING
 AND HAVE NO HESITATION IN SAYING
 THAT IT IS THE BEST WE HAVE EVER USED"
BLACKING.
 PRESERVES
 THE BOOTS & MAKES
 THEM WATERPROOF.
 MAY BE HAD FROM ALL GROCERS

IMPORTANT (Family giving up house).—For Private Disposal the following articles of Furniture, viz., all best make and perfect as new, used only three months:—Splendid Mahogany Dining-room Suite (9 pieces), Spring and Hair-stuffed, best quality, real leather, offered for £25, cost £40; Telescope Dining Table, £5, cost £10; a most elegant Walnut Drawing-room Suite, upholstered in Rich Crimson Rep, £15 15s, cost £25; Walnut Cottage Piano, £20, cost £35; Tea and Coffee Service, finest quality, Sheffield Silver Plate, richly engraved by hand, £2, cost £5; Kettle to match, 30s, cost £3, and many other articles of Plate all perfectly new, not once used. Genuine Bargains; must all be disposed of before the Term. A Good Opportunity for any one Furnishing. Shall be carefully packed free if wanted for the country.—Address, "D.R.B.," BAILIE Office, Glasgow.

ISLAY WHISKY.

W. & J. MUTTER,
BOWMORE DISTILLERY.
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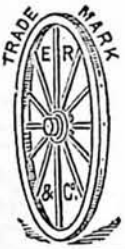
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RARE OLD BLEND,
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Sequel to L'Assommoir. 3s 6d free by post.
 Largest Stock of modern French Literature in Scotland.
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 Large and Elegant SHAMPOOING and HAIR-DRESSING
 ROOMS, which, in regard to comfort and elegance, are fitted
 in a style equal to any in the city. They are under the direct
 superintendence of a most experienced Manager, and the Assist-
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In introducing this New Department of our Business, we may
 explain that though it is the first attempt of the kind in Glasgow,
 yet it has been carried on with great success by the most cele-
 brated Hosiers and Glovers in the Cheapside and Strand, Lon-
 don, and we feel quite confident that with your kind patronage,
 and our strict attention, this novelty cannot fail to be a great
 success.

21 AND 23 RENFIELD STREET, GLASGOW.

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 Four Shillings and Sixpence, at
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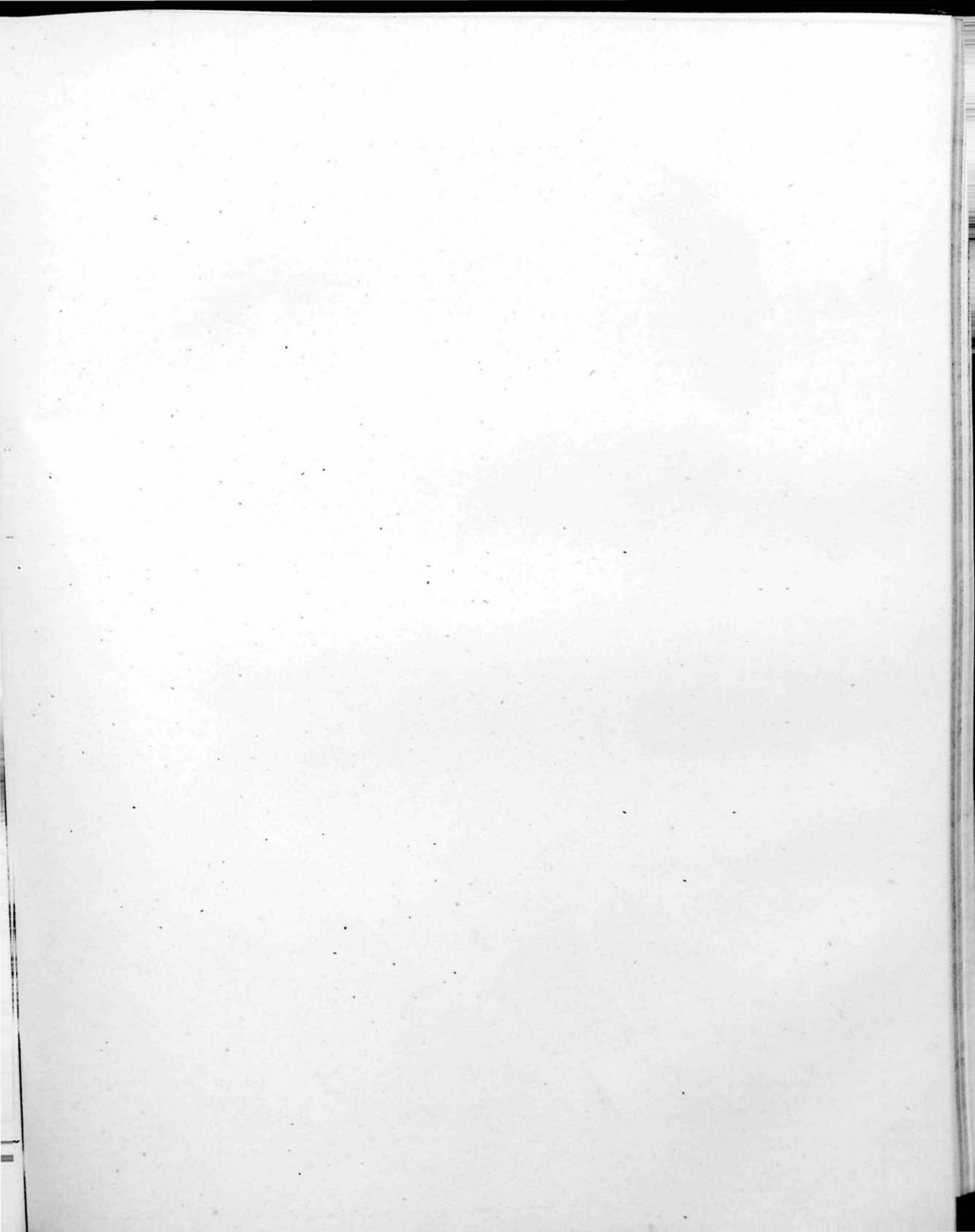
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13S. TROUSERS & 50S. SUITS

AT THE

TRONGATE CLOTHING COMPANY,

54 TRONGATE.





The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 388. Glasgow, Wednesday, March 24th, 1880. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 388.

IS Glasgow the most Radical constituency in Scotland? Are we content to be represented by three members who shall take their seats "below the gangway?" What has become of the Whigs of St. Mungo? Are the Tories of the early days of the BAILIE fairly defunct? The Magistrate has nothing to urge personally against either Messrs Cameron, Anderson, or Middleton, but politically he abjures them and all their works, and the notion that they are to be the future members for the city puzzles him entirely. To say that it makes him angry in no way expresses his feelings. He is rather astonished than enraged. Nay, he could even laugh at the idea. Up till the end of last week, however, his laughter would have had a somewhat hollow ring. Terrible as the prospect was, there seemed no help for us. The return of the three nominees brought forward by the Sim Tappertits of the Glasgow Liberal Association appeared, to all intents and purposes, *un fait accompli*. Happily the prospect has changed within the past day or two. Flite the bellows-mender, Nick Bottom the weaver, Starveling the tailor, and Tom Snout the tinker, are not to have things entirely their own way with the constituency of the Second City of the Empire. Towards the middle of the week it was whispered that a Conservative candidate, one, moreover, who would prove acceptable to moderate men of all ways of thinking, had been found at last, and on Saturday the address of Mr WILLIAM PEARCE was before the public. Mr PEARCE has already made his bow in the pages of the BAILIE, but under the circumstances the Magistrate doesn't see how he could please his readers better than by once more introducing them to the Man you Know. The candidate of the

VOL. XV.

Conservative party is beyond everything a man of affairs. Should he be returned—and his prospects look brighter every day—he will be the representative, not of one section of the constituency, but of the city generally. And he will be more than this. We are beyond everything a maritime people—indeed our very existence depends on our navy—and surely the presence of the greatest shipbuilder in the world, the constructor of the Arizona and the Orient, in the councils of the nation, is a matter of national importance. Putting the question of party aside altogether, where could a fitter representative for a great seaport be found than one who is himself the owner of a fleet of ships; where are we likely to light upon a member so well qualified to appreciate the claims and the needs of the shipbuilding trade of the river as the chief employer in this important and ever-growing branch of our local industry? Personally Mr PEARCE is the very man to fight a winning fight. In manner and appearance he is a born candidate. Frank and unaffected, an easy, good-humoured speaker, but quick to appreciate the weak points in the armour of an opponent, his popularity will begin from the moment he makes his first appearance in public. He comes of a shipbuilding family—his ancestors having been engaged, for something like a century and a half in the Government yards at Chatham. His connection with the Admiralty dates from 1854, and he has the distinction of having been placed in charge, in 1860, of the Achilles, the first man-of-war ever constructed of iron in Her Majesty's dockyards. Three years afterwards he removed to the Clyde, having been selected, in 1864, to manage the shipbuilding department of the establishment of Messrs Robert Napier & Sons, and in 1870 he joined Messrs Ure & Jamieson as a member of the firm of John Elder & Co. The retirement of his two partners has left him the sole

proprietor of the works at Fairfield, the size and importance of which can best be understood when it is recollected that, when in full swing, the hands they employ are upwards of 5000 in number. The Conservatives will of course work with all their might and main to secure the return of Mr PEARCE. He is the candidate of the party, and their duty to themselves, as well as to him, demands that they leave no stone unturned, the moving of which will aid his election. But the BAILIE hopes that other than high and dry Tory votes will be given for the Man you Know. The Whig party are surely bound to save the city, so far as it lies in their power, from being fairly over-run by the residuum. We are not all Radical just as we are not all Tory, and in a three-cornered constituency it will be strange indeed if the moderate candidate, who is also a great captain of labour, and who has made his name celebrated on every sea, should not find his way, when election day comes round, to the top of the poll.

That's what Puzzles the Quaker.

HOW the five candidates all expect to be returned.

How Captain M'Call can prevent his men from discussing the election.

How the Liberal *Herald* is more Tory than the *Tory News*.

How the United Liberal Associations are always dis-united.

How William Kidston is not working like tooth-and-nail for his heaven born candidate.

How—Ay, "That's what puzzles the Quaker."

ABLE-BODIED, INDEED.

(Scene—A parochial office, Irishman—worn to skin and bone—is asking relief.)

Clerk—We don't give anything to able-bodied persons.

Pat—Able-bodied, did ye say? bedad, it's time yir honour wur wearing spectacles.

How to get at the intelligence of a constituency—Address it from a platform. ["Hisses," "groans," "hooting," "confusion,"]

Motto for the Glasgow Landlords Association—
—"Property has its duties—and taxes."

A Direct-tory—A straightforward Conservative.

FERGUSON'S EDINBURGH ROCK
is the best present from Edinburgh. 1 Melbourne place.
near the Castle.

The Spring Elections.

"The wynter is goon, with his raynes wete."

—*The Merchandises Tale.*

I'M sick of this Election war—
This Whig and Tory fighting;
I can't well fathom what it's for—
The subject's not inviting;
To me it matters not a bit
What side is in, what out;
A glass well filled, a pipe well lit
Soon settles all my doubt;
And all around my heart to cheer,
Comes on the smiling Spring;
Since merry buds begin to peer,
And birds begin to sing.

Bah! Politics! they're not for me,
Who likes can take them up;
I'll live from all their bickerings free,
And sing, and sleep, and sup;
All nature is at peace to me—
Poor man alone seems battling;
Can silly mortals not agree,
And cease their petty prattling,
At this of all times of the year,
This merry time of Spring,
When verdant budlets 'gin to peer
And birds begin to sing.

What! Misanthrope?—nay, nay, not I;
Protest it if you can!
For though I've no election cry,
I love my fellow man:
I only wish— and where's the wrong?—
They'd live more free from quarrel,
And let their strife give way to song;
That's all; d'ye see the moral?
For nature smiles, and skies are clear,
Proclaiming bounteous Spring;
Now laughing buds begin to peer,
And birds begin to sing.

Bald sentiment!—What though it be?
There's surely something in it?
"Man has a voice!" you say to me—
Well, so has this same linnet!
Vote as you will; my vote is hedged,
Thus no dissent I'll bring;
To either side I am not pledged,
And so I'll—plump for Spring!
And Spring has come, and Spring is here,
With joy the woodlands ring;
Now merry buds begin to peer,
And birds begin to sing.

THE "OLE MAN."—At one of Mr Gladstone's meetings on Friday the chairman "called the attention" of the audience "to the age" of the right hon. gentleman, and bade them "mark his great vitality." It would be interesting to learn how the representative of age and vitality enjoyed being trotted out as a "nice, clean," well-preserved old man.

"Pre-" adam"-might—Addressing Glasgow.

Post-" adam"-might—Wooing Peebles.

BICYCLES. { West of Scotland Bicycle Co. Show Rooms, 104 Renfield Street, Works, 67 East Howard Street, Makers of the "Royal Scottish" and "West of Scotland" Bicycles & Tricycles, Repairs, fittings, &c.

The Heckler's Manual.

THE heckler at a candidate's meeting is a noble creature. Regardless of the scorn and contumely heaped upon him impartially by the audience in the hall and the candidate's friends on the platform, he discharges his interrogatory words that breathe and his inquisitorial thoughts that burn with a dogged heroism worthy of any cause. But with all his splendid qualities there is a sad want of originality about him; he is too ready to tread the well-worn paths erstwhile pressed by the feet of generations of hecklers who have gone to their reward. This being so, the BAILIE, with his usual happy apropos knack, begs to draw his esteemed friend the heckler's attention to the following entirely fresh instruments of torture wherewithal to harrow the souls of would-be Parliameteers:—

Would you, if elected, bring in a bill dealing in a liberal, fearless, and impartial manner with the great mother-in-law question?

Are you in favour of an extension of the operation of the lodger franchise, so as to include the appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into the mysterious disappearance of tea and spirits, and the habits and customs of the lodging-house cat?

Do you approve of the spirited domestic policy of our police force, more especially in its connection with the cook and the cold mutton?

Are you of opinion that the inhabitants of any particular street should be empowered to apply the principle of Local Option to the presence of a barrel-organ or German band in their neighbourhood?

Do you think any alteration in the Game Laws is desirable, particularly as they apply to ground game, such as playing marbles or spinning tops on the pavement?

Are you prepared to vote for an inquiry into the expediency of Home Rule, in cases where the boots are insufficiently polished or the buttered toast done to a cinder?

Would you support any proposed alteration on the Law of Hypothec, which would make it illegal for a tailor to send in his little bill more frequently than once in twelve months?

Would you assist in passing a bill for the Disestablishment and Disendowment of any clergyman who preaches sermons longer than thirty minutes, or who says "Fourthly, my brethren?"

A great future is before any candidate who can satisfy a breathlessly expectant public on these points.

Electioneering Proverbial Philosophy.

THE Liberal candidate's extremity is the Home Ruler's opportunity.

Pertinacity is the soul of canvassing.

Once heckled, twice shy.

Faint heart never won a constituency.

Misfortunes and election addresses never come singly.

Honesty is the best foreign policy.

The nearer disestablishment the farther from grace.

Local option is the cure of all evil.

He's a wise candidate that defies the Home Rulers.

Pledges cost little and are worth less.

A little knowledge of the Eastern Question is a dangerous thing.

Wise men build tenement houses, and faggot voters buy them.

Give even a Radical member his due.

A LIKE REASON.

(Scene—A dwelling-house; John has brought home a pot of something that had caught his fancy in a grocer's window, but which neither he nor Janet can eat.)

Janet—What gart ye buy that rubbish?

John (irritably)—The same thing that gars ye ask sae many questions, guidwife—curiosity.

HAVE YOU SEEN THE SHOW?—The BAILIE observes with pleasure that Sir James Bain accepts the situation, and recognises the fact that the public flock to his meetings "as they go to a pantomime." Could he not arrange, while his brief "run" lasts, to give, like the theatres in holiday time, two performances a day and three on Saturday? Mr Gladstone does it in Mid-Lothian, and why not Sir Jeems in Glasgow?

A CORRECTION. — Inveraray Castle was recently "thrown open to the public," and now, in consequence of unfounded rumours, ta Tuke wishes it to be distinctly understood that he derived no profit from the exhibition, and that Lord Archibald, who acted as cicerone, was expressly forbidden to accept any gratuities. It is gratifying to learn this, and the BAILIE has great pleasure in placing the information before his readers.

A Man-drake—Captain Webb.

MARK YOUR LINEN { With an India Rubber Monogram or Name Stamp. Prices from 2s 6d complete—A. C. Thomson, 278 Argyle Street.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—Mr Bernard, in order to take us as much as possible out of ourselves—that is to take us away from the strife, and heart-burning, and weariness consequent on a disputed election, is giving us six nights of opera beginning this evening with “Mignon,” following which will come “The Bohemian Girl,” Carmen, Goetz’s “Taming of the Shrew,” and the ever-popular “Maritana.” Two of the members of the company—which is, I need hardly say, that of Carl Rosa—are Mr Joseph Mass and Miss Gaylord, the former of whom is the most popular English tenor of the day, while Miss Gaylord, who has improved wonderfully of late, takes a very high place indeed in the ranks of English speaking *soprani*.

The “last nights” of Mr Alfred Davies, Mr Glenney, and Miss Louisa Gordon at the Prince of Wales Theatre are now announced. That performance of our old friend Alfred in “King Lachrymoso,” with his songs of “Likketty Longshaw” and “The Three Obadiah’s,” should not be missed. It will make your Worship “laff.”

Mr Knapp has put up “The Shaughran” at the Royalty, with Mr Sullivan as *Conn* and Mr Nerny as the informer. Both are wonderfully clever bits of acting.

Our South Side theatre-goers are being treated to-night and during the week to a round of Shakespeare, and so many months have elapsed since the mighty lines of “the master” were declaimed on a Glasgow stage that the entertainment ought to draw full houses. Mr Talbot, who will be the “star” of the short season, will appear as *Othello*, as *Shylock*, as *Macbeth*, and as *Richard*.

Besides the Glasgow Theatre Royal, Mr Phipps, architect, London, has just now on hand a theatre at Torquay, the reconstruction of the Princess Theatre, London, and the rebuilding of the Theatre Royal, Dublin; and Messrs MacGovern and Solaini, of Liverpool, are making designs of a theatre for the histrionic entertainment of the Liverpoolians. Moreover, in London Shakespeare and Sheridan are flourishing in immortal youth.

One of our younger elocutionists, Mr T. Harrower, will give a series of readings in the Assembly Rooms, Bath Street, to-morrow (Tuesday) night. Mr Harrower reads with great force, and with an abundant appreciation of the meaning of his author.

The wonderfully clever “Gleanings from Gladstone,” published by the Messrs Blackwood, has been followed up by an equally clever *brochure* entitled “The Liberal Mis-leaders.” If anything, indeed, the second pamphlet is even wittier and more pungent than the first. It is now an open secret that both illustrations and letterpress are the work of Mr G. R. Halkett, the editor of the “Art Notes” published by Messrs Thomas Gray & Co.

Young Glasgow, or at least a certain section of young Glasgow, is all agog over the “Cronie” entertainment of next Thursday, in Maclean’s Hotel. In order to give greater interest to the performance of Mr Muir’s operetta, several of the artistic members of the club—David Murray and William Young being of the number—are busy with a set of scenes that are being painted specially on its behalf.

On Monday next Miss Aitken, a lady who of old had no rival in the esteem of the play-going public, not only of Glasgow but of the West of Scotland, will appear in the Burgh Hall, Cross-hill, in company with Mr Lambeth’s choir, and will give a series of readings, from Dickens, Jerrold, Tennyson, Burns, and D. M. Moir.

To the point—Pearce.

Granny’s Latest.

AT no time have her readers had more occasion to be kind to Auld Granny than since the intended Dissolution was announced. She has been perplexed in the extreme. On Saturday last she concluded an article by stating, “We have only touched on a few of the contests which are now raging over Scotland, *from Land’s End to John O’ Groat’s*.” If the accuracy of her political prophecying is proportionate to her geographical knowledge then the electors need not bother over either until the elections are over.

At last week’s meeting of the Scottish Reformation Society, in Edinburgh, the reverend chairman forcibly expelled an “obstructive.” This is what may be called muscular “Reformation,” and would have delighted the soul of the late Mistress Jennie Geddes.

A RASH CANDIDATE.—Mr Cuthbertson assured a Renfrew audience last week that “he had studied all that had been written and said on the subject” of the Afghan war! This is doubtless conscientious. But beware, Cuthbertson, beware. That way madness lies.

AN “EMBARRASSMENT OF RICHES.”—The members of the daily press are understood to be somewhat aggrieved that the Blantyre fire was not delayed for a few weeks. The poor fellows had no chance of making a “big thing” of it under existing circumstances!

ART OF THE FUTURE.—According to the art critic of the *Herald*, “Some time shall the funeral of Burns be painted with the whole nation sitting in sackcloth and ashes.” That will be “a great picture entirely,” but won’t it require a deuce of a big canvas?

AN ARDUOUS TASK.—The Home Rulers are, it seems, about to try to make their theories “intelligible.” Thank goodness! That should keep them quiet for a bit!

OUT OF THE FRYING-PAN.—Poor Dundee! What has she done that no sooner has she got rid of a Jenkins than she is pounced upon by a Maltman Barry?

A “Killin” Disappointment.—That of the Glasgow Irishmen the other evening.

THEIR HABITAT.—“Wanted, from 40 to 50 farm-fed pigs.” Try St. Enoch Square on a Wednesday.

“Marks of Approval”—Crosses on the ballot-paper.

On 'Change.

ON Saturday, 27th December last, North British Ordinary Stock stood at 78½. It had paid no dividend the previous half year, neither had the 4½ per cent. Preference of 1879, and the 1875 Preference had been dismissed with half its proper share or 2½ per cent. The Tay Bridge fell on the 28th Dec., causing deplorable destruction of plant and loss of revenue. Yet the Ordinary North British Stock is being bought at 78½ just as if nothing had happened. The company, in short, sustained a severe pecuniary loss, which cannot possibly have been recouped either by increased traffic or decreased expenditure, but the market price of the stock continues unimpaired. The inference is that in order to maintain a stock in the market the best plan is to damage the line and diminish the revenue.

As a natural consequence of the City of Glasgow Bank disaster, the list of bankruptcies published in the *Edinburgh Gazette* for a time showed a grievous and most uncomfortable expansion. Lately, I observe, the melancholy catalogue has been shrinking, but one name was published the other day which possessed some significance. It was that of a lady, described as the widow of D. Robertson, "whose present address is unknown." This ominous announcement raises disagreeable reflections, and I trust, for the satisfaction of the creditors, that the address will be discovered and made known at the meeting called for next week, to elect a trustee and commissioners. SCRUTATOR.

"SHOULD OLD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT."

Scene—A Hotel Bar; number of parties taking refreshment; Time, 10 p.m.

Heavy Swell (to a customer of the house)—I think I have seen you before; your face seems quite familiar to me.

Customer—Very likely, sir; I was long a Sheriff's officer. (*Gent. collapses.*)

QUESTIONS FOR THE G.L.A.—It would be interesting to know what is the essential difference between the coercion of voters by an individual—say, the Duke of Broadacres—and by a collection of individuals—say, the Weismichtwo Liberal Association: also, how it is possible to reconcile with the spirit—not to speak of the letter—of the Ballot Act, minute directions as to the manner in which each man is to dispose of his votes.

THE ADMIRAL IN A NEW ROLE.—"The Admiral" has taken to emulating his chief in the manufacture of phrases. At Falkirk the other day he talked about the "acrimonious verbiage" of his opponents—which is good—and about their "meagre and distracted" policy—which is better still. If Sir William goes on like this he will astonish us all one of these days by coming out in the *role* of a man of "light and leading."

SILENCE IS GOLDEN.—Part of the Home Rule programme is, according to Mither John Ferguson, to be "silent as death." Why, oh, why does he not act up to his precept!

Election Cases—Ballot-boxes.

First of April Facts.

THAT all the publicans will vote for Dr Cameron.

That the small shopkeepers and cab proprietors are certain to plump for George Anderson.

That the members and adherents of the "Auld Kirk" will use every effort to put Mr Middleton at the top of the poll.

That the Orangemen and Local Optionists will be able to carry Sir James Bain.

That Mr Pearce will not get the straight vote of all the true blue Conservatives.

MISTAKEN IN A MEASURE.

Tuncan—Tid you'll keep cloth for makin' a shoot o' cloase?

Tailor (obsequiously)—Yes, sir; we have excellent materials in tip-top tweeds, and can especially recommend the desideratum quality. But perhaps you would prefer one of our spicy mixtures which go down so well at present?

Tuncan—You wass mistook me, serr, I ton't want pheezyk. It wass a measure for a shoot o' cloase ant not for a coffin I wass require. When I want a mexture I will go to a truckkist and kemist, but not shust pefore. Koot tay to you!

KINDRED SPIRITS.—Mr John Ferguson announced last week that "Ferguson"—some big little folks are fond of speaking of themselves in the third person—would "fight for" Cameron and Anderson. Can this change of front be due to the fact that Dr Cameron has been styled in the House of Commons a "pure and simple obstructionist?"

WHY NOT?—"Why should not a candidate," asked Mr Holms in the House of Commons the other day, "if he might pay for the conveyance of voters, not also be allowed to give them some reasonable amount of refreshment by the way?" "Why not, indeed?" echoes Asinus; "And to 'convey' them home after the 'reasonable refreshment,' too!"

The BAILIE is glad to see that his recent paragraph on the subject of poisonous confections has borne fruit, and that a vendor of those envenomed delicacies has been fined £5. His Worship, however, would have the authorities seek out the guilty manufacturer and not content themselves with the—probably—ignorant seller.

THE COMING RACE.—The age is fast becoming faster. Formerly candidates were wont to "stand," now they're "run."

Quavers.

IT is gratifying to learn that there will be a very considerable surplus to hand to the Upper Norwood Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind, from the concert of Thursday evening last. The value of the institution as a means of imparting a high-class musical training to the blind, was abundantly proved on that occasion. The performances on the violin, organ, and piano were of remarkable promise, while the solos and part-singing were marked, as a rule, by refinement and accuracy of tone. The labour and patience required to communicate the music to the pupils must be very great, but the college has apparently an enthusiastic and well-skilled teacher in Mr Campbell, who was (not to forget the fact) greatly aided by Mr Hopkins at the concert.

Master Alfred Hollins, a boy of some twelve years of age, played on the organ and piano in a marvellous manner. He will be a player of note in the future, little doubt. Misses Dick, Campbell, Carson, and Reece, were the representative lady-pupils of the school. Mr A. Wilmot, tenor, who sang Beethoven's "Adelaide," has a lovely voice. Prince Alexander of Hesse played the andante from Mendelssohn's violin concerto in a highly promising and acceptable style. The concert was not without its pathetic side, in the circumstances.

Mr Lambeth's Choir have not been at all idle, though bulking comparatively little in the eyes of City people of late. They have given very successful concerts lately at Bridgeton, and at Mearns, Denny, and Helensburgh, having added a few pieces to their repertory, among which may be mentioned the new part-song "Maggie Lauder," which they sing with great effect. The choir appear at the City Hall next Saturday evening, with a popular programme.

Mr J. Robertson, organist of Dowanhill U P. Church, is at present giving lectures on the composers, with vocal and instrumental illustrations. Handel and Haydn and Mendelssohn are among the composers treated of. Mr Robertson has been lecturing at Rothesay and Langbank, and is to be at Dunoon and Crieff shortly. He is assisted in the vocal examples by a quartette from Mr Lambeth's Select Choir.

The Ayr Choral Union give their performance of "Judas Maccabæus" on the night of Glasgow Fast-Day. Miss Agnes B. Stewart, of the party mentioned in the above paragraph, is to be the chief soprano.

Professor Macleod, of Glasgow University, asserted, on a late occasion, that medical students were now, as a rule, a much more orderly class of young men than formerly. Whether the opinion is correct or not, it would not surprise one to learn that some softer features are noticeable, at least in the character of the students at Edinburgh College. The thought strikes one on hearing of the annual University Concert (the thirteenth), which took place the other evening in Edinburgh, under the direction of Sir Herbert S. Oakeley. One can hardly imagine a medical who "plays the viol de gamba," or who takes a part in one of our modern sentimental part-songs, to be a roysterer of the *Bob Sawyer* type.

The concert referred to seems to have been a good one. There were two overtures ("Ruy Blas," and "La gazza ladra"), a symphony (Mozart in C No. 6), and a number of male voice part-songs and choruses, among which were some of Professor Oakeley's usually very effective settings for men's voices of Scottish melodies; and, from what one learns, the performances were of considerable excellence.

Haydn's oratorio, "The Creation," is to be performed to-night (Tuesday) by the Paisley Musical Association, under the direction of Mr James Barr. Mr Cole will lead the orchestra, and Mr Berry will be at the organ.

There was a capitally filled house on the occasion of the concert by the St. George's Choral Union on Saturday evening—affording a proof of the esteem in which the society and Mr Moodie are held. The pieces were all given with marked success and acceptance.

"New" Silver Combination Violin Strings, First and Seconds, unsurpassed for durability and purity of tone, each 11 stamps. GEORGE MORRIS, High Street, Dundee.

The Ladies' Candidate.

The reason why, I cannot state,
I only know 'tis so,
That, as the ladies' candidate,
Unto the poll I go.
Perhaps it is my "figgur," which
Is portly and rotund,
Or it may be my face, so rich
In hue of health jocund.

No matter why—the fact is there :
The darlings—bliss 'em all !—
Down at my feet, in legions fair,
(Politically) fall.
This honey'd tongue, which lightly trips,
My thanks too coldly speaks ;
Fain would I print them with my lips
Upon those blushing cheeks !

Then ladies, pray, be wise, be strong,
Sweethearts and hub's cajole,
And, waited by an angel throng,
Your knight *must* head the poll.
None but the brave deserves the fair
To advocate his cause ;
And—*entre nous*—I'll make my care
The Breach of Promise laws !

FOR THIS RELIEF MUCH THANKS.—The *Herald* expresses its heartfelt gratitude to Mr Gladstone for not, in his own words, "running round the whole circle of topics on every occasion," but instead contenting himself with "his sober 'seven columns' a day." "What," apprehensively inquires our contemporary, "would be our condition if he were to make the attempt which he has now repudiated?" Why, there would probably be a free fight between "our" advertising and sub-editorial departments, that's all.

CONSCIOUS OF THEIR OWN DESERTS.—The "cooks and pastry bakers" of Glasgow were last week summoned by advertisement to a meeting, the business of which was stated to be "Amalgamation and Funeral." Did it mean that they were first to "amalgamate" and then to inter themselves in a body? The BAILIE has in his day come across some cooks whom he would like to see interred with or without "amalgamation."

A SOOT-ABLE PENALTY.—Last week Bailie Colquhoun had before him a larcenous youth who was, it is stated, "found concealed in a chimney in a public-house," and "the Bailie sent him back to his old quarters for sixty days." A soot-able punishment enough, your Worship; but is its infliction quite within your powers?

A "Yarn Merchant"—A Parliamentary candidate.

LONDON SCOTCH RESORT, 3 Water Lane, Ludgate Hill, London, the only House for "Real Johnny" Scotch Whiskies of all Brands, Scotch Ales, &c. Neil Mackay, Proprietor.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the fighting for the Glasgow seats is waxing fast and furious.

That there are now five Richmonds in the field.

That they can't all be returned.

That some of them will be returned to that private life they are so well qualified to adorn.

That the split in the Liberal camp has taken place.

That Mr Anderson objects to three Advanced Liberals running together.

That everybody was of opinion that the more advanced a candidate proclaimed himself the better George would like him.

That even the Liberal Whip, according to George, doesn't expect Glasgow to return more than two Liberal members.

That the Whip is a crack at guessing.

That he is just about correct on this occasion.

That George thinks it would not be a bad idea to "dish the Whigs," and run along with the knight of Sundrum.

That if George continues in the pet he may find himself left out in the cold.

That Mr Middleton's style is rather preachy-preachy.

That he delivered his first sermon on Saturday.

That it won't be his last.

That he will be all U.P. on the poll.

That Sir James Bain has had various bad quarters of an hour of late.

That the same people who throw up their caps for the Provost now throw their sticks at the expectant M P.

That Sir James says the "battle is already half won."

That he will be a proud man when he wins the other half.

That "oor Jeems" has been conspicuous by his absence from the meetings of Sir James.

That votes are not lost that a friend's opponent doesn't get.

That the Tories have got hold of the right man at last.

That it is a long time since Glasgow had a representative man in Parliament.

That it will be a happy time when the elections are all over.

That until then we won't have the use of our own papers.

Beveridge's Guaranteed Mixed Pickles, Red Cabbage, Mushroom Ketchup, Sauces and Table Condiments, unrivalled for purity and flavour.

A Real Election Contest.

WHAT an inestimable blessing it is to be a man of resource! More especially at an election time is the possession of a ready wit far above rubies. One of the most striking instances of the advantages thus conferred on a candidate is the conduct of one of the members for Queen's County, Mr Digby by name (let him have whatever immortality can be bestowed by the largest capitals at thy command, O thou most worthy printer!) When one of his meetings the other day was interrupted by the growlings of malcontents, that gentleman invited any of his opponents to "stand opposite him in a twelve foot ring;" and in the simple but touching language of the daily press, "the subsequent proceedings were quieter." Now, could this brilliantly Hibernian idea not be applied to our local affairs? Some Conservatives profess themselves dissatisfied with the conduct of that incarnation of Tory suavity, that Wilkins Macawber of politics, that gushing philanthropist and universal well-wisher, Sir James Bain. Why should not Sir James invite these unworthy cavillers to give a reason for the faith that is in them according to the rules of the prize ring? His dear friends the police, for whom he expressed such unbounded admiration the other evening, in his usual impulsive, uncalculating way, would surely wink at the illegality of the proceeding; while the other J. B., the Provost's man, his faithful fellow-traveller, and the sharer of his joys and triumphs in far-off lands, might be induced to act as judicious bottle-holder, applying vinegar to the knightly temples, and if necessary sponging the ensanguined flood from the knightly nose. Can we doubt the issue of the conflict? Then after polishing off the rebels of his own side, he might challenge the Liberal candidates, one down t'other come on, and so at length appear at St. Stephen's with his blushing honours thick upon him. It would be a most appropriate and crowning glory to the career of a gentleman who has all through life been fighting for his own hand.

—♦♦♦—
"EVERY MAN HAS HIS PRICE."—The agent for a copying-machine addresses his advertisement to "Election Agents and others who require the aid of the printer for the reproduction of circulars, price-lists," &c. This is *too* barefaced. Of course we all know that every man has his price under Beaconsfield as under Walpole, but we consider it only decent nowadays to "keep it dark."

GLASGOW SELECT CHOIR

At the request of Numerous Patrons, the Committee
have arranged to give a Performance of

HANDEL'S "MESSIAH,"

In the
City Hall, on the FAST NIGHT.

LADIES' 2 BUTTON

FRENCH KID GLOVES,

Only 1s 11d per Pair.

IN ALL THE NEW SHADES.

PROVAN & SMELLIE, 120 Trongate.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

HENRY THOMSON & CO'S

OLD

IRISH WHISKY.

SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—

ROBERT BROWN, 17 HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.

DAVISON'S

**CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE
GINGER BEER.**

A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE
YEAR ROUND; WARM, GRATEFUL, AND AROMATIC.
Supplied to the Western, Junior, New, and other Clubs.

THOMAS DAVISON,

DISPENSING CHEMIST,

126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

"GLEN GYLE"

OLD HIGHLAND WHISKY.

A Judicious Combination of the Finest Matured HIGHLAND
MALT WHISKIES. Unrivalled for Toddy and General
Family Use.

18S PER GALLON OR 36S PER DOZEN.

(Jars and Bottles Returned.)

SOLE PROPRIETOR—

J. H. DEWAR,

Wholesale Family Wine Stores,

ROSE STREET, GARNETHILL (Corner of Buccleuch Street);
And 190 ST. GEORGE'S ROAD (Opposite West Princes St).

NEW DINING HALL.

To meet the requirements of an increasing business, a
NEW DINING HALL, has been Opened at the VICTORIA
DINING ROOMS, 3 Rensfield Street and 62 Gordon Street;
conjoined with which will be introduced a

SPECIAL FEATURE—

SNACKS (AT ALL HOURS),.....6d.

M'CALL & FERGUSON, PROPRIETORS.

**ANGLING.—WM. HAIGH, FLYDRESSER,
FISHING ROD AND TACKLE-MAKER,
16 HANOVER STREET,
RODS AND REELS REPAIRED, FLIES TO PATTERN.**

THE

**"DESIDERATUM"
TROUSERS.**

WHAT Gentlemen Desiderate is Real Practical Economy in
the matter of Dress, along with First-rate Quality, Style,
and Fit, and this we have always made it our careful study to
supply.

Our most recent effort in this direction will, we doubt not,
surprise the Citizens of Glasgow, who know well how to appreciate
Extraordinary Value when they see it. It is no other than
the supplying of

TROUSERS MADE FROM

**FIRST-CLASS WEST OF ENGLAND
AND SCOTCH TWEEDS,**

AT 15/6 PER PAIR.

So rare a boon has never before been offered in the Trade,
and we are confident it will prove an unparalleled success.

We need hardly remind our Friends that every Garment is
made on the Premises by our own Workmen, without the inter-
vention of cheap female or slop labour; and it is only the assur-
ance of a very large demand that has induced us to fix a Price
never before attempted.

FORSYTH,

5 AND 7 RENFIELD STREET.

THE GENERAL ELECTION.

Important to Election Agents and the Public.

Election Agents and others who require the aid of the Printer
for the reproduction of Circulars, Price Lists, &c., &c., would
do well to inspect the Typograph, by which Thousands of Copies
can be printed in Black from a written sheet of paper, without
the aid of a press, at the rate of 400 an hour. It is now in use
in over 300 of the principal offices in Town and vicinity, and is
confessed to be the best by all who use it. Prices from 31s 6d,
complete.—A. C. THOMSON, Agent for Scotland, 278 Argyle
Street, Glasgow.

MILLAR & CO.

FAMILY HATTERS,

QUEEN STREET CORNER, GLASGOW,

ARE SHEWING THEIR NEW SPRING GOODS.

See the Windows.

GREAT OPENING SALE.

P. ABERNETHY & SON,

60 AND 62 TRONGATE.

P. A. & SON having cleared out nearly the entire Trust Stock
of William Simpson & Co. beg to intimate that they will Re-
Open the above large and commodious Premises To-Day with
an entirely New Stock of General Drapery Goods. The satis-
faction expressed by all who visited our Sale at the real bargains
they received, forms a guarantee of how well intended carrying on
our Business. Every article is marked at the very lowest cash
price, and will be sold only for cash. P. A. & Son can assure
their numerous Customers that for freshness and cheapness their
Stock cannot be surpassed anywhere.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 24th, 1880.

WHEN the ever true blue Ferniegair described the advent of Sir JAMES BAIN as a Conservative candidate for the city as a "God-send" he probably did not reckon Satan as having anything to do with the political sentiments of the constituents. The bulk of those who attended Sir JAMES' meetings evidently did so in a spirit of devilry and not out of regard for him as a man of "light and leading," and the very sparse support which he has received from the known leaders of the Conservative party shows that that view is not confined to the ordinary electors. The political fly which he has busked is too varied and strong in colours to yield him the fishing he expected. On one point Sir JAMES and the electors seem to be agreed—his meetings are, as he himself termed them, a pantomime. It says a great deal for both candidate and constituents that they should both so thoroughly enjoy the joke. No more farcical political entertainment has been provided in Glasgow since the days of the hustings. The derisive cheers, hisses, interruptions, running commentary and pat contradictions are all in the best style of our old humorous elections. Sir JAMES is well known to possess many of the gifts which carry a man through such a rough and tumble contest, but even he—a trusty kid-gloved knight honoured by his Sovereign—can scarcely relish being continually greeted as "Jamie," while some unwashed and unknown Bridgeton celebrity—"Handy Dan"—receives his full titular dignity. In his speeches Sir JAMES has been decidedly too clever and has not made enough of his special claim—knowledge of local affairs and public services. What does a Park-head puddler care about the Euphrates Valley? Sir JAMES might as well tell him of the virtues of Captain White's Oriental pickles as a pick-me-up, or of chutney as a preventative of chilblains. Sir JAMES BAIN has probably more to hope for from the threatened dissension among the Liberals than from the support which he is likely to receive from those who were supposed to be his political friends. Few candidates for Parliamentary honours make so much in their addresses of religious matters. Why doesn't he add to his other electioneering agencies a daily prayer meeting for the benefit of those who are likely to lapse from the

true political faith at the moment that there is most need for their upholding the glorious old Tory banner for the good of Sir JAMES BAIN?

A NEW LIGHT.

Scene—Head of Jamaica Street; Time, 9 p.m.; two Hibernians halt.

Larry (to Mick, pointing at the same time to illumination of street lamp)—Did yez iver see anythin' the loikes ov that afore?

Mick—No, niver. Don't yez think it's too high to be convanient on a could noight?

Larry (grinning at Mick's simplicity)—Man, shure it's not a foire. Don't yez know that's the electric loight!

"ALLITERATION'S ARTFUL AID.—One of those terrible fellows, the *Weekly Mail* poets, out-alliterates Swinburne and out-exuberates Gladstone by denouncing my Lord Beaconsfield's

"Nebulous notions of a nation's need,
Shrouded in sophistries of solemn sounds
Far-fetched from famed Bœotia's farthest bounds."

My conscience! Here be truths!

MASONIC.—There are many vain superstitions afloat on the subject of rites Masonic, but some of the said superstitions appear less vain when we find brethren requested to meet in a Govan church—"Dress—Tie and Gloves (White)." White gloves and choker are all very well as a portion of full dress, but are they not a *rayther* scanty substitute for it?

BALFOUR OF BLARNEY.—If the initial "B." in "J. B. Balfour" doesn't stand for "Blarney" it "oughter." That wily lawyer told the good folks of Largs last week that their village was "well known to be one of the most important strongholds of Liberal principles and opinions." (Cheers.) Not so bad for "the Lairs!"

"PUT IT DOWN A 'WE,' MY LORD!"—It is generally supposed that the dissolution of Parliament was the act of Lord Beaconsfield. Not so. Hark to Granny's redoubtable "London correspondent:"—"We are rapidly winding up the business of the House of Commons," &c. Alone "we" did it!

A LIBERAL "COUP."—Granny chronicles the portentous fact that at Carluke the other Sunday an infant was christened "William Ewart Gladstone!" It was hard upon the baby certainly, but then one must suffer in the cause of one's party, and Beaconsfield must have shaken in his slippers when he read the item.

Men of "marked" opinions—Advocates.

Megilp.

A FRESH character has been given to the look of the large gallery of the Institute by the re-arrangement of the greater number of pictures on its walls. Canvasses which had been "skied" have now been brought down to a comparatively low point of vision, and have had ample, if somewhat tardy justice done to their merits.

For the last two weeks the sales at the Institute have been comparatively small, both in number and amount. No trade or profession suffers more from political turmoil than that of the artist. Through instinct rather than knowledge, your painter is usually a Conservative. A system of settled government is as necessary to the exercise of his calling as is a class of society which possesses both wealth and leisure. Revolutionists are in too big a hurry ever to paint pictures, and certainly they never buy any.

Last Tuesday's Art Club conversazione was one of the pleasantest gatherings of the season. A somewhat subdued feeling, it is true, seemed to pervade the assemblage, but if the mirth was anything but noisy, it was still genuine enough so far as it went. Various interesting pictures were exhibited on the walls, one of which, a figure-piece by Tom M'Ewan, seemed particularly good.

James A. Aitken is at present engaged on a picture of "Hawthorn-blossom," which promises to rank among the best, as it will be among the most important works that have yet left his easel. The foreground is occupied by a large tree, rich with milk-white blooms, to the right are other hawthorns, in the left middle distance are the red-tiled roofs of a mill, while a river flows quietly away into the far horizon. Should the work be finished in time, it may possibly find a resting-place on the walls of the Royal Academy.

One of the pictures which will be sent from Glasgow to the Academy, and regarding which the warmest anticipations have been formed among those who have seen it, is a large sea-piece by E. S. Calvert. The subject is altogether new, the artist having set himself to depict a wave which has spent its force on the shore, and is slowly drawing seaward. Much skill is displayed by Mr Calvert in the representation of this difficult effect. The foam-flecked water is clear and limpid, and it absolutely seems to move as it recedes from before you. Low, indeed just resting on the horizon, the setting sun sheds a brilliant light over the scene. Mr Calvert's handling is broad and unconventional, and he has never before employed such vivid and striking notes of colour as in this picture.

John Miller's Royal Academy picture is a woodland scene, and is specially noticeable for its delightful painting of the stem and branches of a silver birch. These are seen in relief against a blue sky, an effect which is mainly decorative in its character, and in the portrayal of which Mr Miller has been exceptionally happy. Another picture at present in Mr Miller's studio—that of a stranded smack on the shore at Ayr, is remarkable for the boldness with which the figure of the vessel has been treated, and the capital rendering of the little streaks and runlets of water which are beginning to creep along the sands, presageful of the incoming tide.

The bright spring weather of the past few days has produced its natural effect upon our artist friends, who are already beginning to discuss their "hunting grounds" for the approaching summer. A. K. Brown will probably be heard of once more in the neighbourhood of Sher-, in Surrey although he purposes to make at least one visit in the course of the season to Ely; two such very different districts as Ross and Lincoln shires are "pu'ing and wooing" at the imagination of Calvert; Alexander Davidson and Duncan M'Kellar meditate another sojourn among the picture galleries of London, varied with short runs up the Thames or into leafy Kent; J. D. Taylor proposes to find employment for his pencil in our own district—among the sylvan beauties of Kitchside, or on the uplands near Lanark; while William Glover entertains the notion of essaying a short tour among the hills and fjords of Norway.

A Writ of Attachment—A love letter.

What the Greenock Folk are Saying.

THAT Garvocks hardly expected to have to ride a tilt against "a brither Scot."

That the Don rides Kilkerran's old horse.

That his colours are blue body, with orange sleeves.

That, trusting to his thorough knowledge of "screws" and "platers," his backers expect him to win.

That the reds deride the idea of any horse but one bearing their colours staying over the Greenock course.

That the Lyle roal will soon tot up to £15,000.

That somebody or other has blundered egregiously over its cost.

That the Select Choir suffered from being short-handed.

That the exact relationship between Croy and Union Street was determined by a nice engineering calculation.

That only a professional eye could distinguish it.

That another deputation has been to London about the Bill.

That the Harbour Trust will have to pay the piper heavily by and bye.

"UNTO THIS LAST."

Scene—Bar, Village Inn; group of toppers discussing beer and politics.

1st Parochial Politician—I say, freens, this dissolvin' o' Parliament didna come a meenit ower sune. The Parliament has sat far ower lang—there never was ane like it.

2nd Parochial Politician (impulsively)—Yer haun', my freen, yer in the richt. In my opinion nae Parliament should ever hae a last session.

BEREAVED BOBBIES.—Hitherto the Greenock policeman has been armed with, in addition to his baton, a cane, which he chiefly employed for the purpose of inducing the juvenile Sugaropolitan to "move on" from the vicinity of shop windows and sugar barrels. Now, however, he has been deprived of this weapon, and is stated to be in consequence "perfectly helpless among the boys!" Oh, Captain Orr, how could you? You might at least have, as it were, weaned the poor fellow on, say, a bladder cudgel such as pantomime monarchs use.

Mr William Fife says that if Mr Tennant is elected for Peeblesshire "then Glasgow will have four Liberal members instead of three." This seems rather hard on Peeblesshire, which ought to be warned in time.

AN' TWICE AS MORE!—Thus gusheth a Celt in the *Citizen* agony column:—"Skye Ball.—17th in march was best in hall, whatsomever. Castle Street for evermore." Right you are, Tugalt, too, whateffer!

A Cooky Shine—A policeman's lantern.

NEW SMOKING MIXTURE, put up in

1-lb. ½-lb. and ¼-lb Tins.

5s 10d. 3s 1s 6d.

"Planter's
Pride."

This is a Mixture which, if once tried, will always be used. Forwarded to any address in town on receipt of Post-Card. Sold by
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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 24, CARMEN.
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General Manager..... Mr SAM. H. S. AUSTIN.

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MR ALFRED DAVIS,
MR T. H. GLENNEY, MISS L. G. GOURLAY,
And a Splendid Company, in
LOST IN LONDON,
AND FORTY MINUTES WITH THE ORIGINAL FAIR ONE.
Popular Prices for Spring Season:—
Ht Stalls, 1s 6d; Pit, 1s; Amphitheatre, 9d; Gallery, 6d
Doors Open at 7; Commence at 7-30.

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MAIN STREET, SOUTH SIDE, GLASGOW.
Sole Lessee and Manager,..... Mr H. CECIL BERYL.
Special Engagement, for this Week only, of the
Popular Tragedian,
MR HENRY TALBOT.
To-Night (Tuesday), March 23,..... MERCHANT OF VENICE.
and SPITALFIELDS BLAZER.
Wednesday and Thursday, March 24 { MACBETH.
and 25, }
With the whole of Locke's Celebrated Music.
Friday, March 26,..... HAMLET
For the Benefit of Mr Talbot.
Saturday, March 27,..... RICHARD III. and
JESSIE VERE.

Monday First, March 29, H. J. BYRON'S Great Princess's
London Drama,
HAUNTED HOUSES.
Entirely New and Realistic Scenery by Mr WM. W. SMALL.
Doors Open at 7 each Evening. Overture, 7-30.
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Proprietor,..... Mr CHARLES HENGLER

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SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1880.
Last appearance at these Concerts this season of
MR H. A. LAMBETH'S CHOIR.
NO INCREASE IN PRICES.
GRAND ROYAL AND PUBLIC PLEBISCITE PROGRAMME,
Consisting of those Pieces which have proved most Popular, and
had the largest measure of approval at all the Concerts given by
this Celebrated Choir during the past two years, including those
selected and specially commended by HER MAJESTY THE
QUEEN, at the Concerts given by her command at Balmoral.
Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats, 2s; at 58 Ren-
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Lessee and Manager..... Mr E. L. KNAPP.
TO-NIGHT, TUE-DAY, 23rd MARCH, and following
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THE SHAUGHRAUN.
Conn,..... Mr Charles Sullivan.

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ST. ANDREW'S
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SATURDAY,
FIRST.

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Concert at Eight.
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Kate Dalrymple
Hail, Smiling Morn
Away to the Hunt
(Prize Part Song)
The Deil's awa'
Sleep, Baby, Sleep
(Prize Part Song, given by vote of
audience)
When Winds Breathe Soft
Sweet and Low
Hunting Song (Mendelssohn)
The Meeting of the Waters
The Arrow and the Song
Duncan Gray
Drops of Rain
Of a' the Airts
The Bells
(Written expressly for the Choir by
Mr Lahee, composer of the Prize
Part Song)
SONGS, &c.
Should he upbraid
Will he come
I fear no Foe
I think of thee
Earl Haldane's Daughter
'Twas you, Sir

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AND AT LONDON

TO THE ELECTORS
OF THE
CITY OF GLASGOW.

GENTLEMEN,

Having had the honour of receiving an influential and thoroughly representative Requisition that I should stand as a Candidate for the City of Glasgow, I have much pleasure in placing myself in your hands.

As a Conservative, I approve of the Foreign and Domestic Policy of the present Administration, and regard it as a guarantee for the future welfare of the nation at home and abroad. Especially do I believe that that policy is the only one likely to promote the commercial interests of the country, in which I myself have a considerable stake.

I am decidedly opposed to the Disestablishment of the Church of Scotland, and to the exclusion of religion from our Elementary Schools.

I am opposed to any injurious interference with the interests of one class for the benefit of any other, and I am especially against the proposals known as "Local Option" and the Permissive Bill. The Liquor Traffic should be regulated on principles of justice, not of confiscation.

I am distinctly opposed to Home Rule, and would object to any motion tending to the disintegration of the Empire.

I am in favour of the assimilation of the County and Burgh Franchise, provided it be associated with a Redistribution of Seats.

I should be glad if some more easy method for the Transfer of Land could be devised, and I would vote for an enquiry into the operation and effect of the Law of Entail.

Apart from the interests I myself have in the City of Glasgow and on the Clyde, I can assure you that it will always be my aim to guide my political actions with special reference to our common prosperity. Any measure likely to contribute to the welfare of the City, whether promoted by the Municipal Authorities, the various Trusts, or by private enterprise, will have my special attention and support.

I have the honour to be,

GENTLEMEN,

Your faithful Servant,

WILLIAM PEARCE.

10 PARK TERRACE, 19th March, 1880.

CITY ELECTION.

M R P E A R C E ' S
CENTRAL COMMITTEE ROOMS,
108 WEST NILE STREET.

TO THE ELECTORS
OF THE
CITY OF GLASGOW.

GENTLEMEN,

Having been adopted by the Conservative Association and Electoral Committee as a Candidate for the Representation of my native City in Parliament, I address you in view of the approaching Election, and solicit your suffrages.

The nation, as represented by Government, has, I think, effected a judicious settlement of the Eastern Question. But for the position taken up by our representatives at Berlin, the Christian provinces of Turkey might have been incorporated with the Russian Empire, and have been subjected to Russian oppression. Our Government rescued them from that fate, and

secured for them self-government under Christian rulers. In time, Asia Minor will, I believe, become a profitable field for British enterprise and commerce, such as India now is. The Afghan War was forced upon us by the machinations of Russia, and the necessity of protecting the North-Western frontier of India. The character and strength of the new frontier will, I trust, be such as to enable the Indian Government to devote its energies to the advancement of the social and material progress of the country. The war in Zululand might, perhaps, have been avoided; but once entered upon, it was necessary to disperse the savage armaments whose object could only be the extirpation of the white settlers in Natal.

I approve of a national recognition of Christianity, and I consider that the existence of the Established Church of Scotland is a benefit to the nation. Its creed is the creed of the great majority of the people. It is orthodox in doctrine, and liberal and tolerant in practice. If returned to Parliament I shall oppose any attempt to disestablish it. But it would afford me satisfaction to do everything in my power to promote the re-union of the various Presbyterian bodies in Scotland on a constitutional basis.

I recognise the right of the ratepayers to control the granting of licenses, and to prevent the establishment of public-houses in their neighbourhoods. I would support the resolution of Sir Wilfrid Lawson in favour of "local option," and would back a bill for carrying the resolution into practical and beneficial effect. I would also support measures by whomsoever introduced which would have the effect of promoting temperance.

Though I cannot support "Home Rule" in matters of imperial concern, I am in favour of local matters being investigated on the spot instead of by the present expensive and often unsatisfactory tribunal of a Parliamentary Committee sitting in London. I am decidedly opposed to a policy of centralisation. In my opinion local institutions ought to be maintained and strengthened, and if returned to Parliament I shall do my best to obtain justice for Scotland in regard to taxation and the amount of grants she is fairly entitled to receive from the national treasury. In this view I am in favour of the re-establishment of a Board of Education in Scotland, composed of members acquainted with the requirements of the Scottish system of education.

A bill has been brought into Parliament for the purpose of defining and making more stringent the liability of employers to their workmen in cases of accident. I think the measure a fair one, and it shall have my support.

The results flowing from the extension of the suffrage by a Conservative Government to householders in burghs have been such that the application of the principle to counties is merely a question of time. The measure ought to be a Government one, and when it is so brought before Parliament it shall have my support.

The abolition of the Law of Hypothec, an alteration in the Game Laws in the interest of the tenant, greater and cheaper facilities for the acquisition and transfer of land, are measures for which I shall vote if returned as your representative.

While reserving liberty to vote on any question as may seem best for the interests of the country and of my constituents, I would give a general support to Her Majesty's present advisers.

Through the position of Lord Provost of this, my native city, which I held by your favour, I acquired an intimate knowledge of municipal matters and the requirements of the city. This knowledge I believe I might be able to turn to useful account in Parliament for the advantage of my fellow-citizens.

shall shortly have the pleasure of addressing you personally in various quarters of the city. Meantime,

I have the honour to be,

GENTLEMEN,

Your most obedient Servant,

JAS. BAIN.

Glasgow, 9th March, 1880,

TO THE ELECTORS
OF
SOUTH AYRSHIRE.

GENTLEMEN,
Her Majesty having been advised to Dissolve this Parliament, the trust which six years ago you committed to my keeping is consequently returned to your hands.

The period which has since elapsed has not been uneventful.

The Eastern Question, the intricate web of which had long baffled the ingenuity of the wisest Statesmen to unravel, once more forced itself on the attention of all, and a European war seemed all but inevitable, when the vigorous, but at the same time conciliatory, policy of Her Majesty's Ministers obtained for our country its due ascendancy in the Councils of Europe, and thereby mainly contributed to the maintenance of peace.

The Act which abolished Patronage, and once more vested in the people a right of which early in the last century they were unjustly deprived, has suggested in some quarters the expediency of disestablishing and disendowing the Church of Scotland. Believing that Church to be in harmony with the opinions and feelings of a large proportion of the people of Scotland, and that its unaggressive character has secured for it the respect and sympathy of no inconsiderable body of Dissenters, I should, if again honoured with your confidence, meet any such proposal with the most determined and uncompromising resistance.

The attempt of a certain Section of the House of Commons to establish what is known as Home Rule in Ireland, appeared to be at first, if somewhat visionary, at all events harmless; but its character of late has altogether changed, and from a plan to give the people of Ireland a control over their local business, has passed into a scheme for the repeal of the Union—in other words, the disintegration and dismemberment of the Empire. In their resistance to such a scheme I shall be prepared to give Her Majesty's Government a hearty and ungrudging support.

A Commission, as you are aware, is at present engaged in enquiring into the condition of Agriculture in the United Kingdom. Any changes in the law which the Commission may recommend, tending to benefit so important an interest, would receive my respectful and careful consideration.

I propose to take opportunities of conferring with you personally, and giving such explanations of my political opinions as you may desire to receive.

I have the honour to be,
GENTLEMEN,
Your very faithful Servant,
CLAUD ALEXANDER.

Ballochmyle, March 15th, 1880.

SOUTH AYRSHIRE.

COLONEL ALEXANDER requests the SOUTH AYRSHIRE ELECTORS resident in Glasgow to do him the honour of Meeting him in the RELIGIOUS INSTITUTION ROOMS, 172 BUCHANAN STREET, on WEDNESDAY, the 24th inst., at 3 P.M.

GLASGOW PARLIAMENTARY ELECTION.

AN INFLUENTIAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE HAS BEEN APPOINTED FOR PROMOTING THE ELECTION OF WILLIAM PEARCE, Esq., of JOHN ELDER & Co.

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A. B. STEWART of Ascog Hall.

Vice-Chairmen.
JAMES KING of Levernholm.
JAMES A. CAMPBELL, LL.D., of Stracathro.
JAMES HUNTER of Glenapp.
HENRY M'CALL of Daldowie.
JAMES REID STEWART, 19 Park Terrace.
COLIN D. DONALD, 172 St Vincent Street.
WALTER MACKENZIE of Edinbarnet.
J. WYLIE GUILD, 65 St. Vincent Street.
WILLIAM HOULDSWORTH, 124 St. Vincent Street.

TO THE ELECTORS
OF
ARGYLLSHIRE.

GENTLEMEN,
The kind reception and support that I met with in the late contest, and the gravity of the present crisis, have induced me, in compliance with the request of a large number of the Electors, again to ask your suffrages.

The question to be decided is—Are you, or are you not, satisfied in the main with the Foreign Policy of her Majesty's Government? If you think that they have, with the assistance of a large majority of the Representatives of the Nation, upheld the dignity of the Empire, taken their proper place in the councils of the world, and assisted in maintaining the peace of Europe, then you will agree with me that the Ministry is worthy of your support.

If you think with me that we are bound to maintain the Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland unimpaired, you will be against any conquest with so-called Home-Rule.

If you think with me that the Established Church is a protest in the face of the world that Scotland is for religion and morality, then you will join me in supporting the connection between Church and State.

I shall hope to have opportunities of explaining my views on other subjects that may interest you, but which I cannot enter on in the short space of an address,

I remain,
GENTLEMEN,
Your faithful Servant,
J. W. MALCOLM, Yr. of Poltalloch,
ACHNAMARA, 15th March, 1880.

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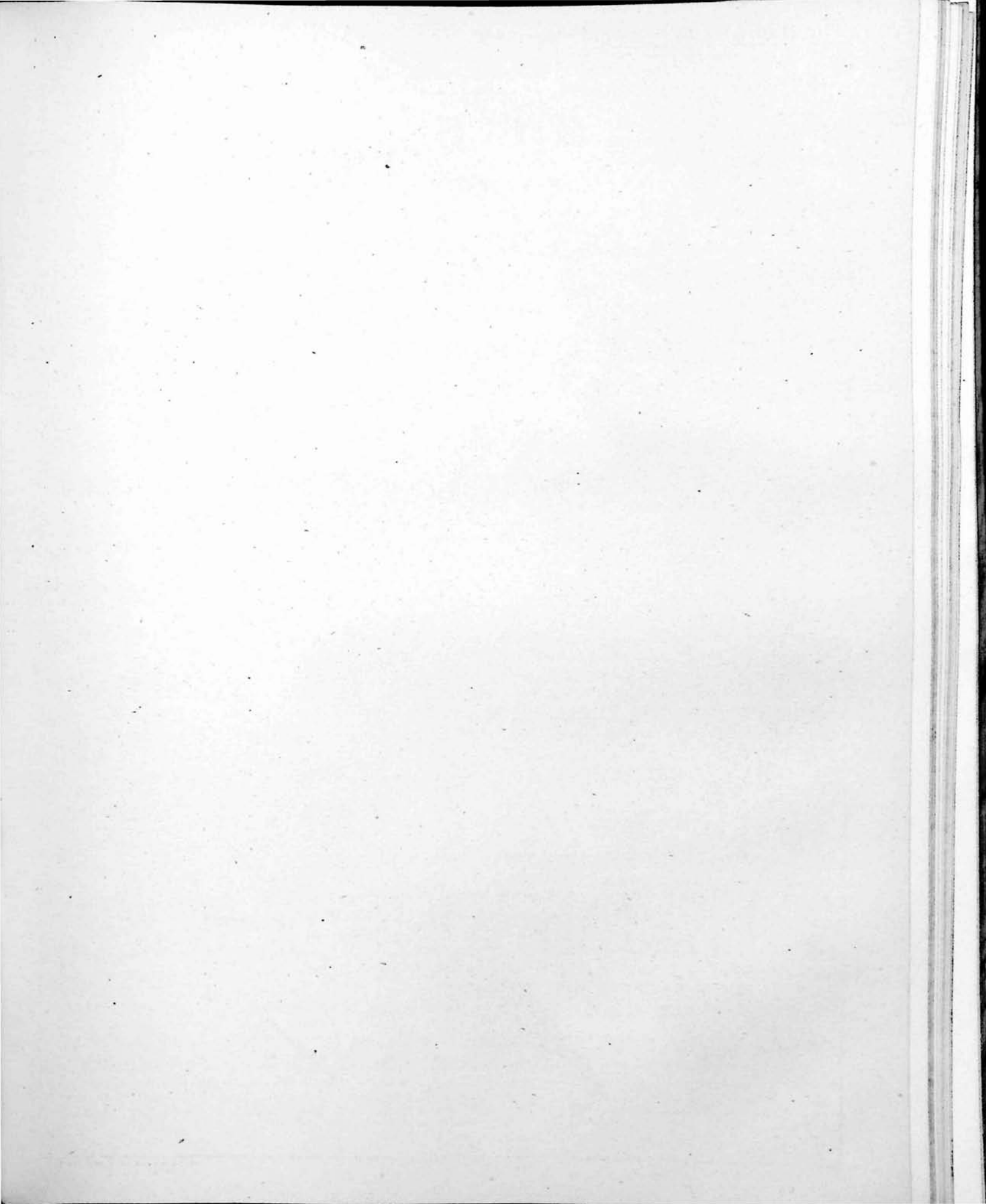
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The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 389. Glasgow, Wednesday, March 31st, 1880. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 389.

WHAT a wonderful man Shakespeare was, to be sure. Talk of your modern Spiritualists and Spirit-rappers, why not one of them has prophesied with half the success of the Bard of Avon. Look up any number of his magic volumes, and you shall find that what he foretells has come to pass in six cases out of every seven. The latest instance of his prevision has taken place in the midst of ourselves. When the *Clown* in "Twelfth Night" prophesied that "thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges," he plainly referred to the relation of Mr GEORGE ANDERSON towards the constituency of Glasgow at the general election of 1880. When Mr ANDERSON was returned for the city in 1868, he ran the Radical ticket. To the Tories of that day he was as the "pestilence that walketh in darkness, and as the destruction that wasteth at noon-day," and even by the Whigs he was regarded as no better than a delusion and a snare. In 1874 his position had undergone but a very slight modification, but now, in the present year of grace, GEORGE is neither more nor less than the moderate candidate. Whether, like a crab, he hath gone backwards, or whether we, profiting by the educational *regime* of Lord Beaconsfield, have made a series of leaps in a forward direction, is a question that may very safely be left for the result of the coming election to solve. For the moment it is enough to notice that Mr ANDERSON occupies the position of the Whig nominee. Moderate men of all parties seem to unite in supporting him. He has certainly been cast overboard by the more absolute spirits of the Liberal Association, and Mr Kidston and his following are as bitter towards him as they were in '68, but to folk like the BAILIE it seems that,

looking at the way "bools are rowin'," Mr ANDERSON is a candidate who is to be anything but sneered at. No one can deny that our friend has certain very distinct claims on the constituency. Twelve years is a good slice out of the life of even the longest lived of us, and for twelve years the Man you Know has devoted himself to the service of his townsmen. Personally, Mr ANDERSON is by no means the most judicious of men; he has certainly been anything but the most successful of men; but in the House of Commons he has proved himself both judicious and successful. Had he done nothing more than pass the Wages Arrestment Bill, and the Scottish Betting Bill, these alone should be sufficient to make him be regarded with respect and esteem, not only in Glasgow, but over the country generally. The mob, however, is always fickle, and it devolves on the friends of the hon. gentleman to do all they can to further his candidature. The BAILIE himself is a Glasgow man first and a politician afterwards; and his special favourites on the present occasion are Mr Pearce and Mr ANDERSON. They may not run very well in harness—they will certainly sit on opposite sides of the House of Commons—but they are upright, honourable gentlemen, and in the present temper of the constituency they represent its prevailing opinions as closely as any two independent candidates can be expected to do. Should they both get into Parliament, the interests of the City will not, we may be sure, suffer in their hands. They will harrass no class—both are opposed to Disestablishment and Local Option—they have the courage of their opinions as regards Home Rule, and they may safely be trusted to look after local affairs with all their might and main. Glasgow, as one of the greatest seaports in the world, would only honour

herself by returning the greatest shipbuilder in the world in the person of Mr Pearce; and, as the leading Scottish constituency, she would still be true to her reputation by electing Mr ANDERSON, who, since 1874, has been the leading Scottish member in the Commons House of Parliament.

A Soliloquy.

(With apologies to the shade of the late Wm. Shakespeare). Mr ANDERSON, M.P., loquitur:—

TO be or not to be, that is the question :
 Whether 'tis safer for myself, to suffer
 The ostentatious patronage of the Association,
 Or to take arms against those noisy meddlers,
 And by opposing, smash them ! By myself to stand—
 No more :—and by that stand to say we end
 The worry and the thousand fearful risks
 That "alphabetical schemes" are heir to,—'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To stand alone—
 To stand—perchance to lose !—ay, there's the rub :—
 For who can tell what mi-chance may befall
 Should I disdain the Associations' aid ?
 Ah, who would bear the Ward Committee's twaddle,
 The Executive's wrong, the "Eighteen's" contumely,
 The insolence of Secretaries, and the spurns,
 A sitting member from the Association takes,
 If he himself could his election make
 A moral certainty? Who would "united action" bear,
 But that the dread of th' approaching polling day,
 That undiscovered country, from whose bourne
 No defeated candidate returns—puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear the ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of !

At this point Mr Hamlet Anderson breaks off suddenly, and rushes into the arms of the Liberal Association.

LOCAL OPTION.

First Politician.—Is Sir Jeems really gaun to "staun?"

Second Politician.—That's no tae the pint, John; are ye gaun tae "staun" yersel?
 (They adjourn.)

AN EMPIRE WITHOUT A GOVERNMENT.—The Queen has gone to the Continent; the Commons have been sent to "the Country;" and the Peers have been turned out of "the House." There's neither *Home* rule, nor any other.

New Electioneering Proverb.—It's as dear standing as sitting.

As Plain as A-B-C.—The Liberal scheme of voting—by which the voter will have the "liberty" of voting *as he is bid*.

The Electoral Fluid—Whisky.

FERGUSON'S EDINBURGH ROCK is the best present from Edinburgh. 1, Melbourne place, near the Castle.

More Electioneering Proverbial Philosophy.

A LIBERAL pledge to the Home Rulers is like pie crust—made to be broken.

Practice makes perfection at mental reservations.

The nearer the polling day the more need for posters.

Too many Radical candidates spoil the broth. There's no use crying over spoilt voting papers. Needs must where the Glasgow Liberal Association drives.

Of three Radicals choose the mildest. Billstickers make paste when there is a political shine.

Candidates propose, voters dispose. Keep a pea-shooter till there is a candidate's meeting, and you will be sure to find a use for it. What electioneering agents say must be untrue.

Good hecklers are born, not made. A spirited foreign policy is the root of all evil(?) Reading Midlothian speeches is the thief of time.

Conservatism is the best policy.

ASINUS PREDICTETH.

The Whig is red, the Tory's blue :—
 Let Tories to themselves be true,
 An' stick unto their cause like glue,
 To me 'tis plain
 They easily may return their two,
 Baith Pearce and Bain.
 Then up, attack the Lib'ral crew
 Wi' nicht and main !
 Cease not while "ony mair's ta slew,"
 Y'r richts regain !!
 And Glasgow's ancient fame renew—
 Her health I drain !!!

YOU PAYS YOUR MONEY, &C.—They go in for impartiality in Dundee. At one of Mr Maltman Barry's meetings there the other evening the audience treated the candidate first to "a vote of thanks," and then to "three groans," both demonstrations being apparently equally unanimous and hearty. Mr Barry, it is to be presumed, was intended to take his choice.

WALLACE WIGHTS.—In heckling, the patriotic name of Wallace has of late blossomed rather largely, if it hasn't printed much—he of coals who got it hot from Burns, and young himperence who had the "audacity" to insult Her Majesty, the Queen.

"A Lock-All Habitation"—A Milner's safe.

BICYCLES } (West of Scotland Bicycle Co. Show Rooms, 104 Renfield Street, Works, 67 East Howard Street)
 Makers of the "Royal Scottish" and "West of Scotland" Bicycles & Tricycles, Repairs, fittings, &c.

On 'Change.

SPECULATORS have gone into temporary retirement during the Easter Holidays, and I hope they have enjoyed their brief immunity from unhealthy excitement. Should things go on as they are doing, however, there will be more excitement presently, and that not altogether of a pleasing kind.

The depression in the metal trades, coming so abruptly after a sudden rise, has seriously disconcerted the holders of shares in metal and mineral companies. There is less reason why they should be put about than exists in the case of stockholders in certain local railways. Metal shares, with the exception of those in mineral oil companies, have not advanced in proportion to the rise in railway stocks, and, therefore, there is still room for improvement.

If the management of the Marbella Company could succeed in landing the ore in America, at anything like a reasonable cost for freight, the prospects of the concern may be expected to improve. There is some likelihood, I hear, that the ore may be so disposed of.

No one will be astonished to hear that the Scottish Commercial Insurance Company is shortly to be obliterated through amalgamation with the Lancashire. The consent of the shareholders in both has to be obtained, but, I daresay, this will be got easily enough.

It is quite on the cards that a breeze may ruffle the accustomed serenity of the next North British Railway meeting. Several influential holders of stock are said to be dissatisfied with the proposal for providing against the loss entailed by the fall of the Tay Bridge, and it is expected that opposition will be offered to the recommendation for appropriating so large a sum as £120,000 out of one year's revenue.

Solomon is credited with the aphorism that there is nothing new under the sun. From this it is clear that he never held Tramway shares, and that no one ever brought under his notice the superlative merits of the Tramways' Share Investment Company, Limited. £1,000,000 is modestly asked as subscribed capital to begin with, and all kinds of allurements are held out in order to induce sanguine capitalists to put their money into the concern. The company appears to found its claims for confidence upon a series of reports, written by some nebulous individual whose name is not mentioned, but who is vaguely described as "a well-known authority." It strikes me forcibly that I could give some information regarding this "authority" which might astonish people, but I content myself with a few remarks upon the copiously italicised prospectus.

In the first place the promoters proceed upon the assumption that Tramway shares are a perfect El Dorado, and they propose to invest the capital of the company in these shares, so as to secure the customary fabulous dividend, which usually appears in the prospectus of a company and is oftener than not seen nowhere else. A few prosperous undertakings are carefully selected, their average yield is added up, and the result is an apparent profit which would amply recompense the investor. To make the statement complete, however, the tables given ought to include every company whose accounts are accessible, and if this were done the picture drawn in this flowing prospectus would have less of the roseate hue. For example, the prospectus says nothing about that delightful investment known as the Vale of Clyde Company, the last dividend of which was 2½ per cent. upon £6 paid shares which stand at 93/6. There are more fallacies in the prospectus now before me. That document proceeds upon the basis, supplied by the "well known authority," that certain shares are worth so much in the market and likely to yield dividends which are enumerated.

I have examined these statements and find they are a tissue of transparent fallacies. Dublin Tramways, for example, are said to be worth 15 and to yield 8 per cent., but the present price is 14 and the dividend only 6½. Edinburgh is set down at 16 with a dividend of 10 per cent., but to-day's quotation is 14½, and the dividend for last year was 6½. In like manner Hull is valued at 16 with a dividend of 10 per cent., whereas the price is 12½ and the dividend 6, while Liverpool is valued at 13 with a dividend of 10, and to-day's figure is 11½ with a dividend of 8.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the elections are the all absorbing topic of the hour.

That the great Liberal party are united once more.

That it won't be for any great length of time,

That Saturday morning will see the beginning of the end.

That although the trio of candidates are united, they are as jealous as ever of one another.

That no show is complete without a Punch.

That the Doctor is the funny man of the party.

That when he makes his appearance it's a case of "Here we are again," and "How was you to-morrow?"

That Mr Anderson is the odd man at this election.

That the U.P.'s will plump for him.

That the Permissive Billites will do ditto.

That Mr Middleton has great faith in the triple alliance.

That his colleagues are not quite so sanguine.

That he has everything to gain, and nothing to lose by the arrangement.

That the three Liberals have distinguished themselves by their abusive personalities.

That the conduct of the Conservative representatives presents a striking contrast to that of their opponents.

That the appearance made by Mr Pearce at St. Andrew's Halls astonished even his friends.

That his position on the poll on Friday will surprise his foes.

That a few of the Liberal rowdies who have been disturbing the Conservative meetings would be none the worse of sixty days.

That the publicans and Home rulers have resolved to do the right thing for once.

That the Trades' House new building scheme is not likely to be realised in the meantime.

That the members of the deputation appointed to wait on the Incorporations are now convinced that it requires two to make a bargain.

THE BATTLE OF RENFREWSHIRE.

Two Colonels, their fighting bestowed as in bounty,
Before for their country, and now for their county.

The Poll-Ax(e)—The "wood cutter's" at his fagots.

Renfrewshire.—"I doat upon the military."

Beveridge's Guaranteed Mixed Pickles, Red Cabbage, Mushroom Ketchup, Sauces and Table Condiments, unrivalled for purity and flavour.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—That promising young actor, Mr Osmond Tearle, begins a short engagement this evening at the Gaiety when he appears as *Hamlet*. A round of the legitimate drama follows the Shakespearian masterpiece, and local playgoers will be enabled, by the end of the week to pronounce an opinion regarding Mr Tearle—who, however, has made immense strides since he played *Malcolm Grime* some ten years ago, when Mr Glover first placed "The Lady of the Lake" on the boards of the Theatre Royal, Cowcaddens.

A favourite old play—no other, indeed, than "The Orange Girl" of Henry Leslie, in which will appear a *corps dramatique* of old Glasgow favourites, will be produced to-night at the Prince of Wales Theatre. The Company includes Miss Emeline Falconer, Mr Benson, and Mr T. H. Glenny.

Mr Knapp has arranged for a fortnight of English Opera—beginning this evening—at the Royalty Theatre, the company he has engaged being that organised by our friend Mr Frederic Archer. Madame Blanche Cole, who heads the list of Mr Archer's troupe, is beyond all question the leading *prima donna* on the English Operatic stage. She made her *début* in opera at the Crystal Palace in the Spring of 1869 and at once achieved a marked success. Two years afterwards—in 1871—she appeared in "Acis and Galatea" at the London Princess Theatre, and since then she has rapidly earned her well-merited fame. Her versatility, perfect method, and artistic instinct, added to her real historic power, has never been excelled on the English stage, and our musical circles really owe something to Mr Archer for affording them an opportunity of hearing Madame Cole in some of her best roles. Mr Archer's Company also includes Madame Loveday, an excellent vocalist, whose stage experience stands her in good stead, and those established favourites Miss Lucy Franklin, Messrs Turner, Nordblom, Ludwig, and Aynsley Cook. The orchestra will also be unusually complete, and we are guaranteed several new works of great interest, notably Gounod's "Irene"—an English adaptation of "La Reine de Saba," which was so successfully produced for the first time in England by Mr Archer on the 10th inst. at the Theatre Royal, Manchester.

Mr Beryl is this week playing the "Haunted Houses" of H. J. Byron, at the South-Side Theatre. The piece is a good one—somewhat melodramatic it is true, but full of good situations and excellent contrasts of incident and character.

What is beyond all question an unusually strong company has been engaged by Mr Airlie for Saturday evening's entertainment in the City Hall. It includes Miss Julia Seaman, Mr Wm. Gourlay, Mr Darling, Mr Cross, and Mr Vallance. Need I say after this that the entertainment will consist of a recital in scene, dialogue, and character, and with all the incidental music, of Sir Walter's brilliant romance of "Rob Roy."

The *Gentleman's Magazine* for April contains a paper on Mrs Glover—the mother of Edmund and grandmother of William Glover—by Dutton Cook, our best living writer of theatrical criticism and ana.

"Bonnet Monday," BAILIE, when we were younger a bit, was one of the institutions of the city. Now, however, this old-time custom, like so many of its neighbours, is numbered with the things that were. Fortunately the ladies—bless them—are not quite left without a substitute for the exhibition that used to charm their mammams. The "Spring Show" of Mr Walter Wilson is just as attractive in its way as was the olden institution, and judging from the crowds who thronged the Colosseum last week it is every bit as popular.

Child's Play—The children's Pinafore.

AN UNFORTUNATE INVENTION.

Street—Deaf Gentleman meets Friend, who takes out his Pencil, and following conversation ensues:—

Friend (writing)—"I saw you at Mr Pearce's meeting in City Hall on Saturday. What took you there?"

Deaf Gent—"I went to try the audiphone—that new invention for the deaf."

Friend—"Well, and the result?"

Deaf Gent—"Total loss of respect for my fellow-citizens; every time I put it to my teeth I thought I was in a dog kennel."

TRIFLES LIGHT AS (H)AIR.—An enterprising hair-cutter advertises that he will give away a pretty balloon to any child who has his hair cut at his establishment. Surely this is a reversal of the order of nature. The wind usually raises the balloon, but here the balloon is employed to raise the wind.

Young M'Puffer hears some talk about a "tobacco monopoly in Germany," but says it's nothing to the tobacco monopoly at home, where the gov'nor keeps all his cigars locked up.

GOOD PRACTICE.—Somebody advertises for a "lad" as driver, and adds, "State previous employment." Judging by the murderous manner in which the average "lad" drives his Juggernaut through our streets, an apprenticeship to the *mangling* business would be a suitable "previous employment."

"ON A BU'ST."—From a case tried in Edinburgh last week it seems that in thieves' slang a "burst" means a house-breaking. In convivial slang a "burst" generally means a splitting headache.

HOPE DEFERRED.

Commercial Traveller (to Gallowgate grocer)—Good morning, Mr Jeems! how do you find business?

G. G.—Rather dull.

C. T.—Well, trade is not what it should be yet.

G. G.—No man, that stir among the chemicals is gae lang o' comin' oor length.

Electric Belles—Lady telegraphists.

A Consumptive Person—An epicure.

Sunday "Steamers"—Clergymen who vapour.

Men of Letters—Postmen and compositors.

Liquid Measures—Water bills.

Megilp.

DAVID MURRAY'S Academy pictures are two in number. One of them, painted near Cardross, and entitled "The Road to the Ferry," is a view on the pathway leading from Cardross to Ardmore point. In the foreground are hedges of thorn and beech, some sheep are clustered round a drinking trough, and two men on horseback ride slowly along towards a farmhouse, whose roofs are seen through a group of tall trees which occupy the left of the canvas. Further away is the river; while Greenock, with its canopy of smoke, and the blue hills of Renfrewshire, fill up the distance. Much skill has been shown in the lighting of this fine work. The clouds which hang above Greenock, and the smoke from some passing craft, fairly gleam with sunshine, and they are balanced, so to speak, by the waters of the river, which throw back a flood of light from their sparkling surface.

"The Trawl-net, Lochfyne," is the title of Mr Murray's second Academy contribution. This, as has already been mentioned in these columns, is a sundown effect. Some fishermen are busy hauling a net full of herrings on board their skiffs. The water, which is perfectly still, reflects as in a mirror the sky, the boats, and the background of sloping hills. Immediately in front of the picture, however, the stillness is broken by the splash of an oar, which dimples the water into concentric rings, and gives force and character to the foreground, while it seems to emphasize the quiet that pervades the rest of the scene.

Two pictures by Mr Murray have been accepted by Sir Coutts Lindsay for the coming Exhibition in the Grosvenor Gallery.

Two of our local artists who have already made their appearance in the "open" are Peter Buchanan and Wellwood Rattray, who spent a day or two recently sketching at Roseneath. Mr Rattray and Mr Hunt leave next week for the South. They propose to settle for the Spring in the neighbourhood of Cookham, a district which is new to both, and the sylvan beauties of which must of necessity exercise an important influence on their style.

Mr Hunt has recently followed somewhat too closely in the steps of J. D. Adam, but a sojourn by the banks of the silver-flowing Thames will at once improve his feeling for colour, and give his pictures an individuality which, clever and attractive as they are, they have hitherto lacked.

One of the works on which Mr Rattray is at present engaged is a large picture of a burn course, studies for which were made last autumn at Loch Ranza. It was intended for the Royal Academy, but, unfortunately, it could not be completed in time for the "sending in," the dates for which were and are yesterday and to-day (Monday the 29th and Tuesday the 30th of March). The picture therefore remains in Mr Rattray's studio.

Among the features of the "Cronie" performance in Maclean's Hotel on Thursday last were two scenes—a landscape and an interior. They were painted with great breadth and vigour, and manifested an admirable feeling for effect. Surely it is no breach of confidence to say that the artists to whom they were due were William Young and Peter Buchanan.

AN ORANGE PLUMPER. — Sandy — "Well, Mike, wha'r ye gaun tae vote for?" Mike — "Well, ye see I'm an Orangeman, an' I'll plump for Sir James Bain intoirely. Sure, I'll give him the whole of my fifteen votes!"

Motto for the Glasgow Constituency—Pea(r)ce with honour.

A Whistler Study — "My Grandfather's Clock."

The Conservative Battle-cry—Pearce to the Bain.

NOT EVEN A TAILOR.

(Campbeltown Quay, 11 p.m. Thursday, 25th March; Campbell of Craigie and party about to step on board steamer for Oban).

Enthusiastic Elector—Three cheers for Campbell!

(Before the call can be replied to a youth in the crowd bawls out with "Ooh! ooh!! ooh!!!")

Enthusiastic Elector (tapping Campbell on shoulder)—Never heed him, Mr Campbell, he's no a voter, he's only a wee tailor's son.

"IMPERIUM ET LIBERTAS."

Again "Big Ben" e'er all let swing;

To former triumphs add

Such Acts as may wellbeing bring,

And make e'en Gladstone glad—

"Wellbeing bring" to add its more

To "wells" already welling o'er.

"POTHOUSE POLITICIANS." — Teetotal members of the University cannot consistently give their votes to Mr Asher. He is stated to have addressed a meeting last week in a London establishment no less convivially named than the Freemasons' Tavern! Friend Campbell should now checkmate him by holding forth in a British Workman Public House.

What, inquired the Animile the other afternoon as he ambled into the magisterial sanctum, is the difference between Ross's blacking and King Cetewayo, and anxious that the joke should not be lost he resumed in the same breath, Why, the one is a blacking that gives a good polish with a very little rubbing, while the other's a black-king that has got a good polishing with a very good drubbing. Hee-haw!

INTERESTING CONVERSATION.

Scene—Platform at a Highland Soiree. Dramatis Personæ—Lord _____ and Mr _____, a West-end flesher.

Flesher—It's a coot weather for farmers!

Lord—Yes!

Flesher—It's a fine night this!

Lord—Yes! (Pause!)

Flesher—Beef's up!

My Lord doesn't reply, and Mr Flesher, after scratching his head, sinks back into oblivion.

Liberal Music for Conservative Candidates (gratis)—The Howl-lelujah chorus.

Attractive Wall Paper—Electioneering bills.

The Flower (and Fruit too) of the Scottish Nobility—Lord Rose-bery.

Jeems Kaye as a Canvasser.

I GOT a ca' frae our twa candidates, Liberal an' Conservative, the ither day, BAILIE, tae ask if I wid dae them the honour o' allooing my name tae go on their committees. I'm that weel kent, ye see, an' an elder, a large ratepayer, an' maist looked up tae like a Provost in Strathbungo, that a' folk come tae me; and the up-shot o' the veesits wis, that I wis pit doon on baith committees; an' a sair fecht I had to explain it every noo an' again. At first I wis a wee put about, but I had jist tae say that it wis a mistake o' the agents. "They're faur ower anxious tae get important names, but it's no worth speaking about," I ayé added.

In the end I wis actually made a canvasser for baith parties, an' as baith did me the honour, I resolved tae work fairly an' get as many votes as I could; so the ither nicht I set oot wi' a white shirt, a clean shave, an' my silver-headed cane an' gloves, tae prevent them thinking I wis a paid canvasser.

The first place I gaed tae, I wis shown in an' introduced tae the heed o' the hoose, wha wis reading the *Citizen*, wi' his feet on the mantel-piece, an' smokin' a short black pipe.

"Are your poor rates paid, my freen?" I says.

"Deed are they," says the wife; "what gemm are ye up tae noo? d'ye want us tae pay them ower again?"

"Then listen," says I; "takin' it for granted yer poor rates are paid, an' nane o' yer bairns hae the measles or ony infectious disease, ye're a free-born Briton, an' ye hiv a vote—a vote that entitles ye, single-handed, tae return a member o' Parliament for this ancient an' honourable county—a county that g'ies ane o' his titles tae the Prince o' Wales; an', min' ye, it's few counties does that! Are your political leanings tae the Liberal or Conservative side?"

"Liberal," he says.

"Speak oot boldly," I says; "I wis ance a puir man like yersel', an' I'll never tak' advantage o' ye in ony way; but I'm gled ye're Liberal. Working men, as a rule, are; I've noticed that. They think it's a better name—that it sounds better; altho', between you an' me, the guid auld days are past when folk were liberal—when a vote wis worth something; but we must jist tak' things as they come. I suppose I may put yer name doon? In voting for the Liberal candidate, ye support the party whase motto is 'Reform,' whase watchword is 'Retrenchment,' and whase battle-cry is 'Onward!' Look at Disraeli, an' see what he's

caused. What think ye o' the City Bank failure, the bad trade, the tummlin' o' the Tay Brig, an' the various ither disasters that, no concerning us sae much, I needna allude tae at this advanced stage o' the evening. The Liberals will put an end tae a' wars and rumours o' wars, mak' France fold Germany in her bosom, an' have milk an' honey flowing doon the streets o' Strathbungo like rivers o' water in a dry place. Moreover, they are not bound doon tae auld-fashioned notions o' keepin' everything as it wis, an' refusin' tae let a man marry his wife's sister, or his auntie if he likes; nor refusin' burial tae a Presbyterian in England, because a bigoted English priest thinks the puir deed piece o' clay 'ill desecrate the sanctity o' his consecrated kirkyard. My freen, thank Providence ye're a Liberal, an' that Scotch kirkyards are open tae onybody; but, between you an' me, Mr—, I forget"—

"M'Faurlan."

"Ah! jist so. Mr M'Faurlan, between you an' me, I think the Liberals are a wee aff the stracht about the Permissive Bill. I'm like you, I'm vera sober, seldom keeping ony in the hoose, but jist when a freen ca's sending oot for a pint o' ale in a jug—telling the lassie tae gang intae the 'bottle and jug compartment,' an' no intae the common place—an' if the Bill comes tae pass we might hae tae sen' in tae the heid o' Eglinton Street for't, an' that wid be fashionous: hooever' it's hard tae get perfection in this worl', so doon goes yer name—many thanks tae ye."

The next hoose I went intae, after a bit talk I says, "Weel taxes an' a' paid an' money in the bank for the rent, family a' grown up an' marrit except ane wha's in America—no sure whether he's deed or leevin'—hope he's leevin' tho' an' a clean bill o' health generally, except the bedroom needs painting an' papering, an' ye wid like the rent reduced, so I suppose I may put doon yer name for the Liberal?"

"But I'm a Conservative."

"Tut! tut! what am I saying? The Conservative tae be sure. I've been sae deaved wi' thae Liberals, the words are ringing in my heid a' nicht—Conservative, of course! bound tae support the party wha bids defiance tae the combined worl'—Emperor o' Roosia, Bismarck or anybody—when necessary, my dear Sir, when necessary—mind that—an' it's whiles necessary tae show a bold front; it fricht's the ither anes: the Conservatives, my dear Sir, are up tae snuff. They're no tae be taen in wi' the holy Czar o'

Roosia makin' believe he was directly commissioned by heaven to free Christians in another country while he banishes his ain subjects tae Siberia in thousands—liberating the Bulgarians, an' massacring the Poles and Circassians. In this country we hang a man for takin' ae life, an' yet some o' us pat this Czar on the back an' praise him up for takin' lives by the hundred. Such, my freen, is human inconsistency. As for Cetewayo, or as I hear the gents in the omnibus ca'ing him, 'Ketchawayo'—it seems this is the genteel way o' pronouncin' t, an' ye ken we're a' very genteel noo—puir bodie, I'm vexed for him, but as oor minister says, 'thae bodies rinnin' about wi' bits o' pocket nepkins roon them instead o' troosers maun be civilised;' so I suppose its in the nature o' things, altho' if I had my way I wid let the bodies rin aboot as they liked; particularly in their ain country. Hooever, I've a lot o' ca's to mak', so I maun be off."

In the next hoose wis a very 'cute auld man—he wis vera wary: he says:—

"Ye're no a sheriff-officer, are ye?"

I assured him I wis not.

"Or a man frae the water company tae see if the jawbox is no rinnin'?"

"No! no! I says, "I'm a canvasser, no a paid ane, ye ken, but"—

"Oh! a canvasser," he says, "an' what are ye canvassing for? Is't gas burners, or moose traps, or what?"

"No! No! I want yer vote!"

"Oh! my vote! is't for the schule brod?"

"No! far higher than that, it's for Parliament."

"For Parliament, an' are ye likely tae get in? think ye?"

"Oh! me! I've no got that length yet, bye an' by I micht be tempted tae try it mysel', but enoo I'm only acting for anither."

"Liberal or Conservative?"

"Weel, he's a wee Liberal, maybe no jist edicated up tae the pint some wid like, but he's coming on, in fact he has the guid pints o' the Liberals without the bad anes o' the Conservatives; he's what ye micht ca' a—— a——"

"I'm an Independent mysel'."

"Exactly," I says, "ye jist took the words oot o' my mouth, only I wisna sure whether tae ca' him a Liberal Conservative or a Conservative Liberal, Independent exactly. He likes tae act for the guid o' his country without tying himsel' tae the coat tails o' ony party. He follows Disraeli or Gladstone whenever he thinks they're richt, but the worst o't is very few folk believe in an Independent candidate. The ane'll no

hae him because he's no a Liberal, an' the ither'll no hae him because he's no a Conservative, and sac on. However, as I'm like yersel', unbiassed, I'll lee ye the addresses o' baith parties an' ye can read them ower carefully an' conscientiously an' judge for yersel' an' come tae the poll early—the early bird gets the early worm,' ye ken. 'Step forward,' as the showman says, 'be in time' an' record your vote, an' then ye can begin your breakfast wi' an easy mind an' a clear conscience."

The next hoose wis a vera dirty ane: it wis hard tae tell whether the man, his wife, or his bairns were maist in need o' a washing. I kept my hat on as I could see nae place tae lay it doon while the man explained he wis a "Home Ruler."

"Vera guid thing," I says, "I believe in't mysel', only you an' I differ a wee; I begin at my ain hoose an' work upwards, an' ye seem," I says looking roon', "tae begin at the tap an' work, doonwards. Of course everybody has their ain way o' working, an' its pleesent, my freen, tae think ye can, after your hard day's work, turn frae yer domestic felicity an' scan the horizon o' politics for a candidate in accordance wi' yer ain exalted notions; but I'm a wee afraid we here are no jist eddicated up tae yer proper point yet. The Scotch are allooed tae be a wee dull, slow ye ken, an' this newfangled notion o' Home Rule hasna got oor length yet, at least the kin' o' Home Rule ye mean, so I'm afraid ye'll either hae tae let me put doon yer name for the Liberal or Conservative, or else get a candidate o' yer ain."

I finished a' this speech jist as he reached ower his haun for the poker, an' oot I cam'.

I tried nae mair, BAILIE, but got hame tired and sat doon tae the papers an' a gless o' toddy, and I think I'll bother nae mair wi' canvasing. I wis too conscientious, took ower much pains tae ask them the proper questions aboot their domestic concerns, an' a' that took up time, an' a'thegither it doesna seem tae suit a man at my time o' life.—Yours,

JAMES KAYE.

SHADES OF OPINION.

Of two Tory candidates, which one to choose,
A leaf better take from the 'Varsity crews—
Though both in the blues, yet of different hues,
According as light or as dark are their views,

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The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 31st, 1880.

THE clang of political warfare is becoming
distressingly monotonous. The sword and
shield of Liberal and Tory are in continual con-
tact, and the din is worse than ear-splitting.
Mr PEARCE'S attempts at addressing the electors
of the City compel the humiliating admission
that no more disreputable, disgraceful, and

unmanly audiences have assembled to hear a candidate on either side of politics than in Glasgow during the past week. There were doubtless many respectable and intelligent persons present at all the three meetings referred to, but the misconduct of the ignorant and foolish rabble—in great part if not wholly non-electors—has brought loss and discredit to the Liberal cause, and scandal on the City. More purposeless and senseless performances cannot be conceived: wit and humour were banished for free fights, springing of rattles, blowing of whistles, bandying of party cries, and incessant hooting, yelling, and cheering. Even music had not charms to sooth the breasts of Gilmore-hill rowdies and Govan riveters. Surely these disturbing elements should be refused admittance by the police to what are meetings of electors of the City of Glasgow. If the presence of a few hundred beardless youths, with cudgels, rattles, and whistles produces an invariable result, why not enforce their absence? The Liberal candidates for the City have nothing to gain and a great deal to lose from the enforced silence of their Tory rivals, and any suggestion that they are in league with the disturbers is incredible. Let every right-thinking person, who attends any of Mr PEARCE'S or Sir JAMES BAIN'S meetings, combine to stamp out this vile nuisance, and thus secure a full and fair expression of the political views of every candidate and elector. Rowdyism must be put down by respectability if the police cannot do it.

The "Emma"-nent—Mr George.
 The "Sir"-prise Party—Sir James's.
 The Sharp—Pearce.
 The Him-Pen-o'-Trouble—The *Mail*.
 Atween the Two—Middle'd-on.

IRISH INSULTS.—At a meeting of local Home-Rulers, held last week, a Mr J. Kelly—any relation of the more famous J. Kelly of New York?—said that as Messrs Cameron and Anderson "had insulted the Irish in the past, it was for them (the Irish) now to insult these gentlemen" by voting against them! Anything more deliciously Hibernian the BAILIE has not come across for some time. Would it not be still more efficacious, however, if Mr Kelly and his friends were to "insult" everybody all round by not voting at all?

A "Black" Business—The Encyclopædia Britannica,

The Glasgow Election.

Tune, "The Laird o' Cockpen."

THE Glasgow elector he's proud and he's great,
 His mind is tae'n up wi' affairs o' the State,
 To Candidates *three* he must each give a seat,
 And *five* they are wooing his favours to seek.

First comes Dr Cameron, long leggit chiel,
 Who in the late Parliament did gey—an weel;
 Next Anderson comes who with accents benign.
 Once told our investors "dear Emma is Mine."

Then Middleton follows wi' boo an wi' bend,
 Distinction of *course* to his party to lend,
 This distinction will prove as you shortly shall see,
 That he'll lose to his Party one seat in the three.

Though the Liberal wire pullers say it is true
 That they now have a method that's spick and span new,
 By which their three Candidates, A, B, and C,
 Are as certain to win as men certain can be.

But the old proverb says "there is many a slip,
 As time often hath shown, "twixt the cup and the lip,"
 And may-hap William Pearce, the Conservative brave,
 May get to St. Stephens alang wi' the lave.

Sir Jeems, O Sir Jeems, why did trimmer so bland
 Attempt as a member for Glasgow to stand;
 When the voting is over we'll hear ye complain,
 "They were daft to refuse the like o' Jeems Bain."

A STORY OF THE UNIVERSITIES.—However the election for Edinburgh and St Andrews may go, it is clear that no importance can possibly attach to it, Dr Story having written all the way from Pau to say that he intends to remain neutral, "voting neither for the unknown Bickersteth nor for the too judicious Playfair." Under these circumstances, one is almost inclined to ask if there is any object in holding an election at all.

MORE RADICAL LIBELS.—Speaking of the election for the Inverness Burghs, a contemporary says, "A few of the more ardent spirits of the party are urging on the political conflict; but the bulk of the more sober Conservatives are strongly opposed to it." The BAILIE quotes this merely as a sample of the Radical calumnies at present so plentiful. "Ardent spirits" and "more sober Conservatives," indeed! Get thee to a distillery, base libeller!

MYSTERIOUS.—Addressing the Pennicuik electors last Wednesday, Mr Gladstone referred to "others whose nerves perhaps are not so well fortified on these occasions as yours are." What *could* he have meant?

"FIRST CATCH YOUR HARE."—A Mr Cairney told the Townhead Home-Rulers the other day that they ought to "preserve their dignity." Would it not be as well to acquire a little of the article before taking steps for its "preservation?"

A Re(a)d Republican—Victor Hugo.

Quavers.

THE Partick Musical Association gave its second private concert for the season in the Burgh Hall on Friday. The selections (sacred and secular) were a 1 short—among them being the Gloria from ‘Mozart’s 12th Mass’ (oddly so run on just now), Gade’s ‘Spring’s Message,’ and Farebrother’s ‘The Great God Pan,’ which, specially, the society does every justice to. Mr Duncan Smith conducted, and Mr J. A. Robertson accompanied. Generally speaking the choir singing was very good indeed. At amateur concerts the solo members are so often indifferent that it is pleasing to light on exceptions to the rule, and, as before remarked, the individual efforts of the members of the Partick Society are unusually satisfactory.

The annual concert of the Bothwell Musical Association took place also on Friday evening, Schubert’s Mass in G, and Cowen’s ‘Rose-maiden’ forming the principal part of the programme. The Kyrie in the former is very attractive, while the Benedictus is quite Haydn-like in its melodiousness, with an independency of accompaniment all Schubert’s own. ‘The Rose-maiden’ is a light work of comparatively little moment. Good taste and skill marked the choir’s execution of both compositions. Mr M’Nabb conducted. He has the honour of having first introduced Schubert, as a Mass-writer, to Glasgow. Schubert, by the way, has taken some curious liberties with the text, treating it dramatically often at the expense of the sense; though, on the other hand, the music is far more religious in its character than that of many of the more popular Masses.

What may be called a child’s Oratorio was performed on Friday evening in the City Hall by the Sabbath Schools embraced in the South-Eastern Union—the particular work being, in this instance, ‘The Life of David.’ Some familiar chants and chorales have been utilised in the compilation, also anthems by Kent and Lowell Ma-on. Possibly the idea might be wrought out with a higher degree of taste than seems to mark the series that ‘David’ is part of. Mr D. S. Allan was the conductor, and held his unusually large choir of nearly one thousand voices well under control.

This evening, Tuesday, the choir of Camphill U.P. Church (Mr Schofield, conductor), give a concert of secular music. Calcott, Webbe, Horsley, and Bishop are drawn from (arguing solid taste and breadth of view), while the more modern English writers are represented by Leslie, Barnby, Silas, and Hatton; Schumann’s brilliant ‘Gipsy Life’ chorus is included. J. G. Calcott’s setting of ‘The Lark now leaves,’ with vocal accompaniment, ‘boucne ferme,’ has also a place, but it is a weak, trasy piece to our mind, of a class due to the fatal example of Gounod in his ‘Ave Verum,’ in provision for the case of hard-up ‘religious houses’ which have no harmonium or organ.

The Muir-Rosenberg operetta, ‘Ye Cronies,’ is really a clever piece of art collaboration, as all who had the privilege of assisting at its private performance on Thursday evening will admit. The music is not of course very original, as indeed it could not well have been, considering its burlesquing character, but it is as a whole shaped in quite musician-like fashion, and in one or two instances the instrumental accompaniment is remarkably good—in the interpolated song for instance, ‘Six and eightpence,’ a piece of lyrical humour highly creditable to both composer and librettist—the latter the singer of it, it is understood. The story turns on the love-rivalry of a Highland chief and an Italian grinder; the mutual object of their affection being Maria, a stock-farmer’s daughter, who is frequently heard of but is never seen. Herr Rosenberg, whom we compliment on his unpretending addition to operabouffe, will pardon our saying that he must re-construct his second finale. It was the one defect of his musical pleasantry. The singing of Thursday, both in solo and ensemble, was tuneful and artistic. The part of the Italian grinder, who expresses his feelings almost exclusively, and of course irrelevantly, in the titles of well-known operatic airs, was rendered in a manner worthy of opera seriosa itself.

Glasgow has hitherto been so dull to the unique character of the Carl Rosa Opera performances that one had almost reason to fear there would seldom if ever be a visit from the Company

again. The well-filled houses last week, however, show that our musical people are at last alive to the superior and uniform excellence of the representations, and to the fact that there are other operas quite as enjoyable and interesting as those we have everlastingly been favoured with by Italian Companies, whose usually unequal performances, to put it mildly, we certainly shall not stand again.

The production of ‘Mignon’ and ‘The Taming of the Shrew’ have marked the week with distinction. The former is a most delightful work, and interesting both dramatically and musically; the latter, an example of the Wagnerian theory so far—dull somewhat, one fears, to the untrained ear, or rather to the ear accustomed to the lyrical mode of expression and the directness of opera hitherto. Want of melody which the ear can catch and take away on a first hearing is a fault in Goetz’s Opera which may possibly peril its future, however great the music is abstractly. ‘The Magic Flute’ and ‘Don Giovanni’ live on, as fresh as at first, and yet they are full of rememberable melody—possibly they live rather because of that feature.

Miss G. Burns, Miss Julia Gaylord, and Mr Joseph Maas, Mr W. Bolton, and Mr Leslie Crotty are artists any Company ought to be proud of. The tunefulness of the chorus too is a most acceptable feature of the Carl Rosa performance—a point, by the way, almost altogether ignored, as one has had painful experience of, in Italian opera in the provinces.

“MOST AGREEABLE.”—The account given by the *Herald’s* correspondent of Lord Colin Campbell’s ‘Highland receptions’ is intensely funny. At Easdale, we are told, ‘the men and women struggled to reach Lord Colin, if only to touch his coat(!) and he kindly did what he could to show how pleased he was!’ Islay ‘went mad’ over our young friend, who was ‘carried shoulder-high through a crowd of roaring people.’ In conclusion, we learn that ‘splendid weather, with east wind, some fog, but no rain, has made the election cruise of Lord Colin most agreeable.’ East wind, fog, and ‘mad’ and ‘roaring’ islanders do indeed make up a ‘most agreeable’ picture!

OH, DAY AND (K) NIGHT!—A speaker at last week’s meeting of the Wine, Spirit, and Beer Trade Association referred to ‘the candidate who was capable of doing them the least harm—that was Mr Bain. Now, could anything be more cruel than that? Not content with accusing our gallant knight of incapacity, this malicious publican—and sinner—actually denies him his hard-earned ‘handle!’ Sir James is having rather a rough time of it at present; but he will probably consider this the unkindest cut of all.

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Burns, after Burns.

JOHN WILLIAM BURNS, my jo, John,
 Noo that we're weel acquent,
 You're not a proper person, sir,
 To sit in Parliament.
 Your speech is unco' blate John,
 And worded wi' out flaw,
 But what about your principles?
 John William Burns, my jo.
 John William Burns, my jo, John,
 You've tried the game before,
 But Archie's stronger noo' John,
 Than he was in '74.
 Sae ye may gie it up John,
 I ken' twill be a blow,
 Especially the expenses, man,
 John William Burns, my jo.

THE REFLECTIVE SCOTCH VOTER.

Wearied Canvasser (to working-man whom he thinks he has secured for his candidate after an hour's hot argument)—Weel, sir, I suppose we may rely—?

Working-man.—Hoot-toot!—ye gang ower fast. I'll be gled to see ye again some ither nicht, we maun crack it ower yet. Efter twa-three mair cracks I'll may'be be able to tell ye wha I'll vote fur.

Canvasser (in the tone of profanity and the language of courtesy)—Oh thank you—*thank you—good-night!*—(Bolts).

Ruling Passions.—In Mr Parnell "Home," in Mr Gladstone Homer.

A "Blue" Look-Out—The Conservative.

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Characters—
 Bailie, Mr W. Gourlay
 Helen M'Gree- } Miss J. Seaman
 gor,
 Diana Vernon, Miss E. Hunter
 Mattie, Mrs W. Gourlay
 Francis, Mr W. H. Darling
 Rashleigh, ... Mr J. C. Howard
 Piper, Mr Alex. M'Arthur.
 The Choruses, Glee, &c., by
M R. W. M. MILLAR'S SELECT CHOIR.
 Mr MILLER, Conductor.
 Mr F. W. BRIDGEMAN, Pianist.
 Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats, 2s; at 58 Ren-
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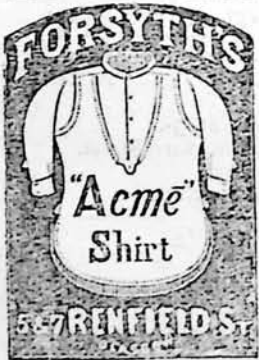
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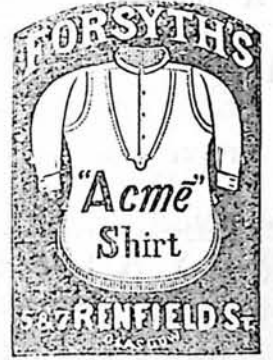
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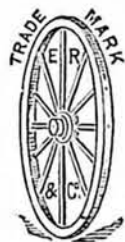
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In introducing this New Department of our Business, we may explain that though it is the first attempt of the kind in Glasgow, yet it has been carried on with great success by the most celebrated Hosiers and Glovers in the Cheapside and Strand, London, and we feel quite confident that with your kind patronage, and our strict attention, this novelty cannot fail to be a great success.
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TO THE ELECTORS
OF THE
CITY OF GLASGOW.

GENTLEMEN,

Having had the honour of receiving an influential and thoroughly representative Requisition that I should stand as a Candidate for the City of Glasgow, I have much pleasure in placing myself in your hands.

As a Conservative, I approve of the Foreign and Domestic Policy of the present Administration, and regard it as a guarantee for the future welfare of the nation at home and abroad. Especially do I believe that that policy is the only one likely to promote the commercial interests of the country, in which I myself have a considerable stake.

I am decidedly opposed to the Disestablishment of the Church of Scotland, and to the exclusion of religion from our Elementary Schools.

I am opposed to any injurious interference with the interests of one class for the benefit of any other, and I am especially against the proposals known as "Local Option" and the Permissive Bill. The Liquor Traffic should be regulated on principles of justice, not of confiscation.

I am distinctly opposed to Home Rule, and would object to any motion tending to the disintegration of the Empire.

I am in favour of the assimilation of the County and Burgh Franchise, provided it be associated with a Redistribution of Seats.

I should be glad if some more easy method for the Transfer of Land could be devised, and I would vote for an enquiry into the operation and effect of the Law of Entail.

Apart from the interests I myself have in the City of Glasgow and on the Clyde, I can assure you that it will always be my aim to guide my political actions with special reference to our common prosperity. Any measure likely to contribute to the welfare of the City, whether promoted by the Municipal Authorities, the various Trusts, or by private enterprise, will have my special attention and support.

I have the honour to be,

GENTLEMEN,

Your faithful Servant,

WILLIAM PEARCE.

10 PARK TERRACE, 19th March, 1880.

GLASGOW PARLIAMENTARY
ELECTION.

INTERIM EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE FOR PROMOTING
THE ELECTION OF

WILLIAM PEARCE, Esq., of JOHN ELDER & Co.

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A. B. STEWART of Ascog Hall.

Vice-Chairmen.

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JAMES HUNTER of Glenapp.
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W. Rae Arthur, 29 West George Street
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Professor T. M. Call Anderson, M.D., 14 Woodside Crescent
W. Boyd Anderson, 137 St. Vincent Street
Andrew Bannatyne, 15 Gordon Street
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P. M'Taggart Brown, 7 Lynedoch Place
Peter Clouston, 1 Park Terrace
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James Campbell, 29 Wellington Street
W. J. Davidson of Ruchill
Robert Davidson, 106 Ingram Street
Rev. Dr Dodds, 15 Sandyford Place
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H. J. S. Dubs, of Dubs & Co., Glasgow Locomotive Works
John Forrester, 7 Gordon Street
William Finlayson, 150 West George Street
Elias Gibb, 57 Buchanan Street
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James Hannan, of Henry Monteith & Co., 17 Woodside terrace
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J. H. Houldsworth, of Coltness Iron Company
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Thomas Kincaid, 4 West Regent Street
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F. B. Lecky, 2 West Regent Street
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Gavin Miller, 10 Windsor Terrace, West
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Alexander Pattison, 137 St. Vincent Street
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John Eaton Reid, 10 Newton Terrace
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Professor Simpson, M.D., 216 West George Street
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Thomas Wetherall, 31 Gordon Street
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Central Committee-rooms,
108 West Nile Street, 22nd March, 1880.

CITY OF GLASGOW ELECTION.

MR PEARCE'S CANDIDATURE.
CENTRAL COMMITTEE-ROOMS,
108 WEST NILE STREET.

A. B. STEWART, Esq of Ascog Hall,
Chairman of General Committee.

The COMMITTEE MEET DAILY, at One o'clock p.m.

1st WARD.

Mr PEARCE'S Committee-Rooms, 5 and 7 Bridgeton Cross.

W. T. MILLIGAN, } Ward Agents.
THOMAS STARK, }

2nd WARD.

Mr PEARCE'S Committee-Rooms, 24 Campbellfield Street,
Gallowgate.

D. & J. HILL, Ward Agents.

3rd WARD.

Mr PEARCE'S Committee-Rooms, 133 Duke Street.
R. MURRAY DUNLOP, Ward Agent.

4th WARD.

Mr PEARCE'S Committee-Rooms, 127 Great Hamilton Street
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WILLIAM SMYTH, }

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TO THE ELECTORS

OF

SOUTH AYRSHIRE.

GENTLEMEN,

Her Majesty having been advised to Dissolve this Parliament, the trust which six years ago you committed to my keeping is consequently returned to your hands.

The period which has since elapsed has not been uneventful.

The Eastern Question, the intricate web of which had long baffled the ingenuity of the wisest Statesmen to unravel, once more forced itself on the attention of all, and a European war seemed all but inevitable, when the vigorous, but at the same time conciliatory, policy of Her Majesty's Ministers obtained for our country its due ascendancy in the Councils of Europe, and thereby mainly contributed to the maintenance of peace.

The Act which abolished Patronage, and once more vested in the people a right of which early in the last century they were unjustly deprived, has suggested in some quarters the expediency of disestablishing and disendowing the Church of Scotland. Believing that Church to be in harmony with the opinions and feelings of a large proportion of the people of Scotland, and that its unaggressive character has secured for it the respect and sympathy of no inconsiderable body of Dissenters, I should, if again honoured with your confidence, meet any such proposal with the most determined and uncompromising resistance.

The attempt of a certain Section of the House of Commons to establish what is known as Home Rule in Ireland, appeared to be at first, if somewhat visionary, at all events harmless; but its character of late has altogether changed, and from a plan to give the people of Ireland a control over their local business, has passed into a scheme for the repeal of the Union—in other words, the disintegration and dismemberment of the Empire. In their resistance to such a scheme I shall be prepared to give Her Majesty's Government a hearty and ungrudging support.

A Commission, as you are aware, is at present engaged in enquiring into the condition of Agriculture in the United Kingdom. Any changes in the law which the Commission may recommend, tending to benefit so important an interest, would receive my respectful and careful consideration.

I propose to take opportunities of conferring with you personally, and giving such explanations of my political opinions as you may desire to receive.

I have the honour to be,

GENTLEMEN,

Your very faithful Servant,

CLAUD ALEXANDER.

Ballochmyle, March 15th, 1880.

BRANDY, WHISKY, TEAS, AND GROCERIES.

As supplied to Best Families throughout Scotland.
Special Choice Old COGNAC BRANDY, Guaranteed 7 Years Old, 4s 6d per Bottle, 53s per Doz, Bottles and Cases included.
For Medicinal Purposes no Finer Brandy could be used.

Carriage Paid to Coast or Country.

JOHN FINLAY,

Tea and Coffee Dealer, Wine and Spirit Merchant,
160 MAIN STREET, ANDERSTON,

AND

427 ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW.

Write for Price List.

Partick Branch,

335 DUMBARTON ROAD.

EXTENSION & ALTERATION OF PREMISES.

JOHN D. MACARTHUR

Begs to announce his intention of REMOVING his GENTLEMEN'S DEPARTMENT early in April to those Premises,

263, 265, & 267 SAUCHIEHALL STREET,
(Corner of DOUGLAS STREET),

WHERE HE WILL INTRODUCE A

GENTLEMEN'S HAT DEPARTMENT,

A want long felt in the West End of the City.

THE LADIES' DEPARTMENT

Will be carried on as formerly at the present Premises,

195 & 197 SAUCHIEHALL STREET

But with increased Stock and Accommodation.

Until the above Date

GOODS WILL BE REDUCED IN PRICE

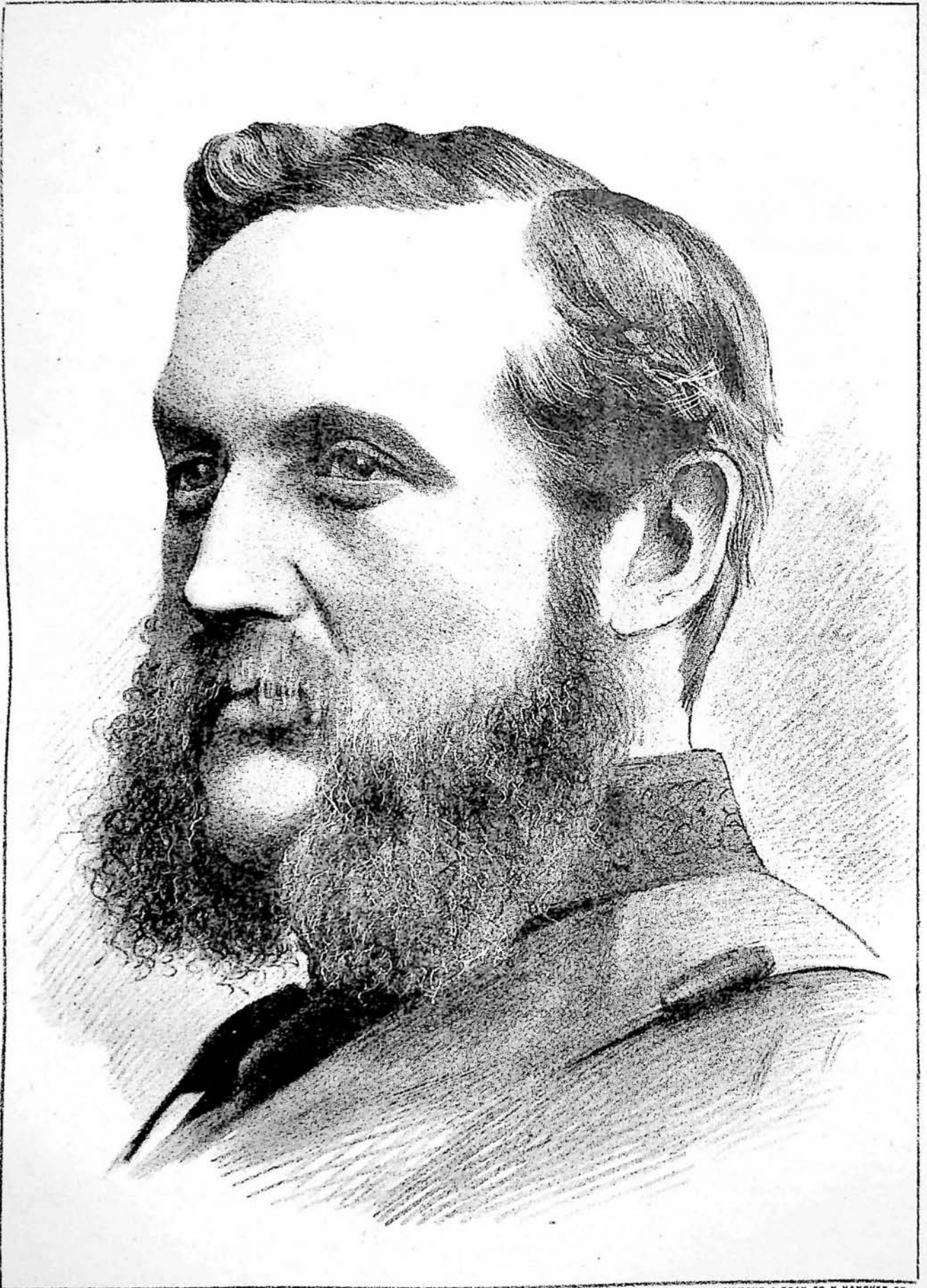
To make room for NEW STOCK, all Bought previous to the RECENT LARGE ADVANCE in WHOLESALE PRICES. REDUCTIONS will vary from 5 per Cent. to 25 per Cent., according to the Value and Fashion of the same.

JNO. D. MACARTHUR,

HOSIER, GLOVER, SHIRTMAKER, AND HATTER,
IMPORTER OF

CONTINENTAL NOVELTIES FOR LADIES' WEAR,

195, 197, 263, 265, 267 SAUCHIEHALL ST.



The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 390. Glasgow, Wednesday, April 7th, 1880. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 390.

HAVE we shot Niagara? Has Lord Beaconsfield succeeded in dishing the Tories at last? Certainly he has tried for something like a generation to prove to us that the age of ruins is over, and he, more than any other teacher, has dinned into our ears, in season and out of season, that there is nothing so wonderful as an event. Not even Lord Beaconsfield, however, could have foreseen such an overturning of the previous order of things as has taken place within the past eight days. The BAILIE never argues. Indeed, to his mind, it seems that the more you argue, and the more you confute people, the more obstinate they get, and therefore, like other clever folk, he rather chooses to settle everything that comes before him without discussion. Tact, rather than argument, is his panacea for the arrangement of every disputed point. And certainly any one who endeavours to deny that we are, for the moment at least, in the throes of a great Liberal reaction, must manifest a sad lack of the tact that belongs even to the most commonplace of mortals. Every movement, however, has its limits, and the most violent reaction cannot proceed beyond a given point. There is no need for the Tories over the country to lose heart altogether. It does not follow because the Liberals triumphed in Glasgow City that they must needs triumph in Glasgow University; although Colonel Campbell was defeated in Renfrewshire there is no reason to doubt that COLONEL ALEXANDER will be successful in South Ayrshire. The constituents of Kyle have a right to be satisfied with their former representative apart altogether from mere party politics. He has served them with an earnestness and a thoroughness which must commend itself to people of every class of

opinion. In the House of Commons, indeed, few Scotch members have made themselves so popular and so generally respected as the laird of Ballochmyle. COLONEL ALEXANDER is the representative of an old Ayrshire house. Born some nine and forty years ago, and educated at Eton and Oxford, he entered the army at an early age and went through a large portion of the Crimean war, having been present at the siege and capture of Sebastopol. On his retirement from the army, where he latterly held the post of colonel in the Grenadier Guards, the Man you Know lived the life of a country squire of the Sir Roger de Coverley type, interesting himself in all that benefited his neighbours, and doing his best for the county generally. In 1868 he saw fit to contest the Southern—and indeed his natal division of Ayrshire, and after a sharp contest with Sir David Wedderburn, the Liberal nominee, he was defeated by the small majority of twenty-five votes. Six years afterwards he again came forward, and this time so strong were the manifestations of feeling in his favour that he was returned without any contest whatever. His position in the House of Commons has already been described. By no means an infrequent speaker, especially on Scotch affairs, he was always listened to, and his opinions invariably commanded a large degree of attention and influence. At home COLONEL ALEXANDER is equally popular. He is pre-eminently an Ayrshire man. His knowledge of county affairs is of the most intimate character, and he is unwearied in his efforts to promote the welfare of his constituents let them be of whatever shade of politics they may. As to the issue of Thursday's election but little doubt need be entertained. Mr Dalrymple is understood to be the clever member of the Stair family, he is a fair speaker, and his manner is pleasant and engaging. These, however, are but slender qualifica-

tions to urge against the very substantial claims possessed by COLONEL ALEXANDER on the constituency. The one is neither more nor less than an untried lad, and a stranger lad to boot, while the other is probably the best known man both in Kyle and Carrick, is well-versed in all that pertains to the county and its concerns, and has shown himself an admirable member of the lower branch of the legislature. The more Radical portion of the constituency will of course record their votes in favour of the untried candidate—it is the function of Radicalism to be constantly in search of some new thing—but the rest, Whigs and Tories alike, will unite in supporting the man whom they know, and who has already proved himself in every respect so worthy of their confidence.

The Hecklerest Heckler.

THE average "heckler" is one of the most remarkable and mysterious "critturs" going. At election-time he emerges into the light of day, and after election-time he sinks once more into his native obscurity—till the next time. No one knows whence he cometh or whither he goeth, or whether he has a father or a mother, a sister or a brother. As for the "nearer one" and the "dearer one" of the poem, one may take their non-existence for granted. Of this queer race we have contemplated many specimens during the last two or three weeks; but perhaps the prize for originality, profundity, and all the other appropriate qualities, should be given to the South-Side genius who asked Mr Anderson last week if he approved of State aid being granted to "people who have their sight, who give their aid to the commercial prosperity of the country, and have none." They *may* make hecklerer hecklers than that, but "not much!"

A SHARP REPROOF. (Scene—A Kitchen.)

John—What's that ye'r daein', Janet?

Janet—I'm tryin' tae file this teeth doon; it's liken tae cut ma tongue throo.

John (quietly)—It mun be yer wisdom teeth, ma wumun, reprov'in' yer tongue for waggin' sae muckle.

"Planter's
Pride." { NEW SMOKING MIXTURE, put up in
1-lb. ½-lb. and ¼-lb Tins.
5s 10d. 3s 1s 6d.
This is a Mixture which, if once tried, will
always be used. Forwarded to any address in
town on receipt of Post-Card. Sold by
C. J. RATTRAY & Co., 2 Glassford St., Glasgow

After the Battle.

(And after Southey.)

"Till they fail, as I am failing,
Dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing!"—*Shelley.*

I T was last Friday evening,
My daily work was done,
I made my way to the town again,
Nor thought to see such fun—
For all about St. Enoch Square,
Huzzas by hundreds rent the air.

I saw a little rosy boy
Sell papers by the score,
And when you thought they all were out
He'd still another more;
The news I could no longer lack—
"Me too, my boy, a ha'penny back."

I took the paper from the boy,
Who stood expectant by,
And turned it inside out to see
What caused this cheering cry;
"The Tories, sir, are out," said he—
"O 'tis a famous victory!"

"Yes, yes, but what is't all about,
My little boy?" said I;
"Why all this more than maddening shout—
This blustering babel by?
Come, tell me all about this news,
And why each other they abuse."

"It is the Liberals," said he,
"Have Tories put to rout;
But what they 'boo' each other for
I cannot we'll make out;
Still everybody vows," quoth he,
"That 'tis a famous victory."

"My father says in 'seventy-four
(But that's beyond my day),
A thing like this occurred before,
But quite the other way;
For some must win, some lose says he,
In every famous victory."

"Right, right, my boy, I know it well,
The public pity lacks,
Then William Gladstone gloried he
Would clear the income-tax
If they would put him in—but he
Met with defeat, not victory."

"And he who won the field that year,
This year has lost the bout;
A nation seems all faith, all fear—
Dependence, or all doubt.
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory."

"And he who gains the fight this spring,
I wish him nought but joy."—
"What good will come of it at last?"
Quoth this same little boy:—
"Through time alone, my youth, we'll see
If 'tis, or not, a victory."

UNTO THE LAST.—The Conservatives at least stuck to their colours. They never looked more "blue" than after the counting of the ballot-papers.

FERGUSON'S EDINBURGH ROCK
is the best present from Edinburgh. 1 Melbourne place,
near the Castle.

A Short Way with Opponents.

AN ingenious mode of passing a vote of no confidence was adopted by the Falkirk Radicals last week. Captain M'Taggart, the Conservative candidate, having addressed a meeting and obtained a vote of thanks, retired, followed by the occupants of the platform and a considerable portion of the audience. Our Radical friends kept their seats, appointed a new chairman, and, with the aid of a truculent U.P. parson and "Mr Gillespie, the miners' agent," comfortably declared their opponent an "unfit person!" There is an ingenious simplicity about this style of procedure almost worthy of the great brain that evolved the Glasgow Liberal Voting Scheme.

ALL MY EYE.

English Agent—Good morning, sir. I presume you are Mr M'Faggot and intend to use the franchise at the election?

M'Faggot—Frainch eyes, serr? No, gootness forbud that I shoot require any but goot Heelant eyes as tid al my forefathers pefore me, ant petter eyes coot not be fount in any Frainchman, no, nor Enklushman mirover.

Parliamentary April Fools.

THE fool who plumped for Cameron.
 The fool who plumped for Middleton.
 The fool who plumped for Bain.
 The fool who plumped for Anderson.
 The fool who plumped for Pearce.
 The fool who plumped for anybody.
 The fool who didn't turn an honest penny over the election.
 The fool who gave the knave a chance of turning the penny.
 The Big Fools who pay for all.

"HUE" AND CRY.

From letters red, most read'ly red,
 The Rads derived their cue;
 But from the other side 'tis said
 'Twas blue an awfu' blue.

ONE FOR JEEMS.—Frien' Jeems Martin scored one last Thursday, when he remonstrated against the Lord Provost's attempt to represent the Town Council as a sort of second Radical caucus. Mr Collins was ingenious enough to evade the point at issue, but the hint may be of use to him "next time."

Beveridge's Guaranteed Mixed Pickles, Red Cabbage, Mushroom Ketchup, Sauces and Table Condiments, unrivalled for purity and flavour

On 'Change.

ALMOST every commercial operation entered into just now is regulated by the prospect of a speedy change in the Government of the country. The effect of the elections has been duly weighed, and the result is that the impending ministerial crisis must act disadvantageously upon prices. No one believes that Consols, for example, will be maintained at existing quotations, and a fall in Consols will be accompanied by lower prices in other departments of the market. Preference stocks, it is almost certain, will be down, while it is already known that ordinary stocks are presently at fancy prices.

My forecast of the feeling of the North British stockholders turns out correct, and the proposed appropriation of the funds to meet the Tay Bridge loss does not meet general acceptance. There will be more of this presently, but the arrangements are not ripe enough to be discussed here.

An important change is about to occur in the management of the State Steamship Company. The line is to be absorbed bodily by another company, under conditions which ought to be satisfactory enough to both. There will be an issue of debentures which should be worth holding if they yield 6 per cent.

SCRUTATOR.

AFTER THE MEETING OF WEDNESDAY LAST.

Jack (on the stair-head)—Look here, Tom, the directors of these halls must have known fine how delicately the front of the gallery was tacked on!

Tom—How?

Jack—Read that on the wall, "The audience is requested not to hang cloaks or wraps over the front of the gallery"—might bring it down, don't you see, with the weight?

Tom—By Jove! so they must!

NOTORIETY MADE EASY.—Every day opens some new doorway to fame—or to notoriety, which to many minds is the same thing. The latest plan is for some little big man, after *allowing* his name to be put on a candidate's committee, to write a consequential letter to the papers, indignantly protesting against its appearance. (See last week's daily press.)

A PROSPECTIVE PERSPECTIVE.—The tongue of some future Buckle may in a "History of Civilisation" give from the elections of 1880 an illustrative chapter—from the railing speeches of the candidates, the ribald "literature" of the committees, and the rowdy meetings of the constituencies.

DROP IT!—Somebody dropped 36 half-sovereigns in Duke Street last week, and advertises the fact in the *Herald*. Coin of the realm is, it is whispered, often dropped about "per-misc'ous" at election-times, but it is generally "kept dark."

BICYCLES, { West of Scotland Bicycle Co. Show Rooms, 104 Renfield Street, Works, 67 East Howard Street. Makers of the "Royal Scottish" and "West of Scotland" Bicycles & Tricycles, Repairs, fittings, &c.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—Mr Bernard is giving us a peep this week at "The Ticket of Leave-Man"—Tom Taylor's best play—with Mr Harrington in the part of *Bob Brierly*, and Mr Blythe in that of *Harokshaw*. What a splendid *Harokshaw*, by the bye. Mr Walter Baynham used to make in the old times when the piece was originally placed on the "boards" of the T. R. Dunlop Street. Among the other actors who have made a hit on the play in this city is Mr T. N. Wenman, whose *Bob Brierly* was really a masterpiece.

When Miss Soldene appears at the Gaiety on Monday next, she will be accompanied, as on the former visit of her company, by Signor Leli, Mr Edward Marshall, and Misses Rose Stella and Clara Vesey. Her *repertoire* includes "Carmen" and "Madame Angot's Daughter."

They are putting up "Paul Pry" to-night and during the week, at the Prince of Wales Theatre, with friend Lloyd in the *title-role*. Mr Lloyd's *Paul* is really one of the pieces of acting with which every play-goer, be he old or young, should make himself familiar.

Of course the Royalty, like the other theatres, will be closed on the evening of Thursday, the Fast-Day, and I understand that Mr Knapp proposes, on that evening to give a concert, supported by the leading members of the opera company, in the good town of Rothessay.

Your musical critic, BAILIE, has something to say anent the English opera performances at the Royalty, and I may therefore content myself with noting the fact that Mr Knapp had capital audiences all last week. Among the more noteworthy performances of the week was that of Madame Loveday in the opera of "Fra Diavolo."

Mr Toole has added another to his already wide range of parts. This is *Barnaby Ratchick*, the hero of Mr Byron's new comedy entitled "The Upper Crust," which was produced with great success at the Folly Theatre on Wednesday last. *Ratchick* has something both of *Tottles* and of *Perkyn Middlewick* in his walk and conversation, but he is less farcical than the one, and more eccentric than the other. As played by Mr Toole, the character is beyond question the most amusing at present on the stage. It is quite on the cards that "The Upper Crust" may be produced at the Royalty here at the close of the London season.

The "Octoroon," will be produced to-night by Mr Beryl at the Royal Princesses Theatre on the South Side, and looking as well at the merits of the piece, as at the excellent style in which Mr Beryl stages every play he produces the audience ought to be a good one. On Saturday we are promised a grand revival of Andrew Halliday's "Notre Dame" at the South Side Theatre.

Mr Saker has revived "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Liverpool Alexandra. He is himself the *Bottom* of the cast.

Our old friend Mr Charles Groves is playing the leading part in a farcical absurdity called "Themis" at the London Royalty; Mr J. R. Gibson is the *Luke Marks* in a revival of "Lady Audley's Secret" at Drury Lane.

"Hengler's" Chester house is now in full swing. The company is practically the same as that which appeared at the West Nile Street circus. Mr William Powell is acting manager, Mr Amesou trainer, and Mr Egerton ring-master.

Mr Wilkie Collins's latest novel, which bears the appropriate title of "Jezebel's Daughter," ought to satisfy even the greediest appetite for sensationalism. In the closing scene an idiot, a drunkard, a poisoned murderess, and her poisoned dead-alive victim, are shut up together in the dead-house at Frankfort! Here be a feast of horrors indeed.

Mr Miller is always ready with a suitable musical entertain-

ment for the Fast night, and this time he will give the "Messiah;" the choruses by the active Society under his baton, and the accompaniments by an orchestra.

Young Mr George Mudie, who made his first appearance on the stage about two years ago, is engaged to play the part of *Marquis de Pont Sable*, in the "Favart" company through the provinces. As your play-going readers may remember, BAILIE, Mr Tree sustained the *role* of the *Marquis* when Mr Knapp produced "Favart" at the Royalty here. Since Mr Mudie began his theatrical career, he has appeared as *Ralph*, the *Captain*, and the *Admiral* in "Pinafore," as the *Duke* in "Marigold," and as *Francis Osbaldistone* and *Henry Bertram*, as *Tremoline* and as the *Defendant* and the *Judge* in "Trial by Jury"—the last five characters having been played under the management of Mr Knapp. That's surely pretty well, your Honour, for a young 'un.

The Trades' House "Sell."

THE incorporated Trades meditate selling their buildings in Glassford Street, because they have got opinion of counsel that that is the only way they can dissolve their "union."

That their motto, curiously enough, is "Union is strength."

That the Convener and Collector's itinerancy through the Incorporations has ended in dividing the House.

That a House divided against itself cannot stand.

That the Barbers laid down the first public barricade on that rubicon, and have been assisted by the tubs of the Dyers, the vats of the Maltmen, and the needles of the Tailors.

That, consequently, the outlook has become razor-like and jaggy!

That the Trades' House is a public body, but the leaders are courting retiral into private life, and for the future would humbly nestle among warehouses!

Should public bodies, receiving public money, turn their public buildings into ingots, and retire into privacy?

That some natures are only equal to private life, and these should be sent to their own place.

That leaders should be public-spirited men, and thus "Let Glasgow Flourish!"

AN INTELLIGENT LIBERAL.

Gentleman (to his gardener)—Well, John, how are you voting?

Gardener—Leebral, sir, Leebral.

Gentleman—Well, John, I'm a Conservative myself, after much careful consideration.

Gardener—Weel, sir, I could thole that yin Beaconsfield, bit that yin Disrally I could not staun' ava.

A Staff Officer—A policeman.

More Honoured in the Breach.

THE BAILIE is glad to see, from some proceedings in the Dumbarton Presbytery last week, that there is a growing feeling among clergymen and others against the holding of political meetings and tea-parties—otherwise “soirées”—in church. Without attaching any special sanctity to an ecclesiastical building, as a building, one may reasonably object to our places of worship resounding on week-days to the “roaring and blowing” of a political spouter, or the “blowing and roaring” of a “comic” chairman. The custom is neither so good nor so old that all right-minded people will not rejoice at its abolition.

RURAL POLITICS.

(Scene: St Enoch's Square, Wednesday last.

A group of farmers are in conversation.)

First Farmer—There's Colonel Campbell busy canvassing.

No reply from the others: he repeats the observation.

Second Farmer (somewhat sharply)—'Am shair a don't ken Colonel Camell, wha's he?

First Farmer—Colonel Campbell! Why he's the Tory candidate for Renfrewshire.

Second Farmer—Weel ye see a don't ken onything about politics. A couldna' tell ye wha's in or wha's oot in Paarliment; ay, an' whit's better, maist o' the folk roun' about us don't ken ony mair than whit a dae.

Third Farmer (who has hitherto remained silent)—For ma pairt a don't think there shood be sides in politics at a'. When 'am sen'in' ma beasts tae the Dumfries market a sen' the yea hauf o' them by the Caledonian an' the tither hauf by the Glesca-an-Sooth-wastern, an' keep in wi' a' folk. That's jist whit shood be din' in the Hooses o' Parliment, a wid support baith parties.

HAS A BOOK IN HIS POCKET, WITH RED LETTERS IN'T.—*2nd Henry VI.*—If on Friday the Red's following was ignorant, it cannot be said to have been “unlettered.”

Beware of the Party offering spurious imitations of MACNIVEN & CAMERON'S Pens.

They are sold at 6d and 1s per Box, by all Stationers.

“They come as a boon and a blessing to men,

The Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley Pen.”

The Hindoo Pens Nos. 1, 2, and 3 are a treasure.

“The world owes a debt of gratitude to the patentees.”

Patentees of Pens and Penholders,

MACNIVEN & CAMERON, 23 to 33 Blair Street, Edinburgh,

Pen-Makers to Her Majesty's Government Offices.

(Established 1770.)

Megilp.

NOW that the brag and bluster of the general election are coming to an end, and people over the country have ranged themselves for another term of years, the prospects of our artistic friends ought surely to improve. Already, indeed, a number of sales have been recorded in the Institute—and an occasional buyer has been seen in more than one studio—within the past day or two.

Among the more fortunate of the painters whose names are as household words in Glasgow are Colin Hunter and Hamilton Maccallum. Both of these gentlemen have succeeded in selling their Academy pictures. The subject of Mr Maccallum's work—which recalls, although it in no way imitates, his “Water Frolic” of last year—is a boatful of children. Mr Hunter's picture is also a seapiece, the scene he has selected to reproduce being a view in the neighbourhood of Tarbert.

Robert Greenlees has contributed a sea-coast scene—the venue of which is laid on the Arran shore—to the Royal Academy. It is one of the largest and most important works that have left his easel. Let us hope it will meet with the success gained by his “Silver Firs.”

The pictures “sent in” for the coming Exhibition of the Paris Salon are some 2000 fewer than usual. This is set down to the intense cold which prevailed in Paris during December and January, and which prevented many artists from proceeding with their work. Three of the leading pictures will be a “Phædra” by Cabanel, a “Flagellation” by Bouguereau, and a “Honorius” by Laurens, which resembles, in subject if not in style, the figure of the young king in Pettie's “Death Warrant.”

De Neuville's “Rorke's Drift”—Miss Thomson (Mrs Butler) is painting a fashionable “Rorke's Drift” by command of the Queen—is to be reproduced in photo-gravure by the London Fine Art Society.

Apart altogether from the general question as to whether artists, like betting-men, are generally Tories, it has been pointed out that the politics of our local painters are distinctly Liberal in their tone. Not more than four or five members of the Glasgow Art Club belong to the Tory persuasion.

A picture sale, which should have special attractions for West of Scotland buyers, will take place in Dowell's Rooms, George Street, Edinburgh, on Saturday next. This is the collection of works left behind him by James Docharty at his too early death. It includes “The Dochart in Spate”—one of his Royal Academy pictures, views in the Argyleshire, Invernesshire, and Perthshire Highlands, a series of Nile landscapes, and several Clyde pictures. The works are altogether something like 120 in number, and the majority are of what is termed the cabinet size. In addition to the artists' own works, the collection he had formed of pictures by a number of his more famous contemporaries will also be sold on Saturday.

THE SECRECY OF THE BALLOT.

(Tonal when on his way to the polling booth at Kinning Park to record his vote meets a friend.)

Friend—Wha'r ye gaun tae vote for, Tonal?

Tonal—She'll no tell onypody wha she'll vote for. (Party carrying a board with “Vote for Campbell” passes at the moment.) She'll no vote for *her* ony-way?

HAVE YOU SEEN THE SHOW?—A local firm of cabinet-makers advertise a “perambulator show.” To the BAILIE'S mind the most attractive “perambulator show” going, is that presented by Buchanan Street on a fine afternoon.

James Kaye as a Voter.

AN awfu' business this voting, BAILIE, and vera different frae what voting was in my young days. Then it was jollification and fuddling, and every man went up proodly and gallantly tae gie his vote and oot wi' the name before the world. Noo it's a miserable, mean kind o' sliding intae a box wi' a curtain, and in fear and trembling taking up a pencil that's tied wi' a string in case ye pit it in your pouch, and makin' a scratch wi't, and then like a condemned criminal ye emerge frae the box, and under the eagle eye o' the Sheriff, or whaever he is, your paper is put in among the rest and a' is ower.

Last Saturday, after breakfast, I set aff tae exercise my privilege o' voting. I got intae the box. As the Sheriff was eating a hurried breakfast and couldna speak, he pinte tae a bit second-haun cotton curtain, and lifting it I was in the inner sanctuary. Takin' up the miserable lead pencil, broken short aff at the neb, I paused a meenent tae reflect on the gravity o' the situation. Here was I, James Kaye, wi' a single stroke o' this farthing pencil, that even the maker was ashamed tae put his name on, going tae decide the future o' this great kingdom, the "Britannia" o' the sang-books, "the home o' the brave and the free," &c., &c. As there were nae windows tae look at, I turned up my ee tae the roof o' the box and cogitated. "Disraeli or Gladstone," "Blythwood or Caldwell," which o' the gallant cornels will I mak' happy the nicht? Slowly and hesitatingly I took the pencil up, and was aboot tae gae it a flourish, when the string gripped and it flew oot o' my haun, and as I was searching for it, three or fower faces werè keeking in, waiting their turn and pu'ing the curtain aside.

"Gentlemen," I said, "are ye aware ye are violating the sanctity and sacredness o' the ballot? Oot ye go till I exercise my birth-richt o' makin' or marring this kingdom for the next twa-three years. "To be or not to be," as Tannahill says; will I record on tablets o' stone my distrust o' the policy o' the late Government, or will I show them I fully approve o' a' they did? I — "What on earth's keeping you in there?" says a voice. I turned roon an' there wis the Sheriff keeking in. "Mr Sheriff," I says looking at him sternly without winking, "Are ye aware ye are only a paid servant o' the county, sworn tae keep the pencils sharpened, and alloo nae boys in? Go awa' back tae yer post, sir, and leave me, a free-born Briton, and a taxpayer, forbye an elder, tae record my vote

according tae my conscience. Hoo daur you and thae three faces behin' ye presume tae prejudice my vote, eh?"

"But these gentlemen want in to vote, too," he says.

"Weel, put up mair boxes," I says, "am I tae be discommoded because o' your defective arrangements? When I come here, sir, I have a richt tae cast my mind's eye back over the vista o' the six years the late Government has been in, and wee in the balance a' the oots and ins o' the acts passed and unpassed, and a' that, ye may be sure, will tak' a little time. I think ye had better advise yer freens tae go and get breakfast and ca' in as they come back, I dare say I'll hae totted it a' up by that time and decided for weal or for woe. Noo, I'll begin," and I drew the auld curtain and shut them oot. Nibbling the pencil, and it was gey hard, I set tae think. Noo some may say I micht hae done a' this at hame, but then, but then I say, what's the ballot boxes put up for, eh? or wha bears the expense o' them? Me and the like o' me, and I like tae get the worth o' my money some way or another. I nibbled awa', and then there was an awfu' noise outside, and I heard the Sheriff saying, "He's in there," and then the curtain was drawn aside and a fine big polisman wis seen, and he says tae me:—

"What she'll do there?"

"Voting," I says; "voting as hard as ever I can; an' mighty dry wark it is—no even a tum'ler o' water provided for us. I'll ha'e tae write tae the fiscal aboot it."

"She'll better come out twice as quick as evermore. She's been in twenty-five or nineteen meenents"—

"My freen," I says, calmly, "recollect my puir rates are paid, an' I'm thereby entitled tae exercise my dearly-bocht privilege o' voting, an' I'm no aware that there's ony stipulated time for using the ballot-box. Every man has tae record his vote in a conscientious manner—mind that, in a conscientious manner—and yet ye wid daur tae dictate tae me, and hurry me, and maybe mak' me in my agitation mak' my cross upside doon; in which case, as the Sheriff will tell ye, the vote wid be lost, and the whole election hae tae be made ower again. Gae awa, man;" and I drew the curtain back again; and then I heard him muttering something aboot "getting the sergeant," so I cried oot, "It's faur higher than a sergeant, or a corporal either, for it's twa cornels I've tae decide between," and I retired again; but as the strain on my heid wis

getting serious, I decided something must be done, and that speedily, so I keeked oot and says tae the Sheriff, "Are ye allooed tae write a few words o' advice tae the candidates on the paper?" "Oh!" he says, "do anything ye like, and come oot." "No sae fast," I says, "I don't want tae invalidate the election, ye ken."

As there wis a great crood by this time roon the door, a' howlin' at me tae come oot, I says, "Ay, howl awa', but possession's nine-tenths o' the law, and I question if ye wid come oot tae let me in; so jist hae patience a wee, I'll no be long noo; only I must get the pencil sharpened, and I've forgot my knife."

"For ony sake, tak' the len' o' my pencil," says one; and I took it, and gaed in, and I thocht, and thocht; but as each o' the cornels had his guid points, I couldna mak' up my mind, so I did jist what ony sensible man wid dae in like circumstances, I put a cross opposite each o' their names; and so, sae faur as I wis concerned, I gaed them baith "fair horney."

Yours, JAMES KAYE.

SCRATCHED.

(Scene—Hall in the eastern district; well-known Conservative candidate has just finished his address and questions have been invited.)

Well-known Orator and Heckler (mounting the platform and hitching his shoulders uneasily)—Wid ye tell me whit wis din wi' the six millions?

Another Elector—Aye, Mac., ye've got them on yer back.

[Great laughter amid which the heckler beats a hasty retreat.]

COMING EVENTS: CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE.—At the ordinary general meeting of the Glasgow Public Halls Company, held last Wednesday afternoon, the chairman stated that "the prospects of the company in the future were much better than they were at this time last year." And, as if in confirmation, that very evening the halls were *minus* a portion of their gallery!

Electioneering Tactic and Public Spirit—Asinus holds himself ready to tak' tick from any public spirit-dealer.

"A Story of Beyond Sea"—The parson of Roseneath.

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For this Relief much Thanks!

(By an Arm-Chair Non-Politician.)

RELIEF at last! Week out, week in,
I've writhed and groaned—*auditor tantum*—
And listening to their dreary din
Have lost of peace and weight a *quantum*.
With deaving prate about the poll
My own waxed bare, as I'm a sinner.
It's hard upon a simple soul
To bid him "plump" till he grows thinner
For Whig or Tory not a jot
I care, or what the Russ is doing.
No programme "spirited" I've got
Except when I'm my tod'ay brewing.
I am my own home-ruler free;
With Church or State I have no quarrel;
The only "bills" that bother me
Are those for board and eke apparel.
Then wherefore vex me in my bad
With canvas(s) sheets as they have done me,
And trump each ace at whist I've led
By showering voting cards upon me?
At last, however, peace I've found,
And so farewell my doleful dittie.
The plague still rages all around,
But, thank my stars, it's left the city!

AN ELECTION PETITION.

Candidate for Parliamentary Honours—Will you be good enough to support me, Mr M'Pawky, and give me the benefit of your vote on the polling-day?

M'Pawky—Weel, serr, ta last Parliament memper will say to me, "Mr M'Pawky, I hev an excellent cask o' whusky up at ta pig hoose, ant I woot like you to try it, ant I will sent it to you to trink success to my election," ant he tid sent it ant he kot in al right. He wass too much a chentlaman to ask any other chentlaman to vote for him.

Candidate—I trust I have not offended you, Mr M'Pawky, by asking such an independent man as yourself for your vote, and since you seem to know how to appreciate spirits I shall be glad if you will drink success to me in a little cask that I will send you down, and some capital tobacco as well.

M'Pawky—No offence, serr, no offence, but I'll thocht ass you wass a straincher that you't pe clad to know how ta last memper pehaved to chentlamen voters.

JUST IMAGINE!—At a meeting last Tuesday the Lord Provost talked about "imaginary gentlemen." He must have been thinking of some of his political "pals," who have proved their gentlemanliness to be very "imaginary" indeed.

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See the Windows.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 7th, 1880.

THE Parliamentary election on Friday last
marked Glasgow as being the most tho-
roughly Liberal constituency in the kingdom.
The result was a crop of surprises—the extraor-
dinary unanimity among the Liberals, the no
less unexpected increase in their voting strength,
and the miserable support accorded to the Tory
candidates. Liberalism is truly rampant in our
midst, and but for its good nature, it would be
less than tolerable. The Tory party need not,
however, take their defeat too sorely to heart,
although it is both unexpected and disastrous.
Their rivals have been more than once as igno-
miniously routed by a similar reaction, and even
worse disunion. For once the local Tory leaders
fell far below their reputation for skilful man-
agement in failing to deal firmly with the split
caused by the candidature of Sir JAMES BAIN,
and in allowing their portion of the electoral
fold to wander without rallying cry or trusty
shepherds having a common aim. Time, and
the healing influence of the excellent dinners
which are being supplied by the management

of the Conservative Club, will soon efface the bitterness of being vanquished, and every sound Tory may hope to reverse the verdict at the next general election. And after all, are the consequences of a defeat of either political party not greatly exaggerated by both sides? Will the nation not be as prosperous and happy in the future as in the past? Will our city not continue to advance in wealth and intelligence because it is represented at St Stephen's by three Liberal members? The days of cakes and ale are not yet ended, and mirth and gladness, riches and prosperity belong to humanity and not to party. Whether Whig or Tory agree or differ Glasgow will continue to flourish.

HE WANTED TO PLUMP.

Polling Clerk (to voter)—You cannot give both of your votes to one person.

Voter—Oh, I see; weel I'll gie ane tae Cameron and plump for Pearce.

STARK ON THE STUMP.—The great Stark—the BAILIE had almost written stirk—of Duntocher has broken out in a fresh place. We know him as a theologian and an educationalist, and now he assumes the role of politician and denounces the late Parliament as “the worst since the days of Castlereagh.” The sentiment is as truthful as it is characteristic.

FROLICSOME STUPIDITY.—Some folks have odd names for things. Four Dundee youths having amused themselves the other day by throwing “vitriol” on passers-by, their conduct is described by one contemporary as “stupid,” and by another as a “frolic.” The BAILIE would like to know what is young Dundee's mode of procedure when he really means mischief.

LORNE OUT OF WATER.—Why cannot ta Tuke's eldest hopeful perceive that the gods have not made him poetical? Undeterred by the fate of his haver about “What's-his-name Thingamy,” he bursts upon the world with a “Canadian National Hymn,” no less!—a string of nonsense verses containing such choice rhymes as “Dominion—union,” “terrors—mirrors,” &c. Go to, friend Lorne, and let “National Hymns” alone. You are a Marquis, a Governor-General, and the husband of a Princess, but *scarcely* a Rouget de l' Isle—or even a Macdermott!

The New Election Tyrant—Dick-Tait.

All the Rage—Suffrage.

“RAIL” EXCITEMENT.—“We are not aware,” sagaciously observes a contemporary, apropos of the St. Andrew's Hall accident, “that mere excitement is in the habit of making firmly constructed balcony-rails fall on the people below.” Possibly not, contemporary; but may there not be more things in heaven and earth than you are “aware” of. The BAILIE, for his own part, cannot imagine a more “fearful wildfowl” than an excited balcony-railing.

A FIZZER!—Oh, Dr Cameron, how could you! The idea of *your* telling an audience that the object of returning a Liberal Government is to enable the British Working Man to drink champagne! And in Lord Provost Collins's presence too! Sir Wilfrid will have to talk to you like several fathers when you meet at St. Stephen's.

WHO SHALL 'SCAPE “WHIP”-PING?—Things, it must be confessed, look very blue for the Blues; but does it say much for Liberalism when we see “2-guinea proofs” of “Adam (Right Hon. Wm.) of Blair-Adam” advertised in a local paper for “1s each?”

THE RETORT IRON-IC!—Somebody advertises “cast iron retorts” for sale. What a splendid investment for candidates troubled with impertinent hecklers!

APPROPRIATE DITTY FOR GRAIN JOBBERS.—“Corn ‘Rigs’ are Bonny, Oh!” (See last week's papers.)

“SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE, &C.”

(Drawing-room of retired carriage hirer; Enter collier's widow, who blythely holds out her hand).

C. W.—Hoo er ye the day, Mrs Whup? I thocht I wad jist gie ye a ca' for auld langsyne.

R. C. H. (also a widow and of a dignified gait and manner)—I am quite well, thank you. But I really don't remember you.

C. W. (surprised and feeling warm and fatigued)—De ye no ken *me*?

R. C. H. (still more dryly)—Indeed I do not.

C. W. (not in the least put out)—Dear me but *ye* hae a short memory. Hae ye no min' that we had a hire o' yer hairse when oor Jeems deet in '69!

A Hot Pursuit—A furnaceman's occupation.

A Misnomer—His *Serene* Highness the Emperor of Russia.

“Co”-relatives—Brothers in partnership.

Quavers.

THE musical season in Glasgow is drawing to a close, and what partly marks the fact is that the various societies are all now giving either their annual concert, or their second one for the season, as the case may be.

The Crosshill Musical Society give their second concert of the season in the hall of Camphill Church, on Thursday, the 15th inst., when Romberg's ode, "The Transient and Eternal," is to be performed, with a very nice selection (as one notices) of part-songs and solo music for the second part of the programme.

The second concert of the Pollokshields Musical Association takes place to-night (Tuesday) in the Maclean Street Hall, the new cantata, "Melusina," being the chief item in the programme.

One of the most important local musical events is certainly the forthcoming revival of Haydn's celebrated "Passion," or "Seven Last Words," at the annual concert by the St. Vincent Street U.P. Church Association, on the 13th instant. Readers of this column who have not heard this very fine work of the master should not miss the opportunity to be then afforded. There will be a full orchestral accompaniment, and the work will be given in its entirety otherwise.

The choir of Pollok Street U.P. Church give a "service of sacred music" next Wednesday evening Henry Farmer's melodious Service in B flat is to be sung.

It is like going back to the days of Handel, to hear an oratorio performed by a small chorus, as will be the case on the Fast-night, when "The Messiah" is to be sung by the members of the Glasgow Select Choir, strengthened very likely by a few additional picked voices. But we have had ample experience of late of the fact that a few specially trained voices can produce a fuller and better tone than can ordinary choruses of three or four times their number; and without being able to guess how a limited chorus now would compare with one such of Handel's time, we may safely conclude that a really worthy rendering of the noble choral work of "The Messiah" will be given by the small but highly-trained choir which essays it on Thursday night; while, in these days of gigantic choral bodies, we have somewhat of a novelty in the proposal.

Weber's charming Mass in G—an unmistakably genuine emanation from the pen of the composer of "Der Freyschutz," if the Weber Mass in E flat looks suspicious a little—was sung by the choir of St. James's Parish Church last Wednesday evening, Mr R. Alexander conducting.

The concert by the Caledonian Railway Musical Society last week calls probably only for the remark that something more important than hitherto brought forward may reasonably be expected from the association next season, steady and satisfactory progress having been made during the session now closed.

Gounod's "Irene" (first produced in 1862, three years after "Faust"), is an opera well worth hearing. There is a delightful feeling of the master all through, in the charming melodies, the pure and rich harmonies, and in the orchestral combinations and grace of instrumental figure. "Irene" is to be repeated to-night (Tuesday).

Miss Blanche Cole, a "first lady" of high rank, both musically and dramatically, was ably supported in the opera referred to by Mr Turner and Mr Ludwig, both artists of merit. The company generally seems an excellent one, and deserving of ample support. Mr Archer is a most careful conductor, and evidently spares no trouble to bring out the minutest point in the score.

"ASSOCIATION" OF IDEAS.—A correspondent professes to perceive some subtle significance in the fact that the Glasgow branch of the "Mutual Supply Association" was advertised to be opened on the 1st of April. What can he mean? That the Association intends to supply *poissons d'Avril*?

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the Glasgow election is over.

That it has been a rasping time.

That the printers and bill-posters have made a fine haul.

That the *Herald* is delighted that Dr. Cameron is not our Senior Member.

That the *Mail* is certain that if it had not been for the Tory dodges the Doctor would have topped the poll.

That if the Doctor would take a little of the fun out of his speeches and put it into his journal the journal would be none the worse.

That Lord Provost Collins was the reverse of courteous in his allusion to Sir James Bain.

That Sir James Bain ruled the Council in a manner that Mr Collins never succeeded in doing.

That "scenes" were conspicuous by their absence during the reign of Sir James.

That now they are numerous and disagreeable.

That it takes a clever man to rule the Council Board.

That Mr William Collins is not that man.

That a good many members of Council are trying to sit on "oor Jeems."

That "oor Jeems" is not to be sat upon.

That the lofty superiority of Bailie Colquhoun is very amusing.

That the Bailiership has a wonderful effect in toning down a fiery untamed irreconcilable.

That Jamie Colquhoun was once as lively and "wanting to know," as ever Jeems Martin has been.

That the chain has altered all that.

That the magisterial cloak covers a multitude of prejudices.

A CLENCHER.

Intelligent County Voter (who is leaving the polling station at Greenock, after recording his vote)—I've clenched it. I wrote my name right on top o' Cammell's.

[Dismay on the countenance of the *blue* agent and a bland smile on that of the red tallyman.]

THE BONNY RIGGLER AT BONNYRIG.—Mr Gladstone told the good folks of Bonnyrigg last week that "Christmas Bills" often "hampered" their recipients. Play on the word "hamper," don't you see! Another on the shovel for the ole man!

MONUMENTS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY.—The Tay Bridge and St. Andrew's Hall.

The Golden Calf—A wealthy spendthrift.

"NO BILLS."—Bauldy wishes to know who is to unpaper the outside of his house. As a *quid pro quo*, he suggests the papering of the in—

A "Mechanical Majority"—That attained by the abecedarians.

** The present number finishes Volume XV. of THE BAILIE, a title-page for which can be had from the Publisher.

T H E G A I E T Y.

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THURSDAY FIRST, SACRAMENTAL FAST,
THE GAIETY WILL REMAIN CLOSED.

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MR H. F. LLOYD

In his Great Impersonation of "Paul Pry," in which character this Gentleman has no equal on the British Stage.

To Commence with the Celebrated Comedy,

PAUL PRY.

Followed by the Historical Scottish Drama,
MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS;

Open 7; Commence at 7-30. Prices, 6d to 4s.

ROYALTY THEATRE,

Lessee and Manager.....Mr E. L. KNAPP.

THE FREDERIC ARCHER ENGLISH
OPERA COMPANY.

THIS EVENING, TUESDAY, 6th APRIL, at 7-30.

"IRENE," GOUNOD'S GRAND OPERA.

ROYALTY THEATRE.

MONDAY, 12th APRIL,

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THE "OCTOROON."

THURSDAY, April 8th (Fast-Day), Closed.

SATURDAY, April 10th, Grand Production with New Scenery

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FULL CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA.

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Organist,Dr A. L. PEACE.

Conductor,W. M. MILLER.

Tickets, 2s and 1s. at

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Ticket Holders only admitted from 6-30 to 7 o'clock.

Doors Open at 6-30. Concert at 7-30.

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"M E S S I A H,"

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CITY HALL, FAST NIGHT.

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Conductor,.....Mr JAMES ALLAN.

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Plan of Hall at Messrs Swan & Co's., Buchanan Street.

Tickets from the Music-sellers.

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CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.

SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1880.

Under the immediate patronage of Prof. BLACKIE, of Edinburgh, who has kindly consented to be present.

G R E A T S C O T C H N I G H T

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MR J. M. HAMILTON.

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TO THE ELECTORS
OF
SOUTH A Y R S H I R E .

GENTLEMEN,

Her Majesty having been advised to Dissolve this Parliament, the trust which six years ago you committed to my keeping is consequently returned to your hands.

The period which has since elapsed has not been uneventful.

The Eastern Question, the intricate web of which had long baffled the ingenuity of the wisest Statesmen to unravel, once more forced itself on the attention of all, and a European war seemed all but inevitable, when the vigorous, but at the same time conciliatory, policy of Her Majesty's Ministers obtained for our country its due ascendancy in the Councils of Europe, and thereby mainly contributed to the maintenance of peace.

The Act which abolished Patronage, and once more vested in the people a right of which early in the last century they were unjustly deprived, has suggested in some quarters the expediency of disestablishing and disendowing the Church of Scotland. Believing that Church to be in harmony with the opinions and feelings of a large proportion of the people of Scotland, and that its unaggressive character has secured for it the respect and sympathy of no inconsiderable body of Dissenters, I should, if again honoured with your confidence, meet any such proposal with the most determined and uncompromising resistance.

The attempt of a certain Section of the House of Commons to establish what is known as Home Rule in Ireland, appeared to be at first, if somewhat visionary, at all events harmless; but its character of late has altogether changed, and from a plan to give the people of Ireland a control over their local business, has passed into a scheme for the repeal of the Union—in other words, the disintegration and dismemberment of the Empire. In their resistance to such a scheme I shall be prepared to give Her Majesty's Government a hearty and ungrudging support.

A Commission, as you are aware, is at present engaged in enquiring into the condition of Agriculture in the United Kingdom. Any changes in the law which the Commission may recommend, tending to benefit so important an interest, would receive my respectful and careful consideration.

I propose to take opportunities of conferring with you personally, and giving such explanations of my political opinions as you may desire to receive.

I have the honour to be,

GENTLEMEN,

Your very faithful Servant,
CLAUD ALEXANDER.

Ballochmyle, March 15th, 1880.

IMPORTANT.—(Family giving up House.) For Private Disposal, articles of Furniture, viz., Dining and Drawing-Room Suites, Cottage Pianoforte, Electro Silver Plate, &c., &c. Furniture only used three months. Made to order. Plate not been used. Very great bargains will be given. Rare chance to obtain really good articles cheap. Address, D.R.B., Bailie Office, Glasgow.

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The superior merit of the works of this distinguished Artist being universally admitted, commendatory remark here would be unavailing and superfluous, but Mr Dowell takes upon himself to state that, of the Works of one Artist, this Collection is undoubtedly one of the most important it has been his privilege to offer.

The *piece de resistance* is a sublime Landscape worthy of being termed a *chef d'œuvre*, "The Dochart in Spate," which had an honourable place on the walls of the Royal Academy. There are upwards of 120 beautiful Cabinet Works, nearly all finished, covering a great diversity of subject in the Mountainous, Moorland, Forest, Lake, and Coast Scenery of the Highlands, Western Islands, Clyde, and other interesting points of Scottish Landscape, such as "The Clyde from Kenmure Bank," "Ben Nevis and River Lochy," "Loch Eilt," "On the Moor above Helensburgh," "Road at Garelochhead—Spring," "Holy Loch, Spring-Time," "Where the Crows Build," "Glenisla," "Loch Ranza," "A Quiet Pool," "Cadzow," "The Cuchullin Hills," and other Views in Sky; "The Deer's Haunt," "Glenmore," "Kelp-Burning," "Peat-Digging, Lochaber," "A Sea-Girt Castle," "Where Breakers Roar," &c.; also, a Series of Views painted on a Tour on the Nile.

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TO THE ELECTORS

OF
A R G Y L L S H I R E.

GENTLEMEN,

The kind reception and support that I met with in the late contest, and the gravity of the present crisis, have induced me, in compliance with the request of a large number of the Electors, again to ask your suffrages.

The question to be decided is—Are you, or are you not, satisfied in the main with the Foreign Policy of her Majesty's Government? If you think that they have, with the assistance of a large majority of the Representatives of the Nation, upheld the dignity of the Empire, taken their proper place in the Councils of the world, and assisted in maintaining the peace of Europe, then you will agree with me that the Ministry is worthy of your support.

If you think with me that we are bound to maintain the Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland unimpaired, you will be against the coquetry with so-called Home-Rule.

If you think with me the Established Church is a protest in the face of the world that Scotland is for religion and morality, then you will join me in supporting the connection between Church and State.

I shall hope to have opportunities of explaining my views on other subjects that may interest you but which I cannot enter on in the short space of an address.

I remain,

GENTLEMEN,

Your faithful Servant,

J. W. MALCOLM, Yr. of Pottaloch.

ACHNAMARA, March 15, 1880.

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Available to Return up to and inclusive of
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Those for Stations in the North are available for Going or Returning at any time within Six Months, and those for GREENOCK, WEMYSS BAY, and the COAST are available for Going or Returning at any time.

JAMES SMITHELLS, General Manager.
Glasgow, March, 1880.

CALEDONIAN RAILWAY.

EXCURSION ARRANGEMENTS

ON
GLASGOW FAST-DAY,
THURSDAY, 8TH APRIL, 1880.

TO PERTH AND DUNDEE

By Express Train, with Through Carriages, leaving Glasgow (Buchanan Street) at 8-15 a.m.; Returning from Dundee at 6-0 p.m., and Perth (Princes St.) at 6-45 p.m. same day.

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	First Class.	Third Class.
PERTH.....	7s	3s 6d
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LOCH AWE, LOCH TAY, LOCH EARN, LOCH LUBNAIG, and BRAES of BALQUHIDDER.

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Strathyre.....	6s	3s	Crianlarich	8s 6d	4s 3d
Kingshouse ..			Tyndrum		
Lochearnhead			Dalmally	11s 6d	5s 9d
Killin, Luib.....	7s	3s 6d			

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The 7-30 p.m. Train from CALLANDER to STIRLING will run to GLASGOW, Leaving Stirling at 8-20 p.m.

For Trains to EDINBURGH, GREENOCK, PAISLEY, WEMYSS BAY, THE COAST, HAMILTON, BOTHWELL, WISHAW, LANARK, MOTHERWELL, &c., &c., see the Company's Time Tables, Bills, &c.

JAMES SMITHELLS, General Manager.
Glasgow, April, 1880.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, To-Day (Tuesday), 6th April, at One o'clock.

EXTENSIVE PUBLIC SALE OF HIGH-CLASS WINES AND SPIRITS: IN BOND, AND DUTY PAID.

AND
HAVANA AND BRITISH CIGARS,

including well-known Brands.

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell the above, by Auction, in their Rooms, To-Morrow, (Tuesday), 6th April, at One o'clock prompt.

Catalogues Day Prior and Samples Morning of Sale.
Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 5th April, 1880.

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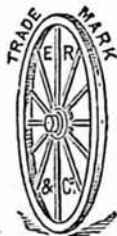
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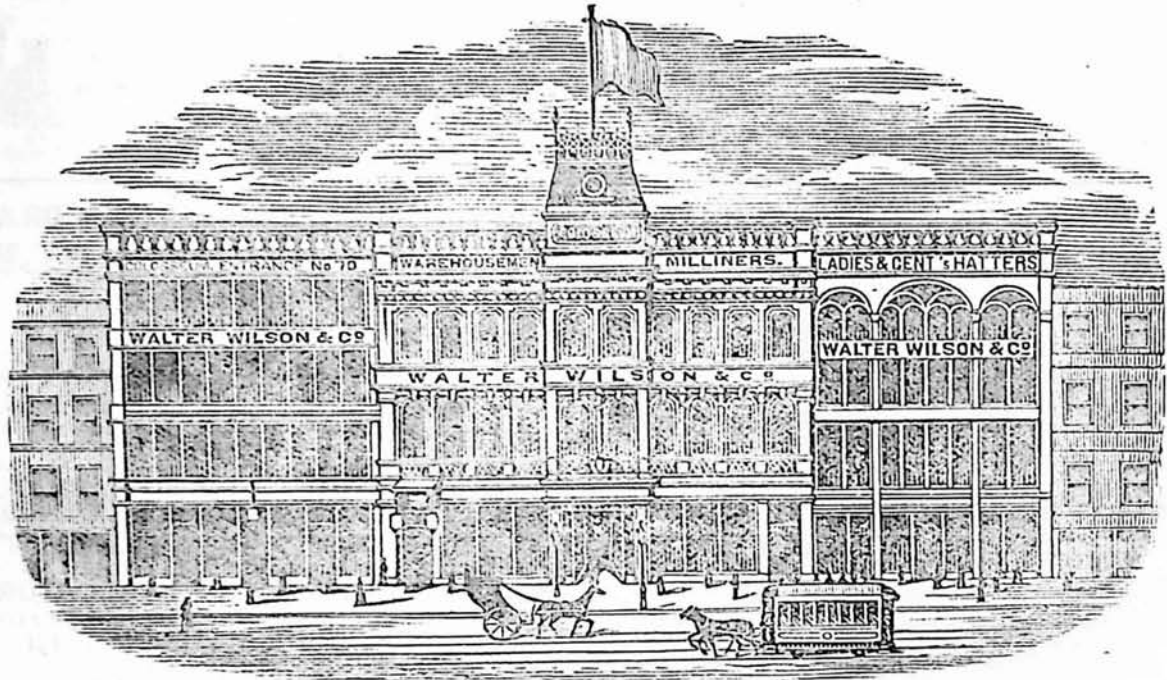
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