

The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"



John Bull's Weekly

VOL. XVI.



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1880



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MEN YOU KNOW—No. 391.

WELL, we've shot Niagara for the second time, and, truth to tell, the nation seems very little altered by the operation. The folk who were the "ins" are now the "outs," and *vice versa*; some score or two of the more ignorant and more violent partisans of the "outs" are unduly angry, and some score or two of the more feather-headed of the "ins" are unduly elated, and this—why, this is all, and there's really no more to be said. Her Majesty QUEEN VICTORIA First still reigns, the other Estates of the realm continue intact, and people generally come and go to-day very much as they came and went yesterday, and as they will come and go again to-morrow. Not a little of this comfortable state of affairs is due to the direct influence of the QUEEN herself. The august lady who occupies the throne of these realms is the first English monarch who has chosen to abide in matters political by the will of the nation. Her immediate predecessors, to go no further back than "the Sailor King" and "the First Gentleman in Europe," were tormented with an itch for governing, and contrived, when things were not proceeding exactly to their minds, to keep the nation, more or less, in a state of ferment. In this, as in the other traits of her character, Her Majesty has shown herself fully abreast of the time. During the earlier portion of her reign she was necessarily under the tutelage of her ministers, and the severely just, but shy and cold nature of Prince Albert insensibly modified her views and opinions throughout the years of her married life. Even then, however, the country was to all intents and purposes self-governed. There was no Court party. The *personnel* of Royalty never became a factor in the political contests of the day. Hitherto this

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side of the public career of the QUEEN has hardly had the prominence it deserves. The resolute abstention of the Court from all appearance even, of interfering in the constant struggle waged between Liberals and Conservatives, has grown upon us till we have fairly forgotten that the monarchical principle is one of the essentials, if not, indeed, the chief essential of the British Constitution, and that it is fairly within the prerogative of the Crown to make it an active, governing principle, instead of allowing it to lie dormant and passive as it has lain so long. We are all familiar with the personal qualities of Her Majesty. As becomes the sovereign of a great people she is an eager and active worker. Firm in her own opinions, and by nature somewhat intolerant of opposition, she is yet patient and judicious, and she possesses that evenness of temper so necessary for the proper conduct of those in high place. In all her personal and family relations Queen VICTORIA has manifested a tenderness of feeling, and a dislike of ceremonial, which are as rare as they are admirable. The glimpses given to the world of the home life of the royal family in the "Highland Diary" are quite unique in their way, and offer a marked contrast to the stories of her predecessor given in the Greville Memoirs, or the little narratives told by Madame D'Arblay regarding the household of George III. The book itself is one that will live as long as the nation. It will take its place on the shelves of our children with the story of Lucy Hutchison and the verses of the Countess of Pembroke. Macaulay's description of the QUEEN as a wiser, gentler, happier, Elizabeth, is even truer now than when it was written. Under her wise and sympathetic direction the empire has spread and flourished exceedingly. As well art as science has been fostered, and the social condition of the working classes—the great body of the people, has been increased an

hundred-fold. The present is one of the junctures when Her Majesty is called upon to appear in person, as it were, upon the stage of public affairs, and it therefore seemed to the BAILIE that he could not do better than signalise the occasion by adding her familiar but yet venerated features to his gallery of people you know. The fact that the present number begins the sixteenth volume of his journal rendered the selection all the more appropriate, inasmuch as it enabled him to place not only this number, but the succeeding twenty-five under the direct patronage of Royalty, and to give as his opening toast—"The QUEEN—God bless her."

A New Poll Necessary.

THE wave of Liberalism which is sweeping over the land seems to have affected even the lower intelligences—some sarcastic Tories would say *only* the lower intelligences. How otherwise can we account for the display of intellect made by Macticket's parrot on the triumphant return of three Liberals for Glasgow? The sagacious bird was let out of its cage by Macticket himself to hear the joyful news; it at once hopped to the table, and taking its stand on the late edition of the *Evening Times*, fixed one knowing eye on the large black capitals in which "the result" was announced, and raising the other to a level with Macticket's beaming face, remarked with the concentrated essence of Liberal cockiness in its voice and attitude—"Pr-rret-ty Poll!"

It was found dead in its cage next morning from an overdose of sugar and seed-cake administered as a reward for its intelligent criticism, by its enthusiastic master.

The Macticket family have gone into mourning for it.

"BUSK YE, BUSK YE."

(Scene—Draper's shop, Anderston.)

Customer (in a hurry)—Hae ye ony "steel sticks" for stays?

Shopman—No, ma lassie, but we've plenty o' "wooden banes!"

Customer—Thae'll no dae. [Exit.]

A "Radical" Change—From opposition to power.

Foreign Relations—Friends in need.

A Rank (titled) Tory—A Conservative peer.

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

Momentous.

"Here's as strange a turn, as if 'twere the fifth Act in a play!"—*Suckling*.

THE Liberals are chuckling; slow but sure They've mustered a majority—that's plain! But how much longer must our ears endure That dreadful dinning—"One more Liberal gain?"

They've gained, and still are gaining—who gainsays it? Pray let this party parrot phrase die out; They failed before; the circumstance we raise it To prove that this is merely—turn about.

We'll fill that first-class carriage Rosebery spoke of— Though some may sit on some one else's knee; That parliamentary train he made a joke of May crush the "buffers" when it lands, you see.

Go it then, gentlemen, and choose your leaders; Let's know who's who, and what is what! We're tired of newspapers who treat their readers To facts and figures from their fancy got.

We're getting quite impatient—here's the reason— If we a *raison d'être* must really seek; We're sighing for fresh subjects now to seize on— We've started our new volume just this week.

We'll search for fun on both sides—take a "rise" off This one or that as best may suit our story; We'll look at matters purely with the eyes of An Independent—Home-rule—Liberal—Tory.

That's our intent—we mean to carry't through, Assiduously sideways both sides viewing; We'll have our joke, although the same we screw Out of a Cameron, or A. Orr Ewing.

E'en Gladstone says, himself, but given time He'd parody those same "ten little niggers;" Incited thus we'll rear a rattling rhyme, And sing in numbers all his Budget figures!

We're on for mirth and measures—dealing knocks To Bright or Northcote, Derby or Disraeli; As "good to die of laughing as of mocks"— Greet, then, the Sixteenth Volume of THE BAILIE.

SUGAROPOLIS ASSERTING ITSELF.—Municipal Greenock has sadly degenerated since the days when the late Mr Beith used to hurl foul scorn across the Council table at Provost Grieve, but the embers of its former fires are not quite extinct yet. Thus, at last week's meeting of the Harbour Trust, Mr Wilson referred to his opponents as "those fellows," and to their policy as "a disgrace to the management of public business," whereupon Mr Brymner slangily requested him to "draw it mild." This is not quite up to the Martinian mark, it is true, but it is pretty fair—for Greenock.

The Municipal Buildings Argument in a Nut-shell—The Town Council knows what it wants, but the "I.A.'s" don't.

A "Blue" Belle—A lady Conservative.

Appropriate Name for a Heckler—Paul Pry.

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

"Dumbarton Drums."

NO wonder that Mr Orr Ewing had so small a majority. The marvel is that he got in at all when we consider that the Dumbarton Liberals were encouraged and their opponents overawed, according to the *Herald*, by the presence of "the Glasgow Gladstone Club, who were unceasing in their efforts to maintain the spirits of their friends, and depress those of their foes. Unequal to the hiring of a brass or other band, they at intervals paraded the streets of the old town, singing 'Hurrah for William Gladstone,' beating time vociferously, and creating no small din, on a couple of boards." It is a question whether this sort of terrorism does not come under the head of undue coercion, but the point may be waived for the present. As for the *Herald's* suggestion that the Club was "unequal to the hiring of a brass or other band," the BAILIE can only say with Falstaff, "Call you that backing of your friends?" Lord Rosebery's youthful *protéges* were doubtless merely carrying out one of the points of the Radical charter by going in for "retrenchment." If it comes to that, the BAILIE would back them for brazenness against any gang of Teutonic "musical" brigands he has ever encountered, while the "couple of boards" supplied the appropriate wooden element.

A RUSE!

Scene: Polling Station of the Fourteenth Ward. Cab placarded "Tory Dodge," drives up.
First Matron—Losh me, that's surely a new candidate. I didna hear o' his name before. He'll be an Englisher nae dout.
Second Matron—Ma, na, he's a Home Ruler. A' heard oor man say he comes frae a place in Ireland they ca' Rose-something.

Actæon Destroyed by his own Dogs—Lord Beaconsfield by his own Reform Bill. "Dishing the Whigs" has brought about its revenges.

A Result of the Elections—The Home-Secretary is "Cross"—remarkably so!

A-N-ice Position—Mr Gladstone's, at the top of the North Pole.

SILICATE?—Why must an inane young person of the name of Catherine necessarily be of a flinty disposition? Because she's a silly-Kate! (Hee-haw!)

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.

To Bret Harte.

A WELCOME.

AMID the echoes shrill of party clamour
 I lighted on a name
 That shut the turmoil out with pleasant glamour,
 Blended of love and fame.
 And as the jarring faction-storm subsided,
 Dear memories stole up
 Of mirth and pathos by thin bounds divided,
 Or mingled in one cup.
 A gust came sweeping from the great sierras
 And prairies of the West—
 From gold-field, canyon, camp, and mountain terrace,
 Laden with pregnant jest—
 Laden with passions strange and fierce and human,
 With laws' and hard hearts' breach,
 With smile of babe and groan of sinful woman,
 And "sabre-cuts of speech."
 A form there rose—'mid all-consuming laughter—
 Of quaint Mongolian stamp.
 Then, sobered and soul-stirred, a moment after
 I looked on Roaring Camp.
 We scarce can offer, in our toil-worn City,
 Themes that like these can move;
 Yet much have we to probe, and more to pity—
 Something, perchance, to love.
 Take, then, from one who fain would call thee brother,
 Kinsman from over sea,
 These rhymes that halt, this strain that war-cries smother.
 Welcome, Bret Harte, to thee!

Glasgow, April, 1880.

THE COMMON FAIL-ING—A FACT.

(Scene—16,000 feet above the sea, on the Andes, tempus, Hogmanay; freens waiting for 1880; accompaniment, glasses, &c)
1st Freen—Man, Jock, I'll gie ye a constant job if ye like to stay up here.
2nd Freen (joking)—But if there's aye sic guid stuff here, I doot he'll drink a' the profits.
Jock (a wag)—Hoots mon, there wad be naething wonnerfu' in that, it wad'na be oot o' the common tae see ane's affairs gaen into liquidation noo-a-days.

NOBBLING SIR NOEL.—Sir Noel Paton had his watch stolen by one of Mr Gladstone's friends in Edinburgh the other night—which should be a warning to our R.S.A. to let politics alone and stick to painting. "An artist, sir, should rest in art," and not mix with Radical mobs. Sir Noel might, however, derive some consolation from painting a new picture, with the title "Watch and Prey."

Dumbartonshire Statue-tory—Burns again cut out by Ewing.

BICYCLES. { West of Scotland Bicycle Co. Show Rooms, 104 Renfield Street, Works, 67 East Howard Street.
 { Makers of the "Royal Scotch" and "West of Scotland" Bicycles & Tricycles, Repairs, fittings, &c,

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—Mr Bernard describes "Carmen" as the most successful opera ever produced, and upon my word I don't think he is far wrong. In this city, at all events, "Carmen" has hitherto proved a wonderful success. Whether sung in Italian or in English it has invariably drawn crowded houses. Now, when it is to be once more produced at the Gaiety—and with Madame Soldene and Signor Leli in the chief parts—the theatre during its run, will, I feel certain, be as crowded as ever.

A capital actor, albeit that he is an actor of the old school, appears to night and during the week at the Prince of Wales Theatre. This is Mr D. H. Harkins, an American tragedian of imposing presence, skillful elocution, and admirable dramatic tact and insight. When I say an actor of the "old school" it must not be supposed that the "old" is naturally the worn-out "school. Why Kean and Macready were old-fashioned actors, just as Shakespeare was an old-fashioned dramatist. Too often our new-fashioned actors are the young gentlemen who go on the stage, because for the moment, the stage is the fashion, while the dramatists of the day are Messrs Theyre Smith, Alberty, Godfrey & Co.—bread and butter gentlemen every one of them.

We are promised a grand revival of "Rob Roy" at the Prince of Wales Theatre before long; and subsequent to the national drama the managers of the house expect to be favoured with a visit from Mr Walter Bentley.

They are playing "Betsy" this week at Mr Knapp's house, and those of your friends, my Magistrate, who care for a good hearty laugh, must peep into the Royalty during its run, nothing funnier than this bit of extravagance has been placed on the London, not to speak of the Provincial Stage, for ever so long. That song concerning "Moses" and "Aaron" parodied by Mr Mackintosh in the Gaiety Pantomime of the "Forty Thieves," belongs by right to "Betsy," and even more *apropos* in the mouth of the Futur of *Dolly Birkett* than in that of the "bold bad man." Two of the leading men in "Betsy" are Mr T. B. Bannister, a com-dian of parts and experience, who is by no means a stranger to the Glasgow stage, and Mr H. R. Smith, a young actor who on this occasion makes his first appearance on our local "boards" but regarding whom golden opinions come to us from the great metropolis.

Following "Betsy" Mr Knapp promises us a visit from Mr. Charles Wyndham and the company from the London Criterion.

"Notre Dame," whether as a moral or as a play, is one of the most exciting works going. It contains such striking characters, you see, and its incidents are so *apropos*, and yet so sensational, that your pulse beats quick, and you follow the plot with an eager gaze, let you be never so *blaze* and frigid. Mr Beryl has put up "Notre Dame" at the South Side house this week, and it will be news indeed if the piece doesn't draw. It is capitally mounted, the stage arrangements are excellent, and the acting is spirited and effective.

The 26th season of the City Hall Saturday Evening Concerts will close next Saturday "with a night of genuine fun," which, if not a serious way of finishing up, is quite a sensible one. The Glasgow Select Choir supplies the material in the shape of a first-class selection from their repertory of humorous part music, solo, &c., and lots of it.

Among the books announced for early publication by Messrs Kegan Paul & Co. are "XXII. Ballads in Blue China," by Andrew Lang; and a volume of "Sonnets, New and Old," by the late Charles Tennyson Turner, which will be prefaced by a poem by his brother, the poet-laureate, and a critical essay by Mr Spedding, the editor and biographer of Bacon.

Mr Bret Harte, I understand, is expected to assume the duties of his new position as U.S. Consul in Glasgow about the end of the present month.

Messrs Robert M'Tear & Co. announce an important sale of pictures, in the Royal Exchange Sale Rooms, on Thursday next, the 15th inst. These include specimens of James Bertrand, the famous French artist, Portaels, Stevens, Artz, and Weber. The pictures are the property of Messrs Hollander & Cremetti, the well-known dealers of London, Paris, and Brussels. The pictures will be on view on Wednesday (to-morrow) the day previous to the sale.

The growing taste for high-class engravings will be met in some measure by an important sale of Artists proofs, and other fine impressions of many famous plates, by Messrs Colin Rae Brown & Co., to-morrow (Wednesday) and Thursday, in their Fine Art Sale-Rooms in Sauchiehall Street.

There will be an important sale of Fine Art furniture, and Italian and Indian curiosities, in Messrs Edmiston's City Sale-Rooms on Thursday next.

THE WEARING OF THE BLUE.

(Scene — Polling-booth in Renfrew.)

Publican (to voter wearing the blue, who is also a reformed tippler)—Ha, ha, Smith! it's a while sin' you were in the "blues" afore.

"IT'S AN ILL WIN'."

Tammis—It's awfu' caul, searchin' wather this, Tosh.

Tosh—Oo aye; she'll pe a tryin' win' ta east, man, no matter from fat airt she'll come from.

"IT IS THE CAUSE."

1st Old Man—Losh, John, what's this I hear ye've dune. Hae ye ackwally marrit again?

2nd Old Man—'Deed have I; but if my first wife had leaved I wad never hae needed anither.

Some Auld Kirk Glasgow Lines.

A stands for Armstrong, anxious and arty.

B stands for Burns, boldly shooting-boxy.

C stands for Cumming, cautious and cunning.

D stands for Dodds, dostered by dunning.

E stands for Ewen, eager and easy.

F stands for Fergus, feeble and foolish.

G stands for Gunson, goody and guileless.

H stands for Henderson, hasty and hazy.

I stands for Jamieson, jaded intelligently.

J for John of Govan, gushingly ghostly.

K stands for Kellie, not known very welly.

L stands for Leiper, leary and lippy.

L also for Lang, lengthy and leaky.

M stands for Macleod, made of very muchly.

N stands for Niven, notoriously knowing.

O stands for Orr, oracularly Oy.

P stands for Pride, prodigiously prosy.

Q stands for Quintin, curiously queery.

R stands for Robertson, runaway restlessly.

S stands for Storry, stolid and "stot"ly.

S also for Strong, sarcastic and saucy.

S also for Service, whose sermons read splendidly.

S also for Shanks, who preaches to soldiery.

S also for Smith, sensibly pawky.

T stands for Tulloch, toilsome and talky.

T also for Thomson, turgid and towsy.

U for Utopia, to which they all lead us.

V for the "Vidow," condoled ministriferous.

W stands for Watt, wholesomely worldly.

X for the Cross, by all preached unashamedly.

Y for the Youngsters, baptized so beautifully.

Z for their Zeal, burning unconsumedly.

On 'Change.

SCOTTISH Commercial Insurance finance has always appeared to me to be fearfully and wonderfully made. It certainly differed from anything which had previously come under my notice among insurance circles. Not only did the company take into account all the premium payments up to the end of its financial year, without making the customary allowance for unexpired risks, but it also contrived to pay a handsome dividend out of nothing. This latter exploit was accomplished by a series of adroit strokes of the pen. There were no funds one year, wherewith to pay a dividend, and so the directors revalued their property in West George Street and made the accounts show a balance on the right side. Out of this balance they paid a dividend, no doubt to the complete satisfaction of the shareholders, but the question naturally arose, where did the money come from? It did not come from revenue, because that was shown in the accounts to be inadequate. It could not come from the West George Street property, because that had not been sold. The alteration in the value of the property was a mere question of accounting, whereby one side of the property account was made to seem larger than before. Nothing was practically gained by it at the time, though something may possibly come out of it in the future.

Mr Alexander Crum, the chairman of the meeting held last week, referred to this awkward circumstance in a very politic way, and the directors for the time being undoubtedly did a wise thing when they assessed the property for themselves at £33,000, and so stifled further discussion.

Will the State Steamship Co. merge into another great shipping company? That is the question which at present agitates the shareholders, and it is one which requires a good deal of consideration. If the shareholders of the State Line received only 2½ per cent. last year, it follows that a 6 per cent. guarantee would be a very good thing for them now, provided the prospects were no better. But if, on the other hand, the State Line were to yield 8 or 9 per cent. this year, the proposed arrangement would not be a good one for the shareholders. Trade was bad and freights were low when the line paid little. Trade is better and freights are higher now, so that prospects have improved.

Provided the guarantee be assured, the Company might do worse than sell itself, for though this year may be good, the next may not.

SCRUTATOR.

GREEN.

(Scene—a chess room.)

Weel, John (a distinguished member), how hae ye voted?

Half and half.

What's that?

Ane for red and ane for blue.

O, I see; red and blue mixed together mak's green. Green, John—very!

“NURSING HER WRATH.”

Scene—Street leading from a public-house; Time, 11 p.m.; a pair of old cronies who have just left are making their devious way home.

1st Crony (shivering)—It's sharely gotten awfu' cauld John (looking up); I'm *thinkin'* there's a storm brewin'.

2nd Crony—Aye, William, an' ye'll likely *ken* when ye get hame.

THE ARGYLE BATHS, 366 Argyle Street, is the Largest Public Bathing Establishment in Scotland. Warm Baths, 6d, 9d, & 1s; ready daily, from 7 a.m. to 9 p.m. One trial solicited.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the electoral fever is all over at last. That nobody is sorry except the billstickers.

That the Hon.-Secretary to the Liberal Association has taken to prophesying.

That he is no great profit to the society to which he is attached.

That the friends of the architects have been successful in the Town Council.

That W. R. W. Smith has certain ideas of his own on the subject of the new Municipal Buildings.

That he is full of ideas.

That a very good Admirable Crichton is W. R. W.

That the sanitary craze is only one among his many hobbies.

That his most successful fad is that of yarn merchant.

That he ought to stick to that.

That the excursionists were numerous on the Fast-day.

That the pubs. in Sugaropolis did a roaring trade.

That the kirks in Glasgow were but sparsely attended.

That Fasting is a thing of the past.

That as holidays are so few in Scotland, it would be wrong to abolish the institution.

“WHATAEVER.”

Scene—Muir of Ord Railway Station; two Celts pacing the platform waiting for the train.

1st Celt—She's a fery fine man the stachun maester.

2nd Celt—Och, yiss, she's a fery coot and a fery excellent man.

1st Celt—Ho aye; and she's a fery pious man, too.

2nd Celt (whose expletives have become exhausted)—Yiss and indeed; and so is his wife, too, whataever.

A “NEAT” HINT.

Scene—A Parlour; Mrs M'Lean and Mrs M'Leod (a visitor) at their tea; Mrs M'Lean while eating a cooky has chewed a small piece of burnt coal.

Mrs M'Lean (drawing the stranger from her mouth)—There's naething I hate mair than cinders in ma meat.

Mrs M'Leod—Weel, I canna say that I dislike them in my tea.

Politics Out of Place.

NOT the least noteworthy feature of a specially noteworthy election has been the official identification of themselves with party of various municipal magnates. As has been already pointed out in these columns, Lord Provost Collins led the way by describing the Town Council as a sort of Radical caucus; and since that remarkable utterance town-bells have been rung and street bonfires lighted by special authority, in honour of Liberal victories, all over Scotland. If an official who happens to be also a party politician chooses, in his private capacity, to toss up his cap and hurrah for the glory of his pet candidate, there can, of course, be no objection to his making a fool of himself to the top of his bent; but it is most unseemly that he should take advantage of his public position to parade and gratify his private predilections. Such an official would be the very first to object to a similar demonstration on the part of a political opponent; and the BAILIE trusts that this word to the wise—or the unwise—may not have been spoken in vain.

THE COLQUHOUNS AND THE CONSERVATIVES.

Sir James Colquhoun of Luss with us his colours has displayed,
And from traditions of his house a new departure made,
A house for generations back of—well, say "lib'ral" Whigs.
Ah, little wot "the good Sir James" his son would run such
rigs;
On "Uncle," when he would himself of "downright falsehoods"
speak,
That if not humble pie to eat, he might at least have leek.
But who'er "downright falsehood" spoke, there's this upright
and true,
The chief has fast unto the mast his colours nail'd true blue,
And now that he's made bold to stand the hazard of the dye,
The turquoise "blue" with Turkey-red has toned the hue and
"cry,"
And in the cloud-cast sky if one bright spot of "blue" doth
shine,
'Tis over where Dumbartonshire looks proud, secure, by—9.

ON THE BEER.—What could have induced the Kilmarnock Burghs to reject so distinguished and accommodating a candidate as Mr Commissioner Kerr? At one of his meetings, amid "loud cheers," he "expressed a desire to see the taxation on beer reduced." Perhaps if he had extended his patronage to whisky he might have headed the poll.

Why is a rosetted politician like a piebald horse? Because he's party-coloured. (Heehaw!)

MARK YOUR LINEN { With an India Rubber Monogram or Name Stamp. Prices from 2s 6d complete—A. C. Thomson, 278 Argyle Street,

A Professor in a Fix.

PROFESSOR EDWARD CAIRD has put his foot in it. He took the liberty of congratulating the electors on the Liberal success in the city, and it consequently last week "became the duty" of "Geo. M'Naughtan, Secretary of the University Conservative Club," to tell the public through the newspapers that the Professor "had no authority from the University Conservative Club" to do anything of the kind. Dr Caird is understood to be considering whether he should resign his chair, or apologise to the U. C. C.

"THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE."—A local paper considers that a New Zealand judge who was entertained to dinner at Peebles last week "may be regarded as a native of Peebles, he having come to the district with his father when he was only 13 years of age." *Chacun à son gout*; but, after recent displays of unmitigated blackguardism in Peebles, few people would be inclined to sacrifice 13 years of life in order that they might be "regarded as natives" of so delectable a spot.

CLIMAX OR ANTI-CLIMAX?—It is a singular fact that each successive Liberal triumph throughout the country is hailed by the conquerors as "the greatest victory" of the party. If this sort of thing goes on, and the ascending scale is preserved, what a roar of triumph ought to go up should Mr Laing get in for Orkney and Shetland!

BEHIND THE AGE.—In the course of a review Granny confesses to "have only known" Mr E. C. Stedman "hitherto as a writer of appreciative criticism." If that be so, the old lady should lose no time in getting up her contemporary literature.

QUITE IN THEIR ELEMENT.—A contemporary expresses some surprise that the Kilmarnock electors should have pressed "donkeys and dogs" into their service during the contest. As if it were anything new to find asses, puppies, and curs mixed up with an election!

Granny's newest departure in spelling is to write "criticle" for "critical," and "trappens" for "trappings." Surely she is not becoming "fonetik" in her old age.

Appropriate Motto for an "Illegitimate" Mid-Lothian Voter—"The wolf scaring 'faggot' that guarded the slain!" (Campbell's "Soldier's Dream.")

Megilp.

SURELY the managers of the coming Dundee Art Exhibition are putting their artistic constituents to some inconvenience by insisting that the pictures meant for exhibition should be sent in so early as the beginning of next month. Even a week's additional grace would have been an advantage of no small value—especially at this time of the year—to our artistic friends. Is it too late to remedy this mistake?

One of our artist friends, Mr John Grey, has presented an oil painting, "The Manxman's Lake, Kirkcudbright," as a donation to the St. George's Choral Union Society, and as a mark of esteem for its conductor, Mr Moodie. The painting is on view in Mr Davidson's, 123 Sauchiehall Street.

Among the local artists who have already taken flight to the green fields and hill-sides is A. S. Boyd, who left Glasgow last week for a lengthened stay in the country.

J. E. Christie, gold medallist of the Royal Academy, and an artist who has troops of friends in Glasgow and the West of Scotland generally, proposes to spend several months of the present year in the neighbourhood of Paris.

The collection at present on view in the gallery of Messrs Kay & Reid, St. Vincent Street, is specially notable for "A Harem Interior" from the easel of Benjamin Constant, the eminent French painter. To say this is a fine or an admirable picture is inadequate praise. The splendid drawing—the rich, glowing, liquid colour—the striking effects of light and shadow—the skilful impasto—and the sympathetic handling are such as we have not seen exhibited in one picture in Glasgow for years. The studies of character it contains, and the effective grouping are quite equal to the purely artistic merits of the work.

One of the Royal Academy pictures certain to make a noise during the coming summer is the "Victorious" of J. D. Linton. It is a purely historical painting, and is executed with all the care and finish which a great historical subject demands. Up till the last year or two Mr Linton was known as a Water Colour painter only, and many prophesied that his attempts in oil would prove no more than a *succes manque*. The artist, however, knew his own powers better than did his critical friends, and as the result of this three or four years' constant study he has now painted "Victorious."

On Saturday last the grave closed over the remains of J. K. Dempster, a clever architect, and long an assistant to Mr Burnet. The Western Infirmary was one of the institutions of the City on the erection of which Mr Dempster was engaged while in Mr Burnet's employment.

One of the finest busts ever modelled by George E. Ewing was on view last week in the studio recently opened by his brother, James A. Ewing, at 183 West Campbell Street. It was a portrait of Mr Macfarland, an eminent New York lawyer, and was modelled by Mr Ewing from life. The plaster model was then sent over here, and was copied in marble by Mr James Ewing. Not only were the features instinct with expression and character, but the soft, pulpy feeling of flesh was conveyed with admirable skill. That portion of the work which fell to the share of Mr James Ewing was, it need hardly be said, executed with great delicacy and precision, and yet with a freedom which altogether relieved it from any suspicion of hardness, or of mere mechanical labour. The West Campbell Street studio will be occupied by Mr James Ewing till the return of Mr George Ewing from the United States.

AMERICANISING OUR COURTS.—A contemporary represented Sheriff Murray as having said last week that he had "concluded to go on" with the business of his Court. Let's hope the reporter, and not the Sheriff, is responsible for the vile Yankeeism.

NOTE BY THE WAY.—The gentleman who said "Gi'e me Peebles for pleasure," was *not* a faggot voter.

Town Talk I

HOW'S this "for high?" A correspondent of a local daily, writing from Nice, says:—"Are farmers in Hyperborea so prosperous that my Lord Rosemary should stake the rents he draws from them on the revolution of the silly wheel? Is age so honourable and virtue so easy that the Duchess Montrouge can afford to risk the still remaining credit of the name she bears among these *roturiers* and *intriguantes*?" Rosemary and Montrouge! Where are the "society journals" now?

AN IRISH BULL.

(Scene—Street leading from an infirmary; Irishman, whose finger has been operated on, is on his way home and meets a female friend.)

F. F.—Where have you been, Mick?

Mick—At the 'ospital getting this finger cut open.

F. F. (feelingly)—Was it not frightfully sore?

Mick—Faix, I can't say, for I wur insinsible all the toime.

Granny can't get over the Parliamentary representation of the opposition shop in Union Street. In referring to the journalistic members of the new House, she carefully omits all mention of the well-lettered Doctor. May his Worship suggest to the old lady that, even if she *does* feel sore on the subject, it is injudicious to exhibit the raw spot to an unfeeling public.

A CHAMPION OF POSTERITY.—In the course of last week's discussion of the municipal buildings question Preceptor Mathieson showed himself mournfully solicitous on behalf of posterity, and the public are in consequence anxious to know what posterity ever did for Preceptor Mathieson.

Science seems to be in a bad way at present. The constituencies have rejected Sir John Lubbock and other philosophers, and by latest accounts even Professor Huxley has gone to the dogs!

TRUISM IN CRITICISM.—A critic says of a picture in the Sauchiehall Street Galleries that it is "painted with the artist's skilful hand." Of course. He surely wouldn't have it painted with the artist's skilful *foot*?

THE COI(G)N OF VANTAGE.—The BAILIE'S Own Nigger says that money doesn't always make de mare—or de donkey—to go to de top of de poll. In South Ayrshire de Coi(g)ny candidate was nowhere!

SPRING, 1880.

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We are now showing the Latest Shapes for "Young Men" and Youths, as also, a superb variety of Shapes suitable for Gentlemen who do not care to wear too smart a Hat; also, Good Range of Shapes suitable for Professional Gentlemen. In point of fact, we have Shapes to suit every taste; Sizes to fit every head; and Prices, the moderation of which, are usually a source of astonishment to the Purchaser.

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This Department is now replete with every novelty in Ladies' and Misses' Hats and Bonnets. Our Collection of French and English Hats and Bonnets is simply gorgeous, and is unequalled for Taste, Variety, and Elegance. Straw Chips and Tuscan Hats, Trimmed and Untrimmed, in all New Shapes and Colours.

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As Supplied to the Western, Junior, New, and other Clubs.

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OLD HIGHLAND WHISKY.

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RODS AND REELS REPAIRED, FLIES TO PATTERN.

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FAMILY HATTERS,

QUEEN STREET CORNER, GLASGOW,

ARE SHEWING THEIR NEW SPRING GOODS.

See the Windows.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 14th, 1880.

"LIFE hath quicksands—life hath snares" is a truth which should never be forgotten in high places, and especially by Lord Provost COLLINS. After the defeat of last week he may readily be fancied saying to his friends, "miserable comforters are ye all." Not even an offer to pay the premiums out of his own pocket if the designs received were not satisfactory to the Town Council, could induce the majority of that

body to abstain from overturning the proceedings of the Committee on New Municipal Buildings relative to the internal plans and the conditions of competition. The whole matter is, accordingly, to be reconsidered. This is well. What the City requires is a set of designs in which the highest artistic excellence of elevation shall be combined with the most perfect and convenient interior arrangements which can be obtained without an extravagant expenditure of the public money. It is a permanent and worthy official home for the representatives and executive of Glasgow which is desired, and not an uncomfortable and unsightly bungle like that which it unfortunately at present possesses. The majority of the Council have declared in very plain terms their belief that if the matter is not reconsidered the result will in all likelihood be the erection of buildings which will be a disgrace to the City. The plans of the interior were declared to be incomplete, ill considered and prepared, and issued with the instructions to intending competitors with undue haste. The latter opinion was strongly expressed by ourselves several weeks ago, and Councillor REID, and those who sided with him, supported the other charges with statements which passed without challenge, and may therefore be taken to be too true. The ignorance and presumption displayed by certain members of Council was absolutely startling when it is considered that this matter is one of the greatest public interest and importance. The Council Chamber is not the chosen abode of taste and culture, but even if it were why should this matter have been brought forward so suddenly and an attempt made to carry it through in so short a time? Does it matter a straw to the city whether building operations are begun during Lord Provost COLLINS' term of office or not? Are not the Council and all the Trusts still in possession of their respective offices though under separate roofs? Finally, is public opinion, and especially the opinion of those qualified to express a judgment, to be ignored in regard to a subject in which every true citizen is deeply interested?

“BLOW, BLOW.”—Mr Gladstone says he cannot make verses on the spur of the moment. So glad to hear it, William. You can make speeches, however. That's enough; quite enough.

“A Spring ‘Idle’”—“The Fast.”

A Grave Situation to be in—A sexton's.

Thoughts of a Defeated Candidate.
I NEVER expected things would have turned out as they have done.

If I had engaged a spry young lawyer as agent instead of that fossilised old fogey, matters might have been different.

How I would like to see one of those deceitful canvassers perform at the end of a string.

I wonder what became of the one half of the ballot papers of those voters who promised to plump for me.

I never knew that one hall could hold so many noisy idiots as I attempted to address the night before the polling.

How I would dearly love to horsewhip the fellow who persisted in asking so many questions.

I shall withdraw my name and subscription from all the political associations with which I am connected.

Studying politics I always detested, and now I hate the subject more than ever.

THE DESCENDING SCALE.

(Apropos of two recent election incidents.)
The house of Dalrymple quite suitably fares—
To descend is the natural function of *Stairs*.

A MILE-AGE QUESTION.

Scene—Station on Highland Railway; enter old farmer.

Old Farmer (to clerk)—Can I send awa' a telegraph here?

Clerk—Oh, I daresay, if you like. Whaur is it gann tae?

Old Farmer—Tae Ross-shire. Hoo much is't a mile?

Clerk (quite dignified)—Dinna come tae me wi' impertinent questions, sir. If ye want knowledge there's the time-table.

NOT TO BE CAUGHT BY CHAFF.

(Scene: St Enoch's Station.)

Swell (to Small Boy)—Take my portmanteau to the Union Hotel, will you?

Small Boy—Yes, sir, but—hoo much will ye gie me?

Swell—I'll pay you, just walk on before me.

Small Boy (putting portmanteau down)—Am too fly for you coves; let's see your money first.

A BUFF-ET.—It seems that the Peebles Liberals last week adopted buff as their party colour in place of the favourite red. Was this intended as a foreshadowing of the *rebuff* which they were about administer to poor Sir Graham?

The Haberdasher's Motto—“Nunc *dimities!*”

"The Old Man Adam."

IN all the varied forecasts now being made by journalistic wisecracks as to the composition of the new Ministry, little hope is held out of Scotland's being treated less scurvily in the future than she has been in the past; but we have at least one tower of strength in the shape of the Liberal Whip. Mr Adam's political influence receives daily illustrations, the latest example being furnished by Mr Lowe, who declared last week that he had hitherto been prevented from giving his revised views on the County Franchise by "the old man Adam." Whatever we may think of the terms in which our friend is referred to, we must be gratified that a brother-Scot should have got the "whip" hand of so cross-grained and obstinate a being as the Right Honourable Robert Lowe.

KELTIC-ENGLISH.

(Scene—Hurricane deck of West Highland steamer; the fares are about to be collected.)

Mate (to Donald, a deck hand)—Donald, come up here and stood where you'll stood, and I'll go doon an' stood where am I.

Interesting Information.

"THE value of bar silver shows no change whatever," remarks the unfeeling commercial editor of the *Times*. Why call public attention to so self-evident and depressing a circumstance? Any barmaid could have put a fellow up to that wrinkle. But with Gladstone at the financial helm of the country, bar silver—by which the Cuddy understands threepenny, fourpenny, and sixpenny pieces—may have a future before it. Then will be the time for City editors to discourse on the "value of bar silver."

A FORTHCOMING CRY.—Come on wi' y'r 'Disestablishment,' Willie! Y'r a *Scottish* member noo, an' ye've a "mechanical majority." Ay, jist come awa' wi't—*gin ye daur!*

WHAT—NEVER?—It must call a *Montenegrin* to the countenances of all good Tories to witness the pretty *Sir Peter* and *Lady Teazle* scene between Mr Gladstone and that interesting little rebel State. According to their telegram, they will "never forget his championship—never, never, never!" What? Well—hardly ever!

Miss Precisia M'Prewd says she never could make out how any "well-regulated" female could allow herself to write a "bold" hand!

"Oh for One Hour of 'Smollett' Wight!"

IS Female Suffrage to be a part of the hazy Liberal programme? It looks like it, if we may judge by the prominent part taken in the present contest by the "monstrous regiment of women." Not only have the ladies turned out in great force at political meetings, but all over the country the candidates of the victorious party, following a distinguished example, have pressed into their service—if not their sisters and their cousins and their aunts, after the manner of a certain exalted official—at least their wives. A notable instance is that of the "good lady" of the member for the St. Andrews Burghs, who, after the election, returned thanks, in so many words for "self and husband." And Mr P. B. Smollett is among the rejected!

"I WILL SPEAK 'DYNAMITE,' BUT USE NONE."—An Irish Home Ruler accuses his opponents of trying to blow him up with dynamite. This is a coarse way of going to work. When the BAILIE has a Home Ruler to deal with, his "blowings-up" and scarifyings are moral, not physical. Eh, Mr Ferguson?

"KILL-MA-HUE."—Phonetically speaking, Mr J. W. Burns's place of abode is well named. He had better, once for all, recognise the fact that his "hue" is "killed," and yield with the best grace at his command to the victorious azure.

The *Times* talks of "notorious Liberals" in Scotland. Can it be that our grave contemporary has stooped for once to a pun, and means "no-Tory-ous?"

SHORT AND SWEET.—Evidently Sir James Bain does not believe in "a *long* farewell to all his greatness." His parting address to the electors consists merely of one short sentence.

What does the *Herald* mean to "insinivate" when it says that "the 'Eccles' vein is natural to" Lord Elcho? It smells uncommonly of libel.

Mr Holms, M.P. for Paisley, was made a Forester the other day, and will now be able to "sound the cheerful horn" on behalf of his brethren, as well as to blow his own trumpet.

A GAB(BIE)LER.—A vote of confidence in a county candidate was seconded the other day "by Mr Gabbie, who spoke in verse." That chap must have the gift of the *gab*, eh?

A *Stairing* Fact—The Dalrymple rout in the South.

Quavers.

HOFFMAN'S cantata, "The Legend of the Fair Melusina," received, on the whole, an excellent interpretation at the hands of the Pollokshields Musical Association on Friday evening. The music is highly melodious, both for voices and instruments, and is thus alike interesting to the performers and the audience. It is not without pretension, however, though it does not go too far. There is a strong smack of Mendelssohn throughout, whose "Loreley" may have suggested the theme. In particular the part-song like prologue (the music of which is employed also in the epilogue) is essentially Mendelssohnian. Hoffman's cantata will undoubtedly become a favourite, being, as it is, quite within the powers of amateur societies.

The Pollokshields society seems in a highly flourishing condition. There were some eighty or ninety on the platform, and the entire membership did not take part. The tenors are of especially good quality, if a little light in calibre, the basses, however, are of not quite so genuine a tone all through as one would desire; the sopranos and altos are of excellent average quality. The society did its part well in the rendering of the choruses, singing generally with a marked degree of intelligence, and with undemonstrative earnestness and attention, and, as a rule, well together.

But while the chorus is to be warmly praised, and the manner in which the treble, alto, and bass solos were rendered to be as heartily commended, there cannot but be censure of the style in which the part of Raymond (baritone) was executed. The fine music allotted to the hapless Count was in effect sung in a ridiculously exaggerated, and often on the other hand, very slovenly manner, to the detriment of the co-relative parts as well. A word of praise to Signor L. Zaverthal, who conducted (with marked dramatic instinct), and, as always his due, to Mr Berry, also to Mr Swan, must conclude these remarks on the concert.

The performance of Handel's oratorio of "Judas Maccabeus" in Ayr, on Thursday evening, added another to the achievements of the spirited local Choral Union. The chorus, numbering 120 or thereby, is especially effective and full in the soprano and alto parts, the well-known "See the conquering hero comes" being therefore, with other like choral parts of the oratorio, exceptionally well executed. There is still apparent, however, a little want of ease in this section of the chorus leading, for instance, to occasional jerkiness in attacking points; but that is a defect that must very soon disappear. The chorus-singing, as a rule, was steady, and certainly remarkably tuneful and accurate in all the parts. "Fallen is the foe" was one of several instances of tuneful and correct vocalisation that might be given.

The orchestra performed its part very well, and it is a fact for congratulation that the character of the "occasional"—not to use the offensive word "scratch"—instrumental band is, for intelligence and execution, decidedly much superior to what it once was. Mr M'Nabb conducted with his usual and now well recognised ability. The soprano solos were given by Miss Stewart in, taken altogether, a generally satisfactory, but especially very promising manner. Miss Stewart who, by the way, would do well to go into thorough vocal training, if she seeks to attain a genuine position, was ably seconded by Miss Donerty as second treble. Mr Ross was in some degree unequal in the chief bass part, but sang always with intelligence. Unfortunately, Mr Finlayson was somewhat out of voice, and "Sound an alarm" was not so effective as it should have been, and as the singer is well qualified to make it. The alto solo, "Father of heaven," was sung by a lady member of the chorus in a most refined and artistic style.

The musical season at Uddingston may be said to have been brought to a close with a very successful "Service of Song" on Friday night, by about one hundred children, in the U.P. church. This was the third annual appearance of the juveniles, who have been under the careful training of Mr Thomson, leader of the psalmody. There was a marked improvement, on this occasion, in tone, attack, and expression. The programme was both sacred and secular. In the latter section were such well-known

songs (in two parts, soprano and alto) as the Rowan Tree, the Last Rose of Summer, and Home, sweet Home, the concert closing (with commendable loyalty on the part of the juveniles) with "God save the Queen." It may be added that by a little judicious weeding, or by re-adjustment of the voices, Mr Thomson might safely venture on a more ambitious programme next time.

To societies on the outlook for a good work for next season, Mr Edwin Such's new cantata "Narcissus and Echo" can be well recommended. It is a work of moderate dimensions, with a fair proportion of the essential element—the chorus—and good parts for the four usual solo voices. The music is highly interesting, simple, rather, and Gluck-like in its directness and breadth, as is befitting the classical nature of the subject. The cantata is published by Novello, Ewer, & Co.

Mr J. E. Gildard has published a new ballad of his own composition, words and music, "Come and tread the daisies." The song is simple and rather graceful of its model.

Messrs Methven, Simpson, and Co., Dundee, have published Mr F. Archer's graceful setting of Burns' "Lament of Mary Queen of Scots," which has been heard here at one or two of the concerts of the Glasgow Select Choir. It is for a mezzo-soprano voice, and carefully and effectively reflects the beauties of the verses. The Scottish manner has been happily caught by Mr Archer, while it does not overmark the music, as is often apt to be the case.

THE HUMOURS OF AN ELECTION.

Scene: Bowmore Quay, Lord Colin Campbell has just landed from the Glen Rosa.

Ancient Lady (putting her arms round his neck and giving him a hearty smack)—Fat a happy tay, when I'll got a kiss from Macallum Mhor.

Lord C.—I hope all the ladies *here* are so generously inclined.

A. L.—Yiss! an' if kissing will mak' a Parliament of you, ter's not a woman in Bowmore tal would'n't kiss you a sousand times.

Lord C. (inwardly)—Not for Joe.

"IN THE ABSTRACT."—A French company advertise in the local papers for information regarding the whereabouts of one of their officials, who is described as having patented an invention for self-opening and self-closing doors, and also as having "abstracted" a considerable portion of their funds. Perhaps the ingenious invention extended to self-"abstraction."

A "BAD-ENEUCH" LOOK-OUT.—That of the Conservative candidate for Orkney and Shetland.

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.

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(Established 1770.)

If a certain party, says the Animile, cannot be Burns M.P., there is no doubt as to his being M. P. Burns.

A CONUNDRUM (By Bauldy).—Why are the Municipal Building plans like the laws of the Medes and Persians? Because, to be sure, they can't be altered.

MADE TO SELL.—A contemporary observes that "the bee constructs a more perfect cell than" man. Yes, and the BAILIE knows an Animile who constructs more perfect sells than the bee!

TO the ELECTORS of SOUTH AYRSHIRE.

GENTLEMEN,

Pray accept this imperfect expression of my gratitude for the honour you have done me in choosing me for the second time as your Representative in Parliament. No effort shall be wanting on my part to justify your choice.

I thank my supporters for their unremitting exertions; my opponents for their generous forbearance; while to the excellent spirit in which my friend, Mr DALRYMPLE, has conducted the contest, is in a great measure due the entire absence of bitterness and ill feeling which has so happily characterised it.

I have the honour to be,

GENTLEMEN,

Your very faithful Servant,
CLAUD ALEXANDER.

Ballochmyle, April 12th, 1880.

Lennoxbank, Jamestown, 7th April, 1880.

TO THE ELECTORS
OF THE

COUNTY OF DUMBARTON.

GENTLEMEN,

I beg to tender to you my warmest thanks for Electing me for the third time as your Representative in Parliament. I fully appreciate the honour, and it will ever be my desire to retain your confidence and support.

I take this opportunity very specially to thank my friends, both personal and professional, who have wrought so untiringly and successfully in my behalf.

I am,

GENTLEMEN,

Yours faithfully,
ARCHD. ORR EWING.

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PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

On Thursday, 15th April, in the City Sale Rooms, 41 West Nile Street.

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Catalogues in preparation, and particulars in future Advertisements.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1880.

LAST NIGHT OF THE 26TH SEASON.

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ST. VINCENT ST. U.P. CHURCH CHOIR.

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Full Orchestral Accompaniments.

CONDUCTOR—MR HUGH M'NABB.

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At RAE BROWN & Co.'s Fine-Art Sale-Room, 151 Sauchiehall Street (Opposite Wellington Arcade), Glasgow, Tomorrow Wednesday and Thursday, April 14th and 15th, at Twelve prompt, and in the Evening at 7-30.

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A REALLY FINE COLLECTION OF
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VALUABLE OIL PAINTINGS;

ALSO

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Artist Proofs are very limited and cannot be reproduced, thus increasing their Value tenfold. At the late Sir Edwin Landseer's sale "The Stag at Bay" fetched £61; "Monarch of the Glen," £67; "Hunters at Grass," £24; "Shoeing the Mare," £27 10s; "Random Shot," £21 10s; "The Forest," £32.

On View with Catalogues, Day previous to the Sale, from 10 a.m. till 6 p.m., and from 7 p.m. to 9-30.

N.B.—As it is intended to effect an entire clearance of the Stock, a punctual attendance is respectfully solicited.

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In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Thursday, 15th April.

Public Sale of an Important Collection of Selected

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From the Studios of the Most Eminent Artists of the British and Continental Schools,

among which are

"The Intrigue," by J. Portaels, Belgian P. R. A.

"The Death of Virginia," by J. Bertrand, French R. A.

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(The Property of Messrs Hollender & Cremetti, of London, Paris, and Brussels, whose acknowledged taste and discrimination have rendered their former Exhibitions so eminently attractive.)

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 Thursday, 15th April, at One o'clock.

On Private View (by Invitation) To-Day (Tuesday), 13th April; and on Public View on Wednesday, 14th April. Catalogues (price 6d) may now be had.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 12th April, 1880.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Wednesday, 21st April.

PUBLIC SALE OF A

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On View day prior to Sale.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 12th April, 1880.

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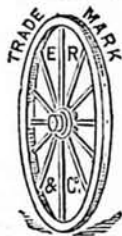


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 Wholesale, Retail, & Export Printers, Gilder, and Picture-
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P. COWIESON begs to intimate that he has
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WE have much pleasure in informing our
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 Large and Elegant SHAMPOOING and HAIR-DRESSING
 ROOMS, which, in regard to comfort and elegance, are fitted
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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,
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54 TRONGATE.





The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 392. Glasgow, Wednesday, April 21st, 1880. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 392.

THE BAILIE congratulates the council and members of the Fine Art Institute upon the success that has attended their 1880 exhibition. Both as regards the number of sales and the general excellence of the pictures, the season has been an exceedingly fortunate one. It may be questioned, indeed, whether any exhibition, out of London, has been equally well patronised by the public and the buyers of pictures, or has equally deserved this patronage. Turn where you will in the galleries you are sure to light upon meritorious works. And what is especially pleasing to a Glaswegian like the BAILIE is the fact that no small portion of these clever pictures have come from the easels of our local artists. We have at last really and truly a school of Glasgow painters, and a school, besides, which will hold its own with those of either Edinburgh or Manchester, or Liverpool. All this has not been done in a day, and is quite as much due to the exertions of non-professional members of the Institute as to those of the artists themselves. Art has been fostered and encouraged by our wealthy merchants. Pictures have in a manner been made popular by a little knot of gentlemen who, loving them for their own sakes, have been unceasing in their endeavours to spread this love among every class in the community. One of the best examples we possess of what may be termed a Glasgow patron of the Fine Arts is provided in the person of Mr JOHN M'GAVIN. An energetic member of the council of the Institute, an individual friend to every painter of note in our midst, and the owner of a splendid gallery—peculiarly rich in works of the school which recognises Corot as its master, Mr M'GAVIN naturally exercises an important influence over the Art of the West of Scotland.

XVI.

Although not a member of the Institute at its origin in 1861, he early became noted as a purchaser of pictures, and when, in 1869, it was proposed to erect the society into a corporate body, our friend was one of the earliest to give his adhesion to the scheme. The proposal was carried into effect in March, 1870, at which date Mr M'GAVIN was appointed one of the members of the Council. Eight years afterwards he was elected honorary treasurer, and twelve months ago he became honorary secretary, a post which he still holds. Together with Mr A. B. Stewart and Mr A. Maxwell he took a leading part in the arrangements for the erection of the present Institute buildings, and since the opening of the exhibition few days have passed without his having paid a visit to the collection. Like so many other of our notable men Mr M'GAVIN has been the architect of his own fortunes. Born in Kilwinning some six and sixty years ago, he came, while yet a boy, to Glasgow, where he entered the office of Messrs Brock & Gardner, who were then regarded as the leading firm of millers in the city. Having spent several years in this situation, our friend joined Mr Harvie, who afterwards became his brother-in-law, and the pair started business as millers and grain merchants under the appellation of Messrs Harvie & M'Gavin. As was to be expected the firm had an uphill battle to fight in the beginning. They set a stout heart, however, to a stey brae, and before long the concern was regarded—and justly—as one of the most successful in the trade. On two different occasions their mill was burnt down, but so far from being disheartened by these mishaps they only exerted themselves all the more, and thus turned what to other men might have been ruin, into a source of absolute, if not even direct profit. Both partners have now retired from the corn trade, and their only connection

with the business world concerns itself with the interest they take in the management of several of our great lines of railway. Mr M'GAVIN, in particular, is a frequent speaker at the half-yearly meetings of the shareholders of the Caledonian and the Glasgow and South-Western companies. His arguments are always fair and judicious. If those in office are sometimes made to wince under his criticisms, his brother shareholders, at least, have no cause to be displeased with his efforts in their behalf. Mr M'GAVIN has been identified, for over forty years, with the temperance movement. For a considerable period he filled the post of president of the Glasgow Abstainers' Union. It is true that his appearances on a temperance platform are less frequent now than of old, but he is as keenly sympathetic as ever in favour of total abstinence, and personally he continues as rigid a teetotaller as was Father Mathew himself. Singularly shy and retiring in his manner, the Man you Know is noted above most of even our more popular citizens for the warmth and kindness of his feelings. His generosity has proved of wonderful advantage to numbers of his old school-fellows and play-mates in Kilwinning. The help he has extended to scores of young and struggling painters has really been at the bottom of much of their subsequent success. Had it not been the countenance and friendship of JOHN M'GAVIN, the rare manipulative skill, and sweet and delicate genius of Paul Chalmers might have had to wait for years before they found a fitting opportunity for asserting themselves. On all accounts, therefore, Mr M'GAVIN is a citizen of whom Glasgow has reason to be proud. His own more immediate circles are already alive to his many sterling qualities. He is particularly prized by the council and members of the Fine Art Institute of which he is in every sense a representative man, and it is as a representative of the Institute that he has been added to-day to the picture gallery of the BAILIE.

QUALITY WITH QUANTITY.

'Stead "Reds" unread, there's College learning
Still leal and true to Tory blue;
Glasgow and Aberdeen's discerning
Now triumphs in the man it knew,
There came a cu'tur'd LL.D.
Whom cultur'd thought return'd M.P.

End "On"—Anderson, Cameron, Middleton.

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

A Story of Faggots.

HAD a certain bankruptcy examination taken place a little sooner than it did, it is just possible that the People's William would not have been returned by quite so "triumphant" a majority. The BAILIE refers to the case of the Edinburgh builder "broken" by his contracts for those Tynecastle tenements of which we have heard before. It is highly edifying to learn the particulars of how the virtuous Mr M'Laren and his friends set about the manufacture of faggot-votes, while my Lord Rosebery was kept in the background ready to emerge as a *deus ex machina* in case of any difficulty about funds. As a matter of fact, there *was* a difficulty about funds, and the noble *deus* apparently did not see fit to interfere, the result being that the unfortunate contractor found himself in the Bankruptcy Court. The next time our Radical friends undertake to manufacture bogus votes they should first see that they have "got the money too." Such resolutions as those of last week read somewhat oddly after Mr Gladstone's "illegitimate" and "misguided" denunciations.

TRIED AND FOUND WANTING.

"Boy," said his father, "did you steal these oranges?"

He did not answer.

"Speak!" said his angry parent; "Did you—?"

"Father," meekly interposed the youth, "silence is golden!"

The father said no more, but whipt him savagely. During the operation he lost faith in silence—the golden bowl was broken, the silver chord was loosed with a vengeance!

The climax of the Liberal reaction was reached last week at Maryhill, where "a barge 70 ft. x 16 ft. x 5 ft. 6 in." was christened "Gladstone." Conservatism is clearly a thing of the past.

In opening a bazaar the other day, Mr Middleton, M.P., remarked that "there was a good got from bazaars that we did not altogether realise." This is not over lucid; but if it means that visitors to bazaars don't "realise" much good, or goods, out of them, Mr Middleton isn't far wrong.

The Great Liberal Wave—The flourishing of hats and handkerchiefs over the Conservative defeat.

THE ARGYLE BATHS, 366 Argyle Street, is the Largest Public Bathing Establishment in Scotland. Warm Baths, 6d, 9d, & 1s; ready daily, from 7 a.m. to 9 p.m. One trial solicited.

On 'Change.

SEVERAL excellent friends of mine are greatly offended at my remarks regarding the Scottish Commercial Insurance Co. I am very sorry, of course, but I really cannot help this. My desire was to point out something which I considered altogether objectionable in the company's mode of doing business. If a public company makes a dividend by a fresh valuation of its heritable property, and pays the dividend so manufactured on paper, I consider that it is highly censurable. Unless the property were realised, the revenue for paying the dividend could not exist. Where, then, did the money come from to pay the dividend? Obviously out of capital, or by a loan from a bank which became a charge upon capital or a burden upon future revenue.

This counting one's chickens before they are hatched is common in other departments of insurance business. Some companies count every farthing they get up to the close of their financial year, and they treat the amount so realised as if it were all actual and lawful gain. That it is not all lawful must be obvious. A moment's reflection will show that the premium is not gained until the risk is finally run off. Hence the necessity for making an allowance on account of unexpired risks, a process, I am sorry to say, of anything but universal application. I purpose presently to return to this subject. The consideration of it is interesting and profitable, and I intend to look into the various insurance accounts and show who the chief sinners are.

Before I quit the subject now, however, I may state that I have heard much dissatisfaction expressed concerning the extreme mystery in which the transactions of some insurance companies are shrouded. The Directors only give as much information as they are compelled to give. Reporters are rarely seen at their meetings, and the world outside, or the shareholders who may have been unable to attend the meeting, hears nothing beyond the garbled account sent to the papers by the secretary or manager. The usual plan is for the company to employ a special reporter of its own, paying him a fee for preparing a record of the meeting. From this document the manager extracts what he desires in the interest of the company, and this is the report which he sends to the papers. Of course it is all butter and rose water. Everything of a disagreeable kind is carefully suppressed, and these garbled reports, prepared in the interest of the companies, are little better than frauds.

My opinion on this point is the more decided because of some odd experiences I have had in such matters. Once I happened to call on a man regarding the transfer of some shares I had purchased in the company of which he was secretary. He was engaged at a meeting, and I was shown into a room to wait his convenience. It so happened that this apartment adjoined the room in which the meeting was held, and from the Babel of sounds coming through the closed door, I gathered that something of an interesting character was taking place. People were clamouring for information, which was absolutely withheld by somebody else. Then there was a shout to open a safe or deed box, which seemed to have intrepid defenders. "Give me that key, sir," shouted one man. "I will not give you that key, sir," roared another. "I shall have that key, sir," bellowed No. 1. "You shall never have that key, sir," shrieked No. 2. I was an unwilling eavesdropper, but I had heard enough, and the information was not lost upon me. I left the office, stepped round the corner, and instructed my broker to sell out, at any price, the shares I had bought but not yet transferred to my name. The next day I read in the morning papers a charming account of the proceedings, furnished, of course, in the manner I have indicated. The secretary had read a favourable and glowing report, it was said, which, on the motion of the chairman, was unanimously approved. The directors declared a delightful dividend, carrying forward a substantial balance, and a vote of thanks to the chairman brought the proceedings to a close. Nothing was said as to the infuriated rabble, calling each other liars and swindlers. The company was in liquidation within two years, and the shareholders, with difficulty, received eighteenpence in the pound out of their paid-up capital.

Some people are never satisfied, and of this number is Mr William Robertson. For seven months he has been badgering the directors of the Glasgow and South Western Railway, and yet he is not happy. He has received polite and business-like letters from Mr John Morton, the long-suffering secretary of the Company, but these have not lessened the Robertsonian wrath. The quarrel is about the portrait of Sir James Lumsden, to which Mr Robertson objects to contribute. As I understand the matter, the directors have offered to distribute the cost of the portrait over the £4,927,710 of Ordinary stock, and add Mr Robertson's share, which will probably be a few shillings, to his dividend warrant. After this display of liberality surely he ought not to grumble.

SCRUTATOR.

DRIVING IT HOME.

(Scene—Street; lorry with broken shaft; Highland driver in despair.)

Highland Driver—Coot ony o' you shentlemans gie her a nail?

Wag (in the crowd)—*Ha nayle* (Gaelic for "no.")

Highland Driver—Aye, aye, you was fery coot to mak' a joke, but if I was a praw shentlemans wi' a shiny hat, an' you was an auld proken cairt like hersel', she wadna say "Ha nayle" to you, she wad gie you wan, whatever.

"THE NEARER THE CHURCH," &c.—A local paper, reporting a case of housebreaking at Motherwell, observes that "this is the second time the above premises have been entered in a similar manner, although they are only about 40 yards distant from the police station." Why "although?" By analogy, the proverb about "the nearer the church," &c., seems to apply here with peculiar force.

Following the example of its venerable relative, Granny's "little one" chronicled on Wednesday last the discovery of an ancient Urn in the neighbourhood of Lockerbie. It omitted, however, to state whether the vessel was of "Samian Ware," and if there were any inscription on it, in the "Tuscan" or other tongue. Granny herself had not one word to say about this latest "genuine" find.

An advertising draper recommends his "Mid-Lothian mixtures" at 2¾d a yard—apropos of which an ill-natured Tory of the BAILIE'S acquaintance says that he knows of a "Mid-Lothian mixture" not worth even that small sum per yard.

WHEN SELF THE WAVERING BALANCE SHAKES—*Burns*—When writers against "trades-unions" uphold the trades-unionism of the Architectural Institute.

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

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—After dinner, dessert; after "Carmen," "Naval Cadets." This is Madame Soldene's programme at the Gaiety, and really you can't help thinking that a fairly good programme it is. At all events I, for one, regarded last week's performance of "Carmen" as altogether masterly, and if the lighter and livelier piece with which it is now to be followed be sung and acted with anything like equal taste and skill, then the entertainment will be very excellent indeed.

"Naval Cadets" has for its heroine one *Cerisette, a Parisienne* of the Judic or Chamount school, and for its hero *Don Florio*, governor of the Naval Academy of Lisbon. It is needless, or next to needless, to say that the former part is sustained by Madame Soldene, and the latter by Signor Leli, or that they are each excellently suited in their respective roles. Miss Rose Stella, and Messrs Marshal and Wallace, also appear in the cast of the opera.

On Monday next Mr Bernard will produce "Our Girls," the piece written by Mr Byron to succeed "Our Boys" at the London Vaudeville. The leading men of "Our Girls" Company are Mr Harry Pitt and Mr J. C. Cowper, the latter of whom is a London actor of great skill and experience, who has failed, however, in taking the position which seems his by right.

Sarah the great, Sarah the artistic, the one and only Sarah—meaning thereby Madlle. Sarah Bernhardt—will appear in London about midsummer, and thereafter will make a tour of the provinces—coming as far north in the course of her peregrinations as Edinburgh and Glasgow. She will be accompanied by a troupe of French comedians. Her performances in this city will take place under the auspices of Mr Bernard, and will be limited to a couple of nights.

"They say" that two hundred and twenty pounds, and one-fourth of all the money drawn above this sum, are the terms exacted by *Donna Sel* for each appearance of herself and her friends.

Mr Harkins begins the second week of his present engagement at the Prince of Wales Theatre this evening. In the present dearth of high tragic acting, it seems to me that he should draw good houses. *Toujours perdrix* holds good in other matters beside culinary ones, and for my own part I hail the representation of a Shakespearian play, or even of a drama by Lord Lytton, as a perfect relief after a round of opera-bouffe and Sullivanish melody.

Mr Walter Bentley's engagement at the Prince of Wales Theatre begins on the 14th of June, and is limited to twelve nights. He will appear during his visit as *Hamlet*, in the dual part in the "Courier of Lyons," and in a version of "The Bells."

Mr Beryl is still tickling the palates of the South-Siders with the alternate terrors and humours of "Notre Dame," with, by way of after-piece, "Robert Macaire." There's a dish that should satisfy the most unbounded theatrical stomach.

"Betsy" still runs its amusing, if somewhat boisterous, course at the Royalty Theatre. It is, no doubt, a piece of utter absurdity, but it is excessively funny, and appeals to everybody's sense of humour.

Next week, as I have already mentioned, Mr Charles Wyndham pays us a visit with another bit of excellent fooling—the ever-welcome "Brighton," to wit, the manager himself, of course, playing the amorous and irrepressible *Bob Sackett*.

"Brighton" will be followed by "Otto"—a piece of the "Fritz" order—in which Mr and Mrs G. Knight's company will appear. Everybody will be glad to know that that company includes our old friend, Mr A. Lindsay, of whom Glasgow has seen too little for the last few years.

One of the early productions at the Royalty Theatre will be "Ninon," Mr W. H. Wills's latest success, and indeed the only romantic play which has "hit" the Londoners for a couple of years at least. "Ninon," which is a story of the French Revolution of '93, is replete with stirring and effective incidents and

situations. The *titlle-role* will be sustained at the Royalty by Miss Wallis, its creator at the London Adelphi.

Something of a novelty in the way of amateur performances takes place in St. Andrew's Hall on Wednesday evening. This is the production of the French farce "Les Deux Sours," which will be played under the auspices, and for the benefit of the French Protestant Church in Glasgow. The stage-management is in the able hands of Mr Genese, of the "Betsy" Company, now appearing at the Royalty Theatre.

Hamilton's famous panorama entitled "A Voyage Round the World" begins a short season in the Circus, West Nile Street, on Thursday evening. It comprises fifty large tableaux, many of which are illustrative of scenes in the Zulu and Afghan wars, and all are the work of capable and well-known London artists.

Can it be possible that the Rev. Fergus Ferguson has started in business as a *impresario* of opera-bouffe? If we are to believe to-day's papers, his congregation gave "Pinafore" on Saturday night—think of that!—with great *eclat*. Should the reverend gentleman decide to carry on the new business, I may suggest as a suitable selection for next performance in the Hall of the Queen's Park U.P. Church, "Girofle-Girofla" or "The Grand Duchess."

Among the visitors to Glasgow last week was Mr Severn, son of Joseph Severn, the artist who sailed with Keats for Italy in the September of 1820, and who closed the eyes of the poet, nine and fifty years ago, in the Eternal City.

The friends of Mr Alexander Anderson, the "Surfaceman," advertise that they are desirous of obtaining a "librarianship" for him, and add that "no committee need be deterred from applying for further particulars on account of the unimportant character of the position at its disposal."

A Light Diary.

THAT wonderful buoy at Roseneath has met with so many vicissitudes, and got so well chronicled in the papers, that the following week's diary by the "wild-fowl" himself may not prove uninteresting:—

Monday—Filled with gas to last six weeks and burning beautifully.

Tuesday—Continuing to shine, when a smack coming up one of the hands endeavours to light his pipe and blows me out.

Wednesday—Surprised to read in the papers that a fearful storm had extinguished the light, but that there were now no fears of darkness for the remainder of the month as a boat-load of officials had re-lit the gas.

Thursday—Owing to an internal weakness the gas escaped and once more "a" was dark."

Friday—Inspection. The leakage was not discovered, and the quality of the gas was condemned.

Saturday—The escape has been discovered at last. Fully primed again for another six weeks. Huzza!

Gladstone's Soliloquy—The People's Will-I-am.

Murmurs and Wheezings from J—s
M—t—s Back Shop.

WHO could have believed it, and after my patronage. No chance of that baronetcy.

Will write Lord B. to-day giving him my condolences. That will at all events get a reply.

Good idea to call my mansion "Granville House," or "Devonshire Snuggery," and tack like the *Times*. Will ask Mrs M.'s opinion.

Wonder if my seat at the Council Board is safe.

That sail on the 2nd to Gourrock kept the Parkhead wabsters from bothering me.

Will indulge my committee and all friends with a tripe supper shortly.

Too bad of Bailie Thomson rising the cleaning of it, when he knew I thought of doing this.

IN THE NAME OF CHARITY!

Have you'll got a season's ticket for the Queen's Park this year, Tonal?

Of course I'll have, Tonal.

Then do you'll use it for the charity matches? An' wat for no, Tonal?

Well, I'll always thought charity was charity.

Ah, but you'll see, Tonal, charity covers a multitude of football tickets as well as a multitude of sins.

"WHEN OTHER LIPS."—To those who have tasted the sweets of office and looked forward to a further haul of the political loaves and fishes, the most appropriate canvassing song was of course the old Balfian "You'll re-member me." In many cases, however, the even teno(u)r of their way has been rather rudely knocked out of time and tune.

A LACTEAL LACK.—A correspondent of the *Herald* draws attention to a "milk famine" at Dunoon, Kirn, and other coast towns, and thinks that the dearth is to be accounted for by the much feuing of the pasture lands, and there being thus less ground "to support the bovine race." The Animile says that he knows a *bos(s)* in the milky way who has *udder* reasons for this lack on the Cow-al shore generally, and specially at Kirn. [The BAILIE thinks this "cows a'."]

Beyond "Belief"—Bradlaugh getting into the Commons, and Queensberry being kept out of the Lords.

Cabinet Makers.—London Correspondents.

MARK } With an India Rubber Monogram or Name
YOUR } Stamp. Prices from 2s 6d complete—A. C.
LINEN } Thomson, 278 Argyle Street.

The Municipal Buildings Muddle.
THE Municipal Buildings muddle seems to assume a more muddled phase every day. After all the letters from "eminent architects" and all the blether of equally eminent Cooncillors, the present state of the case seems to be, according to Mr Wilson, that our precious rulers look forward, in effect, to throwing the premium money into the sea, beginning all over again, and ultimately paying some £400,000 for the buildings! The BAILIE, for his own part, can only congratulate his fellow-citizens and the Lord Provost on the great issue of the great enterprise of Mr Collins's reign. That baronetcy will be fairly earned.

AN INCORRUPTIBLE HIGHLANDER.

Election Agent—Quite so, Mr M'Spratt, I have come to canvass you.

M'Spratt (a Lews fisherman)—Ferry goot, serr, I'm wanting to ghet new sails for ta fushing smack, ant you may canfass us poth at ta same time tokehter, ant priping ta smack will no' pe corrupting me neithers.

Justice tempered with Mercy.

A CURIOUS decision was given by one of the Sugaropolitan magistrates last week, in the case of a sugar refiner, who was charged with allowing a number of baskets of sugar to remain in one of the harbour sheds beyond the statutory period of 48 hours. Evidence was led, showing that the sugar had been discharged prior to the 31st March, and that the harbour-master had written twice to the consignee to have it removed, but that no attention had been paid to his requests, the consequence being that when another vessel was ready, last week, to discharge, the work could not be proceeded with, owing to the shed being blocked up. The presiding Bailie—an ex-sugar refiner—found the charge "not proven," but hoped that the accused would have the goods cleared away at once—a decision which forcibly recalls to mind the celebrated verdict of "Not guilty, but don't do it again."

The Stamp of Royalty—The Queen's head in last week's BAILIE.

"WE ARE SEVEN."—Wordsworth.—The Conservative Members in Scotland. But a compartment of a railway carriage contains only six.

BICYCLES. } The "Duplex," "Challenge," "Club," "Pre
TRICYCLES. } mier," &c. On Hire with option of Purchase
New, Second-Hand, Fittings cheap, Jennings, 101
Mitchell Street.

Two Great Truths.

AFTER, no doubt, elaborate investigation and experiment, Granny has arrived at two most important results, which she hastens to give to the world through the medium of the *Evening Times*. The first is the conclusion that "beer, however fascinating in warm weather to grown-up people, is for the most of health-seekers but a sorry substitute for milk, and is totally useless in the case of children, who most need the genial ministries of the cow." The second is that "whisky is good—very good in many cases of suffering—but it is not commendable to give children whisky to their porridge." It is to be hoped the public will receive these great truths with the thankfulness and reverence which they deserve.

THE MOTE AND THE BEAM.

Willie, Willie Wastle,
If kent ye o' Tynecastle,
Y'r tongue did never wag o't;
Ye spak about the Tories,
But ne'er cam' ow'r the stories,
The stories o' the fagot—
The fagots that MacLaren
For *Lib'ral*s were preparin',
The stories of Tynecastle
Being built for Lib'ral voters,
On honour bright such doaters,
The spotless honour bright o' pure auld Willie Wastle.

A POPULAR PREACHER.

Tummas—They tell me, *Jeems*, that *Gledstin's* gaun to be Prime Minister again.

Jeems—An' a firstrate minister he'll be. Man, *Tummas*, a h'ard him masel' in ane or twa poopits in Midlothian lately, an' better discoorses a nivver hard in ony kirk. I wish we could afford to gie him a call to oor church, for he'd be the primest minister in Scotland' an' nae mistake.

A POSER.—Condensation is, no doubt, one characteristic of a good literary style, but it is possible to carry even a good quality to excess. This is done by the local advertiser who perpetrates the following:—"Board (cheap), orphan, now, town home, or children's holidays, coast." The extraction of any meaning from this might fairly vie, as an enigma, with the "fifteen" puzzle.

"'Tis the Unexpected that always Happens"
—So said Lord Beaconsfield once—and he has presented to him an opportunity of saying it again.

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.

Megilp.

AN exhibition of pictures by leading continental painters will be held in the galleries of the Fine Art Institute in October and November next. Every effort will be made by its promoters to obtain the most recent works of the more famous French and Belgian and Dutch masters, and they will make it, besides, their especial study to secure as many specimens as possible of painters only hitherto known by name to the great majority of our picture loving public. An exhibition of this kind, at least on a scale of similar importance, has not been held in Glasgow before. It will necessarily be of the utmost value to members of what may be termed the Glasgow School of painters, and it will assist generally to sharpen the perceptions and improve the taste of that portion of the community which cares for art and its cognate subjects.

The Exhibition will be under the direction of Mr J. H. Gammon, of London, a gentleman who is a favourite in metropolitan studios, and is well-known on account of his connection with the Belgian Annexe of the last International Exhibition.

One of the largest pictures painted in Glasgow, or even in Scotland during the present season, has just been completed by William Glover. This is a view on Loch Lomond, taken from a standpoint something like half-way between Luss and Inverbeg. The foreground is occupied with a picturesque roadway, down which come a flock of sheep, and with a pair of thatched-roof cottages. In the centre of the picture are some thickly wooded hills and a calm stretch of the lake, the middle distance beyond is occupied with the point at Inverbeg and the north-western shoulder of Ben Lomond, and away in the background are the bold peaks of the Arrochar mountains. While strictly preserving the more distinct features of the scene, Mr Glover has been exceedingly successful with what may be termed the composition of his work. There is an *ensemble* about it that a mere mechanical re-production of the landscape would have lacked altogether. This oneness of effect is greatly aided, moreover, by the painting of the sky, the character of which is made to harmonise, with much skill, with that of the landscape over which it is stretched. In colour and handling the work—which, by-the-bye, is a commission from Mr John Poynter of Clyde-neuk—is quite equal to the wide and well earned reputation of the artist.

David Murray will pay another visit to the Seine in the course of the coming summer, and it is more than possible that, during his stay on its banks, he will paint a large picture illustrative of the scenery of the great French river.

Holland has been selected by quite a host of our artists as a hunting-ground during a portion of the present year. Among those who are looking forward to a peep at the "buried cities of the Zuyder Zee," and the storks' nests on the house tops of Amsterdam, are Messrs A. K. Brown and Tom M'Ewan, and James A. Aitken and George Aikman.

The receiving days for the Bough and Chalmers Exhibition, and the Exhibition of works in Black and White, in the galleries of the Fine Art Institute, will be from the 5th to the 12th of July. As has already been noted in this column, the combined Exhibition will be held during the months of August and September.

The "selecting" committee of the Royal Academy have now completed their labours, and the "rejected" notices are out. "They say" that among those who have been "pilled" is one well-known Scottish figure painter; but "they" add, at the same time, that his contribution to the Burlington House show was large and ambitious, and altogether out of his usual style of subject.

AN AWKWARD CARRIAGE.—They appear to have an odd style of doing business in the Dunfermline Town Council. At their last meeting they are reported to have "carried" a motion "by eight votes to twelve." In most assemblages the motion would have been "carried" by the twelve votes.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the new Municipal Buildings are a cause of annoyance to the Lord Provost.

That the perverseness of the architects is also worriting his Lordship.

That he is beginning to get afraid that the foundation-stone won't be laid during his Chief Magistracy.

That if he misses this there will be little if anything to mark his Lordship's three years of office.

That there is always of course the removal of the weir.

That there are also the numerous bickerings in the Council.

That the Water Commissioners are very kind to the residents in the suburbs.

That they are supplied with the best water in the world at less than cost price.

That the expense falls upon the Glasgow rate-payers.

That this boon was granted to the suburbs to induce them to annex themselves to Glasgow.

That the suburbans didn't see it.

That they take our music, our parks, and our water at little or no expence to themselves.

That they are never known to grumble at these generous gifts.

That the willing City ratepayers have to "pay the piper."

That although the Commissioners are kind enough to the suburbans they can be pretty hard upon the consumers in the city.

That the building trade has taken a turn.

That the last Dean of Guild list is the longest published for some time back.

That there is, meanwhile, a good deal of property still unoccupied.

That the "cloud no bigger than a man's hand" has appeared among the United Liberals.

That John Ferguson says the three M.P.s pledged themselves to vote for Home Rule.

That the organ of the late senior Member says that the Doctor never did anything of the kind.

That the two other Members are wisely reticent on the subject.

That this is the beginning of the end.

That the Sustentation Fund of the Free Kirk shows a considerable decrease.

That a few of the ministers are wishing there never had been such a thing as the Disruption.

That numbers of them would like to return to the "flesh-pots," of the Auld Kirk.

Bills in Parliament.

AT the opening of the new Parliament it is expected that leave will be granted to introduce the following bills:—

Mr Anderson, Glasgow—That investors who have been unfortunate in their speculations be indemnified by the State.

Dr Cameron, Glasgow—That those tradesmen found puffing their own wares be fined for a first offence, and be visited with imprisonment for all further violations of this Act.

Mr Middleton, Glasgow—That the salaries of the Established Church clergy be increased; that Dissenters lose all civil rights; and that Church Bazaars be declared illegal.

Mr Holms, Paisley—That the first member of the successful party returned to Parliament be appointed First Lord of the Treasury, or receive some other influential Ministerial post.

Sir E. Colebrooke, North Lanarkshire—That all members who have been returned to Parliament three times successively without opposition, for the same constituency, hold their seats for life.

Col. Mure, Renfrewshire—That any member of Parliament changing his views regarding the Foreign policy of the country at the dictation of a handful of busybodies, lose his seat.

Mr Russell, Buteshire—That any member of Parliament who has, previous to his candidature, made gifts to his constituency in the hope of catching votes, be found guilty of bribery and lose his seat.

A LITTLE LEARNING IS A DANGEROUS THING—*Pope*.—Nevertheless it seems that the "special knowledge" gained by having designed Municipal Buildings on a scale suited to the wants of a town like Helensburgh, and the "expertness" acquired by having planned Municipal Buildings for the joint burghs of Crosshill and Govanhill are worthy of being weighed with a thirty years' experience of Municipal Buildings by the City-Architect of the second city of the empire.

WOULD YOU BE SURPRISED?—*Tichborne Trial*.—Lord Beaconsfield was much given to surprises. Perhaps he has never experienced a greater than the "Liberal majority."

A QUESTION TO BE AXED.—Did Mr Gladstone fell the timber that was wrought up in the construction of the Tynecastle fagot-houses?

Likely to go over the score—*Home Rulers*.

COLOSSEUM, JAMAICA STREET.

Mr WILSON has again returned from the Market. To-day and for the next Week, we make a Special Display of the now decided Fashions for the coming Summer.

We respectfully call attention to the fact that we are Displaying the Largest Assortment of Fine

MILLINERY

In the United Kingdom. Everything that appertains to a Hat, or the Lining of a Hat, will be found at our Counters in overwhelming Assortment, and at our well-known Moderate Prices. Especial attention is directed to our Department of Ready-Trimmed Hats. Whether you desire a Hat for 10s or £5, you will, as regards beauty of design, good taste, and reasonable price, find just what you desire.

FRENCH PATTERN BONNETS AND HATS.

Also, Original Designs by our own Modistes.

UNTRIMMED HATS.

HATS OF EVERY MATERIAL.

French, Italian, Swiss, English, and American, Chips, Tuscan, Leghorns, Milans, Italians, Dunstables, Pedals, Bedford, Lace Braids, Braids, Hemps, Cashmere Combinations, Fayal Braids, Twists, improved Mohairs, Willows, etc., etc.

HATS IN EVERY COLOUR.

Black, Brown, Draw, Fawn, Tan, Ecu, Cream, Buttercup, Navy Blue, White, Pale Gold, Antique Gold, Silver, Gold and Black, Gold and Cardinal, Blue and White, White and Black Chips, with various Coloured Edgings and Insertions, &c., &c.

HATS IN EVERY SHAPE.

The Alice, Cora, Dov Fosi, Muriel, Beryl Mario, Countess, Elsie, Grace, Honora, Dora, Louise, Madge, Hilda, Irene, Stephanie, Duchess Verene, Eulalie, Patti, Daisy, Ella, Nina, Jannet, Cynthia, Era, Lillian, Mabel, Ruth, Stella, Violet, Lulu, Clara, Edith, Nora, Enid, May, Iney, Gladys, Lilly, Una, Olive, Elvira, Veronica, Leoline, Pearl, Florence, Rose, Albert, Lionel, Chandos, Cyril, Bertie, Gerald, Arthur, Randolph, Cecil, Price, Victor, Percy, Rupert, Algeron, Yachting Champion, Pet, Bo Peep, Gem, Skip Rope, School, &c., &c.

FLOWERS AND FEATHERS.

The lovely Sprays and exquisite Feathers offered in this Department cannot fail to excite the admiration of our fair *Clientel*. In this Department an enormous saving is effected by Purchasing at our Establishment.

GENTLEMEN'S AND YOUTHS' FELT HATS, DRESS HATS.

HATS.—The average Scotchman no matter how learned he may be otherwise, has an idea that there are altogether about twenty or perhaps thirty different styles or varieties of Hats. To give the uninitiated an idea of how wide this estimate is from the mark, we at present show nearly *Two Thousand Varieties*, every one of which we guarantee to be fashionable for 1880. This of course includes Hats for all ages and sexes. In many instances we have hundreds of each shape, our stock at present consisting of nearly Fifty Thousand Hats. We will be glad to show any visitor who may wish it over our Stores. Regarding Gentlemen's Hats, to those who have not yet given us a trial, we say do so; it will positively be a benefit to the Purchaser.

WALTER WILSON & CO.
THE PREMIER HATTERS,
70 JAMAICA STREET.

ANGLING.—WM. HAIGH, FLYDRESSER,
FISHING ROD AND TACKLE-MAKER,
16 HANOVER STREET,
RODS AND REELS REPAIRED, FLIES TO PATTERN.

TIES, GENT'S TIES.

The REGISTERED RENEWING KNOT,
only 2s each,

or 3 for 5s 6d.

PROVAN & SMELLIE,
120 TRONGATE.

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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.

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OLD
IRISH WHISKY.

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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.

"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);
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FRENCH KID GLOVES,

Only 1s 11d per Pair.

IN ALL THE NEW SHADES.

PROVAN & SMELLIE, 120 Trongate.

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, APRIL 21st, 1880.

IT is a fruitful subject of study how representatives, because they have the management of public business in their hands, conceive themselves to be persons of the highest importance. Many of them expect implicit acquiescence in their opinions, and unthinking concurrence in their administrative proposals. Kindly, well-intentioned, and even well-founded criticism is too often received by them as indicating want of confidence, or a desire to under-rate or insult. Almost every meeting of the Town Council furnishes one or more examples of this sort of thing. At the meeting of Water Commissioners last week, Preceptor MATHIESON called attention, in quite becoming terms, to the fact that the outside rate had been fixed at 11d, so that outside consumers would receive the water at less than prime cost, at the expense of the citizens of Glasgow. Bailie SCOTT shook his wise head in token of his dissent, and afterwards declared that the statement was injurious to the general body of the Commissioners. If so, then truth is injurious to that august Incorporation. The LORD PROVOST, who rather prides himself in his skill in decimal if not in vulgar fractions, declared that in order to recoup the citizens of Glasgow, and protect them from loss, the outside consumers of Loch Katrine water ought to be charged at the rate of 1s 2²⁵d. In other words, these outside consumers get the water at 3¹/₄d per £ on their rentals less than it costs the City of Glasgow to supply it to them. This is surely a grievous burden on the citizens, and one which should not remain unredressed a day longer than can be helped. It never should have existed, and there is as little reason for its continuance. The outside consumers of water have no claim on the charity of the City of Glasgow; they

rigorously object to share in its obligations, but they are not above accepting its favours. The Commissioners owe it as a duty to their constituents to exhaust their powers under the Act of Parliament to equalize the two rates as far as possible; and if these powers are not sufficient, then equity and fair dealing demand that they should get such increased powers as will enable them to remove this burden from the citizens of Glasgow.

Brudder Bones' Breeches.

HE was a Paisley body, but he was not proud of it. He would be a nigger. He corked his countenance, pasted up a collar out of three quires of cream-laid notepaper, got his little brother to polish a set of bones for him; and then it dawned upon his weary brain that the squeamishness of modern society demanded breeches in addition to the aforesaid details of a nigger vocalist outfit. Pandering to this mawkish sentiment, he stole a bright-hued window-curtain, and was taken in the act of converting it into a pair of unmentionables. Sheriff Cowan sent this villain, whose crime was clearly of the blackest die, to prison for sixty days; where, no doubt, the merry knave will be allowed to perform without the—ahems!

SPORT IN THE NAME.

Scotchman—Man, Paddy, you Irish canna come up to us noo, we hae Gladstone in for Midlothian,

Native of Belfast—Well, shure we're not far behoind ye at all, for if yese have Gladstone, we have William Ewart in for Belfast, so we have!

The trouble which some people needlessly put themselves to was well illustrated last week by the local reporter—or compositor—who, having to set down, or up, the simple word "bureau," produced something no less ingenious and intricate than "beauroeau!"

TO THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.—Is Mr Gladstone, consequent from his stumping success, now "intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity?"

A Luna-tic thought—One of the original "men of light and leading."—The man in the moon. (Hee-haw).

Le Jeune "Premier" (possible).—The Marquis of Hartington.

Consolation "Steaks."—The Dalkeith and Dalrymple dinners.

Quavers.

QUITE a number of association concerts have taken place during the past week. Remarks upon these must necessarily be brief.

On Tuesday last the St. Vincent Street U.P. Church Choir gave an excellent performance of Haydn's "Passion," a work of great attraction to people of musical culture, if rather beyond the capacity of most choirs to present worthily. The production here of these beautiful adagios, after so long an interval, undoubtedly marks the season with distinction.

Another U.P. Church Choir gave a concert on the following evening—"Pollok Street," to wit. Some fourteen or fifteen years ago this choir was doing important pioneer work in the direction of psalmody reform, though its proclivities, as one can remember, were wisely towards music of a more melodious nature than was then affected. If less active for a few years than it might have been, the choir is now bestirring itself; and, not forgetting its chief duties, of course, has been practising some important choral work. As a "demonstration" of progress, Farmer's attractive Service in B flat was sung at the concert referred to, and under the direction of Mr J. Howell, leader of the church music. The Service was sung in the Latin original, a point of importance. The performance was in all respects a highly creditable one.

On Thursday evening the concert of the Crosshill Association (conductor, Mr Drummond) was held, and this time in a more musically suitable hall. Romberg's ode, "The Transient and Eternal," was the chief feature of the programme, and was produced with a fair measure of success, a success which would have been greater, very likely, had there been, as it is believed there was not, a regular attendance on the part of the male portion of the chorus. The ladies (from their conscientious attention to duty, no doubt) made by far the best appearance. The solos—in particular those for the soprano (extremely florid in character) and the bass (quiet and impressive)—were excellently rendered. But it must be added that the society is not making quite the progress in refined and graceful choral singing that was expected of them. The beautiful chorus from St. Paul, "How lovely are the messengers," was sadly deficient in smoothness and ease—not altogether, however, let us say, the fault of the choir itself. Mr Channon Cornwall lent valuable aid on the piano during the evening.

On the same evening, the West End Choral Society gave its annual concert—the fourth—in the Queen's Rooms, Herr Rosenberg, conductor. If scarcely so happy in the rendering of the principal work of the evening, "The Daughter of Jairus," the chorus were decidedly successful with the lighter music which came afterwards, the soprano, tenor, and bass solos being exceedingly well given. Miss Nairn's "When the heart is young," and Mr Finlayson's "Adieu," were among the best individual efforts of the evening. The last-mentioned is the really charming aria from Herr Rosenberg's operatta "Ye cronies." On the opposite side of the river, the Bellahouston Society on the following evening, Friday, had its second display for the season. The principal pieces brought forward were Schumann's "New Year's Song" and Gade's "Spring's Message." Mr Wm. Moodie conducted, and Mr Berry accompanied. The concert was on the whole a successful one.

Making a run as far west as the Suburb, the Instrumental Concert—second of the season—of the Paisley Philharmonic Society, on the same evening, falls to be noticed. As before remarked, the programme was one of which Glasgow might well be envious, as occurring in the scheme of an amateur society, and the performance of the music was, as usual, of a superior character. Mr Hoeck, who we hope will ere long find a wider sphere for his undoubtedly remarkable abilities, conducted with his usual conscientiousness and enthusiasm.

A concert by the South-side Tonic Sol fa Society, under Mr M'Kean, on Friday evening, was of a somewhat light nature, and consisted chiefly of extracts from the operas, but solos mainly.

On Saturday evening, at the last of the Abstainers' Union Concert series, the Glasgow Select Choir made its last appear-

ance for the season. The choir will be welcome again next season, we may be sure, and it needs no London name now to commend it. Everybody knows, indeed, that that adjunct has been of little value of late, and that all the labour of getting up the music has devolved on Mr James Allan, as well as most of the conducting.

The Greenock Choral Union's performance of "The Messiah" yesterday (Monday) brings us up to date. The society seems to be making excellent progress under the new regime.

Next season the Catholic Choral Society will likely produce Haydn's "Creation." Their able conductor, Mr J. M'Ardele, was last Wednesday evening presented with a gold watch and a silver-mounted ebony baton, as a token of the respect and esteem in which he is held by the society.

A LIBERAL FARMER.

(Scene—Publishing Office of the BAILIE last Wednesday afternoon. Enter farmer brimful of generosity and good spirits over a good bargain he has just concluded.)

Farmer—Hoo muckle for the Queen, ma lassie?

Girl—The Queen newspaper, sir? Sixpence.

Farmer—I never kent the Queen had a newspaper. No, no; that phowtygraff o' Her Majesty.

Girl—Oh; that is given gratis with the BAILIE—one penny.

Farmer (reflecting)—A penny! Losh, I don't think I would grudge that. (Cheerily)—See a pennyworth, ma lassie; I'll gie the wife and weans a trate for yince.

Hilarity of shopful of customers.

WARNING TO MONOPOLISTS.—They have a short way of dealing with lady-killers in Aberdeenshire. A farm-servant attended a party in that county the other day, and "monopolised the attention of a girl." This was objected to by three anti-monopolists, who proceeded to show their displeasure by dragging Lothario about at the end of a chain till he became insensible. It is not stated whether the chain was a "ladies' chain," kept expressly for use in such cases, but at all events the victim in the present instance is not likely to require a second application.

It is said that the youthful Liberals of Gilmorehill justify their singular choice of a candidate for the Lord-Rectorship on the ground that, come what may, their choice is a Bright one. (N.B.—This is the Animile's very latest asininity.)

The Noble Army of Martyrs—The defeated Conservatives.

The farmers in the English counties are losing heavily on their sheep—by flukes. Not an uncommon way of dropping money, is it?

Jeems on the Tripe-od.
A GOOD deal of surprise has been felt and expressed at the manner in which Mr James Martin bushelised his light during the election. So far from taking a leading part in it, as he was by some expected to do, he did not suffer himself to be seen or heard in connection with proceedings which offered a fine scope for the exercise of his peculiar talents. The secret, however, is now out. Jeems was unable to plunge into the sea of Imperial politics because he was engaged in investigating a local grievance much more important than the question of Beaconsfield *versus* Gladstone. This grievance, which our friend made public last Thursday, is no less than an extra charge of twopence made by the Municipality for—cleaning tripe. Jeems's grievance excited the hilarity of his colleagues, but he indignantly declared it to be no laughing matter. We shall doubtless hear more of this.

A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY.
 (Reflection of Old Grumpus on a conversation overheard in a car last week.)

"Carmen popular? The idiots! What bosh—why everybody hates them! Hi! guard, are you going to stop here all day? No insolence, sir! Popular!!!"

THE GOVAN AMBULANCE.—Who would not be a Govan hospital-patient? The first stage in the treatment of such a sufferer is his conveyance to hospital in "an old bread-van upon two wheels that jolts up and down whenever the horse moves, and has placed on the front a large stone as ballast." Since the "fitness" of this vehicle "for the purpose for which it is used" is now being inquired into, it is to be presumed that it has been objected to by some unreasonable person or persons. There is no satisfying some folks.

AN OLD STORY.—A certain philosopher professes to have made a great discovery—namely, that the moon is "cracking." He might as well tell us that Queen Anne is dead. Every schoolboy knows, or ought to know, that the moon has been *luney*, that is to say "cracked," for ever so long.

At Cross Purposes—Electors in the polling booth.

Election Beef—Polled cattle.

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.

Appropriate Cheers—Crying "Hip, hip, hip for Roseber(r)y."

From a Nihilist—An irritating cough—Melikoff.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE GENERAL COUNCILS OF THE UNIVERSITIES OF GLASGOW AND ABERDEEN.

GENTLEMEN,

I have to acknowledge, with my grateful thanks, the honour I have received in being elected as your Representative in Parliament.

It will be my earnest endeavour to discharge the duties now devolving on me in such a way as to merit your confidence.

To the Members of my Committees and other friends who have exerted themselves in my behalf, and to all who have favoured me with their support, I return my warmest thanks.

I have the honour to be,

GENTLEMEN,

Your obedient Servant,

JAS. ALEX. CAMPBELL.

STRACATHRO, BRECHIN, 19th April, 1880.

PUBLIC BANQUET

TO COL. CAMPBELL OF BLYTHSWOOD.

The General Committee of the Renfrewshire Conservative Association have resolved to Entertain COLONEL CAMPBELL at a BANQUET, to be held within MACLEAN'S HOTEL, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow, on WEDNESDAY, 28th instant, at 6 o'clock p.m.

Tickets, 10s 6d each, may be obtained through the Conveners of District Committees, at the Conservative Club, Glasgow, or from the Subscriber. As the number is limited, early application is necessary.

DAV. CRAIG, Hon. Secretary.

176 West George Street, Glasgow, 16th April, 1880.

THE GAILETY.

Proprietor and Director,Mr C. BERNARD.
 TO-NIGHT AND FOLLOWING EVENINGS, AT 7-30,
 The New and Highly-Successful Comic Opera,
 THE NAVAL CADETS.

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

General Manager,.....Mr SAM. H. S. AUSTIN.

ROYALTY THEATRE,

Lessee and Manager.....Mr E. L. KNAPP.

Last Five Nights of

MR CHARLES WYNDHAM'S COMEDY COMPANY,

In the latest Criterion Success,

"BETSY."

Preceded this Evening (Tuesday), at 7-30, by a Domestic Drama in One Act,

"MARY'S SECRET."

Seats can be secured at Messrs J. Muir Wood & Co., Buchanan Street, from 11 till 4, or at the Theatre, from 11 till 3.

ROYALTY THEATRE.

MONDAY, 26th APRIL.

MR CHARLES WYNDHAM AND HIS CRITERION

COMPANY, in

"BRIGHTON."

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

MAIN STREET, SOUTH SIDE, GLASGOW.

Sole Lessee and Manager,.....Mr H. CECIL BERYL.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday,
April 20, 21, 22, 23,
"NOTRE DAME."

Concluding each Evening with
"ROBERT MACAIRE."

SATURDAY, APRIL 24,—*Entire Change of Programme.*
Doors Open each Evening at 7. Overture, 7-30.
Saturdays, Half-an-hour earlier.

Box Plan at Donaldson's Rooms, 77 St. Vincent Street.

MONDAY EVENING SINGING-CLASS.

MR WILLIAM MOODIE

Begs to announce that he intends opening the above, to assist in preparing for admission to the Larger Choral Societies, on the evening of MONDAY, 3rd MAY.

Enrolment from 7-30 to 8 p.m.

FEES—

Gentlemen,.....3s each.
Ladies,2s "

Class Book, 6d extra.

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FAMED **13/6** TROUSERS
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50 & 52 ARGYLE ST.
AND AT LONDON

THE DAIRY COMPANY
have much pleasure in announcing that they have made arrangements for the Daily Supply of their Dairy Produce on board the fine new Saloon Steamer "Ivanhoe" during the present Season.

HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE.

For One Month,—Commencing THURSDAY, APRIL 22nd.

HAMILTON'S

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The MAGNIFICENT SCENERY, comprising upwards of 50

COLOSSAL TABLEAUX,

Painted by the following celebrated London Artists:—Messrs E. C. Barnes, W. Telbin, J. Absolom, J. O'Connor, D. White, P. Fenton, Hall, T. Ballad, E. Atkins, J. Gray, S. Herbert, W. Hann, Dayes and Caney, and A. Hamilton.

With Brilliant and Novel Dramatic and Mechanical Effects.

ZULU WAR.	BATTLE OF ISANDULA.	AFGHAN WAR.
ZULU WAR.	Heroic Stand by the Gallant 24th.	AFGHAN WAR.
ZULU WAR.	Noble Defence of Rorke's Drift by Lieuts. Chard and Bromhead.	AFGHAN WAR.
ZULU WAR.	Destruction of the Hospital.	AFGHAN WAR.
ZULU WAR.	King Cetewayo's Kraal at Ulundi.	AFGHAN WAR.
ZULU WAR.	DEATH OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.	AFGHAN WAR.
ZULU WAR.	BATTLE OF ULUNDI.	AFGHAN WAR.
ZULU WAR.	Capture of King Cetewayo.	AFGHAN WAR.
ZULU WAR.	Victorious March of the British Troops through the Khyber Pass.	AFGHAN WAR.
ZULU WAR.	Capture of Ali Musjid by the British Troops.	AFGHAN WAR.
ZULU WAR.	THE KHYBER PASS.	AFGHAN WAR.
ZULU WAR.	THE CITY OF CABUL.	AFGHAN WAR.
ZULU WAR.	Interior of the Ameer's Palace.	AFGHAN WAR.
ZULU WAR.	Reception of the Embassy.	AFGHAN WAR.
ZULU WAR.	The Cabul Massacre.	AFGHAN WAR.
ZULU WAR.	The Attack on the Residency.	AFGHAN WAR.
ZULU WAR.	DEATH OF MAJOR CAVAGNARI.	AFGHAN WAR.

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Benares, Lucknow, Ceylon, Caves of Elephanta, The Himalayas, &c.

Authentic Views of the Mediterranean Islands, Gibraltar, Malta, and Cyprus.

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EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, at 3 o'clock.

Evenings at 8, except Saturday, at 7-30.

Stalls, 3s; Unreserved, 2s; Second, 1s; Third, 6d.

Tickets to Admit Six to 3s Seats, 14s.

Do. to 2s Seats, 10s. Do. to 1s Seats, 5s.

Plans and Tickets to be had at the Cirque, from 12 till 3.

EASTWOOD PARISH CHURCH.

SERVICE OF SACRED MUSIC

ON FRIDAY, 23rd INST., at Eight o'Clock.

TE DEUM AND JUBILATE IN D.,

By HENRY PURCELL,

AND

SELECTIONS.

DAVID TOD, Esq., of Eastwood Park, in the Chair.

Organist,.....Mr H. A LAMBETH.

Conductor,.....Mr JAMES SEATON.

TICKETS—ONE SHILLING EACH,

To be had from Members of Choir, Deacons, and Church Officer. Train from St. Enoch to Pollokshaws 7-15; Return from Pollokshaws 10-15.

MILK SUPPLY AT THE COAST.

See *Evening Times* of 15th inst.

In the Leader of above date the very insufficient Milk supply at the Coast during the summer months is commented on by the Editor, and in order to put an end to such a state of matters the Glasgow Dairy Company now intimate that they are prepared to send Milk, Cream, and Butter to all the different Watering Places should a sufficient number of orders be received not later than 15th May. Intending visitors to the Coast will see that in order to enable the Dairy Company to carry out the plan now proposed early orders are necessary. All orders addressed to the Head Office of the Company, 42 Garnethill Street up till 15th May.

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE.

Last Six Nights of the Famous American Tragedian,
 Mr D. H. HARKINS,
 Supported by Miss FLORENCE DODD,
 And Full Legitimate Company.
 To-Night (Tuesday)—Lord Lytton's Beautiful Play, in Five Acts,
 RICHELIEU; OR, THE CONSPIRACY.
 Commence at 7-30. Box Office Open from 11 till 4.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Monday and Tuesday
 26th and 27th April.

**EXTENSIVE PUBLIC SALE OF
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 STOCK-IN-TRADE:**

- 40 Gold Lever and Geneva Watches,
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 - Gold Guard Chains, Gold Alberts, Gold Necklets,
 - Coloured-gold Suites, Brooches. and Earrings,
 - Single-stone, Diamond, and Cluster Rings,
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 - High-class Silver-plated Articles,
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 - Aneroid Barometer, Opera Glasses, Field Glasses,
 - Gold, Gem, and Keeper Rings, Gold Locketts, Gold Studs.
- (Proprietors giving up Business.)

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell the above
 by Auction, in their Rooms, North Court, St. Vincent
 Place, on Monday, 26th and Tuesday, 27th April, commencing
 at Twelve o'clock each Day prompt.

On View on Saturday, 24th April, from 10 a.m. till 2 p.m.,
 and Mornings of Sale.
 Details in Catalogues, which may be had Four Clear Days
 prior to Sale.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 19th April, 1880.

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Thursday, 29th April.
PUBLIC SALE OF THE SELECT CABINET

**OF
 SCOTCH PICTURES**

Belonging to Wm. Glover, Esq., Artist, late of the Theatre
 Royal, Glasgow,

Also, a choice Collection of
FINISHED PICTURES AND SKETCHES
 in Mr Glover's best style.

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell the above,
 by Auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, North
 Court, St Vincent Place, on Thursday 21st April, at One o'clock.
 On View day prior to Sale.

Particulars in future Advertisements and in Catalogues, which
 are in preparation.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 19th April, 1880.

GLASGOW AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL SHOW
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AYRSHIRE CATTLE, CLYDESDALE HORSES,
 SHEEP, SWINE, POULTRY, COLLIE DOGS,
 AND IMPLEMENTS,

WILL BE HELD ON THE
GLASGOW GREEN, GLASGOW.
 ON WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY,
 5th and 6th MAY.

LAST DAY FOR RECEIVING ENTRIES,
 WEDNESDAY, 21st April.

Entry Schedules and other particulars may be had on
 Application to the Secretary.

MARK MARSHALL, Secy.
 145 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow, 16th April, 1880.

A FELT WANT SUPPLIED.

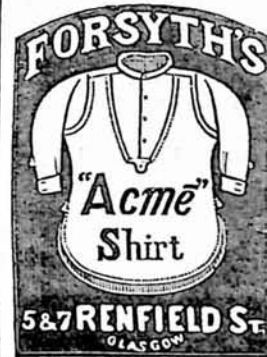
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 DEPOTS FOR MINTON'S, COPELAND'S, WORCESTER, AND DRESDEN PORCELAIN.
 Lowest Trade Prices. Cash Discounts Allowed.

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 Agents for Glasgow for the above,
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Musical Promenades every Saturday from 2 till 4.
WILL CLOSE ON APRIL 26TH.

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ROBERT WALKER, Acting Secretary.

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will commence Sailing for the Season on SUN-
DAY, 25th April, from Kingston dock at 10-30 a.m.
for ROTHESAY and Intermediate Ports.

CHEAP LUNCHEON'S
Are Supplied Daily from 11 a.m. 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.
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GOOD DINNER IS HAD FOR 6D.
For Quantity, Quality, and Cheapness, there is nothing offered
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WINES, SPIRITS, BRANDIES—Best Quality.
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Stock of French Regatta and Oxford Shirtings is not surpassed
by any House in the Trade; and as all our arrangements were
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The Wholesale Discount of 25 per cent., or Threepence per
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AT UNPRECEDENTED REDUCTIONS.
Damaged Goods now Repaired and made Serviceable, at
One-Half the former Price.

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Reduction of Six Shillings in the Pound will be given.

AFFORDING A RARE OPPORTUNITY
TO
PURCHASERS OF MARRIAGE & OTHER PRESENTS.

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A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF TEA SETS AND
CRUET FRAMES.

INSPECTION INVITED.

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PIANOFORTES AND HARMONIUMS.
MR R. DONALDSON having arranged to
Remove at Whitsunday to much Larger and more Suit-
able Premises, No. 91 St. Vincent Street, and in order, as far as
possible, to avoid the damage and deterioration to the Instruments,
he has resolved to offer his whole Stock of PIANOFORTES,
HARMONIUMS, &c., for Positive Sale, at a Reduction of 25
to 40 per cent. under the usual prices. The Instruments are all
by the most Celebrated Makers, and have been carefully selected
personally, and several, which have just been returned from hire,
are offered at fabulous prices. The Terms of Sale are *Prompt
Cash only.* Inspection of this Stock is respectfully invited
before purchasing elsewhere.

PIANOFORTE AND HARMONIUM SALOON,
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Now Open, from 10 till 6 Daily,
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WORKS OF MODERN ARTISTS.

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LIBRAIRIE ETRANGERE.
FOREIGN and ENGLISH BOOKS of All Kinds.
English, French, German, Italian, and Spanish Grammars,
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BILLIARDS—CHEAPEST IN THE CITY.
Old-Established Novelty from Paris Exhibition, American
Table,—a Perfect Gem—at the ROYAL BILLIARD ROOMS,
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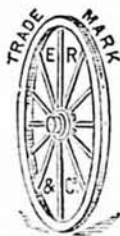
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IMPORTANT.—(Family giving up House.) For Private
 Disposal, articles of Furniture, viz., Dining and Drawing-
 Room Suites, Cottage Pianoforte, Electro Silver Plate, &c., &c.
 Furniture only used three months. Made to order. Plate not
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The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 393. Glasgow, Wednesday, April 28th, 1880. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 393.

IT is a trite remark that the musical art has made remarkable progress of late years. Associations for the cultivation of choral music have greatly increased in number, orchestral societies are beginning to be organised in most large towns, schools everywhere and of low and high degree include music in the curriculum, the piano or harmonium is in every house, and nearly everybody plays or sings. The picture is a little highly coloured, perhaps, but it is a truthful representation on the whole, and to no part of the kingdom is it more applicable than to the western district of Scotland, and to Glasgow in particular. Ever desirous of doing honour to whom honour is due, the BAILIE has pleasure in recalling important services in the direction of musical improvement in Glasgow rendered in years gone past and even yet by a gentleman who has been long resident among us. His Worship refers to Mr JULIUS SELIGMANN, who is this week the Man you Know. Other and equally onerous duties of a more private character engage Mr SELIGMANN'S attention now, but once upon a time his name bulked largely in the eye of the Glasgow public as that of its chief musical mentor and guide. Mr SELIGMANN is a native of Hamburg, his father having been a share-broker in that important and peculiarly privileged commercial city. It was naturally intended that young SELIGMANN should enter into mercantile life, but a neighbour presenting him, when a boy, with a miniature violin, he revealed a passion for music, and began a thorough study of that instrument, also of the piano, ultimately becoming a musician by profession. He was engaged for a time as first violin in the Duke of Brunswick's private band, and at the early age of twenty gave

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music lessons in Hamburg, conducted amateur orchestras, and figured likewise as the composer of a cantata. The great fire of Hamburg occurring shortly after, however, and music being consequently but little in the minds of the inhabitants, Mr SELIGMANN, on the suggestion being made to him, came over to this country, and having a relative in the neighbourhood (his brother, Mr H. L. Seligmann, well-known for many years in Glasgow) settled here, some thirty odd years ago. He made his mark as solo violin-player in the concerts in Glasgow of Thalberg, Persiani, Alboni, the elder Braham, &c.. and by and bye started an amateur instrumental society, of which some now prominent citizens were among the members. The society met in the Assembly Rooms, Ingram Street, now the Athenæum. Public Halls were but few in number then, and all sorts of meetings were often carried on in these now old-fashioned rooms on the same evening, an amateur band fiddling away in one room perhaps, and a soiree with a piper proceeding in that immediately adjoining. The Glasgow Choral Union, not to linger over these early experiences, was formed, as most people know, from the re-union of the Musical Association and its offspring and sometime offshoot, the Harmonic Society, and Mr SELIGMANN, the conductor of the Musical Association, was appointed to a similar post in this celebrated choral institution. Performances were given for the first time in the West, of *The Creation*, *Elijah*, *Antigone*, &c. But there was much to improve upon in these early days in choral singing. Part-practisings, regarded now as an indispensable part of the arrangements of a choral society, were then almost unknown, and were, it may be said, first instituted here under Mr SELIGMANN; ladies were substituted for gentlemen in the alto part, and the sopranos were encouraged to rely on themselves

instead of being led, as was then usual, by a violin or a tenor voice. These and sundry other reforms and improvements were due to Mr SELIGMANN, whose business talents and capacity for organisation were found to be not less remarkable than his musical ability. Succeeded by Mr Lambeth in the conductorship of the Choral Union, Mr SELIGMANN instituted what may be considered the parent of the larger private musical societies of Glasgow, the "St. Cecilia," the one-rous post of conductor in which he held for a period of 12 years. The musical works produced in the "St. Cecilia Musical Society," most of them for the first time here, are numerous and important. They include Haydn's "Passion," Spohr's "God, thou are great," Beethoven's C major Mass, "The May Queen," Gounod's "Messe Solennelle," Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night," and "Athalie," besides excerpts (for the first time in Scotland, probably) from the compositions of Wagner, Gade, Rubinstein, and Brahms, names then altogether strange, but now familiar enough. And, by the way, so novel and embarrassing was the idea of appearing even before friends that when a certain small private society, in existence not long before, gave a concert, the ladies, in bonnets and shawls, clustered round the piano and half of them sang with their backs to the audience. Now that the yearly series of orchestral concerts in Glasgow may be considered as established, and that there is a prospect of our having a really resident band, it is interesting to know that the first attempt to create a taste for high class music, and to get together a good orchestra was made by Mr SELIGMANN in the early part of 1856, when a concert was given with considerable success and promise in the Maclellan, now the Corporation Galleries. To Mr SELIGMANN, also, is due the credit, the BAILIE is probably correct in saying, of raising the general tone of choral singing in ladies' schools in Glasgow, and he has prepared a useful vocal manual for such classes, besides having executed various most acceptable arrangements of Scotch melodies for general use, and other musical works. Mr SELIGMANN opened, some seven years ago, what is one of the most flourishing of these Academies, the Alfred Terrace School, Hillhead, and has introduced some improvements in general teaching which are now becoming widely adopted. The Man you Know, it only remains to be said, has all along set a first-rate example to the musical profession of punctuality, method, honour, and diligence.

May-Day.

"Another night—another day,
And then the glorious first of May."—*Goethe's Faust.*

THE first of May—a fruitful theme,
With poets from Dan Chaucer downwards;
But poets (plague them!) ne'er would dream
Of bringing such a subject townwards.

And why? and wherefore? tell me that!
Must streets and lanes (I'd like to know it)
Remain unsung, while every flat
Morass and hedge has had its poet?

And what is more; this May—the May
These rural poets please to sing,
Is but "a false creation"—yea,
(To further quote) "there's no such thing."

And yet there is a pleasant charm
In how fond poets twist the years;
We read of flowers and May-days warm—
And draw our coats up o'er our ears.

'Tis Wonderland—and we are Alice;
'Tis something looked for all in vain;
'Tis like Claude Melnotte's stately palace—
Or castle somewhere reared in Spain.

Let May be May; let's have the truth;
May is an annual welcome comer;
But while we feel that east-wind's tooth—
By gum! you cannot call it summer.

'Tis north a bit this land of ours;
The season's late and rainy, too
So granted such a thing as flowers,
They'd have, just now, more than their dew.

I know not much of flowers as yet,
And less, perchance, of sweet May-day;
I sow my box of mignonette,
And view the bricks across the way.

And summer, winter, autumn, spring
Are seen with eyes as chance our lots;
A satin hat's a common thing—
There's little change in chimney-pots.

ZOLA AND ZULU.—The refined and delicate-minded author of "Nana" is by no means a Zola-tary—he-haw!—example of the realistic tendencies of the age. Fresh illustrations of the spirit in question crop up every day, and one has just been furnished by a Dundee fish-dealer, who, having been called a "Zulu" by a small boy, proceeded to act up to the part assigned him by "assegai-ing" his young friend. There seems, however, to be some difference of opinion as to the manner in which the *role* was performed, and the local Sheriff has been called in as arbitrator.

"The Sun with one eye vieweth all the World."
—So saith Shakespeare. And view it with both eyes may every mother's son of you in the West Nile Street Circus.

The Political Creed of the Day—"Will"-Worship.

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

As "Select" as Ninepence!

THE word "select" is one which is frequently but somewhat vaguely used. We hear of "select society," "select choirs," "select schools," and so on; but the principle of selection, and the point at which the line between select and non-select is drawn, remain uncertain. It is therefore with satisfaction that one hails such guiding light as is furnished by an advertisement in the *Citizen* anent "select quadrille practice," which ends with the words, "Gentlemen, 9d." Henceforth we may regard the "nimble ninepence" as the emblem of the Select; and nobody need presume to consider himself a "select gentleman" unless he can muster at least three threepenny bits.

MODERN READING OF A PARABLE.

Friend (sarcastically)—So, John, ye've returned, like the prodigal son. Nae doot yer faither wad kill the fatted calf.

Prodigal—No, but he cam' gie'n near killin' the prodigal.

MAIN FORCE FOR THE "FORCE."—Bailie Erskine, of Greenock, told a sturdy fellow who thrashed four policemen last week that "if he would take to peaceable ways he might be of some use to Captain Orr." But if we are to believe a member of the Sugaropolitan Police Board the local "force" are the most "demoralised," ill-disciplined, and ill-mannered lot in creation; so wouldn't our sturdy friend be of more use to Captain Orr if he were to continue his warlike ways until he knocked some morals, discipline, and manners into the Captain's gentle lambs?

AND A GOOD REASON, TOO!—Jones once started in the, say, salt-and-whitening line, and after a few weeks' experience "concluded" to dispose of the business. He accordingly advertised it for sale, adding that "good reasons" could be given for retiring. Asked by an intending purchaser what these good reasons were, he replied, "The best of all reasons, my dear boy! The blessed thing didn't pay!" And he can't make out to this day why the intending purchaser didn't seem to see it.

Now that the Bernhardt has *deserted* the Théâtre Français, Asinus supposes she will be a greater Sa(ha)ra(h) than ever! (This joke is copyright.)

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

On 'Change.

SOLOMON, had he lived in these days, would probably have worked his Ophir business through the medium of a Gold Mining Co., Limited. Perhaps he anticipated that modern contrivance, for history, as everybody knows, is continually repeating itself. But the Jewish monarch is generally reported a man of wisdom. If he had gone on 'Change he would have done a good thing in iron or coals. He would have bought Grand Trunks and pig iron warrants last year, and he would not hold either just now. Still less would he associate himself with the formation of gold companies in Surinam, or other unhealthy fields of commercial enterprise. The existing gold fever is one that prudent people ought to guard against. In its effects it may prove as pernicious as the epidemics of San Francisco and Ballarat, though the evil may accumulate in a different way.

One would have more faith in iron, if it were not so abominably jockeyed. Recent agitation in the iron market is not the outcome of legitimate trading. The fluctuations are not purely those caused by supply and demand. They are rather exaggerations of the effects which might flow from both. The rise which took place some months ago was overdone through the exertions of a man well known on 'Change, and more celebrated for his size than for his courtesy in matters of business. The West George Street Sisyphus has been in trouble over the stone he ineffectually tried to roll up the hill. I doubt whether Sisyphus really relishes the present situation. No one can who has a heavy stock in America.

The summary snuffing out of the Scottish Commercial Insurance Co., and the history of that undertaking, ought to convince the investing public that there is no royal road towards making a mercantile institution prosperous. When the chairman of that company brought the amalgamation proposal before the shareholders he led them to believe that something would remain of the old designation, but the very name seems now to have been obliterated.

A year ago the quotations for Grand Trunk of Canada stocks stood at 6½ for Ordinary, 40½ for 1st Preference, 25 for 2nd, and 12½ for 3rd. The quotations now for these four classes of doubtful securities are roughly 24½, 87½, 77, and 43½. The rise is thus £18 on the Ordinary Stock, £47 on the 1st Preference, £52 on the 2nd, and £31 on the 3rd. This represents a rise at the rate of about 117 to 280 per cent. on the nominal value of these stocks a year ago, and no well authenticated reason can be adduced for the advance. Need any one be surprised that the prime instigators of the upward movement should now be judiciously unloading, so as to permit other people to hold the interesting baby?

SCRUTATOR.

SELF-PROTECTION.

(Scene—A tram car; very stout old gentleman is making his way to the top.)

Young Gent (at the end of the seat)—I'm sorry, sir, but there's only room for one.

"I DREAMT THAT I DWELT IN MARBLE HALLS."—Shakespeare says that "to gild refined gold is wasteful and ridiculous excess." It hath been philosophised otherwise by those who have painted the "Marble Hall." Like poetry, the truest art is the most feigning; and surely it is as artistic to paint blocks of Paros, or slabs of Pentelicon, as it is to "marble" cast-iron, yellow pine, or plaster.

A "Bolt" Maker—A fraudulent bankrupt.

THE ARGYLE BATHS, 566 Argyle Street, is the Largest Public Bathing Establishment in Scotland. Warm Baths, 6d, 9d, & 1s; ready daily, from 7 a.m. to 9 p.m. One trial solicited.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—“The Girls” will of course draw crowds to the Gaiety this week. All those who flocked to “Our Boys” are in a manner bound to “assist” at a performance of its sister comedy.

Mr Austin, by the bye, Mr Bernard’s clever acting manager, is about to undertake a lengthened tour in the United States, where he will officiate as director of a company organised to play the “Prince’s Loto” of Mr Fred Clay.

This week the management of the Prince of Wales Theatre offers us a bill of fare which is decidedly “spicy.” It consists of “London by Night”—a drama for which “sensational” is a mild epithet—and an “original” burlesque of the time honoured story of “A’addin.” Mr Brien M’Cullough takes the leading *role* in the melodrama.

Our wonderfully accomplished and brilliant comedian, Mr Charles Wyndham, appears to-night and during the week at the Royalty, playing his old part of *Bob Sackett* in “Brighton,” that amusing medley of clever comedy and broad farce. Just as “good wine needs no bush,” so Mr Wyndham needs no flourish of trumpets to secure crowded houses. His name alone is sufficient to draw an audience together.

After a “run” which has been most successful from an artistic point of view—and, let us hope, equally successful pecuniarily—the performances of Mr Beryl’s “Royal Princess’s Company” come to a close this week with a series of “Lyttonian” and Shakespearian representations.

Next week the return visit of the “New Babylon” company, of which I spoke some time ago, takes place, and I have no doubt that this capital piece, which hit the Glasgow playgoers so hard on its first production, will be equally popular now. It is an admirable specimen of the modern melodrama, with, perhaps, a stronger infusion of humour than is generally met with in plays of its class.

An old and popular Glasgow manager—Mr George Douglas Francis, to wit, whilome of the Theatre Royal—will take a benefit in St. Andrew’s Hall on the 11th of next month. He will be “assisted,” as the phrase is, by Mr Lambeth’s Choir, by Miss Aitken (Mrs Buntin), and by a host of his other professional friends. Let us hope that Mr Francis will be accorded a large audience on the occasion.

I see that our old elocutionary friend Miss Aitken is to “read” at Hogganfield on Thursday night. But why, O why should the Lady be bracketed in the announcements as “late Mrs Buntin.” How a *late* Mrs B. can turn up then and there I can’t make out nohow.

The appointment of the Rev. Charles Arthur Monro to succeed his reverend father in the pastorate of the parish of Campsie is an appropriate and an acceptable one; but some of the attendant circumstances of the election are hardly edifying. I scarcely know whether the reverend gentleman’s supporters or his opponents have least cause to be congratulated upon their share in the matter.

I would like, your Worship, to ask the powers that be, whether any inquiry is to take place regarding the shocking volunteer accident at Irvine, or has the matter been entirely hushed up?

About five months ago I drew attention to the tumble-down condition of the memorial fountain to the “gentle Caleb” on Gleniffer Braes. As the outcome of a movement then set on foot, I was told by one who ought to know, that money enough had been gathered to put the monument to rights. Why has nothing yet been done? Passing this erst “bonnie wee well” the other day, I was painfully struck with its continued woe-begone aspect. It was quite dried up, was plastered over with election bills, and looked as if it could easily be shied over by a strong hand, while the recess behind was gruesome in the extreme. The stitch in time should at once be given.

By the way, the “Peesweep” of poor Docharty on the sign-board of the famous little hostelry stands much in need of “touching-up.” The ole man there would be glad to stand treat to any artistic wayfarer who would kindly renew its youth.

Which is Right?

MR GEORGE ANDERSON made merry with his committee last week, and gave Mr James Moir another opportunity of trotting out his friend Lord Castlereagh—a statesman the utterance of whose name apparently affords the ex-Bailie as much gratification as did the word “Mesopotamia” in another instance. The member and his chairman should, however, have rehearsed their speeches together beforehand. As it was, the ousted party were abused by James for being Tories and by George for having been “educated out of their old honest Tory ways”—which is, to say the least, hard on the party, and puzzling to the non-Liberal mind.

Dishing the Sassenach.

PROFESSOR BLACKIE’S report on the Celtic Chair the other day came upon one with something of a mountain-and-mouse effect. After all the Professor’s “roaring and blowing”—after his stumping of the country from end to end, and vexing of the soul of everybody in it from Royalty downwards—it turns out that, even according to him, the number of students deriving instruction from the new professor is likely to be ridiculously small, with a tendency to diminish. Really, Dr Blackie, after getting our money on the ground that you were going to revolutionize the study of philology and found a new school of thought, this is hardly fair.

Provost Browne declares that the inhabitants of Crosshill and Pollokshields “do not frequent public-houses.” Well, maybe aye and maybe no; but the Animile, who occasionally travels by the late cars, reports them to be generally redolent of something stronger than Loch Katrine—“And,” adds the beastie, “it’s no’ me!”

A GENEROUS ACKNOWLEDGMENT. — Mr Middleton, M.P., is kind enough to admit that “a monopoly of good-doing or a desire for the amelioration of the people does not lie with the Liberal party.” This is very handsome, and it is to be hoped that those who have the misfortune not to belong to the Liberal party will be duly grateful.

GRANNY’S ENGLISH.—In a *Herald* leader of last Thursday there occurs the phrase “more worse than useless.” Comparatives are proverbially odious—especially double ones. Tougalt and Tonalt must look to their laurels when the old lady enters the lists and tries to eclipse them.

The Beginning of the End.

THE much boasted amity and sweet reasonableness between the local Liberals and the Home Rulers is passing, passing away. The claws are not in full action yet, but they are being gradually protruded, and presently the new-made friends will be at it, tooth and nail, like a pair of Kilkenny felines. Mr Ferguson says that the M.P.'s are "men of honour," but adds that their statements are "inaccurate" and "astounding." Mr Anderson "explicitly contradicts" and "repudiates" Mr Ferguson's assertions, which he declares to be a "wild straining" of facts. "Go it, ye cripples!"

A "COSTUME" MORE HONOURED, &c.—In a football-match at Hampden Park last week a Sheffield team "appeared in 'costume' à la Zulu." The ferocity with which the game is sometimes played may make this "costume" appropriate enough; but it is to be hoped the fashion will not spread, or there is no saying to what extremes of "costume," or no-costume, it may lead our athletes.

ENCOURAGING—Professor Blackie has made the discovery that it is possible for a Moderator of the General Assembly to be "simply an ass." This is encouraging. Possibly he may some day arrive at a similar conclusion with regard to a Professor of Greek.

NEITHER HE WAS.—At a diet the other day for the examination of a bankrupt Edinburgh solicitor called Cain, that gentleman, most wonderful to relate, did not turn up. The BAILIE wonders if it is really true that the grave and learned Sheriff who presided was heard to ask the agent if he knew why Cain did not appear, and on that gentleman's "giving it up," to give with a most illegal chuckle the answer—"Why, of course, Cane wasn't able?"

AN "INSINIVATION."—At Edinburgh last week Professor Blackie spoke of the sadness with which he contemplates the fate of the academic graduate whose Pegasus is condemned to bear "no nobler burden than a barrel of double X." Did he mean to imply that the average graduate indulges in unlimited beer?

MORE "WILD LIBERALISM."—It is just as well for Mr Tennant, M.P., that he has to answer for his conduct to the electors of Peeblesshire and not to those of Glasgow. What would Messrs Kidston, Long, & Co. have said to a representative of "Protestant Glasgow" patronizing a "Popish" bazaar?

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the licensing campaign began last week.

That licenses, like kissing, go by favour.

That both Magistrates and Justices have their little weaknesses—occasionally.

That 'Arry has been lecturing on the "prospects of the Conservative party."

That this is the very last straw.

That Rubbart has returned from Rome.

That he has once more failed to convert the Pope.

That the Glasgow Liberals were all over the shop last week.

That while one section were feasting another section were flyting.

That it's amusing to see how these United Liberals love one another.

That the new Municipal Buildings' Scheme is as great a muddle as ever.

That in the multitude of Glasgow councillors there isn't much wisdom.

That Bailie Ure opines Lord Provost Collins will be our fourth M.P.

That at all events he recommended the Lord Provost for this post on Friday evening.

That Mr Cross, of the Parliamentary Debating Society, thinks *he* should be the happy man.

That the sewage question will be up again before long.

That we would like to know what the Town Council are doing anent the purification of the river.

That we may waken some morning and find ourselves saddled with a sewage rate of 6d per pound.

That now is the time for the ratepayers to move in the matter.

That — whaur's Jamie Martin?

RETIRING FROM BUSINESS.—A bicycle is advertised for sale on the ground that the owner is "giving up bicycling." Does that mean that he has immolated enough of infants and frightened enough of old ladies out of their seven senses to satisfy his anti-human propensities?

"The unpaid butcher's bill of the Sultan amounts to £90,000." Did the war with Russia cost no more than *that*?

Political Proportion or Constitutional "Rule of Three"—Queen, Lords, and Commons.

Parting Hymn of the Late Ministry—"Despised and Rejected." Tune—Resignation. (*Lah Mode*.)

Quavers.

THE Hillhead Musical Association ought to be a model society of its kind, but one cannot truly say that it is justly entitled to that distinction. A strong point is, and seems always to have been, the excellence of the soprano and alto voices. The weakness is in the tenor and bass parts which, as nearly always hitherto, are wanting in tone and vigour. We are not sure but that to this deficiency must be added a want of grace in the singing all over, what ought indeed to have been pre-eminently a feature of the Hillhead Society. At the same time one is probably justified in laying the blame of this latter short-coming more on the conducting, which, however able generally, is not what one would like it to be in respect of producing these four desirable elements in vocal *ensemble*—breadth, smoothness, ease, and grace. Societies *will* sing according to the style of beating they are accustomed to—jerkily, if the stick goes by jerks or whippings out; broadly, smoothly, and flowingly if the baton is wielded indicatively so.

These remarks received ample illustration at the concert of the Hillhead Association of Thursday evening last, when Schumann's "Pilgrimage of the Rose" was performed. The treble and alto parts, fortunately almost the chief voices in the cantata, were excellent in tone; the tenors were generally so indifferent, both in tone and execution, that it might almost be said they were "never in it," as the phrase is, and the basses were reedy and unmusical in quality. The chorus of fairies for example "Sister dear," for ladies' voices, was very prettily sung indeed; the chorus for male voices, "In the thick wood," rather indifferently; and an altogether unworthy instance of male-voice singing occurred in the chorus "Why sound the horns so gaily," where the tenors divide. In Pinski's "Tell me, Flora," in the second part, we had again a special example of the jerky, ungraceful style so much to be deprecated.

The solos in the cantata were as a rule, and happily so, very satisfactory, these having been undertaken by Miss Martin and other ladies, also by Messrs Murray and Ross. A small orchestra of strings was employed along with the harmonium and piano, but this instrumental support, however effective as far as it went, was of course quite inadequate, especially for Schumann, who, after all, is hardly the composer for amateur choral societies. Miss Munro, the accompanist of the Society, and one of Mr Seligmann's pupils, played two solos on the piano, from Mendelssohn and Handel.

Every one must be glad that the recent series of choral and orchestral concerts has proved so satisfactory in a financial respect, and that, accordingly, these pleasant and instructive evenings are to be resumed under very encouraging circumstances. At the meeting of guarantors and subscribers last week Professor Young spoke of a library of (presumably orchestral) music that was lying useless "in boxes" in the city, and might be used to the saving of expenditure for music for these concerts. Where is this library, and to whom does it belong? are questions that might pertinently enough be asked.

The Crieff Musical Association give a concert this evening (Tuesday) in the Masonic Hall. They sing "Mozart's Twelfth Mass" and some secular part-songs and choruses, and give selections of chamber instrumental music. Mr Bryson is the conductor.

However interesting Purcell may be to the antiquarian in music, he can hardly be said to be for our day. The remark applies chiefly, of course, to his ecclesiastical compositions. An opportunity (heartily thanks for it) was afforded of hearing a Te Deum and Jubilate by this composer on Friday evening last, in Eastwood Parish Church. Both are interesting examples of the fashion of the period, but are not, we think, for an audience of the present day. The interminably long ornamental phrases, or "sequences," as they were called, which were *a la mode* in Queen Anne's time, have little or no attraction for us.

The choir, numbering 30 to 35 voices, sang what solid choral work there was in the anthems with very fair acceptance indeed. Mrs D. Smith took the treble solos, and a lady member of Mr Lambeth's Choir the alto solos—the latter in Purcell's day an important feature, though of course for the male voice. Mr

Seaton conducted, and Mr Lambeth officiated at the organ. We should be glad to hear the choir again, in some more modern selections of importance.

The Greenock Choral Union's performance of "The Messiah" last week was in all respects highly creditable to the town, in which, by the way, music of a classic nature has generally found a cordial welcome. Mr Tosh's familiarity with the score was an evident advantage to his chorus. Miss Stephen rendered the soprano solos with her usual artistic finish.

A concert was given by the choir of Newton Place U.P. Church on Wednesday evening last. Mr Boyack conducted, and Mr Channon Cornwall accompanied. The pieces selected were illustrative of phases in the Life of David, and included such as "The Lord is my Shepherd" (Macfarren), "Lord, remember David" (Handel), and "David's Prayer" (Costa). The idea is a good one, and might fitly be kept in mind in compiling programmes of selections.

Ayr has had its "Elijah," and now Kilmarnock has had, companionly, its "St. Paul," the performance of which in that active town seems to have been very successful, generally speaking.

The competition of the choirs of the Glasgow Foundry Boys' Religious Society took place on Saturday evening, in the hall of the Christian Institute, when the first grade shield was awarded to the Christian Institute Branch, and the second grade shield to the Clyde Street (Port-Dundas) Branch. The competition pieces were two hymns, Bishop's "Where art thou, beam of light?" and Mr Seligmann's beautiful arrangement of "The Flowers of the Forest;" and the singing generally was really of a high class.

GULL'D AGAIN.

On Board the Steamer "Plover"—in a dense fog.

Captain (to mate on look-out on bow)—What's that on the starboard bow, Allan, is't a Tug?

Allan—No, sir, it's a Gull, sir.

Captain—Blow the Whistle.

THE G. L. A. ON ITS LEGS AGAIN.—The Glasgow Liberal Association has a great and happy future before it. Mr John Ferguson "publicly" announces his intention of joining its ranks. Tim O' Tatters, of Paddy's Market, is also understood to have opened negotiations with Mr M'Dougall.

A CRUEL INVASION.—It seems that a gathering addressed by Dr Badenoch in North Ronaldshay the other day was the first political meeting ever held in the island. Happy islanders!—not in being talked to by Dr Badenoch—oh, no!—but in having remained so long unacquainted with the bluster and froth of the political spouter. And to think that this Isle of the Blest should have had its maiden charms rifled by a Badenoch! "Oh, dark was the hour!" as Tommy Moore sings.

HIS "BARON" HONOUR.—Somebody wants to know if Montagu Corry derives his title from a *Rawton* borough.

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.

A Straight Tip.

OUR sapient police authorities have given the professional beggars a wrinkle. A number of real or pretended foreigners have, it seems, been arrested of late for begging, and subsequently discharged "for the reason that they cannot be made to understand anything that is said to them." One of these gentlemen

—a trade, only —was Gemr waste cancy

(Scen det son Ta: memt To: o' de speak

A teel" gentle appre: Heral: a pity tility' Glasg: young part, v sugar

"F lence such a found the re the B any s: the sin

A certain hydropatnic establishment describes its site as "the classic centre of Scotland." No such thing. Whatever spot the BAILIE happens to occupy is, for the time being, the "classic centre of Scotland."

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.

Janet Hamilton, the Shoemaker's Wife.

SOME six years ago there went to her rest (Of nature's true poets she'll rank with the best) A poor shoemaker's wife with rich faculties blest, Janet Hamilton.

No teaching of any kind ever had she, Save reading her Bible at her mother's knee, But of life's hidden treasures was given the key To douce Janet Hamilton.

r full soon, he banks of the Doon, toiled night and noon, Poor Janet Hamilton.

she yet found ny miles round, l as her heart it was sound, Good Janet Hamilton.

e in secret she drew ce given to few ; ill poets she knew, Rare Janet Hamilton.

esy's breast, noblest, and blest, k, in her poor nest, Sang Janet Hamilton.

W. PHILLIPS.

led to complete the fountain mory of this gifted woman. wn in Glasgow—where Janet to secure that the sum shall it may be added, may be sent k, Coatbridge, the treasurer, ary, of the Memorial Foun-

VION.

olic bar.) , a glash beer.

serve you, sir. You've had



RESULT OF THE ELECTIONS

On MAY 1, immediately after the Opening of Parliament, a SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT will be issued GRATIS with

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CONSISTING OF

A LARGE AND COMPLETE LITHOGRAPHIC

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And indicating, also by colours, the politics of the Members returned both for the Counties and Boroughs, together with their Names and respective Votes polled.

The Map will measure 33 inches by 24 1/2 inches, and is so much, but I — I know I 'aven't 'ad reliable reference worthy of preservation. enough!

THE GRAPHIC, May 1

POST FREE IN TO

190, STRAS man in

perpetrate eedily discover

THE MARK OF CANE.—As if their heavy truncheons were not sufficient to strike terror in evil doers, the Greenock bobbies are to be further armed with canes—pres imably for operating on the hides of the abounding juvenile "Zulus." It is to be hoped the young 'uns appreciate the ab-original prospect of entering on a promised land of Canin'.

Punch wants Mr Gladstone "greatly to grow"—which is surely asking too much. The member for Mid-Lothian is hale and hearty still, but he is scarcely a "growing lad."

MARK } With an India Rubber Monogram or Name
YOU } Stamp. Prices from 2s 6d complete—A. C.
LINEN } Thomson, 278 Argyle Street.

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CCC      OO      LL      OO      SSS      SSS      EEEEE     UU      UU      MMM      MMM
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JJ     A A A  M      M     A A A  H C C      A A A  S      T      R R R      E      E      T
JJ     A A A  M      M     A A A  H C C      A A A  S      T      R R R      E      E      T
JJ     A A A  M      M     A A A  H C C      A A A  S      T      R R R      EEEE    EEEE    T

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MR. WILSON

HAS AGAIN RETURNED FROM THE MARKET

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FRENCH KID GLOVES,
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IN ALL THE NEW SHADES.

PROVAN & SMELLIE, 120 Trongate.

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3-PLY LINEN COLLARS,
Only 6d Each,
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In all the Leading Shapes.

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A FELT WANT SUPPLIED.

JNO. D. MACARTHUR
Will introduce in his NEW PREMISES a GENTLEMAN'S
HAT DEPARTMENT, a long felt want in the West-End of
the City. The following well-known Makes will be kept in
Stock :—
MESSRS LINCOLN & BENNETT'S, LONDON.
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HOSIER, GLOVER, SHIRTMAKER, AND HATTER,
HOME AND COLONIAL OUTFITTER,
195, 197, 263, 265, 267 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 28th, 1880.

IN civic life it usually happens that every fault
seems monstrous until its fellow fault
comes to match it. Having been once bitten
is not always an effectual preventative of the
like suffering, and a bungle seldom serves for a
beacon. Reform, progress, and education are
reckoned the most potent influences in modern
society. Knowledge and culture are no longer

confined to the few, the future is not forgotten in the present, nor is beauty sacrificed to utility. The desired object is attained in the most direct, deliberate, and straightforward manner. The virtues of the electors are supposed to be possessed in even a higher degree by their representatives, and the breath of local public life must needs be as pure as the morning air. But when something happens which suggests a doubt as to the reality of this state of "sweetness and light" we are naturally led to enquire whether the community is leavened with a true spirit of culture—a culture which is a living, active force and not a mere showy pretence. Has the more thorough and extended system of education, and more especially what is called the higher education, which has for some years been in operation in the City of Glasgow, supplemented by the more general study of music, literature, and the fine arts, produced a higher standard of public taste; or have the benefits of the course of more liberal culture in great measure been confined to a small per centage of our population, to the wealthy, the especially gifted, or the more active or ambitious? The question is one of great interest and importance; the present is an opportune moment for stating it. The answer to it involves the comparative efficiency and adequacy of the whole local agencies for the dissemination of the higher intelligence. How far our municipal government is representative of or influenced by this higher standard of taste is rather a curious subject of speculation, of which more is certain to be known "anon," as the heavy tragedians have it. The actings of the powers that be in regard to the Municipal Buildings Scheme do not seem hitherto to have been influenced by anything higher than a petty and indeed contemptible motive, which has disheartened both patriotic citizens and architects of ability who might be expected to compete. If the outcome is to be equal to the higher standard of taste, which is believed to be found in Glasgow, then some steps must be taken to make that beneficial influence act as a guiding force.

"THE LOVE OF MONEY, WHICH IS THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL."—If, instead of "the curse that money may buy out," there was the punishment of penal servitude for those scamping scoundrels who for "vile gold, dross, dust," hesitate not to risk men's lives, "honesty is the best policy," might possibly be believed in—at all events, experimented with.

The Collins Clique at it again. THE injurious influences of Lord Provost Collins's reign become more and more apparent as it approaches a close. The tone of the Council has been perceptibly lowered—which goodness knows it could little afford—and now we are threatened with a fresh element of disturbance and obstruction. Mr Collins has made various attempts, more or less insidious, to turn the Town Council into a political body, and at a supper of the "United Liberal Committee of the Thirteenth Ward," held last Thursday evening in the Queen's Rooms, one of Mr Collins's henchmen—Mr J. Virtue, to wit—said he "was not quite sure that the absence of political party contests at these (municipal) elections was an unmixed good." Now this is a sort of thing that should be at once and firmly discountenanced. Hitherto we have been able to congratulate ourselves in that, unsatisfactory as is the condition of our municipal affairs in many respects, we have been free from the political element which has worked, and cannot fail to work, so much mischief elsewhere; and the Collins clique must be made to understand, once for all, that the function of the Council is to manage the affairs of the city, and not to afford a training-school for ambitious Radicals.

—♦♦♦—
"Après Nous le Deluge."

MR W. R. W. SMITH was in what sporting scribes call "prophetic form" at last Council meeting. We Glasgow folks are, according to him, to "lift a magnificent coal-field," to carry out "enterprises of the most wonderful kind," and to go on marrying and given in marriage "until the flood comes and destroys us all." W. R. W. further committed himself, with "no hesitation" to the bold assertion that when the flood does come "it will not matter then whether the Municipal Buildings are good or bad." In other words, *après nous le deluge*. But is it not possible, W. R. W., that we may be "destroyed" by a flood of bletcher before the Municipal Buildings are in existence at all?

A "Bye"-Contest—The recent Election.

A Surprise "Party"—Lord Beaconsfield.

A "Returning Officer"—Sir Garnet Wolsley.

The "Central" News—Reports of cases before the Stipendiary.

BICYCLES. } The "Duplex," "Challenge," "Club," "Premier," &c. On Hire with option of Purchase.
TRICYCLES. } New, Second-Hand, Fittings cheap, Jennings's, 101 Mitchell Street.

Megilp.

YESTERDAY (Monday) was "varnishing day" at the Royal Academy, the press day is Thursday, Friday is set apart for the private view, the dinner takes place on Saturday, and the public will be admitted to the show in Burlington House on Monday next. The Exhibition is a poor one, and is mainly distinguished by the enormous canvases of Poynter and Val Prinsep. Orchardson's Napoleon picture, however, looks, and really is splendid, and the portraits of Frank Holl are perhaps the finest works that have yet left his easel.

The Glasgow exhibitors are Miss Greenlees, R. C. Crawford, who has found a place on "the line," William Young, A. K. Brown, whose fine Lincolnshire picture looks even better in Piccadilly than it did in his studio, David Murray, and R. W. Allan.

The election of Frank Stackpool, the engraver, and Charles Birch, the sculptor, to the vacant Associateships of the Royal Academy, has taken most people by surprise. It was an open secret that Mrs Butler (Miss Elizabeth Thompson) had hoped—nay, had felt certain—that the distinction of writing A. R. A. after her name was at last within her reach. Court influence was openly exerted in her behalf, her pictures have been praised by Mr Ruskin, and the London press are given to speak of her in the same breath with Millais and Orchardson. Happily—and with all due gallantry be it said—the Academicians have proved themselves able to look beyond these several inducements to confer this coveted honour upon the painter of "The Roll-call." Mrs Butler is a clever, but by no means a distinguished artist. She can never be mentioned, when the question of merit has to be considered, in the same breath with Dicksee, and Gow, and Seymour Lucas.

C. B. Birch, one of the new Associates, was a contributor to the late Exhibition of the Institute, the group of sculpture entitled "Retaliation" having been by him.

Two vacant Associateships of the Royal Scottish Academy will be filled up in November next, and surely one of them, at least, will be sent West to this City. If residence in Edinburgh continues to be made a *sine qua non* for election to the Academy, then the Academy will only become more provincial than ever—and that it is already provincial enough is painfully apparent to every visitor to the current Exhibition.

Some two or three Edinburgh men—one of whom is Robert M'Gregor—have certainly a right to a place among any body that aspires to represent the national art of the day, but it is equally certain that the Academy would be strengthened by the accession to its ranks of one or more painters from the West Country. Let the R.S.A.s look to this side of the question when making their choice in November.

A picture sale of considerable interest will be held in the Royal Exchange Sale-rooms, of the Messrs M'Tear, on Friday next. It will consist of something like 120 paintings and drawings by William Glover, together with the numerous works by well-known artists which formed his private collection. The latter include specimens, among others, of the elder Telbin, and his son, the present William Telbin, Niemann, Sam Bough, and Milne Donald. Mr Glover's own pictures are characteristically broad and effective in their style, and range, in their subjects, from breezy hillsides and storm-lashed seas, to the silent commons, and slow, dreamy streams of Midland and Southern England. This opportunity for acquiring a "bit" by one of our more popular artists should not be neglected by his troops of friends.

David Murray's contributions to the Grosvenor Gallery are two in number, and are both English scenes. The one, which is entitled "The Landing Stage at Cookham," is a bright picture of boats, figures in gay dresses, and quiet, opalescent water. Some old yew-trees occupy the left side of the canvas, and a pleasure boat seen in perspective is in the immediate foreground. In the second work Mr Murray gives us once more an apple orchard. The air is hot and sultry, and an east wind has thrown a haze over the scene. A sleepy, sluggish stream wanders through the grass of the orchard, and a ewe and a lamb graze in the front of the picture, and give an added air of quiet to the

composition. Both works are entirely original, as well in their central idea as in the manner in which this idea has been placed on the canvas. Mr Murray always thinks for himself. He has created a style of his own, and this is a quality which at once increases the distinction of his art, and gives his pictures a permanence that works which owe their inspiration to outside influence can never possess.

Gent(les)ly Does It.

A COMPLIMENT loses half its charm when it is bluntly put. It ought to be delicate, neatly turned, and rather implied than expressed. The Rev. Thomas Gentles, of Paisley, understands this. Having to open a bazaar in the Suburb last Thursday, he remarked, amid applause, after taking stock of his fair auditors, that "the charms of the ladies were higher than had ever been known at a bazaar in Paisley." Now, if Mr Gentles would only advertise "the Belle of the Bazaar" in the *Citizen*, his piece of graceful flattery would be complete.

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.

Scene—Street in Country town.

Irascible Old Tory—What on earth's the matter with the dog?

Liberal—He is dressed in our colours, and is a most respectable dog.

I. O. T.—He's just like the rest o' the Radicals—a puppy. (General riot.)

"PIPING" TIMES!—Professor Blackie's latest "deliverance" on the question of Sabbath observance is to the effect that the day may with propriety be devoted to "singing, whistling, and playing the pipes." My conscience! It is to be hoped the Professor is not in the habit of putting his views into practice, or he may find himself in danger of the Kirk Session one of these fine days.

UNDER THE SCRUTINY OF VIRTUE.—Mr J. Virtue thinks "it says a good deal for" the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Councillors that they "come out of the scrutiny" to which they are subjected "with so much credit to themselves." And it says a good deal for the acuteness of Mr J. Virtue's scrutiny that it is able to perceive the credit.

"The Game of Fifteen"—The doings of the School Board.

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

"It is impossible to use them without feeling at peace with all mankind."—*Erewash Valley Gazette*.

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Patentees of Pens and Penholders—MACNIVEN & CAMERON, 23-33 Blair Street, Edinburgh (Established 1770), Penmakers to Her Majesty's Government Offices.—Advt.

"BLAZES!"—A Southron stranger was on his way to "do" Dixon's Blazes by moonlight the other evening when he was encountered by an accommodating youth, who, instinctively recognising his taste for fireworks, tapped him smartly on the eye. Whether the illumination that followed was equal to the Blazes or not does not appear, but Bailie MacBean considered it quite worth three guineas—or thirty days.

A West-End hatter advertises that his establishment supplies a "felt want." Funny dog!

T H E G A I E T Y.

Proprietor and Director,Mr C. BERNARD.
TO-NIGHT AND FOLLOWING EVENINGS,
H. J. BYRON'S Latest Successful Comedy,
THE GIRLS.

As Played at the Vaudeville Theatre, London.
Open at 6-30. Curtain Rises at 7.30. Prices from 6d to 5s.
Box Office Open Daily from 10 till 4.
General Manager,.....Mr SAM. H. S. AUSTIN.

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MCULLOUGH & WILLMORE'S
Dramatic and Burlesque Company.
TO-NIGHT, the Great Sensational Drama,
LONDON BY NIGHT,
Followed by the Original Burlesque,
ALADDIN.

Open at 7. Commence at 7-30. Prices, 6d to 4s.

ROYALTY THEATRE,

Lessee and Manager.....Mr E. L. KNAPP.
This Evening (Tuesday), 27th April, and following Evenings,
MR CHARLES WYNDHAM
AND HIS CELEBRATED COMPANY,
In the Successful Comedy of
"BRIGHTON."

Robert Sackett, Mr CHARLES WYNDHAM.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

MAIN STREET, SOUTH SIDE, GLASGOW.
Sole Lessee and Manager,.....Mr H. CECIL BERYL.
Last Week of the Royal Princess's Company.
Re-Engagement of Miss EDMISTON.

Special Engagement of Mr CHARLES HARRINGTON.
TUESDAY.—"Richelieu."

WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY.—"Much Ado about Nothing."

FRIDAY—Benefit of Miss EDMISTON.—"Victim of the Iron Mask," and "Lady of Lyons."

SATURDAY.—Benefit of Mr FRANK KILPACK, Stage Manager.
SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS.

MONDAY, MAY 3RD.—"NEW BABYLON."

Doors Open each Evening at 7. Overture, 7-30.
Saturdays, Half-an-hour earlier.

Box Plan at Donaldson's Rooms, 77 St. Vincent Street.

ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS AND CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE BAND AND PIPERS OF 74TH HIGHLANDERS,
Conducted by Mr C. FITZPATRICK, will give the Opening
SATURDAY PROMENADE CONCRET

Of the Season on

SATURDAY FIR T, 1st MAY, 1880.

Admission 6d Subscribers, by Presenting Tickets, Free.

Annual Family Ticket, 21s; Single Ticket, 10s 6d.

To be had at 155 West George Street and at Garden Gate.

PUBLIC BANQUET

TO COL. CAMPBELL OF BLYTHSWOOD.

The General Committee of the Renfrewshire Conservative Association have resolved to Entertain COLONEL CAMPBELL at a BANQUET, to be held within MACLEAN'S HOTEL, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow, on WEDNESDAY, 28th instant, at 6 o'clock p.m.

Tickets, 10s 6d each, may be obtained through the Conveners of District Committees, at the Conservative Club, Glasgow, or from the Subscriber. As the number is limited, early application is necessary.

DAV. CRAIG, Hon. Secretary.

176 West George Street,
Glasgow, 16th April, 1880.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Friday, 30th April.
PUBLIC SALE OF THE SELECT CABINET

OF SCOTCH PICTURES

Including Examples of

Sam Bough, R.S.A.

Edmund Glover.

Donaldson.

Fred. Goodall.

John Varley.

Fichel.

Geo. Sharp.

J. Milne Donald.

Carmichael.

Telbin.

Horlor.

W. B. Scott.

Williams.

&c., &c.

Belonging to Wm. Glover, Esq., Artist, late of the Theatre Royal, Glasgow,

Also, a choice Collection of

FINISHED PICTURES AND SKETCHES

in Mr Glover's best style.

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell the above,

by Auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, North Court, St Vincent Place, on Friday, 30th April, at One o'clock.

On View on day prior to Sale.

Particulars in Catalogues, which are in preparation.
Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 26th April, 1880.

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HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE.

GRAND MILITARY NIGHT—THURSDAY FIRST, APRIL 29,
Under the Distinguished Patronage and Presence of
COL. JAGO AND OFFICERS OF THE 74TH HIGHLANDERS,
On which occasion the Splendid
BAND OF THE REGIMENT WILL ATTEND,
And play a choice Selection of Music during the Evening, under
the Direction of

CHAS. FITZPATRICK, ... Bandmaster.

HAMILTON'S

VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.

ZULU WAR.	BATTLE OF ISANDULA.	AFGHAN WAR.
ZULU WAR.	Heroic Stand by the Gallant 24th.	AFGHAN WAR.
ZULU WAR.	Noble Defence of Korke's Drift by Lieuts.	AFGHAN WAR.
ZULU WAR.	Chard and Bromhead.	AFGHAN WAR.
ZULU WAR.	Destruction of the Hospital.	AFGHAN WAR.
ZULU WAR.	King Cetewayo's Kraal at Ulundi.	AFGHAN WAR.
ZULU WAR.	DEATH OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.	AFGHAN WAR.
ZULU WAR.	BATTLE OF ULUNDI.	AFGHAN WAR.
ZULU WAR.	Capture of King Cetewayo.	AFGHAN WAR.
ZULU WAR.	Capture of Ali Musjid by the British	AFGHAN WAR.
ZULU WAR.	Troops.	AFGHAN WAR.
ZULU WAR.	THE CITY OF CABUL.	AFGHAN WAR.
ZULU WAR.	Interior of the Ameer's Palace.	AFGHAN WAR.
ZULU WAR.	Reception of the Embassy.	AFGHAN WAR.
ZULU WAR.	The Attack on the Residency.	AFGHAN WAR.
ZULU WAR.	DEATH OF MAJOR CAVAGNARI.	AFGHAN WAR.

Splendid Scenes of INDIA—

Benares, Lucknow, Ceylon, Caves of Elephanta,
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Authentic Views of the Mediterranean Islands, Gibraltar,
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GRAND MID-DAY PERFORMANCES

EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, at 3 o'clock.
Evenings at 8, except Saturday, at 7-30.
Stalls, 3s; Unreserved, 2s; Second, 1s; Third, 6d.

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THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION
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SCOTTISH CABINET OIL PAINTINGS,
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SCOTTISH FINE-ART GALLERY,
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KAY & REID'S EXHIBITION
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WORKS OF MODERN ARTISTS.

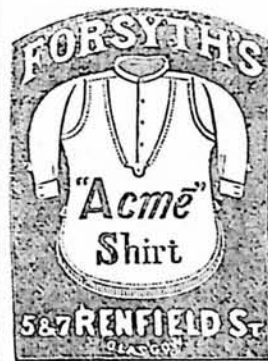
ART GALLERIES, 103 ST. VINCENT STREET.

OPENING OF NEW FINE-ART GALLERY,
217 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW, BY

P. COWIESON,

Wholesale, Retail, and Export Printseller, Gilder, and Picture-
frame maker.

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 Draw-
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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 Roxburgh, Brox-
mouth Park, 24 August, 1878.



30s,

37s 6d,

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43s 6d

Per

Half-Dozen



Special Qualities to Order.

GLASS AND CHINA.

VERNONS PATENT
NOISELESS WARE.

We are now exhibiting samples of the
above, and can supply estimates. The
attention of shippers is specially called.

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
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THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL SHOW
OF
AYRSHIRE CATTLE, CLYDESDALE HORSES,
SHEEP, SWINE, POULTRY, COLLIE DOGS,
AND IMPLEMENTS,
WILL BE HELD ON THE
GLASGOW GREEN, GLASGOW.
ON WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY,
5th and 6th MAY.

LAST DAY FOR RECEIVING ENTRIES,
WEDNESDAY, 21st April.

Entry Schedules and other particulars may be had on
Application to the Secretary.

MARK MARSHALL, Secy.

145 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow, 16th April, 1880.



THE Commodious Steamer "DUNOON CASTLE"
has commenced Sailing for the Season. On
SUNDAY, 2nd May, from Kingston dock at 10-30
a.m. for ROTHESAY and Intermediate Ports.

CHEAP LUNCHEON'S
Are Supplied Daily from 11 a.m. 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
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.

SHIRT DEPARTMENT.

WE have very much pleasure in inviting
attention to this Department, which is now complete for
the Season. Being under the Management of a thoroughly
Practical Shirtmaker, a Perfect fit is guaranteed. Our New
Stock of French Regatta and Oxford Shirtings is not surpassed
by any House in the Trade; and as all our arrangements were
completed before the advance in Cottons, our Prices are the
same as formerly.

MACINTOSH & FLEMING,
Clothiers, Hosiers, and Shirtmakers,
104 ARGYLL STREET.

N.B.—Customers having Shirts to Refit would oblige by
sending them in early.

WALL PAPERS! WALL PAPERS!!
NEW SEASON'S PATTERNS.

JAMES BIRCH & COY.,
AGENTS FOR

LONDON & LANCASHIRE PAPERHANGING MANUFACTURERS,
Intimate the Arrival of their New Patterns, which for Excellence
of Design, Novelty and Beauty of Colouring, and Moderation in
Price, will compare favourably with any other Manufacturers.

The Wholesale Discount of 25 per cent., or Threepence per
Shilling, we allow to all Cash Buyers. Proprietors, Painters,
Dealers, and all who require Paper-Hangings should call at
their Glasgow Warehouse,
20 GORDON STREET, GLASGOW,
before purchasing elsewhere.

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 AND 3 BUCHANAN STREET & 136 ARGYLE 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.

Damaged Goods now Repaired and made Serviceable, at
One-Half the former Price.

AND
upon all other Goods, Watches, Clocks, Electro-Plate, etc., a
Reduction of Six Shillings in the Pound will be given.

AFFORDING A RARE OPPORTUNITY

TO
PURCHASERS OF MARRIAGE & OTHER PRESENTS.

SPECIALITIES

FOR

TO-DAY'S SALE—
A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF TEA SETS AND
CRUET FRAMES.

INSPECTION INVITED.

IMPORTANT CLEARING SALE OF
PIANOFORTES AND HARMONIUMS.

MR R. DONALDSON having arranged to
Remove at Whitsunday to much Larger and more Suit-
able Premises, No 91 St. Vincent Street, and in order, as far as
possible, to avoid the damage and deterioration to the Instruments,
he has resolved to offer his whole Stock of PIANOFORTES,
HARMONIUMS, &c., for Positive Sale, at a Reduction of 25
to 40 per cent. under the usual prices. The Instruments are all
by the most Celebrated Makers, and have been carefully selected
personally, and several, which have just been returned from hire,
are offered at fabulous prices. The Terms of Sale are *Prompt
Cash only*. Inspection of this Stock is respectfully invited
before purchasing elsewhere.

PIANOFORTE AND HARMONIUM SALOON,
77 ST. VINCENT STREET.

THE DAIRY COMPANY
have much pleasure in announcing that they have made
arrangements for the Daily Supply of their Dairy Produce on
board the fine, new Saloon Steamer "Ivanhoe" during the
present Season.

MILK SUPPLY AT THE COAST.
See *Evening Times* of 15th inst.

In the Leader of above date the very insufficient Milk supply
at the Coast during the summer months is commented on by the
Editor, and in order to put an end to such a state of matters the
Glasgow Dairy Company now intimate that they are prepared to
send Milk, Cream, and Butter to all the different Watering Places
should a sufficient number of orders be received not later than
15th May. Intending visitors to the Coast will see that in order
to enable the Dairy Company to carry out the plan now proposed
early orders are necessary. All orders addressed to the Head
Office of the Company, 42 Garnethill Street up till 15th May.

ISLAY WHISKY.

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



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141 SAUCHIEHALL STREET 141
AND

311 BYARS ROAD, (Opposite the Burgh Hall), HILLHEAD.



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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.

DINING ROOMS, 179 TRONGATE, GLASGOW.

BREAKFASTS. TEAS. FISH AND TRIPE SUPPERS.

Dinners of Three Courses, One Shilling.

A Splendid Hall To Let for Dinner, Marriage, and Supper Parties
WINES and SPIRITS of Best Quality.

J. STEWART & CO., Proprietors.

BRANDY, WHISKY, TEAS, AND GROCERIES.

As supplied to Best Families throughout Scotland.

SPECIAL.

Choice Old COGNAC BRANDY, Guaranteed Seven 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 FINDLAY,

Tea, Coffee, and Wine Merchant,

160 MAIN STREET, ANDERSTON,

AND

427 ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW.

Write for Price List.

Partick Branch,

335 DUMBARTON ROAD.

LETTER BOOKS,

1000 LEAVES,

STRONGLY BOUND, PAGED, AND INDEXED,

Four Shillings and Sixpence, at

THE GLOBE, 57 UNION STREET.

JAMES MEWAN, RESTAURATEUR,

26 & 28 MAIN STREET, ANDERSTON.

BREAKFASTS, DINNERS, TEAS.

French Papers Daily.

LIBRAIRIE ETRANGERE.

FOREIGN and ENGLISH BOOKS of All Kinds.

English, French, German, Italian, and Spanish Grammars,
Dictionaries, Novels, &c., at Low Prices. Zola's "Nana."

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AUCTIONEERS AND VALUATORS,
ROYAL EXCHANGE SALE-ROOMS.

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(Late MOORE & KIDD)

AUCTIONEER and APPRAISER,
ARGYLE SALE-ROOMS, 19 Gordon Street.

USE ROSS'S BLACKING.

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.

THE ROYAL RESTAURANT,

10 AND 12 WEST NILE STREET,

C. WILSON & SON, Proprietors.

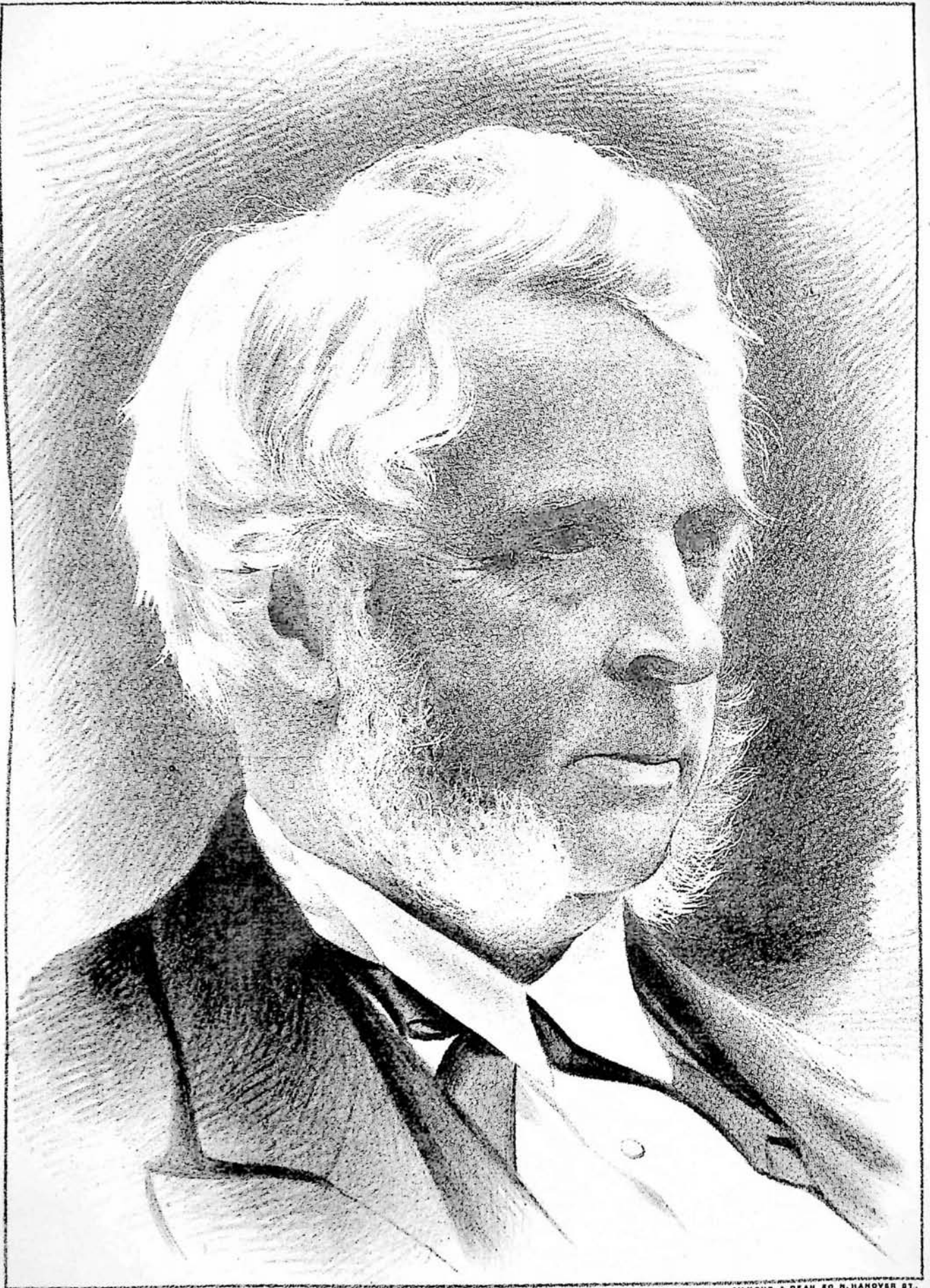
WASTE PAPER, Ledgers, Letters, Books,
Ropes, Bagging, Tailors' Clips—bought at PAPER
MILL STORE, 98 MAXWELL STREET, for Re-manufacture.

THE LONG FELT WANT

AT LAST SUPPLIED.

AT

263, 265, & 267 SAUCHEHALL ST.



The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 394. Glasgow, Wednesday, May 5th, 1880. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 394.

THE 30th of April is a sort of red letter day in county circles in Scotland. It is to the county what the first Tuesday of November is to the city of Glasgow, the annual election day as respects local government, with this difference that, while the elected in places like Glasgow enjoy office for three years, in counties the sweets of office are only enjoyed for one year. The electors are the Commissioners of Supply of each county, who themselves are not elected, but hold office in virtue of being proprietors of land of the annual value of not less than £100, or of other heritable property of not less annual value than £200. Those were the parties who met in the different county towns in Scotland on Friday last to elect from themselves a council of management, so to speak, for the year 1880-81. Conspicuous among Scottish counties in this connection is that of Renfrew, not certainly as respects its size, but, in one respect at least, as respects the proximity of its south-eastern border to the city of Glasgow, thus introducing a large amount of the *bourgeois* element into the erst more select county circle. But while in Renfrew the patrician and the plebeian confront each other in county matters more than in any other county in Scotland, the business goes on as smoothly and as pleasantly as if each and all had been born to the heritage of command. This happy result from elements that might naturally be supposed to be a little discordant, is largely to be attributed to the rare ability and tact of Mr JAMES CALDWELL, clerk to the Commissioners, whom his Worship has much pleasure in introducing to his readers this week as the Man you Know. Mr CALDWELL rejoices in being a native of Kilbarchan, which village he left when a lad, and in 1836 became

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articled as a law apprentice to Mr William Barr of Drums, a lawyer in Paisley, and clerk to the Commissioners of Supply of Renfrew. The Man you Know was thus early indoctrinated into the mysteries of the office he now holds with so much acceptance, for from 1837 he regularly attended the meetings at Renfrew with his chief, and Mr Barr being a Commissioner of Supply, as well as clerk to the Commissioners, his young apprentice got most of the work to do. In 1849 Mr Barr was promoted to the quieter office of Sheriff-Clerk, and at the October meeting of that year the Man you Know was appointed interim Commissary Clerk, and on 30th April, 1850, he was appointed clerk, so that on Friday last he took his seat at the annual meeting for the 31st time. He was opposed by the late highly respected Mr Robt. Wylie, then the head of the firm of Wylie, Rodger, and M'Innes, writers, who, however, withdrew from the contest, and the appointment was made by the unanimous voice of the meeting. In 1854 he was appointed collector of County Rates, and also treasurer, a combination of offices certainly of an innovating character, not at all usual in Scottish counties, but indicative of the great confidence the county gentlemen had in their clerk. The Man you Know five times acted as agent for his county in opposing Glasgow Extension Bills, and although his Worship believes he was on the wrong side, he freely bears testimony to the remarkable ability with which the Renfrewshire case was conducted. Conspicuously so was his splendid defence, remarked even by opponents on the occasion of the last fight, and in him Dr Marwick found a foeman worthy of his steel. It is the boast of the Man you Know that during his career the county has never lost an inch of territory, and it is with him a sort of religion to defend the border land from Glasgow invasion.

This is not done from any ill feeling to the city of Glasgow, but from a firm faith in the propriety of preserving the county intact and also from a conviction, however mistaken it may be, that small burghs are more carefully managed by themselves than they would be if thrown into the maelstrom of the great city of Glasgow. Apart from the arduous duties of his profession, for the Man you Know has a large private practice over and above his official duties, he finds time to indulge in the bland and genial humanities of life. He is of literary and antiquarian tastes, and recently was elected a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. He has a weakness for old coins and medals and has a rare collection of both, especially the latter, and is known as a book collector, a patron of the Fine Arts and the drama. Among the Free-masons of Scotland he is a man of mark. He is junior grand deacon of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, and sub-provincial Grand Master of Renfrewshire East. In point of fact among the upper crust of Free-masons he is one of the most enthusiastic, and in season and out of season he is always at his post and has been of much service to Col. Campbell, the local Provincial Grand Master. But the strangest fact about the Man you Know remains to be told. It has been already said that he was born in Kilbarchan, that Radical village which rejoices in the belief, not without some cause, that it had the honour of converting Colonel Mure from the sterile wastes of Toryism to the green fields and pastures new of Radicalism. The Man you Know left that nursery of Radicalism too young to get impregnated with its politics, but the mark of the nursery remains in modified form, inasmuch as though a Tory in politics he is a dissenter in religion, being one of Dr James Brown's leading members. It remains to be said that, notwithstanding his political defection from the faith of his native village, the birth-place of Habbie Simpson is very proud of claiming as one of its most honoured sons the Man you Know.

Government "Bills"—Williams Gladstone, Harcourt, Forster, and Adam.

"Advanced Liberals"—Those appointed to Government offices.

A Cross of Honour—The late Home Secretary and his knighthood.

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

Curds and Cream.

WHAT shall I write on?—let me think;
 Ho! for a fitting theme!
 Aha! I've found it—pen and ink!—
 I'll sing of curds and cream.
 'Tis May; and o'er the fields of green
 The dancing sunbeams gleam;
 The merry lark chaunts all unscen—
 And I sup curds and cream.
 A dainty dish; I'd change it not
 For fondest, choicest dream
 Of Epicure—nought Soyer taught
 Can match my curds and cream.
 Though Goldy makes the tuneful Tony
 His "pigeons three" esteem;
 Though Leporello macaroni
 Loves—I have curds and cream.
 There's Sancho Panza (thanks! Cervantes),
 And in his eye a beam,
 E'en in the Don's round helmet plants his
 Share of curds and cream.
 He knew their worth; and so do I—
 Nor all unwasted deem
 The time this poor "eight-six" I try
 In praise of curds and cream.
 Sweet day in May, and nearly done,
 For Phœbus with his team
 From east to west has all but run—
 No! no more curds and cream.
 I've done; and so is this my rhyme—
 Paltry enough 't may seem;
 And would my life in aftertime
 Prove sweet as curds and cream.

VERY UNFAIR INDEED.

(Scene—Counting house; street anywhere.)

Bill (to Tom who is looking at a barometer)
 —How's the glass this morning; up or down?
Tom—Half an inch up. We've a right to
 good weather now after all this confounded rain.
Bill (dryly)—Quite right, my boy, but the
 weather isn't always fair, you know.
 [Collapse of Tom when he sees the joke ten
 minutes afterwards.]

SELF-SACRIFICE EXTRAORDINARY. — The Ayrshire Football Association have "passed a resolution forbidding 'charging' in games played by the associates in future." Good gracious! No more "charging!" Does that mean no more "gates?" And no more champagne suppers? Degenerate football-players! Catch our Glasgow laddies passing any such self-denying ordinance!

When Asinus goes home elevated, can we say, enquires Bauldy, that he is full of animal spirits? Hee-haw!

BICYCLES. { The "Duplex," "Challenge," "Club," "Premier," &c. On Hire with option of Purchase.
 TRIOCYCLES. { New, Second-Hand, Fittings cheap, Jenning's, 101 Mitchell Street.

On 'Change.

SOME rapid and unusual fluctuations occurred lately in the shares of coal companies. Benhar stood at about 50s a month ago, but it suddenly began to oscillate about, and ended by running down to 40s. Clyde Coal, which was worth about £4 in the middle of March, performed similar gyrations, and settled down at the decidedly uncomfortable figure of 55s. Both have since recovered a little, but that circumstance does not alter the course of my reflections.

If Grabson and his hopeful son go off mysteriously to America, and Scunnery executes a trust deed in honour of the double event, why should I suffer, when I have no direct interest in either? It is very hard that my shares, for which I paid £10 each, and which I thought worth at least £4, should be run down to £2 15s. My natural impulse is to use bad language concerning Grabson and Scunnery. I accordingly renounce Grabson and all his works, especially that specimen of workmanship known on 'Change as the juvenile Grabson. I also renounce Scunnery, though I am aware he was almost as fearfully let in as I myself was. But what I particularly complain of is that certain extraneous cormorants, who prey upon such dainty morsels, made a rush at my modest investments, and worried them almost to death. Grabson and Scunnery did me little harm. It was the cormorant who sucked the life-blood out of the carcass, and then left the remains to be decently buried by any one who chose to take the trouble. I have my lynx-like and discerning eye upon these cormorants. One of them is a hyena-looking mortal, with curiously-cut whiskers, and an unholy hat. Next time he bangs a stock in which I am interested I may have something to say of him.

In returning to the question of insurance companies' accounts, as I promised to do, I desire to direct attention to the statement put forth by the Scottish Imperial. I take the accounts of this company at random, and merely because they happen to be the first I have seen since I wrote on the subject. They completely bear out what I said regarding the manner in which certain earnings are often credited to revenue. The fire premiums of the Scottish Imperial, for the year ending 31st December, amounted to £122,000. Re-insurances cost £26,000, which left £96,000 as the nett premium income, and this latter amount was treated as revenue. Everything seems to have been swept into the treasury, for I find that no account has been taken of unexpired risks. At any rate, I cannot discover any mention of them in the financial statement. Now, it is quite clear that the £96,000 has not been earned, because it is handicapped with a contingency of risks which remain undefined. They cannot be defined, which is no doubt awkward, but they could be estimated, as is the custom with many of the best insurance companies.

The Scottish Imperial, if my reading of its accounts be correct, has taken credit for at least £24,000 too much income, and this amount ought to have been carried forward, in a special account, until the responsibilities it represented had been altogether obliterated.

Sir James Watson was the first stockbroker in Glasgow. Horses of knowledge and other curious animals bless him accordingly, appreciating the incalculable benefits he has conferred upon the city. But the respected knight, or some one for him, occasionally says and does very odd things. On Wednesday last, for example, he advised his clients to the following effect: "Edinburgh and Glasgow Ordinary Stock opened $\frac{1}{2}$ higher at £64 $\frac{3}{4}$, and still maintained yesterday's improvement at final quotation of £64 $\frac{1}{2}$." My heart bounded within me at the delicious prospect of an instantaneous addition to my means, for I happen to hold some of that visionary stock. But it unluckily turned out that my excellent friend Sir James must have made a mistake, for I could get no better offer than 30 in the market.

Sisyphus was an object of interest on 'Change last Tuesday. Fancy Sturrocks, Limited, with a registered office in Buchanan Street, and a capital of £75,000 in £10 shares. The idea seems absurd. And yet, why not? Is it not on record that Truefitt, the barber, of Old Bond Street, London, now figures as Truefitt, Limited, in 7500 shares of £10 each. The directors are a

viscount, two lieutenant-colonels, and of course Truefitt himself, who is managing director. Equally of course the generous Truefitt will receive £45,000 for his business, taking £22,000 in cash, and £23,000 in fully paid shares. With a truly noble magnanimity, the generous Truefitt will not accept one farthing of promotion money. I fancy he would rather perish than do so, if an easy and comfortable mode of perishing could be devised. Truefitt further engages, and again of course at enormous self-sacrifice, to act as managing director for at least five years. Surely the noble viscount and the gallant colonels will make the generous Truefitt an adequate allowance, that he may drag out a wretched existence to the expiry of his agreement. Having got only £22,000 in cash and £23,000 in fully paid shares, he ought to be in distressed circumstances, and therefore deserves the abundant sympathy of a gratified copartnership. SCRUTATOR.

HARDY ANNUALS.

Lawyer Gibb—By-the-bye I have some first-rate ground annuals for sale. Will you offer?

Client—Losh, Mr Gibb, gairden rits are new things for you tae dale in! When did ye begin that job?

The G. L. A. in the Background.

THE Manchester Reform Club, it seems, returned 28 of its members to that wonderful, brand-new House which is to set the joints of "the time" before a Tory slow-coach could say "Bill Gladstone." Now, Liberal Glasgow should not allow itself to be outstripped in this fashion. We have not a Reform Club, to be sure, but we have a gang as good in the shape of the G. L. A. Mr M'Dougall should be on the look out for bye-elections, and run his men in by the score—that is to say if his recent exertions have not intoxicated him with the exuberance of his own arithmetic, and incapacitated him for further effort.

TONALT, TUGAL, AND THE TRICYCLE.—The Coventry bobbies are, it is said, to be supplied with tricycles. How thoughtful thus to provide for the poor fellows' recreation! Could not something of the kind be done for our own "force?" And if Tonalt and Tugal are not acquainted with the use of the tricycle, why, let them be sent to Coventry to learn it—and stay there.

The May Poll—A May election.

The Jo(c)key Club—A company of wits.

"Fair" Play—the game of lawn-tennis.

"They come as a boon and a blessing to men, The Pickwick, The Owl, and the Waverley Pen." "It is impossible to use them without feeling at peace with all mankind."—*Erewash Valley Gazette*.

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

Patentees of Pens and Penholders—MACNIVEN & CAMERON, 23-33 Blair Street, Edinburgh (Established 1770), Penmakers Her Majesty's Government Offices.—Advt.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—Those very competent actors, Mr and Mrs J. B. Howard of the Edinburgh Theatre Royal, are appearing this week at the Gaiety as *Myles* and *Mrs Cregan* in the "Colleen Bawn." Mr Howard is no stranger in this city, and in Edinburgh he was popular long before he became manager of the Theatre Royal. The general cast of Mr Boucicault's famous play is an exceedingly strong one. Mr Slater, the stage manager of the Edinburgh Theatre Royal, is the *Danny Mann*, and our old friend Mr Charteris the *Hardress*, while Miss Joanna Blake, an accomplished lady who has not yet made her appearance on the Glasgow stage, is the *Eily*.

The return visit of "New Babylon" to the Royal Princess's takes place this week. I have already said so much in praise of this capital melodrama that I need only add that the present company includes our old friend Mr Major, who is admirably suited in the part of *O'Sligo*, and Mr Clarence Holt, the original *Flotsam*.

Mr Beryl promises us a production of "Rob Roy," with Mr Talbot and other Glasgow favourites in the leading roles.

Mr Brien M'Cullough and his company appear at the Prince of Wales Theatre this week in "The Shaughraun," which should prove a hit.

A production of "Rob Roy" is also announced at this theatre.

Mr and Mrs Knight who appear this evening and during the week at the Royalty Theatre are popular comedians in the United States, and during their tour in this country, which has now extended to the space of ten months, they have achieved a very marked degree of success. They are vocalists as well as actors, and their singing is marked with great expression and taste. "Otto," the piece in which they appear, is a species of comedy-drama, and was written with a special relation to their personal characteristics by Mr Fred. Marsden, a well-known American dramatist. Among the features of the performance are the recitation of a poem entitled "Der Mule" by Mr Knight, and the singing of "The Waterfall," a "tyrolienne" duet, by Mr Knight and his wife.

Mr Frank Huntley, and our old friend Mr A. Lindsay, are members of the "Otto" company.

Is it generally known that Mr Charles Wyndham, who appeared last week at the Royalty Theatre, was educated for the medical profession? He is an American by birth, and he served in the Confederate ranks as a doctor during the Great Rebellion.

Mr Knapp has scored a big success. He has secured that entirely new and original Gilbert Sullivan melo-dramatic opera, "The Pirates of Penzance," for the Royalty Theatre. Whether in New York or in London this piece has proved an amazing hit. Not *The Judge*, not *John Wellington Wells*, not even the *Ruler of the Queen's Navee*, has made so much laughter as that "pattern of a modern Major-General" who dominates the "Pirates."

I haven't been so amused for a long time as I've been over the notices in the provincial papers of "Modjeska," the foreign actress who appeared on Saturday at a *matinee* in the London Court Theatre. In one of them—wasn't in the *Herald*?—she was styled a "countess," and was described as a lady of untold wealth, the proprietress of numerous estates in Poland, and an artist who acted for art's sake only. Wasn't this screaming? Why "Modjeska" is—"Modjeska," a clever Yankee-German, or it may be Hungarian, or it may be Polish actress, who was picked up in New York two or three years ago by that prince of *entrepreneurs*, H. J. Sargeant, and was "run" for a couple of years as Sargeant alone of American *entrepreneurs* is able to "run" an actor or actress. He certainly hit the Yankees with her. He made "a pile," both on her account and on his own, and made things generally sweet all round. Now, however,

that Sargeant, by dint of much advertising, has managed to place Madame Modjeska, with her amusing broken English, at the top of the tree, it is more than funny to find her announced as a *grande dame* whose Polish—why not Spanish?—estates may be numbered by the score. As to her acting—people who admire broken English will probably admire Modjeska.

I don't know how a couple of hours may be more pleasantly and profitably spent than in "doing" the pictorial voyage "Round the World" in Hengler's Cirque. The Messrs Hamilton have in their time brought out many excellent panoramic entertainments, but I hardly think any of their former ventures could compare with the splendid series of Tableaux now exhibiting in the West Nile Street House. I looked in on Saturday night and found a bumper audience. Mr Alfred Hamilton, junior, is the "boss" of the show, and evidently knows his business.

The clang of the church bells ringing in Her Majesty's judges to-morrow, will as usual jingle pleasantly in the ears of more than the roughs who enjoy the crush and the cavalcade. Every one knows some folks who being possessed of a decent exterior, and the like quantity of assurance, are always to be seen at every place where there is "a show" or something going on the cheap. To them the opening day of the Circuit means a good square meal in Maclean's Hotel. Can any one tell how the judges get so many to share their hospitality, although Lord Young cut down the invitation list, and still there is such a marked absence of those who might be expected to be present, but have too much manly pride to dine at a table they have not been invited to? It is certainly not good form to accept a fiddler's bidding.

Among the cases set down for this week's Circuit is one which will be tried with closed doors, and the horror of which is likely to startle even the judges themselves.

Did you notice, BAILIE, among the list of brand-new LL.D.s last week, the name of our young friend and erst distinguished alumnus of Glasgow University, Professor Watson, now of the Logic Chair in Kingston University, Canada. Watson was a first favourite with the Cairds, both principal and professor, and is altogether a jolly good fellow. Bravo! the Spartan is only 32 years of age.

Of manufacturing serial stories as of making books there would seem to be no end. The readers of the *Weekly Mail*, whose name I am told is simply legion, have several good things in store for them. Next month opens with the story, "Violet Aylmer," by George Barnett Smith, author of the "Life of Mr Gladstone," already in its fifth edition. This is to be followed by "The Old Factory" of Mr Westall, a cockney litterateur, whose story of "Lawry Lohengrin" had a big success in the *Manchester Weekly Examiner*. Then the evergreen James Smith has an innings with a thorough-going Scotch story, yclept "Wee Curly," while George Macdonald does the running towards the close of the year. And thus the ball is kept rolling merrily.

People sometimes talk about the price charged for advertisements in our daily and weekly papers, but what would they say, BAILIE, had they to advertise in some of the Cockney prints—the *Graphic*, for instance. The proprietors of this, the later of your metropolitan contemporaries, charge—what do you think? Well a circular is lying before me, sent out by the proprietors of that popular journal, in which they intimate that they intend to issue a "Royal Number of the *Graphic*" early in June; the charge for advertising in which will be *three shillings per line*, or *forty-two shillings per inch*, or—*thirty pounds per column*! My conscience!

A pleasant little excursion takes place from St Enoch Square to Gleniffer Braes to-morrow (Tuesday) the occasion being the inspection of the new Paisley Water-works. I may mention that the contractor for the works is Mr Quin of this city, whose ask has been so satisfactorily accomplished as to procure him the contract for the filters in the Bothwell water-scheme.

Messrs Duncan Keith, Buchanan, & M'Cloy advertise—"Re the London Artists' Association"—a sale of valuable oil paintings, to take place at 16 Renfield Street, on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday of this week.

The 25th annual Show of the Glasgow Agricultural Society will be held on the Green, on Wednesday and Thursday, and will be patronised as has always been the case by urbans as well as by bucolics. The general arrangements are under the control of the popular Secretary, Mr Mark Marshall, while the Refreshment tent, may I add, will be superintended by Mr Charles Wilson, of the Royal Restaurant, West Nile Street.

Among the articles in *Macmillan's Magazine* for May is an appreciative criticism of Mr Joseph Irving's "Book of Dumbartonshire."

Megilp.

NOW is the season when studio doors in West Regent Street and elsewhere are locked, when artistic "shop" is no more talked in Wilson's, when even the club is abandoned to solitude. Glasgow art—the various "life-classes" of the past season notwithstanding—is eminently landscape in its character, and our Glasgow artists accordingly, now that the sweet May season has come round, have betaken themselves, for the most part, to the fields and hedgerows.

The phrase "fields and hedgerows" is in this connection used advisedly. For the time at least, our artistic friends have selected pastoral and English scenery, and left the Western Highlands till the autumn browns make the hills more "paintable" than they present themselves under the green coating of spring.

H. R. H. the Princess Louise was last year elected a member of the London Water Colour Society, and now the rival association, the Water Colour Institute, has secured her elder sister, the Crown Princess of Germany, as a contributor to its exhibition. The work sent in by Her Royal Highness to the Institute is an ill-drawn head of a Roman boy. Whether this species of hanging on to the skirts of Royalty is likely to improve the position of either the Society or the Institute is a matter which it does not need a cynic to determine.

One of the pictures expected in Glasgow during the present year is Hans Makart's gigantic "Entry of Charles V. into Antwerp," which is at present exhibiting in Messrs Pilgeram & Lefevre's recently opened Hanover Gallery in New Bond Street, London. Picturesque in grouping and vigorous in colour this work is certain to make a sensation here. As may be guessed from the photographs and prints of it that have already been seen in our shop windows, certain of the undraped figures in the foreground are sufficiently *prononcé* as to suggest on the part of the artist a distinct infringement of Lord Campbell's act.

Among the rejected contributors to the Royal Academy Exhibition is Signor Frascheri, who is regarded by the Italians as the leading painter in North Italy.

The place of honour in the exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water Colours in Pall Mall East is accorded this year to a drawing of "Ailsa Craig," by Francis Powell, the President of the Scottish Water Colour Society.

FORTUNE TELLERS,—Lords Moncreiff and Deas.

A Corporation Architect—One who builds up his own constitution.

A Corporation Contract—The effects of anti-fat.

Box and Cock—A hen coop.

Blood Relations—War stories.

Donald's Sunday "Trams"—*Bona-fide* drinks.

Prompt Cash—Promotion money.

The Youngest of Eight.

I OUGHT to look beaming and happy ;
I'm pretty, and healthy—yet, *oh*,
I'm angry and worried and snappy,
And plunged in immoderate woe !
The reason (there's somebody laughing !)
Why I'm so wildly irate
Is just (now I *cannot* bear chaffing !)—
Because I'm the youngest of eight !

Not one of them married—whole seven,
From thirty to blushing eighteen !—
A sweet flock of geese to be driven
Together to market, I ween,
I'm just a year younger than Milly,
Yet here, in the schoolroom, I wait
Till men shall be found who are silly
Enough to want into "the eight !"

Although I *am* neat in "the spindles,"
As cousin Tom calls 'em, you know,
My frocks are *so* short, that it kindles
My blushes when zephyrs do blow.
I know they wont give me long dresses,
Till, wrinkled and old and sedate,
I'm left, with my silvery tresses,
The youngest old maid of the eight !

DAT'S WHAT'S THE MATTER.

(Scene—Large room of a hotel; kilties are drinking a toast with Highland honours, when down tumble tables and sojers ; one man continues on the floor after all the rest have got up.)

Donald—Rise, Dugald.

Dugald—Hu, hu !

Donald—Are you kilt, Dugald ?

Dugald (who has been swallowing the mercies)
—Kilt, deel a kilt ! But did ye'll think I was see the guid whisky wasted.

"THE FIFTEEN."—A local vendor of "the American game of 15" recommends it on the ground that "according to the *Danbury News-man*, two men have died through their endeavour to solve" the puzzle. This seems rather an odd kind of recommendation, unless it is meant to insinuate that the "game" is a suitable present for obnoxious acquaintances.

(A wicked old bachelor of the BAILIE'S acquaintance here suggests that the puzzle should be distributed among all the "large small" families throughout the land.)

"IRELAND YET."

(1st L. R. V. Drill Hall.)

Sergeant-major, *angrily*—Tut-tut-tuts ! This'll never do at all ! If you could *see* yourselves laughing and chattering, you would *hear* how unlike soldiers you *look* !

(Tableau—Coachinnation breaks into "the double." Sergeant-major doesn't quite "bust.")

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.

Jeems Kaye Makes a Presentation.

DEAR BAILIE,—Having got the elections a' ower and settled, a few o' us met theither nicht to bid fareweel tae an auld freen wha wis departing frae oor midst, and tae present him wi' a token o' oor respect and esteem. I gie ye the three principal speeches made, as they may serve as a guide tae ithers that may be doing the same thing. Of course we were a' plain men, and—wi' the exception o' the minister maybe—no what ye wid ca' orators, so ye mus'na look for ony high-flown language. Such as it is, however, ye are welcome to it.

After a wee the minister, Mr Tamson, whispered tae me it wis time tae mak' the presentation, sae I got up, and fixing my e'e on the whusky bottle that had maist in it, I says—

“Mr Tamson, brither elders, and freens generally, we are here met like a band o' brithers, under this hospitable roof, we've laid aside for the meenent a' the worl' and its cares and troubles, and we're indulging in mirth and frivolity, sae faur as can be expected in sober, douce fathers o' families like oorsel's. The rain may pelt against the windows, the win' may howl roon the lum, and the oyster man may yell ootside till he's hoarse, but what care we? It's hardly necessary for me at this time tae say what oor object is. Hooever, in case o' mistake it'll maybe be as weel. We are a' met, therefore, as ye can see for yersel's, tae pay honour tae an auld freen wha's leeving this part o' his native land and seeking pastures new doon by Paisley, in Kilbarchan in fact. Oor freen, the guest o' the evening—(great cheers—Mr M'Cunn breaks a wine glass)—having been rather unfortunate is going to turn his back on the toon that has oppressed him, and so we have met, as I said before, and as I'll maybe hae occasion to say again, to wish him speed and present him wi' a token o' oor respect. I have great pleasure in presenting him wi' this silver-heided walking-stick (cheers), and when he is away walking on the road frae Kilbarchan tae the Brig o' Weir wi' his trusty staff in his haun, it's tae be hoped the remembrance o' this nicht will pierce his heart like a twa-edged sword, and add dignity and grace tae his walk, and, as a natural consequence, his conversation. (Great cheers—Mr Pinkerton hits the minister ower the knuckles wi' the toddy ladle.) Yes, gentlemen, we are told 'wha by taking thocht can add one cubit tae his stature.' Personally I'm no acquaint wi' Auld Testament wechts and measures, but be a cubit what size it likes, if oor guest canna add

it to his heicht he can at least, wi' oor present, keep himsel' frae being bowed down prematurely. Mr Howison (I says, looking at the guest), I have much pleasure in putting this beautiful stick intae your hauns, and jist alloo me tae add that the tassel wisna included in the price, but Mr M'Faurian, wi' his usual liberality, cam' forward and paid the extra thruppence for it.” (Great cheers.)

Mr Howison then got up and said—“Mr Kaye, Mr Tamson, and gentlemen, it has been truly said, 'We're here the day and away the morn,' and these words come home tae me, for I'm here the nicht, and I'll be awa' the morn by the first train, but never shall the remembrance o' this nicht pass frae my memory. Gentlemen, your present is worthy o' a better man than pur me. Examined critically, I may say it is vera handsome. Beginning at the bottom I am lost in admiration o' the handiwork o' the brass virl, it's a triumph o' the artizan's cunning skill; coming gradually, slowly but surely, up the stick, I canna but admire the grain o' the wudd. Whether it be oak or ash, or black thorn or whin, I kenna, no being a great judge o' wudd, but I hope I may say that a man, altho' nae judge, canna but be struck wi' the nob's on't, ane here and ane there, in what I may ca' the maist orderly disorder. The grand climax is reached, hooever, when we arrive at the haun'le o' solid silver. A tear comes unbidden intae my left e'e at this meenent as I look at it wi' its inscription, and the engraver's flourishes roond aboot, one flourish in particular having arrested my attention the meenent I saw it. Beginning thin it gradually gets bolder, and at the middle it's at its thickest, then getting thinner and thinner it is brocht back wi' a roon turn, and then amid a series o' turlie-wurlies the tail en' o't is lost for ever in the dim vista o' the faur aff future. (Great cheers—Mr Pettigrew nearly chokes himsel' wi' a moothfu' o' toddy goin' doon the wrang way.) Yes, gentlemen, yon engraver wis nae apprentice. But what need tae say mair? Were I tae speak frae June to January I couldna express my gratitude. Freens, my heart is full; I'll say nae mair, but thank ye and bless ye.”

The minister then got up and said in a fine roon, deep voice—“Gentlemen, while gazing on the face of our friend, the guest of the evening, I am reminded of these beautiful lines:—

'Few are thy days and full of woe.'

But although our guest's days in Strathbungo have been few and so full of woe that he has paid only five shillings in the pound, still I hope,

and I am sure we all hope, that in Kilbarchan he will be like a tree near planted by a river, and that he will flourish and increase till he becomes as one of these mighty monarchs, the cedars of Lebanon. I trust also that he will find that in our present of to-night he has not a broken reed to lean on, but a stout, substantial stick, and that it will so buoy him up that he will be among the people of Kilbarchan even as Saul was among the Philistines. At this advanced stage of the evening, with the toddy circulating so freely, it would be bad taste on my part to keep you longer, particularly as my friend Mr Kaye has replenished my tumbler again, so, gentlemen, I will give you a good old toast, 'May the moose never go oot o' your meal barrel wi' the tear in its e'e.'" (Great cheering, and the whusky bottle upset and twa glasses broken.)

After this, BAILIE, the meeting wis what I might ca' promiscuous, there was nae recognised order, an' as it aye got the longer the worse, I need say nae mair about it.—Yours,

JEEMS KAYE.

How's That for High ?

"A YOUNG gentleman, accountant by profession, with good prospects," expresses in the *Herald* his desire "to hear from intelligent and domesticated young lady with view to matrimony, whose mutual income would secure the stability of the future." It is that last clause which has gained for the young gentleman the honour of appearing in his Worship's pages. Lord Beaconsfield would do well to "make a note" of it for his next manifesto. For lucidity combined with grandiloquence it almost beats the "consolidation of co-operation."

COUNTRY CUSTOMERS.

(Scene—Public house ; enter four country-men.)

Spokesman—Hae ye a room wi' a fire in't ?

Waiter—Yes, sir, first to the right.

Spokesman (to his companion)—We may as well spen' an' oor here till it's time for the train—(to waiter)—Fetch in a jug o' watter and the dominoes !

[The waiter sends the party round to the British Workman pub.]

Facilis est descensus Averno—An *an Dante* movement towards Inferno.

West of Scotland Bicycle Co. Show Rooms, 104 Renfield Street, Works, 67 East Howard Street. Makers of the "Royal Scotch" and "West of Scotland" Bicycles & Tricycles, Repairs, Fittings, &c.

Take Your Time.

IT is to be hoped, for their own sakes, that those extra fastidious persons who took it into their heads some time ago that the condition of the river banks between Victoria and Albert Bridges might be advantageously improved don't mind waiting a little longer. Let them be content, *pro tempore*, with having got the matter brought before the Town Council. Because, even as one man may take a horse to the water while twenty cannot make him drink, so introducing a needful reform to the notice of the authorities is one thing and getting them to carry it out forthwith is another. The "Cooncil" have appointed a sub-committee in connection with the question, that sub-committee can't move, it seems—or won't, without consulting the Statute Labour Committee, which in turn must consult the Finance Committee, with a view to the latter bringing it round again to the Cooncil—"their noble selves," and thus the beautiful system of red tape and routine is duly honoured in the observance. Therefore, messieurs reformers, no unseemly haste, please ; possess your souls in patience.

A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING. — Young Killingly Getup the other day espied an advertisement to the following effect :—"A person wanted, capable of introducing business to a clothier in the city." "By Jove," exclaimed K. G., "I believe I could almost keep the fellah going myself!" And he immediately set off to interview his intended prey. From the expression of his countenance on his return it would almost seem as if he had mistaken the import of the announcement.

"'UMBLE!"—Surely Uriah Heep's ghost has turned up among us in the shape of "an M.A." who advertises in the *Herald* for a situation in a law office, and adds, "Small salary preferred!" Such combinations of the legal and the aggressively "umble" are too rare for any other theory to be accepted.

IT IS A "SNEDDON" MARINER.—A contemporary describes a disorderly Paisley boatman as "a Sneddon mariner." His boat would, no doubt, under similar magnifying treatment, become an "argosy."

Laying Down the Law—Knocking over a policeman.

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

VICTORIA RESTAURANT,
62 GORDON STREET, & 3 RENFIELD STREET
(Opposite Caledonian Central Station),
WINES, SPIRITS, AND MALT LIQUORS
Of the Best Qualities, and Thoroughly Matured.
SPECIAL BLEND WHISKY.
BREAKFASTS, DINNERS, AND TEAS.
LARGE DINING-HALL.
SNACKS (OF ALL KINDS),6d.

M'CALL & FERGUSON, PROPRIETORS.

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. D E W A R,
Wholesale Family Wine Stores,
ROSE STREET, GARNETHILL (Corner of Buccleuch Street);
And 190 ST. GEORGE'S ROAD (Opposite West Princes St).

SUCCESS AT LAST!!!
THE STYLOGRAPHIC PEN

A PENCIL which writes INK, never needs
Sharpening, and never Wears Out.
CALL AND INSPECT IT.

A. C. THOMSON,
Agent,
278 ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW.

M I L L A R & C O.
FAMILY HATTERS,
QUEEN STREET CORNER, GLASGOW,
ARE SHEWING THEIR NEW SPRING GOODS.
See the Windows.

ANGLING.—WM. HAIGH, FLYDRESSER,
FISHING ROD AND TACKLE-MAKER,
16 HANOVER STREET,
RODS AND REELS REPAIRED, FLIES TO PATTERN,

Cricketing
Outfits.

FORSYTH,
5 RENFIELD STREET.

J. C. STEWART,
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52 ST. ENOCH SQUARE.

NEW PREMISES NOW OPEN.

JNO. D. MACARTHUR,
HOSIER, GLOVER, SHIRTMAKER, AND HATTER,
HOME AND COLONIAL OUTFITTER,
263, 265, 267 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

Workrooms, Gentlemen's and Ladies' Departments,
connected by Telephone.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 5th, 1880.

COFFEE, which makes the politician wise, as
Pope says, and see through all things with
his half shut eyes, is only one of the beverages
which wields influence in the Licensing Courts.
Nor would it be absolutely correct to say that
the worthy and impartial persons who sit in
these Courts invariably exercise their wisdom
with their eyes half open. In many instances
they are stone blind to the merits of the appli-
cations which come before them. The decisions
of all the Local Licensing Courts are more or
less open to the charge of being fluctuating and
wanting in steady adherence to some intelligible
principles. The great unpaid magistracy never
fail to magnify their office, and yet they are the
chief authors of the ridicule which is heaped on
them. They lower their status by allowing
themselves to be canvassed by applicants for
licenses, and this, with the known benefit of
having a "friend in Court," renders a reasonable
belief in their wisdom and impartiality impos-
sible. But the wisest of judges are to be looked
for among the J.Ps. The lairds of the Upper
Ward, however, are no longer to be allowed to
barter their votes for a drive in a carriage and
pair and a champagne dinner free, gratis, and
for nothing, provided always that they meekly

consent to Govan being handed over to Mr WAKEFIELD'S Committee, which will be no loss to those who hold licenses in that district. Rutherglen and Govanhill are denied further supply and Possilpark is doomed to suck out of sealed bottles because Mr WALTER MACFARLANE so wills it. Crosshill and Pollokshields, not to speak of Polmadie, are in the throes of a license a piece—confirm or refuse. These be great matters of state, otherwise how should the Justices of Renfrewshire have all the arts of the political canvasser exercised on them, and pressure applied to get them to vote Whig or Tory in order to settle about the opening of one or more dram shops in these suburban paradises. The affair is ludicrous and yet discreditable, especially as regards the inconsistency of those who thrust on others a blessing they decline to accept for themselves. Never was administration of justice a greater farce, or the need for local government reform made more manifest.

Blowing Cold and Hot.

"VULGAR tone," "false sounds," "bad tone," "weak grip of the consonants," "breathy utterance of words," and "shortening of words or syllables at the ends of lines," these are the terms employed by the official examiners to describe the singing of the Paisley Sabbath school choirs. As a pendant to this outpouring of violent language, the sapient examiners add that "where all was so excellent it was no discredit to come last!" Well perhaps it wasn't, but if the opinion of the BAILIE were asked he would say that this attempt to blow cold and hot in the same breath reflects anything but credit on the part of those who made it.

ORIGINAL, AND WITHOUT PREJUDICE.
(Scene—Sabbath school.)

Teacher—Can any boy tell me where salt is made?

(Pause, during which class thinks.)

Small Boy (East-end resident)—I know, sir, the Sautmarket.

[Collapse of teacher.]

The Belles of Shandon—Those at the Gareloch "Hydro."

A man who is "a host in himself"—The Landlord.

"The Miller and his men"—"Joe" and his plagiarists.

Our "Girls"—The fashionable beauties.

"When Greek meets Greek."

TA swore of ta Pherson 'gainst ta clan Mac-tavish was no more as great a call to arms as whateffer M'Onie was against ta prawest lads in ta "hole force." Umph; and he'll spoke ta heelant no ken the differ from a mans from a females, and a womans from a feminine. Such an indignant as ever I saw pefore, and shall hope to see some day nevermore. What shocks me more is, the lads pe the prawest man in the city as well! It is no differ you'll go to Jamaica prig, or the Candlericks forpye, or the Sautmarket moreover, or all the busy place where the tramway and horse run, you'll saw the praw strappin' lad standing so straight and Herculis, with big red whisker blowing a sharp note of her whistle for ta cairt to go this way and the horse to go that way as well. And sough the Simpson's corner or the brig forbye was fou as anysing with tramways and cairt, and cabs and horses, or any one feeikle whateffer, the praw Donald would stand as brave in ta very middlest of all ta danger as safe as a man-o'-war. It is against all this accomplish and prave and praw, that Pailie M'Onie will wag her perverted heelant tongue. Rin awa tae yer hame, Pailie Onie, "fall upon your knees, and bid the gods to intermit the plague that must needs fall on this ingratitude." And oblige,

AUCHRAY M'TAVISH, X 71.

MILK YEO.—Letter-writers in the "Dailies" tell us that there is to be a scarcity of the lacteal fluid this summer in, of all places in the world, the district of "Cow"-al! From this it appears that to be in "Kirn" is not to be in the midst of milk, and that the well-known "Hunter's Quay" (quey) is not a good milker! The "Bull"-wood (would) require to keep in mind that the eyes of thirsty babies are "Toward" him. Hee-haw!

THE MAN FOR GALWAY!—Somebody wants a baker who "can do a little to pastry." The BAILIE confidently recommends for this situation a young friend of his—aged ten—who can do, not a little, but a great deal to pastry, and can be warranted to make any pastry-cook's counter, in Gordon Street or elsewhere, look very foolish inside half-an-hour.

A Message from the See—Archbishop Eyre's sermon.

The "Speaker"—Mr Gladstone.

"The Language of Flowers"—The Town Millers' report.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT there will be a stiff fight for the Lord Rectorship of the University.

That each candidate must be wondering, like the public, what the deuce he's doing "in that galley."

That Tennyson in the *role* of Conservative candidate cuts about as queer a figure as Bright in the part of academic aspirant.

That Bailie M'Onie's remarks are causing much talk among "ta forse."

That there is a good deal to be said on both sides.

That infallibility is no more the virtue of a bailie than of a polis.

That for a magistrate to attack the force is to bring the whole body into disrespect and derision.

That it will be a long while before Bailie Macbean commits a like blunder.

That we have got a temperance steamer on the Clyde.

That this will be a fine opportunity for the "employers of labour" who get "fou" in the cabin at present, after preaching teetotalism to their workpeople.

That last week Charlie Irwin attempted to spring a mine upon his brother commissioners at Govan.

That he would like to raise the salaries of certain of the Merryflat officials.

That he gave notice of his motion after the reporters left the meeting.

That the ubiquitous correspondent, however, has spoiled Charlie's little game.

That the police are looking well after the comforts of the tramway passengers.

That the lighting prosecution seemed vexatious if not absurd.

That tramway cars were never intended for reading rooms.

That the fact leaked out that the ratepayers are paying for inspectors whose sole duty it is to watch the cars.

That the shipbuilding trade seems to be reviving.

That the landlords and factors are anxious that the police should take a strict surveillance of their unoccupied property.

That the Workmen's Electoral Union declines to be swamped by the Glasgow Liberal Association.

That the quantity of love lost between Councillor Jackson and Hon. Secretary Macdougall is not very large.

That each wants to be "cock o' the walk."

Shocking Juvenile Depravity.

THE School Board last week came down like a cartload of—no, not bricks: suppose we say paving-stones—on the parents of certain urchins who had been discovered "either idling or engaged selling newspapers." It is, of course, very sad that, "in this so-called nineteenth century," a child should be found so debased as to be capable of "idling," but what shall be said of those wretched infants who were actually caught red—or, more probably, black—handed "selling newspapers?" The imagination fails to realise such a depth of juvenile depravity. Should the offence be repeated, nothing short of the cat-o'-nine-tails for the children and penal servitude for the parents will suffice to meet the case.

THE WRONG BOX.

Collector of Coins (to village carpenter)—Do you think you could manage to make me a cabinet, M'Chipp's?

M'Chipp's—Div ye think a'm a Gledstin, sir, to be able to dae sic wark? Na, na, but a dinna min' tryin' to knock up a box for ye as gude as the ane Beaconsfiel' hiz gotten his pairty intae.

"Tynecastle to Wit!"

THOSE precious "Tynecastle tenements" have brought down another unfortunate tradesman—a joiner this time. Really, for their own credit, the leading members of the great Liberal party should pay up before another case of the kind comes into the bankruptcy court. Possibly in the flush of their triumph they are disposed to pooh-pooh such trifles; but a good many simple folks of both parties are opening their eyes very wide over those mysterious, ownerless tenements, and the secret and dark, if not "midnight," meetings in Moray Place. If the Mid-Lothian Conservatives were not generous enough to let the People's William walk over the course he would undoubtedly have a tougher fight for his seat this time than he had last.

THE IRON AGE.—There is to be an exhibition of naval and marine engineering models. So far, so good. But might there not be also an exhibition of models of railway bridge engineering, after such exhibitions of hideousness as that crossing the Clyde, and of instability as that crossing the Tay. And perhaps of railway architecture also.

THE ARGYLE BATHS, 366 Argyle Street, is the Largest Public Bathing Establishment in Scotland. Warm Baths, 6d, 9d, & 1s; ready daily, from 7 a.m. to 9 p.m. One trial solicited.

Quavers.

THE Govan Musical Association, which has just finished its first year, gives every promise of success. The conductor is Herr Rothstein, organist of Govan Parish Church. The closing concert for the season took place in the Govan Hall on the 27th ult., and the singing was marked as a rule by precision and delicacy.

The members of Queen's Park Parish Church Choir (a choir somewhat famous in times past for musical enterprise) gave their annual concert on Thursday evening last. Spohr's "God, Thou art great," and an anthem by J. J. H. Taylor, were the chief vocal features of a programme rather remarkable for brevity. Spohr's cantata was admirably presented, the only weakness being a fact that the choir was led only by the organ, generally a risky plan for music of an intricate kind. Mr Fraser's organ solos were as usual of a high order.

On the same evening, Thursday, a "service of sacred song" was given by the children's singing class which is connected with St. Stephen's Free Church, and is conducted by Mr R. D. Jamieson. The musical pieces were all taken from Mr Jamieson's recent publication, "The Children's Tribute of Praise," a thoughtfully prepared and most useful manual of its kind.

One of our most active church choirs, that of John Street U. P. Church, held its annual concert on Friday evening last. Dr S. S. Wesley's anthem, "The Wilderness," and Mendelssohn's "Hear my prayer," were the leading items in a generally interesting though not very novel programme. Two excerpts from Dr Crotch's "Palestine" formed an exception to the familiarity of the selections generally. Mr George Taggart conducted.

The private concert of the Mount Vernon Musical Association came off on Friday evening, in the school-room there. The Society, which has just completed its second year, made a most successful appearance, its chief merit lying not so much in numbers, or in strength of tone, as in the mastery of expression and artistic taste. Mr Lambeth's exquisite arrangement of "Wae's me for Prince Charlie" was perhaps the best instance of expressive singing—it was most delicately rendered. A whilome great favourite, "Bells of Eve," afforded another example of refined and quiet interpretation. The programme included a harmonised arrangement of "John Anderson, my Jo," by Mr James Allan, the able and experienced conductor of the society.

Mr William Moodie has opened a class for singing, to meet every Monday evening during May, June, and August, in the Assembly Rooms, 138 Bath Street. Mr Moodie will teach the old notation, but on the tonic sol-fa principle. He will use for the purpose a music manual in Hamilton's Patent Union Notation, or staff-note and sol-fa letter combined—a means of making immediate acquaintance with the universally-used symbols of music (the established notation), and of observing at the same time how to apply the sol-fa principle for after use of the staff without the guidance of letters. This is an opportunity of learning how really to be musical readers which should be largely taken advantage of; and in Mr Moodie a teacher is provided of rare ability, much experience, and breadth of view.

♦♦♦
"MISTAKEN MOTIVES."

(Scene—Stair foot which also leads to pawn-broking establishment.)

Old Woman (confidentially to stylish young lady tract distributor)—Oh ye needna gae up; it's shut.

♦♦♦
Campbell's (Colonel) "Pleasures of Hope" realised—Being created a baronet.

An Ice-olated Village—Hogganfield.

MARK } With an India Rubber Monogram or Name Stamp.
YOUR } Prices from 2/6 complete, with Box, Ink, and Pad.
LINEN } Post Free.—A. C. Thomson, 278 Argyle Street.

The Custom of the Country.

THAT pair of Arcadians, Messrs Glen Walker and James Morton, were examined last week in London in connection with the bankruptcy of the former artless young gentleman. In the course of their evidence some rather interesting statements were made as to the custom that obtains among a certain class of the community with regard to the pledging of goods, wool, &c., for the purpose of taking up bills, or in plain language of pawning valuables that have been consigned to them by their owners in order that they may be sold. When this is done on a small scale, and is found out, we call it petty larceny and send the operator to prison, when it is practiced on a big scale it becomes a mercantile transaction of "great pith and moment," and the operator, if unsuccessful, goes through the bankruptcy court, coming out with a clean bill of business health, ready and willing to undertake fresh enterprises in search of fortune if not exactly of fame.

LUCKNOW OR LOCHOW?—Some of the BAILIE'S Liberal contemporaries have had their heads so turned by their unexpected triumphs that they cannot even quote correctly. Thus, one of them makes the *Times* responsible for the statement that the baronet of Blythswood "is the representative and head of a branch of the ducal house of Argyll through the ancient line of Ardkinglas, whose ancestor was Colin Campbell of Ardkinglas, brother to Sir Duncan, first Lord of Argyll (1445), and son of Sir Colin Campbell, of *Lucknow!*" It may be a far cry from here to Lochow, but it's a still farther one from Lochow to Lucknow. It was the name "Sir Colin Campbell," doubtless, that misled our friend. Your Liberal, whose boast is that he "acts in the living present," is not always strong in history.

"The usual sports were proceeded with, and indulged with infinite delight," is the phrase employed by the *Herald* to describe the running and jumping by members of the Paisley "Peesweep Club" outside that famous hostelry on Tuesday last. "Infinite delight" is good, very excellent good, but when used in the present connection it unfortunately suggests an unusual measure of potency on the part of the Peesweep whisky.

Cheap Spiritual Pabulum—"Sermons in Stones."

Cheap *Current* Literature—"Books in the running brooks."

Un Succes Manque.

IT is notoriously a delightful task to rear the tender root and teach the young idea how to shoot, and so the BAILIE has much pleasure in taking by the hand a recent "Belle of the Ball" advertiser, who seems ambitious of advancing beyond his fellows. This young gentleman bursts into poetry, and begins,

"Fifteenth in the march, sir, was fair,
But sixth in the march far surpassed her"—

which is also "fair"; but mark—

"So retiring her grace, so gentle her air,
She was belle of all belles who were there, sir!"

Thus have great beginnings often feeble endings. It will be observed how our poet comes to grief, first with his metre and then with his rhyme. But his ambition is praiseworthy, nevertheless; and next season, if he practices hard meantime, he may do great things.

MURDER! HELP! PERLICE!

Passer by (to Pleaceman X)—There's murder goin' on up there.

Pleacemar X (excitedly)—Whaur, lad, whaur?

Passer-by—Oh, ye needn't hurry. It's only a German Band murderin' "Rule Britannia."

Much ado about "Nothing" — Suppressing "Nihilism."

T H E G A I E T Y.

Proprietor and Director,Mr C. BERNARD.

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MR J. B. HOWARD,

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TO-NIGHT, and during the Week,

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BRIEN M'CUULLOUGH,

In Boucicault's Greatest Drama,

THE SHAUGHRAN.

Open at 7. Commence at 7-30. Prices, 6d to 4s.

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As performed by them upwards of 1000 times in the Principal Cities of America.

To-Night (Tuesday), 4th May, and following Evenings, at 7-30,
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Seats can be secured at Messrs J. Muir Wood and Co., Buchanan Street, from 11 till 4; or at the Theatre, from 11 till 3.

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Box Plan at Donaldson's Rooms, 77 St. Vincent Street.

ON VIEW TO-MORROW.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, 5th, 6th, and 7th May.

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Sell the above, by Auction, in their Rooms, North Court, St. Vincent Place, on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, 5th, 6th, and 7th May, commencing each day at 12 o'clock prompt. On View to-morrow (Tuesday), 4th May, from 10 a.m. till 6 p.m., and Forenoon of Sale.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 3rd May, 1880.

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FAMED 13/6 TROUSERS
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BOYS' CLOTHING
EXTREMELY MODERATE PRICES
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The Committee have secured the services of
MR STEMBRIDGE RAY,
as Teacher and Conductor.
Tickets for the Course—Gentlemen, 4s; Ladies, 2s.
Enrolment on Opening Night from 7.30 p.m.

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GRAND PROMENADE CONCERT.
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On **SATURDAY FIRST**, 8th **MAY**, from 7 to 9 p.m.
Admission 6d. Subscribers, by Presenting Tickets, Free.
Annual Family Ticket, 21s; Single Ticket, 10s 6d.
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MESRS MITCHELL & BENNETT
Play in the above Rooms To-Night and Two following Nights,
at 7.30 p.m.
Admission—2s 6d.

At Premises No. 16 Renfield Street, Corner of Drury Street,
on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, 5th, 6th, and 7th May,
at 2 o'clock afternoon.

Re THE LONDON ARTISTS' ASSOCIATION.
DUNCAN KEITH, BUCHANAN & M'CLOY
are instructed by the Trustee to Sell, on the above
Premises, on Wednesday, 5th May, and following Days, by
Auction, a Large and Very Valuable Collection of about
800 OIL PAINTINGS,

By various well-known Artists, including—
Broom, Willey, F'Langlois, Cook, sen., Armstrong, Cook, jun., T. Walker, Molley, M'Laren.
And numerous other Artists, without reserve, consequently presenting a rare opportunity to augment or complete Collections of Pictures.

The Collection will be on View on Monday and Tuesday,
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PLACE—No. 16 Renfield Street, corner of Drury Street.
DATES—Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, 5th, 6th, and 7th May.

TIME—2 o'clock in the Afternoon.
Drury Corner Auction Halls,
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MILK SUPPLY AT THE COAST.
See *Evening Times* of 15th ult.

In the Leader of above date the very insufficient Milk supply
at the Coast during the summer months is commented on by the
Editor, and in order to put an end to such a state of matters the
Glasgow Dairy Company now intimate that they are prepared to
send Milk, Cream, and Butter to all the different Watering Places
should a sufficient number of orders be received not later than
15th May. Intending visitors to the Coast will see that in order
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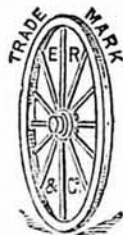
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In introducing this New Department of our Business, we may explain that though it is the first attempt of the kind in Glasgow, yet it has been carried on with great success by the most celebrated Hosiers and Glovers in the Cheapside and Strand, London, 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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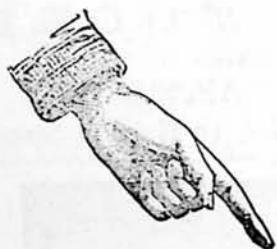
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The Bailie for Wednesday, May 5th, 1880.

SEE WINDOWS ON FRIDAY.

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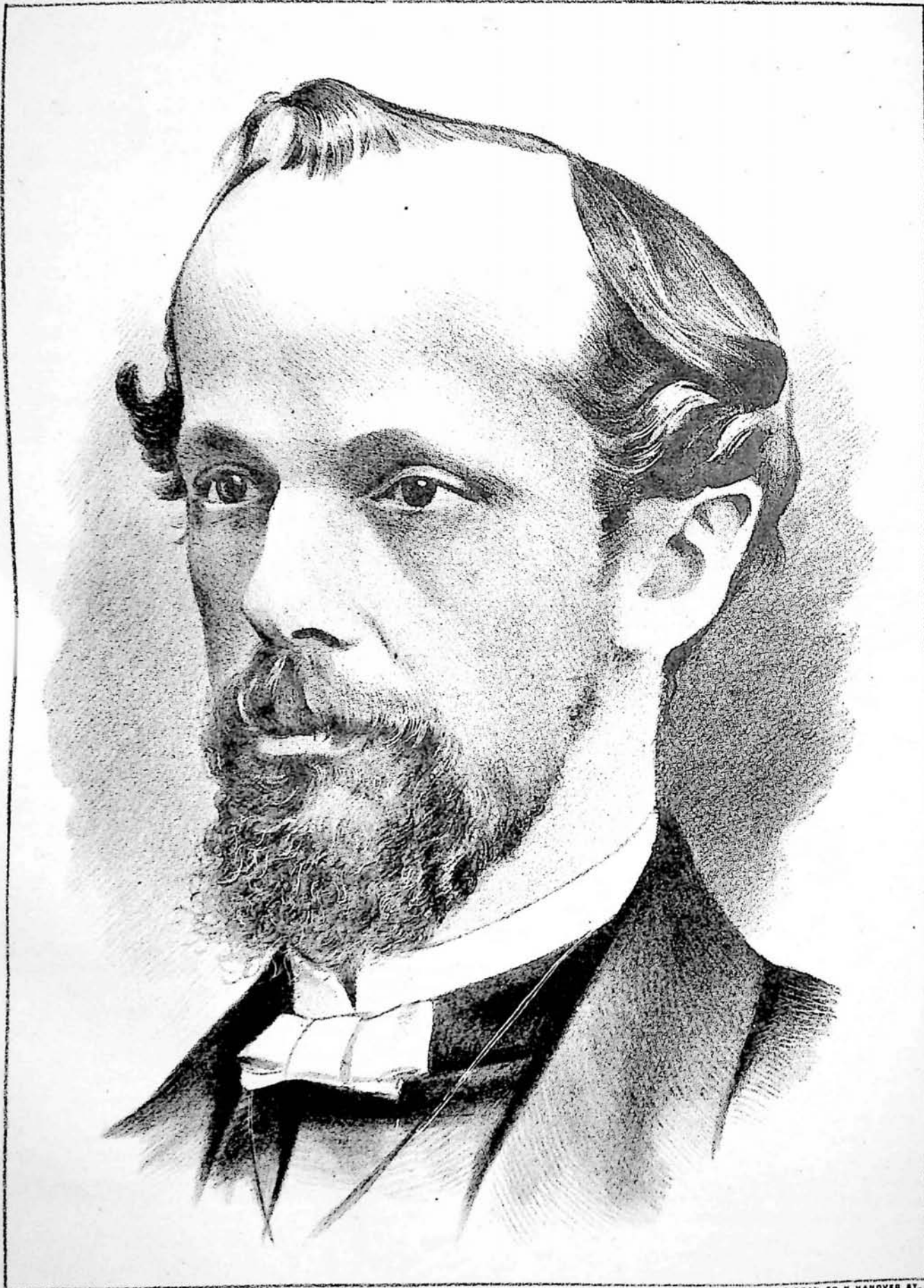
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SEE WINDOWS ON FRIDAY.



The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 395. Glasgow, Wednesday, May 12th, 1880. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 395.

THE U. P. Synod has just completed one of the tamest sittings on record. From its opening a week ago up till its closing not a wave of feeling, not a breath of temper fluttered its surface. In his capacity of Moderator, as in every other position in which he is placed, the calm good sense, and the inevitable mediocrity of Dr Calderwood, smoothed down all knobs and angles among the brethren, and sent the business on at something like express-train speed. Had a less dexterous, or a more gifted hand been at the helm, the meeting might not have passed off so smoothly. What with Dr Robert Jeffrey's anxiety to recal the old memories connected with the present place of meeting by making a fixed scale of prices for admission to the show, with the determination evinced by Dr Marshall to learn what heresies Mr Fergus Ferguson might and what he might not teach, with the eagerness of Dr Joseph Brown to further the matrimonial chances of that importunate female the deceased wife's sister, not to speak of Dr Hutton's disestablishment shriek, or of the bellicose tendencies of Dr James Brown, the elements of strife and contention were surely both numerous enough and strong enough to satisfy even the most ardent seeker after an ecclesiastical fray. As the event has proved, however, one and all of these sources of amusement have proved unavailing. The weight of dulness wielded by the Moderator was too potent. The U. P. body has been frequently reproached by its foes with its essentially commonplace character, but the reproach never told with greater force than now. It may be urged, of course, that the session of a supreme ecclesiastical court is held for far other objects than the setting of reverend brethren by the ears,

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and of making sport for outer Philistines, but now-a-days we are indulged with so much of this at every gathering of "the cloth" that the BAILIE must be pardoned by his U. P. friends if he indulges in what is a by no means unnatural, if even it be a somewhat uncharitable sigh of regret over the harmony and general decency and order that prevailed at the Synod of 1880. And to prove that, although a churchman himself he yet holds the United Presbyterian body in high esteem, he has this week selected one of its members as the Man you Know. The Rev. JOSEPH CORBETT of Camp-hill U.P. Church is neither noisy nor yet extravagant, but, or rather perhaps on this very account he is held in all the greater esteem by the various sections of the denomination. Genial and gentlemanly in his bearing, and an easy and pleasant, if not a very eloquent speaker, Mr. CORBETT is one of those fortunate few against whom all criticism is directed in vain. Although a native of the Northumbrian town which has supplied the grounds for the famous adage anent the "carrying of coals," and intended from boyhood for the church, his inborn aversion to what may be styled sacerdotalism led him, while yet young, into the United Presbyterian fold, and he was licensed as a preacher by the Glasgow Presbytery something like eighteen years ago. Almost immediately thereafter he was fortunate to receive three almost simultaneous "calls," one of which came from Kilcreggan, another from Alexandria, and a third from Burton-on-Trent. Choosing the first named, he continued, for something like five years, in the pleasant little Dumbartonshire watering-place, where he succeeded in making himself a very general favourite. His next charge was Copeland Street congregation, Manchester, and here he remained for about six years. What is known as the "free seat"

system obtained in the Copeland Street Church, a circumstance which is so far of importance that it familiarised Mr CORBETT with a state of things which has not yet found any very firm footing on this side of the Border. In 1874 our friend accepted an invitation to preside over the newly formed congregation of what is now Camphill U.P. Church, Queen's Park. At first no more than a handful, the members and adherents of the congregation soon filled the Hall, which was the earlier portion of the edifice to be erected, and then, when the church proper was completed, so popular had the clergyman and the church become, that the demand for sittings was greater than the capacity of the interior could accommodate. The BAILIE mentions the building in this connection advisedly. Camphill Church, which is the work of Mr William Leiper, is beyond all question one of the most graceful and artistic structures in or around Glasgow. It is true that the spire is still wanting, but this feature of the design will not, let us hope, be long suffered to remain uncompleted. That the congregation have not exhausted their liberality on stone and lime, and that they place a proper value upon the ability and devotedness of their pastor may be guessed from the fact that, twice within six years, they have given him a substantial increase of salary, no less, indeed, than £100 each time. Mr CORBETT, however, fully merits this evidence of their confidence and affection. He is unwearied in his attention to his duties both as a pastor and as a preacher. The outer world knows him as a regular attender of Presbytery meetings, and as the able and fearless advocate of any brother or neighbour who is assailed on a question of doctrine, or even, it may be, on a charge of heresy. His own people, however, who are necessarily most familiar with him regard his individual quite as highly as they do his clerical qualities. He is the personal friend of them all, and as such holds a much higher place in their esteem than could be filled by any mere polemic or preacher. Notwithstanding the vaticinations of Friday's *Scotsman* the U. P. body must possess no small measure of vitality when it can continue to command the services of clergy like the Rev. JOSEPH CORBETT.

Another Bank Collapse—That of the Banks of Clyde.

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

Sad.

"On a day (alack the day !")
 MY sweet May maid,
 If thou hadst stayed
 Away a little longer,
 The fond regard
 Of this your bard
 Had been a good deal stronger.
 Thy laughing sun
 Brings me no fun
 But only makes me sadder ;
 And to this heart
 Goes like a dart
 That stings like any adder.
 The trees in leaf
 Bring me but grief ;
 And every dandy daisy,
 But proves, alas,
 How time does pass,
 And almost drives me crazy.
 All this to thee
 May wonder be
 For thou hast nought to care for ;
 If thou must know
 Of this my woe
 The cause—the why, the wherefore—
 Here 'tis ; this May,
 This month so gay,
 To some it not so gay is ;
 For still it brings
 To him who sings
 The Rent-Day : Who's to pay his ?

League "Wut."

EX-BAILIE LEWIS of Auld Reeky made a very funny speech at a meeting of the "Scottish Temperance League" last week. He "affirmed" that, "if the temperance reformation had not been inaugurated," Great Britain, "instead of occupying the position she did just now, would have been a second or third rate country among the nations of Europe." Then, encouraged by the success of this brilliant "goak," he called attention to the "fact" that "Mr Wheelhouse, with eighty of his rank and file, were (*sic*) wheeled out of the House." "Wheel"—"house!" See? The unreported speech of the gentleman who preceded the ex-Bailie is described as having been "interesting and amusing," but surely it couldn't have been either so interesting or so amusing as *that*?

SOMETHING LIKE A "POME."—Mr Maclehose advertises, "The Tiberiad; or the Art of Hebrew Accentuation. A Didactic Poem, in Three Books, by Rev. John Gemmel, A.M., Senior Minister of Free Church at Fairlie." My conscience! Talk of "The Loves of the Triangles" after that!

"X."—George Eliot, having made her "mark" long ago, has still no ambition beyond a "Cross."

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the authorities are sorely exercised regarding the removal of the Weir.

That the mutual recriminations over the subject are delightful.

That those who were strongest in favour of its abolition are now wishing it had been allowed to remain.

That meanwhile the amenities of the upper reaches of the river have been utterly destroyed.

That the Professor of English Literature in the University has once more rushed into print.

That Granny still gives J. N. the honour of leaded type.

That the prospects of the Poet Laureate have not been improved by J. N.'s lengthy lucubration.

That the tone of his letter is—"I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my mouth let no dog bark."

That unfortunately there are a good many puppies connected with the University, and every one insists upon barking long and loud.

That the Laureate may well exclaim "save me from my friends."

That Stipendiary Gemmel has once more fallen foul of the Police Board.

That he denies its members any further licence than he extends to private builders or contractors.

That he thinks if they allow "bing" of stones to stand in the streets the boys are sorely tempted to amuse themselves.

That if the Stipendiary's windows were the "happy hunting ground" his views might be somewhat modified.

That Fiscal Lang is perfectly indignant at hearing his masters talked about like common masons.

That the heresy hunters have been woefully disappointed at the result of the appeal to the U.P. Synod in the Fergus Ferguson case.

That they are denied even a day's sport at the local Presbytery.

That our bucolic friends had "gran' wather" for their show.

That the funds of the Agricultural Society benefitted accordingly.

That the lovers of the gruesome are perfectly disgusted at the result of last week's Circuit.

That they are exclaiming—What, four tragedies, and not one hanging!

That oor Jeems and his auld friend, Bailie Colquhoun, are no' speaking yet.

That the Bailie is not on the visiting list at Cairncraig.

That the Sunday car service is extending.

That they are not all church-goers who take advantage of the directors' generosity.

That Saturday first is the rent day.

That — ay, that's a closer.

On 'Change.

A PRODIGIOUS commotion was caused by the remarks I made a week ago concerning certain sections of our enormous financial ramifications. Inadvertently, no doubt, I trod upon the corns of some people. If I caused annoyance to them, I am supremely sorry; but then, of course, they ought not to give just cause for criticism. Unless they do, they may rest assured they will never be assailed by me.

Among the persons most aggrieved, I am told, are the shareholders in the Scottish Imperial Insurance Company. Some of them have written elaborate letters to me, showing that I ought never to have said a single word regarding the accounts of that estimable institution. To this I have only to reply that my figures cannot possibly be controverted, and that I stick to the position I have taken up. Further, I shall presently have occasion to call in question the accounts of other insurance companies which are made up on similar principles, but I am in no hurry, and will take my time.

Several of my correspondents have defended the practice of taking into revenue all premium returns up to the end of the financial year. They ask me, pertinently enough, what is to be done supposing the accounts, made up on my principle, fail to show a dividend. To this inquiry my simple reply is that shareholders must necessarily do without a dividend for a year. That seems hard, but it is a hard fact that cannot be got over. A company that has not earned a dividend has not the shadow of a right to pay a dividend. If it pay a dividend under such circumstances, it must pay the money out of capital, or out of borrowed money, which will sooner or later become chargeable to capital. It occurs to me that I have reduced this argument to the level of the meanest capacity. I cannot possibly go lower.

So it is sought to turn the Grand Hotel in Sauchiehall Street into the Glasgow Grand Hotel Company, Limited, with a capital of £110,000 in £10 shares. The offices of the company, I observe, are in London. The directors, or at least a large section of them, reside in London. The seven subscribing shareholders, whose names are recorded in a certain guide to investors, are Cockneys unknown to local fame. If it be intended to make the Grand Hotel a permanent success, why not import into the directorate a few Glasgow people whose names would inspire confidence.

Scripture says that certain animals cannot change their skins or their spots. It is otherwise with certain other animals on 'Change—namely, bulls and bears—for I notice that my friend with the unholy hat has lately discarded that sacrilegious article of apparel, and mounted a genuine bell topper.—SCRUTATOR.

THE HEAD AND FRONT.—Dr Badenoch is at great pains to explain, in the *Standard*, the causes which led to the Conservative defeat in Orkney and Shetland. Oddly enough, however, he omits the chief cause of all, which was—Dr Badenoch.

"Dangerous Ventilators"—Scandal-mongers.

PIG-IRON WARRANTS—STOCKS AND SHARES.—Macgregor & Co., Stock and Share Brokers, and Iron Brokers, 136 Buchanan Street, Glasgow, offer Special Facilities to those desirous of Speculating for the Rise or Fall of Markets.

THE ARGYLE BATHS, 366 Argyle Street, is the Largest Public Bathing Establishment in Scotland. Warm Baths, 6d, 9d, & 1s; ready daily, from 7 a.m. to 9 p.m. One trial solicited.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—The irrepressible "Our Boys" appear once more at the Gaiety this week. As I have had occasion to remark before, I am not particularly enamoured of the piece; but criticism is dumb in presence of the fact that to-night's (Monday's) is the 1,363rd performance of the comedy by Mr Duck's company.

One of the big London successes of last season, the "Crutch and Toothpick" of G. R. Sims, will be played at the Gaiety on Monday next. It will be produced by Messrs Hemming and Walton—two players who years ago made us all laugh in one of Mr Sidney's pantomimes at the Prince of Wales.

It was in "Crutch and Toothpick," by the bye, that our old friend Mr Charles Groves made a hit. Charlie was the *Alderman Jones* of the cast when the piece was originally produced at the London Royalty. Among the members of the company who appear at the Gaiety are Miss Ethel Castleton—who has played leading business both in Liverpool and in London since she charmed us all in the "Royal" pantomime of "Puss in Boots," Mr Julian Cross, and Mr Gerald Moore. The comedy will be supplemented by a wild burlesque entitled "Cruel Carmen."

"Rob Roy" with Miss Julia Seaman as *Helen*, and Mr Lloyd as the *Major*, cannot help being interesting, and Miss Seaman and Mr Lloyd sustain these parts in a performance of the national drama at the Prince of Wales this week. The *Rob* of the play is Mr Hilton, an actor who long ago made his mark in Scotch parts. Among the other names in the cast are Messrs Lowe, Evelyn Bellew, Beckett, and Charles Stewart.

Apropos of the Prince of Wales "Rob Roy" there hangs an interesting tale by an interesting portion of *Bailie Jarvie's* equipment for the production. The poker which he wields with such effect in the Clachan scene makes its first appearance on any stage this evening. It was specially made for Mr Houston by an expert in such matters, and presented to him with becoming ceremony at a social gathering on Thursday evening last; the presentee, as well as his feelings would permit, expressing his heart-felt thanks for such a valuable token of esteem, which he need hardly say, would be handed down as an heirloom in his family to the latest generation.

"Rescued," that wonderful play—with its amazing railway bridge sensation, which set all London on the gape at the Adelphi not long ago, will be produced, for the first time in Scotland, at the Prince of Wales Theatre, on Monday next. "Rescued" is the work of Dion Boucicault, and everything that the illustrious Dion has written must be seen.

Fred Marsden's "Otto" is one of the cleverest pieces going. Too clever is the phrase which suits it best. The dialogue is a constant blaze of fireworks—legitimate fireworks, that is, and not the halfpenny crackers that too often explode aimlessly and at random all through the usual Byron-Burnand comedy. Mr and Mrs Knight, who play the leading parts in "Otto," are fresh and unconventional artists. There is a pleasant, piquant flavour about their art, which acts, if I may be allowed the expression, as a species of dramatic "pick-me-up" to the jaded play-goer.

The rest of the company—from whom I would like to single out Mr A. Lindsay for special praise—quite fall into the spirit of the two principals.

Mr Knapp will revive his great success of "Madame Favart" at the Royalty on Monday next. The company will include various old and popular friends. Mr George Mudie is the *Pont Sable* of the cast. Mr "Wally" Fisher the *Uector*, and Mr M. Dwyer the *Favart*, while Miss Adelaide Newton and Miss Fanny Heywood are the representatives of the ladies of the piece.

Mr Beryl has got together a really capital company for his production of "Rob Roy." The bill is full of familiar names, and names that are pleasantly familiar. To begin with, Mr Talbot (*Rob*) is an actor for whom we all have a warm side, and whose appearances, whatever his *role* may be, are invariably

effective. Then we have Mr William Gourlay, whose *Bailie* is one of the best, if not the best now on the stage; Mr Edward Corte, whose easy, pleasant style of vocalisation should show to advantage in the rather thankless part of *Francis*; Mr Frank Kilpack, a sufficiently vigorous *Rasleigh*; and Mr R. P. Steele, who was so excessively funny in Mr Sidney's 1872-3 pantomime of "Aladdin," and who will doubtless be equally funny as the *Dugal Cratur*. Among the ladies we have Miss Adelaide Chippendale, "from the Haymarket Theatre, London," who appears as *Diana*; Mrs William Gourlay, (*Mattie*); and Mrs Hudson Kirby, whom I have not yet seen in the part of *Helen*, but who will, I have no doubt whatever, give an excellent account of it.

What with this admirable cast, and the additional attractions of chorus, pipers, dancers, new scenery, and "elaborate mechanical effects," Mr Beryl, who has not yet scored a failure, is not likely to begin now.

The benefit of Mr George Douglas Francis, so long a popular lessee in Glasgow, will take place to-morrow—Tuesday—evening in St. Andrew's Halls.

Was the letter of "J. N.," in Friday's *Herald*, anent the Lord Rectorship, in the best possible taste? Did it not lay "J. N." open, not to the "retort courteous," or the "quip modest," but to the "reproof valiant," inasmuch as it par-took, of itself, in a striking degree, of the "reply churlish." The laboured denunciation of Mr Bright as a Philistine seemed somewhat amusing, coming as it did from a blind worshipper at the shrine of Dagon.

I should like to draw your readers' attention, BAILIE, to the football match which takes place at Hampden Park on Saturday between the Clapham Rovers and the Queen's Park Club. The match is in aid of the "Dick Memorial Fund," and, apart from this excellent object, is sure to be, from the high standing of the competing teams, a most interesting one. Mr Dick, I may add, was one of your "Men you Know," and a general favourite, whose untimely death caused deep and widespread regret.

"La Vie de Boheme!"

IN London, the other evening, in presence of sundry lords, gentlemen, and "eminent persons," Mr Millais, R.A., claimed to be a "Bohemian"—to "belong to the glorious company of vagabonds and strolling players of which Shakespeare was king." How pretty! How charming to behold this "fashionable painter" step down in his purple and fine linen, and mincingly affect to shake hands with the hungry and threadbare Murgers of to-day, whose actual proximity he would shrink from with horror! How touching to watch this fine gentleman and "successful man" as he fares sumptuously and nods over his champagne-glass to the *enfant sans souci* who "occasionally dines!" Oh, Millais, Millais! you are a great artist, but of a verity you are also a great humbug.

INSULT TO INJURY!—The non-"public"-spirited Earl of Zetland has abated his tenants' rents—which seems rather a tantalising favour. What on earth are the poor fellows to do with their savings if his Lordship leaves no "pubs" to spend them in?

An Academic Discussion.

(Messrs John Smith and James Brown, students, meet as usual.)

Smith—Hallo, Brown! What's going on now?

Brown—Oh! nothing particular. Suppose we poke up the British Lion.

S.—All right.

(They adjourn into the nearest public-house.)

B.—Well, what's it to be?

S.—Oh—I suppose—I'll have—a—whisky.

(Drink being brought, they light their pipes and make themselves comfortable.)

B.—What do you think of Tennyson as Lord Rector?

S.—The man's good enough, if it weren't for his politics.

B.—Politics! Confound politics! What have politics to do with a Lord Rector?

(Another whisky.)

S.—A great deal too much. "Infinite infinity." Ahem! "De Profundis."

B.—Look here, Smith; there's no use talking rubbish. Tennyson's a man of letters—a man who has made his name in the world. The greatest poet of the age, and a jolly, kind-hearted, good-natured soul all the same.

S.—Humbug. He lies dreaming and making rhymes in the Isle of Wight. What good has he done for the world? Bright is the man for me.

(Another whisky.)

B.—Bright be hanged! Bright's an old wife—a blessed Quaker—who cares for him?

S.—I care for him. He's a Radical, and Tennyson's an old sleepy-headed Tory.

B.—Now look here! A Tory is better than a Radical any day. (Whisky.)

S.—Who told you? or, perhaps you knew yourself.

B.—Humbug politics! Tennyson's best man in the world. For he's a jolly good —

S.—I say, Brown, will you have another whisky?

B.—Of course I will; I'm not tight yet.

(Whisky is brought.)

S.—Here's to the man who is above politics and that sort of stuff.

B.—Hear, hear! Politics be hanged. John Brown's body —

(The rest of the conversation rather inarticulate, though loud enough.)

"That's Egg-shell-in't Tea," as the Toper said when he accidentally dropped the eggshell into his cup of the beverage which cheers but not inebriates. He-haw!

Neil's Information for the People

MR COUNCILLOR NEIL's education proceeds apace, and—so generous is his disposition—he does not keep his acquirements to himself. He has, for instance, learned the difference between an architectural "elevation" and a "plan," and he proceeded the other day to impart this piece of information to his colleagues. When the said colleagues uttered derisive cries of "Oh!" implying that they knew all about it, Mr Neil was undaunted. "They might 'oh' as they liked," he said—a sly allusion, no doubt, to what they "owed" to his knowledge—and went gravely on with his instruction. Might not the Councillor, taking example by a distinguished predecessor, issue a series of leaflets, which would in his case be rather of an educational than a satirical nature? A course of "Modern Statesman" might be included in the scheme. Think over it, John.

A "Little Scene."

THE Greenock Presbytery is apparently not one of those "little nests" in which, as we are told, the birds agree. This is the sort of agreement prevailing among the black-plumaged bipeds that inhabit the particular nest referred to:—Mr Murray characterises a protest as "frivolous," whereupon the protestor (Mr Munro), while withdrawing his protest—and his shilling—remarks that Mr Murray's conduct in general is "quite inconsistent with Christian dignity." Then follow "impertinence"—"uncalled for"—"insufferable"—"don't care"—and finally "the little scene is brought to a close by several members asking that the subject should be dropped." And high time, too; but are not references to "Christian dignity" somewhat out of place in an assemblage where such "little scenes" are possible?

The Mud Cure.

IF we are to believe "Dr Angus Smith, F.R.S., chief inspector under the Alkali Acts," the sweet exhalations of the Clyde mud "exert a sanitary rather than an insanitary influence." Paterfamilias should hail this dictum with delight at a moment when he is being badgered by wife and daughters on the subject of summer quarters—which is "poetry!" What between the "no milk" cry and this Smithian discovery, the plea of health, so speciously urged, falls to the ground. A daily promenade in the vicinity of the Broomielaw is clearly the thing to rehabilitate a constitution upon which a winter's waltzes have seriously told.

Quavers.

YOUR musical reporter's task, BAILIE, is almost ended for the time being. The *fusillade* of paragraphs which has been kept up these few months back is coming to an end for want of ammunition; but, if you don't mind, BAILIE, we can get up a grand *feu de joie* as a *finale*, by drawing on the stores of the past—in non-military language, prepare a summary of the musical season as in former years.

Mr H. A. Lambeth has resigned the conductorship of the Glasgow Choral Union. He has held the post for a quarter of a century.

The annual concert of the Pollok Choral Society was given on Thursday evening last in Kinning Park Free Church. The society contains about thirty voices—a judicious number when, as in this case, all are effective. A programme was submitted of unstinted dimensions, yet of so varied and attractive a character as not to appear by any means lengthy. The acoustical conditions were barely favourable, yet, apart from one or two instances of flattening in the early part of the concert, the singing was of a very high character. We have not, indeed, for a very long time heard such refined, easy, and graceful interpretation of the "part-song" class of composition as at this concert—from private societies is meant, of course.

Pinsuti's "Spring Song," one of the pieces in the programme, was presented in most appreciative style, being free altogether from the vulgarity which is not uncommonly its treatment. And a not dissimilar remark might be made about Steven's "O mistress mine," another of the selections, that composer getting too often rather rough and ready treatment from choirs. A feature in the secular part was the soprano song with choral refrain, from Sullivan's Henry VIII. music, "Youth will needs have dalliance." It was nicely sung. Among the sacred selections were the Kyrie and Gloria from Mozart's Twelfth Mass—a new delight since the incorporation of so much of the melodious orchestral figuration in the piano accompaniment. There was also the setting of Psalm LXVII. for treble and alto voices, recently written for the Glasgow Academy choir, which was tastefully sung by eight ladies. Mr Hart, the honorary conductor, to whose experience, judgment, and taste the society is so much indebted, wielded the baton in his usual quiet yet effective manner. Mr Lindsay accompanied with skill and judgment.

A concert was given on Thursday evening by the Blackfriars Musical Association, Mr J. M'Cormack conducting, and Mr W. R. Thomson accompanying. An anthem and two part-songs by the conductor were included in the programme. We hope to hear this association on some other opportunity. The concert happened on the same evening as that of the Pollok Society, and one can't well be in two places at one time—especially, as an Irishman might say, when they are so far apart as Dennistoun and Kinning Park.

Two concerts were given last week by choirs connected with the Glasgow Foundry Boys' Religious Society, one in the Albion Halls on Monday night, and the other in the Christian Institute on Friday night. Both were of a similar character as to musical selections, and very successful.

A summer class for the study and practice of music, with elementary instruction, has been begun in St. Andrew's Halls, with Mr Stemberge Ray as teacher. Mr Ray's long experience, good taste, and varied musical knowledge are, we need hardly say, such as to render him thoroughly qualified for the position.

UP TO TIME.—The BAILIE observes "date coffee" extensively advertised. Is it any relation of "thyme tea?"

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

"It is impossible to use them without feeling at peace with all mankind."—*Erewhash Valley Gazette*.

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

Patentees of Pens and Penholders—MACNIVEN & CAMERON,
23-33 Blair Street, Edinburgh (Established 1770), Penmakers
Her Majesty's Government Offices.—Advt.

A Sabbath Spirit.

MR DOUGLAS, J.P. Court Fiscal, has made an important contribution to what may strictly be called social science. A question having been asked, in the course of a case tried last week, as to the uses of methylated spirit, he explained to the Court that "it takes hold of the 'thrapple.' It's for Sunday mornings." Mr Douglas did not explain why the "thrapple" stands in need of being "taken hold of" on Sunday mornings, but his discovery seems an interesting one, and the BAILIE hastens to give it as much publicity as possible.

PAYING HIM IN HIS OWN COIN.

(Scene—A country parish road; Parish clergyman meets two members of his congregation.)

Clergyman—What are you doing now, may I ask, Mr Smith?

Mr Smith—Speculating a bit, made a £20 note to-day.

Clergyman—Easily won money.

Mr Smith's Friend—Something like a minister's, sir.

BOW-WOW!—Our local charities seem fast going to the dogs. Not long ago the BAILIE called attention to a canine contributor to the Infirmary, and now another has turned up in the shape of a kind-hearted retriever answering to the name of "Sankel." It would be well if some folks who have from time to time injuriously meddled with Infirmary matters were more doggish and less dogged.

"SUSPECTING" THEIR PLACE.—Councillor Wilson has a grievance. On learning last week that two of his colleagues were to be "entered in the roll and sederunt of the Council" by the mouth-filling styles and titles of "River-Bailie Finlay" and "Depute River-Bailie Selkirk," he exclaimed poutingly, "That is far more than a Burgh Magistrate, my Lord Provost!" Never mind, W. W., "A day may come again!"

MUCH—MORE.—Asinus, who has been going in for Shakespearian studies of late, wants to know, you know, if, when Hamlet talks about his uncle being "more than kin," he means any allusion to a mu(t)ch-kin. Hee-haw!

The University Odds (according to "J. N.")—Ten-is-on Tennyson.

Favourite Airs—South and west winds.

MARK } With an India Rubber Monogram or Name Stamp.
YOUR } Prices from 2/6 complete, with Box, Ink, and Pad
LINEN } Post Free.—A. C. Thomson, 278 Argyle Street.

A Moderate ex-Magistrate.

EX-BAILIE DEWAR, of Burntisland, is a decidedly modest man. On the evening of the Kirkcaldy Burghs election, he had himself and his house "damaged;" he was "grossly assaulted to the injury of his person, and in view of the Magistrates and two policemen, who neither lifted voice nor hand to protect him;" he got home "with great effort and much struggling," followed by a mob; afterwards his house was surrounded, his windows smashed, and an attempt made to set the place on fire; he vainly applied to the Provost and Town Clerk for redress; "in consequence of the conduct of the mob his house remained exposed for fourteen days;" and, by way of compensation for all this damage and indignity, he demands from the Corporation the sum of—eighteen shillings sterling! No wonder "the account was passed for payment." The Town Council were doubtless thankful that the ex-Bailie did not threaten to "arrest" the burgh revenues for the next ten years at least.

TAKING IN AND BEING DONE FOR.

(Scene—Door of a lodging-house.)

Seedy-looking Swell (to lodging-house keeper)

—I believe you take in lodgers.

Lodging-house Keeper (who has already suffered by the "likes of him")—No, it's them takes me in. [Swell vanishes.]

DRAWING IT FINE.—The Greenock Master of Works is something like a Master of Works. He estimated the cost of a new road at £3500, and its actual cost "up till now" is merely £13,000, or within £10,000 of the estimate—which must be regarded as a very near thing indeed, and almost on a par with Mr M'Dougall's election calculations, or, say, the Indian Budget.

"BROTHERS" IN ARMS.—The amity between Mr Pearce and Sir James Bain has been as short lived as it was sudden. A few brief weeks after the election, and we find them struggling fiercely for the office of "Provincial Grand Master of the Glasgow City Province." The Knight carries the day, and sees with somewhat more equanimity his Parliamentary hopes "evanishing amid the storm."

A Br(o)ad-law—One admitting the elected of Northampton to the House of Commons.

Russian Bonds—Siberian exiles.

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.

Rigour for Roughs.

OUR authorities seem at last determined to put down party disturbances with a high hand. Last week Mr Gemmel had before him some Green rioters. One of these—a youth "aged 18," who had threatened to "do for" everybody in general, and who "sobbed piteously" while in court—was sent to prison for a fortnight; while "two small boys," who had also "taken part in the disturbance," were each fined a guinea. Ferocious partizans, "please copy."

THE PEER AND THE PUBS.—The Grange-mouth Commissioners are to be congratulated on their manly, logical, and temperate reply to the letter from Lord Zetland's lawyers on the local public-house question—a letter which was as insolent as his Lordship's action is tyrannical. The peer and his agents might well take a lesson in manners and common sense from the municipality which they apparently hold in such lofty contempt.

MAGNIFICENT!—The *Herald* says that Dr Hutton's speech on disestablishment in the U.P. Synod last week was delivered in the hearing of "a magnificent assemblage of Voluntaries." My conscience! Where does the magnificence come in?

REVULSION OF FEELING.—Young Peggy, Hood has told us, hawks nosegays from street to street till she hates the smell of roses. Young M'Allister's case is alike, with a difference. Having got a pass from Mark for the show last week, he was there both days—"you bet," as he would say himself—and so improved the shining hours in the neighbourhood of "Stand No. 39," that he hasn't been able to stand the smell of bitters nor the look of a cocktail since.

WHAT ABOUT MAMMA-IN-LAW?—In the U.P. Synod last week the Rev. Mr Davidson, of Greenock, observed that "a man in marrying a woman did not at the same time marry the whole of his father-in-law's family." Jones says mournfully that that may be Mr Davidson's experience, but it's not his (J's.)

"BLOW, BUGLE, BLOW!"—A lady correspondent is anxious to know whether a dress trimmed with "bugles" is necessarily a "loud" costume. Perhaps some better authority than the BAILIE will oblige with a reply.

BICYCLES. { Riding taught. Makers, Agents, Repairers of Bicycles; Suppliers of Saddles, Oil Cans, Springs, Alarm Bells, &c. West of Scotland Bicycle Co. Show Rooms, 104 Renfield St., Works, 67 East Howard St.

VICTORIA RESTAURANT,
62 GORDON STREET, & 3 RENFIELD STREET
(Opposite Caledonian Central Station),
WINES, SPIRITS, AND MALT LIQUORS
Of the Best Qualities, and Thoroughly Matured.
SPECIAL BLEND WHISKY.
BREAKFASTS, DINNERS, AND TEAS.
LARGE DINING-HALL.
SNACKS (OF ALL KINDS),6d.

M'CALL & FERGUSON, PROPRIETORS.

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. D E W A R,
Wholesale Family Wine Stores,
47 ROSE STREET, GARNETHILL (Corner of Bucc'each Street);
And 190 ST. GEORGE'S ROAD (Opposite West Princes St).

SUCCESS AT LAST!!!
THE STYLOGRAPHIC PEN

A PENCIL which writes INK, never needs
Sharpening, and never Wears Out.
CALL AND INSPECT IT.

A. C. THOMSON,
Agent,
278 ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW.

M I L L A R & C O.
FAMILY HATTERS,
QUEEN STREET CORNER, GLASGOW,
ARE SHEWING THEIR NEW SPRING GOODS.
See the Windows.

ANGLING.—WM. HAIGH, FLYDRESSER,
FISHING ROD AND TACKLE-MAKER,
16 HANOVER STREET,
RODS AND REELS REPAIRED, FLIES TO PATTERN.

Cricketing
Outfits.

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5 RENFIELD STREET.

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ANALYST,
52 ST. ENOCH SQUARE.

THE COLOSSEUM,
70 JAMAICA STREET.
WALTER WILSON & CO.,

THE LEADING HATTERS
and
MILLINERS IN GLASGOW.

The season now full on, our clients are respectfully requested
to call early in the day to avoid the excessive crowding in the
afternoon.

NEW FEATURE IN FELT HATS.

The NEW FLEXIBLE, (Light as a Feather),
From 2½ to 3½ ozs. Weight,
Less than half the weight of an ordinary Felt Hat.
For COMFORT and SUMMER Wear, simply perfection,
From 7s 6d each.

JNO. D. MACARTHUR,
HOSIER, GLOVER, SHIRTMAKER, AND HATTER,
263, 265, 267 SAUCHIEHALL ST.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 12th, 1880.

THE Glasgow Tramway Company is not
famed for the consideration which it shows
for the rights of its servants or the public, and
it is at all times willing to invoke the aid of
the dread machinery of the law. One of the
company's cars having come into collision with
a mare belonging to a well-known local breeder
of Clydesdales and thereby caused its death,
the matter came before Lord MONCRIEFF and a
Jury on Thursday last, with the result that the
company was mulcted in the sum of two
hundred guineas and a thumping bill of costs.
In his charge to the Jury his Lordship laid down
rules of law which are of the greatest import-

ance to the public, but which are too often forgotten by weak-kneed occupants of the local bench—gratuitous and stipendiary. The first of these “rulings” is that the Tramway Company have no superior right to the use of the streets, but are only entitled to use them in common with the public, and their servants are bound to exercise the same care and are subject to the same control as the driver of a lordly equipage or a costermonger’s cart. These very common-sense principles, so authoritatively announced, should set this matter at rest, and it may now be hoped that the Tramway Company will direct their attention to having their cars kept in a cleanlier state both outside and inside, and failing their doing so that they will be looked after by the police as strictly as ordinary vehicles. The Tramway Company should not be behind the railways in having their servants respectably clothed as well as civil and efficient, instead of being unkempt and occasionally tattered. Matters like these affect the reputation of the company as well as the comfort of its passengers, and it is somewhat strange that so general a subject of complaint as we have referred to should have been allowed to exist so long without a remedy.

GLESKA YET!—Certain Japanese policemen have been distinguishing themselves by collaring an unoffending Prussian Prince. Didn’t we send out a contingent of Glasgow bobbies to Japan some time ago? Brave boys! The BAILIE was sure he should hear of them before long.

NEGLECTED GENIUS.—A “London Correspondent” explains that Sir George Campbell holds no office under the new Government because “there is no place connected with either Scotland or India where his special talents might be utilised.” How sad! Perhaps by the time when, say, Mr Alexander Macdonald is Premier—or, if you like it better, “when the pigs begin to fly”—some “place” may be found where Sir George’s very “special” talents may be “utilised.”

MIXED.—A local daily says that “in the enjoyment of their Alnaschar vision they (the Indian Government) have perforce kicked over the basket, and find that after all the pot of gold is not at the end of the rainbow.” For a “nice derangement” of allusion and metaphor it would not be easy to beat this.

Platelayers—Butlers and waiters.

The Crosshill Great Licence Case.

THE performance of the License Confirming Court for the Upper Ward of Renfrewshire on Friday last was more than splendid in its own way. The members of it had only been newly elected, but, by their zeal, they showed that they had been cunningly selected for a purpose. Their desire to confirm was only restrained by the limited number of applications before them. But they did more than confirm licences—they confirmed Provost Brown of Crosshill as an enemy of their court. Such an out and out case of being sat upon has rarely been witnessed, the Provost not being allowed to relieve his soul further than by a long series of broken sentences. However, the Provost’s known habit of dealing with opponents will prevent sympathy being wasted on him, and gain respect for his fellow dignitary of Pollokshaws. After such an exhibition, can it excite surprise that the applications of friendless wuld-be publicans are not granted, or the reason be far to seek. The votaries of the Muses in Crosshill should sing of “the power of porter.”

Spoiling the Egyptians.

THE Free Presbytery had under its consideration last week a proposal to dispose of a church in the Bridgegate. In the course of the discussion Mr Gault said “he did not think the population in the district were so intractable that they should be handed over to the tender mercies of the Church of Rome; *at least, if they got it, they should be made to pay well for it*”—meaning, “if the Church of Rome got the building.” This is a novel “spoiling of the Egyptians,” the suggestion of which does infinite credit to the shrewd pillar of Protestantism who proposed it. Another reverend gentleman observed that “the next most formidable danger” was that the church might “fall into the hands of the Baird Trust.” The question apparently resolves itself into—Which class of Egyptians will stand most “spoiling?”

WITH A DIFFERENCE.—A contemporary calls the Queen’s Own Yeomanry a “crack” regiment—whereanent a disrespectful civilian asks whether, having regard to the appearance and performances of certain of the gallant yeomen, “cracked” would not be a more appropriate epithet.

Dolorous—A Scotch town that ought to interest Yankee tourists—Dollar.

The Free A B C.

A is for Adam, who to Rainy says "hear, hear."
 B is for Bonar, of good females the "dear, dear."
 B is for Bruce, first of Free College foemen.
 B is for Bremner, dourest of yeomen.
 C is for Campbell, puffed Wynd-bag and blather.
 C is for Candlish, the true son of his father.
 D is for Dods—how he drew in his hornies.
 D is for Douglas, who will tramp on no cornies.
 E is for Evan, spurning heresies seven.
 F is for Fullarton, pining for heaven.
 G is for Gault, and the battle of Boyne.
 G is for Gualtier, whose get-up is so foine.
 H is for Howie, kirk and maunse building bleeder.
 H is for Hall, how he Hectors his leader.
 I is for Isdale, slow of mind, mouth, and motion.
 J is for Johnston J., in fine English a caution.
 K is for Kilpatrick, whose hat is a wonder.
 L is for Lindsay, cocky-doo, cocky-dander.
 L is for Leitch, and all else that he may be.
 M is for M'Dermid, most venerable baby.
 M is for M'Intosh, great mouse from the mountain.
 M is for M'Phail, doleful, gloomy, and gruntin'.
 M is for M'Dougall, abhorring, detesting.
 M is for the Macs, who think silence the best thing.
 M is for Melville, clever manager general.
 N is for Nicoll, with his speeches not liberal.
 O is for Orrock, patronising each hero.
 P is for Patrick, for himself he has no fear O.
 Q is for Question, less confession and more cash.
 R is for Reith, less lackaday and more dash.
 R is for Riddel, diddle, fiddle, fee fo fum.
 S is for Smith, after hum drum, heigh ho hum!
 S is for Scott, church extenders' vexation.
 S is for Scrym, who accepts the situation.
 S is for Sloan, saying melancholy matin.
 S is for Stewart J., who has given up making Latin.
 T is for Taylor, smiling, gabby, and goody.
 T is for Thomson G., knows what gentlemen should be.
 T is for Thornton R. M., "Let's go 'head and look 'live O."
 U is for Urquhart, sangs and sneeshing mak's her thrive so.
 V is for Vells, so werry, judicious, werry.
 W is for Wilsoa, whose mou wouldn't mump a cherry.
 X is for Axes, to hew down heterodoxies.
 Y is for Wiles, to entrap cunning foxes.
 Z is for Zest, when we've caged them in boxes.
 &c. is for et cetra, that's a dozen John Knoxes.

"HORNBOOK'S SKILL."

(Scene—The corner of a street; Two Highland friends meet.)

1st F.—Hoo's Tavitt Gunn?

2nd F.—She's nae petter, pair chiel.

1st F.—Is she no? Fa's her doctor?

2nd F.—Yin Doctor M'(G)Kill.

1st F.—Is she skillfae?

2nd F.—Weel, she cannae say, but Tavish, the gravedigger, says she's uncommon.

NATURE AND ART.—The scene in "Otto" upon which a local critic most appreciatively dwells is that "which shows the interior of a brewery." "One touch of nature —!"

The Liberal Party—The clergy.

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

Technicalities for "the Girls."

THE BAILIE observes that certain local educationalists have been inquiring whether it is not possible to provide "some kind of technical education" for girls. Now, this appears to his Worship a complete waste of time and energy. So far as he has observed, all the "technical education" required by the girl of the period consists in the "nice conduct" of a fan, the management of a train, the art of flirting, the use of the human eye as a weapon of offence, and other "pretty little tiny kickshaws" which are not "gifts of fortune" but "come by nature." The local educationalists in question had much better mind their own business.

FAINT HEART, &c.—It seems that the volunteer who carried off the wedding-ring at the recent St. Mungo Wapenschaw had not courage to face his brethren and claim the prize. It is to be feared that young man will have to present a prize next year according to conditions. A youth who has not sufficient pluck to face the mild chaff of his comrades is not likely to be able to summon up courage enough to attempt the still more dreadful ordeal of popping the question.

TABBY OR NOT TABBY?—Somebody has lost "a large brown tabby cat," and advertises that anybody retaining it will be prosecuted. As if anybody but the affectionate owner would want to have anything to do with such a brute—unless, indeed, with a view to pie-ous objects!

"MAN ONCE WAS A MONKEY."—Certain members of the F.C. Presbytery discoursed learnedly the other day of the evolution theory. An ill-natured critic suggests that they might have illustrated their lectures by examples around them.

AN EXPRESSIVE "BUT."—Some of our country friends are evidently strong believers in the universal opulence of "the city." Concerning a poor fellow found drowned at Greenock it is reported, "Nothing was found in the deceased's pockets, *but* he evidently belongs to Glasgow."

SOMETHING LIKE A "WANT."—Somebody advertises in the *Herald* for "a first man." My conscience! Does he want to resurrect the 'grand old gardener'?

{ The "Duplex," "Challenge," "Club," "Premier," &c. On Hire with option of Purchase.
 TRICYCLES. } New, Second-Hand, Fittings cheap, Jennings', 101 Mitchell Street.

Megilp.

THE general result of this year's two great picture exhibitions—those of the Academy and the Grosvenor Gallery—has been to accentuate the position of Millais as the supreme flower and highest master of modern English art. As well in Bond Street as in Piccadilly, his victorious strength is abundantly visible. A century hence the "Mrs Jopling" of the Grosvenor, and the "Mr Bright" in the Academy, will be accepted as companions to the masterpieces of Velasquez and Holbein. The "Cherry Ripe," in the Graphic Gallery in Grafton Street, is another Millais which no visitor to London should fail to see. Indeed, this last-named work possesses certain qualities that place it on a level with anything the master has hitherto achieved.

Bastien-Lepage and Munkacsy are two foreign artists who have this year made good the claims they beforetime advanced to the attention of our art-loving public—the former by his landscape entitled "Les Foins" and his portrait of Sarah Bernhardt in the Grosvenor, and his Prince of Wales in the Academy, and the latter by his "Two Families" in Burlington House.

The Scotch artists who take the highest position in the Academy are Orchardson and Colin Hunter.

Cecil Lawson, whose "Kentish Hop-field" must be fresh in the recollection of visitors to the recent exhibition of the Glasgow Institute, threatens to become—Cecil Lawson, and no more. His Grosvenor pictures—"The August Moon" and "The Voice of the Cuckoo"—are clever, painty, and mannered. Much animadversion was created at the time by the remarks in this column on the exhibition made by M. Legros in our local School of Art towards the close of last year. Well, the results, if not of his stay in this city, at least of his northern tour, are shown in the Grosvenor Gallery, and are, if the truth must be told, consumedly laughed at by visitors. M. Legros possesses power, and uncommon power, but he chooses to fritter this away in commonplace and unworthy methods.

Saturday the fifth of June is the date presently fixed for the opening of the Dundee Fine Art Exhibition, which will be the third of the series. The Glasgow agents, to whom pictures for the Exhibition must be sent not later than Saturday next, are Messrs M'Clure & Son.

Among the Grosvenor pictures described in the *Athenaeum* of Saturday is the "Sultry Day" of David Murray, a notice of which has already appeared in this column. It has found a capital place in Sir Coutts Lindsay's gallery, and was sold on the opening day of the Exhibition.

Why is it that every succeeding Exhibition of the Royal Academy is reviled as being worse than its predecessor? This feeling, moreover, is not confined to England and English criticism. Writing to the *Athenaeum* of Saturday from Paris, Edmond About describes the Salon as "an exhibition of the ugly arts," and adds, "If you were to see what the committee have taken in, you would ask in horror what they can have rejected."

The Fine Art Exhibition of Messrs Kay & Reid, which will close this week, has by no means received its due amount of attention at the hands of our local connoisseurs. It may fairly be questioned whether an equal number of good cabinet pictures has been seen at any previous Exhibition in this city. The collection is specially rich in specimens of the more refined Dutch masters, but the modern Italian and Spanish and French schools are also represented in Messrs Kay & Reid's gallery, and adequately represented too. Those who really care for fine pictures should not fail to pay a visit to the Exhibition before closing day arrives.

Over four thousand pictures were rejected this year at Burlington House.

The Latest Novelty in Furniture—The Gladstone Cabinet.

The "Fifteen Puzzle"—Why so many people waste their time and rack their brains over it.

Measures: Prosaic and Rhythmic.
 AT the U. P. conference the other day on Temperance, the Reverend Mr Reid, of Edinburgh, told his friends that, while Dr Chalmers had been complacent to Temperance, he considered all who opposed it "theological greybeards." (Laughter.) This was good—humorously—for the Dr; the point occurring in the duplex spiritual application. The BAILIE, in this connection, suggesting an item for some Johnson of tectotal literature, offers a humble, new, and original version of Scottish patriotism.

FOR NEW TEMPERANCE DICTIONARY:—

Permissive, *adjective*, to prohibit, prevent, force, compel, coerce, deny, restrain, bind, hinder, object to, enchain, &c., &c.

Sots wha hae wi' Wallace bred,
 Sots wham Reid has aften led,
 Welcome to your templar bed,
 And to victorie!

Now's the day and now's the hour;
 See the front of battle lour;
 See! they broach proud whisky's power—
 "Drains" o' slaverie!

Wha wad be a cork-screw slave?
 Wha a "fly the cutter" knave?
 Wha wad fill a drunkard's grave?
 Let him turn and flee

Wha for the "Permissive" law
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw?
 Templar stand, or templar fa',
 Let him follow me.

By "the horrors," woes, and pains,
 Midnight revels! moaning chains!
 We will drain Loch Katrine's veins,
 Gale keeps flowing free.

Lay the proud winebibbers low!
 "Greybeards" fall in every foe!
 Fell coercion, every blow!
 "Do" them all!—they dee!

DON'T LET YOUR "SPIRITS" GO DOWN!—
 Ex-Bailie Lamberton told the breakfasting Temperance-Leaguers the other morning that they should not "give way to dispiriting influences." Did that mean that they should all have brought pocket-flasks?

LET'SH HAVE ANOTHER—BARREL!—
 According to the *Herald*, when Mr Mark Stewart asked the Stranraer electors last Wednesday to "give him their second barrel," he received words of encouragement from "a drunk man" in the audience. The inebriated one evidently regarded the metaphor in a bacchanalian, not a sporting light.

T H E G A I E T Y.

Proprietor and Director,Mr C. BERNARD.

MR WM. DUCK'S FAMOUS COMPANY,

O U R B O Y S.

Box Office Open Daily from 10 till 4.

General Manager,.....Mr SAM. H. S. AUSTIN.

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE.
TO-NIGHT, and during the Week,
Grand Production of
R O B R O Y.
New and Beautiful Scenery by Mr Swift.
Miss JULIA SEAMAN,
Mr JAS. HOUSTON. | Mr A. HILTON.
Madame GERALDINI WARDEN, and a Magnificent Cast.
R O B R O Y.
Box Office 11 to 4. Prices, 6d to 4s.

**ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS
AND CRYSTAL PALACE.**
GRAND PROMENADE CONCERT,
By BAND AND PIPERS of 74TH HIGHLANDERS,
On SATURDAY EVENING, 15TH MAY, from 7 to 9 p.m.
Admission 6d Subscribers, by Presenting Tickets, Free.
Annual Family Ticket, 21s; Single Ticket, 10s 6d.
To be had at 155 West George Street and at Garden Gate.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The "**PERCY**" **SHOE HOUSE**
IS NOW OPEN,
55 ARGYLE STREET, 55
GLASGOW.
HIGH-CLASS BOOTS AND SHOES
AT MANUFACTURERS' PRICES.
*Direct Saving of from 20 to 30 per Cent. under
West End Prices.*
BRANCH FROM TRONGATE,
C. M. PERCY, Proprietor.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Friday, 14th May.
PUBLIC SALE OF A COLLECTION OF
MODERN PICTURES,
Belonging to a Gentleman in Wales.
The OIL PAINTINGS include Examples of the following
among other Eminent Artists:—
Thos. Gainsborough. A. Johnston.
A. Vickers. T. S. Cowper.
A. Nasmyth. C. Stanfield.
Patrick Nasmyth. And Others.
Newton Taylor.

Among the WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS are Works by
David Cox, John Varley, P. de Wint,
Copley Fielding, W. West, Cooper.
And other well-known Artists in Water-Colour.

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell the above
by Auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, North
Court, St. Vincent Place, on Friday, 14th May, at One o'clock.
On View, with Catalogues, on Day prior to Sale.
Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 10th May, 1880.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Thursday, 13th May.
PUBLIC SALE OF
B O O K S

(Being the Library of a Gentleman going Abroad, removed from
Bothwell Park House for convenience of Sale),
INCLUDING

Standard Works in History, Poetry, Biography, Theology,
Science, Classics, and General Literature. Illustrated
Works, "Encyclopædia Britannica," 21 vols., &c., &c.

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell the above,
by Auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms North
Court, St Vincent Place, on Thursday, 13th May, at 12 o'clock.
Catalogues, Now Ready.
On View on Morning of Sale.
Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 10th May, 1880.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.
MAIN STREET, SOUTH SIDE, GLASGOW.
Sole Lessee and Manager,.....Mr H. CECIL BERYL.
Grand production of the National Operatic Drama,
"R O B R O Y."
New and Elaborate Scenery by Mr WM. W. SMALL.
Every Evening until further notice,
"R O B R O Y."
Mr HENRY TALBOT, Mr WM GOURLAY,
Mr EDWARD COTTE (from Crystal Palace Opera Company.)
Mr R. P. STEELE,
Miss ADELAIDE CHIPPENDALE (from the Haymarket
Theatre, London).
Mrs WM. GOURLAY, Mrs HUDSON KIRBY,
And a very Powerful Company.
Cascade of Real Water and Elaborate Mechanical Effects.
Box Plan at Donaldson's Rooms, 77 St. Vincent Street.

ROYALTY THEATRE,
Lessee and Manager.....Mr E. L. KNAPP.
LAST FIVE NIGHTS OF
MR AND MRS GEORGE S. KNIGHT
In MARDEN's Delightful Comedy Drama,
OTTO, A GERMAN,
To-Night (Tuesday), 11th May, and following Evenings, at 7-30.

ROYALTY THEATRE,
MONDAY May 17th,
Messrs FAIRLIE and HAMILTON's Company in Offenbach's
Latest Success.

MADAM FAVART.
PHOTOGRAPHERS TO THE QUEEN.

RALSTON & SONS,
141 SAUCHIEHALL STREET 141
AND
311 BYARS ROAD, (Opposite the Burgh Hall), HILLHEAD.

GARDINER & Co's FAMED 1/36 TROUSERS
READY MADE OR TO ORDER
BEST VALUE EVER PRODUCED
BOYS CLOTHING EXTREMELY MODERATE PRICES
IN THE CLOTHING TRADE
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VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD,
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WAR. Heroic Stand by the Gallant 24th.
ZUZU Noble Defence of Korke's Drift by Lieuts.
WAR. Chard and Bromhead.
ZULU Destruction of the Hospital.
WAR. King Cetewayo's Kraal at Ulundi.
ZULU DEATH OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.
WAR. BATTLE OF ULUNDI.
ZULU Capture of King Cetewayo.
WAR. Capture of Ali Musjid by the British
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WAR. THE CITY OF CABUL.
ZULU Interior of the Ameer's Palace.
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 has commenced Sailing for the Season. On
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 NEW SEASON'S PATTERNS.

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 Intimate the Arrival of their New Patterns, which for Excellence
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The Wholesale Discount of 25 per cent., or Threepence per
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 their Glasgow Warehouse,
 20 GORDON STREET, GLASGOW,
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 Hot Minced Collops and Potatoes,.....3d.
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WINES, SPIRITS, BRANDIES—Best Quality.
 SCOTCH AND ENGLISH BEERS.

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MR R. DONALDSON having arranged to
 Remove at Whitsunday to much Larger and more Suit-
 able Premises, No. 91 St. Vincent Street, and in order, as far as
 possible, to avoid the damage and deterioration to the Instruments,
 he has resolved to offer his whole Stock of PIANOFORTES,
 HARMONIUMS, &c., for Positive Sale, at a Reduction of 25
 to 40 per cent. under the usual prices. The Instruments are all
 by the most Celebrated Makers, and have been carefully selected
 personally, and several, which have just been returned from hire,
 are offered at fabulous prices. The Terms of Sale are *Prompt
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THE GLASGOW DAIRY CO. (Limited)
 have much pleasure in announcing that they have made
 arrangements for the Daily Supply of their Dairy Produce on
 board the fine new Saloon Steamer "Ivanhoe" during the
 present Season.

MILK SUPPLY AT THE COAST.
 See *Evening Times* of 15th ult.

In the Leader of above date the very insufficient Milk supply
 at the Coast during the summer months is commented on by the
 Editor, and in order to put an end to such a state of matters the
 Glasgow Dairy Company now intimate that they are prepared to
 send Milk, Cream, and Butter to all the different Watering Places
 should a sufficient number of orders be received not later than
 15th May. Intending visitors to the Coast will see that in order
 to enable the Dairy Company to carry out the plan now proposed
 early orders are necessary. All orders addressed to the Head
 Office of the Company, 42 Garnethill Street up till 15th May.

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BOWMORE DISTILLERY.
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HAVE, since first introduced into Scotland in 1850, steadily increased in popularity, and at all the Universal Exhibitions met with unprecedented success.

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Since 1850 many mere imitators have come and gone, and many still remain; but the Public are requested to insist on having CORRY'S Waters, not imitations.

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BELFAST GINGER ALE,
Undoubtedly the Finest of all
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Admirably Adapted for a
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Choice Old COGNAC BRANDY, Guaranteed Seven Years
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For Medicinal Purposes no Finer Brandy could be used.
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JOHN M. SIMPSON, Furniture Warehouse
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City. New Illustrated House Furnishing Guide to be had Free
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Really Good Substantial Furniture of Artistic Design and
Superior Finish. Quality Guaranteed.



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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 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-
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success.

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WASTE PAPER, Ledgers, Letters, Books,
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BUCHANAN & JOHNSON.



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BOYS'

TAILLORS.



174 & 176 TRONGATE.





The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 396. Glasgow, Wednesday, May 19th, 1880. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 396.

WE in Glasgow have had a narrow escape. It was quite on the cards last week that we were to be saddled with the "cheekiest" man in the kingdom for our junior representative. The rumour that Mr Anderson was to retire in behalf of the Home Secretary was at least a feeler which might have been converted into a fact had it been received with anything like favour by the constituency. Happily the danger is now averted. Sir WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT will find a seat elsewhere, and Glasgow will retain Mr Anderson. The elevation of the ex-member for Oxford to an important seat in the Cabinet was a necessity of Mr Gladstone's position. The Premier does not love the Home Secretary, and the Home Secretary laughs at the Premier. Indeed, if the truth were told, it would probably be found that Sir VERNON HARCOURT has fewer affinities with the principles on which the present Government has been formed than any other member of the Ministry. He was too clever, however, to be passed over. The claims he could advance on the ground of sheer ability, were superior to those of ninety-nine out of every hundred of the other members of the party. And there were further grounds for his advancement than those connected with his claims as a party man. Sir VERNON HARCOURT is self-assertive above everything. He is intensely ambitious and intensely vain, and between his vanity and his ambition he might, had he been left out in the cold, have proved the most dangerous enemy and the least friendly friend among all the enemies and friends whom the Premier is likely to encounter in the Commons House of Parliament. As statesmen go, the Home Secretary is still in his first youth. He

was born so lately as 1827, and he comes of a somewhat noted family. His father, the Rev. Vernon Harcourt, was the virtual founder of the British Association, and his grandfather, Archbishop Harcourt, was Primate of the Province of York. The Man You Know was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated with high honours in 1851. Having adopted the law as a profession, he was called to the bar in 1854. The boldness of statement, the weight of utterance, and the confidence in himself and disdain for his opponents, which are now the main characteristics of the Home Secretary, belonged to him even then, and he soon became a favourite both with clients and attorneys. But he did not remain contented with his success in the law courts. When the *Saturday Review* was started, some quarter of a century ago, he at once joined the new journal, and was soon recognised as one of the heaviest "sloggers" and most unsparing critics on Mr Beresford Hope's print. Like all the *Reviewers* of that day, the Home Secretary was a Tory, and it was as a Tory that he contested the Kirkcaldy Burghs at the '59 election. So well did he talk, that he became, out of sight, the popular candidate, although, when the day of voting arrived, he was left at the bottom of the poll. Shortly after this the Man You Know found a fresh channel for ventilating his opinions. This was nothing less than the columns of the *Times*, where he was at once a leader writer, and the contributor of an important series of letters bearing the now well-known signature of "Historicus," and dealing chiefly with subjects connected with international law. In 1866 he was created a Q.C., at the '68 election he stood for Oxford in the Liberal interest and was returned, and in 1869 the University of Cambridge appointed him to the Professorship of International Law, a post which he still holds. As has already been said the

Prime Minister does not like Sir VERNON HARCOURT. When the right hon. gentleman entered Parliament his Tory proclivities were still strong, and he was long a thorn in the side of Mr Gladstone. His style was admittedly modelled on that of Mr Disraeli, with whom, at that time, he maintained a close personal intimacy. Indeed there were not wanting indignant Liberals, both in and out of the House, who openly taunted him with his veiled Toryism, and urged him, in so many words, to exchange his seat on the Government side of the House for a place in the ranks of the Opposition. As time wore on, however, the *rapprochement* between the Squire of Hughenden and the Member for Oxford gradually grew weaker. The Man you Know succeeded oftener than once in vindicating his right to the name of Liberal by a slashing attack on his Tory opponents. Ultimately, in 1873, a place was found for him on the Ministerial bench, and he was appointed Solicitor-General, receiving, at the same time, the rank of Knighthood. The accession of the Conservatives to power in 1874 threw him into Opposition, where he certainly made himself feared—if he cannot be said to have secured much respect—on either side of the House of Commons. His recent accession to the Home Secretaryship, and the causes that led to it, have already been mentioned, and it only remains to say that the right hon. gentleman is regarded with as scant favour in private as he is in political circles. The story of six friends agreeing to make up a dinner party of a dozen by each inviting as his guest the most disagreeable man he knew, and the whole of them fixing on Sir VERNON, has long been familiar in gossiping circles, and it illustrates with sufficient distinctness the position he holds among his intimates. The Home Secretary can hardly be termed a Statesman in any sense of the word. He is of the species of Parliamentarians who make excellent representatives of pocket-boroughs. He would have no more suited Glasgow than Glasgow, with her multifarious interests and her never-ending claims on the time and energy of her Members, would have suited him.

What is the difference between a fireplace obtained on credit and county magistrates?—The one is the unpaid grate, and the other the great unpaid.

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

The Doctor's Sweetheart.

NOT a patient!—Oh, no, no!
I'm sick of the fight for life;
Sound as a bell, from top to toe,
Is the girl who'll be my wife.
Don't know whether her eyes are blue,
But I know they're clear and bright;
Her cheeks are red—her lips are, too—
And her home-grown teeth are white.

We met upon a mountain-top
On a breezy summer day;
We talked—our talk was of the shop,
And she stole my love away.
'Twas not her store of doctor's lore
That set my heart in a whirl,
'Twas this—I'd never met before
A perfectly healthy girl!

Of Senna, or Syrup of Squills,
Gregory's favourite "blend,"
Powders, or blisters, or pills,
She knew not the name or the end!
May never an ache, or an ill,
Creep into our wedded bliss,
And may no nauseating pill
E'er pollute the lips I kiss!

A "FINE MORNIN'."

(Scene—First-class bar, 9 a.m.; Enter party who asks and gets two gills of whisky in a bottle.)

Courteous Attendant (as he hands over the liquor)—This is a good mornin'.

Customer—Mind your own business so long as I pay for what I get, but at the same time the mornin's no' a' for masell.

"SPRING" SHOWERS IN THE PARK.—There is occasionally a talk in the Town Council about "the waste of water." This, however, can have no reference to the "play" of the Fountain in the West-end Park. The Fountain was erected as a monument of the introduction of water no less plentiful than pure; it is now an example ("better than precept") of the practice of frugality and economy.

Query for Sir Garnet, that jewel of a soldier: Is the diamond drill of any service in piercing the ranks of the enemy when they stand like a rock?

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—A gentleman, offering his services through the columns of the *Herald* as an agent for sugar, gives his name as "Jonathan Wild." Like Falstaff, he has evidently gone in for a "commodity of good names" before embarking in business.

"Cropped up"—The farmer's sowings, by his landlord's game.

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

On 'Change.

WHEN a man gets into difficulties, through downright misfortune and no fault of his own, there is not a man on 'Change who does not freely sympathise with him. What is his ill luck to-day may be theirs to-morrow, and a fellow feeling, as we all know, makes us wondrous kind. His very creditors will give him an easy settlement, though they will no doubt grumble, as creditors do. It is otherwise when a man with a good going business, and well-to-do in other respects, rushes into outside transactions and gets wrecked in the ocean of speculation. The hardship becomes greater should the speculator drag his relatives into the vortex, as I hear happened in a case lately brought under my notice. Things are not what they seem, perhaps, and I earnestly hope that rumour has exaggerated the difficulty said to menace a concern whose leading articles are matters of history.

There is at present a mania for affiliating new insurance companies, with limited liability, upon some company already existing with the liability undefined. The plan seems to be that a life company, without fire business, starts a fire company, limited, or that a fire company, without life business, starts a life company, limited. The argument plausibly advanced for the formation of the new company is that the business will be conducted in the office of the old company, that the same agencies will do for both, that the existing staff is quite sufficient for the purpose, and that therefore there ought to be an enormous saving of expense. All this reasoning is pure sophistry. It is inconceivable that an additional business of any extent can be worked by the same men at the same desks, unless, indeed, the men had too little to do before and were in possession of premises much too large for them. The natural inference from all this scheming is that certain offices, like the frog in the fable, have puffed themselves up too much, and that they find they must do something to get their empty desks filled or their idle clerks made generally useful.

Gold companies continue to be launched in all directions, and according to the promoters they are to make the fortunes of everybody concerned. Investors ought to beware of these rose-coloured statements. They ought to notice, besides, that the vendor is generally to receive a large amount in ready cash, as well as a number of shares fully paid up. He usually contrives, in addition, to be made managing director at a good salary, or he secures that lucrative office for some youthful descendant of his sisters or his cousins or his aunts.

The value of the property is invariably attested by some well known mining engineer. The Emma Mine was similarly attested and everyone knows what that concern came to. Mining engineers are very curious fish. A mining firm had a dispute with the superior of the land about certain lordships. The partners employed a mining engineer to inspect the various properties and report upon the value of them. He wrote a strong report to the effect that the minerals were worked out and the properties consequently much diminished in value. Some years afterwards it occurred to the partners that they might sell their business to a Limited Company. They issued a prospectus accordingly. To give it weight they annexed the report of an eminent mining engineer, who proved to a demonstration that every bit of land the firm possessed was full of minerals. The engineer was the same who had been before employed in the matter of the royalties. I make no comment upon this interesting story.

The mere mention of the sisters and the cousins and the aunts reminds me that Mr Donald Currie, of steam ship notoriety, proposes to part with eight of his steamers, for the purpose of forming a shipping company. Among the first seven subscribing partners are two ladies of the Currie family. Three male Curries adorn the list. So as far as the formal initiation is concerned the company would seem to be something of a family arrangement.

A company has been formed for the purpose of supplying Billin Water to an enlightened British public. The scheme of the concern will very likely include the supplying of still stronger waters to any number of British Publics. The capital will be £50,000 divided into 5000 share. There are in the board two

Lords, one Doctor of Medicine, and the inevitable managing director. This last-named functionary is to receive £4000 in cash and £4000 in fully paid shares, and as he will of course have a salary he ought to be pretty comfortable. For my own part I really do not see the need of all this trouble and expense in order that we may be flooded with Billin Water. Some of us have quite enough of that commodity already. Several married men I know have it laid on at home morning and evening. They are kept in hot water with the utmost regularity, though, of course, that inevitable concomitant of conjugal life may not always be bilin'. SCRUTATOR.

A MAJOR-ITY

(Scene—St. Vincent Street; Meeting of two street arabs.)

1st S. A.—A' say, Jeck, whit'ye gettin' noo?

Jeck—Three-and-sax.

1st S. A. (enviously)—Mun ye'll no' need tae care fur yer faither ony mair.

NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS.—A rev. gentleman hailing from Partick, and wearing the historical designation of "Colin Campbell," writing to the *Herald* anent the Lord Rectorship squabble says: "In session 1875-76 an attempt was made to convert the University Dialectic Society into a bear garden, in the course of which the furniture of one of the class-rooms was damaged." Surely that attempt must have been wonderfully successful.

"LOOMING"—IN THE DISTANCE?—Cotton-spinning Lancashire is in the hands of the Fates, if not the Furies. No sooner does Clotho hold the distaff, and Lachesis attempt to spin, than Atropos gets up to strike and cuts. Some day it may be "cut" without the "come again."

MONITORY.—It seems to be the fate of Turkey to be in the hands of the Jews—first Disraeli, now Goschen.

VIVAT REGINA.

"Here's a health to the Queen, and a lasting peace!"
Brilliant fame to her name, and a life-long lease
Of the happiness born of benignant sway!
Here's a health to the Queen on her natal day,
With a "Vivat Victoria! Vivat! Hurrah!"

The "Skiey" Influences—Astrology is not yet extinct. There is an outbreak of typhoid fever, and the Local Authority considers the *via lactea*.

The Right Man in the Write Place—The Postmaster-General.

A Man of "Letters"—Professor Fawcett.

PIG-IRON WARRANTS—STOCKS AND SHARES.—Macgregor & Co., Stock and Share Brokers, and Iron Brokers, 136 Buchanan Street, Glasgow, offer Special Facilities to those desirous of Speculating for the Rise or Fal of Markets.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—I gave you some hints, a week ago, regarding the new comedy of "Crutch and Toothpick," which is to be produced this evening, for the first time in Glasgow, at the Gaiety Theatre. It is, of course, "adapted from the French," and is, upon the whole, if not a very strong, at least a sufficiently amusing work. Am I wrong in identifying its author, Mr G. R. Sims, with the gentleman against whom Mr Henry Irving raised an action of libel some two or three years ago, in respect of an article he had contributed to *Fun*, and the appearance of which led to the retirement of Mr Sampson, the then editor of *Fun*, from all connection with that journal? Mr Sampson is now editor of the *Referee*, and Mr Sims is one of the members of his staff.

On Monday next Mr Bernard will place "Rob Roy" on the Gaiety stage, the part of the gallant outlaw being supported by Mr J. B. Howard, manager of the Edinburgh Theatre Royal, and that of the *Bailie* by Mr Gourlay.

They are playing "Rescued," Dion Boucicault's latest piece, at the Prince of Wales this week. It depends, of course, on the railway sensation, which is just a variation of the very successful scene invented by Augustine Daly for "Under the Gaslight." However, those who care for a sensation—and who doesn't?—should see "Rescued."

Mr Knapp reproduces "Madame Favart" this evening at the Royalty. Besides Mr George Mudie who is the *Marquis*, the cast includes Mr Neville, who is once more *Cotignac*, and humorous Mr Fred Solomon, who repeats his amazingly clever performance of *Biscotin*. The duties of manager of the "Favart" company are discharged by Mr W. A. Burt.

Two of the members of the Favart company, Miss Adelaide Newton and Mr W. H. Fisher, are painters of considerable skill, and both are exhibitors at the Dramatic Fine Art Gallery in New Bond Street, London. Mr Fisher, it may be added, has a hereditary connection with the easel and the maul-stick, his father being a portrait painter in Bristol.

Following "Favart" at the Royalty Theatre will come Alfred Cellier's "Sultan of Mocha," a comic opera which is altogether new to Glasgow. It will be supported, among others, by Miss Alice May and Mr Allen Thomas.

Mr Beryl has succeeded, perhaps even beyond his own expectation, but certainly not beyond his deserts, with his reproduction of "Rob Roy" at the Royal Princesses Theatre. All last week the house was nightly packed to the doors. The "national drama" will occupy the boards of Mr Beryl's house till Saturday next when it must be withdrawn to make room for a "fresh novelty," which is another phrase for the new drama of "Edwin Drood"—the latest Dickens piece that has been placed on "the boards."

Madame Sarah Bernhardt begins her provincial tour in this country at Mr Bernard's Manchester house—the Prince's Theatre—on the 23rd of June. She will give four performances in all in Cottonopolis, her opening part being that of *Gilberte*, the heroine of the "Frou-Frou" of MM. Meilhac-Halevy. Madame Sarah will be accompanied by that clever comedian, M. Cocquelin cadet. In order to meet the expenses of the engagement, Mr Bernard has arranged to charge Orchestral Stalls secured before the 24th inst., twelve shillings and sixpence each, and stalls taken subsequent to that date fifteen shillings and sixpence each.

Mr and Mrs Knight begin a two weeks' engagement, this evening, at the Edinburgh Theatre-Royal. Before leaving Glasgow, so well-pleased were they with the attention paid them in the Royalty Theatre, and the capital manner in which Mr Knapp staged their piece, that they presented him with a handsome oaken and silver inkstand, in the drawer of which was placed, with true American grace, a bunch of forget-me-nots.

Mr Beerbohm Tree, who was the *Marquis de Pont Sable* of the former cast of "Madame Favart" at Mr Knapp's house,

made quite a hit on the afternoon of Monday last, by his playing, in French, of the part of *Monte Prade*, in the French performance, at the London Prince of Wales Theatre, of "L'Aventuriere" of Emile Augier. Mr Tree is still young, but he has devoted himself to the representation of "old men's parts," and this successful impersonation of a *pere noble*, in a foreign tongue, is an achievement of which he may well be proud.

Summer has opened with this present Monday, the 17th of May. The "Iona" commenced her sailing for the season this morning, and it has long been an integral portion of the Glasgow creed that summer and the "Iona" begin their career together. A glance at Mr M'Brayne's "Official Guide to the Highlands"—of which every intending tourist must make himself the possessor—opens up such a vista to the mind's eye of summer seas, and golden islands, and lofty mountains, as to make the city-dweller long impatiently for the season of holidays and holiday-making.

The Iona, it should be mentioned, is for the time under the command of trusty Commodore M'Gaw, who will, however, be transferred to the *Columba* when she is placed on the Ardrishaig route later in the season. Mr Alexander Paterson, who is as well-liked as he is well-known among West-Highland travellers, has the control of all that pertains to the passenger department of the Iona, but he, like Captain M'Gaw, will be removed to the larger vessel when her daily sailings begin.

It must not be forgotten that not a little of the delight which belongs to a West Highland tour is the direct outcome of the comfort to be experienced during a sojourn on board the steamers of Mr M'Brayne's splendid fleet. From the flag-ship—the magnificent *Columba*, to the elegant little *Linnet*, they are not only models of grace, but their appointments, both fore and aft, are conceived for one special object, this being the well-being and enjoyment of the passengers.

I had the good fortune to make one of the audience which crowded St. Andrew's Hall on Friday night, when Mr Pearce was presented by his workmen with an address expressive of their confidence in him, and their sense of the benefits which his skill and industry had conferred on the shipbuilding trade of the river. The speech he delivered on the occasion was one of the best expressed and the most manly it has been my good fortune to listen to, and both it, and the gathering generally, supplied the best possible reply to the unscrupulous and untruthful attacks to which he was subjected during his candidature for the representation of the city.

I hear that the volunteer bandmen are up in arms against the proposed arrangements for the forthcoming musical meetings in the parks and Glasgow Green. New brooms proverbially sweep clean, and it is just possible that the "new departure" of the new Convener of the Committee for Music in the Parks may be a mistake. It is never too late to mend, and Mr George Jackson, who ought to be up to time, should see that the impending fiasco is avoided. A stitch in time, &c.

Hamilton's "Voyage Round the World" continues to attract large audiences to Hengler's Cirque. What with the pictorial "movable feast," the appropriate vocal interludes and selections by the way, and the pleasant patter—slightly grandiose at times—of the well-informed cicerone, excursionists have a good time throughout the tour. How the mimic cannonading and dioramic effects are produced is past finding out. Look up, BAILIE, and young Alf, the head and front of the concern, will be pleased to show you "how it's done."

Advise all your friends, BAILIE, who have any loose money left after Saturday's call of the factor, to go up to "The Mart" in West Nile Street on Wednesday. There will be a sale of diamond jewellery in the premises of Messrs Hutchison & Dixon on that day, and prices are sure to be low. In spite of the recent "diamond discoveries" precious stones are still as precious as ever.

The Land of Goschen—Turkey.

Auchray Makes a Gran' Spoke.

I'T'LL pe fery strange indeedt ta Heelant always pe attack apoot her langwiche, when she'll spoke goodt as Englis' as wha'll spoke she'll neffer. Altso andt moreofer, maype them say wan wordt against ta Heelant no ken ta single Englis' more as her nainsel' forpye. To pe surely ta fery instinct whateffer in efery wan Heelant bluid knows ta injust' always pe laid on ta Heelantmans's back—sneer andt scoff at ta ladts. But wan sing she'll adfocate ta Heelan, andt that was worsy of keepit in remember—it was more intelligit to haf two langwiche in her he'd as shust wan to scoff. That's what I look to, andt nopody couldt spoke somesing to that. No matter you'll pe a German frae ta Anchor Line, or a Fifermans frae Aberdonay forpye, or maype a Portrush from Slicco as well, sough you'll spoke a sousan' times worser andt worser again than ta accent of any wan haf would come in ta "Clydesdale" or "Clansman" poat whateffer, you would neffer pe torment as what ta Heelant pe.

Andt that's what she'll always said ta injust' an' wrong ta lowlant gifes, andt 'specially wan so high place as Pailie 'Onie spoke ta example—fye on her—wouldt make ta fery bluid boil of a safage.

Proudt, proudt to pe a Heelant andt always standt ta Heelant cause 'gainst all ta Pailie 'Onie spokes, andt that's wan neffermore song a clear conscience wis ta wordts:—

"Neffar known to quail at ta fury of ta Gael,"
as long's ta Heelant bluid's in—

AUCHRAY M'TAVISH, X. 71.

Melioribus Auspiciis.

THAT interesting journal, the *Greenock Advertiser*, favoured its readers the other day with the following remarkable information:

"The ship 'Albert Victor' sailed from Java for Greenock on October 28th. She was spoken on the 22nd November. Since being spoken she has not been heard tell of, and as she is now 6 months and 11 days from Java, grave fears are entertained for her safety. She was built in the highest class by Messrs R. Steele & Co., and when she left Java she had 1080 tons of sugar as cargo. On enquiry at the Infirmary to-day, we learn that no change for the worst has taken place in her condition."

It would be interesting to know how the astute reporter, who has not "heard tell of" the ship, managed to discover that no change had occurred "for the worst in her condition." How the poor thing got into the Infirmary when she had not been "heard tell of" is a mystery, but the editor of the *Advertiser* will perhaps kindly "tell off" his sentences more clearly in future.

Megilp.

"THE Sea King's Castle," a wild landscape containing a splendid effect of wind and rain, will be one of James A. Aitken's contributions to the forthcoming Black and White Exhibition. Mr Aitken will otherwise be very strong in the Exhibition. His chief work will probably be a sea-piece illustrative of the legend of "Vanderdecken."

At present Mr Aitken is busy over a large picture of hawthorn blossom, which promises to be one of his most effective works. A tree in full bloom occupies the foreground, while stretching away into the blue distance is a landscape, rich in woodland and pleasantly diversified with the occasional gleam of a winding river. Some red-tiled roofs lend colour to the centre of the work, and give a hint of human interest to the whole.

A capital portrait of Mr John Forrester is at present on view in Mr Fisher's West Nile Street Gallery. It is the work of Joseph Henderson, who has been exceedingly successful in catching, not only the features of our friend, but that shrewd, kindly expression as well, with which his face is always lighted up. The handling is firm and decided, and altogether the portrait will take rank as one of the best that has left Mr Henderson's easel.

No richer or more picturesque woodland is found within the four seas than the Cadzow Forest at Hamilton. Among our younger artists, unfortunately, Cadzow is next to an "unknown quantity"—these gentlemen have an unlimited belief in the charm of distance. One of their number, however—Mr Peter Buchanan—early became familiar with the district that had afforded so much famous material to Macculloch and Bough and Fraser, and for years he made special studies among the trees of the old Caledonian Forest. This summer Mr Buchanan goes back to Cadzow, to draw still further inspiration from the oaks and beeches of the Duke of Hamilton's splendid domain.

James A. Ewing has just completed an excellent plaster bust of the late Sheriff Galbraith. The fine, delicately-cut features of the lamented judge have been reproduced with wonderful precision by Mr Ewing, and the character, besides, of Mr Galbraith, has been carefully preserved in the plaster. As a work of art the bust fairly commends itself to even the severest critic. It is instinct with feeling. The modelling is soft and rounded, and altogether the execution is informed with a spirit and an earnestness which are seldom found even in works by artists who wear Academic titles to their names.

Two of our local figure-painters—a sufficiently limited class, in good truth—Alexander Davidson and Duncan M'Kellar, have established themselves in London for six months of hard work and close study.

James E. Christie is expected to come North in the course of the season. He may be heard of in the latter weeks of summer in the neighbourhood of Kilmun.

There is presently to be seen in the granite works of Messrs J. & G. Mossman, Mason Street, a remarkable statue, just put into marble by Mr John Mossman from a full-size model by the late Mr Fillans, and which is intended to be erected as a monument to Fillans in Paisley Cemetery.

SPEAKING OUT.—The Wigtown burghers are no milk-and-water politicians. Their opinions are vigorous, and they give them vigorous expression. Thus, during one of Mr Mark Stewart's speeches last week, a member of the audience interjected, by way of comment, "What (past-participle) bosh!" Another elector subsequently heaped upon Mr Stewart the complimentary epithets "impolitic," "ungentlemanly," "un-generous," "splenetic," "unworthy," and "slavish!" In a rather mealy-mouthed age there is something refreshing about candid and outspoken criticism like this.

Quavers.

THE annual concert of the Glasgow Academy Choir is to be given on the evening of Friday the 28th inst., in the School premises. "Westward ho!" a cantata for treble and alto voices by Roeckel, will be sung by the boys, one or more of whom will take the solos that occur. The choral setting of Psalm lxvii., recently written for the choir, will be produced for the first time; and we may be sure that Mr M'Laren's intelligent body of youthful choralists will do every justice to this as to all the other pieces in the programme. There will also be a selection of music for the usual voices, the tenor and bass parts in which will be sung by old pupils of the Academy.

A "service of sacred song" will be held in Cathcart Free Church, Mount Florida, to-night (Tuesday). The first part will consist of Scripture readings and chorales illustrative of the life of our Lord, and the second of selections. Choral compositions for ladies' voices are, one notices, a feature of the programme; and, what is a very unusual form of sacred composition, there is also to be a quartette for two tenors and two basses, "Gloria et honore," from Psalm viii., by L. Orsini, a musician of Rome.

The Tannahill anniversary is to be celebrated this year on Saturday the 5th June, by the usual concert in "The Glen." Mr James Barr will conduct. Looking over the programme of part-songs to be sung on the occasion, one finds most acceptable arrangements of airs to Tannahill's lyrics. There are also some new harmonisations of Scotch, English and Irish songs. One can hardly express approval of the arrangement—among these—of "The Land o' the Leal;" it is surely over-done, and is, on the whole, in a style to be avoided rather in connection with our simple national airs.

Messrs R. & J. Adams & Co. have published a set of waltzes by Mr James L. Mackay, under the seasonable title of "The Yachtsman's Waltz." The melodies are of a sufficiently undulatory character to justify the special appellation, and except probably in the fourth figure, which is to be sung to as well as played, and is of somewhat crude execution, these waltzes may be pronounced of a superior character.

At a concert of high-class vocal music the other evening, the expense of which it was sought to defray by a voluntary collection, no fewer than 160 threepenny pieces were found in the plate! What a beautiful illustration of industry and economy is afforded in this instance of what is probably a not uncommon experience!

The talk of the hour among musical people is undoubtedly Mr Lambeth's resignation of the post of conductor of the Glasgow Choral Union. To the general public it has come as a considerable surprise, Mr Lambeth's name having been so very long inseparably associated with the Union. It would serve no good end to inquire into the cause or causes of the step Mr Lambeth has taken, but there has not certainly been the same close bond of connection and sympathy between the society and its own conductor for some years back; in a word, since the commencement of the orchestral scheme as part of the Union's arrangements. However valuable in one respect that scheme has proved to Glasgow, it has, we have often thought and said here, stood in the way of progress in choral music. For the choral element has been really made quite subsidiary to the orchestral, and there has evidently been little inducement either to society or conductor to advance. At all events, taken as a whole, the choral work of these later years is not at all to be compared, in quality of execution or in importance, to what it was in previous years.

The selection of a successor to Mr Lambeth, if it comes to be considered, will be a serious question for the Union to settle. Two courses are probably open to them. One is the appointment of a conductor who would take in hand all the concerts, orchestral as well as choral, and who would instruct the chorus all through the year, as well as rehearse with the instrumentalists at their annual visit. The other is the appointment of a gentleman as choir-master who would prepare the chorus for the oratorios falling under the concert scheme, and who would conduct at occasional concerts during the year, if not direct on the choral nights of the winter series. It will not be very easy to

get a musician of eminence to undertake the drudgery implied in the first of these arrangements. The latter plan is—and with due modesty it has a claim to be heard, which some 20 years' critical knowledge of, and warm interest in, the Choral Union may be allowed to justify—put forward as the best, in the meantime at least. One thing is certain, that we can find in our midst, thanks undoubtedly to the past labours of Mr Lambeth (sometimes derogatory enough to a musician of his great ability), gentlemen who are capable of filling the position of choir-master in a thoroughly satisfactory manner, as well indeed as that of choral conductor when required. It should not be overlooked, either, that a good orchestral conductor is not always a successful choral one, the two roles being somehow essentially different.

The Saturday Promenade Concerts in the Botanic Gardens for the summer and autumn months have now been commenced. An extra concert will be given on Thursday, 20th inst., in honour of Her Majesty's Birthday, when, in addition to a performance (of appropriate "loyal" music) by the band of the 74th Highlanders, there will be a pyrotechnic display of an attractive but of course mildly eruptive character.

These concerts deserve to be well patronised during the season, as they fill up the musical vacuum very nicely.

THE AWKWARD SQUAD.
(Burnbank Drill Ground.)

Sergeant (instructing recruits)—When I give the word "March," see that the whole of ye step off with the left foot.

Now then, "March."

Halt! Halt!! for mercy's sake!

Well, this is the queerest squad I've ever seen. There's some of ye goes off on your right foot, and there's others of ye goes off on the left foot, and upon my life, I believe that if any of ye were like an Isle of Man man, with three feet, there would be some of ye going off on it, too.

Now, see and mind what I've told you. March! Ah, that's better.

WANTED, "PEACE WITH HONOUR."—The Rev. Fergus Ferguson declares, "I don't want peace at any price. I want peace with honour." My Lord Beaconsfield imported a quantity of the latter article some time ago and may possibly have a little on hand still. Try him, F. F.

WHERE DOES IT GO?—An advertisement in the *Herald* runs thus:—"Butterine.—Partner with £2000 wanted. Advertiser is thoroughly qualified practically and commercially, and splendid connection." And yet, to judge by the shop-windows and by the professions of dealers, there is nothing sold of this precious article!

A "Land of Goschen"—The Embassy at Constantinople.

"The Asian Mystery"—What has been done with the missing four millions?

Carrying conviction with it—A police van.

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 there was a gentle flutter in the Liberal dove-cots last week.

That the wire pullers imagined they would have the honour of returning a Home Secretary.

That a certain local aspirant for the seat is determined not to be snuffed out even by Sir Vernon Harcourt.

That everybody has been woefully disappointed.

That the Hon. Secretary of the G. L. A. is sending round the hat.

That agitation can be made to spell remuneration by some people.

That J. N.'s letter produced the inevitable result.

That Tennyson declined to be patronised by the author of "Hannibal."

That the music in the Parks is about to commence.

That all the bands in the city have been engaged with the exception of the Police Band.

That the usual fight over the schoolmasters' salaries took place at the School Board last week.

That Ferniegair still poses as the teachers' champion.

That the dominies will soon be off for their holidays.

That they are a lucky set of jolly dogs, the dominies.

That we are having another famine subscription.

That it's Armenia this time.

That the city is in the thick of a "flitting" term.

That the housewives are in their glory.

That the Rev. Dr. George Jeffrey has been fulminating against the Sunday cars.

That he shuts his eyes to Sunday cabs.

That the rev. gentleman doesn't intend to use the cars even on week days, "except under necessity."

That the directors may now shut up their shop.

A "LEEK" IN THE SHIP OF STATE.—The most interesting dramatic event of last week was the performance by two distinguished amateurs of a Shakespearian adaptation entitled "Eating the Leek":—*Fluellen*, by the Austrian Ambassador. *Ancient Pistol*, by the Right Hon. Member for Mid-Lothian.

THE ARGYLE BATHS, 366 Argyle Street, is the Largest Public Bathing Establishment in Scotland. Warm Baths, 6d, 9d, & 1s; ready daily, from 7 a.m. to 9 p.m. One trial solicited.

"Found Drowned."

ATTENTION has been more than once drawn in these columns to the mysterious cases of drowning which are so shockingly common in our midst. One can scarcely take up a newspaper without lighting on an item of the kind. Thus, one morning last week the body of a respectably-dressed man was found floating opposite the Custom-house Quay, and the description of the deceased ends with, "The only property found on the body was a steel Albert chain, but no watch." This is a fair sample of the cases referred to. The body is taken charge of by the police, identified or not as the case may be, buried, and there is an end of it. How these poor creatures came to be floating down the river with empty pockets it seems nobody's business to inquire. Surely we have here an argument in favour of making general the coroner's inquest which has already been introduced into our prisons.

WHATEVER ?

Insurance Agent (to prospective insurer)—When were you born, Mr Macmhuirich ?

Mr M.—Well, I don't know ferry well, but I was born in February ; I'm a February, whatever.

I. A.—How many brothers have you ?

Mr M.—Six, five brothers an' mysel', that's six.

I. A.—What is your weight ?

Mr M.—Well, 'am no ferry shure, but I'll pe aboot eleven feet nine pun.

"MISSING LINKS."—Miss Clugston has been lecturing on "Missing Links in Scottish Charities." The best samples of the "missing link" that the BAILIE knows of in such a connection are the individuals who—unlike Miss Clugston herself—make use of "philanthropy" as a lever to advance themselves, pecuniarily or socially.

AS YOU "LIKE" IT.—Mr Marwood, it seems, "likes the reporters of the press." He might with advantage show his affection by operating on a few of them.

"A PIG'S WHISPER."—Commissioner Young, of Paisley, says that the keeping of pigs is "a crying nuisance." Wouldn't a "grunting" or a "squealing" nuisance be nearer the mark ?

"Dock" Labourers—Haircutters.

MARK } With an India Rubber Monogram or Name Stamp.
YOUR } Prices from 2/6 complete, with Box, Ink, and Pad
LINEN } Post Free.—A. C. Thomson, 278 Argyle Street.

CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC.

COURT OF SESSION,
EDINBURGH, March, 1880.
THE PAISLEY ROAD WHISKY CASE.

HENRY THOMSON & CO., NEWRY,

against
JAMES DOWNIE BOYD,
PAISLEY ROAD, GLASGOW.

In consequence of inferior whisky having been offered for sale to the Public as ours, we were obliged in justice to ourselves and the Public to prosecute the above case to conviction, and now beg to draw attention to Lord Adam's Judgment delivered in the Court of Session, Edinburgh, on 9th March, 1880, whereby perpetual interdict, with all expenses, was granted against James D. Boyd, of Paisley Road, Glasgow, for selling, or exposing for sale, in bottles or otherwise, whisky as Henry Thomson & Co.'s, which was not manufactured or blended by them, the said Henry Thomson & Co.

The high reputation of this celebrated brand of Irish Whisky is well known over the Three Kingdoms, and so highly appreciated by the public generally, we feel it to be our duty not only to ourselves and customers, but to the Public, to leave nothing undone to protect their interests as well as our own, and to prevent an inferior spirit being palmed off upon them as ours.

We therefore now beg to refer them to above case, as reported in the newspapers, and to the fact that the quality of this celebrated Whisky is the Finest in the Market, as proved by Analysts and Experts at this trial.

The Public will please be careful that they see each bottle bears the Trade Mark on Label, as well as a Fac-simile of the Signature of the Firm on Capsule and Brand on Cork.

HENRY THOMSON & CO.
Sole Agent for Scotland—
ROBERT BROWN,
17 HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.

THE FINEST WHISKY IN THE WORLD.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.

**HENRY THOMSON & CO.'S
OLD IRISH WHISKY.**

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

VICTORIA RESTAURANT,

62 GORDON STREET, & 3 RENFIELD STREET
(Opposite Caledonian Central Station),

WINES, SPIRITS, AND MALT LIQUORS
Of the Best Qualities, and Thoroughly Matured.

SPECIAL BLEND WHISKY.
BREAKFASTS, DINNERS, AND TEAS.

LARGE DINING-HALL.
SNACKS (OF ALL KINDS),6d.

M'CALL & FERGUSON, PROPRIETORS.

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,

Cricketing Outfits.

FORSYTH,

5 RENFIELD STREET.

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ANALYST,

52 ST. ENOCH SQUARE.

THE COLOSSEUM,

70 JAMAICA STREET.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,

THE LEADING HATTERS

and

MILLINERS IN GLASGOW.

The season now full on, our clients are respectfully requested to call early in the day to avoid the excessive crowding in the afternoon.

"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).

SUCCESS AT LAST!!!

THE STYLOGRAPHIC PEN

A PENCIL which writes INK, never needs
Sharpening, and never Wears Out.

CALL AND INSPECT IT.

A. C. THOMSON,

Agent,

278 ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW.

MILLAR & CO.

FAMILY HATTERS,

QUEEN STREET CORNER, GLASGOW,

ARE SHEWING THEIR NEW SPRING GOODS.

See the Windows.

ANGLING.—WM. HAIGH, FLYDRESSER,

FISHING ROD AND TACKLE-MAKER,

16 HANOVER STREET,

RODS AND REELS REPAIRED, FLIES TO PATTERN.

DRESS SHIRTS,

FROM STOCK OR MADE TO MEASURE,

6s each,	7s 6d each,	9s each,
or	or	or
33s per half-dozen.	43s 6d per half-dozen,	51s per half-dozen.

NOTE.—Notwithstanding the recent Large Advance in LINENS and COTTONS, our Prices and Quality continue same as formerly, and will be found unsurpassed for value.

SAMPLE SHIRT MADE IF REQUIRED.

EVERY NOVELTY IN FRENCH REGATTA AND INDIAN GAUZE SHIRTINGS.

JNO. D. MACARTHUR,

HOSIER, GLOVER, SHIRTMAKER, AND HATTER,
263, 265, 267 SAUCHIEHALL ST.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 19th, 1880.

OF the making of laws there is no end, and the movements of ordinary life are, under our system of paternal government, becoming every day more subject to the regulation of that tyrant of civilisation the policeman. Certain occupations are completely under his control. The publican, the pawnbroker, the marine store dealer, the broker, and even the milk-shop keeper require to apply annually for the renewal of their licences. The policeman is their constant supervisor, too often their tormentor, who requires to be judiciously "squared" by something which in no way differs from a bribe. The giving and receiving of these "tips" both in coin and kind is remarkably common and is carried on with impunity under the very noses of the magistrates, both in Glasgow and elsewhere. The billiard-room keepers of Edinburgh have now been placed directly under the ameliorating influence of the police. Under the new Municipal Act every billiard-room must be licensed by the magistrates, they are only allowed to be open between 8 o'clock in the morning and 11 o'clock at night, and henceforth hotelkeepers are prohibited from allowing any one not a *bona fide* resident in their hotel to play at billiards at any time when they would not be entitled to get supplied with a glass of whisky. That the new-fangled regulations are to be enforced strictly, and even oppressively, was shown by the manner in which the magistrates disposed of the applications on Friday last. No billiard-room licence was granted to a public-house, no matter how long there had been a table in the place,

or how suitable the premises might be, or how respectably the business had been conducted! Licences were, however, granted for a British Workman's Public-house, a Working-men's Club, and a Literary Institute in connection with a Church! It is thus allowable in Edinburgh to combine the consumption of coffee with the practice of the cannon game, or to play pool in a place dedicated to the study of "goody" literature. Beer and billiards are entirely divorced, but it is still lawful to make the whole night hideous by scoring "double spaces" in skittle alleys. The Glasgow hotel-keepers and publicans had better be wary or they may soon find themselves tied by the same bonds as bind their Edinburgh brethren.

THE WORKS OF PROVIDENCE.

(Scene — Bar of Police Court; Sunday car wrecker in the dock.)

Magistrate—Prisoner, you are charged with having wilfully smashed and destroyed certain property of the Tramway Company.

Prisoner (with fervid gestures) — It is the Lord's work, your honour, it was done in his service!

Practical Onlooker (to neighbour)—Mony a thing the Lord gets the blame o', but I never heard him accused o' breakin' windows afore.

An "Americanised" Viscount.

AT a banquet given last week to Lord Dalrymple, by way of consoling himself and his little brother for their recent rout, the family turned out in force, and buttered one another to the top of their bent. In the course of his speech the eldest hopeful spoke of his intended visit to "that Western land (the United States) where Toryism is unknown, and where free institutions reign triumphant." If his Lordship has so high an admiration for Yankeeland and its "free institutions" — including the caucus-system, Protection, and so on—why not take up his abode there? Nobody on this side of the Atlantic would be "one penny the worse," and he might drop his antiquated title, become a naturalised citizen, and some day—who knows? —rise to be President.

WEATHER WISDOM.

As the day lengthens the cold strengthens,
And this in May day by day.

The Sunday "Tram" Question—"Where from? Going back to-night?" (This is *bona-fide*).

Queer Queries by a Quidnunc.

ARE not the banks of Clyde presently yielding a rather high per centage?

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(The curtain rises upon a tobacconist's shop.

Smith, a student, is leaning on the outside of the counter, and smoking; Nellie, the tobacconist's girl, is leaning on the inside of the counter, and smiling.)

Nellie—You students are such wild fellows.

Smith—Oh, well, you see, we like a little variation occasionally. Study is so dull and monotonous.

N.—It must be awfully dry.

S.—Oh, frightfully, dear! If it weren't for you I don't know how I could live at all.

N.—How you do flatter. (Enter Brown.) Oh, Mr Brown, how do you do?

B.—Tolerably, Miss Nellie. How are you? Hallo, Smith, old fellow. Oblige me with one of your threepenny cigars, Nellie. I am so put about. That blessed election is a nuisance. Tennyson, the old humbug, wouldn't accept our nomination.

N.—Oh, the naughty man.

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20TH MAY. QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY. MAY 20TH.
ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS
 AND CRYSTAL PALACE.
 A GRAND EXTRA PROMENADE CONCERT, AND
 BALLOON AND AERIAL PYROTECHNIC DISPLAY
 ON THURSDAY EVENING, 20TH MAY.
 Balloons at Intervals from 6-30 p.m.
 BAND AND PIPERS 74TH HIGHLANDERS at 7 o'clock.
 Aerial Display at Dusk. Admission Sixpence.
 Subscribers admitted Free on Presenting Tickets of Membership.
 Tickets to be had at 155 West George St. and at Garden Gate.

HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE.

HAMILTON'S
HAMILTON'S
 VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD,
 BATTLE OF ISANDULA.
 Heroic Stand by the Gallant 24th.
 Noble Defence of Rorke's Drift by Lieuts.
 Chard and Bromhead.
 Destruction of the Hospital.
 King Cetewayo's Kraal at Ulundi.
 DEATH OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.
 BATTLE OF ULUNDI.
 Capture of King Cetewayo.
 Capture of Ali Musjid by the British
 Troops.
 THE CITY OF CABUL.
 Interior of the Ameer's Palace.
 Reception of the Embassy.
 Attack on the Residency.
 DEATH OF MAJOR CAVAGNARI.
 Splendid Scenes of EUROPE, ASIA, AFRICA,
 and AMERICA, GIBRALTAR, MALTA, and CYPRUS.
 Every Evening at 8, except Saturday, at 7-30.
 Stalls, 3s; Unreserved, 2s; Second, 1s; Third, 6d.
 Adams & Co., Buchanan Street.
 N.B.—Mr HAMILTON begs to announce that there will be
 but ONE MORNING PERFORMANCE WEEKLY—
 Saturdays only, at 3 o'clock.

On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, 24th, 25th & 26th May,
 at West Street, Paisley Road.

TO HOUSE FURNISHERS AND OTHERS.

IMPORTANT AND EXTENSIVE SALE OF
 FURNITURE AND CABINETMAKER'S
 SURPLUS STOCK AND PLANT,

Amounting to upwards of
 £3000,

BY AUCTION,

Belonging to the firm of A. GARDNER & SON, who are giving
 up manufacturing for the trade and confining their attention
 to their Family Customer Business in Jamaica Street.

J. & R. EDMISTON are favoured with in-
 structions to Sell on the Premises, West Street and
 Paisley Road, on Monday, 24th, Tuesday, 25th, and Wednes-
 day, 26th May, and following days, if necessary. *The Extensive,
 Finished Stock, cannot be detailed within the limits of an ordinary
 advertisement.*

THE LAST DAY'S SALE
 WILL INCLUDE STOCK IN PROGRESS.

Machinery, Veneer Sawing Machine, Saw Benches, Lathes,
 Band and Fret Saw Machines, Vase-Back and Irregular
 Moulders and Cutters, Boring, Mortising, and Dool Machines,
 Sash Moulder, Shafting, Crumps, Vices, Glue Boxes, Cut
 Wood, Derrick Crane, and other Effects in Yard.

On View on Saturday prior to Sale.

J. & R. EDMISTON, Auctioneers.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Thursday, Friday, and
 Saturday, 20th, 21st, and 22nd May.

EXTENSIVE PUBLIC SALE OF
 DRAPER AND CLOTHIER'S STOCK.

(Being Last Portion of a Bankrupt Estate, and sold by
 instructions of Trustee);

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell the above,
 by Auction, in their Rooms, North Court, St Vincent
 Place, on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, 20th, 21st, and 22nd
 May, commencing at 12 o'clock each day.

Catalogues, may be had on application to the Auctioneers.
 Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 17th May, 1880.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Friday, 21st May,
 at Three o'clock.

PUBLIC SALE OF
 379 PAIRS MEN'S AND BOY'S BOOTS,

in Lots to suit Buyers.
 (Consigned for absolute Sale, and Sold on behalf of whom it
 may concern).

On View Morning of Sale.

Now Open, from 10 till 6 Daily,

KAY & REID'S EXHIBITION

OF THE
 WORKS OF MODERN ARTISTS.

ART GALLERIES, 103 ST. VINCENT STREET.

BILLIARDS! BILLIARDS!! BILLIARDS!!!

ARCADE BILLIARD ROOMS,

AND CIGAR EMPORIUM,

90 ARGYLE STREET,

Fitted up with superior new Tables, made by Cox & Yeaman of
 London.

Mos! Central Billiard Rooms in City.

GARDINER & Co's
FAMED 13/6 TROUSERS
 READY MADE OR TO ORDER
 BEST VALUE
 EVER
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 CLOTHING
 TRADE
 GLASGOW
 AND AT LONDON
 50 & 52 ARGYLE ST.
 BOY'S
 CLOTHING
 EXTREMELY
 MODERATE
 PRICES

To-Morrow (Wednesday) at the Mart, 7 West Nile Street, commencing at Twelve o'clock Noon.

IMPORTANT SALE OF COSTLY DIAMOND JEWELLERY,
IN
LOCKETS, EAR-RINGS, RINGS,
BRACELETS, PENDANTS, LOOSE
DIAMONDS, SAPPHIRES,
SILVER PLATE, &c.
(A Portion of the Stock of a well-known Diamond Merchant).
HUTCHISON & DIXON

Have been favoured with instructions to Sell as above, commencing at 12 o'clock Noon, including several Magnificent Brilliant Diamond Pendants, Diamond Stars and Bracelets of Beautiful Design, several very Handsome Diamond Locketts in a variety of Styles and Settings, a Magnificent Diamond Pendant, Set in Silver, designed by a leading Court Jeweller; Pair of Lustrous Single Stone Diamond Ear-Rings, weighing nearly Twenty Carats; a Heart-Shaped Locket, with Thirty-six Brilliants and Ruby; a Magnificent Diamond Cross, Diamond Cluster and Single-Stone Ear-Rings, Pearl and Diamond Ear Rings, a very Choice Selection of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Rings in Gipsy, Marquise, Single-Stone, Half-Hoop, Claw, and Coronet Settings; also, Opal and Diamond Rings, Emerald and Diamond Do., Ruby and Diamond Half-Hoop Rings, and other Combinations of Precious Stones; Diamond Brooches and Ear-Rings, Gentlemen's Horse-Shoe Scarf Pins, with Brilliants; Single Stone Diamond and Diamond and Pearl Scarf Pins, Oriental Pearl and Diamond Shirt Studs, a quantity of Unset Sapphires and Diamonds, etc., etc.

JEWELLERY

In Gold and Silver Watches, Gold and Silver Necklets, Brooches, and Ear-Rings, Bracelets, Scarf-Pins, Rings, &c.

SILVER PLATE.

About Three Hundred and Fifty Ounces in Tea Service, Tankard, Spoons, Forks, &c.

All the Goods will be Guaranteed.

The Auctioneers have much pleasure in calling the attention of the Public to this highly important Sale, the whole of the Goods being of the Highest Class.

THE GLASGOW DAIRY CO. (Limited)
have much pleasure in announcing that they have made arrangements for the Daily Supply of their Dairy Produce on board the fine new Saloon Steamer "Ivanhoe" during the present Season.

MILK FOR PARTICKHILL.
The GLASGOW DAIRY COMPANY (LIMITED) have to announce that they are now prepared to send MILK, CREAM, and BUTTER to FAMILIES in PARTICKHILL and NEIGHBOURHOOD Every Morning and Afternoon. Orders received at the Head Office, 42 Garnethill Street, will be promptly attended to.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The "PERCY" SHOE HOUSE
IS NOW OPEN,
55 ARGYLE STREET, 55
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HIGH-CLASS BOOTS AND SHOES
AT MANUFACTURERS' PRICES.
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BRANCH FROM TRONGATE,
C. M. PERCY, Proprietor.

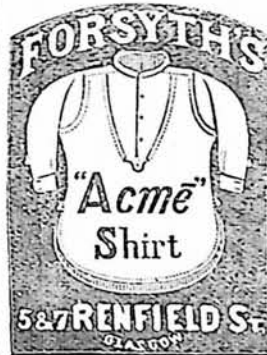
PHOTOGRAPHERS TO THE QUEEN.

RALSTON & SONS,
141 SAUCHIEHALL STREET 141
AND
311 BYARS ROAD, (Opposite the Burgh Hall), HILLHEAD.

IMPORTANT CLEARING SALE OF PIANOFORTES AND HARMONIUMS.

MR R. DONALDSON having arranged to Remove at Whitsunday to much Larger and more Suitable Premises, No. 91 St. Vincent Street, and in order, as far as possible, to avoid the damage and deterioration to the Instruments, he has resolved to offer his whole Stock of PIANOFORTES, HARMONIUMS, &c., for Positive Sale, at a Reduction of 25 to 40 per cent. under the usual prices. The Instruments are all by the most Celebrated Makers, and have been carefully selected personally, and several, which have just been returned from hire, are offered at fabulous prices. The Terms of Sale are *Prompt Cash only.* Inspection of this Stock is respectfully invited before purchasing elsewhere.

PIANOFORTE AND HARMONIUM SALOON,
77 ST. VINCENT STREET.



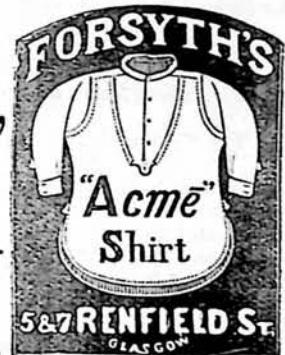
30s,
37s 6d,

AND

43s 6d

Per

Half-Dozen



Special Qualities to Order.

GLASS AND CHINA.

VERNONS PATENT NOISELESS WARE.

We are now exhibiting samples of the above, and can supply estimates. The attention of shippers is specially called.

M'DOUGALL & SONS, 77 AND 79 BUCHANAN STREET,
DEPOTS FOR MINTON'S, COPELAND'S, WORCESTER, AND DRESDEN PORCELAIN,
Lowest Trade Prices. Cash Discounts Allowed.

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.

LESSONS GIVEN IN
CHINA PAINTING
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MATERIALS SUPPLIED.

CALEDONIAN RAILWAY.

EXCURSION ARRANGEMENTS

ON
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ON THURSDAY, 20TH MAY, 1880.

TO PERTH AND DUNDEE

By Fast Through Train leaving Glasgow (Buchanan Street) at 8-20 a.m.; Returning from Dundee at 7-15 p.m., and Perth (Princes St.) at 8-0 p.m. same day.

CHEAP RETURN FARES.

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

Excursionists may return on following Day on paying One-fourth of these Fares additional.

TO PERTSHIRE HIGHLANDS.

By Special Train, leaving Glasgow (Buchanan Street) at 8-20 a.m. for Dalmally, calling at the undernoted Stations; and Returning from Dalmally at 5-45 p.m. same Day.

CHEAP RETURN FARES—

	1st Cl.	3d Cl.	1st Cl.	3d Cl.
Strathyre.....			7s od	3s 6d
Kingshouse... }	6s	3s	Criarlarich } 8s 6d	4s 3d
Lochearnhead }				
Killin,	7s	3s 6d	Dalmally	11s 6d 5s 9d

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TO LANARK (FOR FALLS OF CLYDE),

By Special Train Leaving Glasgow (Central), at 9.15 A.M.; Bridge Street, 9-18, Eglinton Street, 9-21, London Road, 8-40, Bridgeton, 8-43, and Rutherglen at 9 27; Returning from Lanark at 7-30 P.M. same day.

CHEAP RETURN FARES—

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TO CARLISLE, DUMFRIES, LOCKERBIE, AND
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By Trains Leaving Glasgow (Central) at 6-45 and 10 2 a.m. respectively, calling at Bridge Street and Eglinton Street Stations, and connecting at Rutherglen with Trains from London Road and Bridgeton; Returning by 6-45 p.m. Train from Dumfries, and 7-0 p.m. Train from Carlisle same day.

CHEAP RETURN FARES.

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CARLISLE, DUMFRIES, AND LOCKERBIE,	8s	4s
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JAMES SMITHELLS, General Manager.

Glasgow, May, 1880.

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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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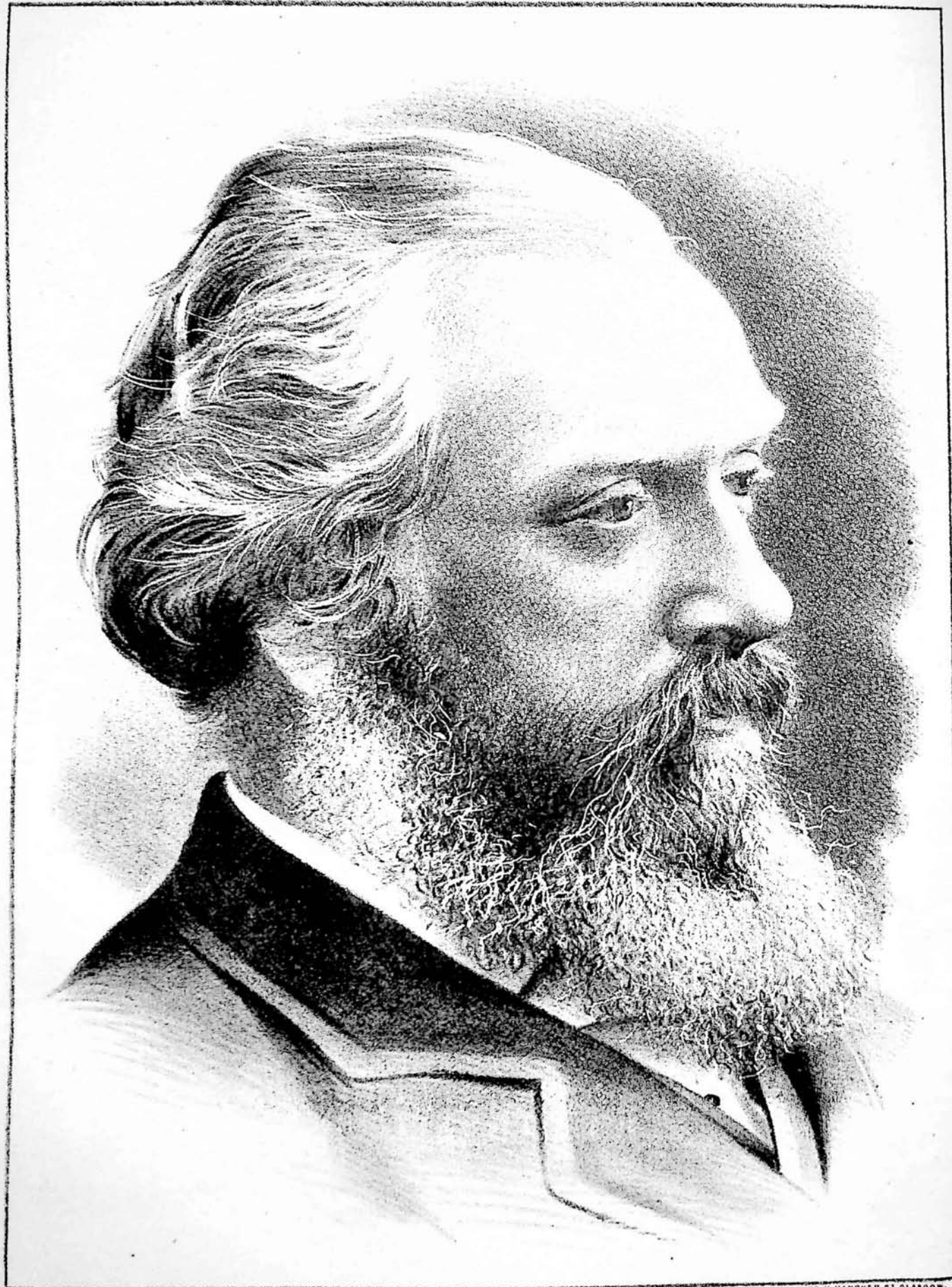
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The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 397. Glasgow, Wednesday, May 26th, 1880. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 397.

"THE Church represents God upon earth," said the bishop. "But the Church no longer governs man," replied Tancred." Both remarks are probably right, looked at, that is, from the peculiar standpoint of the individual speaker, and it is this total divergence of opinion which, while it renders all meddling with ecclesiastical subjects so difficult to a layman, covers your usual ecclesiastic with contumely whenever he seeks to poke a priestly finger into any laical and secular pie. On his own ground, for instance, no member of "the cloth" is entitled to crow more loudly than the Rev. Principal TULLOCH of St. Andrews. A man of wide and varied intellect, energetic to a degree, proud of his order, and eager that it shall "govern man" as well as "represent God," he is the stoutest defender of Establishments, the most successful of militant Churchmen in all broad Scotland. The uniform good fortune which has accompanied his sacerdotal career, only, however, brings forward, into greater relief, the fiasco which attended his recent appearance as a politician. The comedy of the Scotch elections probably culminated in the Williamson-Tulloch squabble at St. Andrews, and not even the closest friend of the Principal is likely to claim that the victory in the bicker remained with Dr TULLOCH. But his non-success in the field of worldly politics is in no way likely to injure him in the eyes of his countrymen. Indeed, had the fight gone the other way, the general feeling, more than likely, would have been distinctly adverse to our friend. Happily the defeat does not seem to have rankled in the mind of the Principal. In the graceful little speech he made in Edinburgh on Friday at the presentation of his portrait, his expressed anxiety for more

"sweetness and light" in our public life, and his remark that "we were all really nearer to one another than we often thought," showed that he was willing to let bye-gones be bye-gones, even with Mr Williamson. Principal TULLOCH can scarcely be termed an old man. Even reckoned by years he is hardly out of middle life—he was born in 1823—while his appetite for work is as keen and unslaked as ever. He has long been known in connection with the "Broad Church" movement in the Scotch Establishment, of which, indeed, he may be said to have been one of the originators. In 1854 the Man you Know, who nine years previously had been ordained to the ministry, was appointed Principal of St. Mary's College, St. Andrews, that portion of the ancient University—the oldest seat of learning in Scotland—which is specially devoted to the teaching of theology. Since then his life has been mainly bound up with that of his University and his Church. He has been editor of the *Church of Scotland Missionary Record*, and he has been Moderator and now he is Clerk of the General Assembly. In the University his influence has been as potent as it has been lasting. The scandal which attaches to St. Andrews as a mill for the manufacture of medical degrees has been in some measure effaced by the excellence attained in its Theological Faculty. To an outsider like the BAILIE, however, the position secured by Dr TULLOCH in the world of literature is at least as interesting as that which he has gained in the Church and the University. So far back as 1849 he began to write for magazines and serials, and ere long he was established as a regular contributor to the now defunct *North British Review* and to the still existing *British Quarterly*. Both publications, to be sure, were organs of dissent, but TULLOCH contrived in all he wrote to keep clear of ecclesiastical poli-

tics, confining himself solely to subjects connected with religion proper, or with literature pure and simple. As his experience widened and his field of thought and observation grew larger, he gradually extended his literary connection, and ultimately the *Edinburgh Review*, *Blackwood*, *Macmillan*, and *Fraser*, not to speak of *Good Words*, all saw their way to accept articles from his pen. To the *Contemporary Review* he contributed a series of papers on the "Rationalist Theologians of the Seventeenth Century," which has since been issued in a separate form, and has become very widely popular. To catalogue his various books—which began with the "Theological Tendencies of the Age," in 1854, and have not concluded, let us hope, with his little monograph on "Pascal," issued the other month by the Messrs Blackwood as one of their "Foreign Classics for English readers"—would occupy more space than either the BAILIE or his readers can afford. Suffice it that these are all eloquent, and are informed with ample learning, while at the same time they are deeply tinged, as becomes the position of the writer, with the hues of Scottish ecclesiasticism, albeit that it is Scottish ecclesiasticism of the broader and more Liberal type. Dr TULLOCH's accession to the editorial chair of *Fraser* is only a matter of yesterday. It had been reduced, before it fell into his hands, to an inconceivable depth of dulness and inanity. Whether it will survive, even under his more bracing and vigorous regime, is a matter of some dubiety. His removal of the familiar cover was certainly a blunder, but otherwise the alterations he has effected in the serial have been judicious and well considered. Dr TULLOCH has a business, as well as a literary and an ecclesiastical side to his character. As Clerk to the Assembly his business faculties are being brought into full play, and the fact is beyond question that the work of the rev. court has never been better arranged, or carried out with greater celerity and despatch, than by Dr TULLOCH. It remains to be noticed that the Man you Know has been for over twenty years one of Her Majesty's chaplains for Scotland, and, so well-liked is he by the Queen, that George Reid of Aberdeen, the famous artist, has received the Royal command to paint a likeness of the Man you Know for the gallery in Windsor Castle.

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

Rondel,

(With frantic apologies to Mr Swinburne).

KISSING her hair I sat beside my love,
Praised her blue eyes, the hue of heav'n above,
Blue as blue waters, dreamy with desire,
Two soft sweet gems, aglow with liquid fire;
Called her my star, my own, my flow'r, my fair,
Kissing her hair.

No sound were sweeter than her voice to me,
No sigh of soft lutes borne o'er summer sea,
No harp of seraph, no angelic choir;
What could the gods give more that I'd desire?
Unless, perhaps, make me immortal there,
Kissing her hair.

A Rhinoceros!

AT the Begg Jubilee, the Rev. Dr Marshall said, "He (Dr Begg) had some very inveterate enemies who were editors of the press, and had gone through a certain measure of flagellation unscathed, untrodden, and untouched, for their lash was to him as light as the whip of a common carter would be on the back of a rhinoceros." Bauldy is anxious to know how Dr Begg could be flagellated and untouched at the same time; also, where a common carter would be found to whip a live rhinoceros. Perhaps Dr Marshall meant a "dead" rhinoceros. Then the simile is beautiful—Dr Begg is likened even unto a dead rhinoceros.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

Parish Clergyman (meeting an intoxicated villager)—Drunk as usual, William!
William—'Deed, sir, so am I.
[Collapse of clergyman.]

"THY SPIRIT, INDEPENDENCE!"—No illustration of the "independence" of the press is more admirable than the different versions which different papers give of the same story. Thus, of two local journals, one reported last week the finding of a ship's "port" marked "Jack," while another gave the item as the picking up of a vessel's "post" marked "Tueli." "Marry, they are both *not* in a tale"—to alter Dogberry's sage reflection.

THE CONNECTING LINK.—Mr Gray last week brought the Sunday car question under the notice of the Water Commissioners. The connection is scarcely apparent, unless, indeed, our friend meant a sly allusion to water on the brain.

A rather Ominous Rurality for a Honeymoon—Kilbride. Isn't it?

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

Alcoholic Journalism.

A CONTEMPORARY the other day had an article on the opening of the holiday season which was decidedly alcoholic in flavour. The writer begins by pointing out that "lovers of sea breezes and coast scenery can have them in combination for the price of two gills of whisky and a quart of beer." The closeness of our scribe's calculation does as much credit to his head in one sense as his idea of "a reasonable refreshment" does in another. Then he waxes quite pathetic over the advent of the tectotal steamer, and his possible deprivation, *en voyage*, of what he touchingly calls his "harmless necessary drams." Further on, however, he becomes more cheerful, as he reflects that the "temperance boat" is as yet unique; and the BAILIE trusts he may long remain in that contented frame of mind.

PUTTING HIS MOUTH TO ITS RIGHT USE.

(Scene—Refreshment bar, St. Enoch Station; Train about to start; a commercial gent. having swallowed a "half" in too great a hurry, is seized with a violent fit of coughing.)
C. G. (apologetically to barmaid)—Some of (cough) that whisky (cough) went down my throat.

Highland Drover (seasoned hand)—An' whaur wid ye hae it gang?

[Exit C. G. in a hurry].

KINDRED "SPIRITS."—The other day the Greenock Fiscal inquired anxiously of a police witness "how he knew" shebeen whisky. The witness explained; and now the Sugaropolitan magnate can set up for as good an authority on the subject of shebeen whisky as our J. P. Fiscal, Mr Douglas, seems to be on that of methylated spirits as a "thrapple-catching" beverage.

A "DAFT" SUGGESTION.—There is, it seems, a prospect of our being visited by "Daft's American Team," which played last week in Edinburgh. Would not the leader of the team show but a due regard to the eternal fitness of things if he were to defer his advent till the "Daft Days?"

Fact, Ichthyological and Shoot-ological—A "fish-tail" wind at a rifle-match often leads to "fishy" shooting.

The Fun of the Fair—Ladies' jokes.

MARK } With an India Rubber Monogram or Name Stamp.
YOUR } Prices from 2/6 complete, with Box, Ink, and Pad
LINEN } Post Free.—A. C. Thomson, 278 Argyle Street.

On 'Change.

PENANG lawyers are said to come down very heavily, when employed with discretion, but I never heard of Glasgow lawyers coming down so heavily as did the one who toppled from his high estate last week. Every one knows his own business best, perhaps, but it does seem odd that a man with an interest in a good-going concern, all profit and no risk beyond office expenses, and a few dripping roasts always on hand to keep things pleasant, should go off his beat and become a mere plunger. Half-a-crown is not a pleasant return for twenty shillings. But then, it is better than nothing, and so probably reflected the gallant officer and others interested.

Plunging is not confined to the Stock Exchange. That has been shown by a recent disaster caused, at least in part, by a decline in the metal markets. Monday's meeting of creditors was not lively, though all those concerned made a desperate attempt to look pleasant. The chairman, for whom everybody sympathised, absolutely beamed with compassion. This is creditable to his kindly and generous heart.

An English railway stock, called North Eastern Consols, is quotable on 'Change. It represents the old stocks once known as the Carlisle, Darlington, York, Leeds, Berwick, and Malton and Driffield. Ten years ago these six ordinary stocks were consolidated into one, under the designation of the North Eastern Consols, and this gigantic financial organisation involves more than 21 millions of sterling money. Have the authorities of the Glasgow Stock Exchange any particular grudge against this stock? The reason for my inquiry is that on Friday last the official share list, issued by authority of the noble institution which rears its proud head between the Western Club and St. George's Church, gave the North Eastern Stock as realising the price procurable for it on the previous Wednesday. The real fact was that it advanced £1 7s 6d on Friday, but this was not patent to ordinary minds like mine.

A month has elapsed since I warned speculators of the risk they ran in buying Grand Trunks. During that brief period the fall has been £3 5s in the Ordinary stock, £2 in the 1st Preference, £5 10s in the 2nd, and £6 in the 3rd. The decline gets bigger as the chance of a dividend becomes more remote, and the chances are very remote in the present instance. The immense advance which lately took place in these poverty-stricken stocks was entirely unwarranted. It ranged, as I formerly pointed out, from 117 to 280 per cent., and surely no one will attempt to justify this singular movement.

If anything were wanted to show the absurdity of the prices paid for these stocks, it would be found in the failure of the Philadelphia and Reading Company. Up till Saturday morning this railway was considered tolerably safe. Now, I suppose, it will have to go through the agreeable process of having a receiver appointed, with all the disadvantages which accompanied that arrangement when it was adopted in the case of the Erie Railway.

SCRUTATOR.

It seems that a quiet, inoffensive gentleman who never speculates, and who certainly never "beared" a stock in his life, has been pointed out by certain of the quidnuncs "on 'Change" as "the cormorant with an unholy hat." Will it suffice these particular wiseacres, and all other personages who are more foolish than they know, that the "cormorant" mentioned was a noted speculator, and that while his hat was only a metaphor his running down of iron and coal stocks has proved to too many of us a sad reality.

Is a dead pigeon, asks Peter, a fowl-in(g)-peace?

An unprecedented "Derby"—Sir William's walk-over.

FIG-IRON WARRANTS—STOCKS AND SHARES.—Macgregor & Co., Stock and Share Brokers, and Iron Brokers, 136 Buchanan Street, Glasgow, offer Special Facilities to those desirous of Speculating for the Rise or Fall of Markets.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—There has been no lack, i'faith, of representations of the "National Drama" in our midst of late. It has been played both in the North and in the South, and now it is announced for this evening and during the week at the Gaiety. The *Rob* is Mr Howard of Edinburgh, a judicious and careful actor, Mrs Howard is *Helen*, Mr Gourlay is *The Bailie*, and Mr Slater, appears as *Rashleigh*.

Boucicault's "Rescued" is still occupying the boards of the Prince of Wales Theatre.

"Madame Favart" will continue to be represented all week at the Royalty Theatre, and following it will come "The Sultan of Mocha," after which Mr Knapp will produce "Duty," one of Sardou's dramas, which made quite a sensation when produced by the Bancrofts at the London Prince of Wales Theatre.

The acting of young Mr George Mudie, as the *Marquis de Pont Sable*, in "Favart," is very excellent indeed. Quaint and unaffected, he seems to hit the exact medium between earnestness and burlesque which the part requires.

The members of the "Edwin Drood company" who appear this evening at the Royal Princess Theatre, include Miss Marie Rhodes and Mr F. Hawley, the latter of whom may be recollected as a clever *jeune premier* in the stock company of the Gaiety Theatre some three or four years ago. The play follows pretty closely in the lines of Dickens's novel, with a satisfactory denouement provided by the anonymous adapter.

I may mention that "Mr J. H. Saville," the manager of the "Edwin Drood" company, is elder brother to Mr Cecil Beryl. Of course both names are *nomis de theatre*.

The run of "The Upper-Crust" at the London Folly Theatre is proving even more successful than either its author, Mr Byron, or its chief impersonator, Mr Toole, had dared to hope. Rumour has it that Mr Toole paid Byron the magnificent *honorary* of £5000 for the work; that even this enormous sum has not been thrown away is proved from the circumstance that only the other day "Johnny" was offered £2500 for the American right of the piece.

Mr Walter Bentley begins a three weeks tour to-night—giving one week to Ayr, another week to Rothesay, and a third to Paisley. His repertoire will include *Shylock*, *Othello*, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and *Claude and Richieu*. In all three places his audiences should be large; the chance of hearing Shakespeare interpreted by an artist of Mr Bentley's distinction is one which doesn't come every day.

On Monday, 14th prox., Mr Bentley will commence a six nights' engagement at the Prince of Wales Theatre, when he will sustain the dual parts of *Dubose* and *Lesurgues* in the "Courier of Lyons." The version of the famous melodrama represented by Mr Bentley will be that played by Charles Kean during his less-than-ship of the London Princess Theatre.

Mr John Tweed is, I understand, about to publish a volume of poems from the pen of Mr William Dow, of 79 West Regent Street. The title at present selected for the book is "Autumn Leaves"; and, judging by a specimen which I have seen, the verses, while written somewhat in the minor key, are sweet and graceful, and such, to say the least, as should place their author in the front rank of our local rhymers.

I understand that over one hundred architects have submitted designs for the front elevation of the new Municipal Buildings in George Square.

Another man of mark in the West Country has passed away. Coast-Travellers this summer will miss the pleasant face and buirdly form of Mr James Gilchrist, who was so long and so honourably connected with the Caledonian Railway, and who died on Saturday, almost at his post, as Superintendent at Gretnock.

Our annual rifle-shooting carnival begins at Cowglen on the 4th of June. This year's meeting of the Association presents several points of interest—among others the "triangular match" between North, South, and West, and the competition for the extra prizes. I would impress upon volunteers the necessity of at once coming forward, and giving practical proof of the interest all ought to feel in the Association and its work.

I hear that at the ordinary monthly meeting of the Juvenile Delinquency Board on Friday the question of admitting the press to its councils is again to be gravely discussed! Last September Mr R. T. Middleton (now M.P.), backed by ex-Bailie Moir, moved that reporters be admitted; but an amendment, proposing to put off the evil day six months longer, was carried by a small majority. The time is now up, and it remains to be seen whether the directors will now be "up to time." The Commissioners under the Delinquency Act of August, 1878, have statutory powers to levy a rate of one penny per pound of rental—equal to about £10,000. Surely the ratepayers have a right to know how the money thus raised is being applied. The "men of light" who form the Board cannot much longer continue their dark *seances*.

Intending excursionists had better take note that Hamilton's Dioramic Voyage in Hengler's Cirque will be over by Wednesday the 9th prox. A word to the wise should be enough.

BO!

(Scene—Ballroom.)

Exquisite—How! You are much too bashful by half, Miss C—.

Miss C.—Ah! Yeth you thee I couldn't even thay bo to you.

GONE TO THE DOGS.—Crosshill has now, like the Maclean, a hall of its own, and last week the first case was tried in it. This was a charge against a gentleman for keeping a large dog which was an annoyance to the neighbourhood. Notwithstanding that ae Provost and twa Bailies were on the bench, the charge was dismissed.

AMONG THE DEAD LANGUAGES.—Asinus speaks of the proposed new Cemetery as another New-crop-o'-lies. He has been reading Byron, and, like him, has no more belief in an epitaph than in a woman—when on "the tomb is seen, not what he was, but what he should have been."

TRUE PATRIOTS WEE.—It was somewhat cheeky in wee Colin to say to the Argyleshire electors that "to promote the prosperity of the country, and maintain peace abroad is a great inheritance, the heritage of the *English* nation." Standing upon the Scottish heath, too.

"What favourite opera," enquires Bauldy with a hic-cup, "does the tramway lines remind one of?" and he replies with a hee-haw when eberybody gibs it up." Why, the Rows of Cast Steel, to be sure!"

Awa' W(h)igs, Awa'!—The Wiggling at Wigton.

How Brown Solved it.

MR BROWN went home from the "club" the other night and tackled the "fifteen" puzzle. He wrestled with the thirty blocks—at least he thought there were thirty of them, he being in splendid condition to "see double"—and in about an hour and a half had the thing solved to his own satisfaction. Then he got paper, pen, and ink and attempted to write out the solution as follows:—"Shove 4 down, push 1 over, drag out 6, make the 5 and the 9 change places, keep the 16 in the King row, shove 18 into the double corner, shuffle and deal again, run the 5 up nine places, move 3 to the south-west of 15 and 10 to the north of 11. P to K B4, QR to K, white to play and mate in twelve moves, move 13, 14, 15, a little north-easterly, R to Kt5ch, crown 15, throw double 6s, roquet the 9, take the 7 on the fly, foul, free kick, well played, Geordie, well caught, go it again, hit! lead the King of trumps, rake in the pot and mo—mov—move." At this point Mrs B. growing alarmed at his long absence, came down stairs and led him quietly up to bed.

A DAUGHTER OF ATLAS.

(Scene—Buchanan Street; Two country women regarding a city belle.)

Kirstie—Whit ca' ye that ticht jaicket thing thit that young leddy's gotten on, na?

Margit—'Deed a wouldna wunner but that's whit they ca' a Jersey.

Kirstie—Jersey is't, an' that man's collar she's wearin' 'll dootless mean that she wears a Sark?

Margit—Nae doot, an' if we kent the names o' thae ither falderals we nicht fin' oot that she's gotten a' the Channel Islands on her back thegither.

CHEAP FUN.—Persons with a taste for that particular form of "sport" which consists in inflicting torture on the brute creation would do well to betake themselves within the jurisdiction of the Airdrie J.P. Court. There, such an exquisite amusement as driving a broken-legged horse for a mile can be indulged in for the extremely moderate sum of twenty shillings and sixpence.

The Hair at Law—A Wig-town for a Lord-Advocate.

At "Home," yet not in "The House"—Sir Vernon Harcourt.

The Rosslyn Coach—The Lord High Commissioner's carriage.

A "Drip" Too Much.

OF all the pangs that harass the distressed Good Tippler, 'sure the most bitter is'—adulterated whisky." Such was the reflection of Asinus on perusing a report of the recent case Thomson & Co, v. Boyd. The Animile is of a forgiving disposition, and can pardon many transgressions, but to vend "drippings" from casks of rum, brandy, whisky, gin, "&c.," under the guise of "Thomson's Irish"—a sublime liquor which he "loves with a love that is greater by far than those that are wiser than he"—is, in his opinion, to commit an offence against humanity, and asininity, almost deserving of a Marwood "drop" or "drip." But the subject is too painful to be dwelt upon.

LET GLASGOW FLOURISH.

Donald—Ay, Ankus, ant you hev peen to Cleskow. Wass it a ferry much lartcher toon ass Styornowa?

Angus(contemptuously)—Styornowa? Chwhy, Tonal, there iss mhor public-hooses in Cleskow nor al ta whole of Styornowa added up ant multipliet ofer ant ofer akain tokether, no' to mention ta sheepeens ant other lartch hotels.

Donald—Tear me, tear me, chwhat a krant toon it must wass!

CONTINGENT.

"The land of the brave and the free!"
The refuge of fugitive men;
And, whenever the Czar has to flee,
We'll give him a cage in Bearsden.

BY HALVES.—On the occasion of a recent golf-match at St. Andrews, we are told, "Mr Cathcart and Mr W. J. Muir halved a round with Mr Mayfield and Sir Alexander Kinloch." Does this mean that they had a "round" of "halves," or that each man paid for his own liquor, or what?

I, SAID MY NERVOUS OWL, WITH PICKAXE, SPADE, AND SHOOL.—If his Worship believes that his friends the architects will be having an itching after the symmetry of the new cemetery, he also believes that the man for the situation is really "he that builds stronger than the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter," to wit, the grave-maker.

An Election of "Mark"—That of the Wig-town Burghs.

The Asian Mystery—What to do by Afghanistan.

The Treasury Bench—A cashier's seat,

"Let Dogs Delight —."

IS it, then, utterly impossible for the members of our local Parliament to keep their private affairs and their wretched squabbles out of the Council chamber? Can they not cleanse their foul linen without calling upon the public to assist at the interesting ceremony? Last week the greatest sinners in this respect were Messrs Colquhoun and Martin, whose "some people" style of allusion and "you're another" kind of retort introduced "personal explanations" and disjointed talk that wasted much valuable time. What has become of those celebrated "rules" that were to make the Council meetings models of decorum and despatch? Have they passed "away in de ewigkeit," like every other good thing that was to have been accomplished during Lord Provost Collins's inglorious reign?

"SIGNS OF THE TIMES."

(Scene—Buchanan Street, 1-30 p.m.; alarming swell heavily armed with toothpick and carrying gloves in hand passes along).

1st Street Arab—Oh! I say, Tam, is that the new way o' wearing these things they ca' gloves?

2nd Do.—Och, Sandy, don't show your ignorance; it's jist he'll be saving them for the hard times. [Youthful observers disperse.]

Another Presentation Portrait.

DEAR BAILIE,—Will the Ass move the BAILIE'S medium, and let the spirits inform the anxious public what has become of Sir James Bain? He has not got his consolation cup from us yet. The BAILIE might give him a lift in getting up his portrait, illumined 'dress, or something constitutional in the way of a comforting adieu.—I remain, Mines truly and yours anything,
JOCK M'CRAW.

If "Jock M'Craw" isn't content with the BAILIE'S last portrait (the very worst he can remember) of Sir James, he must be hard to please indeed.

SAUCE FOR GOOSE AND SAUCE FOR GANDER.

—At last week's meeting of the "Sons of Temperance Friendly Society" in Edinburgh, it was stated that "the boys of Bristol" desired, "on account of their smoking habits," to "eliminate tobacco" from their "pledge." Should this boon be granted, would the "bhoys" of Glasgow, for instance, be allowed to eliminate whisky from their pledge on account of their drinking habits?

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.

Megilp.

THE prospects of the coming Black and White Exhibition, in the rooms of the Fine Art Institute, are very hopeful indeed. All, or nearly all, of the "Scottish brigade" in London—M'Whirter, Colin Hunter, and the rest of them—have promised to contribute; R. W. Macbeth—who is a Scotchman, to be sure, but is never included among the London Scotchmen—will send a series of his own etchings; and Alma Tadema, and many other famous London artists, will also be represented.

There will further be various examples in the Exhibition from the "Graphic" gallery; and several *Graphic* artists—masters of black and white every one of them—are busy over works for Glasgow.

J. D. Taylor will be heard of in the neighbourhood of Loch Eck during the coming summer. Loch Eck is perhaps—always after Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine—the most fascinating of our more southerly fresh water lakes, and is peculiarly rich in artistic effects, as Milne Donald, and after him Docharty and William Glover, have abundantly testified.

Among the few British artists—certainly the only Glasgow, or indeed the only Scottish artist—represented in the Paris Salon, is R. W. Allan. His picture is a representation of "Field Work in Brittany," a sketch of which he contributed to the recent Exhibition of the Scottish Water Colour Society.

Peter Graham and John M'Whirter have left London on a flying visit to Venice.

One of our younger and more promising local artists is James Paterson, whose work of the past year or two has shown the value of a Parisian training. Mr Paterson is still in Paris, and is, if possible, painting better than ever.

Tom M'Ewan, who has recently spent two or three weeks in Southern and Central France, has returned with, if possible, a stronger devotion to Scotland and the Scotch than ever.

Wellwood Rattray, who spent some weeks, earlier in the season, at Cookham on the Thames, has returned north, and is about to set out for a three months' sojourn near the mouth of Glen Sannox. His friend Hunt, however, is still at the pleasant little riverain village, busy over sketches of southern farms and farm-yards.

A. K. Brown has settled down for a month or two in his old quarters at Sheire in Surrey, after a flying visit to Paris and the Salon.

ANOTHER RESULT OF THE LIBERAL REACTION.
(Scene—The kirkyard of a populous parish in the vale.)

Radical Elector (to gravedigger)—Tammas, you'll no be busy ee-noo?

Tammas—For the last four weeks I've buried maer folks, especially childer, than ever I did sin' I became beadle.

Radical Elector—Dear me, what's wrang ee-noo? Is the fevver or the messels or howpin-coff ragin' i' the parish?

Tammas—Deed no. My trade's revivin', like ithers, sin' the Leeberals dung out the Tories.

HIS PROPS.—Some of our stock newspaper phrases occasionally read rather equivocally. Thus, it is with something of a shock that one hears of "Provost Collins in the chair, supported by Bailies Thomson and Selkirk!"

BICYCLES. } The "Duplex," "Challenge," "Club," "Premier," &c. On Hire with option of Purchase.
TRICYCLES. } New, Second-Hand, Fittings cheap, Jennings's, 101 Mitchell Street.

Mr and Mrs Howieson on the Grand Show.

(Time, 7 p.m., Thursday, 20th May, 1880. Mr and Mrs H. at tea. They have been to Edinburgh, and have seen the procession of the Lord High Commissioner to open the General Assembly.)

Janet—I'm thinkin', John, that aifter trampin' about a' day through the dry streets, there micht be waur things than a drap tea.

John—Ay, and a drap whisky aifter the tea wudna spile the taste o't.

Janet—Some o' thae toon cooncillor bodies we saw in the purcession looked geyan like their todody. It wisna a gless aifter their tea that brocht yon colour intae their noses.

John—And why for no, Janet, shud they no drink as weel as ither fowk?

Janet—They're geyan stiff wi' grantin' licences, though.

John—That may be. Ye see, they can get a bargain o' their ain drink, an' they needna care a button for the likes o' us.

Janet—Ay, ay! things maun aye be someway. Their Lord Provost, noo, disna look like a drucken bodie.

John—Na, na, Janet. He's a decent man, the Lord Provost. He disna drink, I'll warran' ye. He'll no gang tae a circus. Do ye no mind when Newsome wanted him to patronise a benefit for the Infirmary, he tell't him he cudna gang, that he had scruples or something in his conscience.

Janet—My conscience! Wisna yon show just the same as we see in the circus? He was like Cinderella in the fine carriage himsel'; and then the braw sodgers, just the same as we see in Rob Roy; and the policemen, far bonnier than the chiels in the pantomime; and the fine band on horseback; and the white wigs, and red and white coats. Ochone! Ochone!

“Why,” asks a Wishaw ass, “was the Wishaw Parish Church bell rung on the evening of the Wigton Burghs election?” and he adds (with his tongue in his cheek), “was it because the Home Secretary and the Lord Advocate ‘were on tramp’?”

A Song-bird—A Blackie.

PUBLIC NOTICE.—Beware of the party offering imitations of Macniven & Cameron's Pens, sold at 6d and 1s per box by all stationers; sample box, all the kinds, assorted, by post, 1s 1d. Patentees of pens and penholders, Macniven & Cameron, 23 to 33 Blair Street, Edinburgh. Established 1770. Penmakers to her Majesty's Government Offices.

“They come as a boon and a blessing to men,
The Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley Pen.”

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT “oor Jeems” was on the rampage last week.

That both Hughie Colquhoun and “Jeems” are extensive property-holders.

That it is nice to see them so anxious over the comfort of their tenants.

That “Jeems” is in favour of the Sunday cars.

That the “unco guid” are quite delighted that a conductor has been fined for overcrowding a Sunday car.

That this will be an additional reason for running additional Sunday cars.

That W. R. W. Smith has read the “Cottagers of Glenburnie.”

That he is familiar with the M'Larty family.

That what W. R. W. doesn't know is hardly worth learning.

That the house-letting season at the Coast has commenced.

That the rush for houses isn't quite so rapid as the coast residents would like.

That the East-enders are anxious for the removal of another institution.

That they aren't satisfied with the removal of the Weir.

That they have always a grievance of some kind or another on hand.

That a couple of Captain M'Call's officers have been acquitted on a charge of assault.

That they left the bar “without a stain upon their character.”

That the trafficking in licences still continues.

That it is quite wonderful how fortunate some people are in procuring a plurality of licensed shops.

That the music in the Parks began on Saturday.

That the occasion enabled one or two ex-Bailies and others to blow their own trumpets.

ONE FOR THE PRESSMAN.

(Scene—Hamilton Cattle Show; Industrious reporter taking rapid notes.)

Policeman—Hi, you there! What are you doing there?

Reporter—I am takin' notes for the *Glasgow Thunderbolt*.

Policeman—Oh! beg your pardon. I thought you were makin' poetry.

The “Main” Position—The Free Church Moderator's Chair.

THE ARGYLE BATHS, 366 Argyle Street, is the Largest Public Bathing Establishment in Scotland. Warm Baths, 6d, 9d, & 1s; ready daily, from 7 a.m. to 9 p.m. One trial solicited.

Cricketing Outfits.

FORSYTH,
5 RENFIELD STREET.

G. C. STEWART,
ANALYST,

52 ST. ENOCH SQUARE.

THE COLOSSEUM,

70 JAMAICA STREET.
WALTER WILSON & CO.,

THE LEADING HATTERS
and
MILLINERS IN GLASGOW.

The season now full on, our clients are respectfully requested to call early in the day to avoid the excessive crowding in the afternoon.

"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).

SUCCESS AT LAST!!!

THE STYLOGRAPHIC PEN

A PENCIL which writes INK, never needs Sharpening, and never Wears Out.

CALL AND INSPECT IT.

A. C. THOMSON,

Agent,

278 ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW.

MILLAR & CO.

FAMILY HATTERS,

QUEEN STREET CORNER, GLASGOW,

ARE SHEWING THEIR NEW SPRING GOODS.

See the Windows.

ANGLING.—WM. HAIGH, FLYDRESSER,
FISHING ROD AND TACKLE-MAKER,
16 HANOVER STREET,
RODS AND REELS REPAIRED, FLIES TO PATTERN.

THE FINEST WHISKY IN THE WORLD.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.

HENRY THOMSON & CO'S OLD IRISH WHISKY.

SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—

ROBERT BROWN, 17 HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.

VICTORIA RESTAURANT,

62 GORDON STREET, & 3 RENFIELD STREET

(Opposite Caledonian Central Station),

WINES, SPIRITS, AND MALT LIQUORS

Of the Best Qualities, and Thoroughly Matured.

SPECIAL BLEND WHISKY.

BREAKFASTS, DINNERS, AND TEAS.

LARGE DINING-HALL.

SNACKS (OF ALL KINDS),6d.

M'CALL & FERGUSON, PROPRIETORS.

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.

DRESS SHIRTS,

FROM STOCK OR MADE TO MEASURE,

6s each,

7s 6d each,

9s each,

or

or

or

33s per half-dozen.

43s 6d per half-dozen,

51s per half-dozen.

NOTE.—Notwithstanding the recent Large Advance in LINENS and COTTONS, our Prices and Quality continue same as formerly, and will be found unsurpassed for value.

SAMPLE SHIRT MADE IF REQUIRED.

EVERY NOVELTY IN FRENCH REGATTA AND INDIAN GAUZE SHIRTINGS.

JNO. D. MACARTHUR,

HOSIER, GLOVER, SHIRTMAKER, AND HATTER,

263, 265, 267 SAUCHIEHALL ST.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 26th, 1880.

THE approach of summer has been proclaimed with all the usual formalities—its sports, pastimes, and enjoyments are now being engaged in on all sides. The musical performances in our public parks were prefaced on Saturday afternoon by an unnecessary amount of speech-making, which served to bring into notice the dissatisfaction of the East-enders at the band of the 74th Regiment being reserved for Kelvin-

grove Park rather than Glasgow Green. The incident will no doubt cause the Parks Committee to revise their arrangements, as in the interests of the performers as well as of the public the utmost impartiality should be shown. These performances, and the promised introduction of flowers into the Green, suggest the inquiry whether greater benefits might not be got out of our public parks at a very trifling cost? The aim of the Town Council should be to make them as attractive as possible to the people who should flock to them to gain health and recreation. The younger portion of the community might well find in our public parks a great deal which would give them greater pleasure in frequenting such places, and incite in them a healthful love of the country. It is astonishing how ignorant all classes of city folks are of the names of the common objects of the country, and our poor children are least to blame for being unable to distinguish the various trees, plants, and flowers. They have few opportunities of roaming through woodland, copse, or dell, and receiving instruction regarding the objects which are to be found there. Might not the Parks Committee and the School Board supply what they need? Some of our local naturalists would readily be got to compile a tiny guide to, say the West-end and South Side Parks, describing in simple language the trees, plants, and flowers to be found growing there, and the birds which are flying about or trilling their happy lays. Such information would be worked up by the masters in the Board schools in giving Object Lessons, and in this way something could be done to draw the young of the city away from the back court and the pavement to where they could see and learn to appreciate the simple beauties of nature, such as may be found near a city—a first step in a true art education and culture. Will two or three qualified enthusiasts take this in hand at once?

HARD LINES!—It appears that the “guard of honour” for the Queen has been selected from Maryhill Barracks. How tantalising for the would-be “Cambridge Guards!”

“ONE TOUCH OF”—**ROUGHNESS!**—Mr Russell, M.P. for Buteshire, has an odd idea of paying a compliment. Having to propose the health of an honoured guest the other day, he dwelt upon the circumstance that his subject “had a touch of roughness in his external appearance.” Isn’t there “a touch of roughness” in Mr Russell’s oratory?

An Unreasonable Crittur.

THE BAILIE verily believes that there is no more obstinate or unreasonable thing on this earth than the gas which lights our houses. Ever since its introduction the public have been patiently endeavouring to impress upon it that the proper and natural method of treating an escape is to hunt it with a lighted match or candle; and yet it continues, in the most pig-headed and reprehensible manner, to slay or maim its would-be instructors. One of the latest instances of perseverance in this cause occurred the other evening in Kinning Park. A man, having “looked for the escape” in the usual manner, “was severely burned about the face and hands;” whereupon a neighbour, nothing daunted, tried what *he* could do, and was in consequence blown to the ground with a broken leg. It is to be feared that this precious illuminant is incorrigible. At all events, it seems undesirable to risk life and limb in any further attempt to bring it to reason.

“FINE FEATHERS.”—If fine phrases make fine folks, as fine feathers make fine birds, then there never was such an ornate generation as the present. We no longer eat, drink, and sleep, but “partake,” “imbibe,” and “repose,” and we do not follow trades for wages, as our fathers did, but “engage in professions” for “emoluments.” Thus, somebody advertises in the *Herald* for a “flesher . . . capable of everything in the profession.” The advertiser would no doubt turn up his nose at a man who was merely “up to his work.”

“SMOKE” v. “GAS.”—The Harbour Trustees have banished tobacco-smoke from “any part” of their domain. This seems rather hard on the “harmless necessary” weed, but if the Trustees would go a step further, and exclude “gas” from their meetings, no one would complain.

APPROPRIATE TOOLS.—The BAILIE observes advertised for sale “blacksmith’s ricketies,” which are apparently some kind of tool, and which are, no doubt, brought into requisition in the construction of such monuments of industry as the Tay Bridge.

“REGRETS.”—In noticing a play by Christopher Marlowe, Granny is good enough to “regret the termination of a life prematurely brought to a close.” This is truly kind; and the BAILIE “regrets,” in his turn, that poor Kit is not alive to-day, to read such a generous expression of feeling!

Why I did not Enjoy the Queen's Birth-day.

BECAUSE I was awakened at the unearthly hour of 6 a.m. by the children reminding me of my promise to take them a trip "if it were fair."

Because "our help" went off on Wednesday night to visit her grandmother.

Because I was compelled to nurse the baby for a full hour while Mrs Jones made her toilet.

Because, while helping to dress the children, Mrs Jones kept repeating that she never saw a more awkward man about a house.

Because my wife insisted on going by rail into the country instead of by boat.

Because, after we were about a quarter of a mile from home, I was despatched back for the two fat family umbrellas, as Mrs J. was certain it would rain.

Because when we approached the station who should drive past in an elegant machine with a high-stepping horse but that beast Brown of our bank and his young wife.

Because my wife during the day never ceased to remind me that Brown had *some* idea of how to treat a lady, but some people had none.

Because the ticket collector insisted upon two of the children paying half-fare and threatening to prosecute me for allowing them to travel without being provided with tickets.

Because carrying a 15 month's prize baby through a strange village, with all the inhabitants out at their doors staring at you, is no funnier than it looks.

Because, when I asked for some biscuit and cheese or sandwiches, the landlady replied, smilingly, that dinner was just ready, and the "mistress and the bairns would be the better o't."

Because, when I demurred on the score of expense, Mrs J. remarked that I was always stingy when I was along with her.

Because, while I was attempting to swallow some scalding soup, I heard Brown's voice in the lobby shouting, "take the mare round to the stables, rub her down, a good feed, half-a-crown for the groom, dinner for two and a bottle of the best wine in the house, and look sharp about it."

Because our village Hebe was immediately withdrawn to wait upon "the lady and gentleman in the private room."

Because I was sarcastically reminded by my wife, after returning from my cigar and a "whole" of brandy, on the propriety of leaving my family alone in the village hostelry.

Because the hostess complimented me on the

capital appetite the youngsters possessed, and charged me full for the lot.

Because, after a run of half-a-mile to the train, we were just in time to get into a compartment already occupied by a party coming home from a football match, who smoked, sang, and bounced all the way back to the city.

Because, after all my worry and expense, the wife of my bosom coolly asserted on our reaching home that I would have been much better employed packing the things and preparing for the flitting.

The Cart-ers' Trip.

YOUR *laudator temporis acti* is wont to lament the departed glory of those annual inspections of the Clyde lighthouses, which, used to be such ceremonious and festive affairs, and have become so tame and businesslike. There seems little prospect of a revival of these ancient splendours, but a recent item of news suggests that they might flourish again on fresh ground. One day last week, we are told, "the annual inspection of the river Cart was made by the Magistrates and Cart Navigation Trustees. In the course of the day the Trustees set out and perambulated the river bank as far as Inchinnan Bridge, where they were met by Mr Young's omnibus, and driven back in the evening to partake of a substantial tea in the George Hotel." Paisley has of late been exhibiting, more than ever, a desire to emulate, if not to crow over, "the City," and here she has an excellent opportunity. Only she must "pile it up" a little higher. "Perambulated" is good, very excellent good; but there is something altogether too homely, if not humble, about "Mr Young's omnibus" and the "substantial tea." Nothing under carriages-and-four and champagne dinners will suffice if it is desired to transplant the glories of the Clyde and make municipal Glasgow turn green with envy.

"WHICH IS ABSURD." — Our Sunday car maniacs—whether their malady takes the form of *amentia* or *dementia*, of drivelling idiocy or insane violence—should, if they are in earnest, take a tip from their Kentucky brethren, who have indicted the sexton and organist of a church for "Sabbath labour." There is nothing like a thorough, good *reductio ad absurdum* in cases of this kind.

BICYCLES, { Riding taught. Makers, Agenis, Repairers of Bicycles; Suppliers of Saddles, Oil Cans, Springs, Alarm Bells, &c. West of Scotland Bicycle Co. Show Rooms, 104 Renfield St., Works, 67 East Howard St.

Quavers.

CASTING a glance over the past musical season in Glasgow and the West, one finds cause, first, for congratulation that so much real progress seems to have been made; second, at the amount of study that has been gone through; and third, for thankfulness that it (the season) is at an end once more. Not, BAILIE, but that the critical duties of your reporter have, as a rule, been of the most pleasant character, if sometimes it has been found necessary in the interests of art to be severe rather.

The Choral and Orchestral Concerts, taking place somewhat later in the year than formerly, and as before under the "auspices" of our leading musical association, marked the season with unusual distinction, the engagement of Mr Manns of the Crystal Palace as conductor of the instrumental concerts conducting largely to the success of the instrumental part of the series, which included the performance of the entire set of Beethoven's Symphonies—all, except probably the last, the ninth (the choral), produced to perfection. "Moses in Egypt," brilliant if not very solid music, was the oratorio of the season, and Mr Lambeth and the members of the Union had much credit by the careful way in which it was presented. The Society has a somewhat difficult question to solve just now. It is to be hoped they will be as fortunate as their best friends could wish in the settlement of the difficulty, whatever arrangement for filling up the vacant office of conductor may be decided on.

The St. George's Choral Union did good serviceable work during the winter, and in a somewhat distinct line. The society is in a similar difficulty now as to a conductor, but there is no doubt a good man will be found for the post.

The refining influence which the concerts by our Select Choirs have had on choral music in the West cannot be gainsaid; and, judiciously managed, the "institution" is one that must always succeed. The choir trained by Mr Lambeth, and that now to be led by Mr James Allan (the Glasgow Select Choir), are two that deserve, as no doubt they will continue to receive, every encouragement, their performances being prized probably yet more highly in the country than with us, as models of part-singing.

The choral associations which use the Tonic Sol-fa notation (not to their advantage, as we honestly think, from the often misleading character of the guidance preferred in the notation), of which the society so long conducted by Mr W. M. Miller, and that under the charge of Mr M'Kean, are the two best known, were active enough, and we look forward with interest to their respective appearances next season.

There are probably about twenty or twenty-five private musical societies in Glasgow and its neighbourhood, not counting such church choirs as may do something, as a variety, in general choral performance, if not coming very prominently before their friends or the public. Of those in the first category which gave performances last season were, it will be remembered, the Hill-head, West End, Pollokshields, Bellahouston, Pollok, Dennistoun, Mount Vernon, Uddingston, Bothwell, and Crosshill, not to mention other territorially named societies. If all the appearances were not alike successful, they were yet as a whole indicative of advance.

The concerts given by church choirs were, as far as could be judged, of a most promising and satisfactory character, and in this connection might be noted the important position now being taken by the choirs belonging to the Foundry Boys' Religious Society and to the Sabbath School Unions, the several displays given by these choirs during last season having been all singularly successful.

Opera is almost gone for Glasgow now. It is cared for only, apparently, when brought out in the careful style that Mr Carl Rosa is accustoming us to, or in its very lightest form as in "Les Cloches de Corneville" or "Madame Favart," but it has little or no influence one way or another on our artistic progress.

The attention given to musical instruction in schools will have been amply illustrated ere the season closes in examinations, competitions, and so on. That music teachers themselves are alive to the necessity of wide artistic sympathy and intelligence in their part of the work has been made manifest, for one ex-

ample, by the interest taken in Herr Pauer's Music Lectures lately in connection with the Society for the Higher Education of Women.

If Glasgow is flourishing in a musical way, it is evident that other towns in the west are not to be behind. Paisley is very active in the chief departments of the art, Ayr is becoming importantly musical, Kilmarnock and Johnstone are following suit, other principal towns and centres in the west are bestirring themselves, and altogether much progress is being made, as there has been ample evidence in the past season.

ARCHIE'S GEOGRAPHY.

Archie—I, and thull cam' awll the waye from Lishburn (Lisborn) to vote for Lord Colin.

Dugald—Lismore yo'll mean, Archie.

Archie—No Lismore, but Lishbourne.

Dugald—Where in all the worl's Lishbourne? Is't in Argyleshire?

Archie—Is't that awll you'll know, Dougald? Lishbourne is away near Calcutta!

(Dugald still thinks that it was Lismore that Archie meant.)

HIMSELF AGAIN.—Mr W. R. W. Smith, who has been singularly quiet of late, woke up at last week's meeting of Town Council, when he enlivened the scene by abstruse allusions to that rare work "The Cottagers of Glenburnie," and by a brilliant illustration to the effect that we might as well expect unanimity on the water question "as that the moon would come down and light up the streets in the midst of the day." The man of initials is as "fit" as ever he was.

SIR WILLIAM "WICIOUS."—A Liberal journal is responsible for the statement that the Home Secretary intends to revenge himself upon the publicans—to whom he attributes his Oxford defeat—by introducing into his first bill a clause hostile to their interests. Verily the BAILIE had cause last week to congratulate his fellow-citizens on their escape, and he begs to recommend the above to the attention of any other electoral body to whom this latest edition of "Wanderin' Willie" may offer his unappreciated services.

Foreign Affairs—German bands.

T H E G A I E T Y

Proprietor and Director,Mr C. BERNARD.

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THE GREAT NATIONAL DRAMA,

For SIX NIGHTS only,

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MADAME FAVART.

Music by OFFENBACH.
 Director of Music, M. JULES GACTON.

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 WAR. WAR. WAR. WAR. WAR. WAR.
 ZULU AFGHAN ZULU AFGHAN ZULU AFGHAN
 WAR. WAR. WAR. WAR. WAR. WAR.

Every Evening at 8, Saturday at 3 and 7-30.

**WEST OF SCOTLAND RIFLE
 ASSOCIATION.**

NINETEENTH ANNUAL PRIZE MEETING,

At COWGLEN RANGE, near KENNISHEAD,
 On FRIDAY, 4th JUNE, and FOLLOWING DAYS,
 The following are the Contributions already received to the
 Fine Arts and Extra Prizes:—

FINE ARTS PRIZES.

- | | |
|---|---------------|
| Description. | Presented by— |
| Painting (Water-Colour)—James A. Aitken, Artist, 271 Sauchiehall Street. | |
| Painting—Wellwood Rattray, Artist, 79 West Regent Street. | |
| Painting—Charles M'Ewen, Artist, 79 West Regent Street. | |
| Water-Colour—J. G. Barr, Artist, Port-Glasgow. | |
| Painting—John Grey, Artist, 179 West George Street. | |
| Painting—William Gibb, 1st Lanark Rifles, | |
| Steel Engraving—Messrs James M'Clure & Sons, Printers, 90 St. Vincent Street. | |
| Painting—A Member of the 3rd Lanark Rifles. | |
| Painting—Thos. C. Morton, 90 Hutcheson Street. | |

EXTRA PRIZES.

- 50lbs. No. 6 Gunpowder—Messrs Curtis & Harvey, Gunpowder Manufacturers, 24 George Square.
- Martini Henry Rifle—Mr Charles Ingram, Gunmaker, 18a Renfield Street.
- Silver-Mounted Doulton Ware Beer-Jug—Messrs William Alexander & Son, Jewellers, 3 Gordon Street.
- Elegant Ivory Hand Painted Fan—Messrs Sturrock, Perfumers, 120 Buchanan Street.
- Field-Glass—Mr James Brown, Optician, 76 St. Vincent Street.
- Illuminated Photo Album—Mr W. P. Laidlaw, Stationer, 80 St. Vincent Street.
- Sixteen-Day Marble Clock—Messrs Lawson, Rankin, & Co., Wholesale Jewellers, 80 Buchanan Street.
- Marble Timepiece—Messrs J. & R. Edmiston, Auctioneers and Valuers, 41 West Nile Street.
- Family Bible, bound in Russia—The Honourable William Collins.
- A Brussels Hearth Rug—Mr John Lyle, Carpet Manufacturer, 7 Broompark Terrace.
- Case of Selected Hungarian Wines—Quartermaster Hodge, 1st Dumbartonshire R.V.
- Volume of Music—Messrs R. J. & R. Adams, Musicians, 83 Buchanan Street.
- Case of Claret—Mr John Forrester, Restaurateur, 7 Gordon St.
- Morocco-bound Album—Mr Robert Weatherston, Printer, 15 Bath Street.
- "Bodega" Hamper—Messrs Lavery & Co., Wine Merchants, 11 South Exchange Place.
- Case of Sherry—Mr Lachlan M'Kellar, Thornliebank.
- Silver Maltese Cross, Enamelled—Mr Duncan Ferguson, Jeweller, 28 Buchanan Street.
- "Blindpits" (Three Volumes)—Mr Hugh Hopkins, Bookseller, 85 Renfield Street.
- Two Gallons Campbeltown Whisky—Per Mr William Watson, 133 St. Vincent Street.
- Truck of Coal—Mr Thomas Whitelaw, Coalmaster, Motherwell.
- Kildarkin English Beer—Mr J. Riach, College Station Stores, High Street.
- A Volume—Mr David Robertson, Bookseller, 94 Mitchell St.
- Silk Umbrella—"A Donor."
- Truck of Coal—Sergeant Wybar, 1st Lanark Rifles.
- Case of Perfume—Mr W. Wallace, Chemist, 71 St. Vincent St.
- Volume of Music—Mr Robert Donaldson, Musician, 77 St. Vincent Street.
- Three Scotch Scarfs—Mr George Campbell, Hosier, St. Vincent Street.
- The above prizes are open to Volunteers and Non-Volunteers. No Membership required. Entries taken at the Ranges. Entries to other Competitions Close on Wednesday first. Programmes and Entry Schedules can be had on application to Thomas Ferguson, Accountant, 137 West George Street, Glasgow, the Secretary of the Association.

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Catalogues will be forwarded post-free on application to the Auctioneers.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, Glasgow, 24th May, 1880.

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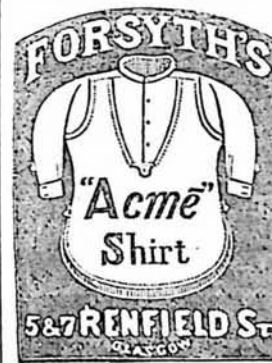
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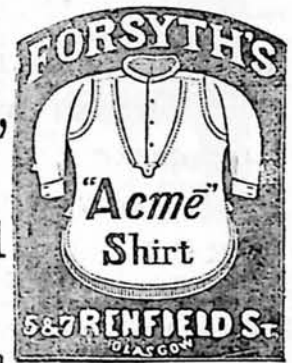
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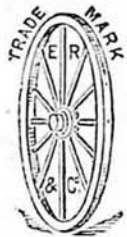
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In introducing this New Department of our Business, we may explain that though it is the first attempt of the kind in Glasgow, yet it has been carried on with great success by the most celebrated Hosiers and Glovers in the Cheapside and Strand, London, 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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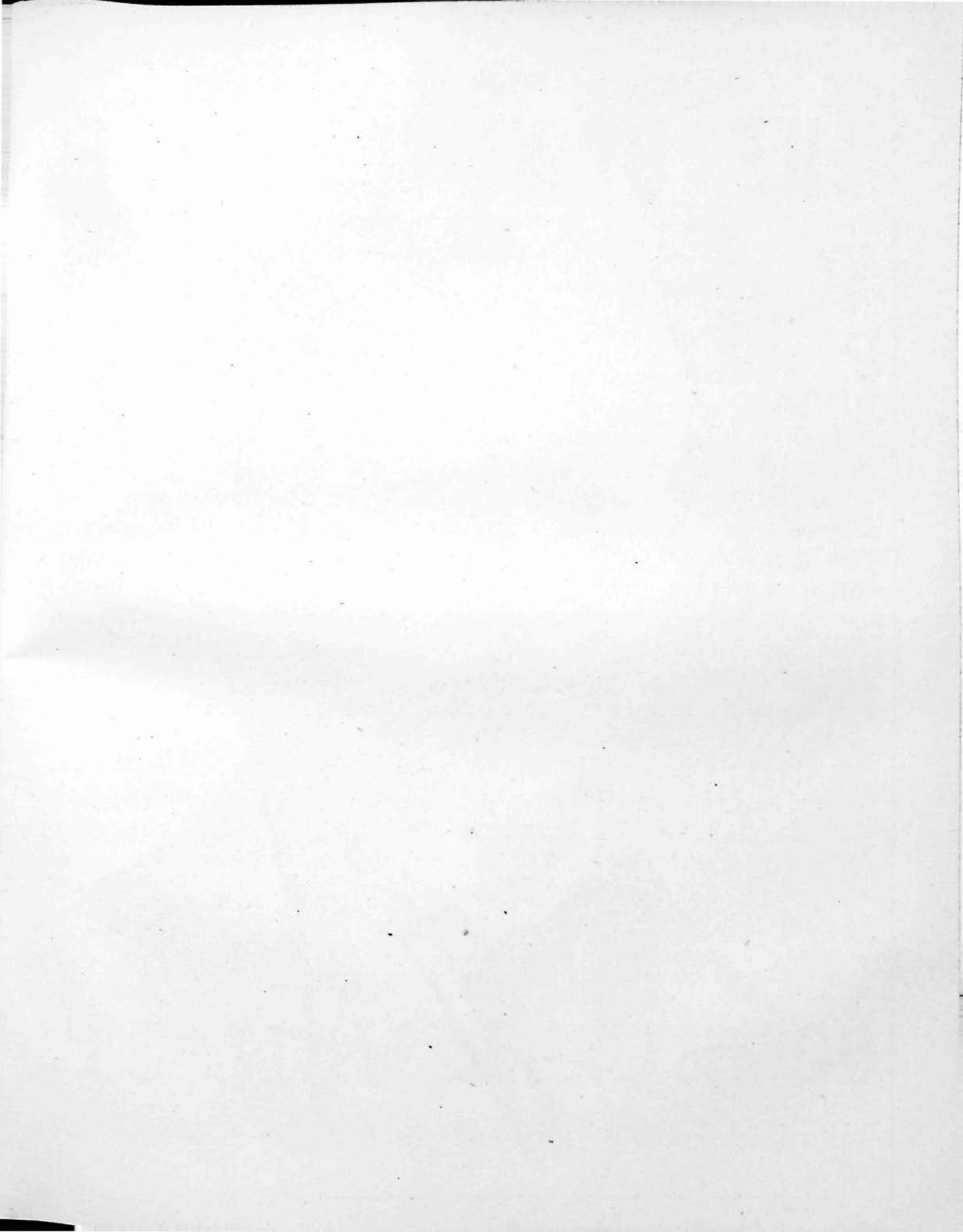
The HOWE BICYCLE possesses all the latest improvements, hollow oval fork, hollow tapered backbone made of the best patent weldless steel tube, steel rims, steel spokes screwed direct into gun-metal flanges, the front wheel running on double ball bearings, back wheel on hardened steel cones, foot pedals on hard steel cones. All the parts are made to interchange, screws, nuts, and centres hardened and tempered, and tyres of the best India rubber. Spoon brake to front wheel on all the Howe Bicycles.

The spokes and handle bars are plated with Nickel Silver, to prevent rust, the other parts being neatly japanned.

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The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 398. Glasgow, Wednesday, June 2nd, 1880. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 398.

FEW Glasgow men are more highly esteemed by their fellow citizens, and there are few, at the same time, who have postured less before the public than Mr JAMES KING of Levernholm. A leading merchant, the head and front of numerous enterprises of great pith and moment, and the wielder of an important political and social influence, he is yet personally unknown outside of the immediate circle of his friends and correspondents. Mr KING is the eldest of the three sons of the late Mr John King of Levernholm and Campsie, the chief of the well-known Hurllet & Campsie Alum Co.—a business which has always flourished, and which, the BAILIE believes, is now more flourishing than ever. Mr John King, it may be added in passing, only died within the past four or five years. A man of singular purity of character, he was remarkable, even in a city noted for its benevolence, for the keen interest which, during a long life, he manifested in every work of kindness and charity. Mr JAMES KING was educated at the High School, and attended our University for the full curriculum. On leaving the University he passed into his father's office, and showing evident business capacity he was admitted a partner immediately on attaining his majority. Until within the last ten years his life was altogether of a private cast. In 1875, however, after having been for several years a Director of the Merchants' House, he was by acclamation appointed Lord Dean of Guild, an office which he filled to the entire satisfaction, not only of the legal profession in Glasgow, but also to that of his fellow-citizens generally. While Dean of Guild, Mr KING had of course a seat in the Town Council. Unlike most of the members of that body he spoke

only on important occasions, but every speech he made was so modest and so full of good sense, that both councillors and magistrates were all but unanimous in regarding him as the person next entitled to the office of Lord Provost. Indeed, for several weeks prior to November, 1877, Mr KING was urgently pressed by members of the Council and by Ward Committees to sit for one of the Wards, with a view to his being elevated to the Provostship. He firmly resisted the temptation, however, preferring to remain a private citizen. That he would have obtained the office is beyond doubt, and indeed one of the first men to acknowledge this would be Mr Collins himself, our present Chief Magistrate. About three years ago Mr KING was elected chairman of the local Chamber of Commerce, his immediate predecessor in the office having been Mr Bolton, now M.P. for Stirlingshire. The Man you Know is also one of the Directors of the Caledonian Railway Company, and has twice held the post of chairman of the Directors of the Clydesdale Bank. At last General Election, great pressure was put on our friend by the leading members of the Conservative party in Glasgow with a view to his becoming one of the candidates for the city. But he resolutely declined to stand. It is no secret that, had he accepted the nomination proffered him, not a few of our leading Liberals were disposed to put their politics in their pocket for once, and to vote for him—not, be it observed, on grounds of friendship, but solely because of his great business capacity, his high character, and his worth as a citizen. Go where you might at the election time, the remark that "KING would have been a credit to us," was to be heard, and every time and place it was made it met with assent and approval. For upwards of 20 years Mr KING has been in the Commission of the Peace for the Counties of Stirling, Lanark,

and Renfrew, and some 12 months ago he was appointed a Deputy Lieutenant of the County of Stirling. But perhaps the honour which he is disposed to value most is that of Dean of the Faculties of the University of Glasgow—an office to which he was appointed by the Senatus in 1879, and which gives him a seat in the University Court. Mr KING'S Conservatism is hereditary, but it is of the milder type. As he is not without ambition, the probability is that he will not refuse to stand for Parliament whenever a fitting opportunity shall present itself, and this hint the BAILIE gives as a reminder to the members of the party, as well in Glasgow as in Renfrew and Stirling-shires. It remains to be noted that the Man you Know, "like his father afore him," is an attached member and office-bearer of the Kirk of Scotland, and that one of the features of Saturday's meeting of the General Assembly was the graceful and earnest little speech he made when presenting the reverend court with the portrait of the late Mr James Baird of Cambusdoon. The entire career, indeed, of Mr KING, and the direction taken by his energies, is another answer to the oft-repeated claim that an anxiety for progress, and an enlightened public-spirit, are the sole possession of adherents of the Liberal party. He is both a Churchman and a Tory, albeit that he is anything but a bigot either in politics or religion. Publicly he is a citizen of the best and highest type, and individually his keen intellect, largeness of view, and engaging manners make him at once popular and respected among all with whom he comes into personal contact.

HARTEY CONSUL-TATION.

Let Glasgow take with London part
In hearty welcome to Bret Harte,
And when he comes, the season seize on
For flow of soul and feast of reason;
So give it that when comes response, he'll
Say, "London's guest, *but Glasgow's Consul.*"

HARD LINES.—Though the Home Secretary has succeeded in, to use his own words, "hanging up his dripping vestments at Derby," the Lord Advocate cannot even find a place to hang up his hat.

"New Lamps for Old Ones"—At the door of "the Institute."

Dog-ma—The lady progenitor of the kennel.

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

IN MEMORIAM

Alexander Bannatyne Stewart.
27th MAY, 1880.

WE stood amazed and doubting as we heard—
Heard with a sense of awe and sudden hush—
That he whose name was as a household word
Had fall'n in seeming strength and manhood's flush.
We mourn no common loss this summer day,
Ours is no fleeting and half-feigned regret,
Such as men oft of ceremony pay
Ere they pass on and presently forget.
No idle saunt'rer, wrapt in self, was he,
To quaff of pleasure while the poor lacked bread.
A kindly heart, a hand as just as free,
Were to his ardent love of beauty wed.
Sweet art he loved, and flowers, and all things fair,
And music—foe to meanness and to strife—
Nor ceased the flower of courtesy to wear
'Mid deeper music of a gentle life.
Green be his grave! When this poor page grows dim'
When effigies decay and turn to rust,
Full many a heart shall still remember him,
Still shall his actions "blossom in the dust."

A LOCAL GUESS.

(Scene—The deck of the Iona; The steamer is passing Kames; Old Highlander is fishing from a boat.)

Tourist No. One—What is the old man doing?

Do. No. Two—Fishing, of course, "waiting for a bite."

Do. No. One—Ah! Had he waited in bed he might have got one.

[Collapse of *Tourist No. Two.*]

TIES AND NOVEL-TIES.—Professor MacGregor remarked in the Free Church Assembly the other day that "the members of the Church had as much sense as the ministers though they had not white neckcloths." The Professor had better take care lest he find himself some fine morning in a similar position to that of his friend Professor Smith. Such novel and audacious theories are dangerous in an age of Beggs and Moncreiffs.

Granny began a leader thusly the other day: "We in this land of cakes and heather, of large feet and enduring purposes." Was this quite fair to the younger sisters of the venerable dame? Although her own feet are large she shouldn't malign the pedal extremities of all the other Glasgow fair ones.

Good Morning—A brandy and soda.

Good Evening—A tumbler of toddy.

A Famous Portrait Painter—John Barleycorn.

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

On 'Change.

FOR a considerable time the advertisement of the Northern Counties of England Insurance Company formed a conspicuous feature at the eastern extremity of the Royal Exchange. Many well-informed people knew that the company was a sham, and that its promoters were adventurers, but I suppose somebody must have done business with it, or the managers would not have taken the trouble to advertise so lavishly. It will be instructive to watch the Manchester papers for particulars regarding these same managers. I should not wonder if the disclosures put the City Bank business into the shade for calculating coolness and thorough audacity.

Going into the subterranean lavatory of the Exchange the other day, I was surprised to read a notice asking gentlemen to pull the "waste" after washing. I mentally reflected that no true gentleman could possibly omit to run off the water in which he had washed. If he left it behind, he would naturally bequeath a legacy of dirty water to his successor; and that, as it appeared to me, would be conduct unbecoming a gentleman. There are cads enough in Glasgow, I reflected, and perhaps they exist even on 'Change, but surely none so rude as is suggested by this humiliating placard.

While I was cogitating thus, and laving my digits with all the liberality characteristic of a man who does not pay for the water, there came into the room young Colte, partner of our friend old Hosse. He was arrayed gorgeously, in new tweeds suited to the season. He seemed in a hurry, for he washed his hands hastily, and at once disappeared. Men often do, so there was nothing singular in the circumstance. But I noticed that he did not open the waste pipe, and thus left the next man to get rid of the dirty water. I wonder if he suspected that at the bottom of that basin there might be some dirt remaining after the last shuffle of the cards during the late election.

Some of my affectionate friends are beginning to discern that they might have done some good by following my advice regarding Grand Trunk. They would have saved a good round sum had they done so. They will save something if they take it yet. It is never too late to mend. SCRUTATOR.

AN INDIRECT CHARGE.

(Scene—Lawyer's office; party has called to pay an account, and complains of some of the charges made being excessive.)

Head of the Firm (after discharging the same, without making any abatement)—I think I may well ask you to believe, Mr Clark, that we would do nothing the least unfair.

Mr Clark—Then, I'm afraid, sir, you are asking me to do an impossibility.

WRITTEN DOWN—AN ASS!—The Edinburgh correspondent of a contemporary wrote the other evening that he found himself "in the embarrassing situation of the ass between two bundles of hay." The BAILIE knows nothing about the hay or the embarrassment, but he heartily congratulates the correspondent on his successful fulfilment of the ancient injunction—Know thyself!

The Three R's—First, second, and third readings of Bills in Parliament.

FIG-IRON WARRANTS—STOCKS AND SHARES.—Macgregor & Co., Stock and Share Brokers, and Iron Brokers, 136 Buchanan Street, Glasgow, offer Special Facilities to those desirous of Speculating for the Rise or Fall of Markets.

"A Bas les Aristos!"

IN the Established Assembly last week Mr Watson, of Cavers, expressed his objection to "young men from the higher ranks of society coming forward for the ministry," and asserted that "members of the higher ranks were from both their training and associations peculiarly unfitted for the ministry." To this singular manifesto he added a still more singular protest against "setting class against class," as if to object to the admission of any particular class into the Church were not to do exactly what he professed to deprecate! For the BAILIE'S own part, while he is the last man in the world to "set class against class," he would gladly see a greater infusion of gentle blood into the ranks of the Church of his fathers, which is at present too much dominated by the *epicier* and small-agriculturist—shall he add, the Watsonian?—class, and the spirit of that class. A little widening of the ecclesiastical net would add to both the culture and the influence of the Church, and would further strengthen her against the time when the member for Mid-Lothian and his friends shall think it expedient to bring the Disestablishment question within the range of "practical politics." At all events, such a *sansculotte* war-cry as that of Mr Watson is not likely to aid her.

THE ENJOYMENT OF PLEASURE-MAKING.

(Scene—Deck of yacht which has been cruising some four hours in the channel.)

Visitor (to yachtsman)—I say, how about that coffee.

Yachtsman—All right, sir, there's a fire forrit there, but I think its no' worth lichtin'.

[Visitor asks to be put on shore.]

"FLX."—The members of the Govan Parochial Board, already distinguished in various ways, seem desirous of further distinguishing themselves by displaying an intimate acquaintance with the resources and niceties of the English language. Thus, at their meeting last Friday, one gentleman remarked that Mr Irwin was "too old a fly" for something or other, and another capped the compliment by adding that he was also "too fly a fly." If the inmates of Govan Poor-house are afforded an opportunity of reading the newspapers, they will find themselves supplied with an admirable model for colloquial intercourse in the agreeable *badinage* of their rulers.

Foot-ball—A bunion.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—“Caste,” “School,” and “Home,” are the three pieces announced for representation this week at the Gaiety, by Mr Tom W. Robertson and his friends. His company is now more compact and stronger than at any period since he assumed the reins of management. Not to speak of that experienced comedian Mr Richard Younge, it includes Mr F. H. Macklin, a gentleman who has gained a capital position for himself on the London stage, Miss Fanny Robertson, Miss E. Brunton, and Miss Cora Stuart (Mrs T.W. Robertson).

The parrot cry that the Robertsonian comedy is now practically relegated to the T. R. Back-drawing-room, is receiving, every week, the best of all retorts by the splendid audiences drawn to the Haymarket Theatre by the comedy of “School”—one of the most charming, if not one of the strongest of all Mr Robertson’s works.

The “Lady of the Lake,” and a burlesque on the story of “Tam o’ Shanter,” which are being played this week at the Prince of Wales Theatre, supply a sufficiently varied, and at the same time a sufficiently fresh and interesting programme to attract even your somewhat jaded playgoer. Indeed, the opportunity supplied by the first-named piece of listening to the sounding verse of Scott, not to speak of the occasional snatches of Burns which Mr Lowe has incorporated in his burlesque, should assist to draw out people who seldom attend the theatre when a drama of the usual everyday character is in progress.

“The Sultan of Mocha” of Alfred Cellier, the new comic opera which is being played to-night at the Royalty Theatre for the first time in Scotland, is one of the cleverest works produced of recent years by a native musician. Originally placed on the stage in 1874 at Manchester, it has been produced with much acceptance both in London and Vienna; and the tour of the present company, which has now lasted over several weeks, has from first to last been wonderfully successful.

Peter (Mr F. Wood) and Dolly (Miss Kathleen Corri) are a pair of fond lovers whose affection is crossed by Captain Flint (Mr F. Stimson), Dolly’s wicked uncle, and Admiral Sneak (Mr Allen Thomas), a personage who, in spite of his high-sounding appellation, follows the humble calling of a marine storekeeper. The opening scene is laid in Greenwich, from whence we are transferred to Mocha, the Sultan of which (Mr Rosenthal) expresses his willingness first to buy and then to marry our heroine. Eventually, however, the course of true love is made smooth for the feet of the sweethearts, and the curtain falls on the union of Peter and his Dolly.

Some charming music has been written for this not very novel libretto; a slumber song which falls to the lot of Miss Corri, and a ballad, “’Twas sad when I and Dolly parted,” which is given by Mr Wood, together with a couple of choruses—one of “Greenwich Pensioners,” and another of “Slaves”—are really compositions of great beauty, and not a little freshness and spirit.

Two of the members of the “Sultan of Mocha” company, Miss Corri and Mr Thomas, are known in this city, the former as an accomplished vocalist, and the latter as an amusing and vivacious actor.

“Edwin Drood” was a thorough success at the Royal Princess’s last week, but Mr Beryl believes in variety, and so he gives us for the next six nights a “powerful” melodrama entitled “The Danger Signal,” and now produced for the first time in Glasgow. “The Beatrice Company to follow.”

I understand that Mr Beryl’s dates are all filled by good travelling companies till the end of November, when he will probably close the theatre for a time, in order to do full justice to the production of his first pantomime.

A good story is told of the members of the Mud-hook Yacht Club. During their recent cruise to Inveraray, their presence was acknowledged by a salute fired from the ducal yacht, which was lying at the pier. On the commodore of the Club respond-

ing from a small cannon he had on deck, the gun recoiled and went overboard. Unwilling to lose the cannon, its owner applied to the captain of the ducal vessel for the loan of tackle to enable him to recover it from the bed of the Loch; but received the reply that the gun must remain where it was, and that its loss was no more than a proper reward for the impertinence displayed in daring to fire a shot in front ‘o’ ta Tuke’s castle.”

This was too much for the Mud-hooks, every one of whom regards himself as the equal of a Duke—or at least of the Duke of Argyll. They accordingly met in full conclave, and, as a reprisal for the treatment they had received, his Grace was nominated as a member of the Club, a ballot took place on the nomination, and he was unanimously black-balled.

It is almost unnecessary to add to this that a formal account of the nomination and the blackballing were transmitted to Argyll Lodge, Campden Hill, London.

The forest of Arden is one of the most charming places of the world—in fine weather. To live “like the old Robin Hood of England” when it rains, is, however, quite another pair of shoes, and this must already be painfully apparent to those bold Renfrewshire volunteers who went under canvas at Kennishead on Saturday. Let us hope the skiey influences will be more propitious during the rest of the week than they were yesterday.

Yesterday’s Church parade of the 1st L.R.V. drew an immense crowd to St. Andrew’s Hall. The singing on the occasion was led by the regimental choir, accompanied by the band. Lieut. M’Nabb conducted with abundant judgment. His anthem composed for the choir is a tuneful bit of writing, though the tenors might probably have been glad on Sunday had it been a tone lower, so delicately were the voluntaries and accompaniments played by the band that some of the audience, not total strangers to the musical art, were heard asking “where is the harmonium, and who’s playing it?”

The liberality of the Glasgow public was amply demonstrated on the occasion, no fewer than 1284 penny pieces having been collected in the helmets sent round the crowded pews—benches I should say—towards the close of the proceedings.

So, my Magistrate, if Thursday be a fine day, you might do worse than give Mattie an outing to Paisley. Mr Fitzpatrick, with the fine band of the 74th, is to be on the ground, and their performance will doubtless supply sufficient entertainment to the “lass” while you are inspecting the bovines, or mayhap analysing the liquids supplied by Mr John Forrester, who is again to officiate as “mine host.”

The Glasgow Academy Choir, under the able guidance of Mr M’Laren, gave their annual concert on Friday evening. The Cantata, the new anthem expressly written for them, and that by Sir John Goss, were among the distinctive features of the Concert, which altogether was a remarkably successful one.

Is it generally known that the post of Lord Dean of Guild was proffered to the late Mr A. B. Stewart at, or rather before the appointment of Mr J. B. Mirrlees? Mr Stewart, however, declined to accept it.

The “Glasgow Number” of the *Graphic* will be published on Saturday. Its letterpress is the work of Mr Robert Walker, Secretary to the Fine Art Institute, who has bestowed abundant pains, and much patient research upon the preparation of what I feel sure will prove an interesting and valuable monograph on the city. Unfortunately we can hardly hope that the illustrations, to a stranger at all events, will be equal in importance to Mr Walker’s pen and ink sketch. Glasgow is sadly deficient in picturesque effects, and with the exceptions of the Cathedral, Exchange Place, and the Western Club, the public edifices are by no means of a very imposing character.

The Renfrewshire Agricultural Society has been subjected to a sharp whipping-up during the last two or three years, to which it has so well responded that the cockey secretary declares that

its show on Thursday first, in point of numbers and quality of stock, will eclipse the recent Glasgow open show. And the "Suburb," in the neighbourhood of which the show is held, is quite spry at the idea of aiding and abetting the eclipsing of Glasgow in any thing. The Seestu bodies of bucolic proclivities are as cockey as the secretary, no doubt thinking that Mark Marshall may now hide his diminished head.

The show in question takes place in a large field at Craigelea, nearly a mile from Paisley Station, bereft, however, of all, or nearly all the "bonnie woods" of which Tannahill sang so sweetly, but which were so plentiful in the poet's day on the very spot where Thursday's exhibition is to be held. And without joke, upwards of 700 entries is not to be sneered at, for it eclipses Ayr as well as Glasgow, so it is claimed in at least one class. With entries by Sir M. R. Shaw Stewart, Capt. Harvey, Lochwinnoch, Mr Riddell, and many such, the horse and cattle departments are well represented—light-footed horses being exceptionally strong,—while in the dog department many first-class winners at leading shows are entered.

The closing days of Hamilton's Dioramic Tour are announced. The public still turn out in strong force, and on Saturday night they quite crowded the Cirque. I specially admire that picture of the Japanese pleasure boats; this of itself is worth looking in to see. Mr Hamilton's next halting place is Greenock, for fourteen days, with Barrow-in-Furness and Scarborough to follow. Next October the show goes over to Paris, and opens in a theatre on the Boulevard Poissoniere.

Messrs J. & R. Edmiston announce, for Tuesday, 8th June, an important sale of pictures, "principally of the modern Scotch school;" and on the same day they will dispose of a collection of counting-house furniture, whereby hangs many a tale. This is nothing more nor less than the fittings of the head and branch offices of the City of Glasgow Bank. Who would not embrace the opportunity of possessing a specimen of these famous "fixin's," were it only a ruler!

Delinquent Directors.

THE ways of our Juvenile Delinquency Board, like those of the heathen celestial, are decidedly "peculiar." Of the Fourth Estate this board, *qua* board, stands in mortal terror and cordially abjures the reporter and all his stenographic works. Why they love the darkness rather than the light an unenlightened public can only surmise. The monthly meetings of the thirty-six gentlemen may be models in their way, they may on the other hand be pandemonium in miniature or Pittenween enlarged. An outsider at all events knoweth not.

Twice has Mr Middleton, our junior member, tried to pierce the gloom enshrouding these modern Cimmerii, but to no purpose. And no further back than last Friday the valiant ex-Bailie Young, and the far-seeing laird of Lethamhill, were smitten hip-and-thigh in a similar forlorn hope—the vote being 5 for open and aboveboard meetings, and 10 for the continuance of the hole-and-corner dark seances. Had there been a larger muster possibly the wiggling might not have been so severe.

On looking over the list of our local assessments the BAILIE finds that this Delinquency

Directorate is the only delinquent out of sixteen rating bodies—the only one that proscribes the press and vetoes publicity. The School Board, the three Parochial Boards, Water, Police, Cess, Statute Labour, Sanitary, City Improvement and other assessing bodies, all afford ample information to the public through the press. The "bad eminence" of sitting with closed doors and issuing a bald statement once a year is only attained by the board in question. That this is an unwise arrangement must be evident to the weakest capacity.

Sooner or later the directors must yield to the reasonable demand of the public to know how their money is being applied. The board is levying a rate of seven-eighths of a penny per pound on every occupier in the city, is spending yearly £20,000 of public money obtained from imperial as well as local sources, and is launching out into the erection of a number of brand new reformatory and industrial schools which must cost a big pile of money.

Further than this, the Board subsidises the Roman Catholic Industrial Schools, over which it has no control, to the tune of something like £1500 a year, and also dips deeply into the public purse for aid in the maintenance of the training ship "Cumberland" which is also out, with its management. Then that white elephant, the Day Industrial in Green Street, costs a good many hundreds a year for its up-keep and training.

But for an occasional magisterial reference, the ratepayers would be in outer darkness as to the doings of this dark directorate. The BAILIE would advise the majority to reconsider the question of making their meetings open, and gracefully to give in now rather than hold out till they are forced to capitulate.

"CANST THOU DISPENSE WITH HEAVEN FOR SUCH AN OATH?"

"Believe a woman, or an epitaph!"
Though incredulity may smile at both
'Tis sin to give to swearing a broad laugh,
"But greater sin to keep a sinful oath."

"HOLDING BABY."—It seems that in a certain Ross-shire parish the juvenile nurses are in the habit of bringing their infant charges to school with them. Jones, whose speculations have not been so successful as they might have been, opines that that school must present something the same appearance as the neighbourhood of the Stock Exchange after an extensive ursine operation.

Auchray Contemplates on ta Ferry.
MAYPE she'll nefer leafe ta force any wan time for peing assault or swore her right handt a sinkle false to Stipender Gemmel; but if she'll change her job, maype ta Chief Cons'ple M'Call put a kindt wordt for her, or ta Tuke gif a letter to pe a ferry of ta Clyde Trustee what-efer.

It wouldt pe great satisfy ta public wis Auchray stantin' at ta wee roun' wheel on tap o' ta stick pirling it sideways roun' andt roun' apoot when she'll plough through ta ferry steps; then cry ta engineer:—"Steady, Tuncan; gif her a wee pit; ease her." Then she'll jump overpoardt ta steps an' cleek her up. But I ask—what for any wan Celt disgrace her shouther wis a common pag slingit ower, when her sporran pe ta fery excellent that's wanted? Wis a grandt crew full of sturdy Celts I wouldt certainly whatefer hafe my kilts, andt pe rigged wis ta nople garb frae ta he'd of ta top to ta sole of ta crown forpye.

Ta sporran wouldt clink in pawpees by ta sousan' andt wouldt certaint become a Heelant, andt pe more ornamentar whatefer as ta clumpy, dirty, sing ta Trustees gife.

Then, PAILIE, you'll pe no surprise maype to saw a gless ticket framed on ta b'iler stating forsth ta usual langwiche:—"Steam Ship Ferry. Commander and Master is Captain Auchray M'Tavish, Esquire, warranted to ply ta river anywhere in ta city or supurps peyondt ta limits of Powling, andt certify whereof ninetys of passenger inside andt fifty wan outside on ta steps till she'll come pack again. Nopody put ta master to control ta valves andt life buoys, andt blow up ta b'iler." Yours fery inteedt,

AUCHRAY M'TAVISH X 71.

JUSTICE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—If our Sheriffs sometimes make mistakes, it must be admitted, *pro contra*, that they often have serious difficulties to contend against. Thus, Sheriff Murray the other day had to deal with a lady witness who calmly declared herself "insane" and "wrang in the mind," and with a jury that returned a verdict in direct opposition to the clearest evidence. The case of the witness, by the way, must be considered the less discouraging, since she was at least conscious of her weakness, whereas the jury had to be awakened to a sense of theirs.

BICYCLES. { Riding taught. Makers, Agenis, Repairers of Bicycles; Suppliers of Saddles, Oil Cans, Springs, Alarm Bells, &c. West of Scotland Bicycle Co. Show Rooms, 104 Kenfield St., Works, 67 East Howard St.

A Marbella Lay.

ATINY fortune I possessed—
 Enough for bread and cheese—
 My health was good, my mind at rest,
 I loved, and took, my ease.
 I knew a man—to buy and sell
 Stocks, shares, and friends he strove;
 Oft to my willing ear he'd tell
 Strange tales of treasure trove.

Smith had a carriage and a wife,
 Both lovely painted things;
 Must I walk lonely on through life
 For lack of golden wings?
 Perish the thought! Like him, I'd do
 A "few smart things on 'Change,"
 A fortune make, and, like him, too,
 Select a wife—and "range."

"Metals" and "minerals" I bought,
 Became a raging "bull;"
 Each stock I touched went up like shot;
 I held them like a fool!
 Down, down, they've dropt!—Now, should I sell
 Before I'm quite bereft
 Of tin, or hold till this poor shell—
 Whitewashed—is all that's left?

A True Story.

THE Rev. Dr Story, of Roseneath, is a personage whose "superior" airs and generally "haw-haw" style cause the BAILIE infinite amusement, but the Doctor nevertheless occasionally contrives to say a good thing, and to say that good thing well. He has seldom been happier than when, in the General Assembly last Wednesday, he described those minds for which a heresy-trial has "an irresistible fascination" as "minds in which the predatory instinct has taken the ecclesiastical direction." This is very true; and if our professional heresy-hunters could but be brought to see themselves as others see them, and to direct the said instinct into some other channel—such, say, as fox-hunting or even badger-baiting—it would be so much the better both for themselves and for society at large.

AN AWFUL PROSPECT.—Among the local applications for patents recorded last week is one for the "American game of 'Fifteen.'" Does this presage a "new and improved edition" of that awful pastime? If so, the BAILIE would like to be able to "spot" the patentee in order to avoid him, to "beware of him," and to "have naught to do with him." He must be an enemy of the human race—a man fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils—yea, one capable of writing a "burlesque" on "Pinafore," or resetting "Grandfather's Clock" with variations!

BICYCLES.—A fair allowance made for Second-hand Bicycles taken in Exchange.—Howe Machine Co., (Limited), 60 Buchanan Street.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT they are glad the "fitting" season is over.

That the amount of worry and discomfort experienced was something fearful.

That, from the number of unlet houses, the contractors' charges were this year more moderate than usual.

That there were a few cases of "shooting the moon."

That the Glasgow factors are a proverbially sharp lot.

That they will "nose out" any defaulting tenant.

That the Conservative students are in a pucker about a candidate for the Rectorship.

That they are still pu-in' and boo-in' at the Laureate.

That it is all of no use.

That the "Glasgow Branch of the Home Rule Confederation" is in difficulties.

That the liabilities are considerable and the funds only amount to £1 6s.

That it is a society with a sounding name to have such a small sum at its credit.

That John Ferguson of "Benburb House" and his 30,000 free and independent voters ought to come to the rescue.

That the hundred and two competing architects for the New Municipal Buildings are all on the tiptoe of expectation.

That if the Council don't hurry up, the Hon. William Collins, Lord Provost, will have little to show for his term of office.

That our pastors and masters will be home this week from the Assemblies.

That Mr Irwin's "dainty bit plan" to raise the salaries of his friends at Merryflats didn't prove very successful.

That he won't attempt to steal a march on the ratepayers the next time he wants to befriend his acquaintances.

That large deputations from the Glasgow and Govan School Boards were in London last week.

That it was perfectly accidental that the Derby and the Oaks were run during their visit to the metropolis.

That a deputation is "no business a'thegither."

That the rush to the coast has begun.

That—that's all this week.

THE ARGYLE BATHS, 366 Argyle Street, is the Largest Public Bathing Establishment in Scotland. Warm Baths, 6d, 9d, & 1s; ready daily, from 7 a.m. to 9 p.m. One trial solicited. Bicycles, with all the latest improvements, our own make, and guaranteed.—The Howe Machine Co., (Limited), 60 Buchanan Street.

"Men of the Time."

IN its annexation schemes one of the chief Crosshill difficulties Glasgow has had to contend with is the ability of the Town Clerk. In the circum-muring little burghs pleading their independence, there are few things likely to be of more avail than the putting into evidence a staff of effective officials. To a belief in this Kinning Park has awakened up. It is advertising for a "working causeyer, fully competent to take charge of and repair the streets and sewers, take levels, measurements, &c." There's herein economy at least—a man equally skilled with the causeyer's rammer and the engineer's theodolite, one who could bed a brick, or make a trigonometrical survey!

QUITS.

(Scene — The Clyde at the Weir; Labourer pushing off "Sand Punt.")

Sailor (with three sheets in the wind)—Hic! Look here, shipmate, before hauling off see you have no stowaways on board.

Labourer—Au aye, skipper, but dae ye no' think ye wid be as weel tae look tae yer ane ballast? It seems tae be shifting.

AN ALARMING PRECEDENT.—An ex-policeman, who had been dismissed as "useless," last week sued "the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council, and John Lang, their clerk," for £1500 "in name of solatium and damages," or alternately for "a month's wages and 15s per week till death!" This sort of thing is rather alarming, and we have cause to congratulate ourselves on the fact that the prisoner lost his case. If every "useless" Glasgow policeman—whether "ex" or not—were to come down on the city for £1500, the sum total would be appalling. Why, it would "run to" something like £1,500,000!

TO THE RESCUE!—In consequence of the wholesale migration of the great ones of Greenock to London, to testify on the subject of the harbour bill, that town is at present left in the terrible position of possessing only one Bailie. The Sugaropolitans need not, however, despair. By arrangement with Mr Sharp they can be supplied with any number of "BAILIES," of an order much superior to the native article.

W(H)EEL, W(H)EEL!—It seems that Glasgow possesses a "Gladstone Bicycle Club." Would not a "Gladstone Tricycle Club" be more to the purpose? If your tricycle cannot boast of "three courses" it has at least three wheels.

STUART CRANSTON & CO.,

TRAINED TEA-TASTERS,

ARE OFFERING THE BEST VALUE IN SCOTLAND.

SUPERB TEA at 2s 4d Per Lb.,

Equal to what is sold by Wholesale Grocers (so called) and West-End Co-Operative Stores at 2s 6d, 2s 8d, and 3s. Every family should test the truth of our statement.

THE CHOICEST PURE COFFEE, 1s 8d Per Lb.

MIXED COFFEE—SAME AS IN PARIS—WONDERFUL VALUE, 1s 4d.

FINEST LUMP SUGAR, 3½d; CRYSTALS, 3½d; CRUSHED, 3d; SOFT WHITE, 2½d.

76 ARGYLE STREET (QUEEN STREET CORNER.)

**Cricketing
Outfits.****FORSYTH,**

5 RENFIELD STREET.

MITCHELL & CO.'S

Belfast OLD IRISH WHISKY, is the Purest and Best in the Market, comparison with any other Brand will prove this. Agent for Scotland—DAVID MITCHELL, 20 Hope St., Glasgow.

THE COLOSSEUM,

70 JAMAICA STREET.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,

THE LEADING HATTERS

and

MILLINERS IN GLASGOW.

The season now full on, our clients are respectfully requested to call early in the day to avoid the excessive crowding in the afternoon.

"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.)

SUCCESS AT LAST!!!**THE STYLOGRAPHIC PEN**

A PENCIL which writes INK, never needs Sharpening, and never Wears Out.

CALL AND INSPECT IT.

A. C. THOMSON,

Agent,

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NOTE.—Notwithstanding the recent Large Advance in LINENS and COTTONS, our Prices and Quality continue same as formerly, and will be found unsurpassed for value.

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THE FINEST WHISKY IN THE WORLD.

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62 GORDON STREET, & 3 RENFIELD STREET

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WINES, SPIRITS, AND MALT LIQUORS

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SNACKS (OF ALL KINDS),6d.

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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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ANGLING.—WM. HAIGH, FLYDRESSER,

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RODS AND REELS REPAIRED, FLIES TO PATTERN.

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ALL OWN MAKE.

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FAMILY HATTERS,

QUEEN STREET CORNER, GLASGOW,
ARE SHEWING THEIR NEW SPRING GOODS.
See the Windows.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 2nd, 1880.

IN a couple of weeks the New Municipal Buildings Committee will know with certainty what they are to get for the very liberal premiums they have offered, and between now and then it may be as well for the Committee to review the present position and prospects of the business of which they have special charge. Of course the citizens expect that following the example of other towns the whole of the competing plans will be publicly exhibited in the Corporation Galleries, or some equally suitable place, before they are submitted to the professional adviser to be employed by the Town Council to assist them in selecting the plans to which the three premiums are to be awarded. It is too much to expect that the selection of the best elevation plans will advance matters much, because the growing dissension in the Council, and the dissatisfaction which has been expressed regarding the plans for the interior arrangements, and the general management of the scheme, render it inevitable that there should be a thorough reconsideration of the steps already decided on, as well as of those which await formal deliberation. So much has been done already regarding the New Municipal Buildings, and that in a way that does not reflect credit on any one or inspire confidence in the citizens, that the time has gone past for boggling about trifles, as the scheme must be handled with firmness in order that it may be brought to a successful issue. The greater part of the in-

tended site has been a howling waste for months, although the buildings could have been let for temporary purposes. The east side of George Square could scarcely have been rendered more unsightly, and the amenity of the George Hotel—the Council's favourite hostelry—has been so seriously injured that claims for compensation in the shape of abatement of rent and damages are quite to be expected. With the proposed gas exhibition, and a few "shows" along side, it will be a truly charming place to live in. But it has been through temporizing with such comparatively trifling issues that a great deal of unnecessary irritation has been caused, and the public interest now demands that certain people's private views should be quietly ignored by the Committee.

"SLIGHTLY INCONVENIENCED."

(Scene—Railway carriage, Bridge Street Station; the compartment is nearly full of foreigners; two Irishmen enter.)

Mick (to paddy)—Can yez spake the dummy alphabet?

Paddy—No. What do yez want to know that for?

Mick—Because shure we moight have ax'd them furiners how far they wur goin'.

THAT'S SO.—Penetration and discernment have not usually been reckoned among the characteristics of the Rev. Dr Begg, but he has unquestionably arrived at a sound knowledge of the Celtic character. Referring the other day to the operations of the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge, he remarked that "now the Highlanders had seen" a certain "treasure-trove of £200,000, they would unite in the struggle, and not give it up until they had triumphed." Right you are, Doctor! Donald on his Highland hill, when once on the trail of a single bawbee, is not likely to give it up, to say nothing of a couple of "plums."

MORE LIKE IT.—A contemporary says that on Friday "there was a sensible increase in the array of 'flittings.'" Well, it's a matter of opinion, of course; but most people will consider that it would have been more "sensible" if the "array" had shown a decrease.

PRETTY NEAR IT.—A correspondent, interested in the newly-formed "Glasgow Froebel Society," writes to ask the meaning and pronunciation of the name. A cynical friend of the BAILIE suggests that "Fribble" is about as near both as it is necessary to go.

Tamson's Flittin'.

Flittin' Day Mornin'.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—It's oor flittin' day—the rustlin', bustlin', flittin' day. It's no' a happy prospec', I can tell ye, tae look forward tae bein' oot o' yer bed a' nicht, forby smashin' crockery an' breakin' chairs, sweerin' at sweerin' kerkers for carryin' the bed oot the wrang way, an' makin' a fit-still o' the box that hauds yin's best Sunday hat. For three hale nichts I've been slavin' like a nigger on a sugar plantation; an' even yet I'm no' din, fur the tragedy has still tae come, an' I can tell ye it's nae joke. It's no' a case o' packin' three shirts an' a pair o' aul' troosers in a carpet bag tae play yer Maister Walker. Na! na! flittin's somethin' faur mair substantial. If ye have ony notion o' wantin' tae ken what hard wark is, jist drap roon oor way the nicht an' ye'll very likely see yer humble servant comin' doon the stairs wi' three chairs an' a table on his back.

Peter carryin' away the gates o' Gaza wis naething tae whit I'll hae tae gae throo!

It's no' exactly stracght this flittin', it's against a' the laws o' science an' pheelosophy. We should try tae resemble mair the ancient Mohammads wha wattered their coos on the shores o' Ben Lomon'. *They* never fash'd wi' flittin'; na, na, they jist stickit their tent posts whaurever they liked, an' had nae bother wi' kists o' drawers and Sunday hats.

I, for yin, 'll no' be sorry when the thing's by; for between penters an' jiners an' sweeps it's the maist diabolical affair ever I had tae dae wi'.

The hale business is weariness an' vexation o' speerit, an' sometimes yin's maist inclin'd tae wish wi' Samson that he had the wings o' a dove.

Even frae a commercial pint o' view, flittin' comes verra expensive; an' if it's expensive commercially, only think, BAILIE, whit it's pheelosophically! Is their onything mair stupid in the worl' than tae see a big man walkin' along the street wi' a kreddle on his back, and twa bit bairns toddlin' at his heels, the ane wi' the sugar bowl, an' the ither wi' the leg o' a broken chair? The spectacle may mak' some thoughtless bodies lauch, but, my word, it's weel seen they've nae notion what flittin' is. For ma part I think greetin's liker't. Yours truly,

TUMMAS TAMSON.

"Borrowing Powers"—Bankrupt States.

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

Advice Gratis.

IN the Free Church Assembly last week Mr M'Kenzie—a person of rigidly Sabbatarian views, who puts such an interpretation upon the Tay Bridge accident as ordinary people must consider nothing less than horribly presumptuous, to say the least—suggested that "on Mondays newspaper publishers should issue a smaller sheet than on other days, in order to give their friends, the reporters, to whom they were all so much indebted, the whole of the Sunday to themselves." This is an admirable instance of the nonsense that people talk when they attempt to give advice upon subjects they know nothing about. Of all the members of a newspaper staff the reporters have least cause to complain of Sunday work. If Mr M'Kenzie has any spare sympathy to bestow in this direction, let him give it to "his friends" the editors, sub-editors, leader-writers, or composers—the last-named of whom would not, after all, benefit much by the "smaller sheet."

AND "STANLEY" WAS THE CRY.

Great old England's Valhalla, what's this you're about,
Taking Buonaparte in, while you Byron left out,
Paying mark of respect where you can't feel you owe it,
While outside in the cold still is kept the great poet;
Making room for a nobody—ne'er done before—
While agaiust Byron's genius fierce slamm'd was your door.

"HOCUSSING" HIM.—At a teetotal breakfast in Edinburgh last week a Yankee divine said that "for 20 years he had never been offered a glass of intoxicating liquor except by a few families from the old country." This was mentioned as a remarkable fact, but the BAILIE really fails to see where the remarkableness comes in. In "the old country," at all events, no decent person would attempt to "intoxicate" a guest, more especially if that guest happened to be a clergyman, and the "few families" referred to ought to be heartily ashamed of themselves. Did the "glass" in question contain laudanum, or a solution of haschish, or merely honest liquor in "intoxicating" quantity?

"SUNRISE!"—Mr H. A. Long has come to the happy conclusion that he is "looked upon by one portion of society as an amiable block-head . . . and by another as a pronounced nuisance." There is thus some hope for Mr H. A. Long.

BICYCLES. } The "Duplex," "Challenge," "Club," "Pre-
mier," &c. On Hire with option of Purchase.
TRICYCLES. } New, Second-Hand, Fittings cheap, Jenning's, 101
Mitchell Street.

Megilp.

IN addition to the London artists who were mentioned in this column last week as probable contributors to the Black and White Exhibition, which will open in August next, in the galleries of the Fine Art Institute, an important series of works in monochrome are expected from Paris. Vernier, the painter of two fine studies of French fishermen and fisher life at present on view in the galleries of Messrs Kay & Reid, has not only promised to send a number of drawings himself, but also to arrange with various other well-known French artists for contributions to the collection.

Gaucherel, one of the Presidents of the Black and White department of the Salon, and the director of *L'Art*, and those famous etchers, Lhermitte and Lalauze, will also be represented on the walls of the Institute next August.

A "Black and White" Exhibition opens to-day (Tuesday) in the Royal Institution, Manchester.

Writing to the *Globe* of Tuesday last, Edward Geflowski, the sculptor of the portrait bust of Sir Louis Cavagnari, in this year's Grosvenor Gallery, gives a reason, which ought to recommend itself to business men, against the usual practice of asking sculptors to compete for public statues. The only way of competing is by sending in models, and while each model, he says, must cost the artist at least £50, there are not a dozen sculptors in the kingdom—in consequence of the meagre patronage extended to their art—who can afford to lose this sum. The plan recommended by Mr Geflowski, for public committees who are charged with the erection of statues, is that they should visit a number of studios, note the works in each, and choose a sculptor accordingly; or else that they should select three sculptors to compete, and offer a premium of £50 to each of the two unsuccessful artists.

Alexander Davidson and Duncan M'Kellar have now settled down for their summer's work in London. By what seems a stroke of luck, and what, let us hope, will prove another presage of the bright future we all feel sure is in store for them, they have secured the studio in which William Quiller Orchardson, R.A., wrought, and indeed lived, when he first appeared in the big village. The studio is situated in Grafton Street, Fitzroy Square, and is consequently in the very heart of artistic London.

A. S. Boyd is another of our younger Glasgow artists who, foregoing a pleasant summer outing "by lake or stream or sea," is busy perfecting his knowledge of the "figure" by a close attention at Heatherley's, the celebrated London drawing school.

Writing to a Glasgow friend from the "Hotel of the Chain of Gold"—what a delightful flavour of "The Three Musketeers" and "Chicot the Jester" the name carries with it—in Petit Andeleys, a pleasant village on the Seine, David Murray says—"I am at last at my destination, and in the way of work. M— came down here with me from Paris, and is here now. He is charmed with the place, and is painting like a professional. In the morning we are awakened by a summons from our landlady, a smart, lively little body who would 'scale,' as the jockeys say, some sixteen or seventeen stones, and who ripples over with laughter with every speech she makes. The awakening is effected somewhere about the time when certain folk I know in Glasgow are thinking of turning in to bed.

"On getting up we are regaled with a basin of coffee and milk and a small loaf, and then off we go to work. Breakfast takes place at noon, and dinner at seven in the evening, and the interval between breakfast and dinner is given over, like the morning hours, to painting.

"The Normandy cider is delicious, and ah! the red wine of the country!

"We have only been engaged on small things hitherto, but yesterday I started a canvas eight feet by four feet. It will be the largest picture I have yet painted.

"There are only two other English in the village—a young author and his newly-married wife, but they are so taken up with themselves that they seem indifferent to all the rest of the world. Happy pair!

"How shall I describe to you the village where we live? I am sitting now in an apple orchard, the trees round me are in

full blossom, and up against the evening sky is the tower of an old castle, while down on my left the Seine is flowing tranquilly among its islands. Do you not envy us?"

One of the artistic "howffs" of the city—that charming corner shop in Sauchiehall Street formerly tenanted by Messrs Adam & Small, and filled with stained glass, pictures, etchings, bits of tapestry, old china, and antique furniture—has been lost to us, the firm having been necessitated, through increasing pressure of business, to remove to premises further west. They will now be found in the Grecian Buildings, No. 348 Sauchiehall Street. It will be some time, however, before we can become accustomed to their present saloon and find in it the varied attractions possessed by the one they have left.

The Trades Hall.

TRADES Hall Buildings "by Public Roup."

So say a majority of the Crafts—sale by auction or arbitration—on their way back to the old Almshouse!

This is the result of the meddlesome legislation of pigmies, who are pleased with having "moved the posts of the door," and "filled the house with smoke!"

The change was too sour for the Crafts to swallow at a gulp, and so was sent back to the Solons who first discovered how to break up the union (which is strength) which has existed among the Trades from time immemorial.

Thus the phoenix for whom the cage was intended has shown itself too 'cute to enclose itself within the gilded bars.

The movement for the dissolution of partnership amongst the Crafts scarcely conceals the aim of those who desire to lord it over the House.

Still the Crafts, if they are wary, can guard and checkmate the moves on the chess-board, and let the leaders know they are but men!

Nunc aut nunquam!

ACCOMMODATING.—In the City Hall the other evening a reverend gentleman from Dundee avowed his readiness to "be a party to another revolution, and to pass through all the tremendous throes and crises of such an occasion." How kind! Perhaps he might even be induced to play the part of William of Orange for that "occasion" only.

A PARTY TRIUMPH.—A Radical contemporary talks of "the Liberal victory at Epsom," and of the "good Liberal horses" that ran there. Verily, if there be good Liberal horses "around," there are also good Liberal asses!

BICYCLES.—One 44-in. Challenge. £6 10s.; and one 46 in. Excelsior, £6 10s.; both these Machines as good as new,—The Howe Machine Co., 60 Buchanan Street.

MARK } With an India Rubber Monogram or Name Stamp.
YOUR } Prices from 2/6 complete, with Box, Ink, and Pad
LINEN } Post Free.—A. C. Thomson, 278 Argyle Street.

Metaphor Gone Mad.

SOME of those good folks who helped to put Mr Gladstone in power, and who are now in such a terrible pother over their *protege's* performances—observe the “alliteration's artful aid!”—held a meeting last week in the City Hall, whereat a certain Rev. Neil Taylor, of Dundee, delivered himself of a most tremendous thing in metaphors. He “hoped the (Roman Catholic) appointments were not feelers to touch the mane and the tail and the toe of the British lion, to see whether he would submit, by a little more gentle dealing and tenderer approaches, to have his head chopped off, whereby the throne would be opened for a Papist as well as for a Protestant.” My conscience! Mr Taylor must be almost as fearful a wildfowl as the British lion himself.

IMAGINATION!

(Scene—Hatter's shop.)

Small Boy—I want a red, white, and blue cricket cap.

Shopman—I've none with red, here's a blue and white one, just imagine there's red in it.

Small Boy—All right, I'll take it. [Exit small boy.]

Shopman (calling after him)—Here, my man, you haven't given me the shilling.

Small Boy—Oh, just imagine you've got it.

[Shopman falls under the counter.]

THE ROOT OF THE MATTER.—Dr Begg has made the important discovery that “one of the reasons why so many ships go to the bottom” is that they put to sea with alcoholic liquors on board. By pursuing his researches still further he might perhaps arrive at the still more interesting conclusion that the reason ships go to the bottom is that they put to sea at all.

HISTORICUS IN A NEW ROLE.—The Home Secretary—“home” at last—has likened himself, in a ponderously and painfully “funny” speech, to a youthful bride. Some folks think that if he had said “an old wife” he would have been nearer the mark.

DARWINICAL.—The missing lynx at last discovered. Found to be “a small wild animal of the cat kind.” Bee-ing directly derived from ap(e)riary. [A case of cell again, says Asinus.] He-haws.

Electioneering—Competition, and come, petition: the premier and dernier resort of desperadoes.

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.—“A strange-looking large, dark-green coloured bird,” which turned out to be “a cormorant,” having been shot in Haddingtonshire the other day, a number of correspondents are anxious to know if the deceased was identical with any of “Scrutator's” friends on 'Change. These inquiries must be answered in the negative. The cormorant of 'Change is often a large and strange-looking “bird,” but his plumage does not exhibit the faintest tinge of green, his habitat is far remote from the ruralities of Haddingtonshire, and shooting is much more in his line than being shot.

A HINT FROM GREENOCK.—Greenock, as most people know, possesses a teetotal Provost; but it is worthy of note that, unlike a good many teetotallers, he does not insist on subjecting every one with whom he comes in contact to the tyranny of his peculiar “ism.” He even admits, as he did at Edinburgh the other day, the propriety of a teetotaller keeping wine in his house for the benefit of his non-teetotal guests. It would be well if all municipal dignitaries were as temperate and reasonable.

“'TIS BUT A LITTLE FADED FLOWER.”—“Ladies,” says a fashionable contemporary, “now adopt a particular flower, and wear it during the entire season.” And a “particular” state of dilapidation the flower must be in by the end of the season!

SALE OF “INDULGENCES.”—Admission to Worship by “the book of words and music, price 6d each,” the attraction to Worship being that a “regimental band and choir will lead the Praise”—the “pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war” blending with the still small voice of the Gospel of Peace.

“Puns Asinorum”—Those by the BAILIE'S retainer.

T H E G A I E T Y.
Proprietor and Director,Mr C. BERNARD.

To-night and following evenings,
T. W. ROBERTSON'S Celebrated “CASTE” COMPANY.
Wednesday and Saturday, CASTE; Thursday, OURS;

Tuesday and Friday, HOME.
General Manager,.....Mr SAM. H. S. AUSTIN.

R O Y A L T Y T H E A T R E,
Lessee and Manager.....Mr E. L. KNAPP.

THIS EVENING (TUESDAY), JUNE 1, AT 7-30.
Miss DUFFIELD and LAWTON'S Opera Bouffe Company in the
New Comic Opera,
“SULTAN OF MOCHA.”

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE.

TO-NIGHT, and during the Week,
LADY OF THE LAKE.

Followed by **LOWE'S Great Burlesque,**
TAM O' SHANTER.

Magnificent Scenery by Mr SWIFT.
Appropriate Costumes by S. MAY, London.
New Music by Mr ALLWOOD.

SPLENDID COMPANY, POWERFUL CHORUS, &c.
Box Office open from 11 to 4.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

MAIN STREET, SOUTH SIDE, GLASGOW.

Sole Lessee and Manager,.....Mr H. CECIL BERYL.

LAST WEEK OF

THE "EDWIN DROOD" COMPANY,

Under the Direction of Mr J. H. SAVILLE.

Production of the great sensation drama,
"THE DANGER SIGNAL,"

With entirely New Scenery and startling effects.

Miss MARIE RHODES, and specially augmented Company.

FRIDAY FIRST, June 4, Benefit of Miss MARIE RHODES.

MONDAY, June 7, the world-renowned Mlle. BEATRICE'S

Comedy Drama Company, under the direction of Mr F Harvey.

Box Plan at Donaldson's Rooms, 77 St. Vincent Street.

Doors Open each Evening at 7. Overture, 7-30. Saturdays,

Half-an-hour earlier.

HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE.

LAST 8 NIGHTS. LAST 8 NIGHTS.

POSITIVELY CLOSING, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 9.

OPENING TOWN HALL, GREENOCK,

FRIDAY, JUNE 11.

HAMILTON'S

VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD,

ZULU AFGHAN ZULU AFGHAN ZULU AFGHAN

WAR. WAR. WAR. WAR. WAR. WAR.

ZULU AFGHAN ZULU AFGHAN ZULU AFGHAN

WAR. WAR. WAR. WAR. WAR. WAR.

Every Evening at 8, Saturday at 3 and 7-30.

ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS

AND CRYSTAL PALACE PROMENADES,

BAND of 74TH HIGHLANDERS,

AND BRILLIANT BALOON DISPLAY,


ON SATURDAY FIRST, 5TH JUNE, FROM 7 TO 9 P.M.

Admission, Sixpence.

Subscribers admitted Free on Presenting Tickets of Membership.

Annual Family Ticket, 21s; Single Ticket, 10s 6d.

Tickets to be had at 155 West George St. and at Garden Gate.

 THE Commodious Steamer "DUNOON CASTLE" has commenced Sailing for the Season. On SUNDAY, 6th June, from Kingston dock at 10-30 a.m. for ROTHESAY and Intermediate Ports.

BRANDY, WHISKY, TEAS, AND GROCERIES.

As supplied to Best Families throughout Scotland.

SPECIAL.

Choice Old COGNAC BRANDY, Guaranteed Seven 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 FINDLAY,

Tea, Coffee, and Wine Merchant,

160 MAIN STREET, ANDERSTON,

AND

427 ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW.

Write for Price List.

Partick Branch,

335 DUMBARTON ROAD.

On Tuesday, 8th June, in the City Sale-Rooms, 41 West Nile Street.

FINE ARTS.

IMPORTANT SALE OF PICTURES

(Principally of the Modern Scotch School).

BY AUCTION,

(Including Pictures removed from a Mansion House in Renfrewshire.)

J. & R. EDMISTON have much pleasure in intimating this Sale of Select Exhibited Works, a large number of them being exhibited Pictures, and direct from the Studio of the Artists. The Collection includes—
A very important and characteristic Work, 36 by 24, by J. F. Herring.

A large Canvas, by A. H. Burr. One of his best-known Works, "Fun."

Several very fine Examples of A. Fraser. One important Work, 42 by 31, "Among the Surrey Hills."

"Cadzow," by James Docharty.

"Her Breakfast," by A. M'Gregor.

"A Breezy Day," by Colin Hunter.

"Her First Grief," by Clark Stanton.

"A Stout Heart to a Stey Brae," by D. M'Laurin.

"Hay Making," by W. D. Mackay.

Three Important Fish Subjects, by W. Geddes.

"Highland Chief." John Pettie.

"Road to the Sandpit." J. Greenlees.

Twelve Drawings, by J. D. Bell.

"Dunvegan" and "Bending the Net," two very fine Specimens in Water Colour, by Sam Bough.

"Sunset on the Clyde," by David Murray.

Pair Exquisitely-finished Cabinet Landscapes by the celebrated J. A. O'Connor.

A small but fine Specimen of Vicat Cole, "On the Coast at Appin."

An Important Work, 36 x 22, and several Fine Drawings, by A. K. Brown.

"Tarbert Harbour," and others, by A. Black.

"Lady Stewart of Allanbank," a genuine John Phillip.

And others.

Catalogues in preparation.

On View on Monday, day prior.

J. & R. EDMISTON, Auctioneers.

THE CITY OF GLASGOW BANK IN LIQUIDATION.

At Virginia Street, on Tuesday, 8th June.

EXTENSIVE SALE OF

THE RESIDUE OF COUNTING-HOUSE

AND BANK FURNITURE of the

HEAD OFFICE & VARIOUS BRANCHES,

Consisting of

Telling Table with Mahogany Top and Panelled Front, 31ft. long, with Railing and Divisions;

Branch Telling Tables,

Superior Mahogany Board-Room Table,

Several Pairs Mahogany Double Desks,

Mahogany Double and Three-Leaf Desks, with and without

Brass Rails,

Double and Single Pedestal Consulting Tables,

Writing Chairs, Stools, Book and Pigeon-Hole Presses,

Large Range of Book Presses and Glazed Partitions,

Stamping Tables, Copying Presses and Stands,

Milner Safes, one 78 x 30 x 24 and other smaller;

Brussels Carpets, Floorcloths,

Draught and Fire Screens, Grates and Fenders,

Bronzed Umbrella Stands, Brass Plates,

and Miscellaneous Effects,

BY AUCTION.

J. & R. EDMISTON will Sell the above, at the Head Office, Virginia Street, on Tuesday, 8th June, at 12 Noon.

On View Morning of Sale.

J. & R. EDMISTON, Auctioneers.

SALVAGE SALE.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Friday, 4th June.

PUBLIC SALE OF
SALVAGE BLINDS, COTTONS, AND
SHIRTINGS,

Including

- 20,250 Yards White Window Blinds, 24 in. to 72 in. wide.
900 „ Buff Do. Do., 30 in. to 92 in. wide.
1,860 „ Blinds, in Short Lengths.
14,000 „ Pure Soft Finished Cottons, 32 in. to 68 in. wide.
280 „ Cotton Shirtings.
5,000 „ White Cotton Handkerchiefs.
3,200 „ Do. Brocade Do.

All in fine condition, and but very slightly stained through the recent Fire in Messrs Macnab & Co.'s Bleachworks, Midtonfield, from whence they have been moved for convenience of Sale.

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell the above, by Auction (for behoof of whom it may concern), in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, North Court, St. Vincent Place, Glasgow, on Friday 4th June, at Twelve o'clock.

On View on Morning of Sale.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 31st May, 1880.

IN THE ROYAL EXCHANGE SALE-ROOMS, ON THURSDAY,
3d JUNE, AT TWELVE O'CLOCK.

PUBLIC SALE OF

WATCHMAKER & JEWELLER'S STOCK.

80 Gold and Silver Lever and Geneva Watches,
Gold Lever Watches, by John Forrest, London;
Silver Bracelets, Neck Bands and Locketts,

Choice Assortment of Diamond Jewellery in various settings;
18 Marble Clocks, with Bronzes *en suite*, with Large Quantity
of Jet and Plated Goods,

(Being the Second and Last Portion of a Trust Estate, and amounting, per Inventory and Valuation, to £950 17s 10d sterling.

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell the above by Auction, in their Rooms, on Thursday, 3rd June, at Twelve o'clock.

On View, on Wednesday, 2nd June, from 10 a.m. till 5 p.m., and Morning of Sale.

Catalogues are in preparation, and will be forwarded, when ready, post free, on application to the Auctioneers.

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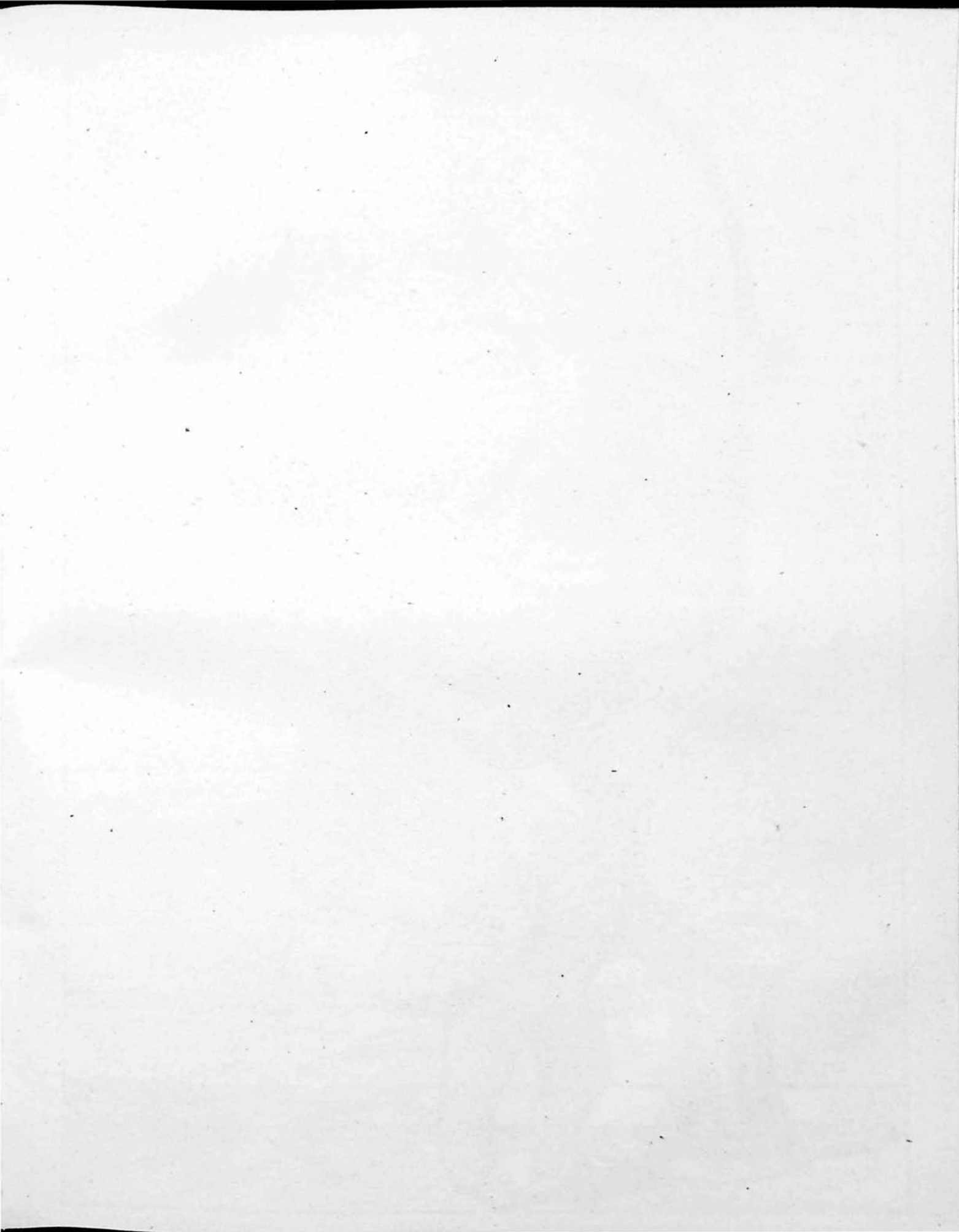
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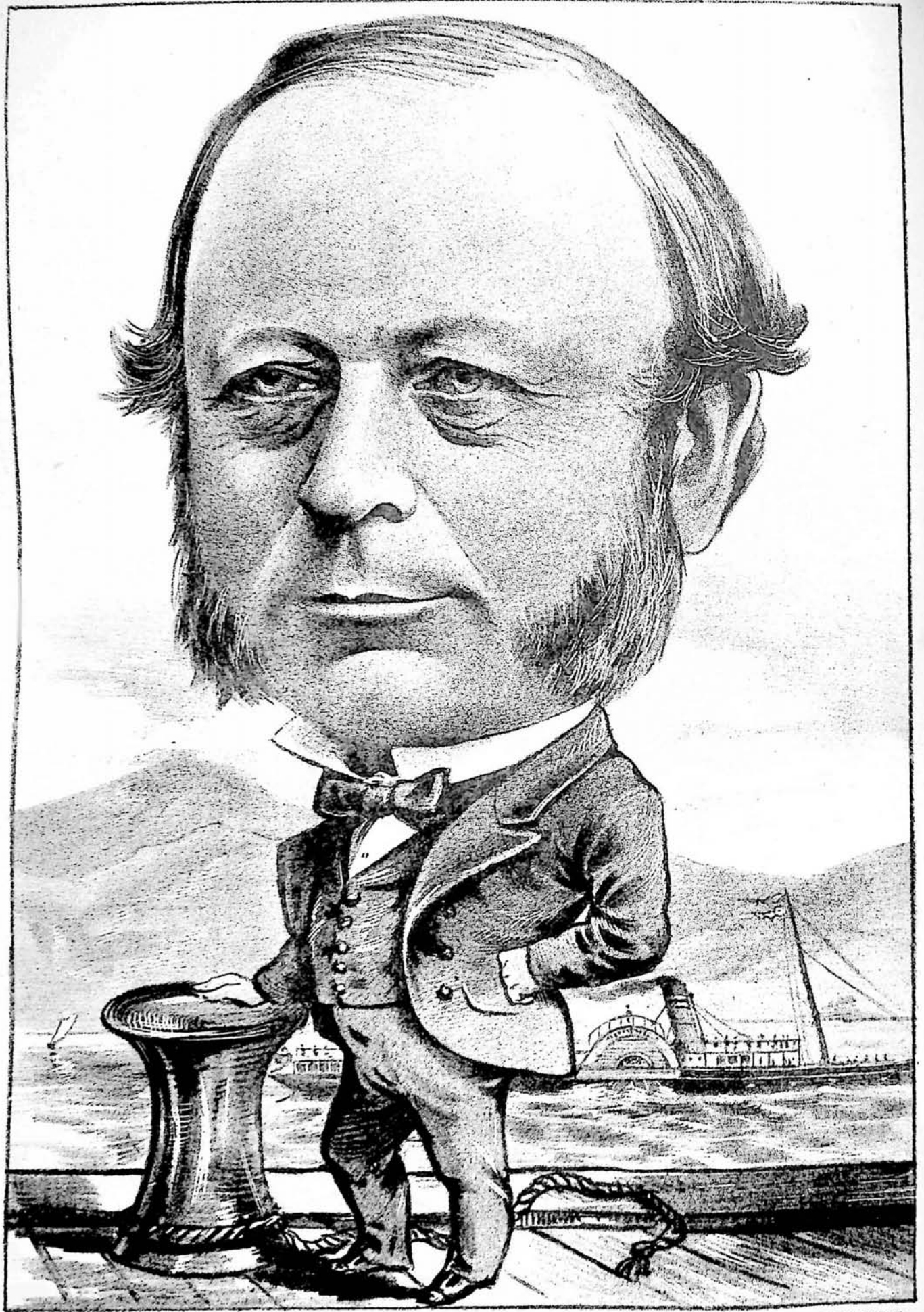
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In introducing this New Department of our Business, we may explain that though it is the first attempt of the kind in Glasgow, yet it has been carried on with great success by the most celebrated Hosiers and Glovers in the Cheapside and Strand, London, 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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The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 399. Glasgow, Wednesday, June 9th, 1880. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 399.

WE in Glasgow are a favoured race. To the Londoners, or the dwellers in the great Yorkshire and Lancastrian towns, nay, even to the inhabitants of Auld Reekie, the Scottish Highlands are usually no more than a name. They have probably heard or read of the strange land of enchantment, where the unrest and vexations of civilisation are lost and forgotten, where the mountains and streams speak peace, and the air is full of the glamour of poetry. To hear or read of it, however, is for the most part, all that is permitted them. "The Highlands," to use the term which has become common over Scotland, are too far removed from these great centres of industry to be got at save by an expenditure of time and money which only the well-to-do classes can afford. It takes days to gain even the portals of the mountains, while the task of penetrating to their inner recesses is one which, to the stranger who approaches them for the first time, is not only thankless but even impossible. The Glaswegian, on the other hand, labours under none of these disadvantages. He is familiar with the Clyde and its lochs. The scents of heather and pines, the odours of the birch and the bog-myrtle, have been common to him, summer after summer, from his boyhood. Indeed it has always seemed to the BAILIE that the privilege possessed by his fellow-citizens, of breakfasting at home, spending a half-dozen hours on a Highland loch, and returning to the shelter of their own roof-trees in the evening, has never been valued at its proper worth. One of his favourite resting-places is the head of Loch Goil, and it is one that he wishes to recommend to-day to all his friends. Whether the excursionist adopts the "Edinburgh Castle," both going and returning, or favours

the circular tour organised by Mr M. T. Clark of Loch Goil and Loch Fyne—going, that is, by the "Edinburgh Castle," and coming home by the "Lord of the Isles"—the day's outing cannot fail to supply an ample store, not only of healthy recreation, but also of that mental ozone which, equally with the ozone of the atmosphere, is so much needed by the man of the streets, jaded with "life's ceaseless toil and endeavour." Let no tourist, moreover, who adopts the Loch Goil route, fail to make note of Captain BARR, master of the "Edinburgh Castle," and one of the oldest, as he is also one of the most popular of our Clyde skippers. The Captain has been, so to speak, a seaman all his life. The son of a Craignish farmer, he was employed on board the old "Rothesay" under Captain John M'Kinnon as long ago as 1835. From the "Rothesay" he transferred his services to the "Prince of Wales," the well-known, slow-going craft which still plies, or did ply until lately, between Granton and Stirling. His position on board the "Prince of Wales" was that of steward, and it was as a steward that he returned to the Clyde in 1852. Four years afterwards, however, he succeeded to the command of the Rothesay steamer "Mail," and from the "Mail" he went to the "Sultan," a boat which sailed to Dunoon and Kilmun. He next commanded in succession the "Alma," the "Victory," the "Arran Castle," and the "Rothesay Castle," of the last-named of which he was a third part proprietor. Some dozen years ago Captain BARR joined the Loch Goil and Loch Long Steamboat Co. At that time the old "Lochgoil" was the only vessel possessed by the Company, but they afterwards placed first the "Carrick Castle," then the "Windsor Castle," and subsequently the "Edinburgh Castle" on the Lochgoilhead route. These steamers were one and all planned by the Man you Know." Not only, however, did

he plan them, but he superintended their construction as well, and he has been the master of one after the other, his flag being at present hoisted at the mast-head of the "Edinburgh Castle." And the Lochgoil steamers were not the only craft in the building of which our friend took part. The "Lord of the Isles" is the work of Captain BARR and Mr David Sutherland, and both gentlemen have ample credit, as well by the fine lines as by the admirable fittings of this popular vessel. Captain BARR—whose devotion to the cause of big paddle-wheels is one of the features of his nautical character—has nothing in common with the usual gruff, commonplace master of a river steamer. Genial and kindly, possessing a large acquaintance among people of every class in society, he makes a friend of each newcomer with whom he is brought into contact. His boat, take it for all in all, is among the roomiest and most elegant on the river. As has already been said, few pleasanter outings are within easy reach of those wearied with the bustle of every-day life than the sail to Lochgoilhead with Captain BARR.

"HIS BARK WAS WORSE THAN HIS BITE."

(Scene—Country School. Trembling culprit called up for punishment by stern dominie, whose tongue cuts deeper than his taws.)

S.D.—Well, sir, what do you think of yourself? Really your conduct is most commendable. You are a perfect pattern for . . .

T.C. (in despair)—Oh, gie me ma licks an' let me gang!

OTIUM, COME DIG.—In the Town Council debate on the gardener's house for the Crosshill Park, Bailie Moir raised risibility by his most felicitous reference towards "a gentleman-gardener." "There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and gravemakers," said the 1st clown in "Hamlet;" and Mr Moir in gardening may be a man of somewhat largish Shakspeareance.

WANTED, A RUIN.—Somebody advertises in the *Herald* his desire to purchase a "partly ruined house" not very far from Glasgow. It seems an odd kind of "want," but it should be easily enough gratified. Nowadays it is rather the rule than the exception for a house, "run up" one year, to be "partly ruined" the next.

Is a cool head a num(b)skull?

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

Spoon in June.

COME, leafy June, our hearts attune,
Thy sun-rays bright, instil delight,
Each breeze a book, each afternoon,
Upon the beach spread out—we spoon,
My love and I, towards the sky,
Gaze at the crowds of snowy clouds,
Piled in the blaze of Sol's bright rays,
While zephyrs sing us love-tuned lays.

Come, leafy June, our hearts attune,
While in our little boat, we float,
For miles, past isles, where summer smiles
And gushing nature plies her wiles
Thus lying in our little boat
Neglecting books, neglecting hooks,
We float, where luring love beguiles,
Towards that paradise—the Kyles,
While 'neath her sunshade prostrate soon
We find how *bute-iful* it is—to spoon.

SOMETHING NEW IN CUTLERY.—An East-End cutler issues to his customers a handbill containing the following *verbatim* notice:—"A Boy, with Red and Blue Cap, will call every Evening, for the convenience of Shopkeepers, and receive and deliver the same Evening or the first thing in the Morning; also, a Girl will call, with Red Hair, and receive and deliver same Evening or the first thing in the Morning." There is a certain amount of haziness here, but this is more than compensated for by a sweet ingenuousness which is too uncommon nowadays. The BAILIE wishes all success to the enterprising cutler and his naturally and artificially distinguished family.

Architectural "Repose"—A liver stone in a dead wall.

Here's a Haun my Trusty "Frere" — The British Premier to the Cape's Governor-General. Stirring Times—Morning hours.

"In Vino Veritas."—And "*lees*" also.

A HORSE! A HORSE!

(Scene—Yeomanry inspection; Trotter, one of "Sour Milk" brigade, is mounted on a Black Brunswicker with a tail of the usual mourning coach proportions, hired for the occasion from Dawson & Co., the undertakers.)

Inspecting Officer (surveying Trotter and his ebony steed)—What's your name, my man?

Yeoman—Trotter.

I. O.—Don't you think you should have your horse's tail trimmed?

Yeoman—The horse is no ma ain!

Bicycles, with all the latest improvements, our own make, and guaranteed.—The Howe Machine Co., (Limited), 60 Buchanan Street.

School Prizes—the very Cheapest and Best to be had—at LINDSAY'S, 102 Queen Street.

Well-Connected Superiority.

THE BAILIE commented the other week on the phenomenon of a "genteel" grocer. He has now discovered a "well-connected young lady" in want of an "engagement in shop" which "must be of a superior class." By "good connections" we must understand relations in the peerage, or, at the very least, among the landed gentry, and it is therefore not surprising that this young lady should be willing to stand behind no counter but a "superior" one. Are those young persons, the BAILIE wonders, who are wont to snub the British Public at railway-buffets and elsewhere—are they "well-connected?" Doubtless they are; and that is why they are so very, so painfully "superior." Let us remember this when we feel inclined to resent some special manifestation of supercilious *haut-
teur*.

A TOO PREVALENT EVIL.

(Scene—Outside a public school; Two boys about to fight over a game; Clergyman passing.)

Clergyman—Come, come, boys, that's very naughty! It's only cats and dogs that fight.

One of the Boys—That's no' true, sir, for as I cam' awa' this mornin' I saw oor twa cocks at it.

AFTER SANDFORD AND MERTON.—"My dear boy," said Mr Barlow, as his leathern instrument of punishment descended vertically for the fifth time upon Tommy's outstretched palm, "how is it that you don't cry out as I have observed other boys do, but bear your frequent punishments with great calmness and composure?" "Sir," said Tommy, smiling through his tears at this kind enquiry, "you, yourself, have taught me that 'knowledge cannot be acquired without pain,' and as I am firmly resolved to attain to great wisdom, I must not shrink from enduring great pain." "Hum!—ha?" said Mr Barlow—and he became thoughtful.

CANNIBALISM?—"Young man wanted at once, to Boil." Such was an advertisement that the BAILIE read with a shudder in the *Citizen* the other evening. It carries with it a horrible suggestion, but let's hope it isn't so bad as it looks.

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

Cheap Lot of Greek and Latin Classics, 4d and 7d each.
—LINDSAY, 102 Queen Street.

Auchray's Flittin'.

I SINK ta ploekhedest man in ta city is ta cairter; but whether efery sinkle wan pe ta same or no, I couldna say I'm sure whatefer. I engage wan at ta flit' that standt andt lauch, gape andt mak face when you'll spoke a sinkle wordt. "Gife a handt, ladt," I say to him, "took this bit furn'ture by ta wan en' andt carry ta stairs doon wisout knock aff ta legks." Ta stupie do ta sing fery opposite that's wanted! And another sing—when he'll pe spoke to "put ta fore-en' o' ta cairt on ta back pelow ta top, and pe strictly wis care not to tamage," he'll snigger an' sneeze—umph—as if I wass an infidel.

Of course, I not go ma new hoose wisoot ma kilts on, pesides nosing so handy for rin ta stairs up andt doon; andt Angus, a day-beat man that help tae screw-driver the room bed, hafe a goodt tram among hersel' pefore ta cairt go. Ta gran' steam was up for ta pipes, andt we skirl in ta horseses lug till ta cairt come aff ta wheel, and smash plump ta cairter through ma praw an' cherish "Flora M'Donald's Lament"—the grand' picture as nefer was in Glasca. Ta 'nferral scountrel as I nefer saw, to sink he go podily through ta prawest picture like a circus in ta clown.

If it no pe to lose ma coat in ta force, she thraw ta ruffin's neck, as sure as Mosses.—Yours inteedly,
AUCHRAY M'TAVISH, X. 71.

UP TO ANTICS.

Polite Nephew—What idiosyncrasies you have, to be sure, Auntie!

Aunt—Well, sir, and what if I have my whims and peculiarities?

Polite Nephew—Oh nothing! Only you make it appear as if antimaccassers weren't the only aunties who are cro(t)chetty, that's all.

A TEMPTING "OPHIR."—The Animile says it makes him "so wild" to read the advertisements of the Gold Company of Southern India of their shares to be had at £1 each, with "estimated returns, £45,000 per annum," and yet to be a chronic sufferer from that eternal want of pence which vexes public men like himself.

For Cabbies—The hire education, knowing how to charge.

BICYCLES { Riding taught. Makers, Agenis, Repairers of Bicycles; Suppliers of Saddles, Oil Cans, Springs, Aluminium Bells, &c. West of Scotland Bicycle Co. Show Rooms, 104 Renfield St., Works, 67 East Howard St.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE—Two of the clever Mr Henry James Byron's comedies are announced for representation this week at the Gaiety. One of these is "Courtship," and the other "Married in Haste," and if the former, which is as yet strange to us, be at all equal to the latter, with which we are familiar, it must be very good indeed. "Courtship" deals with the plot devised by a young heiress, Miss Vivian by name, to come at a proper notion of the motives which actuate her three suitors. The scheme succeeds, of course, to perfection, and the curtain falls on the approaching union of the heiress with the man who had loved her for herself, and not for her money.

"Courtship" is played by a company, two of the members of which—Miss Levettez and Mr L. Harcourt—are strangers to Glasgow, while other two—Mr T. Bolton and Mr E. J. George—have already appeared on our local boards, and have produced an exceedingly favourable impression by their performances.

Mr Hilton has long been known here as a representative of Scottish parts, but although always regarded as a judicious, he has hardly been esteemed a very effective actor. Now, however, he seems to have astonished even his friends by the freshness and vigour of his performance of *Roderick Dhu* in the "Lady of the Lake," at the Prince of Wales Theatre. This is really a capital impersonation, earnest and broad, and not without a certain dash of picturesque romance. The houses drawn all last week at the Prince of Wales by the "Lady of the Lake" and "Tam o' Shanter" were excellent ones, and there is every likelihood of their continuing good for the coming six nights, when "Rob Roy" will replace the adaptation of Sir Walter's poem.

Next Monday we are to be favoured with a visit, at the Prince of Wales Theatre, from Mr Walter Bentley, who will appear in the "Courier of Lyons." Mr Bentley begins a week's engagement this evening in Paisley.

Mr Knapp is this week presenting us with "Duty," a French dish which has received the usual English flavouring—the native cook having been that curiously unequal workman, Mr James Albery.

"Duty" is a translation of M. Sardou's "Les Bourgeois de Pont Arcy," and was produced by Mr and Mrs Bancroft, last September, at the London Prince of Wales Theatre. Its motive, which is entirely Gallic, deals with the self-sacrifice of a son who, out of solicitude for the feelings of his mother, consents to take upon himself the stigma of his dead father's sin. In the end the mother learns the truth, which does not overwhelm her after all, and the happiness of the hero, which looked at first as if it had suffered total shipwreck, is completely re-established.

As might be expected in any work in which Mr Albery has had a hand, "Duty" has been supplied with an abundance of brisk, witty dialogue, although, at the same time, some of his puns are both sufficiently old and sufficiently far-fetched.

The company who take part in the new play includes Misses Annie Irish, Marie Glynn, Emily Leng, and Patty Chapman, and Messrs Paget, Medlicott, and Hardy.

For more years than old fogies like you and me, BAILIE, care to remember, the "Madame Beatrice" Company has been a well-organised, well-trained troupe of comedians. Everything they have done has been done well. The "star" system has never obtained in the company, and, on the other hand, as much care has been bestowed by the management on the minor and less important parts as on those which commanded the larger measure of public attention, though the latter were of necessity given to the more experienced and more skilful players.

The "Madame Beatrice" Company appear to-night and during the week at the Royal Princesses Theatre, the piece announced for representation being "The Woman of the People."

Messrs Frank Harvey, Carter Edwards, T. B. Appleby, and Miss Annie Baldwin, are among those who will take part in the performance.

The date fixed for the launching of the great Russian yacht from the building-yard of Messrs Elder & Co. is the 7th of July, and not the Friday of next week, as was announced in the *Herald* and various other journals.

It has now been settled that the opening of the new branch of the Callander and Oban Railway will take place on the 1st of next month. The district through which the recently constructed portion of the line passes is one of rare grandeur and beauty. Indeed, I question whether there are other two-and-twenty miles in Scotland of such varied and continuous interest as those which stretch between Dalmailly and Oban. The circular tour, going by rail to Oban, and returning by the "Chevalier," and the "Iona" or "Columba," will be one of the most popular of the present summer and autumn.

I hear that Mr Charles Hengler is presently in New York in quest of "talent," and is also viewing the land with the probable prospect of taking over his forces for a tour in the States. His late season in Birmingham and Chester was financially a frost, and now in Dublin the patronage is not excessive. Our friend Newcome is at Preston, and is doing so well there that there is no likelihood of his turning up in Ingram Street for a long time to come.

A Highland regiment is nothing if not Highland, and yet, strange to say, it's only the brass band of the 74th which plays in the Park on the Thursday evenings: query, where are the pipers? They should be first, for a brass band we can hear any time and any place, but not so pipers like those of the 74th. Mr Jackson ought to look to this.

An appreciative article in the *People's Friend* on "James Macfarlan, Poet and Pedlar," reminds me that two or three years ago there was a deal of talk of having the works of this ill-starred son of song collected and edited. Macfarlan's works are too excellent to be "willingly let die." If no other means can be put into operation, might not the St. Andrew Society honour itself by bestowing its patronage? I give the hint to Bailie Wilson, alike a prominent member in the Society, and an enthusiast regarding the Poet's Corner of the Mitchell Library.

I hear that Messrs Inglis and Rogers, Her Majesty's Inspectors of Reformatory and Industrial Schools in Great Britain, have just arrived in town on their annual visit to our local institutions for "juvenile delinquents." Don't you think, BAILIE, while they are on the spot, that they might also enquire into the doings of some adult delinquents—those gentlemen whose dark ways you so kindly illumined last week?

Messrs Rae Brown & Co. announce a sale of valuable oil paintings, in their rooms at 151 Sauchiehall Street, on Wednesday and Thursday next, at two o'clock and half-past six o'clock each day. The collection to be disposed of includes specimens of Tissot, Boddington, Morris, Hayes, and other well-known names, and the sale is stated to be "peremptory." Q.

SCOTLAND'S HILLS AND SCOTLAND'S DALES.
(Scene—Trafalgar Studios, King's Road, Chelsea.)

Old Cockney Model (to Scotch artist)—Pooty country, Scotland, sir! Werry 'illy, aint it?

Artist—Yes, it is rather hilly.

Model—My mother told me so, but that was thirty years gone by. I thought it might a' changed now.

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.

On 'Change.

FOR some time back I have been literally flooded with prospectuses of new companies. They are sent to me by post, and they usually emanate from the shady retreat occupied by some financial agent. All sorts and conditions of enterprises for losing money are recommended with a degree of cool assurance which is utterly staggering. The gentry engaged in this business are at present pushing metal schemes. Gold mines, copper mines, any kind of mines but iron, are flaunted before the dazzled eyes of the unwary capitalist. Some people subscribe for the shares, I suppose, and I believe it is calculated that if one in 500 fills up the form for ever so small a sum the transaction is profitable.

On 'Change these announcements do little damage, for there such devices are easily seen through. The mischief is done outside, and there are always plenty of greenhorns knocking about. What puzzles one is that the exceeding generosity of promoters should not be appraised at its proper value. One prospectus, lying before me now, represents that the profit will be 70 to 80 per cent., assuming certain conditions, which appear inevitable, according to the precious document, to be completely fulfilled. The promoter humbly hands over his property to a public company for £20,000, and the capital of the company is to be £100,000, upon which 80 per cent., or £80,000 is to be earned. Generosity like this exceeds belief, and yet many people seem to believe in it.

Are the experiences of last settlement to be repeated this week in the Glasgow Stock Exchange? That is a question which is just now agitating the young broker's breast, and the speculator himself is by no means happy. Apparently the question will be answered in the negative. It would be too much to expect an immediate repetition of the lively proceedings witnessed a fortnight ago, but the unpleasantness will be there, if in a modified form.

No one here seemed a bit the wiser for the prodigious failure in the metal trade reported from New York last week. The warrant market was even more buoyant than before, if a market can be buoyant, which is little over 45s. The recovery, however, is due to speculation merely. There is hardly any foreign demand, and the Americans, with their 431 furnaces in blast, will produce 80,000 tons a week, which happens to be as much as they want just now.

The best commentary that could be found upon these facts, and on the issuing of the prospectuses I have mentioned, lies in the list of mining, metal, and mineral shares in the Glasgow share list. There are 23 of these concerns enumerated, excluding the local mineral oil companies. Fifteen of the 23 do not pay a dividend!

If the directors of our tramway companies go on as they are doing, the list of non-producing companies will receive a further augmentation. The competition now going on must necessarily fritter away the means of the Glasgow Tramways Company, and it will not do any good to the Vale of Clyde. Neither company has any spare means to fritter away, and the sooner the two boards come to terms the better. At the rate the Glasgow Company is going it may find itself short of funds some day. It is working on a terminable lease, and does not seem to realise the past.

SCRUTATOR.

The Disruption of 1880 (*vide* the decision in the Smith-Robertson case) — Breaking with traditionalism.

The Glasgow Puzzle—The sign at 18 Buchanan Street.

A One-horse Affair—The Ibrox tramway.

FIG-IRON WARRANTS—STOCKS AND SHARES.—Macgregor & Co., Stock and Share Brokers, and Iron Brokers, 136 Buchanan Street, Glasgow, offer Special Facilities to those desirous of Speculating for the Rise or Fall of Markets.

Pot and Kettle.

THE BAILIE feels anything but an agreeable sensation whenever he thinks of the unpleasant series of performances which are to be begun to-day (Tuesday) before "the Lords," at Helensburgh. This little game of flaunting our dirty linen in the face of all the world is new, thank goodness, to Scotland, and it is one, let us hope, which will not be played at often. What does Mr Burns expect to gain by the course he is pursuing? Granting that he succeeds in sending Mr Orr Ewing to the right-about, and that he is found to be entitled to the seat, will the game be worth the candle? Can even Mr Burns view the unseating of an old friend with equanimity? And should the result be that Mr Burns is unsuccessful, or that both parties are adjudged to have been guilty of unlawful proceedings, what then? The whole affair looks to the BAILIE to abound, if not exactly in vanity, at least in vexation of spirit.

TEETOTALISM *versus* TEMPERANCE.

(Scene—Deck of Glen Rosa, when racing the Ivanhoe between Prince's Pier and Kirn.)

Female Hawker (to companion)—Whit boat's that we're passin'?

F. Hawker No. 2—That's the workin' folk's boat. The teetotal yin!

F. Hawker No. 1 (leaning over the gunwale)—Come on wi' your twa funnels. I think ye hae forgotten to bottle up yer steam as weel's yer whuskey.

[Ivanhoe gradually drops astern, to the delight of the Glen Rosa's passengers.]

THE TENTED FIELD.

(Scene—Volunteer encampment; Time, 5 a.m.; Volunteer is handed a cup of coffee and a hunch of bread by the keeper of his mess.)

Volunteer (in amazement)—What's this?

Mess-keeper—Your breakfast.

Volunteer—Ma breakfast! Is *this* ma breakfast? A *common* sodjer wadna' pit up wi' this!

Another church bazaar is announced, this time by the Hutchesontown Free Kirk. As this is the body that excommunicated a number of its young adherents because they dared to have a dance after a social meeting, it is unnecessary to intimate that the bazaar will not be followed by a ball.

An Established Fact—The Disestablishment movement.

Music Hall Sketches.

No. I.—THE CHAIRMAN OF THE ROYAL BRUNETTE.

GOODY-GOODY philanthropists, and platform orators of the Exeter Hall type, are in the habit of referring to the Music hall in shocked and awe-struck tones as a miniature Sodom and Gomorrah, and its frequenters as the vilest of the vile. They seem to evolve from their immaculate inner consciousness the picture of a hall of dazzling splendour of the Mahomet's paradise order, with wax lights and crystal chandeliers *ad libitum*—a place, in short, where "every prospect pleases, and only man is vile." The music-hall of reality, however, I grieve to confess, is not by any means all that the ardent social reformer's fancy paints it. To tell the truth, it is rather a grimy and smoke-stained affair, and its decorative art is of a much less festive character than that which adorns a modern church. So far as the building is concerned, it is almost depressing enough to be a Young Men's Mutual Improvement meeting-room; and if it were, the demeanour of the audience could not be more grave and apparently joyless. Indeed, in the good old Moody-and-Sankey days, when rollicking choruses and funny Yankee stories were all the rage, I have seen meetings of a different character that were incomparably livelier. No better proof of the fact that we take our pleasure sadly could be given than a glance at the undemonstrative and rather bored audience of the Royal Brunette, as it surveys the performance with lack-lustre eyes through a tolerably dense haze of tobacco-smoke.

No small share of the credit for producing this eminently proper state of things is due to the precept and example of the chairman. This gifted individual sits in a high chair immediately below the stage, facing the audience, introduces the performers by name as they appear, and leads the applause with a little hammer—in the execution of which latter duty, by the way, the apathetic listeners do not render so much assistance as they might. A more monotonous and dispiriting occupation than his can hardly be imagined, so it is not a matter for surprise that his general aspect resembles that of a specially lugubrious mute at a funeral. In front of him stands a semi-circular bench with a little table in the middle, and to obtain a seat here is the highest ambition of young men about town in the very early stages of their career. The special privileges of the position are not apparent to the casual observer, seeing that the

great man does not deign to pay the slightest attention to his juvenile admirers. Possibly a seat on the magic bench may be, like virtue, its own reward.

I never see this impassive and sphynx-like mortal without pitying him. There may be a certain amount of variety about the life of a tramway driver, who can occasionally run over an old woman—or about that of a West-end policeman, who is not always compelled to court the same cook—or about that of a hurdy-gurdy man, who can play "Grandfather's Clock" in a different street every hour—or about that of a ring-master in a circus, who may see a Lulu or a Zazel killed now and then; but there is no such luck for a music-hall chairman. Week in, week out, he must listen to the same jingle of stale jokes and wretchedly indifferent songs. Why, St. Simon Stylites was canonized for spending his life in a much more cheerful and less useful way.

What will become of the chairman of the Royal Brunette? Will he, too, be canonized? Or will he commit suicide? PANURGE.

A DEFINITION.

(Scene—Near West Calder; Three miners are reading a bill which bears the signature, "Dr Young of Kelly, F.R.S.")

First Miner—What's F.R.S., Bill?

Second do.—Don't know, Do you, Jim?

Third do.—Aye, it's first raiser o' shale.

BEFORE AND AFTER.

When *out*, recall Sir Bartle Frere,
When *in*, why keep him make appear;
Say one thing *out*, another *in*,
All's fair while yet the seat's to win;
But once in power, forget; or bend
The hinges of the knee, descend
Through dust and ashes mean to drag
'Fore Austria's front Great Britain's flag;
Woo Scottish Protestants wi' gifts o' grace,
An' Roman Catholics wi' gifts o' Place.

When, enquires the Retainer, are flies like distillers? Why, he adds with a he-haw, when they make cows' tails become whisky, to be sure.

The Peace Preservation Act—The Berlin Treaty.

MARK YOUR LINEN

With an A. C. T. India Rubber
MONOGRAM, INITIAL, or NAME STAMP,
Prices, 2/6 and 3/6 Complete,
with Box, Pad, and a Bottle of Indelible Marking Ink.
Post free.

A. C. THOMSON,
Mercantile Stationer,
278 ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW.

An Old Bachelor's Cupid-ditty.

WE were a goodly company,
Picnicking in a wood;
The "grub" was all that "grub" could be,
The liquors, too, were good.
Between my lips a cigarette,
Some dry champagne at hand,
I lay, and watched Dan Cupid set
His snares among our band.
He seemed to take immense delight
In bringing contrasts out;
Short walked with tall, dull paired with bright,
And lean made love to stout.
The widow Brooks, fair, smiling, fat,
Beamed on lean Doctor Bones,
Who glared his admiration at
His charmer's sixteen stones.
Little Miss Dumpty gaily hopped—
Chirping sweet words aloft
To big Jack Stork—who surely "popped,"
He looked so *very* soft.
I knew Miss Vix was at her tricks
By those slow, sad—"Ha-ha's!"
That poor Fred Blonde was wont to mix
With his continual—"Yaas!"
Tom Tap—the oaf—enraptured lay
At prim Miss Goodgal's feet,
Who neither frowned, nor turned away.
But simpered and looked sweet.
To crown the whole absurd affair,
As I thus musing lay,
I spied a mass of golden hair,
(My own was turning grey!)
I peeped to see what sort of maid
Such sunny radiance crowned,
And while I peeped, the golden braid
My old heart firmly bound!

"MASTER AND SERVANT CASE."

Employer (to Sandy)—Chewing tobacco again, sir. If you cannot suppress that abominable practice—at least in my presence—I must be under the necessity of dismissing you!

Sandy (who is familiar with some good words)—What! Me chewing? I emphatically deny the accusation in the affirmative, sir.

"VAULTING" AMBITION.—The architect who in steeple-chasing leapt over a style, came to grief. The style should have been Gothic, and he elected Greek.

AND GIVE TO HAIRY NOTHING A LOCAL HABITATION AND A NAME.—I say, Tam, ha'e ye seen Bob's chin wi' bris'les on't? Aye, Bris'les sprouts; green eneuch!

"Bribery"—Hospitality and beneficence.

THE ARGYLE BATHS, 366 Argyle Street, is the Largest Public Bathing Establishment in Scotland. Warm Baths, 6d, 9d, & 1s; ready daily, from 7 a.m. to 9 p.m. One trial solicited.

BICYCLES.—One 44-in. Challenge, £6 10s.; and one 46 in. Excelsior, £6 10s.; both these Machines as good as new,—The Howe Machine Co., 60 Buchanan Street.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the last meeting of Town Council was a lively one.

That W. R. W. Smith opened the ball with another boundaries motion.

That there are no boundaries to W. R. W's utopian ideas.

That Bailie Dunlop is fairly in love with the Convention of Royal Burghs.

That the Provost and Bailie Moir had their say on the question of the Weir.

That the Bailie thinks the river was the waur o' the Weir.

That the Provost thinks it wasn't.

That one of the two must be right.

That Bailie Mowat is nothing if not orthodox.

That when W. W. isn't wanting books he is wanting "siller."

That the Council would be sillier than W. W. if they gave him all he wanted.

That a surplus of £10,000 on the Fee Fund is not a bad find for the Corporation.

That Councillor Neil's defence of Dr Marwick was in his happiest vein.

That the Doctor may well exclaim—"save me from my friends."

That the School Board meetings are growing less frivolous than of old.

That the rate has been reduced ½d in the pound.

That Glasgow ratepayers are thankful for sma' mercies.

That some pretty hard swearing is going on at the election inquiries.

That the number of leaves that have disappeared of late from the books of Dumbartonshire tradesmen is perfectly amazin'.

That the Dumbartonshire Sambo and Pompey are berry much alike—specially Pompey.

That a good bit of money was expended in Glasgow during the general election.

That the wonder is where it all went.

That some of the "augents" have claimed a tidy sum.

That Sir James refuses to be comforted.

That he has declined the P. W. G. M. of the masons.

That he is waiting to be asked to be Grand Chief of the Good Templars.

That the President of the G. L. A. has been presented with an address.

That the Hon. Secretary doesn't intend to be satisfied with any such barren honour.

That the subscription sheet is still being handed round.

Passages of Arms—Sleeves.

STUART CRANSTON & CO.,

TRAINED TEA-TASTERS,

ARE OFFERING THE BEST VALUE IN SCOTLAND.

SUPERB TEA at 2s 4d Per Lb.,

Equal to what is sold by Wholesale Grocers (so called) and West-End Co-Operative Stores at 2s 6d, 2s 8d, and 3s. Every family should test the truth of our statement.

THE CHOICEST PURE COFFEE, 1s 8d Per Lb.

MIXED COFFEE—SAME AS IN PARIS—WONDERFUL VALUE, 1s 4d.

FINEST LUMP SUGAR, 3½d; CRYSTALS, 3½d; CRUSHED, 3d; SOFT WHITE, 2½d.

76 ARGYLE STREET (QUEEN STREET CORNER.)

REMOVAL NOTICE.**DEWAR, MARSHALL, & CO.,** Glass and China Merchants,

Late 89 ST. VINCENT STREET,

Have now Opened their New Premises,

70 GORDON STREET,

BEST GOODS AT LOWEST PRICES.

With an Entirely New Stock
INSPECTION INVITED.**Cricketing
Outfits.****FORSYTH,**

5 RENFIELD STREET.

MITCHELL & CO.'S

Belfast OLD IRISH WHISKY, is the Purest and Best in the Market, comparison with any other Brand will prove this. Agent for Scotland—DAVID MITCHELL, 20 Hope St., Glasgow.

THE COLOSSEUM,

70 JAMAICA STREET.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,

THE LEADING HATTERS

and

MILLINERS IN GLASGOW.

The season now full on, our clients are respectfully requested to call early in the day to avoid the excessive crowding in the afternoon.

SUCCESS AT LAST!!!**THE STYLOGRAPHIC PEN**

A PENCIL which writes INK, never needs Sharpening, and never Wears Out.

CALL AND INSPECT IT.

A. C. THOMSON,

Agent,

278 ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW.

ANGLING.—WM. HAIGH, FLYDRESSER,
FISHING ROD AND TACKLE-MAKER,
16 HANOVER STREET,
RODS AND REELS REPAIRED, FLIES TO PATTERN,

"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.)**G. C. STEWART,**

ANALYST,

52 ST. ENOCH SQUARE.

MILLAR & CO.

FAMILY HATTERS,

QUEEN STREET CORNER, GLASGOW,

ARE SHEWING THEIR NEW SPRING GOODS.

See the Windows.

VICTORIA RESTAURANT,

62 GORDON STREET, & 3 RENFIELD STREET

(Opposite Caledonian Central Station),

WINES, SPIRITS, AND MALT LIQUORS

Of the Best Qualities, and Thoroughly Matured.

SPECIAL BLEND WHISKY.

BREAKFASTS, DINNERS, AND TEAS.

LARGE DINING-HALL.

SNACKS (OF ALL KINDS),6d.

M'CALL & FERGUSON, PROPRIETORS.

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.

SUMMER OVERCOATS.

("ONE GUINEA" and Upwards),
ALL OWN MAKE.

FORSYTH'S,

5 AND 7 RENFIELD STREET.

THE FINEST WHISKY IN THE WORLD.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.

HENRY THOMSON & CO.'S
OLD IRISH WHISKY.

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

The Argyle Rubber Company,
110 ARGYLE STREET.

FOR THE COAST—

SUMMER WATERPROOFS for Ladies and Gentlemen.
KNAPSACKS, LAWN TENNIS SETS, BATS, BALLS, AND SHOES.
SWIMMING COLLARS, SWIMMING BELTS,
BATHING CAPS, BATHING SHOES, SPONGE BAGS, &c.
PORTMANTEAUS and TRAVELLING BAGS, all Sizes.

NEW FEATURE IN FELT HATS.

The NEW FLEXIBLE (Light as a Feather),
From 2½ to 3½ ozs. Weight.
Less than half the weight of an ordinary Felt Hat.
For COMFORT and SUMMER WEAR, simply perfection,
From 5/, 7/6, 9/6, each.

JNO. D. MACARTHUR,
HOSIER, GLOVER, SHIRTMAKER, AND HATTER,
263, 265, 267 SAUCHIEHALL ST.

Novelties in Boys' Sailor Hats.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 9th, 1880.

THE reports of recent meetings of the Town Council and its various committees cannot fail to have strengthened the general impression that, amidst all the talking, very little satisfactory progress is made with the affairs of the city. Many subjects of importance are presently in the background, and they may be expected, therefore, to be suddenly brought to the front some fine day, and an attempt made to carry them through without due consideration. It is an open secret that Lord Provost COLLINS' control over the Council is of the very weakest

character, and on the other hand there is a want of implicit confidence on the part of certain Councillors in the judgments of several of their officials. The inevitable result of this state of matters is that the public business is not carried through with the same expedition, efficiency, and intelligence as if there were powerful control and wise discretion exercised over the entire management of the affairs of the city. Trifles are made too much of and small men are allowed to air their emptiness in irrelevant speeches about what is impracticable or irremediable. There will always be something of this kind in popular assemblies like the Town Council, but it has never been more glaringly prevalent than at present. Councillor SMITH would like a Royal Commission to be appointed to enquire into the expediency of extending the municipal boundaries so as to bring the whole urban population of each populous district under our system of administration. But to be of real utility the Commission should be instructed to inquire into the working of the present system of administration of municipal and local affairs, and the reforms which ought to be introduced in them. Sooner or later some such inquiry may require to be made into the affairs of the city of Glasgow, as it seems hopeless to expect any scheme for the consolidation of the Trust of the city, or their efficient control, to be devised by those who have been tinkering at the matter for so many years. The Town-Clerk's Fee Fund has at last been brought under a kind of supervision, which is needed by all our Trusts and Corporations; but this is only a step towards the retrenchment and reform which must sooner or later be introduced into the affairs of the city of Glasgow.

HE-HAW.

(Scene—1st L.R.V. inspection; ambulance drill; several of the wounded carried off.)

Angelina—Oh, Edwin, is this not too realistic?

Edwin—Ah! I daresay it is a little too litter-al!

(Angelina threatens to faint.)

Lines in Pleasant Places—Railways passing through attractive scenery. The new Oban line for instance.

A would-be damper to Professor Robertson Smith—Principal Rainy.

"Exciting Sports"—Heresy-hunts.

A "Rank" Outsider—Bradlaugh.

French Saws Set in English.

THE BAILIE'S own polyglot punster and rigmarole rhymer has just thrown off a set of see-saw couplets in many tongues, classic and—otherwise. As a first—and perhaps last—instantment, his Worship submits, in the verbal garb of old Gaul, some crumbs of proverbial philosophy from the linguistic rich man's table:—

Voilà, chacun à son goût.
So said the man who kissed his "coo."

Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte.
The first step's only hard to foot.

Aide toi et le ciel t'aidera.
Help yoursel'—et cœtera.

Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.
The no-rent game of M. Parnell.

L'homme propose et le ciel dispose.
Men "propose," the angels expose.

Tout le monde est sage après coup.
After the deed we all know what to do.

Malheur ne vient jamais seul.
Troubles ever come wholesale.

Argent comptant porte médecine.
Cash in hand makes all serene.

Amour fait beaucoup mais argent fait tout.
Potent love, omnipotent sou.

Il n'est sauce que d'appétit.
Hunger makes an 'appy tea.

Bruler la chandelle par les deux bouts.
Lit at both ends, 'twill soon burn through.

La vertu est la seule noblesse.
The purest robe and Worth-iest dress.

En route à Paris, coûte qu'il coûte.
Cost what it may the Dover route.

"AND, WITH A GREEN AND YELLOW MELANCHOLY."

Tom—Ah, Bill, but you do look ill to-day.

Bill—Well, I am, I dare say, melon-colic a bit.

Tom—And I am not surprised either after how you scooped it out yesterday.

AN ABNORMAL "POET.—The "poet" who is "kept on the premises" by a local clothing-firm sings gaily—

"To raise the wind for razing wynds
We fork out freely taxes, sir,
And never grudge the gatherer
Any amount he axes, sir."

The BAILIE congratulates the sartorial bard on his "ungrudging" disposition, and begs to suggest that he might, while he is at it, "fork out" rent and taxes for a few of his less happily situated neighbours.

BICYCLES. { The "Duplex," "Challenge," "Club," "Premier," &c. On Hire with option of Purchase.
TRICYCLES. { New, Second-Hand, Fittings cheap, Jennings', 101 Mitchell Street.

The Battle of Kars.

THE battle of the cars at Govan is a pretty squabble.

It's a roaring game at "beggar my neighbour."

"All the way for a ha'penny" will neither feed horses nor coal engines.

The smart publication of the "correspondence" between the secretaries let some light in on the subject.

The Glasgow Company have put their foot in it.

The public think they have no business there.

The "British Working Man" at Govan is enjoying the joke and saving his pence.

It's an "ill wind blows naebody guid."

TURNING THE TABLES.

(Scene—A dwelling house; Mr and Mrs Crown at their supper, when an old friend, Mrs M'Bean, calls.)

Mrs M'Bean (in the course of conversation)—Ye'll no hae heard that David Graham's about tae be maerit again.

Mrs Crown—Maerit! (After a pause) It's no four months yet sin' his wife deed; (turning to her husband) it's just like you men. I believe ye wad dae the same, John, if I were ta'en awa the morn.

John (quietly)—Weel, I dinna ken what I micht dae in that event; but judging, my wumman, frae the way ye hae o' aye lookin' after yersel', ye're no likely ever tae gie me the chance.

"HOW DOTH THE LITTLE BUSY BEE?"

An ever toiling "Working-class,"
In constant "Demonstration;"
Who never "Strike," though strong in "Mass,"
And still a "Comb-bee-nation!"

EQUINE ATHLETICS.—The taste for athletics is spreading to the brute creation. It was only last week that the BAILIE saw a horse advertised as being a "magnificent fencer," and read of "colts" playing cricket!

An Adolphus Evergreen wants the "spirit merchant with whom he left his gold watch to communicate." Asinus says he has repeatedly left heaps of money with spirit merchants, but he has never once thought of asking the recipients to communicate. *Verb. sap.*

BICYCLES.—A fair allowance made for Second-hand Bicycles taken in Exchange.—Howe Machine Co., (Limited), 60 Buchanan Street.

Megilp.

THE selection of an occupant for the Watson Gordon chair of Fine Art in Edinburgh University falls to be made during the current month, and speculation is naturally beginning to be rife with regard to the successful candidate. So far the weight of opinion seems to favour the chances of Philip Hamerton, the editor and proprietor of the *Portfolio*, but it may be questioned whether a mere theorist would be the best possible teacher of what, after all, is a strictly technical subject. W. R. Osler, a teacher of drawing in University College School, London, and Dr J. Paul Richter, the author of "Die Mosaiken von Ravenna," are other two candidates, and a third is J. Forbes Robertson, an accomplished and successful artist, and the author of numerous criticisms and works on contemporary art.

Mr Forbes Robertson—who must not be confounded, by the bye, with his son, Mr Johnston Forbes Robertson, the well-known actor-painter—possesses a fluent, easy style, an intimate acquaintance with both the history and the theory of art, together with, as already mentioned, a large measure of manipulative skill. He is a Scotchman, and this is always a matter of considerable moment when a Scotch University chair is the question at issue.

The people who have favoured Mr Robertson with recommendations, by way of testifying to their sense of his fitness for the Fine Art Chair, include Tom Faed, Pettie, Val Prinsep, and Holman Hunt; Tom Taylor, Sir Coutts Lindsay, and William Morris, the author of the "Earthly Paradise."

Tom M'Ewan has fixed his abode at Dippen, in south-eastern Arran, for the coming summer season. The district is rich in those distinctive interiors, full of character and association, which Mr M'Ewan delights in so much.

For the past month A. K. Brown has been busy working at Shere, one of those little Surrey villages full of picturesque gables, and glowing, red-tiled roofs, and clad, so to speak, with a lush, luxuriant vegetation—one of the villages, indeed, which seem, for all the world, to have become what they are mainly in order that artists may be supplied with "studies" for pictures. This week, however, leaving his Surrey paradise—where, by the way, John White has married and settled—Mr Brown goes to Ely in Cambridgeshire, that quaint old city which looks over the fenny stretches of the Bedford Level, and, as seen from the surrounding country, with its tall roofs and cathedral spires, supplies a sky outline of surpassing interest.

What promises to be one of the most effective pictures yet painted by Tom Donald is at present approaching completion. It is a view in the neighbourhood of Clynder, on the Gareloch, where Mr Donald has been residing for some weeks.

Those interested in Scottish art have a treat in store for them in the Exhibition of the pictures of deceased Scottish artists which the Academy proposes to hold in Edinburgh during the coming autumn. Let us hope that an effort will be made to secure an adequate representation of the works of Robert Scott Lauder, one of the greatest painters of the Scottish school, but whose memory, somehow or other, is beginning to fade from the recollections of the present generation.

Preparations for the forthcoming Bough and Chalmers and Black and White Exhibitions, in the Galleries of the Fine Art Institute, are already in progress. The Bough and Chalmers pictures will mainly appeal, of course, to artists, and to those who have made a special study of art, while the Black and White drawings will supply the popular element of the conjoined collections. The value of monochrome as a pictorial medium is hardly known as yet in Glasgow. It is more than probable, however, that the forthcoming Exhibition will give not only engravings and etchings, but studies in pencil and chalk and charcoal a measure of public favour they have not hitherto possessed.

The Manchester Black and White Exhibition is rich in specimens of Lhermitte, while Briton Riviere, Ford Maddox Brown, and F. J. Shields, are some of the other better-known artists who are represented on its walls.

"Quit Rent"—Making a moonlight fitting.

"WE'VE CHANG'D ALL THAT."

When Liberal statesmen rose the Realm to rule,
How many wrongs were quickly to be righted!—
And if things end, as they've begun, John Bull
Benighted once, may ope his eyes delighted,
Now, Cyprus looks not near' so very ill,
Sir Bartle Frere seems not so awful bad;
Sir Bartle now but recks the People's Will,
E'en stones of Cyprus after all are Glad.

"SIX AND EIGHTPENCE."

(Scene—St. Enoch Square, Wednesday, 4 p.m.;
A group of farmers are busy bargaining on the pavement in front of "His Lordship's"; Tall policeman approaches and in a rough voice exclaims:—"Come get away out of here and not be blocking up the pavement.")
Oldest Farmer of the group (gazing up to the policeman's face)—You're a big man; whit size wull ye be na?
Policeman (with an air of dignity)—Six and an eight on my stocking soles!
[Farmers incontinently retreat.]

A Shakespearian Title for his Satanic Majesty—King Le(e)ar.

A "Sound" Bridge, warranted to go under any "strain"—The brig of a fiddle.

Two heads are better than one. "Quite so," assents the Animile, "especially when you are tossing for glasses round."

No Joke—The "heaviest drinkers" in Scotland are the Dry-men-folk, of course.

A Carriage and Pair—A perambulator with twins.

A Joiner's Bench—The hymeneal altar.

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 copy £4; Sir Noel Paton, Home, Hesperus, and In Memoriam,
 42s copies 10s 6d each; Faith and Reason, 21s, 7s 6d, 2-Guineas,
 12s; Thomas Duncan, Prince Charles' entry into Edinburgh after
 the Battle of Prestonpans, 15-Guinea India Artist proof, 42s
 (scarce); Sir W. Allan, Battle of Prestonpans. 8-Guinea Brilliant
 Artist proof, 52s 6d, and others by Ansdell, F. Taylor, Sir
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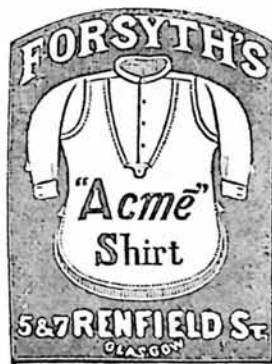
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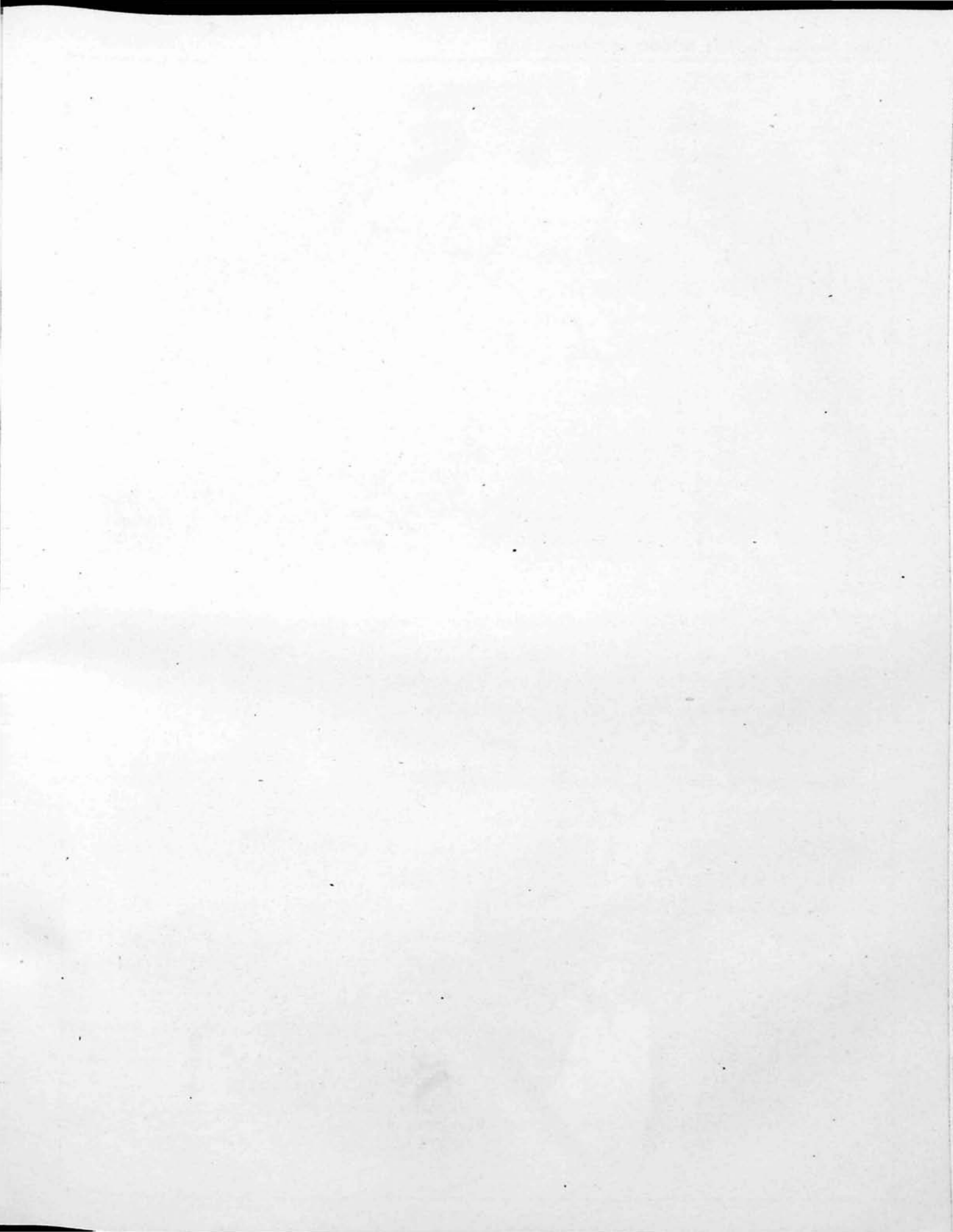
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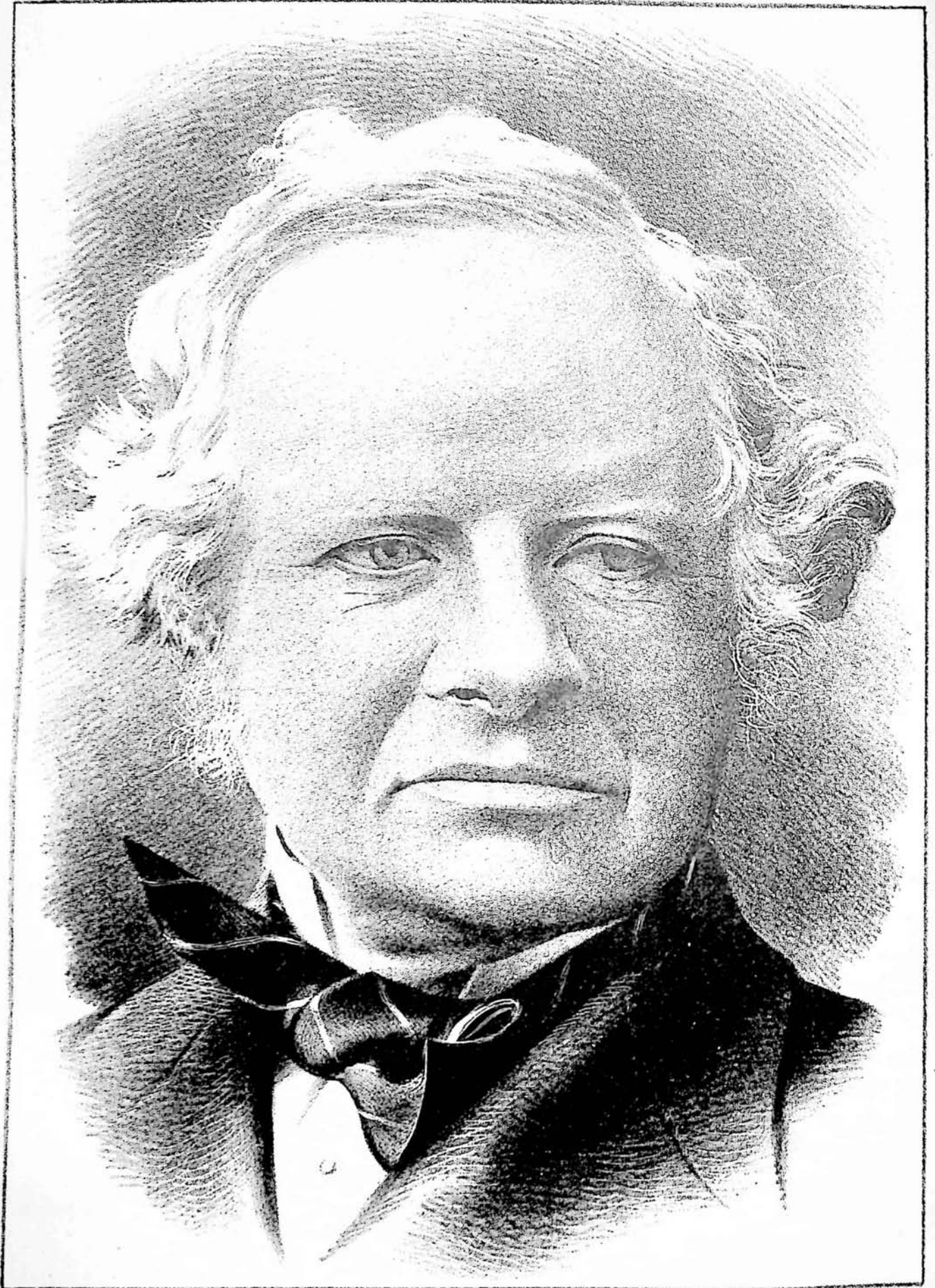
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The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 400. Glasgow, Wednesday, June 16th, 1880. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 400.

THE keenest Liberal will hardly deny that a period of Conservative reaction has once more set in. Probably the majority of the nation are still of the Liberal way of thinking; we may take it for granted that, if a General Election were to occur to-morrow, the present ministry would be maintained in office. But it should be noted, at the same time, that the Liberalism of to-day is by no means the Liberalism of eight weeks ago. The party now wears an apologetic air. The presage of coming struggle, it may be of defeat, broods over its spirit with a portentous heaviness. And between maladroitness leading in the House of Commons, and the daily augmenting of evidences of Liberal bribery and Liberal corruption in the constituencies, the outlook, it must be confessed, is by no means of a very promising character. One member of the party, however, has hitherto preserved his freedom from the feeling of languor and depression which prevails among his fellows. Even when Lord GRANVILLE'S political fortunes have been at their lowest, he has always worn a jaunty, confident air. Nothing seems to dash his flow of equable spirits; no muster of opposing forces has hitherto driven him into an attitude of impatient peevishness on the one hand, or of weak and womanish surrender on the other. Mr Gladstone's Foreign Secretary has long occupied a foremost position in the political life of the country. For the four or five years, indeed, which elapsed between the so-called retirement of the present Prime Minister from an active participation in affairs, till his return to office in April last, Lord GRANVILLE was, in fact as well as in name, the leader of the Liberal party. That he consented to forgoe his claims to the Premiership, and to take office under Mr Glad-

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stone, is only another evidence of a temper which, to say the least, is unique in English politics. But Lord GRANVILLE would not be Lord GRANVILLE could any suspicion of personal interest or personal ambition be associated with his name. Cradled, as it were, in diplomacy, and a keen party politician for over forty years, he has yet habitually refrained from grasping at the foremost place in the Ministry. And it must not be supposed that this forbearance arises from any narrowness of view or weakness of will. Those who recollect Lord GRANVILLE'S policy when, as Colonial Minister, he decided, and that in the teeth of the most determined opposition, to withdraw the Imperial troops from New Zealand; or when, as Foreign Secretary, he checkmated Russia in her attempt to cancel the Black Sea clause of the Treaty of Paris, will hardly accuse him, either of want of daring or of infirmity of purpose. The old illustration, indeed, of an iron hand encased in a velvet glove, has long been the one oftenest applied to Lord GRANVILLE. As the leader, now of the Opposition and now of the Ministry in the House of Lords, he has manifested a faculty for prompt and decided action, which those who only knew him as the maker of pleasant, gossipy, sub-acid speeches, like that, for instance, that he delivered to the London Fishmongers on Saturday night, could hardly have supposed he possessed. His Lordship is now in his sixty-fifth year, and judging by his career up till now there seems little if any likelihood that he will ever fill the office of Prime Minister of England. As Foreign Secretary, however, he has a connection with contemporary politics which is only surpassed by that of the First Minister of the Crown, and which, during the stormy days that may be in store for us in the near future, will cause him no little care, trouble, and anxiety. It is needless to deny that the

BAILIE, like the other members of the Tory party, would feel more confidence were the reins of office held by a constitutionalist rather than by a supporter of Mr Gladstone. But of all the members of the present cabinet he regards the Foreign Secretary as the minister possessing the greatest measure of tact and prudence, as the minister who, in times of danger and difficulty, is the most capable of enabling the ship of the state to avoid both the shoals and the quick-sands of foreign politics, and of preserving unharmed the proud position which the country occupies with regard to the other nations of Europe. The suavest, the most debonaire of statesmen, Lord GRANVILLE is also the statesman, of all the others in the Liberal ranks, who can best unveil the weakness of an opponent, or convert a waverer into a close and sure ally, and these are the qualities which, in the "comedy of Continental politics," are the most likely to gain attention and respect for him who can bring them into operation.

THE GOOD THINGS OF THIS LIFE.

(*Dramatis personæ*: the youthful heirs of two merchant princes whose "papas" have just bought mansions at the west-end.)

1st Youthful Heir—My papa's house is better than your papa's.

2nd Youthful Heir—It isn't better, for my papa's house has a varandah.

1st Y. Heir—Oh! but my papa's has a mortgage!

FROM "BURNS'S" POEMS.
When Turkey-red met Lib'ral "red,"
Petitions farce fell through;
When cast the die the case fell dead—
"True blue" "did" Kill-my-hue.

A Cockney medical student writes to ask if our humorous Animile is of the same species as the 'os humerus. Without making any bones about it we answer in the negative.

Our respected "grandmother," speaking on Thursday of the newly constructed railway to the summit of Mount Vesuvius, and having described the possibility of the leading chains giving way in the ascent, adds, "But the venture is likely to prove remunerative to the undertakers." Ominous prediction!

Convention of Royal Burrows—A cluster of rabbit holes at Balmoral. He-haw!

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

Bitter.

"Here,
With my beer,
I sit,
While golden moments flit," &c.—*Geo. Arnold.*

SING,
Sing it o'er,
And bring
One bottle more,
Of such good store,
To drink
The poet's health
And wish him wealth
Of songs like this.

Dull care,
I wis,
May think
We'll spare
One thought on him;
And peeping o'er our shoulder,
(Fruitless whim!)
Sees in the glass,
We pass,
Filled to the brim,
His wrinkled face grow older.

Sing,
Sing it o'er,
Encore,
I ne'er before
Knew half the charms of beer,
Till here
I sit and drink,
And little think—
O ill prepared!—
Of how the score
Is to be squared.

"IN THE WRONG SHOP."

Landlady (to lodger)—Weel, Maister M'Taggart, whit kin' o' steak will I get ye the day. Ye said that cheap stuff ye got yesterday wisna guid.

Lodger—Oh, any kind you like; bring in a sweepstake if you can get one.

Landlady—A sweep stake? A' richt, I'll just get it when am oot.

[She goes on her errand to the butcher's accordingly.]

A "OUIDA'S" WEED.—*Punch* asks, "What shall we do with Ouida? "Weed her," he says. The advice seems ambiguous. Does Mr P. mean the excision of objectionable portions of the text? Or does he hint darkly at penitential sables? If the former, we should say, remarks the Animile—who has had a fit of "the morals" consequent on the champagne carouse which followed the withdrawal of the Dumbartonshire election petition—"reform it altogether," and if the latter, is not the home-spun fabric of her invention an "inky cloak" enough?

Bicycles, with all the latest improvements, our own make, and guaranteed.—The Howe Machine Co., (Limited), 60 Buchanan Street.

The Disappointed Witness.

A COMEDIETTA OF THE DAY.

(The Brighton of Scotland. Enter Liberal Election Agent and Brightonian Witness.)

Witness—Div ye really mean tae tell me, Maister Sherp, that the petition's withdrawn?

Agent—Yes, it was withdrawn this forenoon.

Witness—An' there'll be nae mair aboot it?

Agent—No.

Witness—Dear me. (Heaves a heavy sigh.)

Agent—Oh! by the way, James, you'd better take your expenses. (Gives him five shillings.)

Witness—(Aghast) My—my expenses! Five shillin's for my expenses! What do ye mean Mr Sherp? Am I to get nae mair than five shillin's?

Agent—Well you know James we called no witnesses, and you were therefore put to no trouble—indeed, I may say that the five shillings is simply found money to you.

Witness—Fund siller! Aye, aye. Weel Maister Sherp ye may tell your man that he'll no need to come here ony mair. We were a' willin' tae dae oor best for 'im, an' gie ony evidence he lik'd, but this settlin' up, an' daein' naething for naebody, 'ill never fit ava. A suppose a'll need tae tak the five shillin's, bit it's no whit a' should a' got—its no indeed. Gude day tae ye Maister Sherp, an' min' an' tell yer man that he'll no need tae come here ony mair.

Agent—Good day, James. Better luck next time. [Exeunt.]

SUCH "PLAYS ALONE SHOULD PLEASE A BRITISH EAR."

Now all the rage the Foreign stage,
The British nowhere; you must go where
Only such as French and Dutch
Are nightly play'd. Done-up, decay'd,
And in a rot way, Shakspeare, Otway.
Else take to where Italians sing,
Italian air, Italian tongue—
The Operatic's so ecstatic,

Its shrieks, and shouts, and squeaks, and howls,
Deane, Goldsmith, Sheridan, and Knowles,
Those dramas drown, wit-, wisdom-laden,
That Garrick, Kemble, Faucit play'd in.
The British drama shirk and shut up,
The Foreign—underline, and put up.

A "FELINE" REMARK.

Angy (to Edwin—they are passing a blind Bible reader)—How pathetically that man reads.

Edwin—Yes, very feelingly.

BICYCLES. Riding taught. Makers, Agents, Repairers of Bicycles; Suppliers of Saddles, Oil Cans, Springs, Alarm Bells, &c. West of Scotland Bicycle Co. Show Rooms, 104 Renfield St., Works, 67 East Howard St.

On 'Change.

TRAMWAYS have been much in the public eye during the last week or two. Since I last adverted to these concerns there has been a settlement of the dispute between the Glasgow and the Vale of Clyde Companies. The settlement, however, has been brought about in the same way as the disposal of the Dumbartonshire election petition. Mr J. W. Burns threw up the sponge in Dumbartonshire and calmly ate the leek. Mr John Duncan performed exactly the same exploit in Cambridge Street.

It seems to me that Mr John Duncan, the Secretary of the Glasgow Tramways Company, cannot be accepted as a living specimen of the polite letter writer. His letters to Mr Mair, of the Vale of Clyde Company, were not marked by that manly straightforwardness which might be expected from an equitable business man. They rather suggest a desire to go about the bush and fence a good deal. Many of life's transactions are carried on by means of skillful diplomacy, but it is not diplomacy of this kind which will sweeten existence or make the wheels of commerce work smoothly.

There is nothing absolutely repulsive in the struggle for existence, even though the struggler should be merely a limited liability company, but under all circumstances people ought to fight fairly. No fairness was perceptible in this attempt of the larger company to coerce the smaller. The transaction looked as if the company with the terminable lease, and little or nothing laid past against the expiry of the contract, wished to acquire a property held in perpetuity and so consolidate its position.

Mr Duncan had a better cause to plead when he assailed the Presbytery. That reverend body was unfortunate in its method of dealing with the question brought up the other day, and it seems hardly fair that men who do not keep carriages, and cannot afford cabs, should be deprived of a penny ride to church in a tramway car.

Tramways are wanted in Gothenberg, it appears, but it is not clear that the British public have much to do with them. Investors on this side the North Sea ought to see that they have good security if they advance funds at all. If the hardy Norseman or the jovial Swede wants a tramway system, and has not sufficient money to organise one, let him subscribe for ordinary shares and give British capitalists a preferential claim over the road. That seems but fair, and had investors gone upon a principle of this kind with respect to American railways, a good many millions of valuable cash might have been saved to them.

Last week's settlement on the Stock Exchange was what a friend of mine designated "a caution to snakes." He did not mention why snakes should be cautioned by a fall in Readings or an idiotic bear operation in Calleys, but I have no doubt that some snakes were so seriously bitten themselves that the sting is out of them for the next month or two at any rate.

If a man, or a confederation of men, sell more of a particular article than actually exists, relying upon a lucky turn of the market to lay the stock in cheaply, no surprise need be felt should the speculators over-reach themselves and tumble into hot water. Last week's iron market was a good illustration. People had become tired of buying warrants at 55s to sell them at 45s, and so they stood to the right about and sold warrants at 45s with the view of buying them back at 35s. A wise man from the east—not to say Leith—was among the sanguine and fickle mob. Little wonder that he got hit so hard, for the man who sells what he has not got, at prices which do not recompense the producer, can hardly be described as an object of sympathy. SCRUTATOR.

THE STRONG WOMAN OF THE WILDERNESS.

She—I shall take this car home.

He—Oh! pray don't! Let it take you home.

PIG-IRON WARRANTS—STOCKS AND SHARES.—Macgregor & Co., Stock and Share Brokers, and Iron Brokers, 136 Buchanan Street, Glasgow, offer Special Facilities to those desirous of Speculating for the Rise or Fall of Markets.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—Mr Bernard has arranged for a six night's production, at the Gaiety Theatre, of the ever popular "Cloches de Corneville." The cast is one with which we are all familiar—Mr John Howson repeating his famous impersonation of *Gaspard*, Mr Barret being *The Bailie*, and Misses Mulholland and Wentworth *Germaine* and *Serpolette*.

This day fortnight—Monday the 28th inst.—has been set apart for the benefit, at the Gaiety, of Mr S. H. Austin, when Fred. Sidney and Joe Eldred and T. W. Benson, not to speak of Miss Carrie Lee—the *St. George* of Mr Glover's celebrated pantomime of "St. George and the Dragon," Mr Lloyd, and Mr W. S. Vallance will take part in a special series of performances.

Mural advertising, especially of the pictorial kind, must in many cases be an expensive means of catching the public eye. That eight sheet double-demy poster showing the Miser Scene in *Les Cloches des Corneville* cost Mr Bernard £200 for a not very large number. It is the work of Mr Robert Arthur, our townsman, who has quite a national reputation as a draughtsman and colourist in wall-poster subjects.

Mr Walter Bentley begins a six nights' engagement this evening at the Prince of Wales Theatre. He will appear in the double role of *Lesurques* and *Dubosc*, the good and evil figures in the old Porte St. Martin drama of the "Courier of Lyons." Considerable interest attaches to the occasion, this being the first time, for a series of years, that Mr Bentley has played a leading part on our local "boards." He has now and again supported Mr Irving, and Mr Sothern, and Miss Bateman, and has given universal satisfaction, as well in characters like *Asa Trenchard*, as in romantic and Shakespearian figures like *Moray* and *Clarence*. Now, however, he challenges the verdict of the public on his performance of a part, or rather two parts, of the first importance. In *Dubosc*, besides, he measures himself against some of the greatest of his predecessors—against Charles Kean and Harry Webb and Edmund Glover among the dead, and Mr Henry Irving among the living.

It is useless, of course, to attempt any forecast of a theatrical performance, but it is at least safe to say that the picture of the French robber supplied by Mr Bentley will be powerful and striking, that his outlines will be sharply defined, and that his colours, if somewhat sombre, will be massive and imposing.

I don't think that sufficient justice has been done by our local critics to the very excellent manner in which "Duty," the piece at present occupying the boards of the Royalty Theatre, is performed by Mr Paget and his company. The role played by the manager himself, that of *Sir Geoffrey Deene*, is one of the most difficult imaginable, so lightly does it require to be handled, and yet so much earnestness and passion are now and then needed for its proper delineation. Mr Paget, however, proves himself quite equal to the demands of the character. He hits the happy mean; he is neither too gay nor to *larmoyant*. There is a mingled directness and ease about his style which enables him acting to tell with capital effect. Mr Medicott is another actor who deserves special mention. The original *John Hammond* at the London Prince of Wales Theatre was Mr Arthur Cecil, who has nothing in common, either in appearance or manner, with Mr Medicott, but yet the latter has adapted himself so carefully to the part that it now "fits him," as the saying is, "like a glove."

Mr Knapp has organised a capital company for the performance of the Dickens drama of "Little Em'ly," which he will produce at the Royalty on Monday next. The *Micawber* of the cast will be our old friend Mr David Fisher, while Mr Hilton, to whose excellent acting in the role of *Roderick Dhu* I called attention a week ago, has been cast for *Peggotty*. New scenery is being prepared for the piece by Mr Robert Smythe.

The visit of Mademoiselle Beatrice's Comedy-Drama Company to the Royal Princess's Theatre concludes on Saturday next, and to-night, and up till Thursday, "The Mother," a

piece which has met with the utmost acceptance in London and elsewhere, will be produced. While last week's houses at the Royal Princess's were capital ones. Mr Beryl, there is every likelihood, will be at least as fortunate in the coming as he was in the previous six nights.

Mr Frank Harvey, the manager and director of the Company, will take his benefit, by the way, at the Princess's Theatre on Friday evening, when the *piece de resistance* will be his melodrama of "The Workman."

Writing to me from London, Mr Colin Rae Brown says that he has been engaged for a considerable period in the preparation of a complete edition of the works of James Macfarlan. The task was begun at the request of the late Mr William Logan, the literary executor of Macfarlan, and Mr Brown proposes, when the book is completed, to dedicate it to the Directors of the Glasgow St. Andrew's Society, "who, together with the ever-generous 'W. W.', have agreed to relieve him of a considerable amount of the responsibility which the publication involves."

The article in *Cassell's Magazine* this month on the formation of Shakspeare Clubs is from the pen of the Secretary of the Monday Shakspeare Club. As has already been mentioned in the *Athenaeum*, at the close of its winter session, and in consequence of its success, the club determined to increase its membership, which is still, however, as limited as a club for reading should be. A Shakspeare Library for the use of the members is being formed.

Luss, by the bye, was the scene, t'other evening, of a great political gathering, when friends and foes, "in one red ruin blent," celebrated the withdrawal of the Dumbarton election petition by draining mighty draughts of—well, not exactly of pure Loch Lomond. Why the Orr Ewing-Burns agents and their associates should have deserted Helensburgh for Luss is one of those things "that no fella can understand." There is no question, however, about the desertion having taken place, and also, that what was a loss to the Helensburgh hotel-keepers, was a source of abundant gain to "mine host" of the Luss Inn.

The annual outing of the Burns-Waverley Club is to take place on the last Thursday of the present month. This year the members propose to visit Luss—dining in Mr M'Nab's comfortable, old-fashioned inn, driving to Helensburgh in the evening, and returning to the city by the late train.

Surely it can't be true that the head dominies under the Brod—with the notable exception of Garnethill—are going to dispense with the closing exhibition so much looked forward to both by parents and pupils. Can it be that they think to rile the members by depriving them of the chance of displaying their verbose pomposity? Or has the new scale of emoluments, I wonder, got anything to do with this queer conspiracy of these still very raw masters. Surely these gentlemen are not such fools as advisedly to put their heads into the lion's mouth.

What a day our Industrial School inmates had last Thursday! With their capital brass band of Lilliput performers they made a brave turn out. The visit to the kindred institution, the "Cumberland," was a happy thought. The embryo tars "manned" the yards and swarmed aloft and aloft, making quite a lively and picturesque display. When I state that one of your "Men you Know," Mr Walker of Lethamhill, was the head and front of the outing, you guess that we must have had an out-and-out good time.

I am glad to find that the hint I threw out some time ago anent the scraggy condition of the subject on the signboard of "The Peesweep" has been acted upon by a "Seestu" artist. By the way, what about "the bonnie wee well!" I thought Mr Lamont and his confreres of the Ballad Club were to have seen to the much needed repairs months ago. Whence this thushness?

The fiasco at Helensburgh last Tuesday was a splendid topic for all the would-be wits about town, but a bitter pill for the Glasgow Liberals and lawyers. Mr J. W. Burns will have the pleasure of paying for leading his party a dance which will in all probability end his career, at least in the West of Scotland, as a politician, and if his advisers could only have heard a trifle of the pleasant things that were being said about their skill in engineering the petition to unseat Mr Orr Ewing, they would "swear off" electioneering.

—o—
Edwards' Diorama is about to open in Newsome's Circus for a short season. This is the show, I believe, that used to be ciceroned by Washington Friend.

—o—
The Riesling Wines of Bellye—what a vintage, to be sure, for our budding athletes—have been secured by the famous wine merchant, Mr Max Greger, who is represented in Glasgow by Messrs Adams & Hodge, of St. George's Place. Give Messrs Adams & Hodge a call, BAILIE, next time you are in the vicinity of the Stock Exchange.

A Distinction with a Difference.

TWO labourers were digging the other day at a spot somewhat less than a hundred miles from Clarkston Toll. They were helping to lay the foundation of a house, and in the course of their work they unearthed a small box. Cautiously opening the same they were horrorstruck to perceive what they took for the skeleton of an infant. They scrambled out of the hole with extraordinary activity, and summoned the local constable—a newly caught Celt, who happened at the moment to be sound asleep, and who consequently responded to the call of duty in no very amiable frame of mind. When he had carefully viewed the remains, after the manner of a coroner, he oracularly and indignantly exclaimed "Hech, sirs, tat thing has peen a cat, did ye'll think it were a peastie?"

NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

(Scene—Broomielaw, Glasgow.)

Irishman (to citizen)—Shure now, sir, can yez tell me where I can get a mael?

Citizen—A mail! Is't the *Daily Mail* or the *Royal Mail* ye would like?

Irishman—Well, sir, it is jist a mael for to ate and nothin' to pay.

Citizen—Something to eat and naething tae pay! Ye had better gang awa' back to Ireland agin; we canna get up sic a thing as a faeman' in Glesky.

Why are silent people like their own mouths? Because they hold their tongues, of course.

"Smelling Salts"—Sailors' odorous of rum and tobacco.

Done in Cold Blood—Black puddings.

Sublime Porte—The crusted article.

Draw it Mild!

IT is really too bad of Mr Moir. Considering that it was he who—with the assistance of Mr Alexander M'Dougall and one or two others, more or less important—killed the late Government, it would be but seemly to display a spirit of generous magnanimity—to refrain from trampling on the fallen and slaying the slain. The ex-Bailie, however, seems to be animated by the spirit of the clog-shod Lancastrian, and dances over his prostrate enemies in the most vicious manner. His latest manifestation is to compare "Beaconsfield and his associates" to the Glasgow landlords—which is going a little too far. Why, we shall next have him likening the ex-Ministry to the Glasgow police!

A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

(Scene—Gravesend, after the yacht race; Vanduara at anchor; 'Arry in great force in a number of small boats).

'*Arry* (to able seaman on board the Vanduara)—'Ullo, Scottie, did yer win the race?

Yachtsman—Ou aye, man, did ye think we cam' here tae loss?

"WANTING INFORMATION."

English Tourist (to Pat)—Now, Pat, supposing a gentleman were to give you a shilling, what would you say?

Pat—Shure and I'd put it in my pocket. Wur yer honour goin' to thry the experiment?

E. T.—You are a smart fellow. How many children like you did your parents rear?

Pat—Well, sor, in the first place let me ax yez the question, How do you know whether my parents ever had any childer?

[Collapse of tourist.]

Why, says Bauldy, is an old thoroughfare in Glasgow like a she-ass?—Because, he rejoins, it's *the Belle o' the Brae*.

Why, inquires Peter, are most people reluctant to give evidence in a court of justice? Becuz they're *sweart* tae dae't, retorts Bauldy.

A Malt-ese Cross—A mixture of "Bitter" and "Mild."

Railway Anomaly—The longer it's made the more it's a-bridged.

An Amusing "Story"—The minister of Roseneath.

"A Strong Favourite"—Aqua vitæ.

List Slippers—Deserters.

Music Hall Sketches.

No. 2.—THE AUDIENCE AT THE ROYAL BRUNETTE.

THE Royal Brunette is rather an aristocratic place, as such places go. All is quiet, decorous, leisurely, calm. Anything like boisterous mirth or hearty enjoyment would be as much out of place as in a cathedral. Everything and everybody—including the waiters and the boy with the programmes—are characterized by that repose that marks the caste of Vere de Vere. The man who takes your money at the door has all the grave severity of a Free Kirk elder presiding at the plate; and the haughtiest bar-maid at a railway restaurant could not excel the check-taker in frigid indifference.

The majority of the audience are specimens in various stages of development of that wondrous animal the young man about town. There is the half-fledged class, of which Jones is a representative. He is continually stroking the place where his moustache may possibly be in the course of time, and has even been known to run the risk of acquiring a permanent squint by desperate efforts to wear an eyeglass. After much preliminary suffering, he is now able to drink a brandy-and-soda without wiping his eyes after each cautious mouthful. He tries to appear on the most intimate terms with the chairman, and, when that great man is in a complaisant mood, he sometimes gets a nod of about three quarters of an inch in reply to his effusive greeting.

Then there is the Brown type. Brown is still called by courtesy a young man, but I should think his right to the title must be at least twenty years old. He has got to the time of life when a man is very particular about the quality of his liquor and his tobacco, and I fancy he continues to haunt the Royal Brunette more because it forms a connecting link with the dead past than because of any positive enjoyment he finds in the process. He despises the Jones class and all their works, and loses no opportunity of pouring contempt on them in savage profusion, forgetful of the fact that he himself once upon a time passed through the Jones stage.

Then there is the class that Smith represents. Smith passes his life in a feverish effort to make people forget that he keeps a shop. To this intent he wears purple and fine linen, patent leather boots, scent on his handkerchief, two watches—or at least a chain that goes into two pockets—countless rings on his fingers, and, for anything I know to the contrary, bells on his

toes. He chews a toothpick all evening, in order to announce the fact—or fiction, I don't know which—that he dines late. And after all, the struggle is in vain, for everybody knows all about the shop; and—most humiliating of all—Smith knows that they know it.

However widely Jones, Brown, and Smith differ in most respects, there is at least one point of resemblance. "Sweetly unlike, but yet alike in this"—they all are bored. They don't enjoy the performance—they tolerate it. Their faces do not express delight, but long-suffering.

The Royal Brunette is a favourite resort of the strangers within our gates; and the demeanour of these foreigners from England and elsewhere is most amusing. They enter with their hats knowingly on one side, and with a rollicking and out-for-the-evening sort of air. They twirl cigars gracefully between their fingers, and sit down with the evident intention of being amused. But the sombre genius of the place is too much for them. As the minutes crawl heavily along you can positively see them become sadder and wiser men, and at length they sneak out with the depressed appearance of a poor relation whose name has not been mentioned in the will, or of a man who holds iron at sixty-five shillings. And this is the sort of thing that many good folks consider reckless dissipation!

PANURGE.

SOLD.

Scene—The New World Tea and Sugar Depot. Our enterprising American cousin has started business amongst us, and is looking over his first lot of sugar (advertised by flaming poster in window as "soo-perb"), when the traveller from whom he has ordered it happens to call.

Jonathan (loq.)—Have just been overhauling that lot of what you call in your invoice "Sugar." As there aint enough o' saccharine matter in it for sweetening, nor sufficient sand for building purposes, I guess, Britisher, it aint o' no manner o' use!

"SIR," SAID DR JOHNSON.—There are now so many (k)nights about that it seems as if we were going to have another turn of "the Dark Ages." The chief magistrate of Truro had it laid on much more rapidly than had the C. M. of—another place.

"Twixt Axe and Crown"—'Tween felling an oak and advising a Queen.

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 greatest collapse of the century was that of the Dumbartonshire Election Petition.

That certain of the broadsheets which published the charges of bribery and corruption are "quaking in their boots."

That the Magistrates visited Shuna last week.

That the Shuna trip is one of their perquisites.

That the Cowglen meeting has come to a close.

That the gathering has been anything but successful this year.

That the causes for this are somewhat difficult to account for.

That the weather has been magnificent.

That both entries and visitors have been few and far between.

That pot-hunters were conspicuous by their absence.

That the Council did everything to make the gathering attractive.

That in all probability we have heard the last of the Cowglen Rifle Meeting.

That the citizen-soldiers have themselves to blame.

That there is a rift in the lute of our City Members.

That even in the happiest of families there are occasional moments of unhappiness.

That the warm weather is having the usual effect on the river.

That you may appoint Sewage Commissions and Select Committees if you will, but the smells of the Clyde will cling to it still.

That the incidence in school vacations calls for the attention of the dominies.

That while some academies are closed in May, others keep open until the end of June.

That several begin work at the beginning of August, and the rest some time in September.

That the Day Industrial School has at length been officially "inspected."

That no scholar was presented higher than Standard II.

That this is a good, a very excellent good result.

WHIAUR TWA DOORS STEEK AE DOOR OPENS.—Light-houses may no longer shine on the Town Council, yet there's "welcome" in Shuna.

A Game Bill—The Home Secretary.

THE ARGYLE BATHS, 366 Argyle Street, is the Largest Public Bathing Establishment in Scotland. Warm Baths, 6d, 9d, & 1s; ready daily, from 7 a.m. to 9 p.m. One trial solicited.

High Jinks at Greenock.

WE are threatened with a "working-man congress" at Greenock on the subject of the sugar duties. Some of those who are expected to take part in the deliberations are operatives who will come from Bristol, London, and elsewhere, and certain of our local trades' leaders are understood to have likewise made up their minds for a week's holiday on the occasion. How noble! how disinterested! What anxiety to spend and be spent solely in the interests of the public! These philanthropists labour, of course, without fee or reward from either West Indian planters, or any others connected with the trade they are seeking to influence—shall the BAILIE say improve?

L'ENFANT TERRIBLE AGAIN.

(Scene—A rural villa; Parish clergyman has called and been shown into the drawing-room which Tommy gleefully enters.)

Clergyman—What's this you've got, dear? Oh, what a pretty picture book!

Tommy—Aunt Jane gave it me on my birthday.

Clergyman—How very kind of her; I hope you will take great care of it.

Tommy—But I have a number of other presents.

Clergyman—Have you? What a lucky little fellow you are.

Tommy (just as his mamma enters the room)—Yes, mamma says I'm like the clergy; I'm always getting! [Tableau.]

EWING-BURNS—BURNS-EWING.

Let Whig an' Tory a' agree,
Sae baith let us withdraw, man,
I'll aff wi' you, gin ye'll wi' me,
Syne scandal cheat and law, man.
The gossips we'll let wait awae,
An' "Lords" we'll let awa', man,
Syne linen gin it dirty be,
To "try"—there's nane ava', man.

With Compliments to Mr Gladstone—A free translation of "Nemo me impune lacessit"—*Hands Off*.

A "Free Breakfast Table"—Morning rations in a police office.

What our soldiers are doing in Afghanistan—Ghan-aff.

Urbe in Rus—"Pen and Pencil" in Luss.

BICYCLES.—One 44-in. Challenge, £6 10s.; and one 46 in. Excelsior, £6 10s.; both these Machines as good as new,—The Howe Machine Co., 60 Buchanan Street.

STUART CRANSTON & CO.,

TRAINED TEA-TASTERS,

ARE OFFERING THE BEST VALUE IN SCOTLAND.

SUPERB TEA at 2s 4d Per Lb.,

Equal to what is sold by Wholesale Grocers (so called) and West-End Co-Operative Stores at 2s 6d, 2s 8d, and 3s. Every family should test the truth of our statement.

THE CHOICEST PURE COFFEE, 1s 8d Per Lb.

MIXED COFFEE—SAME AS IN PARIS—WONDERFUL VALUE, 1s 4d.

FINEST LUMP SUGAR, 3½d; CRYSTALS, 3½d; CRUSHED, 3d; SOFT WHITE, 2½d.

76 ARGYLE STREET (QUEEN STREET CORNER.)

**“DESIDERATUM”
TROUSERS.**

When, a few months ago, we introduced this Scheme of Reform in Tailoring, it was only after its thorough practicability had been carefully matured. We felt persuaded that, to furnish gentlemen with a first-rate Pair of Trousers, made up in the very best manner and at the most moderate price possible, was indeed a great desideratum; especially when accompanied, as we resolved it should be, by a guarantee on our part that every garment would be made on the Premises by our own experienced Workmen.

Sanguine as we then felt of the result of the enterprise, we are free to confess that its rapid and complete success has both surprised and delighted us; and in order to mark our grateful appreciation of the public response, we have determined to give our Customers still better value than ever, and to submit a much Larger Variety of Fabrics from which to select. We trust in this way not only to maintain our present large turnover in “DESIDERATUM” TROUSERS, but at the same time to secure the patronage of our Customers for the other Departments of our extensive Business.

FORSYTH,

5 AND 7 RENFIELD STREET.

MITCHELL & CO.'S

Belfast OLD IRISH WHISKY, is the Purest and Best in the Market, comparison with any other Brand will prove this. Agent for Scotland—DAVID MITCHELL, 20 Hope St., Glasgow.

THE COLOSSEUM,

70 JAMAICA STREET.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,

THE LEADING HATTERS

and

MILLINERS IN GLASGOW.

The season now full on, our clients are respectfully requested to call early in the day to avoid the excessive crowding in the afternoon.

“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.)

G. C. STEWART,

ANALYST,

52 ST. ENOCH SQUARE.

MILLAR & CO.

FAMILY HATTERS,

QUEEN STREET CORNER, GLASGOW,
ARE SHEWING THEIR NEW SPRING GOODS.

See the Windows.

VICTORIA RESTAURANT,

62 GORDON STREET, & 3 RENFIELD STREET

(Opposite Caledonian Central Station),

WINES, SPIRITS, AND MALT LIQUORS

Of the Best Qualities, and Thoroughly Matured.

SPECIAL BLEND WHISKY.

BREAKFASTS, DINNERS, AND TEAS.

LARGE DINING-HALL.

SNACKS (OF ALL KINDS),6d.

M'CALL & FERGUSON, PROPRIETORS.

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 RUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

REMOVAL NOTICE.**DEWAR, MARSHALL, & CO.,** Glass and China Merchants,

Late 89 ST. VINCENT STREET,

Have now Opened their New Premises,

70 GORDON STREET,

BEST GOODS AT LOWEST PRICES.

With an Entirely New Stock.
INSPECTION INVITED.

SUCCESS AT LAST!!! THE STYLOGRAPHIC PEN

A PENCIL which writes INK, never needs Sharpening, and never Wears Out.
CALL AND INSPECT IT.

A. C. THOMSON,
Agent,
278 ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW.

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

The Argyle Rubber Company, 110 ARGYLE STREET.

FOR THE COAST—
SUMMER WATERPROOFS for Ladies and Gentlemen.
KNAPEACKS, LAWN TENNIS SETS, BATS, BALLS, AND SHOES.
SWIMMING COLLARS, SWIMMING BELTS,
BATHING CAPS, BATHING SHOES, SPONGE BAGS, &c.
PORTMANTEAUS and TRAVELLING BAGS, all Sizes.

CHARING CROSS HOSIERY WAREHOUSE.

WILLIAM DODS, 13 and 15 ST. GEORGE'S ROAD. Large, Choice, and Carefully-Selected Stock. Latest Novelties in the different Departments. All Goods of the very Best Description, and the Prices Strictly Moderate. Dress Shirts, 31s 6d, 39s, and 45s per Half-Dozen—a Perfect Fit Guaranteed. Merino Underclothing in Great Variety. Gloves, Scarfs, &c.

SAPOLIO

Is the CHEAPEST and BEST SOAP for Cleaning all Paint with and Household Utensils. It completely supersedes Emery, Bathbrick, or Rotten Stone. No household should be without it.

HAND SAPOLIO

Is the only perfect SOAP for CLEANING the SKIN.
Both the above Soaps only require to be generally known to be generally used. Sold by
J. & A. MACDONALD, 99 Renfield Street, Glasgow.
D. M'NAUGHTON, 276 Buchanan Street, and Gordon Street, Glasgow.
WM. SMEATON & CO., Pollokshields.
A. KENNEDY, 63 Bridge Street, Glasgow.
JOHN MACFIE, 14 West Blackhall Street, Greenock.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16th, 1880.

MANY sensible persons were under the impression that the petition said to have been sent to the Town Council by the Glasgow Landlords' Association was a practical joke on

the part of some would-be wags. There could not be a greater error. The document is genuine, and the result of patient, laboured, and solemn deliberation among the Directors of that distinguished body of philanthropists; and the knowledge of this fact adds very much to the joke and the enjoyment of it. Fancy for a moment any association of sane men representing to the Town Council that there is a laxity of supervision of property on the part of the police, and complaining of the inadequacy of the penalties which have hitherto been imposed to check these evils? Do the Glasgow Landlords' Association not know that the Glasgow Police force are perfection itself, and that the Magistrates are a very Liebig's extract of the same? It is an offence against a higher law than the Glasgow Police Act, to speak evil of such dignitaries. But let the Landlords be heard for their cause. They complain in their petition that there is a great deal of preventible damage and destruction caused to house and shop doors, windows, shutters, and internal fittings, stair railings, stair lights, and gas fittings, and pailings and railings; iron bell-trap covers are carried off, roofs stripped, and children chalk naughty words on the walls and play games where they ought not to be allowed. The last item in this long catalogue of woes is fit to move the most wooden nature! Where is a remedy to be found? The piteous answer of the landlords is "the police." But what is to become of the cooks and kitchen maids, the stray dogs and public-house back doors, if the "force" are to act as private watchmen and inspectors on behalf of the proprietors of all the properties in Glasgow? If the Landlords' Association object to their petition being treated as a joke, then in Councillor MOIR'S opinion it is a piece of impertinence. In the interest of the landlords the police every day infringe on the ancient liberties of the citizens by preventing moonlight fittings, and in this way help them most materially to get their rents; but it is too much for the landlords to ask to be relieved of taking care of their own property without paying a farthing towards the expense of watching it. Impertinence is the word, Mr MOIR.

- Motto for the "George Hotel" George Square
—"They also serve who only stand and wait."
- Sea "Weeds"—Drunken ship-captains.
- Fugitive Pieces—Retreating artillery.
- A Pleading Diet—Begging for bread.

Waking Up.

THERE is amusement, not unmixed with a dash of sympathetic melancholy, to be derived from contemplating the manner in which various ardent supporters of our heaven-sent Government watch the changing chameleon hues imparted by contact with the front Ministerial bench. Take our dear friend Dr Cameron, for instance—he whom Granny kindly described last week as our “middling” representative, “seeing that he is neither the senior nor the junior.” The Doctor has for some time had sundry trifles weighing on his mind, in the shape of hay, porter, raisins, arrowroot, coal-boxes, warming-pans, and other “pretty little tiny kickshaws,” regarding which he desires information from the Admiralty—information long denied him, but confidently expected under a virtuous and non-Mephistophilian *régime*. Alas! Once more our friend is baffled, and is forced to admit dolefully that “the new Government is not very much better than the old.” This must be a sad awakening for the “middling” one. May it bring wisdom!

TOO SMART.

(Scene—Hosier and glover's shop, Argyle St.)

Very Smart Shopman (to customer who has just bought a scarf)—Is there anything in cuffs or collars?

Customer—No.

V. S. S.—Anything in inside clothing.

Customer (musingly)—Inside clothing.

V. S. S.—Yes, sir, we have some very nice—

Customer (interrupting)—I'll take kidney soup and a small steak.

[*V. S. S. Collapses.*]

WIDE SHOT(T)S!—The other day a lot of estimable personages took the trouble of going all the way to Shotts to inspect a “boring machine.” Needless labour! A toddle down Buchanan Street would have brought them into contact with any number of boring machines, of the most approved and efficient construction.

“ON THE X.”—A contemporary says that a certain style of dress for ladies is “arranged on the cross.” This should not be. However anxious a fair one may be to follow the fashion, she should always endeavour to dress “on the square.”

“Bound” to get on—Indentured apprentices.

BICYCLES.—A fair allowance made for Second-hand Bicycles taken in Exchange.—Howe Machine Co., (Limited), 60 Buchanan Street.

The Clerk and His Cur.

A *CAUSE célèbre* has just been disposed of at Wishaw. It seems that Mr Livingston, ex-Town-Clerk of that grimy village, possesses a staghound which one fine day took it into its head to bite a girl. The man of law was called in question for his dog's default, and it may be imagined by the profane vulgar that the case was disposed of in a few minutes. Not so. Once and again was the trial adjourned, owing to the defender's having summoned a mighty cloud of witnesses, including “all the Magistrates,” to testify to his pet's “quiet disposition.” The case has, however, been at length decided, with the result that the doughty ex-Clerk was fined 10s—“or go six days to prison.” The profane vulgar aforesaid may be inclined to wax merry over this result, and talk of mountains and mice; but to well-regulated minds the whole case suggests the lesson—a lesson which, by the way, we learned some time ago in Glasgow—that in dealing with Town Clerks, or ex-Town-Clerks, we must remember that they are not as other men, even if, in the end, we are obliged to “give” them “10s or six days.”

SOLD AGAIN.

(Station on Crieff Railway; Saturday, 7-55 a.m.)
Engine Driver (to young porter)—Archie, whit's kepping ye?

Young Porter—Och, she'll shust have tae wait, the station-maister's sellin' a ticket!

“HIS” HELP NOT WANTED.

(Scene—Street leading to a common lodging-house, 9-30 p.m.)

Tipsy Irishman (who is leaning against a lamp-post, to passer-by)—Could yiss help a poor fellow to get his lodgings for the noight?

Passer-by—No, but yonder's one who will (pointing to a policeman coming along).

[Pat tries to make off as fast as possible.]

Why, enquires an “outsider,” are the 3rd Renfrewshire Volunteers like sparrows? Because, he rejoins, they appreciate a “Crum,” and, worse than this, he laughs at his wit.

Why is a wrinkled face like a well-ploughed field? Because it is furrowed with care, of course.

Weapons of Political Warfare—Liberal and Conservative “clubs.”

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.

A Foolish Strike.

OUR friends the operative painters of the City have been out on strike for many weeks—indeed they came out at the beginning of the busy season, believing that they could easily coerce the masters into granting them their own terms. The inconvenience caused to the general public by this conduct, not to speak of the injury done to the employers, or the loss of time and money to the operatives themselves, has made the strike one of the most exasperating, as it is also one of the most wanton that has taken place in Glasgow for years. If further evidence were needed of the foolish character of the movement, it would be found in the anxiety displayed by the workmen, now that their purses are running low, to bring about what they term an amicable settlement of the dispute. It is needless to point out, in this connection, that the masters have the situation in their own hands. The busy portion of the summer is at an end, and they can easily afford to wait till the men resume work on the conditions on which they threw it up a couple of months ago. A lesson of this kind will not be lost, either on the individual class of operatives, or on the general community.

HIS MISSION.—According to the *Buteman*, Mr Walter Bentley “does much to subdue the unskilled puritanism which exists in many country districts where the people shudder at the mention of the word ‘theatre,’ as if it were a rival pandemonium, and ‘play-actors’ apprentice ministers for his Satanic Majesty’s Cabinet.” Lor! Walter, ole man! Is that your little game? Why didn’t you tell us before?

LIBERTIES WITH LICENCES.—The following advertisement appeared in the *Herald* one day last week:—“Grocer’s Licence Wanted.—Address, stating lowest price,” &c. The public are pretty well accustomed by this time to what is known as “trafficking in licences;” but isn’t this a little *too* barefaced? It would be interesting to inspect the answers received by this ingenious advertiser.

MARK YOUR LINEN

With an A. C. T. India Rubber
MONOGRAM, INITIAL, or NAME STAMP,
Prices, 2/6 and 3/6 Complete,
with Box, Pad, and a Bottle of Indelible Marking Ink.

Post Free.

A. C. THOMSON,
Mercantile Stationer,
278 ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW.

What the Greenock Folk are Saying.

THAT Naaman and his master have returned from bowing before the house of Ducie.
That they left the house quite un-warrant-ably.
That they won’t try the same game again in a hurry.
That the November clique got a free trip to London.
That there is nothing like a London trip for rewarding subservient, or gagging troublesome, representatives.
That nobody knows what half of the people were wanted for at Westminster.
That the cost of the Bill will be enormous.
That the inscription on the tombstone story is a queer one.
That there is no saying, however, what vanity will lead some men to do.
That, if true, it is a melancholy instance of human frailty.
That the unveiling of the fountain is long of taking place.
That there will be a grand display of watery lore when the event comes off.

A LEGAL TENDER.

Pat—Arrah, Tim Delaney, ye omadhaun, is it thrue ye have gone conthrairy to the law an’ married yer dissayst woife’s sither?

Tim—Howld yer whaysht, Pat Meguire. Shure, now, Biddy worn’t quote that at all at all, for by the same token she married Con Malony ather I took her sither; an’ thin poor Con died, an’ atherwards me woife died, an’ I married Biddy last waik as her dissayst husband’s widdy, so I did, which makes it quite laigal an’ not conthrairy to law; so be aff wid ye.

THROUGH GLASSES—ROSILY!—Somebody advertises his loss of a pair of spectacles in the neighbourhood of ‘Change. “Scrutator” says that if the spectacles are rose-coloured ones he thinks he knows one or two people who act as if they had found them.

“GOOSEBERRY FOOL!”—Apropos of the late official visit to the “Crozet Islands,” Tonalt wonders the explorers do not mention, among other products, those which must be most common—namely, “crozets!”

PUTTING IT “GENTEELLY.”—Somebody wants “a young man thoroughly able to push a retail shop.” By this “retail shop” that requires to be “pushed” are we to understand a hawker’s barrow?

WELL-HABITED.—An advertisement appears in the *Herald* for a housekeeper “of superior habits.” Does this mean that she must dress “up to the knocker?”

“Put me in my Little Bed,” as the seed said to the gardener.

BICYCLES, } The “Duplex,” “Challenge,” “Club,” “Premier,” &c. On Hire with option of Purchase.
TRICYCLES, } New, Second-Hand, Fittings cheap, Jennings’s, 101 Mitchell Street.

Megilp.

SOMETHING of a "new departure" is about to be made by one of our local artists. This is James A. Aitken, who has been commissioned by a London house to paint a couple of oil pictures, which, it is proposed, shall be reproduced as oleographs. Hitherto oleographs, especially oleographs which purported to represent Scottish scenery, have been the despair of all who are interested in pictorial art. The colours have been crude and gaudy, and the outlines have had no possible relation to the mountain shapes of our native land. Very different work from this may be expected from Mr Aitken. The scenes he has selected to represent are the "Cathedral of Iona" and "Fingal's Cave," and if an intimate acquaintance with his subject is of assistance to an artist, then Mr Aitken should be specially happy in these new pictures. He has studied St. Mary's Cathedral, indeed, till he has learned the character, so to speak, of every stone in its gray tower and every carving of its great east window, and he is familiar with the Cave of Fingal under all its aspects, as well when, in calm weather, the long Atlantic swell heaves like the beating of a giant pulse along its floor, as when, driven before a southerly wind, the wild surge breaks in foam, white as driven snow, over its top-most pillars.

There can be no question as to the popularity, not only in Scotland, but in England, the States, and the Colonies as well, of oleographs of Staffa and Iona. Wonderful of themselves, these far western isles abound in memories and associations as wide as our common language and common history.

It is expected that the exhibition of works of deceased Scottish artists, to be held in Edinburgh under the auspices of the Royal Scottish Academy, will open about the 1st of October. A proposal that a selection of pictures by living artists should be incorporated in the exhibition is said to be finding considerable favour with the Council of the Academy.

The lines of all our artist friends have not fallen into such pleasant places as those of David Murray, whose life in a charming little Norman hostelry, hidden among apple blooms, was described in this column the other week. While Mr Murray's experience provided the obverse, the following page from the letter of one of his artistic brethren, who has "gone north" this summer, may be accepted as supplying the reverse of the medal:—

"I'm pretty comfortable here as far as bedding and feeding go—but there the comfort ends. The household includes three children, who spend four-fifths of the day, and if anything rather more of the night, in yelling at the very top of their not very musical voices. As if this, moreover, were not enough, the landlady seems to pass the major portion of her existence—from morning till night it lasts, and night till morning—in 'pitching-into' the servant-girl, who takes care, in return, to reply to everything her mistress says—both of them shouting, of course, all the time, as loud as ever they can.

"As nothing but a single board, half-an-inch in thickness, separates me from this interesting household, you can, or rather you can't imagine the state of nervous excitement I occasionally get into. It sometimes seems as if I were living in a menagerie, every beast in which had toothache, colic, cramp, and hydrophobia all rolled into one, and that each of them was engaged in giving a free expression to his opinion on the subject of his individual ailments.

"Fortunately the weather is fine and I'm not much inside the house, but should you hear, some nice morning, of a frightful tragedy in this neighbourhood—say the drowning of the inn-keeper and his entire family in the loch, you may set it down as an act of justifiable homicide on the part of yours truly."

Writing all the way from Alnwick, a correspondent calls attention to the circumstance that the artist who illustrated Mr Walker's *Graphic* history of Glasgow was J. R. Brown, a gentleman who has a species of paternal connection with this city. His father, Mr John Brown, who is a native of the Gallowgate, spent his early life in Maxwell Street. For many years, however, he has occupied the position of chief of the wood carvers at Alnwick Castle, and it was here that his son was born. The

younger Brown received his art education at South Kensington, and immediately on leaving the classes there he was fortunate enough to gain the position on the artistic staff of the *Graphic* which he still retains.

The Dudley (London) Black and White Exhibition was opened on Saturday, and promises to be a monetary, as it is certainly an artistic success. "I was happy," says a correspondent in the great metropolis, "before I had been long in the room, to see one of the attendants busily engaged in sticking little black stars on frame after frame, the star being the shorthand note for 'this is sold.'" The finest picture in the exhibition is "Le Chœur de Notre Dame de Paris," a figure piece by Lhermitte, but a Suffolk landscape by Aumonier is also very good. Colin Hunter is represented by an etching of the upright "Sea-Shore" painting he contributed to the recent exhibition of our local Institute, and Hamilton MacCallum by a charcoal sketch of his "Water Frolic." Robert Macbeth and David Law are among the other exhibitors whose names are known in Glasgow.

SAVE US FROM OUR FRIENDS.

(Scene—Shop in Glasgow after a fire.)

Foreman (to master)—That was a gey job we had last nicht pittin' oot the fire, you'll be gaun to stan' me something han'som' for savin' your property.

Master—Savin' ma property! Had it no been for your confooned stupidity I wud'a made a sma' fortune.

A "Sign" of Improvement—The repainted "Peesweep" at the Gleniffer hostelry.

T H E G A I E T Y
Proprietor and Director,Mr C. BERNARD.
MR C. BERNARD'S COMPANY
in PLANQUETTE'S Celebrated Opera,
LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE.

Box Office Open Daily from 10 till 4.

General Manager,.....Mr SAM. H. S. AUSTIN.

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE.
TO-NIGHT, and during the Week,
MR WALTER BENTLEY, supported by a Powerful Company,
In a New Translation of

THE COURIER OF LYONS,

Concluding with the Petite Comedy,

OLD AND YOUNG ENGLAND.

Box Office open from 11 to 4. Prices, 6d to 4s.
Second Price at Nine o'clock to all parts except Gallery.

BRITANNIA MUSIC HALL,
115 TRONGATE STREET,

Pre-eminently the most Popular Place of Amusement in Glasgow.

Unequaled variety of Novelties and Fresh Stars each Week.

Proprietor and Manager—H. T. ROSSBOROUGH.

For Particulars see Bills.

LIBRAIRIE ETRANGERE.
FOREIGN and ENGLISH BOOKS of All Kinds.
English, French, German, Italian, and Spanish Grammars,
Dictionaries, Novels, &c., at Low Prices. Zola's "Nana."
CORNER OF CATHEDRAL AND BUCHANAN STREETS.

ROYALTY THEATRE,
 Lessee and Manager.....Mr E. L. KNAPP.
 TO-NIGHT (TUESDAY), 15TH JUNE, and following
 Evenings, at 7-30,
 Mr F. M. PAGE T,
 And his COMEDY DRAMA COMPANY in
 "D U T Y,"

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.
 MAIN STREET, SOUTH SIDE, GLASGOW.
 Sole Lessee and Manager,.....Mr H. CECIL BERYL.
 Crowded Audiences. Unprecedented Success.
 LAST WEEK OF
 M D I L E. BEATRICE'S
COMEDY-DRAMA COMPANY,
 Under the Management of MR FRANK HARVEY.
 TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, and THURSDAY,
 JUNE 15, 16, and 17,
THE MOTHER,
 (First Time in Glasgow).
 FRIDAY FIRST, JUNE 18, BENEFIT OF MR FRANK HARVEY.
 Grand Production of this Company's Latest Success,
THE WORKMAN.
 SATURDAY, JUNE 19, LAST NIGHT.
 MONDAY, JUNE 21,—MR GEORGE LEITCH AND
 COMPANY in a Powerful Drama, entitled
MAD REVENGE.

In the Royal Exchange Sale Rooms, on Wednesday and Thursday, 16th and 17th June.
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 ;
 Also, a Few Sets Richly Painted Vases,
 Executed by the best Artists in Staffordshire.
 (Specially Selected for a First-class Trade and Consigned for
 absolute Sale).

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. are instructed to
 Sell the above by Auction, in their Rooms, North Court,
 St. Vincent Place, on Wednesday and Thursday, 16th and 17th
 June, commencing each day at Twelve o'clock prompt.
 On View Mornings of Sale.
 Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 14th June, 1880.

BRANDY, WHISKY, TEAS, AND
GROCERIES.
 As supplied to Best Families throughout Scotland.
SPECIAL.
 Choice Old COGNAC BRANDY, Guaranteed Seven 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 FINDLAY,
 Tea, Coffee, and Wine Merchant,
 160 MAIN STREET, ANDERSTON,
 AND
 427 ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW.
 Write for Price List.
 Partick Branch,
 335 DUMBARTON ROAD

On Wednesday, 16th June, in the City Sale-Rooms, 41 West Nile Street.

WINES, SILVER PLATE,
 PLATED ARTICLES, OIL PAINTINGS,
 Richly Carved DARK OAK SIDEBOARD,
 CABINET LEAF HOLDER,
 Handsomely-framed Large CONVEX MIRROR,
 REFLECTING TELESCOPES,
 Large SPECULUMS,
 BRONZE-MOUNTED MARBLE CLOCK,
 BY AUCTION.

(Removed from Lenzie, which belonged to the late Robert Hart of Cessnock, and Wines and Pictures, belonging to a Sequestered Estate, and Sold by order of Messrs W. G. & J. W. Lindsay, Accountants)

J. & R. EDMISTON will Sell, as above, in
 the City Sale-Rooms, 41 West Nile Street, on Wednesday, 16th June, at 12 Noon.
 On View Morning of Sale. Catalogues on application.
J. & R. EDMISTON, Auctioneers.

On Thursday, 17th June, in the City Sale-Rooms, 41 West Nile Street.

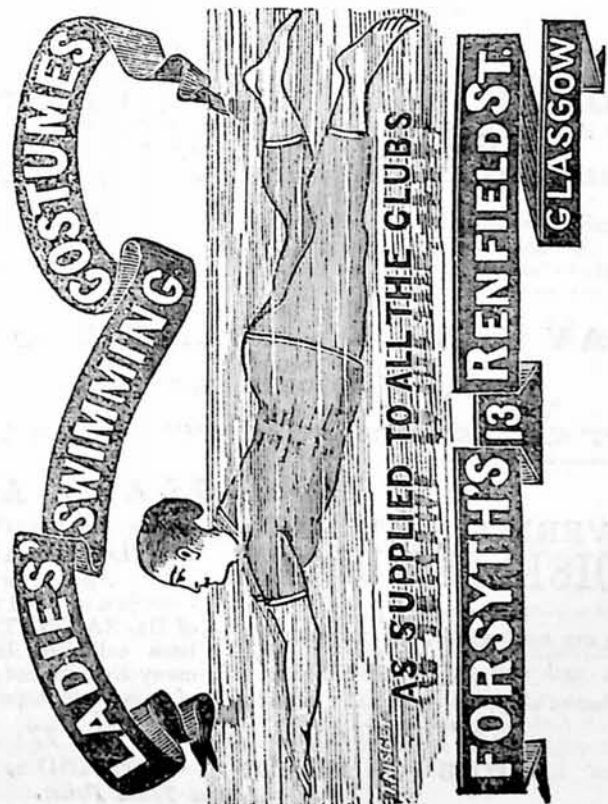
MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS :

Old Glasgow Publications, Set of *Art Union Journal*,
 Kay's Portraits, Illustrated Books, Theological Works, &c.,
 BY AUCTION.

(Which belonged to Gentleman deceased, the late Robert Hart, and others.)

J. & R. EDMISTON will Sell the above, in
 the City Sale-Rooms, 41 West Nile Street, on Thursday, 17th June, at 12 Noon.

On View Morning of Sale.
 Catalogues on application.
J. & R. EDMISTON, Auctioneers.



CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC.

COURT OF SESSION,
EDINBURGH, March, 1880.
THE PAISLEY ROAD WHISKY CASE.

HENRY THOMSON & CO., NEWRY,
against
JAMES DOWNIE BOYD,
PAISLEY ROAD, GLASGOW.

In consequence of inferior whisky having been offered for sale to the Public as ours, we were obliged in justice to ourselves and the Public to prosecute the above case to conviction, and now beg to draw attention to Lord Adam's Judgment delivered in the Court of Session, Edinburgh, on 9th March, 1880, whereby perpetual interdict, with all expenses, was granted against James D. Boyd, of Paisley Road, Glasgow, for selling, or exposing for sale, in bottles or otherwise, whisky as Henry Thomson & Co's, which was not manufactured or blended by them, the said Henry Thomson & Co.

The high reputation of this celebrated brand of Irish Whisky is well known over the Three Kingdoms, and so highly appreciated by the public generally, we feel it to be our duty not only to ourselves and customers, but to the Public, to leave nothing undone to protect their interests as well as our own, and to prevent an inferior spirit being palmed off upon them as ours.

We therefore now beg to refer them to above case as reported in the newspapers, and to the fact that the quality of this celebrated Whisky is the Finest in the Market, as proved by Analysts and Experts at this trial.

The Public will please be careful that they see each bottle bears the Trade Mark on Label, as well as a Fac-simile of the Signature of the Firm on Capsule and Brand on Cork.

HENRY THOMSON & CO.
Sole Agent for Scotland—
ROBERT BROWN,
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ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS
AND CRYSTAL PALACE PROMENADES,
BAND of 74TH HIGHLANDERS,
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Admission, Sixpence.

Subscribers admitted Free on Presenting Tickets of Membership.
Annual Family Ticket, 21s; Single Ticket, 10s 6d.
Tickets to be had at 155 West George St. and at Garden Gate.

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WORKS OF MODERN ARTISTS.

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Half-Yearly Subscription Book for Enrolling NEW MEMBERS
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No Ballot Necessary.

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ARCADE BILLIARD ROOMS,
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90 ARGYLE STREET,
Fitted up with superic new Tables, made by Cox & Yecaman of
London.
Most Central Billiard Rooms in City.

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HATTER,

(From Hunter & Co., Hatters to the Queen.)
176 ARGYLE STREET.

NEWEST SHAPES. LOWEST CASH PRICES.

DALTON & DUNCAN
PERAMBULATOR MANUFACTURERS,
150 SAUCHIE HALL STREET.

Dolls' Perambulators, Hoods, Aprons, Wheel Caps, Wood and
Spider Wheels, and every Requisite of the Trade always in Stock.

Repairs promptly attended to.

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AND LUNCHEON BAR,
92 WEST NILE STREET,
IS NOW OPEN UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT.

*BREAKFASTS, DINNERS, TEAS,
WINES AND SPIRITS.*

DAVID ADAMS, PROPRIETOR.

WILLIAM CRAIG,
WHOLESALE WINE & SPIRIT MERCHANT,
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AND
46 WEST STREET.

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W. & A. GILBEY,
WINE IMPORTERS AND DISTILLERS,
Comparison of Quality and Prices invited.

GLASS AND CHINA.

**VERNONS PATENT
NOISELESS WARE.**

We are now exhibiting samples of the
above, and can supply estimates. The
attention of shippers is specially called.

M'DOUGALL & SONS, 77 AND 79 BUCHANAN STREET,
DEPOTS FOR MINTON'S, COPELAND'S, WORCESTER, AND DRESDEN PORCELAIN.
Lowest Trade Prices. Cash Discounts Allowed.

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.

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CHINA PAINTING
BY FIRST-CLASS ARTIST
MATERIALS SUPPLIED.



GLASGOW AND INVERARAY.

The Beau Ideal Saloon Steamer
"LORD OF THE ISLES"

Sails Daily from GREENOCK for KIRN, DUNOON, WEMYSS BAY, ROTHESAY, TIGNABRUACH, and STRACHUR, connecting at Greenock and Wemyss Bay with Special Express Trains from Glasgow, as under:—

KYLES OF BUTE AND LOCHFYNE ROUTE.

Steamers	From	A.M.	Cen.	Trains, St En.	Br. St.
"Lord of the Isles."	Greenock	8.15	7.30	7.25	—
	Wemyss Bay	9.25	—	—	8.10
LOCH ECK ROUTE.					
"Lord of the Isles."	Greenock	8.15	7.30	7.25	—
	Via Dunoon.				
"Vivid,"	Greenock	8.45	8.0	8.10	—
	Via Kilmun.				
"Ivanhoe,"	*Greenock	9.45	9.0	8.55	—
	Via Dunoon.				

*This Connection to Strachur only.

Passengers have an Hour at Inveraray.

Returning from Inveraray at 2 p.m. with Passengers for both of the above Routes for Special Trains leaving Wemyss Bay at 5.45 p.m., and Greenock (Prince's Pier) at 6.25 p.m., and Custom-House Quay at 6.35 p.m., for Glasgow, Edinburgh, and the South.

For full Particulars as to the Sailings, Circular Tours, Fares, &c., see Time Bills, to be had free from GEORGE STIRLING, Chemist, Dunoon; JOHN RODGER, Chemist, Inveraray; or from

M. T. CLARK, Manager, 17 Oswald St., Glasgow.

Royal Route via Crinan and Caledonian Canals.

GLASGOW AND THE HIGHLANDS.

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS, Columba,
Iona, Chevalier, Mountaineer, Pioneer, Clansman, Clydesdale, Staffa, Islay, Glencoe, Queen of the Lake, Gondolier, Glengarry, Linnet, Lochawe, Lochiel, Lochness, Cygnet, Plover, Inverary Castle, Sail during the Season for Islay, Oban, Fort-William, Inverness, Staffa, Iona, Glencoe, Lochawe, Tobermory, Portree, Strome Ferry, Gairloch, Ullapool, Lochinver, Lochmaddy, Tarbert (Harris), and Stornoway, affording Tourists an opportunity of visiting the Magnificent Scenery of Glencoe, the Coolin Hills, Loch Coruisk, Loch Maree, and the famed Islands of Staffa and Iona.—Official Guide, 2d; Illustrated, 6d.—Time Bills, with Maps, free by post, on application to the Proprietor, DAVID MACBRAYNE, 119 Hope Street, Glasgow. (The Columba or Iona Sails Daily at 7 a.m., conveying Passengers as above.)



THE Commodious Steamer "DUNOON CASTLE" has commenced Sailing for the Season. On SUNDAY, 20th June, from Kingston dock at 10.30 a.m. for ROTHESAY and Intermediate Ports.

NEW LICENSED LUNCHEON BAR.

"The Cobden, 77 Argyle Street, is now open, with endless variety of Luncheon (Hot and Cold), Sandwiches and Pastry, and Spirits, Malt Liquors, Wines, Milk, Coffee, and Summer effervescing Drinks.
Bass and Alsons Beers on Draught.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The "PERCY" SHOE HOUSE
IS NOW OPEN,
55 ARGYLE STREET, 55
GLASGOW.

HIGH-CLASS BOOTS AND SHOES
AT MANUFACTURERS' PRICES.

Direct Saving of from 20 to 30 per Cent. under West End Prices.

BRANCH FROM TRONGATE,
C. M. PERCY, Proprietor.

PHOTOGRAPHERS TO THE QUEEN.

RALSTON & SONS,
141 SAUCHIEHALL STREET 141
AND

311 BYARS ROAD, (Opposite the Burgh Hall), HILLHEAD.

THE GLASGOW DAIRY CO. (Limited)
have much pleasure in announcing that they have made arrangements for the Daily Supply of their Dairy Produce on board the fine new Saloon Steamer "Ivanhoe" during the present Season.

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THE OLD EXCHANGE LOAN CO.,
(Established 1839.)

132 TRONGATE,

Advance money liberally on Watches, Plate Jewellery, Furniture, Books, Napery, and all portable articles of value, at Moderate Rates.

Branch Office—398 GARSCUBE ROAD.

WALL PAPERS! WALL PAPERS!!
NEW SEASON'S PATTERNS.

JAMES BIRCH & COY.,
AGENTS FOR

LONDON & LANCASHIRE PAPERHANGING MANUFACTURERS, Intimate the Arrival of their New Patterns, which for Excellence of Design, Novelty and Beauty of Colouring, and Moderation in Price, will compare favourably with any other Manufacturers.

The Wholesale Discount of 25 per cent., or Threepence per Shilling, we allow to all Cash Buyers. Proprietors, Painters, Dealers, and all who require Paper-Hangings should call at their Glasgow Warehouse,
20 GORDON STREET, GLASGOW,
before purchasing elsewhere.

SWIMMING LESSONS,
BY MR WILSON,
CROMWELL STREET BATHS,
GREAT WESTERN ROAD, AND
KINGSTON BATHS, SO. KINNING PLACE.
PAISLEY ROAD.

THE ROYAL RESTAURANT
10 AND 12 WEST NILE STREET,
C. WILSON & SON, Proprietors.

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.



ISLAY WHISKY.

W. & J. MUTTER,
BOWMORE DISTILLERY.
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CORRY & CO.'S AERATED WATERS

HAVE, since first introduced into Scotland in 1850, steadily increased in popularity, and at all the Universal Exhibitions met with unprecedented success.

To produce Aerated Beverages worthy of retaining that high position, Messrs CORRY & Co. have, with a concentration of power and devotion to the object in view, obtained for their Aerated Waters an appreciation by the Public which their Customers and patrons are assured will be their constant aim to retain and increase.

Since 1850 many mere imitators have come and gone, and many still remain; but the Public are requested to insist on having CORRY'S Waters, not imitations.

To be had at all the First-Class Hotels, Restaurants, and from Family Grocers, Wine Merchants, Chemists, &c. &c.
JOHN MERCER & CO., YORK STREET, GLASGOW, AGENTS FOR SCOTLAND.

NEW FEATURE IN FELT HATS.

The NEW FLEXIBLE (Light as a Feather),
From 2½ to 3½ ozs. Weight.

Less than half the weight of an ordinary Felt Hat.
For COMFORT and SUMMER WEAR, simply perfection,
From 5/, 7/6, 9/6, each.

JNO. D. MACARTHUR,
HOSIER, GLOVER, SHIRTMAKER, AND HATTER,
263, 265, 267 SAUCHIEHALL ST.

Novelties in Boys' Sailor Hats.

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THE TO ANANKYON

COMPANY,
THE THING WANTED,
18 BUCHANAN ST., GLASGOW,

MANUFACTURERS OF
BOOTS AND SHOES
Of all descriptions, Retail their Goods at
WHOLESALE PRICES.

LATEST LONDON AND PARIS STYLES.

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JAMES M'EWAN, RESTAURATEUR,
26 & 28 MAIN STREET, ANDERSTON.
BREAKFASTS, DINNERS, TEAS.
French Papers Daily.

WASTE PAPER, Ledgers, Letters, Book
Ropes, Bagging, Tailors' Clips—bought at PAPER
MILL STORE, 08 MAXWELL STREET, for Re-manufacture



The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 401. Glasgow, Wednesday, June 23rd, 1880. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 401.

MR RUSSELL has "discovered" that at the time of his election for Buteshire he was disqualified for sitting in Parliament. Would it not have been more creditable to have made this "discovery" a little earlier in the day, and before his opponents were put to the trouble and expense of ejecting him from his illegally-held seat? The disqualification was pointed out at the time of the election, but was laughed to scorn by the candidate and the organs of his party. Surely this line of conduct, whether it was pursued from ignorance or was the result of sheer beetle-headed stolidity calls for some direct expression of opinion on the part of the electors. Would-be senators must be taught that they cannot safely play fast and loose with constituencies after this fashion. It seems to the Magistrate, moreover, now that the ground has been cleared for another set-to, that the Radical candidate is taking the very worst way in the world to recommend himself to the constituency. Bute, like Eatanswill, is somewhat peculiar, inasmuch as everybody knows everybody else, and while the voters may be Whigs and Tories during election time, they are very good friends all the rest of the year, the end and aim of their conjoined existence being to prey, as best they can, upon their "saut-water" visitors. Mr Russell, however, first at Rothesay and then at Millport, did his best to set neighbour against neighbour and friend against friend, and to widen and perpetuate the little breaches and feuds which are incidental to an election contest, and which the wiser sort endeavour to smooth over and forget as soon as possible. It is always a blunder to call names—two can play at that game so easily, but on Thursday, and again on Friday Mr Russell

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called names, and scolded his opponents with a shrillness and a petulance which might have been passed over in a shrewish vixen, but which was astonishing, to say the least, as coming from an aspirant after a seat in the House of Commons. Happily the attitude maintained by Mr CHARLES DALRYMPLE has been in marked contrast to that assumed by his adversary. Like the lady in "Hamlet" the latter has "protested too much," while the former, as becomes a man accustomed to public life and to the usages of society, has been duly reticent and self-possessed, and has manifested a becoming measure of courtesy and good-will, as well towards those who have made up their minds to oppose him, as those upon whose countenance and support he can calculate with every measure of certainty. Mr DALRYMPLE, it must be further pointed out, is no tyro as regards Parliamentary affairs. During the twelve years he represented Bute in the House of Commons, although by no means a very frequent speaker, his speeches were yet always listened to with interest, and he was generally regarded as one of the leading authorities on everything connected with Scotland and the Scotch. Clear-headed, polished, and sensible, and the last person in the world, as he says himself, to believe in or to adopt the usual electioneering nostrums, he is a candidate of whom any constituency might well be proud. Mr DALRYMPLE has, besides, a special claim upon the electors of Bute. From his first return in 1868, till he was defeated in April last, his time and his energies were given up to their service. Every matter of local interest had his close and careful attention, and he was always "at home" to his constituents when they sought his individual aid or counsel. The coming election will be keenly contested, and so well are the two parties in the county balanced that the result is likely to be decided by a very nar-

row majority. That Mr DALRYMPLE, however, will be the new member, there can, the BAILIE believes, be little, if any doubt. We have already seen the last of the wave of Liberal feeling which passed over the country towards the end of spring. It was then fondly expected that Mr Gladstone and his friends would, by a single turn of the wrist, double the incomes of all those who had anything to sell, while, at the same time, they lowered the prices of every species of commodity by at least fifty per cent. Nothing of this has, however, occurred, and those, therefore, who, in April last, were most clamorous for a change, are precisely the people who are now the most dissatisfied with the existing Ministry. In Bute this "facing-both-ways" species of elector is sufficiently numerous to turn the scale of any electioneering contest, and to him must now be added the people whom Mr Russell's fretful susceptibility has sent into the arms of his opponent. Altogether, therefore, the election, let it come when it may, is one to be anticipated with the utmost cheerfulness by the Conservatives, not only of Bute, but of the country generally.

ONE FOR THE ANIMILE.

(Scene—Shop in Aberdeen.)

Shopkeeper—Well, Peter, where have you been?

Peter—Weel, min, I wis gist doon seein' the Prince Consort.

Shopkeeper—Oh, indeed, a fine boat; her donkey engines work well.

Peter—Donkeys be hanged! I saw them workin' wi' steam!

THE "ACTIVE AND INTELLIGENT."—If we may believe what we hear regarding the activity and intelligence of the local police, the Glenluce murderer must soon be discovered. Thus we learn from a "special reporter" on the spot that "every scrap of paper found on the public road, on which the word murder is written, is reverentially taken charge of by some member of the police force." Now, Vidocq himself would probably never have thought of that!

"The European Concert"—A first fiddle, tinkling cymbals, and any amount of brass.

Friends in Council—Quakers in Parliament.

BICYCLES. { The "Duplex," "Challenge," "Club," "Premier," &c. On Hire with option of Purchase.
TRICYCLES. { New, Second-Hand, Fittings cheap, Jennings', 101 Mitchell Street.

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

My Holidays.

AT leaf-sequestered Ormidale,
Where Ocean, belt like, girds the Kyles,
I met a lass—but time would fail
To picture all her artless wiles.

" 'Twas in the prime of summer time,"
My holidays were but begun—
I burned these mighty hills to climb,
And have my face browned by the sun.

'Twas as I halted in the pass,
To wipe the sweat-drops from my brow,
I spied this bonny Highland lass
High seated on a heathery knowe.
She sang, and as the silvery strain
Came floating down o'er birk and shaw,
Amazed, I heard the sweet refrain
Was "Bonnie lad, my plaid hauds twa."

With cautious steps I quickly scaled
The rocky space that lay between.
As I drew near her song bewailed
That no one ca'd her "bonnie Jean."
"And gin the laddie I could loe
Wad climb the hill at gloamin's fa',
He'd find my heart baith leal an' true
And that my plaid was big for twa."

I crept beneath the birken screen
In which embower'd she sat and sang,
And, laughing, whispered "bonnie Jean!"
When up the artless lassie sprang.
I caught her as she trembling fled,
She did not tell me to "gae wa',"
But sweetly blushing hung her head—
And now I'll swear that plaid hauds twa.

SWEEPING REFORM NEEDED.—Good service was done by that aggrieved "Citizen" who wrote to an evening contemporary last week complaining of the erratic hours at which the street sweeping-machines occasionally ply in our principal thoroughfares. The dead of night was formerly the time chosen by these infernal machines for their work, but now that they have taken to encroaching considerably upon the day, it is to be hoped that due attention will be paid to this nuisance in the proper quarter, and while the subject is under consideration it might be well to inquire whether some more efficient and less offensive implement cannot be found to do the work than that now in use.

At the examination of one of our local seminaries, the other day, it would seem, according to a veracious penny-a-liner, that the young ladies 'gave striking evidence of their proficiency on the piano.' Poor piano! Unhappy audience!

SOMETHING "BY OR'NAR'."—Somebody writes to ask if the Lord Ordinary is only an "or'nary" kind of Lord. The BAILIE "gibs it up" himself; but perhaps some of his legal friends will oblige with a reply.

Bicycles, with all the latest improvements, our own make, and guaranteed.—The Howe Machine Co., (Limited), 60 Buchanan Street.

On 'Change.

IT seems that I was premature in giving Mr John Duncan, the secretary of the Glasgow Tramways Company, any particular credit for his assault on the Presbytery. His remarks, it will be remembered, were designed to show that members of Presbytery were in error when they took up the question of Sunday cars, and that they made mistakes of fact in dealing with the matter. But from a letter since published, it appears that Mr Duncan was the person who misrepresented facts, and that the statements he put into the mouths of members of Presbytery were not those really made. This is extremely awkward for Mr Duncan and the Tramway directors, who ought at once to put themselves right with the public, if they can.

The Tramway directors are perfectly right in trying to accommodate and please their customers. It would be better if a little more were done in this way. Tramway officials are not polite. As a rule they are disobliging. Perhaps they take their cue from the secretary.

There are exceptions to every rule, and the other day I met a tramway guard who was really civil. As I came to the door to get out he actually said, "Shall I stop the car, sir?" I was so confounded at the unexpected courtesy that I had hardly presence of mind to say "Thank you, no," as I jumped off. "Much obliged sir, thank you," sang out my *lusus naturee*. That man is a treasure, and he ought to have his wages raised. His beat is Cranstonhill.

People who have to be much on 'Change are little beholden to the Tramway directors. Why should Tim Teckett, for example, be laid down cheaply in St. Vincent Place, while I am compelled to trudge from the upper end of Union Street. Tim's father, the old shoemaker down in Ayrshire, wrote himself Ticket, but the change of name perpetrated by young Ticket, when he came to Glasgow and became a swell, can have nothing to do with the advantages he derives from his tramway ticket. The anomaly arises from the accident of Tim Ticket's happening to live on the Great Western Road section, while I hail from Sauchiehall Street. Therein, as it appears to me, the Company does me an injustice, and I have no doubt there are plenty of other people similarly situated.

A week ago I directed attention to the idiotic plunging which has lately been going on among certain gentlemen in the pig-iron trade. A meeting has since been held of the creditors of Mr R. L. Urquhart, at which that verdant youth was subjected to a lively examination. It was resolved to take out sequestration, and this has accordingly been done. I hear that the estate shows a shilling in the pound, and that some lively proceedings may be expected when the case comes into court.

Railway stocks have been to steam again, though it is difficult to see why. At the present moment there is not a single good reason for firmness in the market, beyond the accident that money is a fraction cheaper than it was at the beginning of last week.

There is one stock that is worth attention, though it has gone down while the others were rising. The Highland Railway Company is one of those solid and rational undertakings a sensible man likes to be connected with. At the present price of 99½, it is cheap compared with those stocks that fetch an extravagant price in the mere hope that something will turn up in the future. Compared with Great North of Scotland, which is a curious kind of institution, the Highland Railway is a model of clever management. The stock is well held, and the consequence is that any of it thrown on the market comes there more by accident than otherwise.

SCRUTATOR.

A Fine Art Casting—Casting Mr Russell out of his M.P. ship.

For "Mid"-Summer—Half-and-half.

PIG-IRON WARRANTS—STOCKS AND SHARES.—Macgregor & Co., Stock and Share Brokers, and Iron Brokers, 136 Buchanan Street, Glasgow, offer Special Facilities to those desirous of Speculating for the Rise or Fall of Markets.

"Ta Lantlord's Polis."

FOR fear somepody s'inks of apply ta polises jobs frae Camn M'Cail maype ta PAILIE shust put in ta letter she'll send ta Heelants ant let them know differ apoot it:—

Dear Sister Airchee,

Ta Shief Cons'ple maket a spoke ta Toon Council for a new sergeant andt some more praw polis, so you'll leave ta herrin' wherrie ta ole Lachie, andt came wis ta first "Plover" tat sails at wonce along wis her cousin Tougalt andt all ta usser ladts what pe promise a job pefore. Andt forbye you'll maype told big Shoey M'Lean ta latest demandts andt—och I—she'll come wis her "Plover" too as well. Pesides ta coat andt paton certaint for big Shoey anyway whatefer. Ta new squadt pe called ta "Lantlord's Brigade," andt you ladts have ta duties tae rin through ta closes andt nail ta wee poys tae ta offish for playin' ta stair andt chalk ta lantlord's pavement or anysing pesides forbye. Maybe Shoey get a peef on tap ta hoose, stree or fowwer story on ta slates, andt watch ta sweep for no steal ta rif aff—a fine handy place to sit wis her wee flask, andt no tae leave ta empty pottle suspecting ta slates or her pooch shust pop it richt doon ta lum pefore dinner time. Your fery infectionate

AUCHRAY M'TAVISH X. 71.

P.S.—I am sink of gife her worships Pailie Dunlop a present, so you'll co ta hen hoose andt pring her a fine fat Hampurg.

AN OLD WOMAN FROM THE COUNTRY.

(Scene—Dundas Street Station; the 3-20 p.m. train for Kirkintilloch is about to start, when an old woman, carrying a large bundle, hurries up and endeavours to push her way into a third-class carriage.)

Guard of Luggage Van—I say, Mistress, give me that bundle and I'll keep it for you.

Old Woman (in an irritated tone)—A daursey ye wud, ye scouneral!

[Collapse of Guard.]

SHARP!—Somebody wants a "double cutting press." For the best sample going of the doubly-cutting Press apply—But modesty forbids!

MARK YOUR LINEN

With an A. C. T. India Rubber MONOGRAM, INITIAL, or NAME STAMP, Prices, 2/6 and 3/6 Complete, with Box, Pad, and a Bottle of Indelible Marking Ink. Post Free.

A. C. THOMSON, Mercantile Stationer, 278 ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—The latest London aspirant after Shakesperian honours, a young lady who has adopted the stage name of Denman, will appear this evening at the Gaiety Theatre. Miss Denman is a pupil of Mr John Ryder, the eminent actor, and she is said to have been fairly received, last week, in Manchester. Mr Ryder will also take part in the performance—which, by the bye, will be that of "As You Like It"—a circumstance that ought to draw crowds to the Theatre. To the younger class of Glasgow playgoers Mr Ryder is no more than a name—if my memory serves me rightly his last appearance on our local stage was when he accompanied Mdlle. Beatrice during her first provincial tour, now a matter of some thirteen or fourteen years ago.

You must not forget, BAILIE, that kindly Mr S. H. Austin takes his benefit next week at the Gaiety Theatre, previous to his departure to the United States—where he will officiate as acting manager of the "Princess Toto" tour, the said "Princess" being a clever comic opera by Mr Frederick Clay. Mr Austin will be assisted on Monday by a host of his professional friends, and also by those clever non-professionals, the Edinburgh Amateur Comic Opera Company. His benefit, I may add, extends over both an afternoon and an evening performance: let us hope he will be favoured with bumper houses on both occasions.

A "powerful drama" in four acts, entitled "A Mad Revenge," will be produced to-night by Mr Beryl at the Royal Princess's Theatre, and be played all through the week. It will serve to introduce Mr George Leitch and his company.

Mr Walter Bentley's performances last week at the Prince of Wales Theatre gave very general satisfaction—confirming, indeed, the high opinion previously formed, in our more critical circles, of his artistic powers. His *Dubosc* fascinated you in spite of yourself. Sparing in gesture and action, but varied and subtle in facial expression, he produced an effect on his audience without any seeming exertion, and by a style of acting which was as excellent as it was unforced and natural. Mr Bentley appears this evening in Greenock, his visit there lasting till Saturday next.

The Prince of Wales Theatre now remains closed till the middle of August.

The *Heeb* of Mr Knapp's production of "Little Em'ly" at the Royalty Theatre is our old friend Mr Fred. Sidney. That he will play the part to admiration may be accepted as one of those things that go without telling. While sufficiently marked and individual in his style, Mr Sidney further possesses an ample fund of dry, biting humour. He has all his resources, moreover, capitally on hand—which is another way of saying that he usually succeeds in whatever part he undertakes.

The new Theatre Royal, which is beginning to elevate its walls in the Cowcaddens, will, I believe, be a much smaller house than its predecessor.

The Glasgow Tonic Sol-Fa Choral Society intend giving three Oratorio Subscription Concerts during the ensuing season, Haydn's Creation and Handel's Messiah being two of the Oratorios decided on. The third will be left to the selection of subscribers, who may intimate their names to Messrs Muir Wood & Co. The subscription is very moderate. In the past the Society has done valuable service in the production of little known Handelian works.

The Annual Pic-nic of the Glasgow Choral Union comes off on Saturday next, the 26th inst. Arrochar is the spot selected this year by our musical friends, for whom, remembering their arduous labours during the past season and their anxieties at the present juncture, we cannot but wish a thoroughly enjoyable outing. The Union has now advertised for a Conductor, and is

engaged in the revision and alteration of its rules and constitution. It is proposed to enlarge, somewhat, the scope of the Society.

The malicious smashing of the Hugh Macdonald monument on the Gleniffer Braes, which was noticed in last week's daily papers, is another manifestation of that coarseness of feeling which is too prevalent among the *residuum* of our working class population. Anything more wanton than the destruction of the basin of the fountain it would be impossible to conceive. As it stands, the monument presents a most woe-begone appearance. The leaden pipe with which it was supplied with water was broken and carried off long ago; the urn which formed the apex lies in an adjoining field; and now the marble basin has been destroyed by blows from a hammer!

While speaking of the burlesque of "Sonnambula," which was played at the London Royalty on Saturday night, the London correspondent of the *Scotsman* mentions that it was originally produced at the London Prince of Wales's Theatre, and that Marie Wilton and *Mrs Bancroft* were in the cast.

Among the members of the company at the London Royalty are Mr Charles Groves and Miss Maud Brennan.

One of your earliest "Men you Know," BAILIE, worthy Robert Dalglish, departed this life on Sunday morning, full of years, and having lived in harness, like the stout old warrior he was, till the very end. *Hamlet* has laid down for us the precise period during which a good man's memory may be expected to outlive his life, but I fear me much that in the case of Mr Dalglish the saying was reversed, and that he had in some measure—among our younger population at least—outlived the memory of his good deeds, and of the scores of benefits he wrought for the city both in and out of Parliament. 'Tis an old saying that nothing succeeds like success, but you see Mr Dalglish was by no means successful in his later years, and therefore too many of us left him so that we might toss up our caps, all the more easily, for younger and more popular men. Ah, well, my Magistrate, what would you have? But all the same I felt my eyes grow dim when I read to-day of Mr Dalglish's death at Lennoxmill Cottage, Campsie.

THE DIGNITY O' THE LAW.

(Scene—Alexandra Cafe, Buchanan Street, Saturday, 10 o'clock p.m.; enter two newly fledged limbs of the the law—topic, law exam.)

1st—Really it has become a farce.

2nd—*Abi tu vero.*

1st—Come, it is just "stock" questions that are being asked now-a-days. However, here's health tae them that ill hae tae encounter a change for "the dignity of the profession."

ENCORE DOUGAL.

Inspector of Police—What's the matter here, Dougal?

Dougal—Shust a man'll come doon a latter in no the richt way, and proke two of her legs.

No Master of Arts—Daubs says he was an art-tickled apprentice when he first copied a "Whistler."

The "Fifteen Puzzle"—A Scotch jury.
Game for the "Savage Club"—Poker

Like a more celebrated personage, the Greenock boy is not so bad as he is painted. Indeed Mr Macmillan thinks the circumstance that the plants in the public park have been allowed to grow unmolested proves that your gamin in Sugaropolis is nothing less than a saint in miniature. On the very same day that this happy-go-lucky opinion was expressed one boy was charged at the local police court with swinging a lamb by the tail till it died, and another youngster was sent to the cells for destroying six dressed stones in the doorway of a church!

Commenting upon the high scores made by the Edinburgh University cricket team against the bowling of the members of the Glasgow team, the *Mail* exclaims—"Wanted, a bowler!" Asinus says he does not know much about cricket: but if it had been "Wanted, a howler," he could have recommended a friend from Union Street competent to please (?) all parties.

"AULD SIXTY DAYS."

(Scene—Country J. P. Court; two Local Magnates on bench; youthful pickpocket at Bar.)

1st L. M., addressing prisoner—"The Bench find the charge to be proven, and sentence you to 60 days imprisonment." (To 2nd L. M. who has enjoyed a quiet nap through the case). "Is that right Mr Brown?"

2nd L. M. (Who wakens up in time to hear the last words)—Sixty Days, quite right, quite right, what has the fellow been doing?

•["Silence Silence," resounds through the court-house.]

WANTED TO KNOW.

If anybody ever heard time tell anything?
Who was trustee on the estate of the clock when it was wound up?

EATING THEIR WORDS.—When Moth said of Sir Nathaniel and Holofernes that "they had been at a great feast of languages," a dinner of verbs is doubtless what was signified. Aye, or of hearty-jokes, supplements our Asinus.

A HAT-TRIBUTE.—His Worship observes a shopkeeper advertising as a "Family hatter"—supplying doubtless a felt want, that of the customer who boasts that under his hat he can put all his family. *Fortunatus juvenis!*

A Man of "Mettle"—Mr Russell of Ascog.
"The Cock of the Walk"—A champion pedestrian.

"ALAS, POOR YORICK."

(Scene—A Country Churchyard.

Haughty Clergyman (to Irish Gravedigger)—
Who's to be buried here?

I. G.—Nobody sur?

H. C.—Nobody!—For whom are you making this grave then?

I. G.—For a pauper, sur! You know he's nobody in this world.

THE DETACHED ATTACHE.—Among the other advantages derived by the Argyllshire electors from their toadyism of "the Family" will be that of being unrepresented during, at least, the remainder of the present session of Parliament, while their interesting little member dawdles about Constantinople, "acquiring experience of foreign affairs!" Cannot Argyllshire muster sufficient intelligence and independence by next election to give Lord Colin an opportunity of acquiring still further experience without at the same time neglecting his duties?

Dresses are worn long; dresses are worn short, low, or high: but there was one way of wearing them, known to our grandmothers, which the present generation has never tried—they were then *worn out*.

TAKING HIM DOWN CONSIDERABLY.

(Scene—A public-house bar, number of parties enjoying themselves).

Gent (to half-tipsy Irishman whom he had seen in the same state on several occasions of late)—What would you take, Pat, to keep sober for a month?

Irishman—Take no whisky, av course.

[Gent subsides].

BRUSHING UP HIS KNOWLEDGE OF FOREIGN SERVICE.

Tommy—I say, Jessie, what do they want so many female servants out in Australia for?

Jessie (meditatively)—Well, I should think on account of the quantity of scrub there.

We Doat Upon "the Military"—The West-end Parkers.

Squaring the Circle—Putting the square man into the round hole.

"Examination Papers"—Suspected bank-notes.

A Bill-Sticker—An "Obstructionist."

"Fine" Buildings—Police Courts,

Some Definitions under the Education "Code."

THE dominie's annual carnival is impending. To his mind's eye the holiday lands are already in sight. Now for Arran and usquebae! On the eve of the break up, the BAILIE'S own "educationist," aided and abetted by the Animile, would a tale unfold and a tip impart. In some sinister way the strong-scented couple have unearthed a paper set for the upsetting of candidates at the forthcoming "little go" for entrance into the Normals. This is how the prodigal pair explain, define, or synonymise some of the terms therein, as a cue for those about to sit at the ordeal, and for the enlightenment of a school-rated public generally:—

Committee of Counsel on Education—The Educational Institute.

"My Lords"—Ye high and mighty Members of ye Brod.

The Education Act—Administering liffeys.

Scotch Education Department—The schule-room.

School Boards—Forms, desks, and blackboards.

Board School—The Day Industrial, Green Street.

Schools of Cookery—Some bank parlours.

Suspended Articles—Breeches.

Acting Teachers—Dominies with Thespian leanings.

Head-Masters—Phrenologists.

F. E. I. S.—Fellow of the Emoluments Increase Society.

C. M.—Certified mediocrity.

School Standards—Flags and banners.

Elementary Subjects—Infants.

Specific Subjects—Patent pills, potions, and plasters.

The Three R's (Holiday)—roan, rail, and river.

Multiplication Table—A telescopic one.

Vocal Music—that evoked by the tawse.

Composition—Settling with one's Creditors.

Domestic Economy—Shooting the moon.

Physiology—The art of making fizzin' drinks.

Physics—Salts, senna, castor-oil, an "Gregory."

A SHOW CAUSE.—Pity-us, when Damon died, put his grief into a blackband seam, and bound it about his arm—the "heart upon the sleeve for daws to peck at, the figure of the heart in compliment extern."

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

Snake-Charming.

WHAT a wonderful effect, to be sure, is that produced on the young adders by the playing of "Grandfather's Clock" on a hurdy-gurdy outside of a board-school during the arithmetic hour. Were it not for the good stone and lime, which has cost the ratepayers more than they care to pay for teaching other people's children the three r's, every young reptile would be round about that unlucky organ-grinder, "tic-tic-ticking" like mad, before he had time to "stop short," and "go," as he might hope "never to go again" for the nearest public-house!

ELECTION GAINS.

Dugald—I say, Tuncan, tid you'll mak' ony-thing oot o' ta election?

Duncan—Yiss, yiss; I'll made oot that with this confoontit Pallot py vote ta cantitates will no' gif you wan sinkle suspence to support neither wan side nor poth. Ta Pallot is a tead loss to an honest lad.

A HORRIBLE TALE.—The papers the other day made a "feature" of an "Alleged Case of Narcotic Poisoning," this being a cock-and-bull story, told by an ingenious young Port-Dundasian, about some mythical "man" having forced him to drink poison. The best of the joke is that Granny wound up her elaborate account of the "case" by observing gravely, "The probability is that the boy had been smoking." It is not every youthful 'baccynalian whose "story" makes him the hero of a lengthy newspaper paragraph.

"THOROUGH."—A gentleman of rather tender years advertises himself in the *Herald* as "a thorough accountant." Thorough accountants are not picked up every day, especially when their thoroughness is equalled only by their youth. Perhaps this juvenile, and modest, prodigy might be induced to accept the Chancellorship of the Exchequer when it next becomes vacant, and pave the way for the overthrow of our "gerontocracy."

"THE TRICKS OF THE TRADE."—At the evidence in a police court trial last week, the manager of a funeral company stated that he had provided a vehicle for a quack doctor from which to sell his medicines. Capital, remarks the Animile, a carriage for the doctor, and a hearse for the patients.

BICYCLES.—One 44-in. Chal'enge. £6 10s.; and one 46 in. Excelsior, £6 10s.; both these Machines as good as new,—The Howe Machine Co., 60 Buchanan Street.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the heather is on fire in Bute.
That the fight is giving rare fun to the visitors from "the adjacent islands."

That the musical afternoons are exceedingly popular.

That the seats in the neighbourhood of the Band stands are always taken advantage of.

That they are usually occupied by members of the stronger sex.

That the weaker vessels are allowed to walk about, or permitted to squat on the grass.

That the creditors of the City Bank are about to receive another dividend.

That those who accepted 15s 6d are grinning on the wrong side of their mouths.

That the Aid Company must have made a tidy little sum over their scheme.

That Dr Russell's latest epidemic report is an alarming document.

That milk seems to be even more dangerous than whisky.

That Sheriff Spens' "Act for the regulation of milk supply to towns" ought to be adopted at once.

That it is high time the authorities were looking after our canine population.

That Bailie Thomson knows how to extinguish the Muldoon mob.

That "60 days" allows plenty of time for reflection.

That oor Jeems is much concerned over the encroachments on the river banks,

That the annual cat carnival has begun.

That when folk go to the coast they ought either to take the "harmless necessary cat" along with them, or drown it before setting out.

TO THE SOUTHRON YACHTSMEN, RE VANDUARA.

You'd better give in Sirs,; for, do what you can,
'Tis clear you will ne'er be in front of the "Van!"

CLYDE V. MERSEY.—The papers are talking about a "gigantic crab" which has been presented to a Liverpool museum. His Worship has not seen the crustacean, but he's prepared to bet his boots that, however gigantic it may be, it will be beaten by the crabs caught by some of our Gleska chappies who go in for boating at the Fair. The Clyde can still hold its own against the Mersey.

The House of Representatives — Madame Tassaud's establishment.

THE ARGYLE BATHS, 366 Argyle Street, is the Largest Public Bathing Establishment in Scotland. Warm Baths, 6d, 9d, & 1s; ready daily, from 7 a.m. to 9 p.m. One trial solicited.

"KILLIN'" KINDNESS.—The liberal ways of your Liberal magnate were well illustrated by a paragraph which went the rounds last week. It appears that at the recent term the Earl of Breadalbane declined to grant his tenants any reduction of rents, but, in order to show that this refusal was not due to any lack of generosity on his part, the magnanimous peer "stood" the "big" tenants a dinner apiece, and treated the "wee" ones to bread and cheese and "a glass of whisky!" It is to be hoped the graceful distinction was duly appreciated by the recipients of this noble and truly "Liberal" bounty. The transaction—bar the dinner—was almost worthy of his Grace of Argyll himself.

AN EVIL SPIRIT.—An appalling discovery was made the other Sunday in a Greenock "teetotal" church. This was that some "evil-disposed person" had conveyed whisky into a water-bottle placed in a lobby for the benefit of "the brethren." The report says that none of the brethren "partook of" "the obnoxious mixture," but adds that "quite a flutter of excitement was manifest among the congregation"—which looks, to say the least, suspicious. The Ass opines that the bottle must have been very big, or the whisky very strong, in order to "excite" and "flutter" a whole congregation, especially considering that that congregation was composed of strong-headed "teetotalers."

"HE WANTED A BITE."

(Scene — A dwelling-house; stalwart loafer knocks at the door which is opened by the guidman.)

Stalwart Loafer—Can you give us a boite, sor? I've travelled all the way —

Guidman (after scrutinizing him) — I wad rather no; but try next door, they keep a dug there.

"ADJOURN!"—*Toujours* the reporter! One of his latest is to record of a festive urchin who damaged a Greenock church that "the boy took a hammer . . . and adjourned to the side of the church." It is refreshing to find a youth of tender years talked of as if he were the British House of Commons.

The European Concert — The Collective "Note."

Extracts of Meat—Market quotations of the price of beef.

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.

STUART CRANSTON & CO.,

TRAINED TEA-TASTERS,

ARE OFFERING THE BEST VALUE IN SCOTLAND.

SUPERB TEA at 2s 4d Per Lb.,

Equal to what is sold by Wholesale Grocers (so called) and West-End Co-Operative Stores at 2s 6d, 2s 8d, and 3s. Every family should test the truth of our statement.

THE CHOICEST PURE COFFEE, 1s 8d Per Lb.

MIXED COFFEE—SAME AS IN PARIS—WONDERFUL VALUE, 1s 4d.

FINEST LUMP SUGAR, 3½d; CRYSTALS, 3½d; CRUSHED, 3d; SOFT WHITE, 2½d.

76 ARGYLE STREET (QUEEN STREET CORNER.)

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TROUSERS.**

When, a few months ago, we introduced this Scheme of Reform in Tailoring, it was only after its thorough practicability had been carefully matured. We felt persuaded that, to furnish gentlemen with a first-rate Pair of Trousers, made up in the very best manner and at the most moderate price possible, was indeed a great desideratum; especially when accompanied, as we resolved it should be, by a guarantee on our part that every garment would be made on the Premises by our own experienced Workmen.

Sanguine as we then felt of the result of the enterprise, we are free to confess that its rapid and complete success has both surprised and delighted us; and in order to mark our grateful appreciation of the public response, we have determined to give our Customers still better value than ever, and to submit a much Larger Variety of Fabrics from which to select. We trust in this way not only to maintain our present large turnover in “DESIDERATUM” TROUSERS, but at the same time to secure the patronage of our Customers for the other Departments of our extensive Business.

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MITCHELL & CO.'S

OLD IRISH WHISKY, Belfast, is the Purest and Best in the Market, comparison with any other Brand will prove this. Agent for Scotland—DAVID MITCHELL, 20 Hope St., Glasgow.

THE COLOSSEUM,

70 JAMAICA STREET.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,

THE LEADING HATTERS

and

MILLINERS IN GLASGOW.

The season now full on, our clients are respectfully requested to call early in the day to avoid the excessive crowding in the afternoon.

THE FINEST WHISKY IN THE WORLD.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

HENRY THOMSON & CO.'S**OLD IRISH WHISKY.**

SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—

ROBERT BROWN, 17 HOPE 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.)

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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).

G. C. STEWART,

ANALYST,

52 ST. ENOCH SQUARE.

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ARE SHEWING THEIR NEW SPRING GOODS.

See the Windows.

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GINGER BEER.**

A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR “ALL THE

YEAR ROUND; WARM, GRATEFUL, AND AROMATIC.

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DISPENSING CHEMIST,

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WILLIAM DODS, 13 and 15 ST. GEORGE'S

ROAD. Large, Choice, and Carefully-Selected Stock.

Latest Novelties in the different Departments. All Goods of the

very Best Description, and the Prices Strictly Moderate. Dress

Shirts, 31s 6d, 39s, and 45s per Half-Dozen—a Perfect Fit

Guaranteed. Merino Underclothing in Great Variety. Gloves,

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SAPOLIO

Is the CHEAPEST and BEST SOAP for Cleaning all Paint with and Household Utensils. It completely supersedes Emery, Bathbrick, or Rotten Stone. No household should be without it.

HAND SAPOLIO

Is the only perfect SOAP for CLEANING the SKIN.

Both the above Soaps only require to be generally known to be generally used. Sold by

J. & A. MACDONALD, 99 Renfield Street, Glasgow.

D. M'NAUGHTON, 276 Buchanan Street, and Gordon Street, Glasgow.

WM. SMEATON & CO., Pollokshields.

A. KENNEDY, 63 Bridge Street, Glasgow.

JOHN MACFIE, 14 West Blackhall Street, Greenock.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 23rd, 1880.

THE City Improvement Trust has not always been the local public body which has been held in the highest estimation, but that is expected to be all changed shortly. The members of committee, from the Convener downwards would, however, do well not to forget the blessing which falls to those who expect little. They can scarcely hope to raise themselves in public esteem by a series of exhibitions like that of Thursday last. They proposed that the Trustees should suspend the standing order of the Trust, which requires that all property sold by it should first be exposed to public roup. The proposal was plain enough to the ordinary understanding, yet the Convener had plainly to acknowledge that it did not express what was desired or intended; in other words, the minute of meeting was an official muddle. But this was only what the cute Yankee called a "circumstance" compared to the heartrending discovery that the standing order which it was proposed to suspend never had any existence, and therefore could not be suspended. This is quite a charming exhibition of ignorance, and goes a long way to condemn the proposal that the Committee should not get the powers they wish. If the Trustees' feu-duties are so much better than those belonging to other people, and are so much sought after on this account, there is no good ground for making any exception in regard to them. Those who purchase feu-duties and the like permanent investments do not rush after them with the rashness of speculators on the Stock Exchange, or belated husbands wishing to take home "a peace-offering" to irate wives. On all grounds it would be well for the Improvement Trustees to leave their little "well" alone and not lay themselves open

to any more suspicion than can be avoided. The Trust and other corporations must be in a more flourishing position financially than is generally known, as there is still a proposal to throw away £30,000 in restricting the ground at Townhead which belonged to the Gas Commissioners for workmen's houses. This is of a piece with the all round proposal of increasing salaries, which was partly carried out at Monday's meeting of the Police Committee, and which is surely very absurd at present.

AIR WANTED.

Matilda—O, Reginald, this room is so hot and close! What is to be done with it? It is quite a grievance.

Reginald—Do, why as they do with other grievances—ventilate it, of course.

SOMETHING LIKE A "TWIST."—The members of the Bridgeton Burns Club must be "boys" for their grub. On the occasion of their annual excursion last Wednesday, we are told, they first went in for "a sumptuous repast" and afterwards "sat down to dinner." A dinner and a "sumptuous repast" in the course of a few hours would be rather too much for ordinary mortals—though, to be sure, a great deal depends on what the dinner consisted of.

TOO DEAR.—Greenock was last week discovered to be "the healthiest town in Scotland." Then why does not every invalid from the Solway to John o' Groats hurry to Greenock? Can it be because a residence in Greenock is considered too heavy a price to pay for health?

A CASE FOR STIMULANTS.—The *Ivanhoe*, whose constitution seems to have been debilitated from the first, completely broke down last Wednesday afternoon. Poor thing! Might not the administration of a little stimulant prove beneficial?

SUGGESTIVE.—Illiterate folks have been known to say "calomel" when they mean "calumny." Suppose, after a recent Parliamentary episode, they were to make it "Challemel?"

Begg-ing the Question—The proposed split in the Free Church.

"Poor" Law—Sheriff Spens' decisions.

A *Mussle-loader*—The law against dogs.

Made a "Mull" of—The Earldom of "Mar."

A Lord-in-Waiting—The Lord Advocate.

What the Greenock Folk are Saying.

THAT it was a decided novelty to see Naaman and the sup-
planted one pulling in the same boat.

That a fellow feeling of rivalry made them wondrous kind—
for the occasion—to working men, widows, and spinsters.

That it is the old story of Codlin and Sport.

That the Chairman's letter took the wind out of their sails.

That well-to-do shopkeepers on the Assessment Committee
are alleged to be charged rates on £50 per annum.

That other members are said to pay only 3s 6d per annum.

That it can't be expected that such men will be in favour of
a change.

That Father Abram has vowed, however, that he will work
a reform.

That when he dons his war paint he is hard to beat.

That the feuars have the command of the situation.

“ MOVE ON.”

(Scene—foot of Jamaica Street.)

Policeman (to swell)—Come maister, she must
be *moving*

Swell—What makes you think that?—Just
make your observations to your equals and not
to respectable people!

P.—She will haf to move off the walk what-
effer.

S.—I haven't been standing here a minute yet,
(he still stands).

P. (getting fierce)—It make no difference
whateffer suppose she was not stood here at all,
she'll must keep moving on whereffer she was.

NO CHARGE MADE!—A “ lady and daughter”
announce, through the columns of the *Herald*,
that they “ would be glad to take charge of
house during summer or longer,” and add, “ No
remuneration required.” This is, no doubt, a
very magnanimous postscript, but the BAILIE
rather fancies he knows of a few other folks suf-
ficiently accommodating to accept summer
quarters on similar terms. Some such adden-
dum as this would make the thing complete :—
“ The house must be well-furnished, and the
locality fashionable. The use of a horse and
trap desirable,” &c., &c., &c. Such coolness is
refreshing this warm weather.

“ THE SERPENTINE.”—Greenock, it seems,
possesses a thoroughfare rejoicing in the appel-
lation of “ the Serpent's Walk.” Is it anything
like that “ Trail of the Serpent” with which ad-
mirers of Mr T. Moore and Miss Braddon are
familiar?

For the Farmers, good-“ Will ” } William
For the Publicans, ill-“ Will ” } Gladstone.

BICYCLES. { Riding taught. Makers, Agen's, Repairers of Bicy-
cles; Suppliers of Saddles, Oil Cans, Springs, Alar-
um Bells, &c. West of Scotland Bicycle Co. Show
Rooms, 104 Renfield St., Works, 67 East Howard St.

Floreath Musselburgh I

AS a man and a magistrate, the BAILIE is
always pleased to see municipal magnates
properly independent and duly sensible of their
own dignity. It is, therefore, with gratification
that he turns his eagle eye in the direction of
Musselburgh. We all remember the doughty
Provost of the town named, who declined to be
whistled at, and the present holder of the office
appears to be animated by a kindred spirit. A
question having arisen in the Town Council the
other day as to the non-representation of official
Musselburgh in the Lord High Commissioner's
procession, the Provost remarked that if he had
desired to show off “ his fine figure” on the
occasion he would have gone without an invita-
tion. He subsequently observed, “ We will get
fine robes and ride in our own carriages yet.”
Bravo, Provost! So mote it be!

TO GO DOWN AT A PINCH.

Peter (holding out a big black bottle)—Here,
Bauldy, hae a nip.

Bauldy (in disgust, after tasting)—Ugh! this
is nae nip, but ginger beer, man, an' ower gin-
gery for my taste. Whit div ye mean by ca'in'
't a nip?

Peter (pungently)—Becuz' its nippy, of coorse.

MERCY!—Lord Young had what good Bully
Bottom would call an “ exposition” of mercy
upon him in the High Court of Justiciary the
other day. He let a “ chronic old thief” off
with “ sixty days,” dismissed other offenders
without punishment, and was generally benig-
nant, not to say paternal, all round. What does
it mean? There must be something in the
wind. Perhaps his Lordship is going to “ an-
other place,” and desires to leave a sweet savour
of mercy behind him.

E. v. O.—*Truth* complains of “ the voracity
of society.” Never mind, Labby. The excess
of voracity is counterbalanced by the lack of
veracity.

A BASTE-LY JOKE!—Somebody advertises
for “ a machinist that can run without basting.”
Is this another way of seeking a horse for his
“ machine” that can go without “ walloping?”

QUERY BY OUR OWN HATTER.—Has the
March of the mad hare anything to do with the
march of intellect?

BICYCLES.—A fair allowance made for Second-hand Bicycles
taken in Exchange.—Howe Machine Co., (Limited), 60
Buchanan Street.

Megilp.

THAT the picture-buying season is not quite at an end is shown by the fact that James A. Aitken sold his fine "Hawthorn" landscape—the best work, take it for all in all, that has yet left his easel, on Tuesday last to a local collector, while on Friday E. Fox White, of the North British Galleries, disposed of a capital specimen of Sam Bough, a study in Cadzow Forest, painted in 1863 when Bough was at his best.

Hamilton Maccallum is at present working on the South Coast of England, but he is expected at his old quarters in Tarbert before the season is over.

Among the familiar faces which one encountered last week strolling along St. Vincent Street was that of Colin Hunter, who looked as imperturbably good natured as ever. He has come north for the summer, but this year he will exchange Ballintrae for one of our East Country sea-side villages.

The mention of Mr Hunter recalls the circumstance that two vacancies have been created among the Associates of the Royal Academy by the elevation of Vica Cole and J. L. Pearson to the rank of Academicians. Mr Pearson, to be sure, is an architect—the church of St. Augustine, Kilburne, London, is his masterpiece—but Mr Cole is a landscape painter, and it is a landscape painter who will naturally be elected to supply his place. At present the only landscapeists among the Associates are Peter Graham, M'Whirter, and Oakes.

Will Colin Hunter be the fortunate man? Like the rest of the "London Scottish" he has been systematically slaughtered by F. G. Stephens, the Art critic of the *Athenaeum*, but Mr Stephens, fortunately, is—Mr Stephens, and nothing more. Certainly Mr Hunter has abundant claims to the distinction, claims, indeed, which are superior to those of any other likely competitor.

It should not be forgotten, in this connection, that successors to Norman Macbeth and Otto Ledye, in the associateship of the Royal Scottish Academy, fall to be elected in November next, and that at least one of the distinctions ought by right to be conferred on a West Country artist.

David Murray returned to town on Thursday morning from his sojourn in Normandy, and eager to utilise this splendid weather, he has again set out, this time, however, going no further a-field than Dumbartonshire. Several years ago Mr Murray spent a number of weeks in a wooden hut on the shores of Loch Coruisk in Skye, and the experience he then acquired has determined him on repeating the experiment—using this time, however, a bell tent instead of a wooden hut. He has pitched his tent on the high watershed between the Clyde and Loch Lomond, on a spot about a couple of miles, as the crow flies, from the village of Cardross. The situation commands a view both up and down the river, while Loch Lomond, when Mr Murray turns his face to the north, stretches away before him, rich in its wealth of wooded islands, and made picturesque by the mountain wall with which it is enclosed on the right hand and on the left.

John Grey is about to betake himself to his old hunting grounds at Achmithie in Forfarshire, of the grand cliffs of which he has already contributed various strikingly faithful transcripts to the Exhibition of the Glasgow Institute, and to the Fine Art Exhibitions in Dundee and Newcastle.

The session spent by A. S. Boyd at Heatherley's is rapidly drawing to a close, and he is about to betake himself to out-of-door work.

William Young is back this summer at Cookham, and is working very hard. Hunt, another of our Art Club men, is also at Cookham.

Messrs Pettie and M'Whirter have arranged to pass the summer in Arran, not far, indeed, from the mouth of Glen Sannox. Departing from his usual custom, Mr Pettie, it is said, has determined to "go in" for hard work during his stay. Mr M'Whirter's Venetian tour has not been very valuable to him, so far, at least, as actual work is concerned. He has come home, bringing with him one oil sketch, and a series of tinted drawings of street, or is it canal scenes in the Queen of the Adriatic.

Arrangements have now been completed for the third annual Exhibition of the Scottish Society of Water Colour Painters. The sending-in day is fixed for the 26th of November, the private view will take place on the 10th of December, and the opening day will be the day following, December the 11th. Both of the Exhibitions already held by the Society have been distinguished by the fine quality of the work they contained; let us hope that while the third will be equally successful in this respect, the favour extended to it by the buyers of pictures will be much greater than that shown to either of its predecessors

"IT WAS AN ANCIENT MARINER"

(Scene—Northern hostelry; enter mendicant mariner, shaky a little on his legs, or rather leg; he annoys the peaceable beer bibbers, and is ultimately conveyed outside muttering blessings on the world in general, and the sea in particular.)

Beer Bibber (saluting his proboscis in a manner more expressive than elegant)—*He's been at sea—with a hook.*

Cheeky Vendor of Vestas—O, ay! he's half-seas over the noo.

ABOUT IT.—A sporting correspondent writes to suggest that, in the highly improbable event of the aquatic "Champion of the World" ever encountering the great Courtney, it would be a case of Trickett v. Tricky.

Her Majesty's Ministers—The Deans of the Chapel Royal.

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(Consigned direct from Nottingham for absolute Sale.)

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell the above, by Auction, in their Rooms, North Court, St. Vincent Place, To-Morrow (Tuesday) and Wednesday, June 22 and 23, commencing each day at 12.

On View Mornings of Sale.

Details in Catalogues which may be had on application.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Thursday and Friday, 24th and 25th June.

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In Lots to suit Buyers.

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Tickets to be had at 155 West George St. and at Garden Gate.



TO THE ELECTORS OF THE

C O U N T Y O F B U T E.

GENTLEMEN,

The firm in Glasgow, of which Mr Russell was till a few weeks ago a member, having a standing contract with the Government, he was, as he now admits, at the time of the General Election disqualified from sitting as a Member of Parliament. Even had there been no petition presented against the return of Mr Russell, if it had become known to Parliament that this disqualification existed, he would have incurred the heavy penalty which a vote given in the House of Commons under these disqualifying circumstances would have entailed. In the case of Sir S. Waterlow in 1869, when a petition against his return for Dumfriesshire had been withdrawn, the disqualification on account of a Government Contract remained; and a Select Committee was appointed to consider his case, and his election was declared void.

In his address to the electors, Mr Russell complains of the Conservative Party for throwing the County again into the turmoil of another election. It must, however, be evident that the Conservative Party are in no way responsible for the recurrence of an election of which Mr Russell's own position is the sole cause. The presentation of the particulars of the petition against Mr Russell's return has had the effect of drawing from him an admission of his disability, while the limited number of the bribery cases at once justifies the petition, and disposes of the charge of any wholesale imputation upon the Constituency at large.

A new Election for this County now becomes necessary, and I again offer myself as a candidate for the Representation of Bute. I was defeated by a very narrow majority at the recent Election, and I am induced to hope that, as another opportunity of appealing to the Constituency has occurred, a different decision may be arrived at.

Referring to the past, I may say that it was always my desire when in Parliament to keep specially in view the interests of Scotland, though it was matter of constant difficulty to obtain for them a due attention. Successive Governments on very rare occasions gave prominence to measures affecting Scotland. As a rule, subjects exclusively Scottish are distasteful to Governments; and I have always held the opinion that, where it was practicable, if measures were framed applicable to Scotland as well as to England, the number of subjects requiring separate treatment might gradually be reduced. But it was also my endeavour to interest myself in questions relating to the country in general, because I felt that Scotch members of Parliament who hold themselves aloof from general business are less likely to be able at the proper moment to claim in their turn attention and forbearance for questions of exclusive interest to Scotland.

I appeal to the recollection of the whole constituency of this County when I say that it was my constant endeavour during upwards of eleven years to fulfil the promise made by me in 1868, that "Matters of local interest would be regarded by me as of primary importance;" and that I gave effect to the intention then expressed of being "accessible and generally useful to every member of the Constituency."

The experience of a number of years made me familiar with many methods and details of the work of Parliament; and such services as I have rendered formerly to the best of my power are at the disposal of the County of Bute, if, on consideration, my Constituents of former days should again see fit to elect me.

I am, GENTLEMEN,

Your obedient Servant,

CHARLES DALRYMPLE.

ROTHESAY, 17th June, 1880.

ROYAL EXCHANGE.

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Town Members, £1 10/. Country, £1.
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PROPRIETOR—ALFRED E. KNOWLES,

Recently of the Glasgow Central Detective Department, and formerly of the United States Private Detective Agency.

Mr KNOWLES respectfully informs the public that he resigned his post in the Detective Department of the City Police for the purpose of commencing business as above, for supplying professional assistance in many cases, more especially of a Domestic nature that do not come within the duties of the Police Authorities, feeling confident that an Agency of the kind properly conducted would meet the support of the public.

The Agency is prepared to undertake any legitimate Private Enquiry business entrusted to it by Firms, Companies, and individuals, in Town, Country, and Abroad: the attention of Writers and others being specially invited, when requiring missing witnesses traced, or evidence collected for cases in the civil and criminal courts.

Private business referring to Domestic or Family matters receives Mr KNOWLES' strict personal attention, and thorough secrecy may be relied upon.

This Agency being in constant communication with similar Offices in all the large cities of Great Britain and America, information can be obtained in the shortest possible time.

The necessary steps immediately taken for tracing Missing Relatives or Friends, Fraudulent Bankrupts, and Defaulters of every description. Mr KNOWLES' personal acquaintance with the Officials in London, New York, Paris, and most large cities, giving him extra facilities in this Department.

Mr KNOWLES undertakes the examination of Anonymous Communications, Forgeries, &c., for comparison with the writing of suspected originals, and gives written opinion, which has been accepted as evidence in the highest Law Courts. Documents sent by post for this purpose should be registered, and copies kept in the event of loss through the mails.

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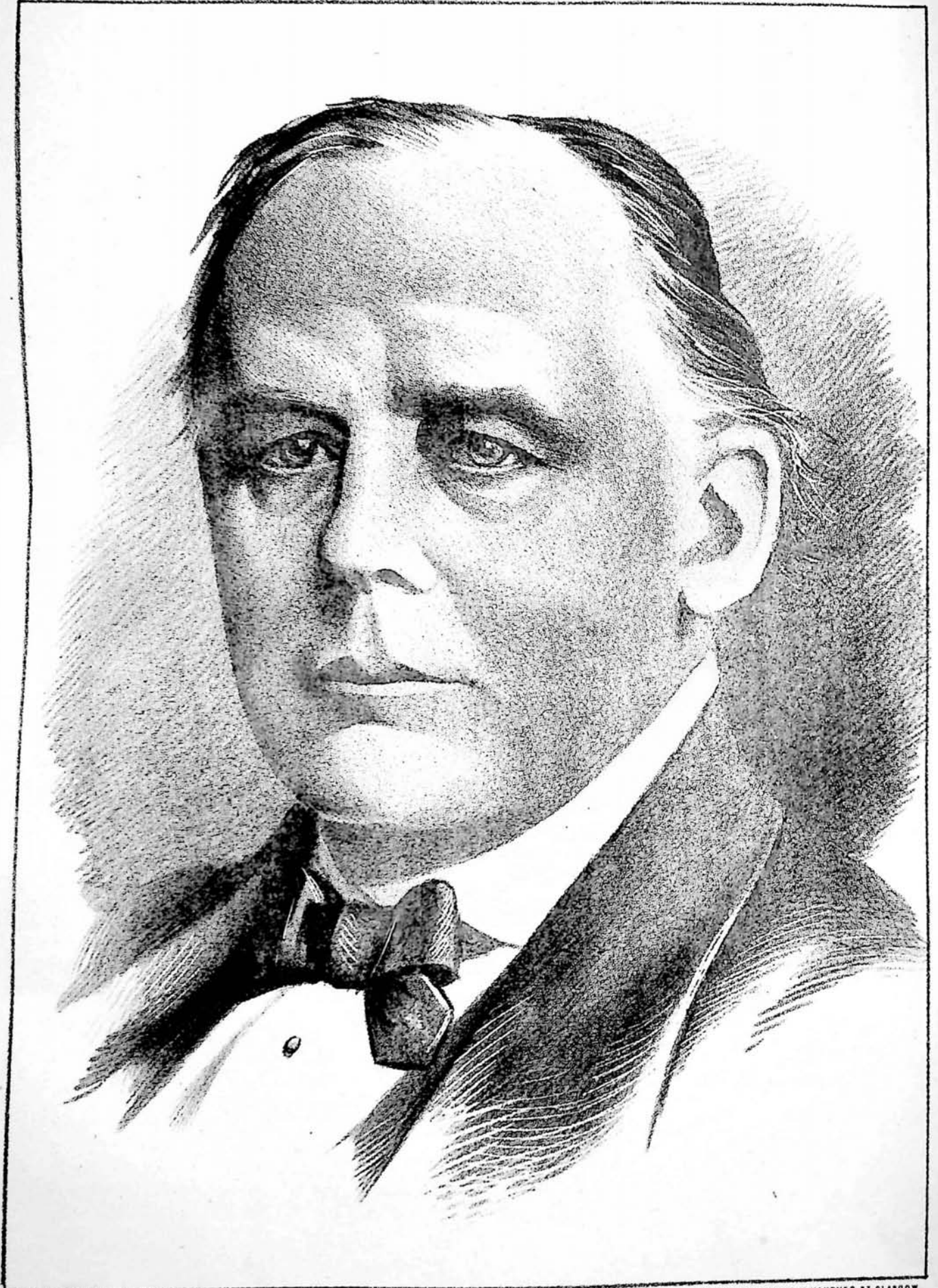
Mr KNOWLES respectfully suggests to the public the importance of instituting careful enquiries before investing in the many "bubble" companies that are constantly being floated and advertised in all parts of the globe. Enquiries in this department receive immediate attention.

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The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 402. Glasgow, Wednesday, June 30th, 1880. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 402.

THE BRADLAUGH fever is one of the signs of the time. A dozen years ago Mr BRADLAUGH was nobody; now he is our leading notoriety. It is impossible to deny him unwearied energy, a pair of powerful lungs, and a certain bull-dog tenacity of purpose, and to these three possessions the position he at present occupies is mainly due. Describing him the other day an acute observer says "his voice is musical enough to please the ear, and his matter is well arranged. But somehow or another he has got some of the tricks of the pulpit, and many of the tricks of the stage. He combines, as it were, the theatre with the conventicle. He has too many postures and attitudes. He is too fond of sudden changes of voice and manner. He *overdoes* it. Then his style is coarse almost to vulgarity, and its vigour rather barbarous. Most striking deficiency of all, he is utterly unable to control the aspirate. He spoke of the 'ouse when addressing the Commons on Wednesday last with a painful plainness which he was unable to conceal. His lack of the *h* is, I believe, a congenital infirmity, and that he has made many efforts to secure the letter but always without result." Mr BRADLAUGH has been a professional agitator for something like a generation. He was as fluent and as vain in the 'fifties as he is to-day; the opinions he expresses with so much riant blatancy were quite as shallow when he called himself "Iconoclast," as they are now when he is privileged to write M.P. after his name. People who know no better declare that Mr BRADLAUGH is not in earnest; that he believes in nothing. There was never a greater blunder. The member for Northampton is deadly in earnest in his determination to force himself

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upon the notice of the public; he is possessed with one all-pervading and over-powering belief in Mr BRADLAUGH. Were it not for the injury it occasions to the life of the nation, there would be something unutterably grotesque in the incident of Wednesday in the House of Commons. The notion, indeed, that this Malthus of the gutter should grow into a personage, is sufficient to arouse "the neighing of all Tattersall's." Why, Mr BRADLAUGH has always been held sufficiently cheap even by people of his own way of thinking. His personal squabbles, now with Mr Holyoake and now with Mr Watts; the crude blasphemy of his penny leaflets; his persistent endeavours, which were ultimately crowned with success, to supplant the keen and polished *Reasoner* by the coarse and aggressive *National Reformer*, these have always been held by the more educated class of free thinkers as contributing to lower the general tone of the body, and to assist in ostracising its members from decent society. Mr BRADLAUGH succeeded in shocking the entire country some three years ago by his republication of the scandalous Knowlton pamphlet, and by the manner in which he championed the theories propagated in its pages. It is difficult to see in the recent Northampton election, and the events by which it has been followed, anything more than one gigantic advertisement for "Iconoclast." This ex-private soldier, ex-oil and colourman, ex-lawyer's clerk, and ex-commission agent, has always had an eye to the main chance, and it will be strange, indeed, if he fails to make capital for months to come out of last week's proceedings in the House of Commons. That it was possible for Mr BRADLAUGH to command the confidence of a number of electors even in Northampton sufficient to ensure his return to Parliament, must be deplored, as well on religious grounds, as on

those which have to do with the moral tenets upon which the fabric of society has hitherto rested. No one fears, or has even imagined, that he is likely to succeed in putting the House of Commons to the wall. Still the position is undignified for the House, and it might possibly have been better if he had been allowed to take his seat in quietness, and to subside in the manner that Dr Kenealy subsided before him. The atmosphere of the chamber is inimical to the mock heroics of the professional agitator. He sinks at once into the nothingness from which he should never have emerged. This is the fate that would have befallen Mr BRADLAUGH if it had not been for the over vigilance of Sir Henry Wolff and his friends, and should he be ultimately allowed to take his seat for Northampton it is the fate which, beyond all question, is in store for him.

—♦♦♦—
"SIGNIFICANT."

(Scene—Large Drapery Establishment. Great business doing.)

Shopman (to Haughty Dame, who has been kept standing some little time)—What can I serve you with mem?

H. D.—With a chair, in the first place.

—♦♦♦—
SPLENDOUR OUT OF PLACE.—A "young man from the country," advertising for a situation in a public-house, declares that he possesses, or is, a "splendid character." Perhaps he would have been better to have said nothing about the splendid character. Leonidas, Bayard, Sidney—to take a few historical examples at random—were all splendid characters, but it is doubtful whether they would have been of much use behind a bar.

VERY RUM.—An advertisement appears in the *Herald* for a skipper for a Lake Nyassa steamer, who must have "a missionary spirit." The "missionary spirit" usually associated with Africa is bad rum. Is that what's wanted?

HE COULDN'T HAVE STOOD IT.—"Had Job lived in Greenock—" began Bailie Erskine, speaking at a Sugaropolitan meeting the other day. Well, Bailie, if Job had lived in Greenock we should probably have been deprived of our standing example of patience, that's all.

A "Golden Fleece"—The robbery from Don Carlos.

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

More Amazing than Amusing.

A GROWL FROM OUR CYNIC.

SHELLEY calls music:—

"The fountain of tears,
Where the spirit drinks till the brain grows wild;
Softest grave of a thousand fears,
Where their mother care, like a drowsy child,
Is laid asleep in flowers."

"Music hath charms to sooth the savage breast,"
And when "that's so," mankind are truly blest;
But, in the Parks, that wishful consummation
Is never found in happy demonstration.
Go there on any Saint Cecilia night,
The music by the Bands is a delight;
The programme's choice, the execution good,
In sweet concordance of the brass and wood;
But then the audience—what a motley crew!
A huge bear-garden! worse than any Zoo!—
You take your seat, or stand, about the Band,
And list the issues of the magic wand:
When, just before you, runs a trundled hoop;
Behind, immediate in your ear, a whoop
For Jock, or Tam—some restless brother rough;
Then, in your face, proud puffs some smoking muff;
Around, short petticoats ply swinging skipping-ropes;
And scream, and cackle, thoughtless parents' "hopes;"
Who crawl and sprawl about your nervous feet,
From which you fain a forced retreat must beat;
And "any quantity" of ceaseless tiggling, tugging,
And squalling, brawling, grumbling, tumbling, hugging;
Which "altogether" (as reporters say),
Is one wild carnival of rough horse-play;
So that your fears, nursed by their mother care,
Have not *just* gone to sleep, 'mon glowers fair;
And you find music, maid by heaven blest,
Has not, *that* evening, 'soothed the savage breast."

—♦♦♦—
A PRAISEWORTHY PUN.

Jones—I hear, Robinson, you have another case in court, to-day. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, pottering so much in legal squabbles.

Robinson—Ashamed! Not a bit of it. My conduct is altogether law-dabble, sir, law-dabble. See the joke, eh?

[But Jones didn't, and went on his way disgusted.]

—♦♦♦—
A DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT.—The distinguished Mr M'Intyre, "Green Orator," described a party row the other day as "a disgraceful affair," adding that "it was time the authorities were putting down these rows with the strong hand." This is delightful. When Mr M'Intyre—"Green Orator"—takes to lecturing "the authorities" and talking of "disgraceful affairs" we ought to think of setting our house in order.

"Caledonian Balls"—Shinty and football ones.

A Collector of China—A Pekin tax-gatherer.

Bicycles, with all the latest improvements, our own make, and guaranteed.—The Howe Machine Co., (Limited), 60 Buchanan Street.

The Reporters and the Police.

IT is pleasing to observe the terms of affectionate intimacy upon which the reporters for the daily press stand with their friends the police. Should a detective happen to run down a thief, our "abstract and brief chronicle"—otherwise the reporter—assumes an attitude of awed and humble admiration, and forthwith proceeds to gush, in print, over the capture, to which he applies the term "smart," "clever," or whatever else occurs to the limited imagination. The policeman, on his part, takes the reporter under his wing, and occasionally drops him crumbs in the shape of hints capable of being "dressed up" into "pars." The present occasion of these reflections on the BAILIE'S part is a paragraph on which his eye has just lighted, and in which the reporter speaks of a case "against 'Dan,' as he is familiarly called by the members of the police force." Remark how the chronicler endorses and adopts the official pleasantry. It is hardly necessary to point out how conducive to the public interest is this agreeable mutual understanding.

CONTRADICTIONARY TERMS.

(Scene—A Sheriff Court, an important trial is proceeding; counsel for the Crown, while addressing the jury, is much interrupted by the audience.)

Celtic Official (excitedly)—If ye'll no' sit still, and mak' that noise again, ye'll pe — (the rest of the sentence was drowned in roars of laughter).

AFFAIRE BRADLAUGH.—Immortal William thus prophetically *loq.* "These news are everywhere; every tongue speaks them; and every true heart weeps for't. Heaven will open eyes that so long have slept upon this bold bad man. This imperious man will make our princes into pages; all men's honours lie like one lump before him to be fashioned into what pitch he please." King Henry VIII, act ii., sc. 2.

SEES-TU?—Even a casual visitor to Paisley in this warm weather can readily discern that Cart is the scentre of the burgh. Twig?

PARADONICAL.—Putting in the "thin end of the wedge" (wedge?)—A dissipated workman melting the *bottom* sixpence of his week's pay.

Found Money—The current coins placed under the first stone of a new building.

BICYCLES. { The "Duplex," "Challenge," "Club," "Premier," &c. On Hire with option of Purchase.
TRICYCLES. { New, Second-Hand, Fittings cheap, Jenning's, 101 Mitchell Street.

On 'Change.

A FEW long-headed people seem to have come to the conclusion that I was right in my previous estimate of certain railway stocks. At any rate, Glasgow and South-Western has gone up, as it ought if Caledonian be worth what it stands at.

It may be laid down as a general principle that a company which can only pay 1 per cent. ought not to stand at 61. I have already compared Great North of Scotland, which stands at 61, and pays 1 per cent., to the Highland Railway, which stands at 100, and pays 3½. The comparison is a fair one, because both lines are similarly situated. In one respect only are they completely different. Speculators appear able to prey upon the North of Scotland at any moment. The Highland they can never touch, for it is so powerfully held that any attempt to work the stock on the market must almost of necessity bring disaster.

The iron brokers seemed very sorry last week. So sorry were they that they actually knocked off business for a whole afternoon. They wept copious tears of sorrow at every bar in Buchanan Street. It was a touching spectacle. I wonder if they would have done the same thing twelve or thirteen years ago.

Iron brokers are a pachydermatous race. Like Achilles, however, they have their weak point. But it is not in their heel. It lies in their Urquhart. Depend upon it the shoe pinches severely, and the wound will not be healed until ministered to by the Sheriff. Indeed it is doubtful whether it will mend even then.

I said some time ago that too many gold companies were being formed. They are in course of organisation with senseless rapidity, and the investing public is now asked to subscribe to another. To catch small capitalists the shares are fixed at £1 each, but I doubt if this circumstance will be sufficient. Wynand is all very well, but it is a long way off, and at present over-worked.

SCRUTATOR.

CHORAL UNION PIC-NIC.

Off Arrochar; returning. *Stern* preparations for a concert. Attempts to begin "Many a time and oft." Conductor on hurricane deck sings out—"Now, observe, one whole bar, and then a half." General hilarity, and Mendelssohn's "On a lake" isn't begun quite at that moment.

A HELIO-TROPE.

I, in the shade exhausted sink,
And only one thing can I think:
I'll write it down ere dries the ink—
"O, what a time for (h)eat—and drink!"

THE POWER OF "ILLOQUENCE."—The eloquence at a Home Rule Meeting held in the Garngad Road last Wednesday night must have been of a very inspiring description, since two of the audience felt it their duty to assault two strangers—presumably "brutal Saxons"—on their way home. The valiant Home Rulers will have, respectively, 30 and 40 days in which to "simmer down."

Post Rappers—Letter-carriers with their knocks.

PIG-IRON WARRANTS—STOCKS AND SHARES.—Macgregor & Co., Stock and Share Brokers, and Iron Brokers, 136 Buchanan Street, Glasgow, offer Special Facilities to those desirous of Speculating for the Rise or Fall of Markets.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—Mr Knapp advertises the last week of "Little Em'ly at the Royalty Theatre. Those who have not already embraced the opportunity of witnessing Mr David Fisher's impersonation of the illustrious *Micawber* should not fail to do so ere it is too late. It is *Micawber*, and there is no more to be said. Nor should I omit to mention Mr Fred. Sidney's *Uriah Heep*, which is as detestable as the most exacting could desire.

A forthcoming performance is announced by Mr Knapp for the benefit of the "Lloyd Fund"—of which more anon.

M'Kee Ranken is coming with "the Danites" to the Royalty, and George Kn'ght is taking "Otto" to Sadler's Wells.

The Gaiety is closed for alterations and repairs, to re-open on the 26th of July.

Mr George Leitch and his clever company continue to "fetch" the South-siders at the Royal Princess's Theatre. The standing dish for this week is "Sithors to Grind," a melodrama whose mingled blood, fun, and thunder have made it a favourite with audiences all over the country.

While referring to this theatre I may mention that Mr Beryl's arrangements are complete up to February next, and—*entre nous*—that his admirable conduct of the South-side house is likely soon to meet with some slight recognition at the hands of his friends.

The popular promenade concerts at the Royal Botanic Gardens will be continued on Saturday, when the capital band of the 74th Highlanders will perform. There are worse ways of "putting in" a Saturday evening, I can tell you, BAILIE, than taking a "dauner" out to the Gardens.

A new Campsie serial, entitled "The Annals of the Parish," is, "they say," to appear shortly—subscribers must therefore be in time.

I notice in the graduation-list of Durham University the name of Mr Harry Fyfe a gentleman well-known and highly popular in many circles of Glasgow society during his former residence ere.

I was one, BAILIE, of a merry party who went "round the Moil to Oban" in the good steamer "Staffa" on Monday last. What fun we had, to be sure, and how grandly the earliest beams of the sun lit up the headlands of Jura as we ploughed our way northward, past the three peaked island on the left, and the dark masses of Cantyre on our right. Oban was reached in due course about eight a.m., and after a short stay in the metropolis of the Highlands—during which a call was made on our friend Mr David Sutherland, who is once more in capital health, and is comfortably, or should I not say luxuriously, located in the Great Western Hotel—we got on board a train at the new station and made our return journey, by way of Taynuilt, and Dalmally, and Stirling.

The directors of the Oban Railway have issued a host of invitations to a formal opening trip, the company going north on the 30th and returning any day up till the 7th of July. My journey along the line on Tuesday enables me to assure intending travellers that the line is probably the most picturesque in the three kingdoms. Nothing finer than the scenery round the head of Loch Awe, and indeed from Dalmally onward to Oban, is to be found anywhere.

The members of the Western Burns Club enjoyed themselves at their Thursday's pic-nic as such "grave and reverend" (?) seigniors can enjoy themselves upon occasion. They lunched with Mr Jarret at the foot of Ben Lomond, dined with Mr M'Nab at Luss, and, by a clever device of one of the members, they were enabled to prolong the festivities at the capital of Loch Lomond-side until after the last boat had left, and yet they all arrived safe and sound in the city by nightfall.

The "Columba" has now begun her sailings for the season. This year she is grander and more imposing and more perfect in point of comfort than ever. Captain M'Gaw once more controls and commands the vast ship, and Mr Paterson is again entrusted with the care of her passengers and their belongings, Mr Turner, as heretofore, catering for the "creature comforts" of the tourists.

Betting is all in favour of the chances of Mr Dalrymple in the struggle which is to be decided at Rothesay on Saturday. Both parties are expected to make a good fight, but the "blue" candidate is held by the "knowing ones" to be certain of victory.

Even in a sceptical age it was scarcely to be expected that the figured accuracy of the magistrates list of cab fares would be publicly challenged, and that by day-light. Nevertheless, heretical opinion is so prevalent at Pollokshields that the fare given in the table for the drive from that popular suburb to St. Enoch Square has been challenged. Bailie Macbean is the magistrate to clear away such cobwebs from the doubter's mind. So have a care, sir.

PRIMA FACIE EVIDENCE.

First Newsboy—Hey, Jock, look at this pentin' o' a wee laddie wi' his face washed. What sort o' pictur is't na?

Second Newsboy—That's a sapoliograph, an' the wee laddie hiz had his face washed wi' the new sape, sapolio, ye ken.

Giving 'Em Fits.

THE methods adopted now-a-days by your "agitator," of whatever kind, of puffing himself into notoriety, are as dark and peculiar as the ways of the Heathen Chinee. One of the latest is to let your friends say you have had a "fit," and then let them say you haven't. The objection to the adoption of such a plan on the part of our local "agitators" is that the gloom likely to be cast over the city by the contradiction of the original report would be such that business would necessarily be suspended for days.

WHAT A FALL WAS THERE.

(The M'Tullochgorum garbed, à la mode, de Old Gaul, while on a visit in Devonshire is stopped in the middle of a village street by a small boy).

The M'Tullochgorum—Weel, my little man, and what do you want?

Urchin—'Ere's a penny, 'Ighlander, for ya, an' mawther wants ya to come to our doorr an' dance the Scotch fling.

[Awful collapse of the M'T.]

ETYMOLOGICAL.—An etymological correspondent writes to suggest that the word "fusel" of fusel-oil is derived from the French *fusil*, a gun—something that kills at a considerable range.

Relief Scraps—Beggar's bread.

The New Graces I

MR HENRY LABOUCHERE'S vagaries have at least this resemblance to adversity, that they make him acquainted with the strangest of bedfellows. In his championship of Northampton's chosen, and Parliament's incarcerated, he finds himself seconded by no less a personage than Mr Alexander Macdonald. The latter honourable gentleman, by the way, assumed during the Bradlaugh debate a decidedly new *role*—that of defender of Parliamentary privilege. He waxed quite indignant over the presence in the House of a gentleman whom he conceived to be taking unauthorised notes. Who votes for Sandy as the coming Speaker—with Labby as Prime Minister, and Bradlaugh Chaplain to the House?

HABIT AND REPUTE.

(Overheard in a Devonshire lane).

English Yokel—Queer folks in Scotland, bean't they, master? They tells me the men wear petticoats.

Scotch Artist—Quite true, my friend, and if you married a Scotch wife you'd soon find out that it is a custom of the country that the woman wears the breeks.

"WE."—A local critic says, "As a young actress, of whom excellent things may be predicted, we think it right to say," &c. It is certainly interesting to learn that "we" are a young actress, but would it not be more modest and seemly to leave others to predict excellent things of us?

"THE LAW AND THE LADY."—Ye Edinburgh bobby is apparently as redoubtable a hero as, in the opinion of one of our magistrates, his Glasgow brother is, an Auld Reekie police-sergeant having complained grievously the other day of "wounds" and "maltreatment" received at the hands of a lady from the classic Grassmarket. Poor fellow! He ought to receive the Victoria Cross, or some similar decoration, for having had sufficient courage to make the charge!

The BAILIE is informed, on good authority, that the journals devoted to the tailoring trade are not issued from a clothes press.

The Courier of Lions—A menagerie proprietor's agent in advance.

A Wag at the Wa'—A hard-up joker.

An Eyesore—A black eye.

Seaside Scenes.

ONE of the fruits of civilization is the creation of burgh commissioners. Several of our popular watering places, not to be behind the spirit of the age, have added to their natural attractiveness the scenes which are but too often to be witnessed at Council Boards. Since the General Election the BAILIE is sorry to observe that Millport has also yielded to the general weakness and treated its visitors and inhabitants to displays of personality, spite, tittle tattle, and all the meannesses of public life. If those who indulge in this dirt throwing enjoy the sport, good and well, but the local newspapers should really prevent the contamination being spread to the neighbouring continents of Little Cumbrae, Bute, Arran, and Great Britain. Why won't Radical and Tory a' agree and live cleanly under the genial direction of the High Priest of the Doukers and his brethren in Council?

THE TRAM-WAY.

(Scene—Road in the Highlands.)

Dugald (to Donald who has been to Glasgow)—An' tit you'll see the tram-way?

Donald—Aye tit I.

Dugald—An' fat is it?

Donald—Oh! it is jest the steam engine on the street, put they use horses insteat.

Dugald—That's fat it is is it? I was thinkin' it woult pe the roat into the public house.

THE PEDIGREE OF PUNS.

Tim—Shure I wondher who prodhuches all thim illigant foine bits av fun in "The BAILIE."

Barney—You don't mane to say, ye spalpeen, that ye don't know that mother-wit is the father av ivvery blissid joke in the paper.

NO COMPULSION!—Last week Mr W. R. W. Smith called Mr George Jackson a Pharaoh—not "Pharoah," please, good reporters—who required him (Mr S.) to make bricks without straw. And yet it is wonderful what a quantity of bricks without straw—in other words, long-winded speeches about nothing—W. R. W. contrives to manufacture at nobody's instigation but his own! It is, perhaps, another case of Falstaff and his "reasons"—he objects to "compulsion."

Proper-"minded" Children—Those that are well looked after.

Notice of Removal—An intimation of a death.

Jaunty Airs—Excursion tunes.

Music Hall Sketches.

No. 3.—THE ORCHESTRA OF THE ROYAL BRUNETTE.

I DON'T know why it should be so, but it is a fact that every orchestra I have seen, from a German band up to Charles Hallé's, is distinguished by a haughty demeanour and a certain air of superiority to the world at large. The nightly re-production of divine harmonies—even of the "Tommy Dodd" or "Champagne Charlie" order—seems in some mysterious manner to develop all the self-satisfaction of which a man is capable, and makes him regard as outer barbarians the hapless mortals who cannot even play the mouth harconium or the Jew's harp. I have noticed, too, that when playing accompaniments to a vocalist, their usual blase expression deepens to one of absolute disgust. This is apparently the utmost humiliation to which a professional musician can submit and yet survive the ordeal.

It goes without saying, then, that the band of the Royal Brunette are cynics to a man. They could not otherwise have attained their present proud position in the profession, any more than a tailor could earn his living without being able to sit cross-legged. They regard the efforts of "lion comiques" and "inimitable grotesques" with an undisguised contempt that is by far the most amusing part of the performance. A performer has as little chance of interesting them as a man has of appearing a hero to his valet.

Of course there are different degrees of cynicism among them. The leader, for instance, a spruce, gentlemanly fellow as one need wish to see, is the gay cynic. He smiles at the comic men's jokes and antics, but it is the smile of pity, not of enjoyment. He beams on the negro minstrel with his big boots and brimless hat, as one who mildly wonders how a man can possibly make such an ass of himself. He smiles more decidedly than ever when the sentimental vocalist comes to his pathetic or patriotic verse, in a way that must be peculiarly aggravating to that worthy artist. The pianist, again, rather affects the man-of-the-world air, with a spice of the Don Juan or gay Lothario thrown in. No male performer gets attention from him. He gives them their pound of flesh in the shape of the proper number of bangs on his instrument, but not an iota more. With the ladies, however, it is very different. To them his behaviour is all that the fondest heart could desire. He bestows glances of encouragement on them at proper intervals, and adds all sorts of entrancing trills and shakes to the accompaniment for their

special benefit. For the credit of human nature be it said that the ladies are not ungrateful, if one may judge by the number of approving smiles that are despatched in his direction. I always fancy him a sort of Saint Anthony of the foot-lights who rather enjoys his temptations.

The man with the cornet is more of the Diogenes turn. He has such a large supply of misanthropy on hand that he cannot get rid of it all on the performers, but must let some overflow on the audience as well—whom I daresay in his heart of hearts he thinks the greater fools of the two. I shall never forget the way he annihilated, with a withering look, a young man from the country who, on one occasion, tapped him confidentially on the shoulder in the middle of an operatic selection, and asked in a painfully audible whisper "if he coodna' gie's twa three Scotch airs!" I believe that young man will in future shudder whenever he sees a cornet.

My firm belief is that we are indebted to the orchestra for the survival of the music-hall. It supplies all that by any stretch of imagination can be called music in the performances at the Royal Brunette. But for its efforts the vulgar inanities of music hall vocalists would not be tolerated for an instant, even by the easy-going audiences that frequent such places. As to whether the orchestra confers a benefit on society by these services, I don't pretend to express an opinion. PANURGE.

HIS SAD EXPERIENCE.

Scene—Fireside—Head of family, who has just heard of a female deaf mute who is married and who has lived very happily with her husband, comments thusly:—"Ay! ay! very fine nae doot, but I wuss they were a' dumb."

A LARK.—A correspondent of the *Scotsman* says that "the lark is rapidly disappearing." The Ass scornfully denies the statement. He avers there are still plenty of "larks" about, as he can testify from personal experience—ay, and ginger is still as hot i' the mouth as ever it was.

"The Luck of Roaring Camp"—The coming "shows" at Crownpoint.

To "Broach the Admiral" (Russian)—Pop-off the cork.

BICYCLES. { Riding taught. Makers, Agents, Repairers of Bicycles; Suppliers of Saddles, Oil Cans, Springs, Alarm Bells, &c. West of Scotland Bicycle Co. Show Rooms, 104 Renfield St., Works, 67 East Howard St.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT it is awfully hot.

That it is far too warm to work.

That lolling at the seaside sipping iced drinks, is the best thing for this weather.

That the house proprietors at the coast are taking the full advantage of the warm summer.

That they know how to make hay while the sun shines.

That Bailie Thomson is "ashamed of the police."

That he thinks they are more successful in apprehending a poor woman with a basket than in grappling with a Muldoon mob.

That the Bailie is not very far wrong.

That the working man has had another conference.

That this time it has been held at Greenock.

That a conference is as good a name for an outing as any other.

That the practical results of these gatherings is very often infinitesimal.

That the "Vanduaara" is carrying everything before her in English waters.

That the school examinations are now happily over.

That all the academies seem to have been wonderfully successful.

That some of the Councillor bodies waxed perfectly eloquent in their patronising speeches.

That the last dominie has now taken his flight.

That the latest fad is an observatory on Gilshiehill.

That it is to be a joint-stock affair.

That this will be another attraction for Captain Anderson's model burgh.

That the Wemyss Bay correspondence has become a weariness of the flesh.

That the throwing of caps at bicycles has become a source of danger.

That a touch of the tawse for the gay and festive owners of the caps might prove efficacious.

That our senior member has been absent from important divisions recently.

That his pairing for the Local Option pleased neither party.

That George is a disappointed man.

That he thinks his services have not been fully rewarded by his party.

That he has determined to become respectable, and stick in with the Old Whigs.

That the Huntingdon directors have bought another mine.

That they paid £400 for it.

That it isn't much.

That it is perhaps as much as it is worth.

That the Yanks have always had the best of the bargains in these transferences.

That the East-enders are happy in possessing such a splendid bath as the Greenhead one this weather.

That the other districts of the city have been left out in the cold.

That if "oor Jeems'" constituents had been so treated there would have been a growl.

That the ratepayers in other districts must just grin and bear it.

That the re-numbering of the Volunteer corps is leading to great confusion.

That they would have been better "as they were."

COINED FOR CURRENT USE.

Kirstie (examining a new shilling)—I wunner the Queen alloos hersel' be photygraphed on shullins, lookin' as young as a lassie, whin she's aulder nor me. Her hair oucht to be made to look grey.

Tibbie—Hoots, wumman, so it diz, isn't it silver hair as plain as possible?

"DONE INTO ENGLISH."—Mr Spurgeon complains that some "Highland minister"—whose identity he leaves "a blank, my Lord"—plagiarises his sermons by translating them into Gaelic and re-translating them into English. The BAILIE wots of some parsons, not a hundred miles from the Cross o' Gleska, who might be very thankful for a similar "plagiarism"—leaving out the intermediary process.

ROASTING 'EM.—A large gridiron, "said to have been formerly used in burning martyrs," was sold the other day to a firm of English auctioneers. The BAILIE has too much respect for the confraternity of the hammer—among whom he has hosts of friends—to suggest that the purchasers intend putting the article to its original use.

A VEAL-ING OBSERVATION.—Apropos of the Greenock "jocular transaction in cattle," a sarcastic friend of the BAILIE suggests that the animals "alleged" to be sold were not the only calves "around" on the occasion.

THE ARGYLE BATHS, 366 Argyle Street, is the Largest Public Bathing Establishment in Scotland. Warm Baths, 6d, 9d, & 1s; ready daily, from 7 a.m. to 9 p.m. One trial solicited.

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

STUART CRANSTON & CO.,

TRAINED TEA-TASTERS,

ARE OFFERING THE BEST VALUE IN SCOTLAND.

SUPERB TEA at 2s 4d Per Lb.,

Equal to what is sold by Wholesale Grocers (so called) and West-End Co-Operative Stores at 2s 6d, 2s 8d, and 3s. Every family should test the truth of our statement.

THE CHOICEST PURE COFFEE, 1s 8d Per Lb.

MIXED COFFEE—SAME AS IN PARIS—WONDERFUL VALUE, 1s 4d.

FINEST LUMP SUGAR, 3½d; CRYSTALS, 3½d; CRUSHED, 3d; SOFT WHITE, 2½d.

76 ARGYLE STREET (QUEEN STREET CORNER.)

The Argyle Rubber Company,

110 ARGYLE STREET.

FOR THE COAST—

SUMMER WATERPROOFS for Ladies and Gentlemen.
 KNAPEACKS, LAWN TENNIS SETS, BATS, BALLS, AND SHOES.
 SWIMMING COLLARS, SWIMMING BELTS,
 BATHING CAPS, BATHING SHOES, SPONGE BAGS, &c.
 PORTMANTEAUS and TRAVELLING BAGS, all Sizes.

SAPOLIO

Is the CHEAPEST and BEST SOAP for Cleaning all Paint with and Household Utensils. It completely supersedes Emery, Bathbrick, or Rotten Stone. No household should be without it.

HAND SAPOLIO

Is the only perfect SOAP for CLEANING the SKIN.

Both the above Soaps only require to be generally known to be generally used. Sold by

J. & A. MACDONALD, 99 Renfield Street, Glasgow.

D. M'NAUGHTON, 276 Buchanan Street, and Gordon Street, Glasgow.

WM. SMEATON & CO., Pollokshields.

A. KENNEDY, 63 Bridge Street, Glasgow.

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 (formerly with the late Mr John M. Simpson), 85, 87, and 89 MAXWELL STREET, Glasgow, are now showing a magnificent Stock of NEW AND SECOND-HAND FURNITURE.

From the smallness of their Expenses, they are enabled, and are determined to sell at Prices which will meet with the approval of every purchaser. While the prices are low, the quality of the goods is first-class.

THE COLOSSEUM,

70 JAMAICA STREET.
WALTER WILSON & CO.,

THE LEADING HATTERS

and

MILLINERS IN GLASGOW.

The season now full on, our clients are respectfully requested to call early in the day to avoid the excessive crowding in the afternoon.

THE FINEST WHISKY IN THE WORLD.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

HENRY THOMSON & CO.'S OLD IRISH WHISKY.

SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—

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"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.)

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G. C. STEWART,

ANALYST,

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MILLAR & CO.

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LARGE DINING-HALL.

SNACKS (OF ALL KINDS),6d.

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DISPENSING CHEMIST,

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CHARING CROSS HOSIERY WAREHOUSE.

WILLIAM DODS, 13 and 15 ST. GEORGE'S ROAD. Large, Choice, and Carefully-Selected Stock. Latest Novelties in the different Departments. All Goods of the very Best Description, and the Prices Strictly Moderate, Dress Shirts, 31s 6d, 39s, and 45s per Half-Dozen—a Perfect Fit Guaranteed. Merino Underclothing in Great Variety. Gloves, Scarfs, &c.

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When, a few months ago, we introduced this Scheme of Reform in Tailoring, it was only after its thorough practicability had been carefully matured. We felt persuaded that, to furnish gentlemen with a first-rate Pair of Trousers, made up in the very best manner and at the most moderate price possible, was indeed a great desideratum; especially when accompanied, as we resolved it should be, by a guarantee on our part that every garment would be made on the Premises by our own experienced Workmen.

Sanguine as we then felt of the result of the enterprise, we are free to confess that its rapid and complete success has both surprised and delighted us; and in order to mark our grateful appreciation of the public response, we have determined to give our Customers still better value than ever, and to submit a much Larger Variety of Fabrics from which to select. We trust in this way not only to maintain our present large turnover in “DESIDERATUM” TROUSERS, but at the same time to secure the patronage of our Customers for the other Departments of our extensive Business.

FORSYTH,
5 AND 7 RENFIELD STREET.

MITCHELL & CO.'S
OLD IRISH WHISKY, Belfast, is the Purest and Best in the Market, comparison with any other Brand will prove this. Agent for Scotland—DAVID MITCHELL, 20 Hope St., Glasgow.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 30th, 1880.

THE Town Council must be expecting the speedy return of the days of municipal plenty. A remit has been made to a special committee to bring up a report on the whole question of official salaries. Any revision that might be made could not be expected to take the form of a reduction, unless past experience is to be utterly belied. Some months ago there was a proposal to make an all round reduction on the salaries of the City's servants, the same as was effected by the Clyde Trustees, but somehow or other the public have since been kept in the dark regarding the matter. It is dead, no doubt. The reasons which then existed for say a 10 per cent. reduction are little, if at all, weakened by what has happened since. Certainly nothing has occurred in the interval to justify an all round increase. The good times are still in the future—there is no decrease in imperial or municipal taxation, and altogether the financial position of the ratepayers has not improved so as to entitle the servants of the public to en-

hanced salaries at the expense of their suffering masters. The question in short is inopportunistically raised, and should be gracefully postponed. How far this suggestion will recommend itself to the superintendents and lieutenants of police, who have been proposed for increased salaries, it is not difficult to say, but they may be expected to see the force of the arguments against a general increase of expenditure at present, although with the natural blindness of self-interest they may fail to see its application to their cases. Meanwhile their salaries are large enough to afford them the necessaries and a fair share of the luxuries of life. As for the Chief Constable, whom “kindly” ex-Bailie Young is astonished at not having been recommended for an increase also, “looking at his assiduous and responsible duties,” he is not among the great under paid, and his assiduous and responsible duties are not generally known to affect his spirits or *physique*.

“Reason, you Rogue, Reason!”

BAILIE M'ONIE'S example of “misca'in' ta Force” was last week followed by a brother Magistrate, Bailie Thomson, who brought against our friends in blue the cruel charge of “running away out of sight whenever party rows occur.” A striking—truly striking—commentary on this unkind accusation was afforded by a case tried at the Central on the same day, when “a little lean lad—a tailor to trade”—was charged with knocking down a gallant policeman who attempted to take him into custody. If our constables are liable to be worsted in single combat with little, lean, and juvenile tailors, how can Bailie Thomson expect them to face furious mobs? Pray let us be reasonable!

BUSYBODIES BOTH.

Duncan—Pother you, Lauchie, what you'll pother for noo?

Lauchie—Pother yourself, you weel-do-ne'er, why ton't you work? I woot sooner rather do nosing at al' as pe lazy like you. Shust look at me noo, I am alwiss at work even while I'm idling apoot while you're alwiss doing nosing whether you're idle or no.

Reversing Nature—After a man's death his “Life” appears.

The “Saute”-Market—A church bazaar.

A Sculling Race—Phrenologists.

"Our Boys."

WAS it not Mr Gladstone who some years ago lamented the prominence given in modern society to the juvenile element? Whoever uttered the protest in question, he was about right; and from day to day we in Glasgow find fresh evidence of the prevailing nuisance. Only last week the BAILIE mentioned an urchin who got sick over a fartive pipe and straightway became a "case for the newspapers," and now we find a paragraph headed, "Disgraceful Fight in Glasgow," which turns out to be a juvenile match at fisticuffs, the "principals"—the term is the reporter's—being of the respective ages of 16 and 14! In the BAILIE'S youthful days we smoked our first pipe "on the sly," and fought our battles, without dreaming of a fame beyond the playground or the family circle; but if these chronicles of Lilibut are to become the fashion we may expect to find a "juvenile" as well as a "junior" reporter attached to every newspaper.

A FLY ANE.

(Scene—Public house.)

Assistant (to shopman)—Did you ever see a flying fish?

Shopman (with a look of wonder)—I've seen illustrations of them, but never an original.

Assistant (earnestly)—Oh, I've seen yin alive, but it was stuffed. [Collapse of shopman.]

"A MODERN MINISTER."—A blatant parson, who supports Mr Russell's candidature for Bute, announces, as an extraordinary fact that "on the Sabbath day he never shows his congregation, by anything he says in his sermons, that he takes any interest in politics." He adds that his support of Mr Russell is due to the "abominable" conduct of the Conservatives. The BAILIE fails to see anything remarkable in the fact of a clergyman's abstaining from canvassing in the pulpit, but he does think it worthy of remark, and censure, that a Christian pastor should fling Billingsgate at his political opponents on the platform.

A Selling Race—Shopkeepers.

MARK YOUR LINEN

With an A. C. T. India Rubber
MONOGRAM, INITIAL, or NAME STAMP,
Prices, 2/6 and 3/6 Complete,
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Post Free.

A. C. THOMSON,
Mercantile Stationer,
278 ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW.

Ye Dominie and Ye Little Holiday.

THE BAILIE wots:—

That teachers and taught are now let loose for their holidays.

That the dominie's occupation's gone till August and September next.

That the schoolmaster will be very much abroad till then.

That certain city pubs. will for a time lose their best patrons.

That six weeks' play with six weeks' pay is the height of bliss to the Brod dominie.

That most of us would be glad to get as many days as the "new profession" get weeks for their furlough.

That the play plus pay of our head Dominie Sampsons is simply "Prodigious!"

That the usual closing "exhibitions" in our Board schools were this year conspicuous by their absence.

That instead thereof the trades' union of headmasters made an exhibition of themselves by going in the teeth of the Board's wishes

That altogether its grand to be a dominie—especially at the "long vacation."

MIXED.

(Scene—Johnny is being asked "his questions" on the occasion of the minister's visit).

Granny—Noo, Johnny, jist gae ower the buiks o' the Bible, like a clever man.

Johnny (timidly)—A' canny.

Granny—Hoots, man, dae ye no mind whit yer granny learnt ye. Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, January, February, March, —

Johnny (gleefully)—Au, Granny, yer awa wi't

A NEW DUTY.—Bailie Thomson has apparently a higher opinion of Tonalt's veracity than he has of his courage. During a trial last week he observed, "See now in the next case to have two policemen to tell the truth; for in this case we haven't got the truth." It must strike Tonalt as quite a novel idea that it should be considered his function to "tell the truth," and we need not wonder if the poor fellow should protest against having this new duty thrust upon his overburdened shoulders.

Musical Hum-drum—The effusive and percussive conglomerate of the bagpipes and tympani, in co., in the parks.

BICYCLES.—A fair allowance made for Second-hand Bicycles taken in Exchange.—Howe Machine Co., (Limited), 60 Buchanan Street.

Megilp.

AMONG the works contributed to the forthcoming "Black and White" Exhibition in the Fine Art Institute will be a series of etchings by Meryon, that strange, unhappy genius, who holds a position to the Art of France not altogether unlike that occupied by Blake towards painting and painters in this country. Where Blake, however, was spiritual Meryon was material; where Blake endeavoured to depict a disembodied soul, Meryon only busied himself with the earth and earthly things and scenes. The two men, however, have this in common, that they lived poor and died unhappy. Both of them were either before or behind their generation.

The promoters of the Black and White Exhibition must not omit, by any means, to secure an adequate representation of the works of George Cruickshank. Some of his etchings, particularly those he supplied to "Oliver Twist" and the "Tower of London," are replete with a strange, weird power, and are rich in suggestive hints of character. Ruskin declared his fairy tale illustrations to be "the finest things, next to Rembrandt's, that have been done since etching was invented," and although this is certainly extravagant praise, there can be no doubt that, notwithstanding their faults of drawing, they are wonderfully expressive, or that they show a complete command over the resources of the art.

It was mentioned in this column last week that Messrs Pettie and M'Whirter were bound, this year, for Arran, and to this it may now be added that the house near Glen Sannox where they propose to spend the summer was secured for them by the late Mr A. B. Stewart.

For the moment it may be interesting to note there is quite a little colony of artists in the neighbourhood of the Sannox water. Indeed the district has an appearance by no means unlike that presented by the Glenfinlas clachan in the season when every house—let it be a clay biggin' or constructed of gude stane an' lime—is overrun by brethren of the brush.

Among those at present congregated near the mouth of the great Arran glen are Wellwood Rattray, Peter Buchanan, G. W. Graham, and young M'Bride, who is this year painting exceedingly well.

A Dundee correspondent says that the exhibition there is an exceedingly good one. There is an absence of very striking works, but the average is excellent. Among the artists who have specially painted pictures for it are Messrs Pettie and M'Taggart. The two water-colours by the latter—"Bait Gatherers" and "Ebb Tide"—are full of light and air. "The Duke" (from the Merchant of Venice,) by Pettie, is a strong, telling piece of work. Mr Tom Graham's "Counsel's Opinion" is very sweet in colour, and shows an easy light touch. Phil Morris has put tender feeling and admirable arrangement into his sheep picture "Changing Pasture." Sir Noel Paton contributes three works, and Mr Carl Schlosser two. The latter is rapidly taking a high position as a *genre* painter. Mr Alma Tadema is represented by a clever water-colour, and the Dundee people are fortunate in possessing examples of Orchardson, Smart, Israels, Macbeth (who shows his admirable picture of "Return from the Market at St. Ives"), M'Whirter, Neuhuys, J. C. Noble, Miss Montalba, Gow, D. Farquharson and J. Farquharson.

Among the Glasgow artists who have works in Dundee Exhibition are Aitken, Hugh Allan, Black, Boyd, Brown, Brydall, Cairney, Calvert, Catterns, Chalmers, Dalglisch, Alex. Davidson, T. Davidson, Donald, Fulton, Greenlees, Miss Greenlees, Grey, J. Guthrie, W. Guthrie, Hanbidge, Hedderwick, Hunt, Hutcheson, Lavery, Lyle, C. M'Ewen, Mackellar, M'Millan, Mann, Munro, Murray, Miss Provan, Rattray, F. Rohl, Taylor, Williams, and Woolnoth. Several of our local painters show well. Among them may be mentioned Miss F. H. Bell, whose work is full of great promise.

The attendance at the Exhibition is large, as it certainly ought to be, and the sales are going on most satisfactorily.

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

Reel-ly Too Bad.

THE levity exhibited by the average "modern minister" has often occasioned the BAILIE much pain, and anxiety, and perturbation of spirit. In his young days—not to speak of the days of his father the deacon—the Scottish pastor was a grave and reverend personage before whom frivolity hung her head abashed; but now he "frivols" like frivolity herself. *E.g.*, it is reported that two burning and shining lights of the Kirk attended a servants' ball recently given by Her Majesty at Balmoral, and it is even hinted by one Southron print that they took part in—a reel! This said hint may be "a thing devised of the enemy;" but in any case the BAILIE feels inclined to say of the transaction that—to use the words of a talented young friend—"it ain't form."

IN NUBIBUS.

Tommy—I didn't know that the man in the moon paid for the use of his house, Katie, did you?

Katie—No, never, and I can hardly believe it.

Tommy—Well, this book speaks about a rent in the clouds, and as the man in the moon is the only dweller up there, he must pay it. I wonder where he gets the money?

Katie—Out of the silver lining, Tommy, and I should think the moon's quarters are his rent days.

Wigtown Martyrs—Readers of the Glenluce tragedy in the *Herald*.

"OH, THOU WEED!"—An American court has decided that selling cigars on Sunday is a work of necessity. If the cigars in question are anything like those whose fumes one encounters in the streets of Glasgow of a Sunday, the selling of them may be a work of necessity, but it is hardly one of mercy.

"NOW WE SAIL WITH THE GAEL."—In a puff preliminary anent the opening cruise of the "Gael" last Saturday, Granny states that "after spending half-an-hour ashore, the steamer returns at 2 p.m." How the steamer spends its half-hour ashore the venerable one telleth not. It is to be hoped, however, that the "Gael" doesn't dip too deeply into "Campbeltown," otherwise the return journey in a top-heavy state would damage its reputation for steadiness and materially aid the milk and water "Ivanhoe."

BICYCLES.—One 44-in. Challenge. £6 10s.; and one 46 in. Excelsior, £6 10s.; both these Machines as good as new,—The Howe Machine Co., 60 Buchanan Street.

The Right Men in the Right Place.
THE question of the hour with many folks is "Whither shall we go or whither shall we fly for our holiday junketings?" The Animile, without going furth of his native heath for fresh fields and pastures new, responds by a list of rendezvous specially suitable to certain sorts and conditions of men. On the footing that like draws to like and that business may profitably be blended with pleasure, the far-travelled beastie jauntily caracoles along the even tenor of his way, and thus lets down the motley merry-makers at their several pre-ordained resting places:—

Certain Toon Cooncillors—Bearsden.
 The Unco Guid—Holytown.
 Penny Tram "Fares"—Carmyle.
 Peep o' Day Drouths—Morningside.
 Colosseum Employees—Wilsontown.
 Funny Folks—Larkhall.
 Dreich Debtors—Langloan.
 Beer Bibbers—Bass Rock.
 Publicans—Strathbungo.
 Good Templars—Caldwell.
 "My Uncle"—Borrowstounness.
 Ta Tuke's Lads—Campbeltown.
 Yankees—Dollar.
 Disestablishers—Falkirk.
 "Quill-drivers"—Goosedubs.
 Butchers—Killin.
 Incurables—Langholm.
 Chiropodists—Cornhill.
 Dentists—Teith-side.
 Perruquiers—Wigton.
 Followers of St. Crispin—The Cobbler.
 Bakers—Scone.
 Shell-fish-ers—Musselburgh.
 Men-of-war—Portobello.
 Lithographers—Stonehaven.
 The Magistrate—Baillieston.
 Men you Know—Loch Ken.
 The Animile—Loch Assynt.

The Policeman's Song—"O! whistle and I'll come to ye my lad."

Music in the Parks—Nursery Airs.

ROYALTY THEATRE,
 Lessee and Manager.....Mr E. L. KNAPP.
 TO-NIGHT (TUESDAY), 29TH JUNE, and Following
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WILKINS MICAWBER, ... Mr David Fisher.
 Preceded at 7-30 by David Fisher's Princesses Farce,
 "HEART STRINGS AND FIDDLE STRINGS."
 Mozart Von Beethoven Smith,.....Mr David Fisher.

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 AND CRYSTAL PALACE PROMENADES,
 BAND of 74TH HIGHLANDERS,
 ON SATURDAY FIRST, 3RD JULY, 7 TO 9-15 P.M.
 Admission, Sixpence.

Subscribers admitted Free on Presenting Tickets of Membership.
 Annual Family Ticket, 21s; Single Ticket, 10s 6d.
 Tickets at Mr SLOAN'S, 140 Hope Street, and at Garden Gate.

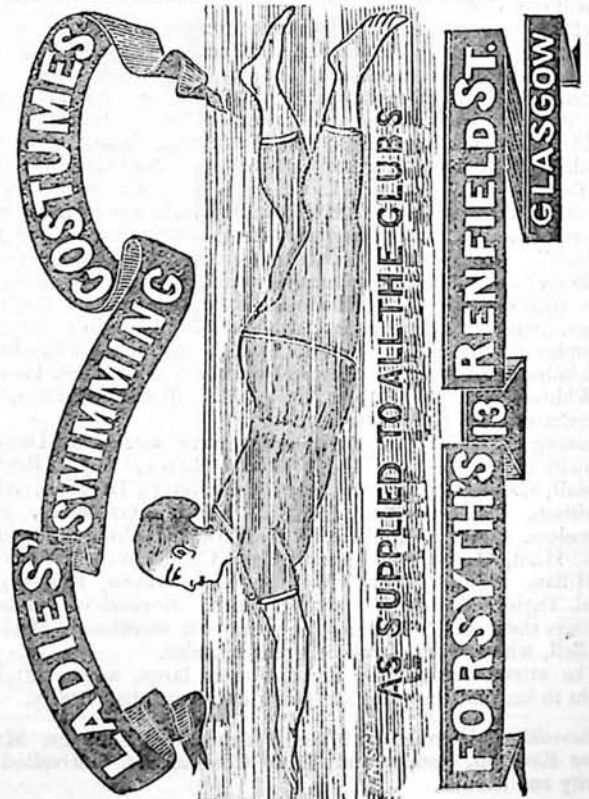
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 Box Plan at Donaldson's Rooms, 91 St. Vincent Street.

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 WILL RE-OPEN FOR DRAMATIC SEASON
 EARLY IN AUGUST.

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 have much pleasure in announcing that they have made arrangements for the Daily Supply of their Dairy Produce on board the fine new Saloon Steamer "Ivanhoe" during the present Season.

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Unequalled variety of Novelties and Fresh Stars each Week.
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Choice Old COGNAC BRANDY, Guaranteed Seven 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.

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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.

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GLASGOW AND THE HIGHLANDS.

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS, Columba, Iona, Chevalier, Mountaineer, Pioneer, Clansman, Clydesdale, Staffa, Islay, Glencoe, Queen of the Lake, Gondolier, Glengarry, Linnet, Lochawe, Lochiel, Lochness, Cygnet, Plover, Inverary Castle, Sail during the Season for Islay, Oban, Fort-William, Inverness, Staffa, Iona, Glencoe, Lochawe, Tobermory, Portree, Strome Ferry, Gairloch, Ullapool, Lochinver, Lochmaddy, Tarbert (Harris), and Stornoway, affording Tourists an opportunity of visiting the Magnificent Scenery of Glencoe, the Coolin Hills, Loch Coruisk, Lech Maree, and the famed Islands of Staffa and Iona.—Official Guide, 2d; Illustrated, 6d.—Time Bills, with Maps, free by post, on application to the Proprietor, DAVID MACBRAYNE, 119 Hope Street, Glasgow. (The Columba or Iona Sails Daily at 7 a.m., conveying Passengers as above.)



GLASGOW AND INVERARAY.

The Beau Ideal Saloon Steamer

"LORD OF THE ISLES"

Sails Daily from GREENOCK for KIRN, DUNOON, WEMYSS BAY, ROTHESAY, TIGNABRUACH, and STRACHUR, connecting at Greenock and Wemyss Bay with Special Express Trains from Glasgow, as under:—

KYLES OF BUTE AND LOCHFYNE ROUTE.

Steamers	From	Trains—Cen.		St En.	Br. St.
		A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.
"Lord of the Isles."	Greenock	8.15	7.30	7.25	—
	Wemyss Bay	9.25	—	—	8.10

LOCH ECK ROUTE.

"Lord of the Isles."	Greenock	8.15	7.30	7.25	—
	Via Dunoon.	—	—	—	—
"Vivid,"...	Greenock	8.45	8.0	8.10	—
	Via Kilmun.	—	—	—	—
"Ivanhoe,"	*Greenock	9.45	9.0	8.55	—
	Via Dunoon.	—	—	—	—

* This Connection to Strachur only.

Passengers have an Hour at Inveraray.

Returning from Inveraray at 2 p.m. with Passengers for both of the above Routes for Special Trains leaving Wemyss Bay at 5.45 p.m., and Greenock (Prince's Pier) at 6.25 p.m., and Custom-House Quay at 6.35 p.m., for Glasgow, Edinburgh, and the South.

For full Particulars as to the Sailings, Circular Tours, Fares, &c., see Time Bills, to be had free from GEORGE STIRLING, Chemist, Dunoon; JOHN RODGER, Chemist, Inveraray; or from M. T. CLARK, Manager, 17 Oswald St., Glasgow.



THE Commodious Steamer "DUNOON CASTLE" has commenced Sailing for the Season. On SUNDAY, 4th July, from Kingston dock at 10.30 a.m. for ROTHESAY and Intermediate Ports.

THE ROYAL RESTAURANT

10 AND 12 WEST NILE STREET,

C. WILSON & SON, Proprietors.

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.

JAMES M'EWAN, RESTAURATEUR, 26 & 28 MAIN STREET, ANDERSTON. BREAKFASTS, DINNERS, TEAS. French Papers Daily.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE

C O U N T Y O F B U T E

GENTLEMEN,

The firm in Glasgow, of which Mr Russell was till a few weeks ago a member, having a standing contract with the Government, he was, as he now admits, at the time of the General Election disqualified from sitting as a Member of Parliament. Even had there been no petition presented against the return of Mr Russell, if it had become known to Parliament that this disqualification existed, he would have incurred the heavy penalty which a vote given in the House of Commons under these disqualifying circumstances would have entailed. In the case of Sir S. Waterlow in 1869, when a petition against his return for Dumfriesshire had been withdrawn, the disqualification on account of a Government Contract remained; and a Select Committee was appointed to consider his case, and his election was declared void.

In his address to the electors, Mr Russell complains of the Conservative Party for throwing the County again into the turmoil of another election. It must, however, be evident that the Conservative Party are in no way responsible for the recurrence of an election of which Mr Russell's own position is the sole cause. The presentation of the particulars of the petition against Mr Russell's return has had the effect of drawing from him an admission of his disability, while the limited number of the bribery cases at once justifies the petition, and disposes of the charge of any wholesale imputation upon the Constituency at large.

A new Election for this County now becomes necessary, and I again offer myself as a candidate for the Representation of Bute. I was defeated by a very narrow majority at the recent Election, and I am induced to hope that, as another opportunity of appealing to the Constituency has occurred, a different decision may be arrived at.

Referring to the past, I may say that it was always my desire when in Parliament to keep specially in view the interests of Scotland, though it was matter of constant difficulty to obtain for them a due attention. Successive Governments on very rare occasions gave prominence to measures affecting Scotland. As a rule, subjects exclusively Scottish are distasteful to Governments; and I have always held the opinion that, where it was practicable, if measures were framed applicable to Scotland as well as to England, the number of subjects requiring separate treatment might gradually be reduced. But it was also my endeavour to interest myself in questions relating to the country in general, because I felt that Scotch members of Parliament who hold themselves aloof from general business are less likely to be able at the proper moment to claim in their turn attention and forbearance for questions of exclusive interest to Scotland.

I appeal to the recollection of the whole constituency of this County when I say that it was my constant endeavour during upwards of eleven years to fulfil the promise made by me in 1868, that "Matters of local interest would be regarded by me as of primary importance;" and that I gave effect to the intention then expressed of being "accessible and generally useful to every member of the Constituency."

The experience of a number of years made me familiar with many methods and details of the work of Parliament; and such services as I have rendered formerly to the best of my power are at the disposal of the County of Bute, if, on consideration, my Constituents of former days should again see fit to elect me.

I am, GENTLEMEN,

Your obedient Servant,

CHARLES DALRYMPLE.

ROTHESAY, 17th June, 1880.

FORSYTH'S
SUMMER OVERCOATS
 ALL OWN MAKE
 ONE GUINEA
 587 RENFIELD ST.



ISLAY WHISKY.

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

CORRY & CO.'S AERATED WATERS

HAVE, since first introduced into Scotland in 1850, steadily increased in popularity, and at all the Universal Exhibitions met with unprecedented success.

To produce Aerated Beverages worthy of retaining that high position, Messrs CORRY & Co. have, with a concentration of power and devotion to the object in view, obtained for their Aerated Waters an appreciation by the Public which their Customers and patrons are assured will be their constant aim to retain and increase.

Since 1850 many mere imitators have come and gone, and many still remain; but the Public are requested to insist on having CORRY'S Waters, not imitations.

To be had at all the First-Class Hotels, Restaurants, and from Family Grocers, Wine Merchants, Chemists, &c. &c.

JOHN MERCER & CO., YORK STREET, GLASGOW, AGENTS FOR SCOTLAND.

NEW FEATURE IN FELT HATS.

The NEW FLEXIBLE (Light as a Feather),

From 2½ to 3½ ozs. Weight.

Less than half the weight of an ordinary Felt Hat.

For COMFORT and SUMMER WEAR, simply perfection,

From 5/ 7/6, 9/6, each.

JNO. D. MACARTHUR,

HOSIER, GLOVER, SHIRTMAKER, AND HATTER,

263, 265, 267 SAUCHIEHALL ST.

Novelties in Boys' Sailor Hats.

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO.,

AUCTIONEERS AND VALUATORS,

ROYAL EXCHANGE SALE-ROOMS.

THOMAS MOORE,

(Late MOORE & KIDD

AUCTIONEER and APPRAISER,

ARGYLE SALE-ROOMS, 19 Gordon Street.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The "PERCY" SHOE HOUSE

IS NOW OPEN,

55 ARGYLE STREET, 55

GLASGOW.

HIGH-CLASS BOOTS AND SHOES

AT MANUFACTURERS' PRICES.

Direct Saving of from 20 to 30 per Cent. under

West End Prices.

BRANCH FROM TRONGATE,

C. M. PERCY, Proprietor.

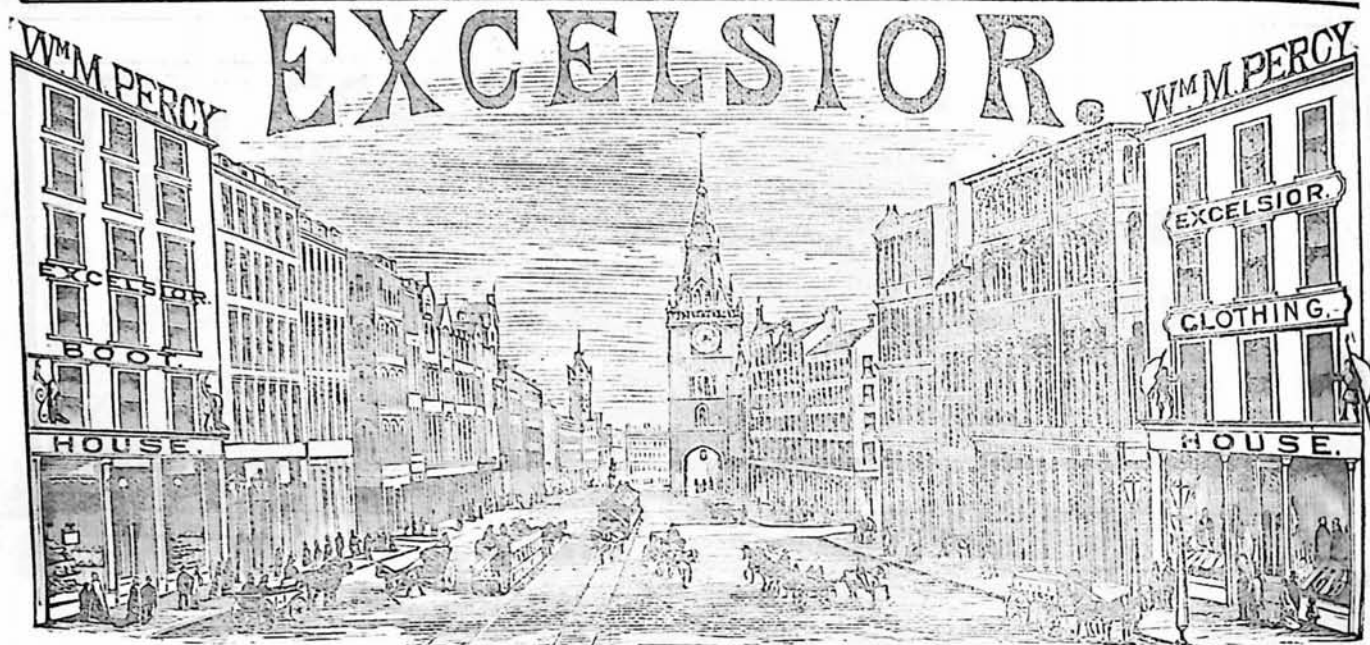
KINGSTON BATHS,

SOUTH-SIDE.

SWIMMING LESSONS,
 BY MR WILSON.

KENNEDY ST. BATHS,
 TOWNHEAD.

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



ADVENT IN OUTFITTING.

W. M. PERCY,

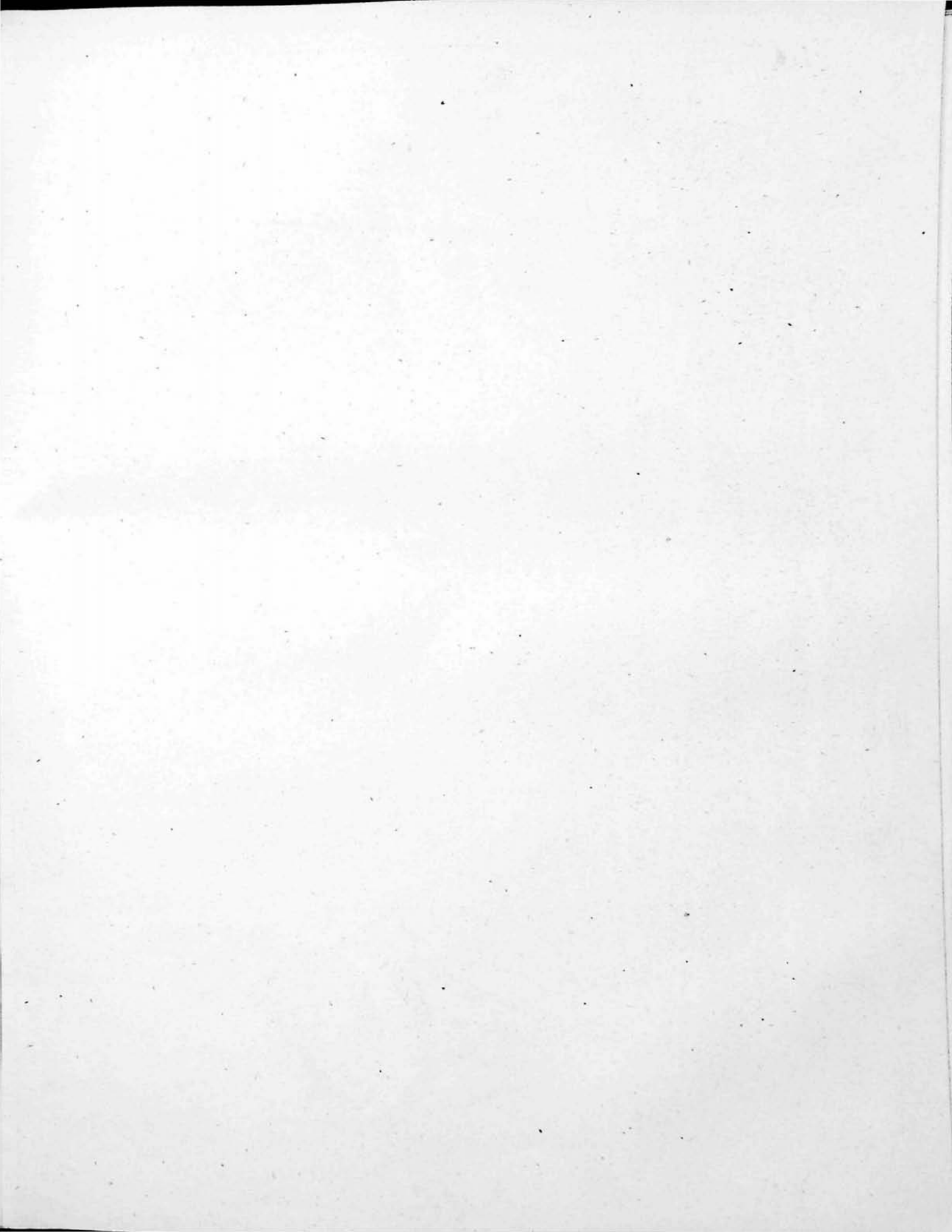
General Outfitter, Leather Merchant, & Shoe Manufacturer,
119, 121, 124, 126, 128 & 132 TRONGATE, GLASGOW.

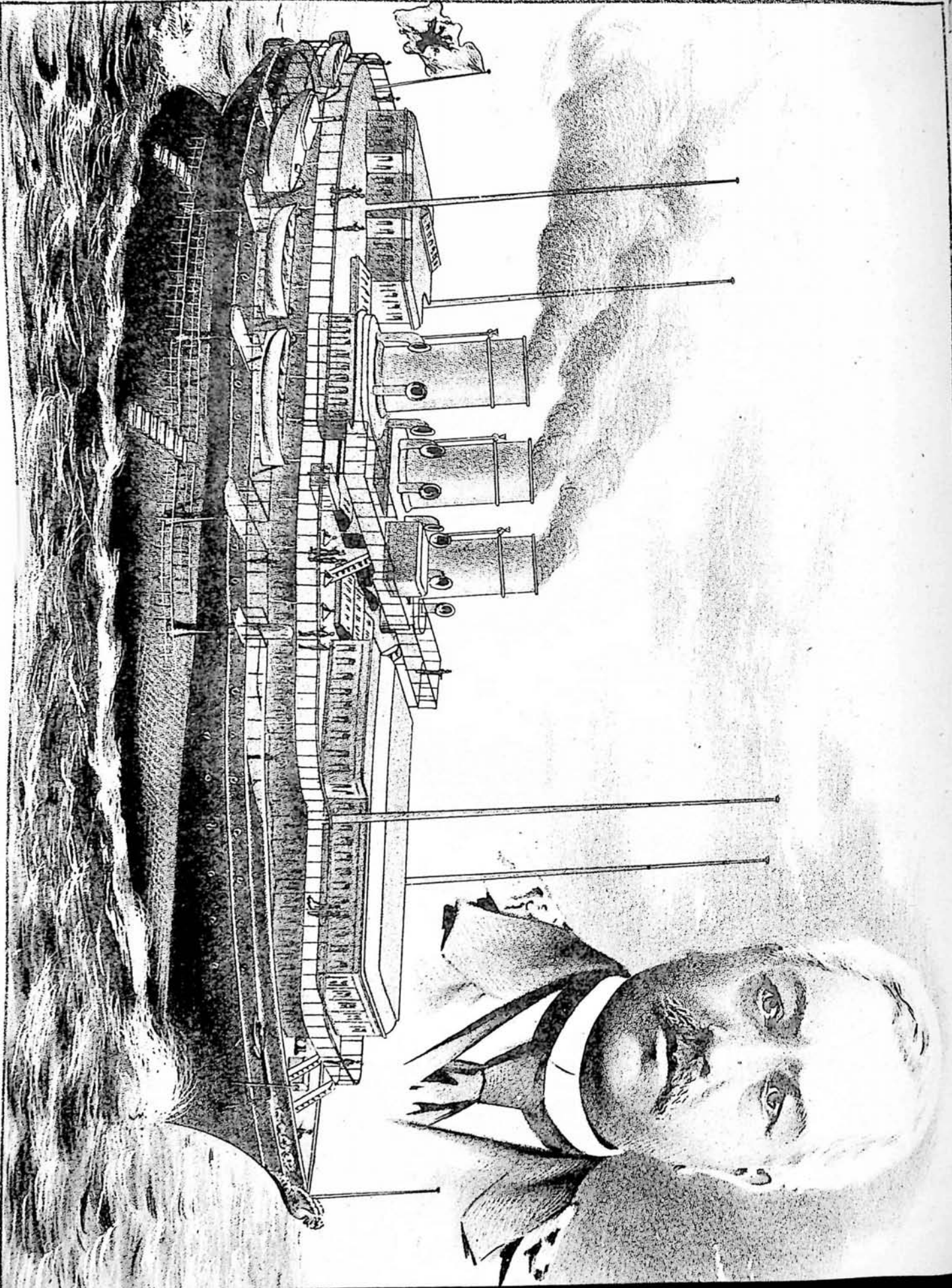
WM. M. PERCY begs respectfully to announce that he has just opened the "EXCELSIOR CLOTHING HOUSE," No. 119 and 121 Trongate, directly opposite his famous "Excelsior Boot House." (As shown above.) The "Excelsior Clothing House" is designed, and will be conducted, on the principles which have made the "Excelsior Boot House" such a pronounced success. The **Bespoke Department** will be supervised in a manner unsurpassed by any West-End Firm, and the principle of small profits, which has made the "Excelsior Boot House" so popular, will be strictly adhered to in this and also in the **Ready-made Department**. **Boys' and Youths' Clothing** will form a specialty at the "New Excelsior."

The stock of Cloths is of the latest designs, and includes choice selections in English Coatings, Scotch, Irish, and Welsh Tweeds.

To make success doubly sure, everything that careful consideration can devise, and masterly management accomplish, is insured by the appointment of Managers and Cutters of large and varied experience.

In thanking his numerous Patrons for the support accorded the "Excelsior Boot House," the Proprietor would again impress upon them and the Public, that the "Excelsior Clothing House" will follow in its wake; Excellence in Quality, Tastefulness and Novelty in Design, and Cheapness in Price will form the chief features of his New Establishment.





The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 403.

Glasgow, Wednesday, July 7th, 1880.

Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 403.

ARE we on the eve of a revolution in ship-building? Is the enormous vessel which will be launched to-day (Wednesday) from the Fairfield building yard the craft of the future? From the Roman galley to the caravel of Prince Henry of Portugal was one step, from the caravel to the Spanish galleon was another, and from the galleon to the fighting "Temeraire" was a third. The "Black Prince," moreover, replaced the "Temeraire" a score of years ago, and since then the "Devastation" has made the "Black Prince" antiquated. But this is not all. It seems that even the "Devastation" is now threatened. We have not yet, so some people think, heard the last word spoken in naval architecture, and many of us are turning to the "Livadia," eager to learn whether this is the model after which all sea-going ships are now to be constructed. The "Livadia," as was stated the other evening by Captain Goulaeff, in his admirable address in the Fine Art Institute, is a palace built on an enormous steel turbot or raft. The sides of this palace rise to a height of something like forty feet, and as they slope inward, instead of outward, as is the custom in all other ships, the vessel will possess a steadiness, even in the heaviest seas, that will be of wonderful value, inasmuch as sea-sickness will be practically unknown among those on board. Enormous carrying-space, the possession of a high rate of speed, and the possibility of employing her in the navigation of the shallow waters of lakes and rivers, are among the other properties possessed by the new vessel. While the "Livadia" has been built by Mr Pearce, the famous head of the firm of John Elder & Co., the merit of designing her belongs to Admiral POPOFF, the Chief Constructor of the Russian navy. The

Admiral, who is now in his fifty-fifth year, is generally regarded as one of the foremost seamen and naval architects in the world. He entered the Russian navy as far back as 1840, and served, first as a midshipman, and then as a lieutenant, in the Black Sea fleet. He still belonged to the latter rank in the service at the outbreak of the Crimean war, and succeeded, on various occasions, in running the blockade of Sebastopol. A further feat, but one which will hardly recommend itself to the more ardent species of "British patriot," was the firing, with his own hand, of several transports belonging to the Allied Squadron. Throughout the war, indeed, Lieutenant POPOFF approved himself an officer of exceptional daring and gallantry, and at its close he was promoted to the rank of captain. Among the lessons taught the Russians by the Crimean war was the advantage to be derived from the possession of a sufficient number of swift steam cruisers. Captain POPOFF was one of the first to point this out, and the earnestness with which he advocated the acquisition of the new species of vessel, together with his familiarity with the special needs of a blockade-runner, caused him to be entrusted with the formation of a fleet of cruisers to be built after his own design, in the White Sea. So earnestly did he push the work on, that in nine months no fewer than nine vessels, all of which had been constructed under his superintendence left Archangel for the Pacific. The next year or two was spent by him at the head of a flying squadron, which visited various ports as well on the Pacific as on the Atlantic seaboard of America. In 1866 he built the "Peter the Great," the first ship of war of the "Devastation" type, and shortly afterwards he introduced a species of partially armoured ocean cruiser into the Russian Navy, of a kind which has been largely adopted in the fleets of other nations.

Somewhere about 1869 the famous "Popoffkas" were undertaken. These, it may be mentioned, are a species of "floating forts." They are of a circular shape, their free-board is exceedingly low, and their great breadth of beam, and sloping deck, immediately behind the water line, give them unwonted steadiness, always an important matter in a ship of war. It was the success attending the Popoffka species of vessel, that gained for the Admiral the post of Chief Constructor of the Russian Navy, and which has since procured for him the distinction of having the "Livadia," the new Imperial yacht, entrusted to his care. Admiral POPOFF belongs to the race of great naval captains. A man of unwonted daring, a skilful and scientific seaman, and one of the foremost naval architects of the time, he takes rank on the one side with Jean Bart and Lord Cochrane, and on the other with the John Elders and William Pearces—with the naval architects, indeed, with whom he is competing to-day. It would hardly be fair, when the yacht "Livadia" is in question, not to say a word of the Fairfield Building Yard, the great ship factory where she has been built. Looked at in a certain light, Fairfield is, beyond all question, *the* sight of Glasgow. When the engineering shop is in operation it presents an appearance which is even more impressive in its way than our old Cathedral; the blacksmith's shop is equally interesting and perhaps even more startling to any one ignorant of giant furnaces, steam hammers, and other practical adjuncts to engineering science; and the turning, joiners', and model shops are each sufficient in themselves to constitute an immense business. And all these are outside of the building yard proper, they are merely accessories, as it were, to what is known to the general public as "Fairfield."

EXPRESSIVE.

(Scene—Central Dining Rooms; enter seven ladies.)

Haulsome Waitress (in tight-fitting Jersey, to cook on receiving their order)—Three chickens and four lambs.

Bachelor Customer—Eh?

An Intellectual Line of Steamers—The Mac'-Brain Line.

An (N)oval Feast—Eggs for breakfast.

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

Our New U.S. Consul.

"Tho! gals don't you know
Thet—Lord!—thar's his step in the garden below."—
The Idyl of Battle Hollow.

BRET HARTE—or rather Bright Heart, may we say?—
You're very welcome, Sir, and well you know it;
Welcome to old Sanct Mungo's city grey—
Welcome the welcome worthy of a poet.

You'll think us strange at first; but not so queer
As was that childlike, heathen, bland Chinese;
The only likeness we possess up here
To such as he, is love for L. S. D.

But that's a failing in all countries—ay,
About as common grown as are the flowers;
Our honour's in our honesty, our sheering shy
Of sleeves well filled with "aces" and with "bowers."

We're fond of poetry—we're fond of yours';—
And that's about as mild as we can put it—
We think 'twill last while time itself endures,
At least it so deserves—who dare refute it!

Take but a stroll within the precincts grey
Of our Cathedral—peace and poetry dwell
Inside its hallowed walls;—or westward stray
And ease your heart in Kelvin's classic dell.

And should a tinge of sadness sink your soul
As through our city slums you wend along,
Calm it, as well you can, and deal your dole—
Labour and grief are lightened both by song.

We're glad to have you with us; think us true,
For all too feebly these poor verses run;
'Tis pride indeed to welcome such as you
Who feels "the world's loud plaudit of 'Well done!'"

A DISAPPOINTED POLITICIAN.

(Scene—Jail Square; A Tory and a Radical are engaged in a political discussion.)

Tory—Weel, Bob, whit's your apenion o' Gladstin noo?

Radical (scratching his head)—Weel, Tam, the man hisna gotten muckle time yet tae pit a' things richt, bit a' the same a' thocht that a' wid a' been a gentlemun before this.

"CRAMMERS."—Granny, in a sympathetic article on the French Jesuits, says that they "are almost unsurpassed as 'crammers.'" The Jesuits are generally credited with peculiar views on the subject of story-telling, but—to say nothing of the slang—is it not too bad of our venerable friend, while professedly patting them on the back, to term them living, moving, and unsurpassed—"crammers?"

"ASSURANCE."—It seems odd to read, in a paragraph recording a fire, that the sufferer is "fully covered by assurance." It appears almost equivalent to saying that he has "no end of cheek."

Bicycles, with all the latest improvements, our own make, and guaranteed.—The Howe Machine Co., (Limited), 60 Buchanan Street.

Holiday Proverbial Philosophy.

STEAMBOAT travelling is the thief of time.
A day at the coast is worth two in the city.
It's not a very far cry to Oban—by the new railway.

A contented mind in the "Ivanhoe" is as good as a continual feast in the "Columba."

A sail in a teetotal boat is better than none.

Once sea-sick on the way to Arran, twice shy.

He's a wise traveller that knows his time table.

A bag in the hand is better than a portman-teau in the van

An early breakfast is the root of all evil.

The nearer the pier the greater the rush.

A friend with a house at the coast is a friend indeed.

Ilka captain craws crousest on his ain bridge.

Always give the purser his due.

Look before you leap on the gangway.

A penny saved by sneaking off when the pier-master isn't looking is a penny gained.

Too many Cockney tourists spoil the trip.

Needs must when a Clyde skipper drives.

A little knowledge of Gaelic swearing is a useful thing.

There's no use crying over a wet holiday.

A full house at night is the hotel-keeper's delight.

The steamboat bell in the morning is the dilatory traveller's warning.

AN ILLITERATE BOARD.—The School Board of Dundonald, Ayrshire, advertise for a teacher who, they say, "will likely (*sic*) be appointed to fill" certain offices. Will he number among those "offices" the duty of teaching the members of the School Board the difference between an adverb and an adjective?

"PRAVE 'ORTS!"—At a teetotal dinner the other day, we are told, the chairman "referred somewhat humorously to the absence from the festive board of these beverages whose symbolic and dietetic uses were not yet wholly unknown in social life." "Bless us!" says Asinus, "what a roundabout way of saying there was no liquor!"

DIS-ENGAGING CREATURE!—The keeper of a "registry" advertises that she "has disengaged" all classes of servants—which is surely rather an odd way of recommending herself to those who seek engagement rather than disengagement.

BICYCLES. } The "Duplex," "Challenge," "Club," "Premier," &c. On Hire with option of Purchase.
TRICYCLES. } New, Second-Hand, Fittings cheap, Jenning's, 101 Mitchell Street.

On 'Change.

PEOPLE are inveighing against me as a pessimist who can see no good in anything. These are the folks who dislike to hear the truth told. Their corns have been tramped upon, for which I am very sorry, but then other persons have to be considered in the matter.

There is young Verdant Green who has lately taken to buying Calleys at 109 to 110. He is in his father's business, and ought to be put out of it lest he bring that most respectable elderly gentleman's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. Verdant is not built upon the lines which go to make a successful operator in dangerous stocks. He ought to stick to his last, by which old Green earned a decent competency, instead of making ducks and drakes of the paternal dollars by engaging in transactions he does not understand.

The next thing Verdant seems likely to do will be to go in for shares in a Wheel Mining Co., Limited, making fabulous profits, but actually offered to the public at par through the generosity and public spirit of the vendors. How any person can believe in these concerns is beyond my comprehension. Glasgow enterprise in that direction has not usually been attended with happy results. The Caradon Mine may perhaps be adduced as an example to the contrary, but even it has not fully realised the expectations formed of it. Verdant's respected father never cared for wheel companies. Being fond of an original he was often heard to declare that his investments in that way were always for wheel or woe.

Some years ago the Stock Exchange authorities were rational enough to abandon Saturday meetings during the height of summer. They now go on earning a bare existence by the sweat of their manly brows on Saturday as if it were any other day. The chief point of difference is that the struggle for existence is keener because there is less business going. It does take it out of a man to find that he has worked all day and caught nothing. Why continue the Saturday work under these conditions? Clients would complain, it is said, if they could not get their accounts closed, and lost the chance of a favourable market because the day happened to be a *dies non*. Time enough to consider that view of the case when the clients really do complain. In the meantime they would rather take the holiday too. It would relieve the monotony of the sixty days' hard labour everybody is at present undergoing. SCRUTATOR.

"O' A' THE AIRTS."

(Scene—Street in Paisley.)

1st Weaver—Whaur's Dundee?

2nd Do.—Oh! it's awa' that way in the north some way. [Unluckily, however, he points south.]

EPIGRAM à la BEGG.—The BAILIE does not know of any one who has a neater or more delicate way of putting things than the Rev. Dr Begg. His latest is to describe certain fair supporters of the Marriage Affinity Bill as having "petitioned that their sisters should have a reversion of their husbands." Could anything have been more graceful or pointed?

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—Somebody wants a "jobbing smith for Vice and Fire." What has Mr David Macrae to say to this startling demand?

PIG-IRON WARRANTS—STOCKS AND SHARES.—Macgregor & Co., Stock and Share Brokers, and Iron Brokers, 136 Buchanan Street, Glasgow, offer Special Facilities to those desirous of Speculating for the Rise or Fall of Markets.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—Sensationalism is the order of the day, or rather of the night, at the couple of theatres which are open in the city. At the Royalty the "Streets of Glasgow" will be produced by Mr Knapp this evening. This drama is a local adaptation of Mr Augustus Daly's "Streets of New York" brought out some years ago. As the company engaged at the Royalty is a fairly efficient one, there is little doubt the drama will prove attractive.

The Lloyd Benefit, which takes place on Friday, ought to be a big success. Apart from his distinct ability as an actor, the veteran has special claims upon the Glasgow public. Always a favourite here, Mr Lloyd might have made both fame and fortune in London had he chosen to migrate to the metropolis during the hey-day of his career. His playing of *Verges* in "Much Ado about Nothing," during one of Miss Helen Faucit's visits, is remembered as one of the best bits of character acting ever witnessed on the Glasgow stage; while his *Jemmy Twitcher* in the "Golden Farmer," the *Dodger* in "Oliver Twist," and *John Brodie* in "Nicholas Nickleby," have seldom if ever been surpassed. The late D. P. Miller in his memoirs, stated that the old Adelphi on the Green was always filled when he could get Mr Lloyd to appear upon its boards, and these engagements never failed to replenish the treasury, which was occasionally at a very low ebb. I trust to see a bumper house in the Royalty on Friday, at both morning and evening performances.

Mr Beryl announces a play new to Glasgow, "Home Rule; or, Ireland for the Irish," for this evening. As far as I can learn, this drama is something on the lines of "The Eviction" of Mr O'Grady. The Royal Princess's Theatre is certain to be well patronised by our Irish friends during the run of "Home Rule."

"Troops of friends" supported Mr Sam H. S. Austin both before and behind the footlights on the occasion of his benefit on Monday evening. At the close of the performance, the scenic artist at the Gaiety presented Mr Austin with a writing desk, in name of the employés of the establishment. Sam responded in a few happy sentences, referring to the good feeling which had always existed between Mr Bernard's people and himself.

Your old friend, Miss Rose Leclercq, begins a tour in August with a specially organised company, for the representation of the "Palace of Truth," *Pygmalion and Galatea*, "New Men and Old Acres," "The Ladies' Battle," and "Masks and Faces." Mr Emery of Liverpool directs the company.

It has been whispered in town that Mr Gomersal, late of the Aberdeen Theatre, has been appointed manager of the new Theatre Royal, but as Messrs McClures and Hannay are still advertising that the establishment is to be let from October next, I am afraid that the rumour can only be taken for what it is worth.

Mr Duck's company (under the management of Mr Tom Bolton) opens at the New Halls, Rothesay, to-night, with "Courtship;" and on the following Monday (Fair week) they produce "Our Boys," Mr Bolton playing *Perkyn Middlewick*, and Mr George Traill *Sir Geoffrey*. After the excitement of the election this ought to be pleasant news for the Rothesay folks.

Mr Charles Hengler, that "prince of all good fellows, and a pretty man also," as Lockhart said of Captain Paton, has just arrived in Liverpool after a long tour in America and Canada. Mr Hengler has brought over from the other side of the Herring Pond some very fine horses and several Yankee notions, which we will doubtless witness at his establishment in West Nile Street during the ensuing season.

Mr Bret Harte arrived in Glasgow last week, and afterwards went down to Oban, accompanied by William Black, the novelist. I understand that the author of "The Luck of Roaring Camp" will be among the distinguished company invited by Mr Pearce to be present at the launch of the "Livadia"

upon Wednesday. The "Heathen Chinee" afterwards leaves for London to return in the autumn, when he will be feasted by the members of the Pen and Pencil Club.

Dr Norman Kerr, a Glaswegian who, however, has long been settled in London, will be presented on Wednesday with a carriage and a set of harness—a sensible present, isn't it?—by a number of his London and Glasgow friends, the presentation being meant as some slight recognition of his efforts in the cause of temperance and social reform. In order that the "prophet" may not, in this case, be without some small measure of "honour in his native country," I may mention that Dr Kerr was one of those who originally proposed to start a series of Saturday evening concerts in the City Hall, and that he was the first convener of the Glasgow Abstinents' Union.

I hear that the congregational committee have unanimously agreed to nominate the Rev. Dr Dodds of St. George's, Glasgow, with a view to his election and appointment as minister of Campsie.

During their stay in Scotland, the Grand Duke Alexis, Prince Lobanoff, and Admiral Popoff will sail down the Clyde, and visit Edinburgh and the Trossachs.

Among the visitors last week to Glasgow was William Black, the novelist, who passed through the city on his way to the Highlands. Mr Black, who put up at the Queen's Hotel, spent a couple of days here.

In one of my occasional rambles to the Cathedral Square district, I noticed on a coigne of vantage of the new Asylum for the Blind a niche and canopy. May I assume that this is for a statue for the late Bailie Alston?

"Talk," of *The Paisley Herald*, in historiographing the Western Burns Club, mentions among those present at the Burns Centenary dinner in the Royal Hotel, Mr Mossman, sculptor. If my memory serve me aright, and I think it does, Mr Mossman was on that ever-memorable occasion with the Literary and Artistic Society, presided over by Hugh MacDonald, the croupier being Mr Scott ("Dandie Dinmont").

The Mr Barry who has been asked to adjudicate on the designs of the new Municipal Buildings is a son of the late Sir Charles Barry, architect of the Houses of Parliament. It was Mr Barry who awarded the premiums in the competition for the Greenock Municipal Buildings.

Although somewhat late in the day the Committee for Music in the Parks have just made a move in the right direction. From this week onwards to the close of the season they have arranged to publish and distribute a weekly programme giving the musical *menus* to be served up in the various parks.

Novelty is a hobby with advertisers as well as with dashing young swells of either sex. One of the latest ideas of this kind is a very neat and useful paperweight which is being distributed by Mr A. T. Henry, hatter, Gordon Street. The weight is a tablet of very thick glass, on the lower side of which is a tastefully designed business card; and it may be expected to serve both the user's and Mr Henry's purpose.

UMBORAGE-OUS.—Now that the warm weather has set in, folks who are "put in the shade" needn't take umbrage at their situation, as they have decidedly the best of it. That's so.

Advice to intemperate and belligerent spouses—Exchange a *spirited* policy for one of mild (d)routh with *aquanimity* of disposition.

A Tale of the '45—The result of the Bute election.

A Long Journey—'Arry Halfred's trip to America.

"El Dorado."

GOLD-MINING is all the rage now-a-days, and news of the latest "El Dorado" comes from Sutherlandshire, where "a German gentleman"—whose name, it may be added, is not "Dousterswivel"—is said to be at present engaged in testing the gold-yielding qualities of the local quartz. "Persons long resident in Australia," it is added, "state that they are struck with the resemblance of the geological features of Kildonan strath to those of the Australian goldfields." The impecunious may be elated, and the timid alarmed, by the prospect of seeing another "Roaring Camp" arise on the domains of his Grace of Sutherland, but as yet elation and alarm are alike premature. Hitherto John Hiellan'man, in his favourite capacity of Boniface, has found quarts more profitable than quartz, and so it is likely to be for some time to come.

A "LONG" FAREWELL.—Mr Harry Alfred Long is going to America. The BAILIE congratulates America. We shall now be revenged for Talmage. "In this connection," it is interesting to learn, on the authority of Mr J. N. Cuthbertson, that Mr Long's School Board colleagues regard him as "a scholar and a gentleman"—which is conclusive. They are such competent judges of scholarship and gentlemanliness on the School Board, you know!

HUTTON'S HOPE.—Last week, at a Paisley U.P. dinner—at which, by the way, the toast of "The Queen" was characteristically omitted—"Dr" Hutton expressed a hope that "by the next centenary" his hearers would be in accord with their ecclesiastical opponents. It is to be hoped so, indeed. Even the most virulent of "Liberationists" can hardly desire to carry his sectarian animosities beyond the grave.

YOU BET!—Speaking at the opening of the Callander and Oban Railway last week, Mr J. M. Mackenzie said that "the Caledonian would send them tourists, and they would return the tourists, as well as lots of cattle and fish." He might have added that some of the tourists themselves are very queer cattle and remarkably odd fish.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—A certain Mr Alonzo Money having received a financial appointment in Egypt, Egyptian bondholders—a sanguine race—profess to gather hope from his "capital" name.

New Puzzle for the Bute Liberals—The 45.

"The Newest Thing in Journalism." A JOURNALISTIC novelty has just turned up. This is no more nor less than a "London Correspondent" with symptoms of possessing both modesty and a conscience. He writes to a daily contemporary, and, after talking of the usual "conversation" with a well-informed bigwig, adds, "I do not wish to imply that he is charged with a special mission . . . and that he has privately revealed to me the object of his voyage." Just think what an effort it must have cost the modest and conscientious one to make so damaging an admission as this, and what feelings of scorn it must have awakened in the breasts of his more brazen-faced brethren!

Grandmotherly Legislation.

VERILY, if our present rulers have their way, there shall be no more cakes and ale. Nay, ginger shall no longer be hot i' the mouth, for is it not proposed to "include in the list of intoxicants beverages slightly fermented, such as ginger-beer?" That is to say, it shall henceforth be a high crime and misdemeanour for a sweetie-wife to sell a bottle of "pop" to a thirsty wayfarer without possessing a "lishence!" When do you intend, O most ingenious and virtuous legislators, to include the staff of life "in the list of intoxicants" as a "slightly fermented" article of food?

HARMONY.—At the Govan Police Court the other day a resident in "Harmony Row" was fined for attempting to rescue a prisoner. This seems rather hard on the poor fellow, who was but carrying out the traditions of his place of abode by endeavouring to put a stop to discord. Besides, as the Ass hee-hawically suggests, he probably did not mean to *harm-ony* body!

NOTHING LIKE LEATHER.—In *Punch's* cartoon "Kicked out (?)," so many boots are being applied to Mr Bradlaugh that he cannot help feeling (perhaps proud of) his association with Northampton.

What the welco ners of M. Rivière's fair friend said when she emerged from Newgate—"Well-done!"

Clearly Not.—Has the quay labourer's strike anything to do with the lock-smiths' folly?

Dominies' Glee—"This is our holiday."

Ditto's Dirge (2nd August)—"It is our opening day" (minor mode.)

Weather Report for Next Week—Glasgow "fair."

Family Martyrs.

THE Glasgow paterfamilias is a much-to-be-pitied man, and if it is any consolation to him to know it, he has always had the BAILIE'S sympathy. His sons are continually grieving the paternal heart by their excessive indulgence in tobacco, their indiscreet use of the harmless necessary latch-key, their slanginess, and generally unbusinesslike behaviour. His daughters are most charming and lovable girls, but even in connection with them there is the inevitable crumpled rose-leaf. Their millinery bills are something to marvel at, and the dances and other entertainments they insist on having, are things in which the old gentleman's soul takes no delight. Their time and attention are so thoroughly engrossed by ten-button gloves and dresses, which, to the BAILIE'S unsophisticated eye, look as if they must be pulled on like a Wellington boot, that they are only able to take the very faintest interest in papa's slippers and shirt buttons. But these are very minor miseries, compared to what the worthy old gentleman suffers when the coasting season comes round. Difficulties about shaving water, hasty breakfasts snatched with one eye on the hard-boiled egg, and the other on the steamboat pier, indifferent dinners, stuffy bedrooms, a perpetual state of having his loins girded, and his travelling bag in his hand, like an ancient Israelite before the flight from Egypt—that is a fair summary of his life during the two or three months in which his family is at the coast. When one reflects that all these acute discomforts are undergone for the sake of others, there is something almost heroic about the podgy, breathless figures, that may be seen hurrying down Buchanan Street, at four o'clock every afternoon, during June, July, and August. Looking at the matter from the callous and selfish bachelor point of view, the BAILIE hereby solemnly affirms, that he would not endure these sufferings—not if he had as many wives as the Grand Turk.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

(Scene—Registrar's office.)

Enter Old Lady—Here's the doctor's certificate that the bairn was assassinated.

N.B.—She meant nothing blood-thirsty, only that the child was vaccinated.

A Ho(a)st in Himself—A man with a cough.

BICYCLES.

{ Riding taught. Makers, Agents, Repairers of Bicycles; Suppliers of Saddles, Oil Cans, Springs, Alarm Bells, &c. West of Scotland Bicycle Co. Show Rooms, 104 Renfield St., Works, 67 East Howard St.

Too Far North for Him.

IT is satisfactory to notice that the Bradlaugh-Gladstone coalition has not received much support in Scotland, and "Iconoclast" and his new friends are quite welcome to the few insignificant petitions, and the two or three equally insignificant meetings of which that support consists. At Coatbridge the audience declined to hear the would-be agitators, who were obliged to retire in some confusion, and the Glasgow Green assemblage of "some two thousand persons, chiefly boys and lads," was principally remarkable for the fact that one of the pushing nobodies who spoke bore the highly appropriate name of "Gas." Scotchmen in general are rather too 'cute specimens of ornithology to be caught by the dirty chaff of a Bradlaugh.

"PUTTING ON HER SPECS."

(Youth, who has bought the BAILIE to have a laugh while at dinner, hands cartoon of Mr Bradlaugh to his mother for inspection.)

Mother (seated at table)—Wha's this? He's no' unlike Tommy Buchanan. (Hands portrait to daughter across the table.)

Daughter—Oh! he's awfu' like a priest.

Son (addressing his mother)—That's Bradlaugh the infidel.

Mother—Ay; the first look I got o' him I thocht he wis weel enough. I think noo, hooever, that I'll hae tae get on my specks.

"SCENIC EFFECTS."—A contemporary says that on the Oban Railway route Nature is "prodigal in her grander scenic manifestations." This is, no doubt, intended as a very handsome compliment to Nature; but isn't it rather placing her in the light of a theatrical manageress or female scene-painter?

QUITE IM-PROPER.—Granny's irrepressible yachtsman—who has been content of late to sink the pseudonymity of "Spinnaker" in humble anonymity, but whose speech—still betrayeth him—has been demoralised by his recent trip southward in the wake of the Vanduara, and now talks of a skipper "sailing a boat proper." "Spinnaker's" employers should really see to this. If he takes to grafting cockneyisms on his own peculiar style the result will be something appalling.

Domini(e)cal Letters—A B C.

BICYCLES.—One 44-in. Challenge, £6 10s.; and one 46 in. Excelsior, £6 10s.; both these Machines as good as new,—The Howe Machine Co., 60 Buchanan Street.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the Bute contest is over.

That it was pretty severe while it lasted.

That there has been a turning of the tables.

That the defeated candidate will have leisure for reason and reflection.

That the quantity of mud thrown by the Liberals was unprecedented in a Scotch election.

That some people don't realise that "speech is silvern but silence is golden."

That the attempted interference of the Glasgow Liberal Association did no good to the Radical cause.

That the Islanders and Highlanders have remained true to the traditions of the Constitutional party.

That 'Arry Halfred is about to visit America.

That it is hoped his visit will be a protracted one.

That his spread-eagle-and-star-spangled-banner style of oratory would suit the Yanks all to sticks.

That Glasgow will attempt to bear up against 'Arry's absence with heroic fortitude.

That one of the Sheriffs has been sitting upon the police.

That the last man who was at this little game was Bailie Thomson.

That what everybody says must be true.

That there is evidently something "rotten in the state of Denmark."

That the removal of the weir has been the cause of "great tribulation" to the Council.

That W. W. made a pun about the weir.

That he said it was a "weir-isome" business.

That W. W. should allow such brilliant humorists as W. R. W. Smith and Mr Mathieson to do all the goaking at the Council Board.

That the Provost is anxious to hurry on the Municipal Buildings business.

That if the edifices are not erected in his day, he will have left "not a wrack behind."

That if oor Jeems's theory is correct about the briskness of trade and increase of crime going together, "now we're busy."

That Jeems is a very shrewd guesser—whiles.

That the interest of Scotchmen in the winning of the Elcho Challenge Shield is of the most infinitesimal character.

That to an invitation to all the small-bore shots in Scotland, only ten "shootists" responded.

That such enthusiasm is perfectly overpowering.

That Bailie Macbean's attempt to turn the

Green into a bicycle exhibition was a "dainty bit plan."

That it was neatly nipped in the bud.

That if the Bailie used his influence to bring the band of the 74th Highlanders to the Green, the East-enders would be more than delighted.

That Dr Marwick has been one too many for the pastor of the Hie Kirk.

That it is rather ungracious, after a man has gifted an organ to the Corporation's property, to refuse him an "advance of screw."

That some people think it a perfect waste of money to raise anybody's salary except their own.

That the crusade against the dogs has commenced.

That the cats have been left to the freedom of their own sweet will.

That the sending-out of our police to neighbouring counties is questionable policy.

That the row over the Peebles election might have taught our authorities a lesson.

That the daft days are approaching.

That it is to be hoped the working man will enjoy himself both wisely and well.

That the advance in the police salaries is not to take place.

That the lieutenants are sadly disappointed.

That the "chief" is also far from being satisfied.

A BULL.

Pat—Are ye goin' to "stand on yer hands?"

Mick—Shure and I hav'nt a copper, but if ye meet me to-morrow night I'll stand ye yer morning.

"RESURREXIT!"—The redoubtable "James Steel," too long mute, if not inglorious, turned up again last week in the columns of the *Herald*. His object is not only to denounce the Premier's beer-tax, but—*proh pudor!*—to declare that "whisky is sold in retail too cheap." The Ass, who has hitherto lo'ed James like a vera brither, shakes his head sadly, and says he had better have remained silent.

The Animile has been complaining of the great heat. He says that he has a fire within him Pcor crater!

A Bute-iful Result—The return of Dalrymple.

THE ARGYLE BATHS, 366 Argyle Street, is the Largest Public Bathing Establishment in Scotland. Warm Baths, 6d, 9d, & 1s; ready daily, from 7 a.m. to 9 p.m. One trial solicited.

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.

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TRAINED TEA-TASTERS,

ARE OFFERING THE BEST VALUE IN SCOTLAND.

SUPERB TEA at 2s 4d Per Lb.,

Equal to what is sold by Wholesale Grocers (so called) and West-End Co-Operative Stores at 2s 6d, 2s 8d, and 3s. Every family should test the truth of our statement.

THE CHOICEST PURE COFFEE, 1s 8d Per Lb.

MIXED COFFEE—SAME AS IN PARIS—WONDERFUL VALUE, 1s 4d.

FINEST LUMP SUGAR, 3½d; CRYSTALS, 3½d; CRUSHED, 3d; SOFT WHITE, 2½d.

76 ARGYLE STREET (QUEEN STREET CORNER.)

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TROUSERS.**

When, a few months ago, we introduced this Scheme of Reform in Tailoring, it was only after its thorough practicability had been carefully matured. We felt persuaded that, to furnish gentlemen with a first-rate Pair of Trousers, made up in the very best manner and at the most moderate price possible, was indeed a great desideratum; especially when accompanied, as we resolved it should be, by a guarantee on our part that every garment would be made on the Premises by our own experienced Workmen.

Sanguine as we then felt of the result of the enterprise, we are free to confess that its rapid and complete success has both surprised and delighted us; and in order to mark our grateful appreciation of the public response, we have determined to give our Customers still better value than ever, and to submit a much Larger Variety of Fabrics from which to select. We trust in this way not only to maintain our present large turnover in “DESIDERATUM” TROUSERS, but at the same time to secure the patronage of our Customers for the other Departments of our extensive Business.

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5 AND 7 RENFIELD STREET.

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Small Expenses require Small Profits.

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(formerly with the late Mr John M. Simpson), 85, 87, and 89 MAXWELL STREET, Glasgow, are now showing a magnificent Stock of NEW AND SECOND-HAND FURNITURE.

From the smallness of their Expenses, they are enabled, and are determined to sell at Prices which will meet with the approval of every purchaser. While the prices are low, the quality of the goods is first class.

THE FINEST WHISKY IN THE WORLD.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

**HENRY THOMSON & CO.'S
OLD IRISH WHISKY.**

SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—

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“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—

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Wholesale Family Wine Stores,

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And 190 ST. GEORGE'S ROAD (Opposite West Princes St).**G. C. STEWART,**

ANALYST,

52 ST. ENOCH SQUARE.

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ARE SHEWING THEIR NEW SPRING GOODS.

See the Windows.

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SNACKS (OF ALL KINDS),6d.

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ROAD. Large, Choice, and Carefully-Selected Stock. Latest Novelties in the different Departments. All Goods of the very Best Description, and the Prices Strictly Moderate. Dress Shirts, 3s 6d, 3s, and 4s per Half-Dozen—a Perfect Fit Guaranteed. Merino Underclothing in Great Variety. Gloves, Scarfs, &c.

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THE
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IMMENSE DELIVERY OF NEW GOODS
FOR HOLIDAY WEAR.
GENTLEMEN'S HAT DEPARTMENTS.
SPECIAL LINES IN ALL CLASSES.

THE New Leypter and Feather-weight Felt
Hat for Summer Wear (all New Shapes for July). Our
Prices are 2s 11d and 3s 11d; same as sold elsewhere at 5s
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Splendid Range of High-Class Felt Hats, Soft and Stiff, in
all the New Summer Colours. Boys' and Youths' Hats—
Positively the Largest Variety of Boys' Felt, Straw, and Fancy
Hats and Caps in the City at our well-known Moderate Prices.
Heads of Families should *not fail at least to inspect our Stock.*

NOTHING

Can be more fixed than our determination to
merit a continuance of the patronage so liberally
bestowed on us for the past Eleven Years, and
at all times our Clients may depend on getting
the Best Value, the Latest Novelties, and the
Greatest Variety in (the expression seems
ambiguous, but we use it advisedly) the World.

Ladies' and Misses' Hat Departments.

In these Departments we have just received some large
Deliveries of very fine Midsummer Hats, in all materials, sur-
prisingly cheap. The New Spike, Porcupine, and Whole Straw
Hats in Black, White, and Brown (Charming Goods for Coast
wear), in the Poppy, Aurora, and other New Shapes now
introduced in London. Choice Stock of Misses' Trimmed
Hats, Sun Hats and Bonnets, &c. We do not offer *Dead Stock*
or Damaged or Inferior Goods, or articles unsuited to the
Season, that must be sold at any price; but on the contrary we
always show the Newest Goods and Latest Fashions. Mourn-
ing orders invariably executed promptly and speedily.

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with and Household Utensils. It completely supersedes Emery,
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The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 7th, 1880.

PERVERSTY is an infliction which visits
parties as well as persons. Lord Provost
COLLINS and his supporters in the Council have
been suffering from a very severe attack of it.
They rushed headlong into the Corporation
Buildings scheme—something, they said, must
be done for their chief; they resolved upon cer-
tain steps without an intelligent conception of
what they were doing; and now they are so
stiff-necked that they will not suffer themselves
to be enlightened as regards that which they do
not understand. No time was allowed for the
adequate consideration of Mr CARRICK'S plans,
so that nine-tenths of the Councillors are pro-
bably not much to blame for not having under-
stood them before they were adopted in order
that something might be done for the Lord Pro-
vost; but now that the "something" has become
impossible, they are highly culpable for refusing
to examine the matter carefully in all its bear-
ings. The Town Council have rejected Precep-
tor MATHIESON'S motion, although he proposed
to do no more than retain the Council's powers
of compulsory purchase over the ground to the
east of John Street. The plans of the proposed
Buildings have not been decided on, the whole
question is open to discussion, and yet the ma-
jority persist in limiting the size of the site to
the one block. Bailie LAMBERTON urged that
the Council had sufficient property already, and
that it was yielding very little revenue; but the
Committee are in a great measure responsible
for that, because they recklessly caused buildings
to be demolished which might still have been
yielding considerable rents. The Council ac-
quired compulsory powers over double the ex-
tent of ground they now propose to use, and
from this it may fairly be inferred that since the

Act was obtained their ideas have shrunk considerably, or they had a very inaccurate knowledge of what they required. Is it more likely that now they have a more accurate notion of what is sufficient for the wants of the City? But why should the compulsory powers of purchase be surrendered? The proceeding is quite unusual, and it is most inexpedient. It costs the City nothing to retain the powers: why, after the expense has been incurred in getting them, should they be abandoned before the whole scheme has been definitely fixed, and the plans decided on. The delay causes no loss to the owners of the property; they are large gainers by it having been included in the Act; they will be large gainers by the Corporation Buildings being erected so near their ground even though it should not be acquired by the city. Why then should they be treated with such extreme and inexplicable solicitude, while on the other hand the Committee are higgling about compensation with tenants in the other block in a manner worthy of a greedy property speculator? The last has not been heard of this question.

HE'S BLACK BUT THAT'S NO MATTER.

(Scene—Street, with nigger singer in foreground.)

First Bystander—I saw that man in the Police Court yesterday for stealing.

Second do.—Oh! he's an awfu' bleck at that.

ONE'S ENOUGH.—The Siamese Ambassador, who was commissioned to confer the Order of the White Elephant on the Queen, would, it is said, have bestowed a similar decoration on the member for Mid-Lothian, had he not found that right honourable gentleman already in possession of a white elephant in the shape of Mr Bradlaugh.

"SOUND" ASLEEP.—Jones says that a friend of his is the most musical fellow going. His very sleep is *s'nor(e)ous!*

Spolia Opi(u)ma—The profits of the opium-trade.

Wood-Larks—Picnics.

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MONOGRAM, INITIAL, or NAME STAMP,

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Yielding to "Pressure."
WE all remember the flourish of trumpets amid which Lord Rosebery declined the other day to take office under Mr Gladstone, on the ground that his doing so might be construed into the acceptance of a personal reward for his services to the Premier in Mid-Lothian. An interesting commentary on this piece of virtuous self-denial is supplied by a recent paragraph which tells us that, Mr Gladstone having again "pressed" his Lordship "to enter active political life," he is "morally certain" to be made Ambassador to the United States. Lord Rosebery is as 'cute as the people among whom he is to represent us. An important Embassy is decidedly a more desirable thing than an Under-Secretaryship.

THE HAND OF AN HONEST MAN.

(Scene—Boarding school.)

New Writing-master—A fine bold hand that, if you take care of it.

Pupil (surveying his knuckles)—A jolly good fist for a fellow's eye.

COLDNESS, CONTEMPT, AND COALS.—The BAILIE occasionally dips into the "agony columns" of his daily contemporaries, and seldom in vain. This, for instance, from last Thursday's *Herald*, strikes him as being peculiarly interesting and suggestive:—"Your coldness appeared to me contemptuous indifference, and made me most miserable and hurriedly leave. Coals any time." The sentimental and the practical seem here to be blended in a manner highly characteristic of the age we live in. Possibly, however, the "coals" referred to are the scriptural coals of fire.

FINANCE *à la* MODE.—A contemporary, in reporting the bankruptcy examination of a Rutherglen grocer, says, "The bankrupt's statement of affairs showed liabilities £609, assets £100, leaving a deficiency of £509,217." We are accustomed now-a-days to remarkable financial feats, but isn't this piling it up a little too "mountainous?"

SUGGESTIVE.—The *Herald* says mildly that there is "a suggestion of Cologne" about the Clyde between Glasgow and Greenock—a "suggestion" which should suggest to intending bravers of the middle passage to provide themselves beforehand with a counteractive supply of the genuine Maria Farina.

BICYCLES.—A fair allowance made for Second-hand Bicycles taken in Exchange.—Howe Machine Co., (Limited), 60 Buchanan Street.

Megilp.

MR REID, of Hyde Park Foundry, has been appointed to the chairmanship of the Fine Art Institute, the post so well filled by the late Mr A. B. Stewart. Probably the committee of the Institute could not have made a better choice. Mr Reid has a mind of his own, he has an abundance of those shrewd, forcible business qualities so needed in any commercial undertaking—and it must never be forgotten that the Institute is a commercial undertaking albeit that it is one promoted in the interests of art first and artists afterwards—and his taste, as evinced in his remarks in the Town Council, of which he is a member, anent the new Municipal Buildings, is cultivated and exact.

Mr John M'Gavin still continues to fulfil the duties of honorary secretary to the Institute, and indeed no more fitting occupant for this post could be found anywhere—either in or out of the ranks of the present Council.

It is always a pleasant task to make other people happy, and the writer of this column feels sure that he must send a thrill of happiness through the minds of his readers when he makes the intimation that William Carlaw, although still far from strong, is once more busy at work, and that he has of late completed two or three water colour drawings, every one of which testifies to the fact that his eye is as keen and his hand is as cunning as ever.

Of all our local artists Mr Carlaw is probably the best beloved. And the word "beloved" is used advisedly in this connection. Indeed it is impossible to know Willie Carlaw and not to love him. You may admire other of his artistic brethren, but the delicacy, and grace, and tenderness of Mr Carlaw—to which, of recent years, alas, must be added the further charm of indifferent health, inspire a measure of affection which has something distinctly personal and intimate in its character.

Partly in search of good subjects, and partly influenced by the necessity of finding a dry, bracing atmosphere, Mr Carlaw has bent his steps, this summer, to the coast of Aberdeenshire.

Indirect allusion has been made above to the late Mr A. B. Stewart, and it may be mentioned that an admirable clay model of that lamented gentleman has just been completed by James A. Ewing. The likeness—which, after all, is the first thing in a portrait bust—has been caught by Mr Ewing with a wonderful measure of success, and the modelling of the flesh, and the sharp and decisive lines of the countenance, have been reproduced with admirable and characteristic effect.

Beside the model of Mr Stewart, one peculiarly striking and faithful likeness of the late Sheriff Galbraith; another of the Rev. Dr Donald Macleod, the popular pastor of Park Church, and the editor of *Good Words*; and a third of Dr Cameron, M.P., which is at present being put into marble, may at present be seen in the pleasant little studio of Mr James Ewing at 183 West Campbell Street.

Tom Donald, who had intended to seek "fresh fields and pastures new" towards the middle of last month, is still at Clynder; and E. A. Walton, up till a couple of weeks back, was busy over a picture at Row on the opposite side of the Gareloch from Mr Donald.

C. J. Lauder, who has turned his attention to ships and shipping for over a twelvemonth, has been busy for some weeks among the picturesque quay-side bits of Greenock; he goes to the Thames in August.

Among the artists who were in the city last week were Joseph Henderson and John Miller, the former of whom had newly returned from a yachting tour to Jura and Scarba—in the course of which he succeeded in catching a glimpse of the famous whirlpool of Corryvrechan, while the latter who has already been in London and Paris preening his wings for another extended tour.

John Morrison, jun., is a Glasgow contributor to the Dundee Fine Art Exhibition, whose name was not mentioned in this column last week. Mr Morrison is at present busy painting at Kilmacolm.

A Liberal "Ralli"-ing-Point—Wallingford.

A British Holiday!

THE BAILIE has more than once referred to a circumstance which has often caused him the deepest disgust and indignation. He means the worse than levity frequently displayed by the spectators of solemn proceedings in courts of law—proceedings which may involve the life of a fellow creature. No reform is as yet apparent in this matter, since the trial of the accused in the Cumbernauld case last week was repeatedly interrupted by "laughter," "merriment," and "loud laughter." The Lord Justice-Clerk ventured on a mild remonstrance, without effect; but much more vigorous measures than mere remonstrances are necessary for the repression of the heartless fools who outrage decency and humanity in this fashion. They should be much more sternly dealt with than the mere enthusiast who applauds the acquittal of a prisoner whose cause he has espoused. The fact of the matter is, however, that neither Bench nor Bar can plead total innocence as regards this custom, and while that is so we can hardly expect the unthinking many to be better behaved.

THE IVANHOE FLASK.

(Scene—Outside of a Greenock pub.; Intending tourist emerges putting something in his pocket.)

Friend—Ye wer haein' yer mornin', Tam.

Tourist—'Deed a' wis daein' naething o' the kind. A' wis juist gettin' an "Ivanhoe flask."

Friend—A what?

Tourist—An Ivanhoe flask, yin o' the new kin o' bottles that the folk that gang by the Ivanhoe tak wi' them. Man the publicans down here are drivin' a roarin' trade in them.

PITTIN' DOON PITTENWEEM.—The *Herald's* Edinburgh correspondent says that the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill has been supported by high and low—"from the Prince of Wales down to the burgh of Pittenweem." This is too bad. The BAILIE has not the slightest doubt that every member of the Pittenweem Corporation thinks himself quite as big a man as the Prince—if not "more so."

COMIC CRITICISM.—A local daily calls "Married Life" "Mr Buckstone's fine comedy." It is understood that the same "authority" considers "The School for Scandal" a capital farce.

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

DEAR ME!—The papers tell us of a deer having been caught in a net between Inverkip and the Cloch. This is turning the tables. In Leap year, of all years, we might expect the dears to catch *us* in *their* nets.

“Among the Faithful Faithless only he”—Bradlaugh.

T H E G A I E T Y.
Proprietor and Director,Mr C. BERNARD.
CLOSED FOR ALTERATION AND RE-DECORATION,
RE-OPENING on MONDAY, JULY 26,
With the World-Renowned
VOKES FAMILY.

ROYALTY THEATRE,
Lessee and Manager.....Mr E. L. KNAPP.
This Evening, (TUESDAY), 6th July, at 7.30.
Production of the Great Drama, the
STREETS OF GLASGOW.

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 Comedian,
Mr E. F. BRADY, and COMPANY, in
HOME RULE.

SPLENDID NEW SCENERY BY MR WM. W. SMALL.
Box Plan at Donaldson's Rooms, 91 St. Vincent Street.
MONDAY FIRST, JULY 12, FOR SIX NIGHTS ONLY,
TRAVENER'S ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY.
See Special Announcements.

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MUSIC PUBLISHER,
Sole Agent for the Celebrated
CLOUGH AND WARREN ORGANS,
For Church or Chamber,
THE SCHIEDMAYER PIANOFORTES,
And other Specialities.
LONDON PIANOFORTE AND MUSIC SALOON,
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The Best and Cheapest Places in the Kingdom is at
THE CHEESE AND BUTTER MARTS,
9 SHAMROCK STREET, & 28 ST. GEORGE'S ROAD,
CHARING CROSS.
DONALDSON BROTHERS.

FOR the Free Church Classes,—Hugh Miller's
My Schools and School Masters, the best edition, bound
in cloth boards, and gilt title, price 3s 6d, for 2s 3d. A Scottish
Tom Brown at College, or life at a northern university, 304 pages,
published at 5s. a special lot, for 2s 11d. One Hundred and
Fifteen Scottish Songs and Music, price 3s, now for 10d. Life
Struggles, an Autobiography, full of Life, edited by and
remarked on by the Rev. George Gilfillan, published at 2s 6d,
now for 1s 7d.
ROBERT LINDSAY, 102 QUEEN STREET.

THOMAS MOORE,
(Late MOORE & KIDD)
AUCTIONEER and APPRAISER,
ARGYLE SALE-ROOMS, 19 Gordon Street.

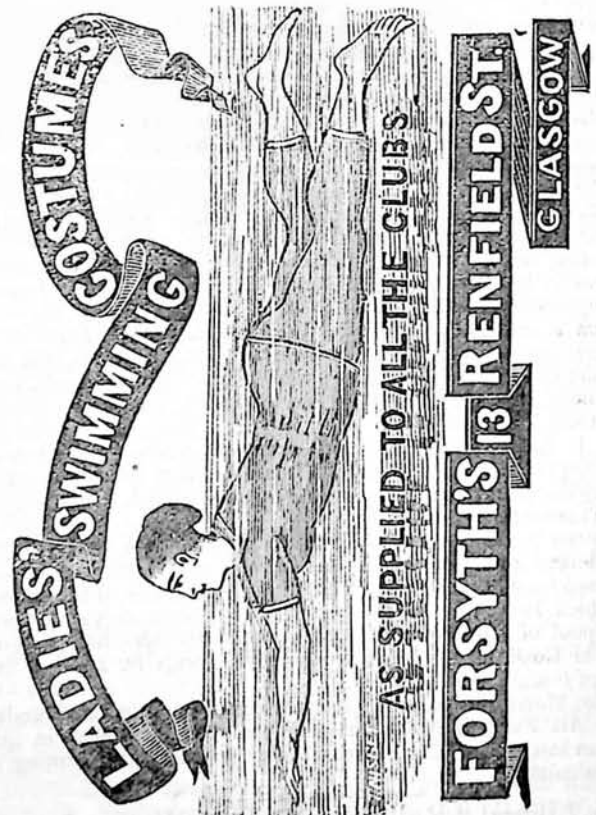
PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE
CLOSED.
WILL RE-OPEN FOR DRAMATIC SEASON
EARLY IN AUGUST.

ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS
AND CRYSTAL PALACE PROMENADES,
ON SATURDAY FIRST, 10TH JULY, 7-30 TO 9-30 P.M.
BAND and PIPERS of 74TH HIGHLANDERS,
The Pipers have returned from attendance upon
HER MAJESTY AT BALMORAL.
Admission, 6d. Subscribers, by Presenting Tickets, Free.

THE GLASGOW DAIRY CO. (Limited)
have much pleasure in announcing that they have made
arrangements for the Daily Supply of their Dairy Produce on
board the fine new Saloon Steamer “Ivanhoe” during the
present Season.

THE
TO ANANKYON
COMPANY,
THE THING WANTED,
18 BUCHANAN ST., GLASGOW,
MANUFACTURERS OF
BOOTS AND SHOES
Of all descriptions, Retail their Goods at
WHOLESALE PRICES.
LATEST LONDON AND PARIS STYLES.

THE TO ANANKYON CO.,
18 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW,
AND AT LEEDS.



AN EXHIBITION
OF THE
FAMOUS HUNGARIAN WINES

OF HIS IMPERIAL AND ROYAL HIGHNESS THE
MOST SERENE ARCHDUKE ALBRECHT,

WILL BE HELD
DURING THE PRESENT MONTH,
AT 63 ST. GEORGE'S PLACE
(STOCK EXCHANGE BUILDINGS),

Where liberal opportunity will be afforded to Taste these
Wines, which are for the first time introduced into this Country.

ADAMS & HODGE,

WINE MERCHANTS,

Chief Agents in Scotland for MAX GREGER & Co.

Price Lists on Application.

BILLIARDS! BILLIARDS!! BILLIARDS!!!

ARCADE BILLIARD ROOMS,
AND CIGAR EMPORIUM,

90 ARGYLE STREET,
Fitted up with superior new Tables, made by Cox & Yeaman of
London.

Most Central Billiard Rooms in City.

J. M. SCOTT,

HATTER,

(From Hunter & Co., Hatters to the Queen,)

176 ARGYLE STREET.

NEWEST SHAPES. LOWEST CASH PRICES.

WILLIAM CRAIG,

WHOLESALE WINE & SPIRIT MERCHANT,
36 POLLOCK STREET,

AND
46 WEST STREET.

AGENT FOR

W. & A. GILBEY,
WINE IMPORTERS AND DISTILLERS;

Comparison of Quality and Prices invited.

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of reliable quality, including everything novel or useful in
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FLIES Selected or Specially Dressed for any River or Loch.

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For Medicinal Purposes no Finer Brandy could be used.

Carriage Paid to Coast or Country.

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GLASS AND CHINA.

VERNONS PATENT
NOISELESS WARE.

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above, and can supply estimates. The
attention of shippers is specially called.

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DEPOTS FOR MINTON'S, COPELAND'S, WORCESTER, AND DRESDEN PORCELAIN.

Lowest Trade Prices.

Cash Discounts Allowed.

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
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THE ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS, Columba, Iona, Chevalier, Mountaineer, Pioneer, Clansman, Clydesdale, Staffa, Islay, Glencoe, Queen of the Lake, Gondolier, Glengarry, Linnet, Lochawe, Lochiel, Lochness, Cygnet, Plover, Inverary Castle, Sail during the Season for Islay, Oban, Fort-William, Inverness, Staffa, Iona, Glencoe, Lochawe, Tobermory, Portree, Strone Ferry, Gairloch, Ullapool, Lochinver, Lochmaddy, Tarbert (Harris), and Stornoway, affording Tourists an opportunity of visiting the Magnificent Scenery of Glencoe, the Coolin Hills, Loch Coruisk, Lch Maree, and the famed Islands of Staffa and Iona.—Official Guide, 2d; Illustrated, 6d.—Time Bills, with Maps, free by post, on application to the Proprietor, DAVID MACBRAYNE, 119 Hope Street, Glasgow. (The Columba or Iona Sails Daily at 7 a.m., conveying Passengers as above.)

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"LORD OF THE ISLES"

Sails Daily from GREENOCK for KIRN, DUNOON, WEMYSS BAY, ROTHESAY, TIGNABRUACH, and STRACHUR, connecting at Greenock and Wemyss Bay with Special Express Trains from Glasgow, as under:—

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Steamers	From	Trains—Cen.		St En.	Br. St.
		A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.
"Lord of the Isles."	Greenock	8.15	7-30	7-25	—
	Wemyss Bay ...	9.25	—	—	8-10

LOCH ECK ROUTE.

"Lord of the Isles."	Greenock	8.15	7.30	7.25	—
	Via Dunoon.				
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Returning from Inveraray at 2 p.m. with Passengers for both of the above Routes for Special Trains leaving Wemyss Bay at 5.45 p.m., and Greenock (Prince's Pier) at 6.25 p.m., and Custom-House Quay at 6.35 p.m., for Glasgow, Edinburgh, and the South.

For full Particulars as to the Sailings, Circular Tours, Fares, &c., see Time Bills, to be had free from GEORGE STIRLING, Chemist, Dunoon; JOHN RODGER, Chemist, Inveraray; or from M. T. CLARK, Manager, 17 Oswald St., Glasgow.

THE Commodious Steamer "DUNOON CASTLE" has commenced Sailing for the Season. On SUNDAY, 4th July, from Kingston dock at 10-30 a.m. for ROTHESAY and Intermediate Ports.

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10 AND 12 WEST NILE STREET,

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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.

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CHEAP EXCURSIONS TO
CARLISLE RACES,
On TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, 6th and 7th JULY.

First Class, 8s; Third Class, 4s.

From GLASGOW, GREENOCK, PORT-GLASGOW, PAISLEY, WISHAW, LANARK, &c. with liberty to Return by any Ordinary Train from Carlisle (except the 4-18 a.m. Limited Mail) on any day up to MONDAY, 12th JULY inclusive, on an Additional Payment at the Booking Office, Carlisle, of 2s First Class, and 1s Third Class.

For further particulars as to times, &c., see Hand Bills and Placards.

JAMES SMITHELLS, General Manager.
Glasgow, July, 1880.**HARMONIUMS! ORGANS!**

Before purchasing one, call and hear the

"CLOUGH AND WARREN"

PIPE AND REED

COMBINATION ORGANS.

They are superior to all others in Tone and Style, and much Cheaper.

FROM TWENTY-FIVE GUINEAS.

SOLE AGENT—

R. DONALDSON, 91 ST. VINCENT STREET,
Illustrated Priced Catalogues Post Free.

At Auction Halls, Drury Corner, Renfield Street, on Wednesday, 7th July, at One o'clock.

**EXTENSIVE SALE OF
VERY FINE AND CHOICE
WINES AND SPIRITS.**100 Cases Fine Old Highland Whisky, Duty Paid.
Also, in Bond—

3 Hhds. Renault's Brandy, 1869 Vintage;

25 Cases Otard's Brandy, Bonded 1873;

4 Hhds., 4 Quarter Casks, and 10 Octaves Sherry, &c.

DUNCANKEITH, BUCHANAN & M'CLOY

have been instructed to sell, by Public Auction, as above.

Samples may be Tasted on Day Previous from 12 to 4.

Full particulars in Catalogues, to be had on application.

Drury Corner, Renfield Street,

Glasgow, July, 1880.

THE IMPERIAL CAFE

AND LUNCHEON BAR,

92 WEST NILE STREET,
IS NOW OPEN.

DINNERS, TEAS, COFFEES, and CIGARS.

WINES, SPIRITS, and MALT LIQUORS.

D. ADAMS, Proprietor.

POPE'S EYE

NEW DINING SALOON

NOW OPEN.

THE CAMBRIDGE VAULTS RESTAURANT,
4 CARLTON COURT, BRIDGE STREET.
LUNCHEONS, DINNERS, TEAS, AND SUPPERS.
ALLSOPP'S BEER ON DRAUGHT.



ISLAY WHISKY.



W. & J. MUTTER,
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HAVE, since first introduced into Scotland in 1850, steadily increased in popularity, and at all the Universal Exhibitions met with unprecedented success.

To produce Aerated Beverages worthy of retaining that high position, Messrs CORRY & Co. have, with a concentration of power and devotion to the object in view, obtained for their Aerated Waters an appreciation by the Public which their Customers and patrons are assured will be their constant aim to retain and increase.

Since 1850 many mere imitators have come and gone, and many still remain; but the Public are requested to insist on having CORRY'S Waters, not imitations.

To be had at all the First-Class Hotels, Restaurants, and from Family Grocers, Wine Merchants, Chemists, &c. &c.

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ROYAL EXCHANGE SALE-ROOMS.

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WAREHOUSE.

The Argyle Rubber Co.

Waterproof Coats from 7/6 each. Tweed Coats from 17/6 each. Ladies' Mantles from 15/6. Lawn Tennis Sets Boating Shoes. Yachting Shoes. GOLF, FISHING, & BATHING GOODS. TOURIST PACKS. GARDEN HOSE, &c.	Shoulder Braces and Belts for Ladies & Gents. Nursing Aprons. Bed Sheets. Babies' Bibs, &c. Air Cushions and Pillows. Elastic Stockings. Surgical Goods. FOOTBALLS. School Bags. Jet Goods, &c.
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ARGYLE STREET. ARGYLE STREET.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The "PERCY" SHOE HOUSE

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HIGH-CLASS BOOTS AND SHOES
AT MANUFACTURERS' PRICES.

Direct Saving of from 20 to 30 per Cent. under
West End Prices.

BRANCH FROM TRONGATE,

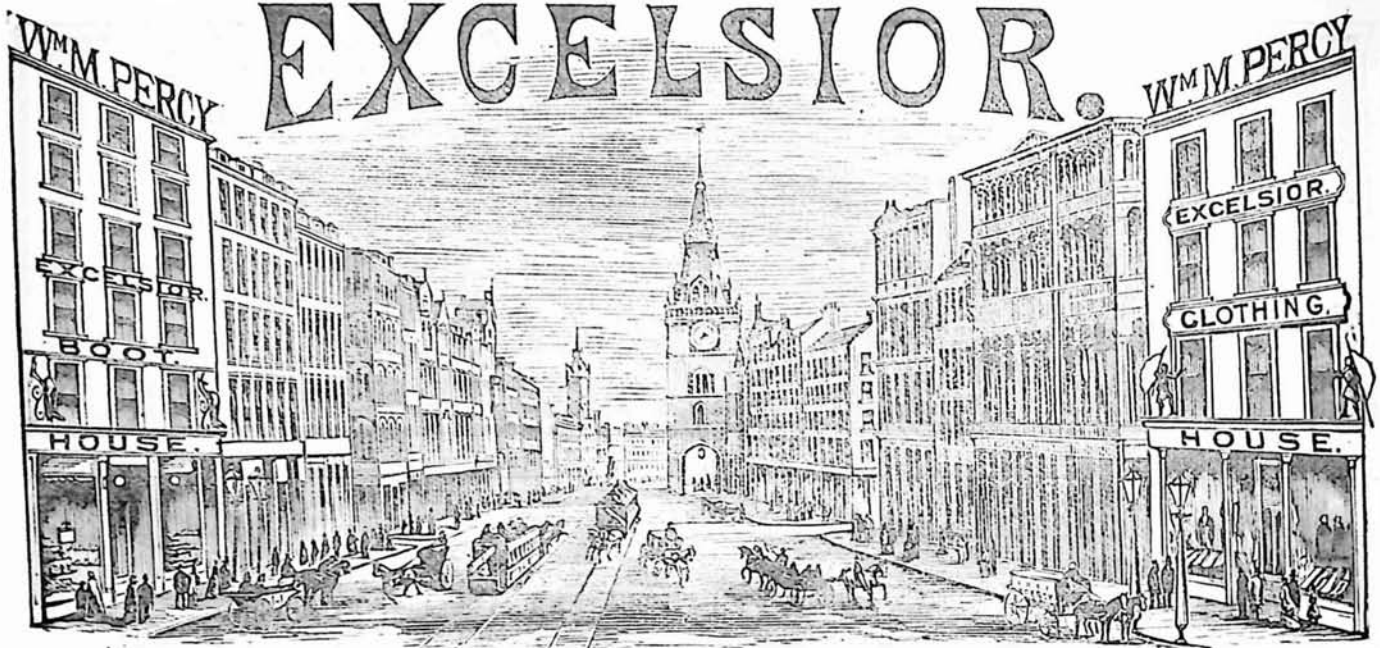
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KINGSTON BATHS,
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SWIMMING LESSONS,
BY MR WILSON.

KENNEDY ST. BATHS,
TOWNHEAD.

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



LAUNCH OF THE GREAT CLOTHING PALACE.

THE EXCELSIOR CLOTHING HOUSE, TRONGATE.

THE Public will observe from the crowds that float into the "EXCELSIOR CLOTHING HOUSE," that there is an Admirable (Popoff) pop off, of Goods in this Establishment.

But this should be no cause for wonder, as the (Elder) and principal of the (Pearce's) Percy's is the proprietor.

We are reliably informed that the Grand Duke Constantine, Admiral Popoff, and other members of the distinguished party are to be fitted in a Sovereign Suit, in commemoration of the double event, the Launch of the Livadia and the "Excelsior."

NOTE.—The interest taken in this great Business Launch by the Czar's party is such that the Admiral intends, on his return to Russia, to Popoff patterns of our famous *Home-Spun Scotch*, and thus insure further orders for Elder's Pearce, and the elder Percy.





The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 404. Glasgow, Wednesday, July 14th, 1880. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 404.

SURELY it is high time that we were hearing the last of the Bute election. The fighting is over, the seat has been won and lost, and to prolong the strife by means of petty squabbles and stupid insinuations is both impolitic and unwise. While the BAILIE fought Mr RUSSELL to the best of his power on political grounds, first at the election in April, and afterwards at that in July, he never joined in the cry of bribery which was raised against him by some of his opponents. To revive this, as is being done in certain quarters, now that Mr RUSSELL has been defeated, is manifestly unfair. The maxim of *vo victis* was probably sufficient for the Romans of the Empire, but we profess, now-a-days, to have discovered another system of treating our enemies than that which obtained under Tiberius. And, besides, had the personal element been the only one which entered into the struggles of April and July, there is no use in blinking the fact that Mr RUSSELL possessed numerous and valid claims on the attention of the electors of the county. He is, to begin with, a native of Rothesay. His father was a jeweller in this city, but Mr RUSSELL himself was born in the pleasant royal burgh, and received the greater portion of his early education there. All his life through, moreover, his heart has been insensibly attracted to the scenes of his birth and his boyhood. When no more than fourteen, he began the world on his own account, and on the starting of the firm of Walter Macfarlane & Co.—with which he has been since so closely identified—he joined it as one of the partners, the other two being Mr Macfarlane and Mr Marshal. But though his business was in Glasgow, Rothesay continued Mr RUSSELL'S ideal home, and by a constant series of kind-

nesses, and the manifesting of an unflinching interest in all that pertained to the island, he succeeded in identifying himself, in a great measure, with Bute and the Butemen. His purchase, some four years ago, of the fine estate of Ascog, was hailed with the utmost pleasure by people of all parties, and when it became known towards the close of 1879, that he intended to retire from business, and thenceforward live the life of a country gentleman among his own folk, and in the island he loves so well, the news gave very general gratification, not only in Bute, but wherever Butemen abound. His withdrawal from the firm of Walter Macfarlane & Co. took place in December last—that is, his practical retirement was effected then, although the formality of advertising this to the public was allowed to stand over for two or three months. Notwithstanding the result of the voting on Saturday the 3rd inst., Mr RUSSELL'S anxiety for all that pertains to the well-being of his neighbours continues as lively as ever. And there is some question, as it seems to the BAILIE, whether he may not be at least as useful at home as he would have been in the Commons House of Parliament. He is already a J.P. and a Deputy Lieutenant for the county, but it is quite on the cards that the higher distinction of Convener of Bute—the post left vacant by the lamented death of Mr A. B. Stewart—may be in store for him, and it is one that he would certainly fill with the utmost advantage to the constituency, as well as credit to himself. Mr RUSSELL'S solitary fad—he has been too busy a man up till now to indulge a multiplicity of hobbies—is that of collecting old books and manuscripts, and his library at Ascog is rich in black-letter MS., elzevier editions of the classics, and curious and out of the way volumes, the very look of which would have made George Bannatyne envious, and caused the heart of

David Laing to leap for joy. Coming back at the close to the note from which he started, the BAILIE urges once more that by-gones should now be by-gones so far as the election is concerned. Let both parties live in peace and amity—till the next dissolution of Parliament at least; obviously there is nothing to be gained by people who are near neighbours, and should be close friends, keeping up a state of things that only injures themselves, and gives food for laughter to the inhabitants of the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland. At all events, looking to the benefits already conferred on Bute by Mr RUSSELL, and the large position he will henceforward occupy in the life of the island, it would be politic, as well as generous, for his local adversaries to treat him in the future with that measure of consideration which he has a right to look for at their hands.

ENGLISH-CUM-GAELIC.

(Meeting of the managers of a west coast church in which English is preached each Sunday forenoon and Gaelic each Sunday afternoon, the latter to a very small attendance of Celtic worshippers; the Gaelic precentor applies for an advance in his salary of £5 per annum.)

Ruling Manager—We already give you a great deal more than is collected at the Gaelic service during the whole year. What would you suggest yourself to raise more money?

Gaelic Precentor—Oh, shust a collection at the English sermon for the Gaelic precentor in the month of Chuly when the chentry's doon!

A Natural History Note.

THE whirl-gig of time has brought in its revenges, and no mistake, in the case of that much reviled member of the Aves species, the common starling. One day no less a personage than His Grace the Duke of Argyll writes a long letter in its defence to the *Scotsman*, and the next a "liner" in the *Evening Times* speaks—when describing a walk from Glasgow to Barrhead—of "the songs of the starling and blackbird and other songsters of the grove." Could anyone blame this scare-crow among birds though it were to presume a little in the future? It has been defended by a duke, and has been described as a "songster of the grove" in the *Evening Times*!

My Awful Dad—The *old chap*.

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

A Zummer Coad.

I'VE god a mosd confoudd coad,
I dever wadz zo bad;
Dese zummer coads I have been toad,
'Ave oven drove ben bad.
A bonth aco dis bery day,
I wife ad gomford lost;
In spide of all dat I good zay,
Jee would go doo de goast.

I dook a houze vor her ride off,
Ad gabe her her owd way;
Jee mide habe zeen I 'ad a gouh,
Ad dat jee oughd doo sday.
Bud do! jee lefd be doo byself,
Ad 'ere I gouh ad sneeze,
Wile jee, de uncodersded elf,
Edjoys de sofd zea breeze.

Ad just dis bery day she wrode,
Doo zee if I would dry
(Begauze it was zo bery hod)
To wand her all July!
Anudder bonth ov diding oud!
By goodness! I jall die—
Anudder bonth ov solitude!
Jee musd gome hob, or I—
The odly rhyme I gedt vor diss,
Is do repeadt "I'll die!"

Why I Wasn't at the Launch.

BECAUSE I hate a crowd.
Because if there is anything that makes me ill-natured next morning it's champagne.
Because I wanted to be the one man about town who had not been at the launch.
Because I distinctly promised five fair girls (the only women I ever loved) that I would take them to see the Grand Duke, the Duchess of Hamilton, and Admiral Popoff.
Because I promised my vote to Mr Pearce at the election, and didn't keep my word.
Because I wanted John Forrester's all to myself for once in my life.
Because I don't see why the Emperor of Russia should have such a grand yacht any more than the Sultan of Turkey.
Because the frantic struggles made by some people to get admission to Fairfield simply disgusted me.
Because all my efforts to procure a ticket resulted in total failure.

English traveller, on his way to visit Paisley Abbey, to ticket seller at Central station—"First return to Vanduara."

The Orange-(flower) Procession—The Wedding March.

Only a Natural Result of the Confiscation Bill—"Lands-down."

Limb-fat-ic—The adipose giantesses at Vinegar Hill.

Holiday Tasks.

IN the ceaseless tread-mill round of duty to which most of us are condemned in this work-a-day world, we can find time for almost nothing but earning our bread. There are countless little pleasures we mean to enjoy "whenever we have time." Now the holiday season seems to the BAILIE to be a splendid opportunity for working off these arrears of enjoyment. During its welcome leisure why should we not—

Visit the Kelvingrove Museum, and feast our eyes on its valuable if slightly musty contents.

Write to that old friend of ours in Australia, with whom, on his departure ten years ago, we exchanged vows of mutual correspondence, but who has never heard from us since.

Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest those ten volumes of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," which have been a standing reproach to our shocking ignorance for years past.

Burn that extensive collection of perfumed notes, the lock of nicely plaited brown hair tied with blue ribbon, and the two photographs, all of which treasures have been rendered valueless by the perfidious conduct of a brown-eyed little witch.

Begin to keep an account of our daily expenses, and balance our cash at the end of each week.

Visit that old aunt of ours down in the country, whom rumour credits with the possession of a tidy sum securely invested in Consols, and take a volume of Spurgeon's sermons with us.

Make a desperate effort to solve the Fifteen Puzzle.

A GOOD GLASS.

(Scene—Deck of Lochlmond steamer.)

Tourist (to Native)—Is yon Benlomond?

Native—Yes, sir.

Tourist—Have you ever been to the top?

Native—Ou aye, a dizen times.

Tourist—I believe with a good glass you can see Edinburgh.

Native—I dinna ken, I've seen me ha'ing mair than half-a-mutchkin in me, an' a' never saw't yet. [Dismay of tourist.]

Admir(ab)le Pop off—The launching of the "Livadia."

A Miscarriage of Justice—A convict's escape from a railway train.

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

On 'Change.

MORE gold companies are in course of formation. People seem as if they would never tire of these enterprises, which appear chiefly designed to benefit the promoters. A gold fever is on, and everybody knows that a gold fever is infectious. It spreads with fatal rapidity, especially when money is cheap, and the means of investment are difficult. It is spreading now, and no one is courageous enough to tell the truth about it. Most of those who have caught the infection will certainly get trodden down, like the poor wretches depicted in Sir Noel Paton's "Pursuit of Pleasure."

Mr R. L. Urquhart furnished sport for the pig-iron Philistines last week. They seemed quite determined to make the most of him, and with some reason. A virtuous editor hurled a leader at the modest youth, and many persons were extremely shocked at the whole affair. The shock will wear off, I daresay, and then everybody will get on again quite fraternally.

Grand Trunks, and Canadian railways generally, have more than once bulked largely in this column. They never deserved to do so more prominently than at the present moment. A crisis has arrived in Grand Trunk, at any rate. The fools who bought when they had no money, in order to sell again at a profit when the stocks went higher, have been met by another set of fools, who sold when they had no stock, in order to buy in again when prices went lower. For my own part, I consider the man who sold is the least blameable of the two. He might be reckoned a kind of danger signal, to warn the unwary from impending disaster. The result is a repetition of the cheerful process known as "pull devil, pull tailor." The bear and the bull are both in the field. I would not like to back the field against bruin.

Mr William Abbott is the champion of the Grand Trunk bulls, and he has issued an elaborate circular proving that the concern is getting on splendidly. The red rag which sent Mr Abbott careering into the arena, is an anonymous circular issued from Liverpool in the interest of the bear party. It is about as sincere as most circulars of the kind, but his principal point is that the stocks are deplorably oversold, which is really the case, and something in his favour.

Commander Cameron has become a director of the Liberia Coffee Company. The reason is not very clear. Perhaps it is considered that because he visited one part of Africa, he must necessarily possess a knowledge of the whole Continent. The gallant C.B. may be a thorough man of business, and quite a distinguished member of the board, but his prudence—well the less said about his prudence the better.

SCRUTATOR.

A PUBLIC SPIRITED POLICY.

English Traveller—Yes, and you consider Gladstone the Scotchman's friend?

Scotch Traveller—That I dae, sur. Jist look, man, at his puttin' a tax on yer English beer, an' lettin' whusky gang scot free. It's a raal blessin' to Scotlan' to hae sic a man at the head o' affairs.

A "MECHANICAL MAJORITY."—A majority that will vote against its conscience rather than risk its seats.

Bauldy avers that people who wear "dickies" are exceedingly vacillating. They are constantly "changing front."

PIG-IRON WARRANTS—STOCKS AND SHARES.—Macgregor & Co., Stock and Share Brokers, and Iron Brokers, 136 Buchanan Street, Glasgow, offer Special Facilities to those desirous of Speculating for the Rise or Fall of Markets.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—Almost for the first time, we are to be favoured this week with a sight of Mr William Sidney in a part that completely suits him. From some cause or other best known to himself, but which is a puzzle to we outsiders, this admirable actor has usually selected a *role* like that of the Jew, in the stupid melodrama of "Queen's Evidence," for his appearances here, and there is no use in attempting to disguise the fact, that both he and his audiences have suffered in consequence. As the hero, however, of "My Awful Dad," Mr Sidney will be seen at his best. The character is one that he will play to perfection. It may be that some of the more critical, or should I not say hypercritical sort, may please themselves by contrasting him with Charles Mathews, but Mr Sidney can afford to smile at these cavillers. The best reply to them, indeed, will be supplied by the good "houses" he will draw at the Royalty during the coming six nights, and the rounds of applause with which his performance will be greeted.

Following Mr Sidney at Mr Knapp's Theatre will come the comedy-drama company of Mr Frank Harvey, which is better known, perhaps, under its designation of the "Madame Beatrice Company." Mr Harvey promises us a new play on this occasion, which bears the suggestive title of "Married, not Mated."

In addition to "My Awful Dad" to-night's programme at the Royalty includes Andrew Halliday's farce of "Checkmate," the leading part in which, that of *Sam Winkle*, will be played by Mr Fred Sidney.

Mr Beryl announces the engagement at the Royal Princess's Theatre, for six nights, beginning this evening, of the English Opera Company of Mr G. W. Taverner. This troop of vocalist actors includes various well-known names, among them being those of Messrs William Parkinson, M. Dwyer, and J. Manley; the leading lady is Miss Carina Clelland, and the contralto Mdle. Berta Foresta. A competent chorus will also appear, and the band of the theatre has been specially augmented in view of the series of performances.

The list of operas for the week begins with the "Trovatore," which will be presented this evening, while "Sonnambula" is set down for to-morrow (Tuesday), "Maritana" for Wednesday, "Faust" for Thursday, "Lucrezia Borgia" for Friday, and "The Rose of Castile" for Saturday.

Opera, so far, is a distinct novelty on the South Side, but this, instead of proving a draw-back to its popularity, should only assist in drawing more crowded audiences to Mr Beryl's house.

Mr Joseph Eldred, who now seems a comparative stranger so long is it since he fulfilled an engagement on the Glasgow "boards," will shortly appear at the Princess's Theatre.

One of the members of the Vokes company—who appear, by the bye, at the Gaiety Theatre when it re-opens this day fortnight—is Miss Bessie Sanson, a clever little lady whose bright face and pleasant manner must be familiar to all *habitués* of the Theatre Royal.

The hundredth night of the run of the "Upper Crust," at the London Folly Theatre, took place on Thursday evening.

There are whispers in London of a dramatic version of "Don Quixote," with Mr Irving as the *Don* and Mr Toole as *Sancho*.

An awkward rumour is going about regarding the so-called Scottish Musical Society. It is said that some names were incorporated into the prospectus without authority, and that the owners of the names were even more surprised than the public when the prospectus came out. The report has been floating about for some days, and if unfounded it ought to be set right by the promoters.

Apart from rumours, however, the society has a very queer look. Its promoters modestly ask £20,000. They also take powers to get donations by legacies. It is one thing to ask for money, and another to get it. "I can call spirits from the vasty deep, but will they come?"

Miss Orridge, the eminent contralto vocalist, was in Glasgow last week. Her visit was social, not professional, yet those who saw her quietly walking down Buchanan Street, the other day, could hardly help feeling regret that this was the dead season in music, and that, in consequence, they were debarred the privilege of listening to her delightful voice.

As a rule musicians from a distance visit us at the very worst season of the year. They come in November, or December, or January, and then they go away and rail at the Scotch climate. Mrs Manns said there was nothing but fog and gloom in Glasgow, unless it might be the light that emanated from her husband's baton. Miss Orridge was wiser in her generation, for she took Scotland in summer. So was Mr Carrodus when he used to visit Whistlefield, and wake the echoes of Loch Eck with the strains of his major fiddle.

In order to be "up to the time of day," as the saying is, the directors of the Crystal Palace, at the Botanic Gardens, have arranged for a series of grand entertainments on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday next. These have been specially organised in the interests of the "fair folk," who, I have every confidence, will patronise them in troops.

THE GOVAN SCHOOL BOARD TO THE RESCUE.
(Scene—Back green at Govan; aunt hanging out clothes; nephew comes running in.)

Aunt—Weel, Alick, did ye see the Cauzur's yaucht lunched?

Nephew—Whit did ye say, aunty?

[Aunt repeats the question].

Nephew—Aunty, aunty, that's no' the name o't,—its the Czar's yacht.

Aunt (looking angry)—Hoo daur ye stan' there an' speak tae me like that; dae ye think I canna read as weel as you?

Nephew—Weel, aunty, that's whit the maister ca'd it at the scheul.

Aunt—Awa' wi' you and yer maister! It's a peety ye wisna' baith lunched along wi't, Scheul Brod an' a'. Noo, don't stan' there glowrin' at me in that fashion, or a'l, a'l—

(Nephew decamps).

BUT 'T WAS NOT WHAT HE WANTED—*Byron*.
—THE BAILIE observes a shopkeeper advertising in large letters, THE THING WANTED. Although the "the" is the definite article, what is the thing wanted by the shopkeeper, might, his Worship thinks, be somewhat more definitely defined.

If a man, asks Peter, sees through one glass darkly, what will be the effect on him of, say, a dozen?

People who may be said to be well backed up—Those who ride on elephants and camels.

The French Ambassador—Champagne.

"Music by Handel"—Organ grinding.

PRESERVING STRAWBERRIES, are now selling at 6d per lb., M. CAMPBELL, Fruit Warehouse, 18 GORDON STREET.

At Church on a July Sunday.

DR DUSTER'S church is not a particularly lively place at the best of times, but in July it is what one of the Doctor's fair hearers would call "something positively quite too awfully dreadful." The venerable but barn-like edifice looks best in a dim religious light, and when brilliant sunshine streams through the windows on the dingy pews, the most spiritually minded worshipper must feel that things are not all they might be.

The first thing that strikes that wicked person the "occasional hearer," after crossing the threshold of the sanctuary, is the altered appearance of the plate. These twin dragons, the manager and the elder, keep watch and ward over it as of yore, but not with the severely professional air they assume in the full rush of the winter season. Comparatively speaking, their expression is amateurish and almost jovial. The pewter nakedness of the plate itself is but partially concealed by an all too scanty veil of copper coins, on the top of which glitters a new half-crown in ostentatious solicitude. Somehow that half-crown reminds the beholder of the parsley with which a piece of cold beef is garnished, not so much for use as for ornament, and one would be almost justified in betting that before the collection is counted the half-crown will return to the pocket from whence it came. Be that as it may, as the occasional hearer drops his tinkling three-penny bit into the offertory, the elder sheds a bland smile abroad. It is the biggest haul he has made to-day.

The congregation is scattered about inside as sparsely as the currants in a cheap plum pudding. Pew after pew of absolute vacancy is there to vex the beadle's righteous soul. Worshippers are indeed so scarce that the flies, who are present in overwhelming force, are able to devote special attention to each individual. When the sermon begins, the congregation settles itself *en masse* to undisguised slumber. For once, the awakening influence of peppermint lozenges is unavailing, and the reverend Doctor's brimstone periods roll unheeded over the recumbent heads before him. Only when the attentions of the busy flies become too overpowering does some specially baldheaded listener move un- easily in his slumber. And so the service moves on for the orthodox hour and a half, when the occasional hearer and his fellows shake themselves, put away their hymn-books, and go home to dinner.

Would it not be better if there was a close time for church-going, just as there is for salmon fishing?

Sassenach Censure.

OH, fie, Sheriff Guthrie! How had you the assurance even to hint, in the judgment you pronounced on Friday in the action against the owner of the "Sheila," that the vessel had been manned on the 28th of last August by "easy-going Highlanders of a type not uncommon on the Clyde." Is not this rank treason? Have we not all made up our minds that, next to our police force, the usual Clyde skipper, and the deck hands—Dugalds and Tavishes, every one of them—who adorn our various river steamers, are models of gentleness and courtesy, are remarkable for their variety of resource in an emergency, and are unfailing in their eagerness to sacrifice themselves at the call of duty. "Easy-going Highlanders" indeed; verily this is "tolerable and not to be endured."

ENOUGH "BRASS" FOR ANYTHING.

Shopman (to smart urchin who is walking off with a new felt hat)—Come back, ye wee rascal; whit d'ye call this?

Urchin—Why, it's a faurthen, of coorse.

Shopman—But that's no' sufficient to pay for the hat.

Urchin—An' whit for no'? Didna ye say the noo that ye sellt it at the lowest cash price. That's a faurthen, isn't it? a dinna ken a lower.

(Collapse of shopman, during which urchin escapes with hat).

A LIVADIAN DECK-ORATION.

If gunboat this, design'd for war,
To cannons, bombs, or mortars pop off,
Why should its get-up be bizarre,
Why pierced so much its deck a-top of;
Why flat and squat, thricefold in screw'd-able,
For gunboat why—in short unshootable?

THE PINK OF PRIZES.

(Scene—A dining-room.)

Aunt Jane—Well, Tommy, dear I hope you are going to get a good prize.

Tommy—O yes, aunt, the very best, ten weeks of holidays.

Why is the BAILIE like a Chevalier d'Industrie?—Because he depends upon his "wits" for support, to be sure.

The Burials Bill—An undertaker's account.

A Well "Watched" Shop—A jeweller's.

Music Hall Sketches.

No. 4.—THE IRISH VOCALIST.

A QUESTION that has often puzzled me very much is—why should there be a representative Irishman on the music hall stage? It is the rarest thing imaginable to find a stage Englishman, Scotchman, or Welshman singing distinctively national songs, or dancing distinctively national dances; while stage Irishmen are as thick as leaves in Vallambrosa. No music hall programme is complete unless it includes performances by one or more of Tommy Moore's loud-voiced countrymen. Indeed, if one may judge by the numbers who embark in this calling, it seems to be almost as pleasant and profitable as professional agitation, or tenant-farming on the "fixity of tenure" principle.

Even at his best, an Irishman is but a doubtful blessing to his fellow-inhabitants of the British Isles, but when he takes to music hall singing, he becomes a positive nuisance. In the course of a tolerably long experience, I can safely say I never met a single man who could see any merit whatever in his performances, and yet he continues to hold his place on the music hall stage—in virtue, I suppose, of his superhuman impudence and vulgarity. In these qualities he certainly approaches the sublime.

The typical warm-hearted and impulsive child of Erin is a sturdy, smug-faced, greasy-haired fellow, who seems capable of any enormity, from prize-fighting to burglary. He has not the most rudimentary idea of singing, and knows as much of grammar as he does of the higher mathematics. His stock-in-trade consists of a pair of leather lungs, a brazen face, and a mixture of impudence and stolidity which passes for humour. The Irish nation has a reputation for wit, but if it is well-deserved, they must keep it for home consumption; for a more essentially dreary and stupid individual than the stage Irishman, on this side of the Channel, I never had the ill fortune to listen to.

He generally begins his performance by appearing in a dress coat, the greasiness of which would disgust even a waiter at a fifth-rate eating-house, and singing a song with a maudlin chorus in praise of his beloved Erin. He is invariably a patriot of the pike and blunderbuss order, and declares his readiness to suffer even to the death in the sacred cause of that gem of the ocean. Judging by his appearance, he does not think that washing himself regularly would do his country any good, or I suppose he would brave even that terror for her sake. At his next

appearance he wears a suit which is in itself almost a certificate for admission to Gartnavel, crowned by a hat that a scarecrow with a proper amount of self-respect would decline to put on, and carries a big stick or umbrella wherewithal to emphasize his noble sentiments by thumping on the floor. This dress is supposed to be that ordinarily worn by the Irish peasant when his foot is on his native bog; and if it is correct, the sooner we leave off sending overcoats and mufflers to the interesting Hottentot converts, and turn our attention to the sartorial wants of the Irish, the better. His song this time deals with fairs, wakes, funerals, and such festive occasions, and describes the fearful joy of breaking a friend's head with a cudgel, just for "divarshon." He usually concludes his entertainment by dancing an Irish jig, a proceeding which involves the production of an almost incredible amount of dust and perspiration. It is to me a continual wonder, and a convincing proof of the good nature of the brutal Saxon, that the audience does not rise in a body as this well-graced actor leaves the stage, and demand his blood.

I fancy the Royal Brunette audiences would be not only willing, but delighted, to grant Home Rule to Ireland, on condition that the Irish vocalists, as well as the Irish statesmen, were taken over to College Green. PANURGE.

"ONE" FOR THE CLYDE.

(Scene—The Broomielaw, the deck of the "Benmore;" very hot day and low water.)

Yankee Passenger (to Captain Bob)—I say, Captain, is this what you call a river? I call it nothing but a common sewer. You should see the rivers in my country. The Mississippi, Hudson, and Iowa, and the like of these; confound it, Captain, you'd call them rivers.

Captain Bob (after a pause)—It's all very well for you tae talk. Providence gied ye the Mississippi an' a' the rest o' them, but we had to mak' this yin were-sels!

Cockney's Pæan in honour of Cheaper Beer—"Ale to the Chief." (For a Bass voice.)

Taking Summary (summery) Proceedings—Going down the coast. He-haw!

A Sweep-ing Assertion—That a chimney-sweeper's occupation is essentially a sootable one.

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 Fair Holidays have come round once more.

That they opened bright and fair.

That it is to be hoped the working man will enjoy himself both wisely and well during the daft days.

That the amount of money that will be spent at the coast towns will foot up to a pretty penny.

That the facilities for travelling by road, river, and rail are most enticing.

That it is a pity one can't go everywhere.

That certain of the Councillor bodies have been lecturing "oor Jeems" upon manners.

That, judging from some recent proceedings, the Council generally is anything but a model of good taste and etiquette.

That our Lanarkshire marksmen have gone up in a body to Wimbledon.

That they prefer attending the Metropolitan gathering to the Cowglen meeting.

That the reason is because it's fashionable.

That if one of them brings home the Queen's Prize, we'll forgive them—this time.

That the revelations regarding the iron trade made at a recent bankruptcy examination were more instructive than amusing.

That it is perfectly wonderful what enormous speculations a fellow can go into with very little capital.

That some one is always certain to get the baby to hold.

That Sheriff Guthrie has been down upon the crews of some of our Clyde steamers.

That he did it both neatly and completely.

That it didn't come a day too soon.

That it's to be hoped his decision in the "Sheila" case will cause our steamboat owners to look a little more to the comfort and safety of their passengers.

That the launch of the "Livadia" was a great success.

That Mr William Pearce is a credit to Glasgow.

That if he were to run for Parliament now, he would stand higher on the poll than he did last April.

That there's a good time coming.

That the landlords and house-factors are not satisfied with the manner Captain M'Call looks after their empty houses.

That they must engage a few private watchmen of their own.

That the volunteers are determined to have a review.

That a successful outing can do the cause no harm.

That the U.P.'s down in Govan have a short and speedy way with their pastors.

That they only believe in "payment by results."

That if this were the case over all the kirks the ministers would have a lively time of it.

That the senior pastor of the Govan U.P. Church had a well-filled church in Glasgow.

That what is good enough for Glasgow isn't half good enough for Govan.

"Boxing the Compass."

OUR old friend "Spinnaker" is once more to the front. His prelection in Friday's *Herald* anent Thursday's sailing in the Regatta of the Royal Northern Yacht Club, was more suggestive than ever. "The day," he remarked, "proved to be a model Clyde day, with flukes, boxing the compass, and patches of flat calm ready to catch up a match and leave the first boats last." Just so! "Flukes," and "boxing the compass," and all the rest of them—well these are certainly characteristic of the Clyde, only the BAILIE had hitherto believed that they were peculiar to Glasgow Fair Saturdays and other similar occasions of popular holiday making. He bows in this, however, as in all other matters connected with "booms," and "gybing," and such phrases as "North North West," not to speak of "when the wind is southerly," to his friend "Spinnaker," only, he may remark that Mr S. seems to have anything but a very exalted opinion of the manners and customs of our Corinthian Yachtsmen.

A CONFUSION OF EPITAPHS.

Landlady (to departing lodger)—An' I hope, Mr M'Farlane, that ye'll say a good word about my house to your friends.

Mr M'F.—Oh, yes, I'll do that, Mrs Fraser, for I'll see nosing but dacency since I wass come to your hoose, and not much of that, too, what-effer.

HEE HAW!—Reasoning like an ass, that the importance of anything is proportional to its bulk, the beastie swears by last week's cartoon that the real "Man you Know" was the yacht!

A Fearful Explosion—The Royalty exploding with laughter at Lloyd's benefit.

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Sanguine as we then felt of the result of the enterprise, we are free to confess that its rapid and complete success has both surprised and delighted us; and in order to mark our grateful appreciation of the public response, we have determined to give our Customers still better value than ever, and to submit a much Larger Variety of Fabrics from which to select. We trust in this way not only to maintain our present large turnover in "DESIDERATUM" TROUSERS, but at the same time to secure the patronage of our Customers for the other Departments of our extensive Business.

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WM. SMEATON & CO., Pollokshields.
A. KENNEDY, 63 Bridge Street, Glasgow.
JOHN MACFIE, 14 West Blackhall Street, Greenock.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 14th, 1880.

WHAT a favoured people we are to be sure. Nine-tenths of the Cockneys pure and simple never saw the outside of London; should the dwellers in Manchester or Birmingham wish for a look of the green fields, or a sniff of the sea breeze, they must sacrifice at least three working days, and spend a corresponding amount of the current coin of the realm. In Glasgow, on the other hand, we are privileged to go anywhere in the briefest possible space of time, and at the very smallest outlay of money. During the present week, for instance, our holiday makers are fairly perplexed with the good things that are thrust under their noses. They may take the "Columba" and sail in a couple of days to the Outer Hebrides, they may go and come within a dozen hours by the "Lord of the Isles" to Inveraray, the "Edinburgh Castle" enables them to spend a full day at Lochgoilhead and both breakfast and sup under their own roof-trees; or should they affect the rail the Caledonian and the South-Western Companies—not to mention any others—will set them down and bring them home again, anywhere within the four seas, for a sum which is fairly ludicrous in its insignificance. Should not all this make us proud of the city? Besides being "the centre of the intelligence of

England," Glasgow is also the centre of the finest scenery not only of England but of all Britain.

Reflections at a Botanic Gardens Concert.

NO wonder that Glasgow is a smoky city. The tobacco consumed here in one night is enough to make a perceptible difference in the atmosphere for a mile or two round.

Would a promenade concert have much chance of being a success if the sexes were separated as they are at a Quaker meeting?

Is it possible that any one cherishes a genuine admiration for bagpipe music? I rather think that people pretend to like it because they want to appear patriotic, just as they pretend to like oysters and dry champagne in order to appear fashionable.

The Gardens are admirably adapted for a bagpipe performance. It is always possible to put about half a mile between oneself and the instruments of torture. If, however, the bagpipes are sprung on one without affording a chance of escape, one feels disposed to justify the massacre of Glencoe.

A bandmaster in a tall hat and a tweed suit is an outrage on the fitness of things.

It is noticeable that our best young men can scarcely walk quietly with a girl by their side when the band plays a waltz. There is a curious spring in their gait as they bend tenderly towards their fair companion, and they look as if wings would be useful.

The normal condition of the female countenance when talking to a fellow is that of giggle.

Is it worth lighting a fourth cigar?

BITING SARCASM.

Very Thin Wayfarer (to owner of small Skye terrier, which is fiercely barking at him)—Eh, man, for gudeness sake ca' in yer doug; a'm feart it'll worry me.

Owner—Then ye needna be feart, ma frien', for the beastie is faur ower denty to bite scare-craws.

SHAKESPEARE ON "MARRIAGE."

Edict—Double! Double!

Educt—Toil and Trouble!

"Grand Lodges"—The Duke of Hamilton's shooting lodges in Arran.

Landed Gentry—Those who get escorted to the prison van.

Irish Compensation Bill—W. E. Gladstone.

Megilp.

THE arrangements for the coming combined Bough and Chalmers, and Black and White Exhibitions, in the rooms of the Fine Art Institute, are proceeding apace. At a meeting of the Council of the Institute on Wednesday, it was arranged that the Hanging Committee of the Bough and Chalmers pictures should consist of Mr John M'Gavin, Mr Andrew Maxwell, and Mr Joseph Henderson; while Mr Sellars, Dr Blatherwick, and Mr J. A. Aitken were appointed to hang the "black and white" drawings, etchings, and prints.

Yesterday (Monday) was the last sending-in day for the Black and White Exhibition.

The hope expressed in this column several weeks ago, that the exhibition of Scottish Art to be held in Edinburgh next October, on the occasion of the meeting of the Social Science Congress there, would contain an adequate representation of the works of Scott Lauder, seems in a fair way of being realised. According to the *Scotsman*, several of the finest pictures of this great painter will be included in the exhibition, which will also be rich in works by David Scott and George Harvey.

Andrew Black, who has of late devoted himself almost entirely to seaside pictures, has been for several weeks at Craig, in the East Neuk of the Kingdom, but is likely, before long, to wend his way to St. Monance, the fine old fishing village which has been painted so well by Sam Bough, and several of the more characteristic "bits" of which have been "done" in water colour by Mr Carlaw. Mr Macmaster is with Mr Black at Craig.

W. G. Stevenson, the Edinburgh sculptor, has just completed a bust of the poet Burns, the features of which seem to convey, in a striking degree, the peculiar character of the author of "The Jolly Beggars," and the "Cottar's Saturday Night." Mr Stevenson, it will be recollected, is the artist of the Burns monument at Kilmarnock.

A capital portrait of a Rothesay lady, by Alexander Morrison of Elgin, has been on view for some days past in the gallery of Mr Craibe Angus. The portrait is well posed, well worked out in every respect, and besides, it is a capital likeness. It was painted in the house of the sitter, and goes to the studio for the finishing touches. Mr Morrison who, when at the Edinburgh Academy, was greatly liked, not only on account of his artistic sympathies, but for his good sense and worth as a man, is gradually taking that position as a painter which his talents fairly entitle him to occupy.

Various of our artist friends seem to be drawn by some secret power, year after year, to the same spot. Thus Edwin Calvert is once more back this summer at Appin, and Robert Stevenson has again pitched his tent—that is opened his white umbrella—on the western shores of Loch Lomond, immediately adjacent, indeed, to the picturesque village of Luss.

Among the latest rumours that have reached Glasgow is one to the effect that J. D. Adam is at present working at Cookham. What, Mr Adam's friends are asking, is this peculiarly Scottish artist likely to light upon, that will suit his special idiosyncrasy in the most English of English riverside villages?

This year's exhibition—the ninth of the series—of the Kirkcaldy Fine Art Association, will be opened in the "lang toun" on Monday, the 30th prox.

DIPLOMACY.

Small Schoolboy—Is that blue pent, penter?

Painter—No, it's red.

S. S. (coaxingly)—Wud ye gie's a bit potty?

Ground Game—Playing at "the bools."

A "Public" Question—Local Option.

BICYCLES. { Riding taught. Makers, Agents, Repairers of Bicycles; Suppliers of Saddles, Oil Cans, Springs, Alarm Bells, &c. West of Scotland Bicycle Co. Show Rooms, 104 Renfield St., Works, 67 East Howard St.

A Sixty Days' Wonder.

BY A COASTING PATERFAMILIAS.

I WONDER what crime I have committed that I should be condemned to this punishment.

I wonder if I would have got off more easily had I lived in the time of the sage who invented the traditional "nine days' wonder."

I wonder if he ever went "doon the water."

I wonder why holidays were invented, and what ruffian in human form first thought of going to the coast.

I wonder if he owned property at the coast, which he wished to sell, let, or otherwise dispose of for gain.

I wonder, supposing I could get hold of him, whether I would make him take my place in the treadmill, or give him a ten seconds' dip in the inky Clyde at the Broomielaw.

I wonder whether he would not instantly embrace the more speedy alternative.

I wonder if Bailie Macbean ever enjoyed the luxury of the sixty days' hard labour I am at present undergoing.

I wonder if he liked it.

I wonder if I will be as great a jackass next year.

ASINUS ON "THE DECADENCE OF LARKS."

In Glasgow city after dark

There's still a chance to hear a lark

On "native wood-notes wild" engag'd,

Ere by the "beak" in morning "cag'd."

"NEITHER BOOKED NOR POSTED."

(Scene—Highland Railway Station.)

Highlander (to booking clerk)—She wants ta railway to Lochalsh, third class, quick.

Booking Clerk—If it's a ticket you want, we don't issue them for that place; but I can book you to Strome Ferry, then you —

Highlander—You'll *pook* her grannie! She'll no pe so ferry daft as to went through ta *post* like a pox of herrin'. Na, na.

[Exit Kilty.]

"ORDER IS HEAVEN'S FIRST LAW."—As a classic style is to be adopted for the new Municipal Buildings, at least the *exterior* will be "order"-ly.

A "Superior" Person—The head of a religious order.

A "Whaler"—A severe dominie.

BICYCLES. { The "Duplex," "Challenge," "Club," "Premier," &c. On Hire with option of Purchase.
TRICYCLES. { New, Second-Hand, Fittings cheap, Jennings', 101 Mitchell Street.

"A Most Acute Juvenal."
MR R. B. REID, clothier, Langloan, is as good as any five single gentlemen who were ever rolled into one. At Thursday's meeting of the Old Monkland Parochial Board he played the part of the "whole team and the dog under the waggon as well." He was great in the matter of "principle;" he declared for "the consolidation of the debt of the parish—perfect consolidation;" and now and then he garnished his speech with phrases from the Latin Dictionary, as when he urged, for instance, that "the Parochial Board was *de facto* and *de jure* the Local Authority." At times Mr Reid became sarcastic; Mr Bell, one of his colleagues, was "a superior man," and—what was probably quite true—"a far more competent man nor me." Towards the close of the meeting Mr Reid, who evidently understands the art of climax, played his best card. He seconded first one motion and then another, and each of the motions was contradictory of its neighbour! What a pity it is, to be sure, that this "most acute juvenal, so voluble and free of grace," to use the expression of Don Adriano de Armado, has to hide his light under a bushel in the wilds of Old Monkland. Is it impossible to find an opening for him at some one or other of our Glasgow boards?

"THE YOUNG IDEA."

(Scene—Deck of the "Guinivere," off Corrie; Paterfamilias and small boy.)
P.—That highest peak is Goatfell, my lad.
S. B.—Where is the goat, pa?
 (Paterfamilias makes no reply.)
S. B.—Pa, dear, did the goat rise after it fell?
 (Paterfamilias looks round in bewildered amazement, and is quite unable to answer the query.)

PARADOXICAL.—The end of friendship is the beginning of strife; it is also the continuation of amity.

"Plundering and Blundering"—The Lands Confiscation Bill.

A "Plucky" Fellow—A poulterer.

The Mountain of Vanity—Vinegar Hill.

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With an A. C. T. India Rubber MONOGRAM, INITIAL, or NAME STAMP, Prices, 2/6 and 3/6 Complete, with Box, Pad, and a Bottle of Indelible Marking Ink. Post Free.

A. C. THOMSON,
 Mercantile Stationer,
 278 ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW.

GRAVE COMPLACENCY.

(Scene—A village churchyard).

Loafer—Div ye ken, Tummas, that the Lords hae passed a misshure to amend the burials quastion,—an' what think ye o't?

Tummas (digging a grave)—Think o't. Weel, am thinkin' thit there's no' yin amang them could howk a grave as gude as masel', nor wi' hauf as muckle taste for sittivation.

"The Disturbance Bill"—A notice of eviction.

T H E G A I E T Y.

Proprietor and Director,Mr C. BERNARD.
 CLOSED FOR ALTERATION AND RE-DECORATION,
 RE-OPENING on MONDAY, JULY 26,
 With the World-Renowned
 VOKES FAMILY.

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE

CLOSED.
 WILL RE-OPEN FOR DRAMATIC SEASON
 EARLY IN AUGUST.

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Lessee and Manager.....Mr E. L. KNAPP.
 This Evening, (TUESDAY), 13th July, at 7.30.

Mr WM. SIDNEY and his Comedy Company, in
 Charles Matthew's Famous Comedy,

"MY AWFUL DAD."

Concluding with

"CHECKMATE."

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.
 MAIN STREET, SOUTH SIDE, GLASGOW.

Sole Lessee and Manager,.....Mr H. CECIL BERYL.
 Every Evening this Week

TRAVERNER'S ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY.
 Powerful Chorus and specially augmented Band.
 CHANGE OF OPERA NIGHTLY.

MONDAY FIRST, JULY 19, FOR SIX NIGHTS ONLY,
 The very popular and favourite Comedian,

MR JOSEPH ELDEDRED,

And his Comedy Drama Burlesque Company.

Box Plan at Donaldson's Rooms, 91 St. Vincent Street.

FREE ADMISSION

ON TUESDAY AND REST OF FAIR WEEK TO
 GLASGOW BOTANIC GARDENS.

Grand

CRYSTAL PALACE FETES

(FIFTH SEASON—Excelling all Former Years)

On THURSDAY and FRIDAY, 15th and 16th JULY—
 Performances Each Day at 12-30, 3-30, and 7 o'clock;

And on FAIR SATURDAY, at 12, 2, 4, 6, and 8.

N.B.—The Fetes will be Continued Every Day till Saturday,
 July 24th, with Balloon Displays, &c. Performances at 12-30,
 3-30, and 7 o'clock. Admission, 6d.

Gardens and Palace are Open from 9 a.m.

Refreshments will be served in the Grounds.

THE GLASGOW DAIRY CO. (Limited)

have much pleasure in announcing that they have made arrangements for the Daily Supply of their Dairy Produce on board the fine new Saloon Steamer "Ivanhoe" during the present Season.

THE MICE AT PLAY.

THE very Amusing History of a Whole Family while the Mother is from home, in the style of "Helen's Babies." Very amusing, entertaining, instructive, and laughably side-splitting. Very Beautifully Bound in Cloth Gilt—Price, 2s; Special Lot for 1s 4d each.—LINDSAY, 102 QUEEN STREET.

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ADVANCE MONEY on Goods of every Movable
Description at rates of Interest from
FIVE PER CENT.

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of reliable quality, including everything novel or useful in
either department.

FLIES Selected or Specially Dressed for any River or Loch.
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311 BYARS ROAD, (Opposite the Burgh Hall), HILLHEAD.

BRITANNIA MUSIC HALL,
115 TRONGATE STREET,

Pre-eminently the most Popular Place of Amusement in
Glasgow.
Unequalled variety of Novelties and Fresh Stars each Week.
Proprietor and Manager—H. T. ROSSBOROUGH.
For Particulars see Bills.

LIBRAIRIE ETRANGERE.
FOREIGN and ENGLISH BOOKS of All Kinds.
English, French, German, Italian, and Spanish Grammars,
Dictionaries, Novels, &c., at Low Prices. Zola's "Nana."
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LONDON PIANOFORTE AND MUSIC SALOON,
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CHEESE, BUTTER, HAM.
The Best and Cheapest Places in the Kingdom is at
THE CHEESE AND BUTTER MARTS,
9 SHAMROCK STREET, & 28 ST. GEORGE'S ROAD,
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AUCTIONEER and APPRAISER,
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**BRANDY, WHISKY, TEAS, AND
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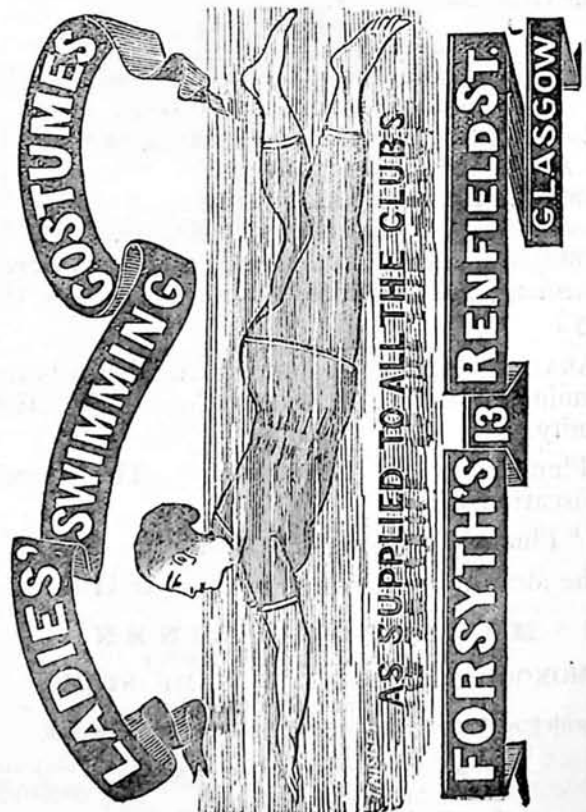
Choice Old COGNAC BRANDY, Guaranteed Seven Years
Old, 4s 6d per Bottle, 53s per Doz., Bottles and Cases included.
For Medicinal Purposes no Finer Brandy could be used.
Carriage Paid to Coast or Country.

JOHN FINDLAY,
Tea, Coffee, and Wine Merchant,
160 MAIN STREET, ANDERSTON,
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427 ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW.
Write for Price List.
Partick Branch,
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AND AT LEEDS.



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ARCADE BILLIARD ROOMS,
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90 ARGYLE STREET,
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Comparison of Quality and Prices invited.

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132 TRONGATE,
Advance money liberally on Watches, Plate Jewellery,
Furniture, Books, Naperly, and all portable articles of value, at
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Branch Office—398 GARSCUBE ROAD.

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.

CALEDONIAN RAILWAY.
GLASGOW FAIR HOLIDAYS.
SPECIAL TRAINS.

During the HOLIDAYS, SPECIAL TRAINS conveying
Passengers at Cheap Fares, will be run from GLASGOW to
Places of Interest on the Company's Railways.

For particulars, see Bills and Special Announcements.
JAMES SMITHELLS, General Manager.
General Manager's Office,
Glasgow, July, 1888.



CALEDONIAN RAILWAY.
GLASGOW FAIR HOLIDAYS.

RETURN TICKETS at SINGLE JOURNEY FARES.

From Monday, 12th, to Saturday, 17th July, Return Tickets
at Single Journey Fares will be issued at the Company's Stations
and Booking Offices in Glasgow and Paisley to Beattock and
Stations South thereof, up to and including Carlisle; also to
Dumfries and Stations on the Dumfries and Lockerbie Branch,
and to Stations on the Port-Patrick Railway. Also to Stations
on the Oban Railway West of Callander, to certain places in
the Western Highlands, *via* Oban, to Perth, Dundee, and Sta-
tions on the Caledonian Railway North of Perth and Dundee,
and to Through Booking Stations on the Highland and Great
North of Scotland Railways.

These Tickets will be valid for returning by any Train (the
Down Limited Mail and 5-28 p.m. Express Trains from
Carlisle excepted) on any day up to and including Thursday,
29th July, 1880, except those to Stations on the Highland and
Great North of Scotland Railways, which will be valid on any
day (Sundays excepted) up to and including Monday, 26th
July, 1880. JAMES SMITHELLS, General Manager.

General Manager's Office, Glasgow, July, 1880.



CALEDONIAN RAILWAY.
GLASGOW FAIR HOLIDAYS.

NINE DAYS' CHEAP EXCURSION.
TO LONDON,

LIVERPOOL, MANCHESTER, BIRMINGHAM,
And Other Places in ENGLAND,
Leaving GLASGOW (Central), PAISLEY, and GREENOCK,
And Other Places in Scotland,
On THURSDAY, 15th JULY,

And Returning from England on FRIDAY, 23rd JULY, 1880.
*Holder's of Tickets to the Continent can return on any
day up to 30th July, 1880.*

FOUR DAYS CHEAP EXCURSION TO
LIVERPOOL, MANCHESTER and PRESTON,
Leaving GLASGOW (Central), PAISLEY, and GREENOCK,
On FRIDAY, 16th JULY,
And Returning from England on MONDAY, 19th JULY, 1880.

	FARES—		Excursion.	
	Four Days'	Nine Days'	1st Cl.	3d Cl.
LONDON and BACK	—	—	60s	30s
BIRMINGHAM and BACK	—	—	40s	20s
LIVERPOOL and BACK	20s	10s	30s	15s
MANCHESTER and BACK	20s	10s	30s	15s
PRESTON and BACK	16s	8s	28s	14s

For Hours of Trains, Fares to other places in England, &c.,
see Bills.

JAMES SMITHELLS, General Manager.
General Manager's Office,
Glasgow, July, 1880.

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NOISELESS WARE.

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DEPOTS FOR MINTON'S, COPELAND'S, WORCESTER, AND DRESDEN PORCELAIN.
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Agents for Glasgow for the above,
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been exhibited in Scotland, comprising
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of immediate inspection.

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GLASGOW AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

GLASGOW FAIR HOLIDAYS.

CHEAP EXCURSION TO LONDON,
On THURSDAY, 15th JULY, by Special Train leaving
GLASGOW, St. Enoch, at 8-30 p.m.

London, St. Pancras, ... Return Fares—1st Cl., 60s; 2nd Cl., 30s.
The Return Train leaves London, St. Pancras, on Friday,
23rd July, at 8-10 p.m.

TO PARIS,

On THURSDAY, 15th JULY, by Special Train leaving
GLASGOW, St. Enoch, at 8-30 p.m.:-

Return Fares, | First Class | Third Class to London
throughout. | Second Class beyond.

Via Newhaven and Dieppe, £4 16 0 £2 17 0

Return Fares, | Third Class to London | Third Class
Second Class beyond. | throughout.

Via Dover and Calais, £3 17 0 £3 1 6

Leaving LONDON, FRIDAY, 16th, SATURDAY, 17th, or
MONDAY, 19th July, by SPECIAL NIGHT SERVICE,
leaving London Bridge at 8 p.m., and Victoria (L., B., and
S. C.) by 7-50 p.m. Train, arriving in Paris the following
Morning. Or via Dover and Calais, leaving Ludgate Hill
Station at 7-12 p.m. on Friday, Saturday, or Monday.

The Tickets via Newhaven and Dieppe and Dover and
Calais will be available to Return from Paris by the Night
Service at any time within Fourteen Days, and the Return
Journey between London and Scotland must be completed
within Sixteen Days.

**TO MANCHESTER, LIVERPOOL,
LEEDS, AND BRADFORD.**

On THURSDAY, 15th JULY, for NINE DAYS.

On FRIDAY, 16th JULY for FOUR DAYS.

Trains from Glasgow St Enoch, on THURSDAY,
15th JULY

To LIVERPOOL.....2-30 p.m.

To MANCHESTER, LEEDS, and BRADFORD.. 5 p.m.

Trains from GLASGOW, St Enoch, on FRIDAY,
16th JULY—

To Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, and Bradford,
2-30 p.m.

RETURN FARES from Glasgow—

Four Day Excursion. | Nine Day Excursion.
1st Class. 3d Class. | 1st Class. 3d Class.

MANCHESTER, } LIVERPOOL, ... } LEEDS, } BRADFORD, ... }	20s 10s 16s 8s	30s 15s 28s 14s
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Passengers leaving on THURSDAY, 15th JULY, Return
on FRIDAY, 23rd JULY; and those leaving on FRIDAY,
16th, Return on MONDAY, 19th, by Trains leaving LIVER-
POOL (L. and Y. Station), at 9-45 a.m.; MANCHESTER
(Victoria Station L. and Y.), at 10 a.m.; LEEDS at 10-32
a.m.; and BRADFORD at 10-28 a.m., and the Tickets are
available by these Trains only.

RETURN TICKETS at a SINGLE FARE for the DOUBLE
JOURNEY will be issued from GLASGOW from MONDAY,
12th, till SATURDAY, 17th July, to

Thornhill, Dalbeattie, Pinmore, Dunragit,
Dumfries, Castle-Douglas, Pinwherry, Castle-Kennedy,
Annan, Kirkcudbright, Barrhill, Stranraer,
Carlisle, Girvan, New Luce,

and Stations on the Portpatrick Railway.

These Tickets are available to RETURN up till and including
THURSDAY, 29th JULY.

TO BELFAST AND BACK IN ONE DAY
(via GIRVAN AND STRANRAER).

ON THURSDAY, FRIDAY, AND SATURDAY,

15th, 16th, and 17th JULY,

By Train Leaving St. Enoch Station at 6-45 a.m., at the
following Cheap Fares:—

FIRST CLASS, 21s. THIRD CLASS, 10s.

Passengers arrive in Belfast at 1 p.m., and return at 4 p.m.
(Irish time) same day, and have thus about Three Hours in
Belfast. The Tickets are available for Return any day (except
Sunday) up till and inclusive of Thursday, 29th July, by Train
leaving Belfast, York Road Terminus, at 4 p.m. (Irish time).

TO AYR, ARDROSSAN, &c.

On MONDAY, TUESDAY, and WEDNESDAY, 19th,
20th, and 21st July, Passengers will be booked from Glasgow,
Shields Road, and Paisley, by Special Express Train leaving
Glasgow (St. Enoch) at 9-30; Shields Road at 9-35; and Pais-
ley at 9-45 a.m. Returning from Ayr at 8-45; Prestwick, 8-52;
Troon, 8-59; Irvine, 9-8; Ardrossan, 9-0; Saltcoats, 9-5; and
Kilwinning, at 9-15 p.m.; or by any Ordinary Train on date of
Issue. The Tickets are only available on date of Issue.

On Friday, 16th July, the 1.15 P.M. Train Glasgow to Ayr;
1.20 P.M. Glasgow to Ardrossan; 8.45 P.M. Ayr to Glasgow;
and 9.0 P.M. Ardrossan to Glasgow, will be Run as on Satur-
days.

GREENOCK SECTION.—During the HOLIDAYS Special
Trains will be Run between GLASGOW (St. Enoch) and
GREENOCK (Princes Pier) as required.

W. J. WAINWRIGHT, General Manager.



GLASGOW AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

**ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S
SHOW
AT CARLISLE.**

On WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, 14th and 15th JULY,
PASSENGERS will be Booked to CARLISLE

From	A.M.	RETURN FARES
		First Class. Third Class.
GLASGOW (St Enoch).....	7 30	8/ 4/
SHIELDS ROAD.....	7 35	
PAISLEY.....	7 45	
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Returning from CARLISLE each Day at 6.0 p.m.

The Tickets are valid for Return on Day of issue only.

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Carlisle, by Ordinary Trains, at a SINGLE FARE FOR THE
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W. J. WAINWRIGHT, General Manager.

Glasgow, June, 1880.

Royal Route via Crinan and Caledonian Canals.

GLASGOW AND THE HIGHLANDS.

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Iona, Chevalier, Mountaineer, Pioneer, Clansman,
Clydesdale, Queen of the
Staffa, Lake, Gondo-
Islay, lier, Glengarry,
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awe, Lochiel, Lochness, Cygnet, Plover, Inverary Castle, Sail
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THE Commodious Steamer "DUNOON CASTLE"
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KYLES OF BUTE AND LOCHFVNE ROUTE.

Steamers	From	Trains—		St En.	Br. St.
		A.M.	A.M.		
"Lord of the Isles."	Greenock	8.15	7-30	7-25	—
	Wemyss Bay	9.25	—	—	8-10

LOCH ECK ROUTE.

"Lord of the Isles."	Greenock	8.15	7-30	7-25	—
	Via Dunoon.	—	—	—	—
"Vivid,"...	Greenock	8.45	8.0	8.10	—
"Ivanhoe,"	Via Kilmun.	—	—	—	—
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LUNCHEONS, DINNERS, TEAS, AND SUPPERS.
ALLSOPP'S BEER ON DRAUGHT.

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SPECIAL LINES IN ALL CLASSES.

THE New Leypter and Feather-weight Felt Hats for Summer Wear (all New Shapes for July). Our Prices are 2s 11d and 3s 11d ; same as sold elsewhere at 5s and 7s 6d.

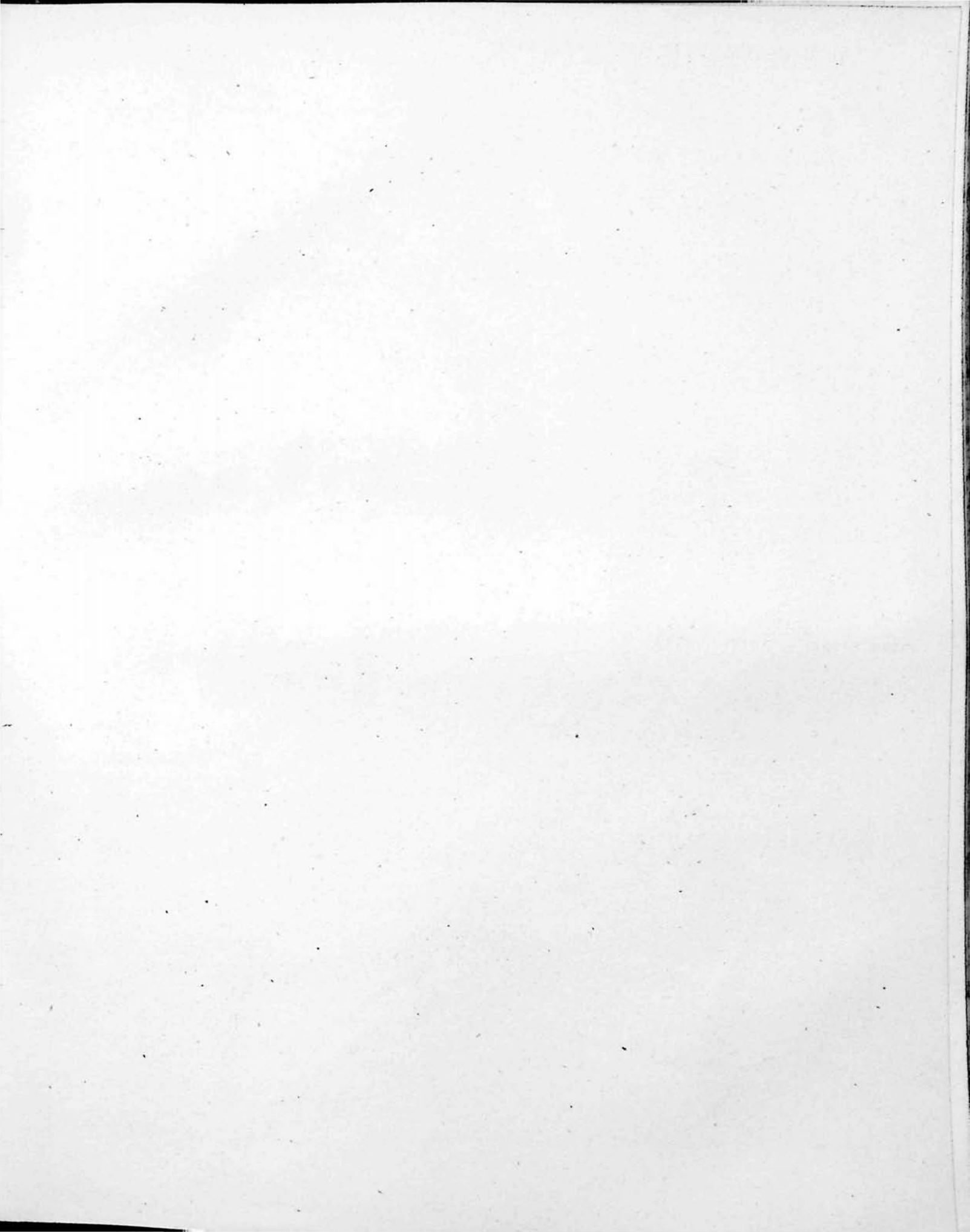
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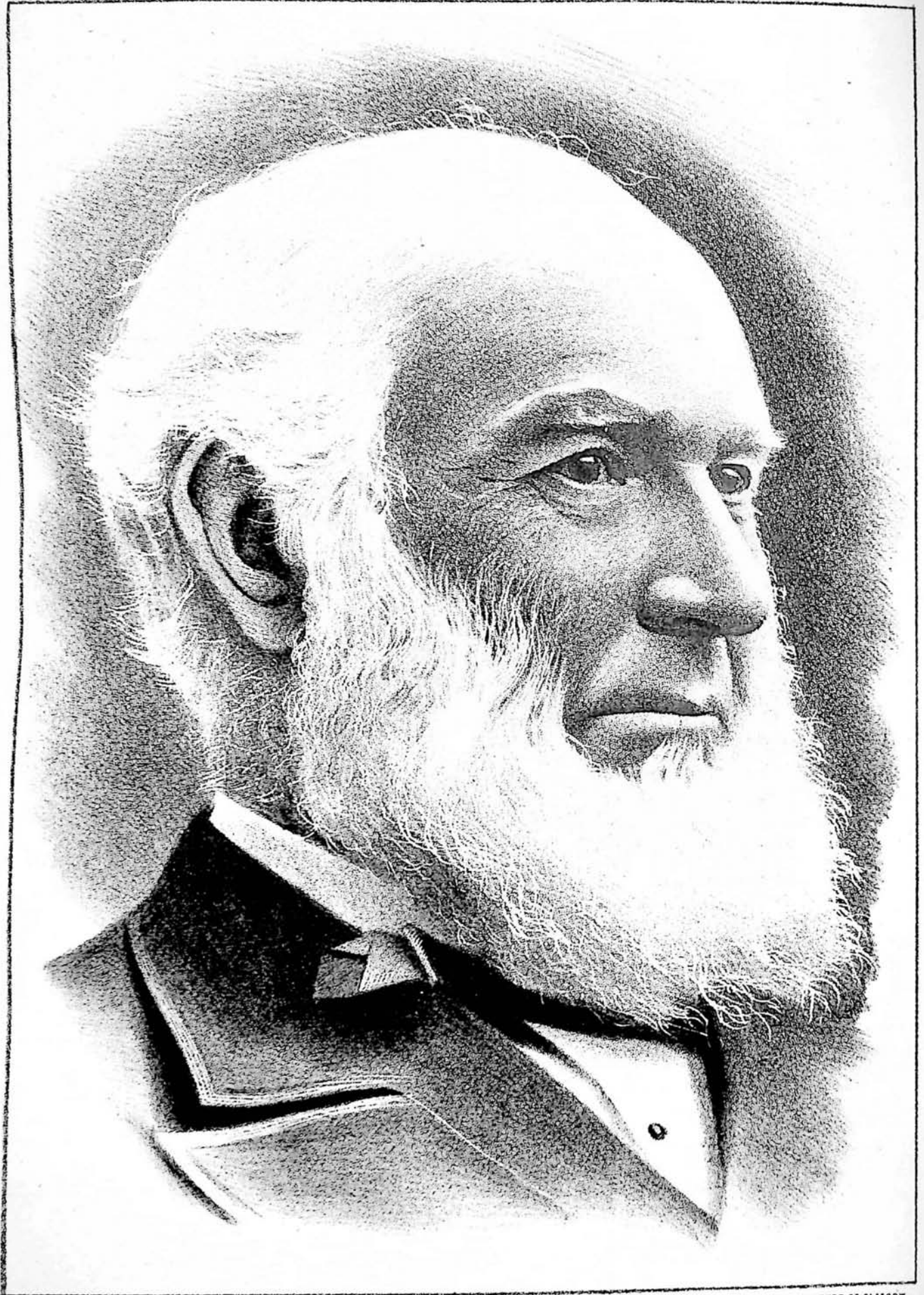
NOTHING

Can be more fixed than our determination to merit a continuance of the patronage so liberally bestowed on us for the past Eleven Years, and at all times our Clients may depend on getting the Best Value, the Latest Novelties, and the Greatest Variety in (the expression seems ambiguous, but we use it advisedly) the world.

LADIES' and MISSES' HAT DEPARTMENTS.

In these Departments we have just received some large Deliveries of very fine Midsummer Hats, in all materials, surprisingly cheap. The New Spike, Porcupine, and Whole Straw Hats in Black, White, and Brown (Charming Goods for Coast wear), in the Poppy, Aurora, and other New Shapes now introduced in London. Choice Stock of Misses' Trimmed Hats, Sun Hats, and Bonnets, &c. *We do not offer Dead Stock or Damaged or Inferior Goods, or articles unsuited to the Season, that must be sold at any price ; but, on the contrary, we always show the Newest Goods and Latest Fashions.* Mourning Orders invariably executed promptly and speedily.





The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 405. Glasgow, Wednesday, July 21st, 1880. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 405.

THE public parks of Glasgow are among the few, if they are not the only, municipal institutions of which our civic rulers have good reason to be proud. They have been obtained by and for the people, and in their acquisition, laying out, and maintenance there has been displayed an amount of foresight, skill, and prudent boldness such as rarely are manifested in the management of municipal affairs. Few cities stand in greater need of extensive breathing spaces, of glimpses of refreshing green, and of the sweet solace of growing flowers, than does our grey, grimy Glasgow; and few cities indeed are better supplied with these green spots in the life of the great masses of a city population. Foremost, oldest, and most honoured we have Glasgow Green, on which and over which the people of Glasgow have shared in battles innumerable. It comes down to us as an inheritance out of the grey mists of antiquity; it is inextricably mixed up with the history, traditions, and social life of every son of St. Mungo; it has been added to by the wisdom of some generations of councillors, and contracted by the ignorant cupidity of others; but with all its fortunes and misfortunes, the Green is to-day a glorious inheritance of the city, preserved by the jealous and sturdy resolution of the citizens. And have we not the well-beloved and well-sung Kelvingrove, to which bonnie lassies now need no poet's invitation, for where can man point to a more magnificent inter-urban grove, or to banks and braes so rich and diversified? Then, in order of time, we come to the Queen's Park, with its associations of bloody strife, when the fortunes of Scotland, and the destination of the British crown, were decided at Langside; and with its prospect from Clydesdale to Goat-

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fell, and with the even more impressive expanse of the great city from its lovely terraces. And last of all we have the Alexandra Park, the child of the Improvement Trust, and one of the most highly prized of all the improvements effected by that well-abused body. In addition to these there are many bits throughout the town, neglected churchyards, squares, and odd nooks which, till recently, were receptacles for old shoes, meat tins, and fragments of questionable crockery, all of which wildernesses now blossom as the rose under the management of Mr DUNCAN M'LELLAN. The official connection of Mr M'LELLAN with the City extends for over a quarter of a century. A Highlander—he was born in the pleasant village of Luss on Loch Lomond side—his early training to the profession of a gardener was received at Ardaroch, and he thereafter served in the gardens of Caldwell House, Buchanan Castle, Carstairs House, and the Royal Botanic Gardens in Edinburgh. Coming from Edinburgh to Glasgow, he was engaged by the well-known firm of Messrs Austin & M'Aslan as the manager of their extensive nurseries, a situation he occupied for several years. In 1854 he was chosen by the then Town Council to lay out the grounds of Kelvingrove Park, from plans prepared by Sir Joseph Paxton, whose Crystal Palace reputation at that time was still recent. Twelve months later the "Green," which, as those of the older sort, like the BAILIE, can well remember, had fallen into a state of sore dilapidation, was placed under his charge. What Mr M'LELLAN has done with the "Green" is to-day apparent to everybody. Essentially the "People's Park"—the breathing space of the City, it is to all intents and purposes as free and open to-day as ever it was, but the feeling of refinement has been introduced at every corner, a measure of taste and a certain evidence of design meets one

at every step. All this is due to Mr M'LELLAN, and the "Green," as it now exists, is the one bit of his handiwork over which, perhaps, he feels the keenest satisfaction. The Queen's Park and the Alexandra Park were also laid out by Mr M'LELLAN, and both show an ample measure of skill, as well in the manner in which the natural advantages of their respective sites have been utilised, as in the strict attention that has been paid in their design to the every-day wants and wishes of the citizens. What Mr M'LELLAN has done within the present twelve months for George Square is known of all men, and shows in an especial manner what wonders can be wrought, even in the very thickest of the city's soot and smoke, when perseverance and attention are directed by a taste for beauty and ample knowledge of how to adapt means to ends. In a holiday time like the present, Mr M'LELLAN'S work is specially valuable to our toiling multitudes, and it was this that made the BAILIE select him as his Man you Know for the current week.

THE BIRCH AND THE LAUREL.—A philosopher, who is a bit of a cynic withal, says there are few things more refreshing than to note the severely moral tone adopted by the dailies, in their police reports, towards juvenile votaries of pitch-and-toss, and then to turn to the glowing columns that deal with "sport." The laurel for my Lord Tomnoddy—the birch for Tommy Guttersnipe!

What the Greenock Folk are Saying.

THAT the bowling fraternity were greatly exercised over the who's who of Loo-tang-choo.

That much amusement was caused by the discovery that "Johnnie" was the illustrious stranger.

That the last tie of the Westminster tournament comes off on Tuesday.

That the local players obeyed the call of their driver in a straggling fashion.

That some of them might have been left at home without detriment to the competition.

That the necessity for risking a reverse might have been easily avoided.

That gumption is not in over supply at headquarters.

That the attempt to bespatter the donor of the fountain was a miserable failure.

That high art in iron work is not sufficiently appreciated by the community.

That they like to see value for their money.

That they don't think such has been got in the present instance.

That the rental-ers have won the fight by a substantial majority.

That the original majority was a doctored one.

That to use old mandates granted for a different purpose was a questionable proceeding.

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

The Valley of Visions.

MOST vacant and vaguest of valleys,
Dip't dead in the dust and the dew,
I choose of my choice thy chalice,
And toss off a tumbler to you.

Low-lapp'd in lip-lust and in languor,
And cloyed with the clasp of the clods,
I ask, in the act of my anger,
The surf and the salt of the sods?

Held hard in the halter of Hymen,
And checked by the chain of my choice,
I take up the tatters of Timon,
And rail at the roughs that rejoice.

Long lost in the lilies and lotus,
And swept by the surge of her song,
Their flowings and floodings will float us,
And lull us to linger for long.

Slain slowly by sloth and by slumber,
And draped by the drip of the drowned—
I know not the names of the number,
That cry for the cruel and crowned.

So masking my madness and malice,
And drunk with deep draughts of the dew,
I choose of my choice thy chalice,
And toss off a tumbler to you.

A NEW DEPARTURE.—A story was told last week of two swarms of bees having selected for their abode a pipe at a pithead near Dunfermline. The anecdote somehow looks like an old friend; but, if it be true, let us hope the two happy families will continue to dwell together in amity. It is as pleasant as novel to hear of anything friendly in connection with coal-mining—or, indeed, any kind of mining. We generally look in that quarter for things waspish and vicious rather than apiarian and amicable.

"IF."—At a meeting of "Liberal" students last week a youthful orator put it to his cheering audience that *if* Mr Bright had abolished slavery, *if* he had "raised" (*sic*) India and Ireland, and *if* he had done a great many other beautiful and wonderful things, *then* he must be worthy of all honour. To which impassioned outburst the BAILIE would rejoin, "Certainly, my young friend; but, you see, there is—as has been observed by an author whose works you may not have met with—much virtue in an 'if.'"

RING-ING THE CHANGES.—The other day a Kirkwall youth dived for, and recovered, a ring which had been dropped into the water five years ago. Asinus wishes that young man would come south to Glasgow. The Animile once had a gold ring, too—so long ago that it is lost in the Waters of Oblivion.* Perhaps the Kirkwall hero might be able to recover it.

* Note by "Peter."—"O my prophetic soul—my 'Uncle!'"

An Appropriately Named Tunnel—The St. "Got-hard."

On 'Change.

LAST week was one of excitement, culminating in an abrupt shutting up for the holidays, and a hurried exit to country or coast. The iron brokers had a particularly lively time, and some of them have cause to remember the Glasgow Fair Week of 1880. The quiet of the holidays would come like a refreshing calm after a stiff breeze. A gale with only one little accident is a rarity, and so people may be thankful.

The iron brokers deal in warrants, yet the exasperating fluctuations in the price of pig-iron were absolutely unwarranted. That may seem somewhat of an Irish bull, but it is perfectly true nevertheless. Nobody wanted the actual iron. It was not the demand which caused the rise, nor was it an insensate panic which made the men howl the market down after they had run it up. There was simply a desire to do what skirmishers are supposed to do in the face of an enemy. They seek cover, and take anything that comes in their way. So does the philosophic iron broker when he gets entangled with a partially lamed duck.

On the Stock Exchange things were lively, too, but they could not be called wholesome. There is a desire at present to buy anything and everything at absurd prices. The cheapness of money makes people anxious to do something with their funds in the wild and Micawberish conviction that something will "turn up." Very little can "turn up" out of Caledonian at 112, yet that is the price which was paid for the stock only a few days ago.

Cotton spinners and other kindred spirits, take a pessimist view of humanity at present. They are not making much, which is a pity, but they need not go about braying that the country is done for.

Pessimists, if they only talk enough, sometimes bring about curious results. They have lately taken to talking about the State Steam Ship Co., as if that company were to be saved from perdition only by amalgamation with some other American line. Why should the State Line sell itself to any line, lured by the vision of 6 per cent. debentures redeemable in 3, 5, and 7 years? If the State Line be capable of paying 20 to 25 per cent. to its contributors, as I understand the State Line is, the reasonableness of selling it at 6 per cent. is not very clear.

A dividend at the rate of 6s 6d per share was last week announced by the directors of the Glasgow Tramways Co. It is equivalent to 7½ per cent. per annum, and so is a spanking improvement upon the 5½ and 5¼ paid formerly. The £9 paid shares consequently stand at 13½ which is a handsome premium. If I were a shareholder I should sell out at this price, and wait for a turn to buy in again more cheaply. The present price is quite illusory as an index of actual value. The company is about one-third through its lease of 21 years, and it has nothing to set against the consequences which ought naturally to ensue when the existing arrangement runs out. There is no reserve fund to compensate for the abandonment of the road at the end of the lease. Perhaps the company relies upon the good nature of our civic rulers for an extension of the term. But how if the good nature should be non-existent fourteen years hence? It is not business like to trust the good nature of a creditor.

SCRUTATOR.

"JUDGING FROM APPEARANCE."

Rustic (to recruiting sergeant)—Well, Maister Six-foot-and-a-half, wud ye tak' me for a sodger?

R. S.—No indeed, sir. By your appearance I would take you for a lunatic.

A Sign of "Fair" Weather—Swallow's good time at Vinegar Hill.

PIG-IRON WARRANTS—STOCKS AND SHARES.—Macgregor & Co., Stock and Share Brokers, and Iron Brokers, 136 Buchanan Street, Glasgow, offer Special Facilities to those desirous of Speculating for the Rise or Fall of Markets.

On the Horns.

GLASWEGIAN SNOB, Esq., who condescends, like a few of his townsmen, to trifle with a pen and a blotting-pad in a swell "iron office" for a consideration (paid monthly), was in a dilemma at the end of last week.

In common with his less aristocratic brethren of the quill, he had a few days to dispose of at—it goes against the grain to say it—the Fair.

He would have liked to unbend a little at a Hydropathic, but, "Hang it, you know!" he might be taken for a shopboy, or something equally horrible! Every second fellow one meets at these places during the Fair week is an "assistant" on the loose.

Wouldn't have objected to go to the coast, but no one had "begged the pleasure of his company for a few days;" the hotels and lodging-houses would be over-run with "trip folk," and somebody might, perhaps, think that he—Snob, Esq.—was one of them. Gwacious!

Might have gone to see the "old lady," but she'd have been sure to tell everybody that her son, Glas., was "through for the Fair"—sounds so awfully "young-man-in-a-warehouse-ish," doesn't it?

Would have been delighted to fly far beyond the polluting influences of the Fair, but unfortunately hadn't the time, and, worse still, hadn't the money.

Began to wonder if he wasn't after all just a "Fair Folk" himself. Repudiated the idea with an indignation worthy of the convincing way in which it presented itself to him. Railed a few at the world, as an abode of cads, unfit for decent people. Stalked in lonely dignity through the streets of Glasgow during the Fair Saturday, calmly conscious of untainted gentility, till the thought struck him that people might think he was hard-up! By Jove, they might, they would.

Groaned, became bilious, and spent two days in bed.

ONE FOR THE BAGMAN.

Commercial Traveller (to Village Cooper, who is busy repairing a barrel)—I say, Tom, is that a sour milk barrel?

Tom—No man, it's a wudden yin.

To the Ex. of Whig-town—Mark: Learn, and inwardly digest.

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

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—One of the best travelling dramatic companies at present on the road is that formed by the late Madame Beatrice. This body of comedians is now under the management of Mr Frank Harvey, a clever author and an accomplished actor. Mr Harvey and his friends make their first appearance at Mr Knapp's Sauchiehall Street house this evening in "Married, not Mated."

Every member of Mr Harvey's company is an artist of considerable repute, and his rehearsals are conducted on the same principles as those affected by the Parisian comedians, so that a complete and effective picture is produced without any scamping or suspicion of slap-dash. Mr Knapp has played a trump card by his engagement of this excellent company.

A great Glasgow favourite appears to-night at the Royal Princess's Theatre. Mr Joe Eldred is always clever, and if he is never absolutely great, he generally manages to touch the fringe of perfection. Since the time, ever so many years ago, when "Joe" first came among us as *Tackleton*, the rascally toyman, which he played to the *Caleb Plummer* of dear old Johnny Toole, Mr Eldred has always been welcome, and this week when he appears in "Nemesis" and "Sentenced to Death," not to speak of his impersonation of Beaconsfield, I trust to see large and enthusiastic audiences in Mr Beryl's house.

One of the morning papers has discovered that Mr Parkinson possesses a falsetto voice, and that the Lancashire *tenore robusto* was once in the habit of using it "more than was agreeable." Those who know Mr Parkinson best were always in the habit of crediting him with the possession of singularly strong chest notes in the upper register. The very journal in question was wont to descant upon these chest notes with unusual warmth and vehemence. Whence this change of front regarding a tenor who, whatever his artistic sins may be, has never erred in the abuse of the falsetto?

When, BAILIE, were we blessed with better weather on a Fair Saturday than we had on the closing day of last week? The consequence was that the Shows at Vinegar Hill had numerous and crowded audiences. Of course it's easy to say that you and I are too old for Vinegar Hill, my Magistrate: but we were once young; and there is no class of people for whom I have a greater weakness than your itinerant showmen. Mark Tapley must have been a "mummer" at some period of his career, as otherwise he never could have been so jolly under all influences, evil as well as good. Go out and see the Shows, old man, and take "your sisters, your cousins, and your aunts."

Mr Honeyman having made such a hit, a very palpable hit, in criticising the plans of one of the most experienced officials in the kingdom, might not have the authorities called him in to judge also of the elevations. Why send to London for Barry while Glasgow has sufficient talent of her own?

It is to be hoped that the young and rising Glasgow lawyer, who sailed last week in the "Arizona," will enjoy a pleasant holiday in America. An outing across the Atlantic is nothing now-a-days. Times are changed since our forefathers were content to travel less far afield, their means of conveyance being a sailing smack or a broad-nosed steamer that sailed at the rate of six miles an hour.

ACCOMMODATING.—"Can We Live on Sixpence a Day?" inquires a contemporary. Bauldy, after considering the question, replies that, for his part, he cud leeve on saxpence a meenute!

For a "Heat"—Not bicycles but icicles.

Mute Sorrow—A hired mourner's.

"Fruits of Philosophy (!)"
THE BAILIE expected it. It has come. The Bradlaugh epidemic is "around." In the Sheriff Court of Dumbarton the other day defender and pursuer in a certain case both desired to "affirm" instead of swearing, the former declaring that he had made "a study of the human mind, particularly his own mind"—vast field!—and the latter remarking that the oath "would not be binding on his conscience." Bless us all! If this goes on we shall have Tonalt and Tugalt some fine morning wanting to "affirm," and "discoorsin'" Mr Gemmel about their "minds" and their "consciences!" Then the deluge!

"WATER FOR ME."

(On board the "Ivanhoe.")

English Tourist (to lady from Paisley, pointing to Hydropathic Establishment)—What fine large building is that on the hill there?

Paisley Lady—Oh! that, that's an asylum of inebrates.

THE JANET HAMILTON MEMORIAL.

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water.

NO NEED FOR FURTHER PUBLICATION.

(Scene—A common stair.)

Mrs Blowwell (a neighbour and a terrible gossip)—Aw hivnae seen yer maerriage in the papers yet, Mr Sherp.

Mr Sharp—It's been weel anuf published without appearin' there.

A REMONSTRANCE.—Divorce cases have been unpleasantly numerous in the Court of Session of late; and, *apropos*, the BAILIE would assume for a moment his old admonitory attitude towards his brethren of the daily press. It is but right that attention should be publicly drawn to this social blot; but is it necessary to give so much prominence and space to the unsavoury details of "extraordinary" cases? The reading public is not entirely, not chiefly, composed of prurient scandal-mongers. *Verb. sap.*

LANDING 'EM ONE.—The BAILIE observes a paragraph headed "Land in Ireland." He thanks the paragraphist for the friendly advice, but, after reflection, on the whole, under present circumstances, he'd rather land somewhere else.

AN ARTICULATE EXPRESSION.—Asinus says, judging of the chief end of artists now-a-days, that it ought to read, "Ars est salary artem."

A "Fair" Specimen—A drunk.

Moral Fables—after Æsop.

I.—A DONKEY was passing along a country road one day in the early part of summer. The sun was shining brightly, and the torrid noontide rays glanced gaily from the wearied traveller's shoe-buckles. As he looked across the fertile champaign and saw the flowers nodding in the breeze, and the marmalade-plants springing in the meadows, a feeling of intense anguish pervaded his frame. At length, leaning his drooping head over a railway cutting, he witnessed with joy a thistle blooming on the other side. He at once wended his devious way thither, and had just extended his jaws with a pensive smile to swallow the Scottish emblem, when it opened its mouth and swallowed him.

Moral—Nemo me impune lacessit.

II.—A stately ox was browsing in a meadow, in the dampest corner of which a frog sat regarding him with envious eyes. As the ox passed by he commenced to chaff the batrachian about his diminutive size, and requested to know why he did not blow himself up till he was as large as his bovine critic. "Because," said the amphibian vertebrate, "there is a copy of Æsop in the library at home; besides I am no sculptor that I should want to make a bust. But I can show you a neat and handy way of blowing yourself up a bit if you have a fancy for it." The ox allowed he had, and the frog instantly took a passing tramway-car to town, and returned with a parcel of Nobel's best dynamite, which he proceeded to tie hard and fast over the ox's forehead. "Now," said he, "to complete the charm, you must take a flying leap at the old oak in the corner yonder"—and this the ox accordingly did. After completing a sale of the remains to an American Beef Company, the frog retired to a further study of Æsop.

Moral—Such is the life of the wicked.

III.—A fox was one day walking along a dusty pathway, when, being excessively thirsty, he spied a bunch of grapes hanging over a wall above his head. After taking the perpendicular altitude of the wall by a pair of compasses and the usual mathematical formulæ taught in the classes at Gilmorchill, he licked his paws and went round the corner to a neighbour's house, from whence he borrowed a ten-foot ladder, and, returning, made a salutary repast. Having left the ladder leaning against his neighbour's hen-roost, he remarked to the chickens on his neck, as he stretched out for home, that the grapes were "remarkably good for this time of the year."

Moral—Did you ever catch a weasel asleep?

Megilp.

TRUSTWORTHY rumour declares that the forthcoming Black and White Exhibition in the Institute Galleries will be one of the finest ever held in the kingdom. The variety, quality, and number of the exhibits are astonishing, and will prove of especial value to artists as well as of interest to the public.

The local men have done well; the London artists have sent most important contributions; and the Edinburgh men have not been behind hand.

The French artists have never before been so well represented in Great Britain, both as regards the number and the quality of their works; the etchings will be a particular feature of the Exhibition; and there are contributions from the *Punch*, *Graphic*, *Illustrated London News*, and *Cassell's* staffs.

"Crimean" Simpson, the well-known war correspondent, has done a special drawing, and W. P. Frith, and H. S. Marks, are also contributors—the one being represented by an engraving of his "Capital and Labour," and the other by a "black and white" of the well-known "Coming of age in the Olden Time."

An etching of the "Fairy Raid" of Sir Noel Paton will show this popular artist at his best; Herdman, our leading Scottish painter, has sent several pen and ink drawings; M'Whirter, a donkey in a snow storm; M'Taggart, a study of an old man and child in a boat; and Francis Powell, a characteristic drawing of a rough sea.

Dr Blatherwick will be represented by a "Loch Coruisk;" Duncan M'Laurin by a mail cart being driven through a storm of wind and rain; and William Carlaw by a forcible picture of tall cliffs raising their weather-beaten heads above a stormy sea.

Duncan M'Kellar and Alexander Davidson have sent a series of figure pieces in charcoal from London; and J. E. Christie, who, by this time, has almost become a Londoner to the manner born, a drawing of a girl showing a bird's nest to a little boy.

J. A. Aitken and William Glover have long wrought with conspicuous success in charcoal; they will both be seen to advantage in the coming Exhibition—one of Mr Aitken's best works is a view of "Loch Achray."

"A Wreck" and "On the Shore at Cardross," are the two drawings by which David Murray—falling back upon his manifold experience, as well of the storm-beaten Hebrides as of the quiet shores of our own Clyde—will be represented.

The Bough and Chalmers exhibition, which, like the "Black and White," will open in the Galleries of the Institute at the beginning of next month, will give a thoroughly adequate representation of the genius of these artists, and the public will be surprised to see the variety of the paintings produced by only two men. The pictorial effect of the walls will be very fine, and a more interesting exhibition has hardly ever been held in Scotland.

The hint given in this column some weeks ago anent the probability of Colin Hunter being elevated to the dignity of an Associate of the Royal Academy, is likely, according to a correspondent in London, to become, before long, an accomplished fact. The three names mentioned with certainty in artistic circles in the Metropolis as the new A.R.A.s, are those of Colin Hunter, Seymour Lucas, and Frank Dicksee. The last mentioned painter was at a whitebait dinner of the Academicians which took place not long ago at Greenwich, when his health was proposed as a special toast by Sir Frederick Leighton.

"Lux in Tenebris" (with apologies to Sir Noel Paton)—A white shirt on a black man.

The Height of Ignorance—The ignorance of being ignorant of ignorance.

The "Golden" Age—The holiday season.

PRESERVING STRAWBERRIES, are now selling at 6d per lb., M. CAMPBELL, Fruit Warehouse, 18 GORDON STREET.

"Sweerin' at Lairge."

THE Rev. Dr Begg was in a comminatory, or "cussin'," humour the other evening in Edinburgh. We all know that the Doctor has antipathies—"kists o' whistles," for instance, and play-actors, and "pented windows," and suchlike abominations—but on the evening in question he gave evidence of still wider dislikes. He testified against the hapless House of Stuart as "a Royal family of the most perfidious, bloody, and intolerant type, with subordinate myrmidons"—"myrmidons" is always "good"—"of unspeakable vileness," whose object in life was to depopulate the West of Scotland; he denounced certain "double perjurers" in the Auld Kirk, who "ought either to repent or be expelled;" and he described "Scotch Sermons"—luckless collection!—as a volume of "the most offensive, infidel, and heathenish" kind. There! What think you of that? "A stranger fills the Stuarts' throne," and the Stuarts themselves are beyond the reach of all the Beggs in creation; but what of certain Principals, Professors, and divines? Will they quietly put the Doctor's "cusses" in their pipes and smoke them, or will they console themselves with the "New Solemn League and Covenant" which he has kindly propounded for the benefit of a perjured, offensive, infidel, and heathenish generation?

DANCING ON THE EDGE OF A VOLCANO.

(Scene—F.C. Training College for Teachers; Time—Friday evening, after a four days "exam." The Piano is being artistically knocked to atoms, and five score of budding governesses are "having it out" at a Highland Scottische—bless their dear little hearts!)

Rector (entering)—Go it, girls, go it! (Claps his hands and thumps the floor energetically.)

Cynic—Just allow them, Rector, they need no sympathy at that game. Keep all you've got till the Government returns arrive.

HYPERBOLE FOUNDED ON FACT.—A contemporary asserts that Dr Lyon Playfair's "presence cannot be dispensed with while the House sits." This is an error. There is not a single occupant of the Liberal benches whose presence could not most conveniently be dispensed with either while the House sits or while it doesn't sit.

"A Day after the Fair"—Sunday last.

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.

The Wigton Bubble.

THE great Wigtown petition trial came to an abrupt and premature conclusion last Wednesday, and poor Mr Stewart—who has surely met with the hardest of "hard lines"—considers he has "seen too much electioneering." While the trial lasted its "humours" were surely worthy of the pencil of a Wilkie, if not of a Hogarth. There were the "obstropulous" Kerr; the undecided Ferguson; the sternly virtuous Liberals, male and female, who would *not* be bribed; the gentleman from Glasgow, who spent his time in the witness-box between blubbering and "turning his back upon himself," and who might have passed for Job Trotter, "relapsed" in his old age; and half a score more worthies of various types. Why, the whole was better than half-a-dozen plays—though Mr Stewart has decided that in this case the game is *not* worth the candle.

A HIGHLAND BULL.

(Scene—A farm near Lamlash. Loq.; Visitor, who has just taken rooms, and Landlady who in consequence is very agreeable and talkative.)

Visitor—So you say that the minister's wife who stayed with you last year was not a proud lady.

Landlady—Deed no, sir. She told me she was a farmer's daughter before she *merrit the meenister*; an' I've seen her here takin' aff her claes, an' rinin' aboot wis her barefeet, an' bakin' scones like a hatter.

(Visitor, not knowing what may be coming next, takes the first opportunity to retire.)

"LIGHT, MORE LIGHT!"—That Lamlash light must be a veritable intake to folks who go down to the sea in ships, and do business in the great waters in all weathers. The Commissioners of Northern Lights—not the borealis race—by their frequent meddling and muddling, have succeeded in making this the most treacherous and will-o'-the-wisp like beacon on our coasts. The dual green and white arrangement has been proved to be deceptive, and may lead to a big shivering of timbers some of these days. Those in authority should listen to reason, and to Sir William Thompson. They ought to revoke their colourable proceedings, and might profit by giving their new lamps for old ones.

A Bright (?) Lot—The "Liberal" students.

BICYCLES. } Agents for "Duplex Excelsior," "Club," "Chal-
TRICYCLES. } lenge," "Premier," "Stanley," "Timberlake,"
and "Extraordinary" Safety Bicycles. Riding
Taught.—101 Mitchell Street.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the Fair will soon be over.
That the Glasgow "chappie" has ways that are queer.

That his prevailing "little game" for the moment is maltreating the police.

That the visitors to the coast had a "heavy wet."

That it was wet both inside and outside.

That the "pubs" did a roaring trade.

That coast whisky is always well watered.

That the proprietors of the Sunday boats would not object to a Fair Saturday every week.

That it isn't so much the Fair Saturday as the Fair Sunday they depend upon.

That the free admission to the Botanic Gardens is a great boon to the working classes.

That it helps the Tramway Company as well.

That the annual meeting of the Trusts passed over smartly and agreeably.

That it's fairly amazin' what an amount of work the Council can get through when none of the members have a prepared speech to deliver or a fad to air.

That Glasgow Bridge is to be closed for vehicular traffic.

That this wont add much to the Tramway receipts.

That it is impossible to please everybody.

That the local architects are on the *qui vive*.

That each one hopes he will be the man selected to build the new towns-house.

That we all hope the best plan 'il win.

That the Hutcheson's Hospital patrons have sent off a deputation to London.

That if the rumour anent the exemption of the feuars from the payment of taxes proves correct, then the patrons may expect a lively time for the next year or two.

That the bowling craze is in full swing.

That crack hands can now make a pretty good livelihood by attending tournaments.

That the "office" is usually given who is to win and who is to lose.

That watching a bowling tournament is about as lively a proceeding as attending a swimming match.

That various volunteers are back from Wimbledon.

That they haven't all brought prizes with them.

That the *Herald* sat severely upon Dr Begg last week.

That the article in which it did so almost reminded one of the *Scotsman* in its palmy days.

That Granny is waking up.

Rylands Riled.

MR RYLANDS, M.P., is a bold—not to say a bold, bad man. He describes that mighty being, the "London Correspondent"—the familiar of Princes and confidant of Cabinets—as a person who "writes lampoons, and sells them at a penny a line for the provincial press!" Profanation! Sacrilege! Are our cherished idols to be thus shattered at one fell swoop? Never! Hold thy audacious hand, Iconoclast!—But stay! If the BAILIE proceeds in this strain he, too, may come under the ban of Rylands—and the worst of it is that his Worship's "lampoons" fetch only a penny the sixteen pages, instead of a penny a line!

FROM PILLAR TO—PUBLIC.

(Scene—Passenger Boat on the Tay, near Newburgh.)

Inquiring Passenger to Deck Hand—Whereabout is Canmore's pillar at Newburgh?

D. H.—Tam More's pillar? I never heard tell o't; there's Tam More's public-house, in Newburgh, tho'.

BEERY.—It seems that among the additions to Queen Street Station will be "a beer store, in which there will be fitted a series of hydraulic hoists to lift the beer from waggons underneath." This arrangement is laughed to scorn by that distinguished "beer store," the Ass, who declares *he* requires no hydraulics to help him to "hoist in" *his* beer. Even in his grog he likes as little water as may be.

A BLOW UP.—The members of an English Town Council got into a great pother the other day over an anonymous letter threatening to "blow them up." What a fuss over a mere threat! Why, his Worship the BAILIE actually does blow up the members of the Gleska Toon Council, individually and collectively, about once a week or so, and they take the operation as meekly as lambs.

A SEN(SUS)IBLE REFLECTION.—Among the many depressing and distressing signs of these delirious times, reflects Our Own Mark Tapley, it is at least one consolation to think that next year we shall all come to our *census*.

"O REASON, THOU ART FLED!"—Mr Gladstone declares his inability to explain the meaning of the word "reasonable." No wonder, after his experience in Mid-Lothian!

THE ARGYLE BATHS, 366 Argyle Street, is the Largest Public Bathing Establishment in Scotland. Warm Baths, 6d, 9d, & 1s; ready daily, from 7 a.m. to 9 p.m. One trial solicited.

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THE finest and most delicate portions of the Leaf are very brittle, and in the process of drying, curing, and as-orting, they break off, and are technically called "BROKEN" TEAS. From a deep-rooted prejudice against the small leaf, the Grocers of Scotland will not purchase these Teas; but in Belfast—a town made famous by its intelligent Tea Dealers—where this class is mostly consumed, they command very Long Prices. The world-wide fame which Belfast enjoys, as a town where good Tea may be procured, is due almost exclusively to the efforts of one man, namely, **MR FOSTER GREEN**, who has persistently and successfully advocated the free use of BROKEN LEAF TEA, on account of its greater Strength of Liquor and Finer Quality; and, in order that the Broken Leaf may the better blend and mix with the Whole Leaf, Mr Green also advocates the cutting, or grinding, of Whole Leaf to nearly the same size as the Broken Leaf.

When we state that Our Teas are made up upon the same principle as **FOSTER GREEN'S**, we pay him the highest compliment that one trader can bestow upon another—for "imitation is the sincerest flattery"—and at the same time we thus claim for ourselves a position of being Second to None in the Trade so far as ability to give value is concerned, because our Principal has had 18 years' experience as a Practical Tea-Taster in all departments of the Wholesale Trade, and because we Buy exclusively for Cash in the first Market, and Sell at a small percentage upon the Import Broker's Cost Price. The question, "Why cannot we get such Tea in Glasgow as Foster Green's?" need no longer be asked, for, if you are willing to pay the same price, you will get as good an article from **STUART CRANSTON & CO.** Our Teas are a combination of the Choicest Growths, judiciously bought, and cunningly blended so as to produce a perfect Liquor in the cup, and at their various Prices they are unequalled in Scotland.

Observe, that some Dealers are quoting Teas at 1s 4d, 1s 6d, and 1s 8d per lb., while our Lowest Price is 2s. We do not keep these Low-Priced Teas, because their rank, common quality would destroy the reputation we have gained for supplying Fine Tea at a most reasonable figure. Therefore, we call special attention to our **Superb Tea** at 2s 4d per lb., which is better Tea than that sold by Wholesale Grocers (so-called) and West-End Co-operative Stores at 2s 6d, 2s 8d, and 3s per lb. Every Family should test the truth of this statement.

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See the Windows.

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SNACKS (OF ALL KINDS),6d.

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are determined to sell at Prices which will meet with the approval
of every purchaser. While the prices are low, the quality of
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52 ST. ENOCH SQUARE.

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Sanguine as we then felt of the result of the enterprise, we are free to confess that its rapid and complete success has both surprised and delighted us; and in order to mark our grateful appreciation of the public response, we have determined to give our Customers still better value than ever, and to submit a much Larger Variety of Fabrics from which to select. We trust in this way not only to maintain our present large turnover in “DESIDERATUM” TROUSERS, but at the same time to secure the patronage of our Customers for the other Departments of our extensive Business.

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126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 21st, 1880.

“FOR ways that are dark and for tricks that are vain,” the Great Unpaid are “peculiar”—which the BAILIE will try to explain. The other day a little ten year old fellow was haled before one of our local Dogberries for unwisely “conveying” some trinkets from his guardians. Found guilty of the peccadillo, the embryo culprit was thereupon sent to durance vile for ten days in “Duke Street,” with the added enormity of three years’ imprisonment in the reformatory of that ilk! Why, the sentence of three months with hard labour for plucking a rose-bud, which the Home Secretary has just quashed, was mild in comparison, fancy a mere mite of humanity

being sent to herd for a time with veteran criminals, and thereafter having to eke out three years in an establishment for certified juvenile rogues and vagabonds. It is simply monstrous for a magistrate to commit a child of ten as above; the case is clearly one to be dealt with under the Industrial Schools Act. In this connection the BAILIE is glad to note that at next week’s meeting of the Juvenile Delinquency Board, a motion is to be submitted, traversing this and other anomalous ground covered by the Reformatory Schools Act. If not on the side of the angels, the Board may surely be expected to be on the side of common-sense—for once.

“Our” Policy.

MR JOHN FERGUSON and other distinguished “Glasgow Irishmen” have come to the conclusion that “no reform of any kind whatever,” but “the restoration of our native Parliament,” will “make our people happy, prosperous, and contented.” Bless “our” sanguine and optimistic hearts! As if anything “in loife” would ever make “our” people contented! And as if—to perpetrate an appropriate taurinism—they would be contented if they *were* contented! What’s an Irishman without his “wrongs?” But really it was too bad of John, if these are his views, to blarney the “nice old man” of Hawarden as he did. Oh, fie, John!

THE “IVANHOE” IN THE HEE’LAN’S.

(Scene—Lamlash Quay on Fair Saturday; new temperance steamer “Ivanhoe” approaching.)

Native (to crowd who are pressing forward)—
Noo, then, will ye jist stan’ back a little, please.

Glaswegian (retreating and nearly tripping over hawser)—Hang it, that’ll surely dae ye.

Native (anxious to please the strangers)—
That’s it. We’re aye gled to see you Glesca folk here, and I dinna ken what we would dae without ye. This is a boat we’re vera proud o’, and will be as long as she’s spared in health and strength.

[General titter and sympathetic remarks from the crowd which take the native by surprise.]

“STRIKING” SPECTACLE.—Jones observing a paragraph about a horse having been “struck out of the Liverpool Cup,” says he should like to have witnessed the operation. He thinks it would have enabled him to realise the meaning of the phrase “a tempest in a tea-cup” better than he has hitherto done.

School Bored—The newspaper reading public.

Outrage at Redcliffs.

IT may be thought that dignity, though con-sorting well with bricks and mortar, is a thing to be left behind when we leave city smoke and pavement for sunshine and sea-beach. So think not our Glasgow arist—the BAILIE had nearly writ “snob”—ocracy. There is not in the world a more pronounced example of dignity “sadly pleasuring” than may be seen every summer at that loveliest of Clyde watering-places, which, not to drag it too rudely from its aristocratic seclusion, we will call Redcliffs. Here is no band, no bathing, no promenade—*cela va sans dire*. A living creature (on foot) is almost a phenomenon on the pleasant road by the shore, under the fine old trees. Carriages, now and then, roll softly past the great red mansions where live Smith the draper (wholesale), Mackintosh the distiller, Puddle the ironmaster, Do'em the lawyer, Cogwheel the engineer, Shoddy the cotton-spinner, and Sandlime the builder.

But these great men don't use their limbs at all out of town, and their genteel families only exercise theirs at tennis, on the lawn, behind a veil of shrubs.

Yet even here, into this citadel of city dignity, vulgarity has penetrated.

The other Sunday, when his select flock of “miserable sinners” had struggled from their carriages into their pews, and ere vacancy had settled over the young faces, and the bald heads had begun to nod in concert, the parson dropped a shell into their midst, which had as instantaneous an effect as the touch of the Prince's lips had upon the Sleeping Beauty.

He said, “To hope that you may escape the consequences of sin is about as reasonable as to expect that you should not feel thirst *when you have eaten two salt herrings for your breakfast!*”

Gracious goodness! Did they hear aright? Was any one in Redcliffs suspected or charged from the pulpit with eating *salt herrings* for breakfast? Monstrous—preposterous—awful vulgarity! The rest of the sermon was heard in a stupor. The “miserable sinners” stopped their carriages on the way home, to ask one another, in a bewildered way, what—exactly—was a salt herring? They held a meeting of session, and agreed to speak to the minister about it, but they couldn't get a deputation to take so low a matter in hand.

As a last resource, they issued instructions to the village policeman to muzzle any one who was found eating salt herrings within the pre-

cincts of Redcliffs. Having thus endeavoured to rid themselves of the terrible taint, they strove to forget the whole affair, but the trail of the salt herring is over them all. Sometimes, when that parson calls them “poor sinful creatures,” they shudderingly wonder whether he will accuse them of *red herrings* next, and wish that they were deaf as well as blind.

THE NATIONAL FAILING.

(Scene—A back street; Irishman is going home tipsy and meets the priest.)

Father Doolan—Ah Pat, Pat, I see you're still no better.

Pat—I'm afraid, yir rivirence, I'm loike mi ould coat here—past mendin'.

THE STRAYED CHATTERER.—Somebody advertises in the *Citizen* the loss of a “green parrot.” The BAILIE fancies he has seen the crittur in the neighbourhood of Buchanan Street. He is very green—though he doesn't know it—and he chatters “at lairge.” In fact, his verdancy is equalled only by his loquacity; and the sooner the lost one is “found” and restored to the bosom of his family, the better for himself and society in general.

JENKINS IN EXCELSIS.—In the *Mail*, last week, there appeared what is technically termed a “fash. par.,” which was headed, “The Lord Provost and His Guests,” and which concluded thusly:—“At present the guests of his Lordship are Mr and Mrs Bailie Wilson, and *Mr and Mrs ex-Bailies* Macdonald and Osborne.” Come, now, Jenkins! “Honour to whom honour is due;” but isn't “Mr and Mrs ex-Bailies” coming it rather strong, besides being just a *leetle* ‘mixed?’

In re the Municipal Buildings—Whatever may be the tenor of the several compositions, the adjudicator's notes are certain to be of a Barry-tone.

Old Saw Re-set—A Swallow at the Fair's worth other two elsewhere.

An Ap(e)iary—The show of waxwork and monkeys.

The Friendly Society's Act—Passing round the bottle. Hee-haw.

“That's what took me to the Fair”—A tramway car.

Sanct “Mungo Park”—Glasgow Green.

Go to The Arcadian Stores, 159 Trongate, for Finest, Freshest, and Cheapest Fruits of every kind.—BERNARD & Co.

A Dog-ged Problem.

PROVOST DONALD, of Johnstone, observed the other day that "all vicious or strange dogs would require to be muzzled, but only them, as he thought a sensible dog would feel insulted by being compelled to wear a muzzle." The Provost is, the BAILIE has no doubt, a sensible dog himself, but how does he propose to distinguish between dogs that are sensible and dogs that are strange and vicious? For his own part, his Worship has come across many strange and vicious dogs who would feel deeply "insulted" by being considered anything but sensible. The question is evidently one which it will tax the united intellects of Mr Donald and his colleagues to solve; and it won't do for even them to be dog-matic on the subject, either!

JUDICIAL FAVOURITISM.—Another slight to the Centre of Intelligence! When "the Lords" visit Glasgow they go to Court with their blushing—very blushing—honours hidden inside "coaches," which only afford the intelligently central citizen the merest glimpse. When "the Lords" visited Stranraer last Tuesday they walked to Court with all their bravery of "purple robes, wigs, and cocked hats" fully exposed to view. Now, the BAILIE asks, is Stranraer a Centre of Intelligence? No! Then why this preference? His Worship protests, appeals, and craves extracts—or rather extraction from the "coaches."

"INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE."—The report of our Natural History Society in Tuesday's *Mail* ought to be a caution to orthographic snakes, and even to the best-read "spelling-bees." To ordinary mortals it is about as readable as a list of Russian notables. Fancy, at a Fair time, having to grope through *Lastrea cristata var. spinulosa*, *Entomophthora*, *Agrotis-segetum*, *Diatomaceæ*, &c., &c. This is caviare to more than the general, and will doubtless prove to be Greek all round.

IMPOSITION IT IS!—The powers that be are sometimes candid—as, for instance, when they talk of "the imposition of assessments!"

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Things one Cannot Avoid.

GOING to Arran without a waterproof.
Feeling sick during a sail down the Clyde in a warm day.

Travelling in a car without feeling a draught.
Wondering how the Fair people cannot spend their holidays like rational beings.

Wishing we knew the exact numbers who visit the coast at the fair time without indulging in "wading."

Bowing to a friend without saying "How d'ye do."

Wondering how any person can exist without reading the BAILIE.

AN OPINION AT DENNY.

Jeems—Weel, Dauvid, I hear ye hae been in London lately. Did ye see oor Member?

Dauvid—O yes, I saw him, bit he looks unco sma yonder compared wi' his usual big style at Larbert Station.

AN OMISSION.—At the close of the Wigton petition trial last week Lord Ormidale drew certain "practical lessons" from it for the benefit of the auditory; but there was one weighty point to which he omitted to draw attention. That was the important doctrine promulgated by the Solicitor-General to the effect that "a man can drink toddy in bed." (The discovery of this omission is due to Asinus, who inquires whence could lessons more practical be drawn, and then triumphantly paws-us for a reply—and a tumbler of toddy wherewith to make the experiment.)

A SPIRITED JOKE.—Like Mercutio, "tomorrow," Mr Gladstone is essentially "a grave man;" and, with all gravity, he last Tuesday presented to the House of Commons the Glasgow publicans' serio-comic petition "against the increase of the Excise duties upon retailers of spirits, and in lieu thereof in favour of a tax upon lemonade and mineral waters." Nor, doubtless, did the good man suspect for a moment that he was being chaffed. What a snigger the "bungs" must be having in their capacious shirt-sleeves!

THE DAFT DAYS.—Among the curiosities of last week's papers were one notice headed, "Czar's Yacht 'Livadia' for Sixpence," and another announcing that "The French Exhibition" was for sale in the Gallowgate. Verily we have evidence that "the daft days" are upon us other than an all-pervading alcoholism.

A Bend Or Business—Riding on a bicycle.

DIAGNOSIS.

(Scene—Glasgow Street, Millport; well-known worthy 'yclept the "Jug" is in conversation with two visitors who occasionally do the charitable by him—otherwise put "a wee drap in the Fug.")

The Fug (with customary "hotch")—I'm rale ill the noo, gentlemen, I'm gaun alang tae see Dr Macgown.

Visitor No. 1—What's like the matter, is the "Jug" empty?

The Fug (with sly smile)—I hinna tasted the day yet, but I'm no' weel forbye.

Visitor No. 2—I know your trouble, old man, it's what the doctors call *L'Assommoir*.

The Fug (thinking)—I believe ye're richt. I think that's jist what Dr Macgown ca'd it. Is it dangerous, ken ye?

Visitor No. 2—Not at all. Keep the *Fug* well filled and you're O.K.

[The "Jug" gets a tip and vanishes.]

AN AULD ACQUAINTANCE.—One "M. Pillechody" has been reporting on the St. Gothard Tunnel. Can this be our old friend "Poor Pillecuddy," of farcical renown, turned up in Gallic disguise?

A Man who knows how to Beryl his Bawbees—The lessee of the Royal Princess's Theatre.

The Great St. Bernard—The lessee of the Gaiety.

N.B.—As the Palace holds Four Thousand People, the Weather does not affect the comfort of Visitors.

IMMENSE SUCCESS OF

MONSIEUR DOMINIQUE'S COMPANY AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE HOLIDAY FETES.

ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS

(Visited by 50,000 People during last week).

GRAND GALA TODAY (MONDAY)

And Every Day of this Week.

THREE PERFORMANCES—viz., 12.30, 3.30, and 7.30. Gardens, Palace, and Conservatories are open each day from 9 a.m., and Refreshments are served in the Grounds.

MADLE ALICE, Invisible Wire Performer;

Champion Troupe of PERFORMING DOGS;

PROF. RICHINGS, Ventriloquist, with his FUNNY FAMILY.

SELVINI & CLARKE, French Clowns and Gymnasts;

Miss J. ANDERSON; Mr J. C. MACDONALD, &c., &c., will appear. Admission, 6d.

BALLOON DISPLAYS BETWEEN PERFORMANCES.

GLASGOW AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

SWEEPSTAKES of £1 each for YEARLING CLYDESDALE FILLIES and ENTIRE COLTS at the SUMMER SHOW of 1881.

Entry Schedules can be had on application to the Secretary.

Entries must be lodged with the Secretary not later than 1st September, 1880.

145 St. Vincent Street.
Glasgow, 15th July, 1880.

MARK MARSHALL, Secy.

THE GAITY.

Proprietor and Director, Mr C. BERNARD.
CLOSED FOR ALTERATION AND RE-DECORATION,
RE-OPENING on MONDAY, JULY 26,
With the World-Renowned
VOKES FAMILY.

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE

CLOSED.
WILL RE-OPEN FOR DRAMATIC SEASON
EARLY IN AUGUST.

ROYALTY THEATRE,

Lessee and Manager..... Mr E. L. KNAPP.
This Evening (TUESDAY), 20th July, at 7.30.
MADEMOISELLE BEATRICE'S

Comedy Drama Company

In their Great London Success,

"MARRIED NOT MATED,"

To Conclude with the Elegant Comedietta,

"A CUP OF TEA."

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MAIN STREET, SOUTH SIDE, GLASGOW.

Sole Lessee and Manager,..... Mr H. CECIL BERYL.

Every Evening this Week at 7.30 (Saturday at 7),

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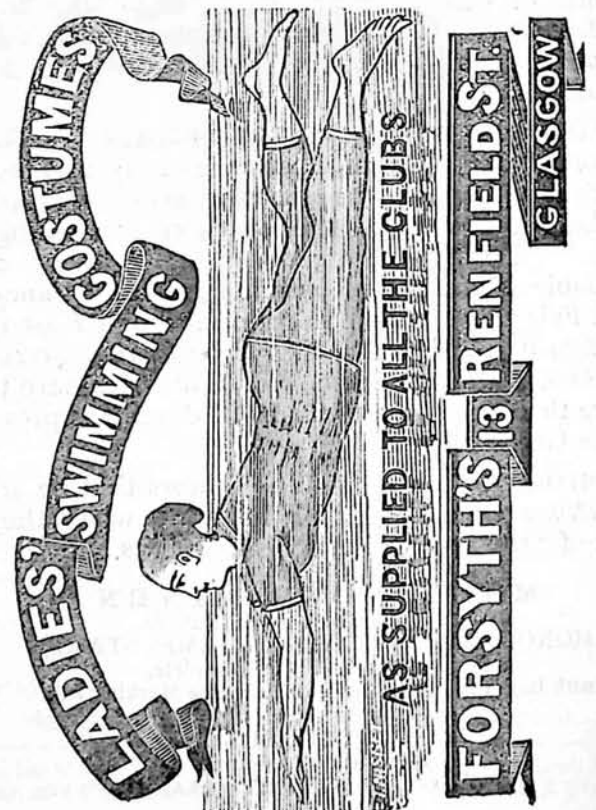
MR JOSEPH ELDRED,

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SCOTCH WHISKY to be had only from JOHN BLACK, 100 EGLINTON STREET. This is a Rare Blend of Old Scotch Whisky, and I am Sole Agent for Glasgow.



AN EXHIBITION
OF THE
FAMOUS HUNGARIAN WINES
OF HIS IMPERIAL AND ROYAL HIGHNESS THE
MOST SERENE ARCHDUKE ALBRECHT,
WILL BE HELD
DURING THE PRESENT MONTH,
AT 63 ST. GEORGE'S PLACE
(STOCK EXCHANGE BUILDINGS),
Where liberal opportunity will be afforded to Taste these
Wines, which are for the first time introduced into this Country.
ADAMS & HODGE,
WINE MERCHANTS,
Chief Agents in Scotland for MAX GREGER & Co.
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OF THE FINE ARTS.
Loan EXHIBITION of
WORKS by
The Late SAM BOUGH,
R.S.A., and
The Late
GEO. P. CHALMERS,
R.S.A.
EXHIBITION of WORKS
In BLACK and WHITE:
The First
That has been held in
Scotland.
These Exhibitions will be held Simultaneously
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Season Tickets Now Ready—Family, 10s; Single, 5s.
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ROBERT WALKER, Acting Secretary.
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In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Tuesday, 27th July,
at One o'clock.
EXTENSIVE PUBLIC SALE 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.
ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell the above,
by Auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, North
Court, St. Vincent Place, on Tuesday, 27th July, at One o'clock.
Further particulars in future Advertisement.
Catalogues may be had Day prior to Sale, and Samples tasted
on Morning of Sale.
Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 16th July, 1880.

GREAT BARGAINS IN CHILDREN'S DRESSES.
M. & H. RUSSELL, 294 ARGYLE STREET,
intend CLEARING OUT this Department at much
under Cost Price, before getting in their Autumn and Winter
Goods. An early Inspection invited.

BRANDY, WHISKY, TEAS, AND
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As supplied to Best Families throughout Scotland.
SPECIAL.
Choice Old COGNAC BRANDY, Guaranteed Seven Years
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For Medicinal Purposes no Finer Brandy could be used.
Carriage Paid to Coast or Country.

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Write for Price List.
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Comparison of Quality and Prices invited.

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For Particulars see Bills.

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NOISELESS WARE.**

We are now exhibiting samples of the
above, and can supply estimates. The
attention of shippers is specially called.

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DEPOTS FOR MINTON'S, COPELAND'S, WORCESTER, AND DRESDEN PORCELAIN.
Lowest Trade Prices. Cash Discounts Allowed.

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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.

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CHINA PAINTING
BY FIRST-CLASS ARTIST
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ARCADE BILLIARD ROOMS,
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90 ARGYLE STREET,
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Most Central Billiard Rooms in City.

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HATTER,
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Moderate Rates.

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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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(Late MOORE & KIDD)

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ARGYLE SALE-ROOMS, 19 Gordon Street.

THE GLASGOW DAIRY CO. (Limited)
have much pleasure in announcing that they have made
arrangements for the Daily Supply of their Dairy Produce on
board the fine new Saloon Steamer "Ivanhoe" during the
present Season.

**NEW WATERPROOF AND INDIA-RUBBER
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<p>Waterproof Coats from 7/6 each. Tweed Coats from 17/6 each. Ladies' Mantles from 15/6. Lawn Tennis Sets Boating Shoes. Yachting Shoes. GOLF, FISHING, & BATHING GOODS. TOURIST PACKS. GARDEN HOSE, &c.</p>	<p>Shoulder Braces and Belts for Ladies & Gents. Nursing Aprons. Bed Sheets. Babies' Bibs, &c. Air Cushions and Pillows. Elastic Stockings Surgical Goods. FOOTBALLS. School Bags. Jet Goods, &c.</p>
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THE ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS, Columba,
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Islay, Lier, Glengarry,
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during the Season for Islay, Oban, Fort-William, Inverness,
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of visiting the Magnificent Scenery of Glencoe, the Coolin Hills,
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THE Commodious Steamer "DUNOON CASTLE"
has commenced Sailing for the Season. On
SUNDAY, 25th July, from Kingston dock at 10-30
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(ESTABLISHED 1827),
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HAVE, since first introduced into Scotland in 1850, steadily increased in popularity, and at all the Universal Exhibitions met with unprecedented success.

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Since 1850 many mere imitators have come and gone, and many still remain; but the Public are requested to insist on having CORRY'S Waters, not imitations.

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JOHN MERCER & CO., YORK STREET, GLASGOW, AGENTS FOR SCOTLAND.



GLASGOW AND INVERARAY.

The Beau Ideal Saloon Steamer
"LORD OF THE ISLES"

Sails Daily from GREENOCK for KIRN, DUNOON, WEMYSS BAY, ROTHESAY, TIGNABRUACH, and STRACHUR, connecting at Greenock and Wemyss Bay with Special Express Trains from Glasgow, as under:—

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Steamers	From	Trains—Cen.		St En.	Br. St.
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"Lord of the Isles."	Greenock	8.15	7-30	7-25	—
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LOCH ECK ROUTE.					
"Lord of the Isles."	Greenock	8.15	7.30	7.25	—
	Via Dunoon.				
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	Via Kilmun.				
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* This Connection to Strachur only.
Passengers have an Hour at Inveraray.

Returning from Inveraray at 2 p.m. with Passengers for both of the above Routes for Special Trains leaving Wemyss Bay at 5.45 p.m., and Greenock (Prince's Pier) at 6.25 p.m., and Custom-House Quay at 6.35 p.m., for Glasgow, Edinburgh, and the South.

For full Particulars as to the Sailings, Circular Tours, Fares, &c., see Time Bills, to be had free from GEORGE STIRLING, Chemist, Dunoon; JOHN RODGER, Chemist, Inveraray; or from M. T. CLARK, Manager, 17 Oswald St., Glasgow.

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10 AND 12 WEST NILE STREET,
C. WILSON & SON, Proprietors.

JAMES M'EWAN, RESTAURATEUR,

26 & 28 MAIN STREET, ANDERSTON.
BREAKFASTS, DINNERS, TEAS.
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AUCTIONEERS AND VALUATORS,
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HARMONIUMS! ORGANS!

Before purchasing one, call and hear the
"CLOUGH AND WARREN"
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They are superior to all others in Tone and Style, and much Cheaper.

FROM TWENTY-FIVE GUINEAS.

SOLE AGENT—

R. DONALDSON, 91 ST. VINCENT STREET.
Illustrated Priced Catalogues Post Free.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The "PERCY" SHOE HOUSE

IS NOW OPEN,

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HIGH-CLASS BOOTS AND SHOES
AT MANUFACTURERS' PRICES.

Direct Saving of from 20 to 30 per Cent. under
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KINGSTON BATHS,
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SWIMMING LESSONS,
BY MR WILSON.

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NEW DINING SALOON
NOW OPEN.

THE CAMBRIDGE VAULTS RESTAURANT,
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LUNCHEONS, DINNERS, TEAS, AND SUPPERS.
ALLSOPP'S BEER ON DRAUGHT.

THE COLOSSEUM,

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WALTER WILSON & CO.,
The Leading Hatters and Milliners.

IMMENSE DELIVERY OF NEW GOODS FOR HOLIDAY WEAR.
 GENTLEMEN'S HAT DEPARTMENTS.
 SPECIAL LINES IN ALL CLASSES.

THE New Leypter and Feather-weight Felt Hats for Summer Wear (all New Shapes for July). Our Prices are 2s 11d and 3s 11d ; same as sold elsewhere at 5s and 7s 6d.

Splendid Range of High-Class Felt Hats, Soft and Stiff, in all the New Summer Colours. Boys' and Youths' Hats—*Positively* the Largest Variety of Boys' Felt, Straw, and Fancy Hats and Caps in the City at our well-known Moderate Prices. Heads of Families should *not fail at least to inspect our Stock.*

NOTHING

Can be more fixed than our determination to merit a continuance of the patronage so liberally bestowed on us for the past Eleven Years, and at all times our Clients may depend on getting the Best Value, the Latest Novelties, and the Greatest Variety in (the expression seems ambiguous, but we use it advisedly) the world.

LADIES' and MISSES' HAT DEPARTMENTS.

In these Departments we have just received some large Deliveries of very fine Midsummer Hats, in all materials, surprisingly cheap. The New Spike, Porcupine, and Whole Straw Hats in Black, White, and Brown (Charming Goods for Coast wear), in the Poppy, Aurora, and other New Shapes now introduced in London. Choice Stock of Misses' Trimmed Hats, Sun Hats, and Bonnets, &c. *We do not offer Dead Stock or Damaged or Inferior Goods, or articles unsuited to the Season, that must be sold at any price ; but, on the contrary, we always show the Newest Goods and Latest Fashions. Mourning Orders invariably executed promptly and speedily.*



The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 406. Glasgow, Wednesday, July 28th, 1880. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 406.

"YOU turn into LANG'S of a forenoon," says Shirley Brooks, in a cheery, gossiping article on Glasgow, written some dozen years ago, "and lo! you are in the midst of a Rabelaisian collection of creature comforts. On your left is a counter behind which three or four ladies stand at the receipt of custom, but you turn to the right and please yourself. If you cannot do so you must be in error in supposing you want anything at all. For in a handsome apartment, shaped in some measure like the letter L, you will find, on slabs and tables round the place, and others in the centre, such varied arrangements for supplying your wants, as I have seen nowhere else. Mr LANG is the Napoleon of sandwiches, and announces, I am told, that he has one hundred kinds of Lord S.'s invention. Among the ordinary show I observed sandwiches of the usual meats, of frizzled bacon, of lobster, salmon, grouse, blackcock, herring, partridge, pheasant, and shrimp, and others of all the potted meats that Crosse & Blackwell could supply. Then there were oysters, taken from their shells, and placed, with their liquor, in delicate little glass vases, a silver fork by each; there was coffee made in the Napier invention so popular in the north; claret, in neat casks; milk, which was drunk by bearded men, and did not, I daresay, do them any harm; beer and porter; spirits of every kind, and all of the primest quality." This description of "LANG'S," old as it is, still holds good, only, if the BAILIE may be pardoned the colloquialism, the institution is now "much more so." Instead of the century of sandwiches which obtained when Shirley Brooks was made free of the place—in the sense of eating and drinking his fill, and paying when this consummation had been

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accomplished—Mr LANG announces to-day that he has considerably over two hundred varieties of the popular comestible wherewith to tickle the palates and stay the stomachs of his friends; the array of liquids—from the tawny, snake-like absinthe, to the "cool and refreshing gin;" the hot, freshly-made coffee, and the rich and creamy milk—has been multiplied, as it seems to the BAILIE, by at least fourfold within the past decade; the interior has been widened and otherwise increased in size during the same space of time; and the crowds of customers, especially towards the "sma' hours" of the day, are much more plentiful than they were ever before. The smoke and coffee-rooms of Mr LANG, which adjoin his more famous luncheon bar, are quite as excellent in their way as is the older institution. Local, colonial, and foreign papers lie plentifully about the tables, and the rooms are decorated and furnished with admirable taste and effect. Our friend was the first to introduce the "honour" system of eating and drinking, which is now so widely imitated, but which nowhere prevails exactly as at "LANG'S." In Queen Street the old rule anent "paying your money and taking your choice" is just reversed. On entering you make your selection from whatever is good for food and pleasant to the eye, and you pay what you please on leaving, an attempt to discount the millennium which, when it was first tried, was regarded as hazardous to a degree. However, the faith of the Man you Know in the moral sense of his patrons was unbounded, and the long trial of the system, and its pronounced success, show that he gauged the matter to a nicety. In "LANG'S" every customer helps himself, and is his own waiter. You "order" or "call" for nothing. The young lady attendants are there for use, and not for ornament. They move quietly about replacing dishes that have been used, and replenishing materials that have been

run out. It isn't etiquette at "LANG'S" to acknowledge the waitresses. Gentlemen go there to lunch, and not to flirt. At a barmaid show the girls would not take the highest prize, if, indeed, they took any prize at all. They are comely, but their ways are dull and decorous, as becomes those of Scotch lassies of the superior type. The originator and proprietor of this famous establishment, Mr WILLIAM LANG, is now approaching his grand climacteric. He was born some sixty years ago at Balloch, was taught the trade of block-cutting, and was, in early life, a shopmate of Mr John Pender of telegraphic celebrity. Some five-and-thirty years ago, however, he turned from the carving of wood to the carving of "wittles," and opened a little eating-house at 73 Queen Street, on the site he still occupies. From the very first he made a specialty of sandwiches. Gradually these became famous, and the fortune of "LANG'S" was made. Mr LANG is personally kind and sympathetic to a degree. In his "own house at home"—he occupies Cross Park, Partickhill—his hospitality is unbounded; he plays the host on a scale which is absolutely formidable to the guest of a dyspeptic disposition. But this trait will astonish nobody who is familiar with 73 Queen Street. Indeed, it would be passing strange were the proprietor of "LANG'S" either narrow in his habits or suspicious in his temper. It has always seemed to the BAILIE that Mr LANG has been in some sense a public instructor. He has taught every one of us two valuable lessons. The first of these is that it's the best possible policy to give your customer the proper return for his money, and the other that when you depend on the honour and good faith of your neighbour, you are never, in the long run, disappointed.

MUSICAL "INDEX EXPURGATORIUS."—We are told that a certain band the other day played "stirring but permissible tunes." The "permissible" would necessarily exclude "Nancy Lee," "Grandfather's Clock," and other hideous melodies whose performance has become equivalent to an assault and battery of the most atrocious description upon our organs of hearing.

The "Sustentation" Fund—A supply of victuals.

A "Blunt" Fellow—A millionaire.

Bachelors of Divinity—Romish priests.

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

A Holy Tulzie.

SAINT CHARLES was well a-weary, well-a-dreary and a-sore,
Of tilting on Saint George's soil, with holy fire and lore;
And came to hold his holidays on *frere* Saint Andrew's shore,
And some of these made holy days, to glorify Benmore.

Before that sacred edifice, six thousand—less or more—
Came far and near, Saint Charles to hear, believe, revere, adore;
In motley gangs and thrangs to haud the spiritual splore,
The whole affair a Holy Fair, to glorify Benmore.

The tallest nob's, with deepest fobs, in well-appointed drags,
With joyful flasks from friendly casks, and prudent sandwich bags;
Turned out that day, *esprit* and gay, bright, worldly wayward
wags,

'Tween puffs from weeds, de-canting creeds, descanting on their
nags.

Clerks and shop-boys who like such ploys, where gigs and girls
are trumps,

Swelled out the throng, and dashed along, in trot-contending
clumps;

Who don't restrict their drink, we think, to spiritual pumps,
Though, with the core, they like their roaring rhetoric and thumps.

And nations, all around, were found in union for one day,
At one in song that host among; in one accord to pray;
And with one ear conjoin to hear what Saint Charles to say;
Although like sheep of varied keep, they are not one away!

All means of lo(w)comotion joined the seething, high, commotion,
From pedal thine and hoofs equine, to paddle of the ocean;
To catch a wrinkle or a sprinkle of the *spurge* on lotion,
The Tabernacular, quaint vernacular, notion of devotion.

Saint Charles then drew the spigot from his spiritual store,
And poured off, "mild and heavy," jokes and gravity *galore*;
But aye the more he brought before the folk, they wanted more,
And, smiling fond, did Co.-respond to glorify Benmore.—

But—dignified Saint Frederick, Saint Andrew's henchman, strong,
Had kept his eye, like hue and cry, upon the truant throng;
As "past his gates" they poured in spates, to go and come along,
Which in his eyes, so good, so wise, was Sabbatarian wrong.

And so Saint Frederick, reddening, got religiously irate,
Snatched up his pen with deadly ken, of victory elate;
Flushed as struck flint, rushed into print, in scintillatious state,
To stop Saint Charles' poaching near Saint Andrew's very gate.

While "chatting withs me gentleman upon some steamer's deck,"
Who had been at "the troubling of the waters" of Loch Eck;
He said 'twas like a "Derby-day's return," without a reck,
And "cattle's Sunday rest," and *all* the rest has gone to wreck.

We'll of the rest of this blest Holy Tulzie say no more,
Fought by S.S. Charles and Frederick upon Saint Andrew's
shore;

But, of the two, can we or you, *which* henchman most adore?
Which hath the greater glory, is't Benmore or Fannartmore?

* *Spurge*, "to splash about." *Scottice*, *spairge*, in *Burns*.

A TIP FOR TANNER.—The insane Yankee doctor who is trying—or pretending to try—to starve himself to death possibly relies on the Shakespearian dictum that "your Tanner will last you nine years;" but he should remember that Shakespeare's tanner was a dead one.

LEAVE HIM THAT!—A local contemporary writes "center" for "centre." For goodness' sake, let us be content with importing Cousin Jonathan's beef, mutton, pork, and corn, and leave him his orthography!

"We Breathe not his Name!"

WAS it a spirit of "sarkasm" or pure innocence that prompted the publican who wrote to the *Herald* the other day suggesting that the name of the proprietor of the building, as well as that of the tenant of the shop, should be painted over every public-house? It is to be feared the rogue was satirical. At all events, the system would never do. Fancy the name of some teetotal magnate, some pious maiden lady, or some virtuous Corporation, inscribed over the portals of a roaring whisky-palace! No, no! Let us assume a virtue if we have it not, and even if we do wax fat on the profits of a trade which we publicly denounce, let us "do our 'spiriting' gently"—let us draw our rents "on the strict Q. T."

A REASON FOR EVERYTHING.

(Scene—Presbyterian Church Scaling.)

Mrs Johnstone—An' hoo, Mrs Tamson, did ye like that stranger's sermon?

Mrs Thomson—Weel, Mrs Johnstone, tae tell ye the trith, I didna vera weel ken the sermon frae the prayer, for they were baith sic an awfu' length.

Mrs J.—Ah! weel, puir man, we mauna be owre hard on him, for ye see he hisna been preaching for sae lang, an' noo he maun mak' up for lost time!

A TOUGH JOB.—Last week Bailie Waddel inflicted substantial sentences on certain "party" rioters—for which he deserves the thanks of the public. He will, however, attempt too much if he is, as he says, "determined to put down party feeling" If he and his colleagues succeed in putting down the more objectionable manifestations of that feeling we shall be quite content.

WHAT'S BRED IN THE BONE—!—A local critic complains that the new volume of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" does not contain an article on either "Grimaldi" or "Grub." The fellow actually couldn't keep his taste for clowning and gluttony out of print.

HAPPY THOUGHT!—"It is reported that the Earl of Zetland has tendered his resignation as Lord-in-Waiting." Happy thought! Suppose his Lordship were to employ his leisure in "waiting" behind a bar, and so acquire practical knowledge of the great public-house question in which he takes so much interest?

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

An "Imbecile" Decision.

THOSE hapless members of the community who have the misfortune to be mentally afflicted necessarily labour under many social disabilities; but Sheriff Bell, of Falkirk, seems to take a lower view of their "rights" than most of us. Three able-bodied women having been brought before him recently, charged with cruelly maltreating a young imbecile girl under their charge, the Sheriff let the amiable ladies off with a fine of ten shillings each. The BAILIE would be sorry to depreciate the intellect of the worthy Sheriff—whose name, by the way, suggests certain "comparisons"—but he ventures to think that there are few of the afflicted ones already referred to capable of giving a judgment much less rational than this.

NON COMPOS CORPORIS.

(Scene—A wayside spring.)

Scholarly Wayfarer (to boy)—Well, my lad, do you learn Latin at school?

Boy—Yes.

S. IV.—Is your Master an M A.?

Boy—No, he wants an arm.

WIGTOWN "WUT."—Your Wigtown Liberal can, it seems, be comic as well as "incorruptible." At one of Sir John Hay's meetings last week a humorous gentleman of the name of Sinclair asked a question regarding the "policy" of "Sir Stafford Northcote and his colleagues, Messrs Parnell, Elcho, Churchill, Biggar, and Company." Mr Sinclair possesses a very pretty wit. If he is open to offers the BAILIE might perhaps make a vacancy for him on his staff, *vice* the Ass, who threatens to grow dull.

A "SHOWING"-UP.—The Glasgow U. P. Presbytery may consider itself sat upon. It is the general opinion of the Perth Presbytery that the collective wisdom of the Glasgow Presbyters is not sufficient to master the meaning of so simple an English word as "showing." And yet to think that a young divine of Glasgow has had the audacity to tackle a D. D. of Perth!

THE "ROOT" OF THE MATTER.—Mr Gladstone thinks that before long beer may be brewed from potatoes—whereanent Asinus observes with a contemptuous snort that the liquor produced is likely to be very small potatoes indeed.

The "Fast"-est Man in America—Dr Tanner.

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

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—The Gaiety opens this evening with those wonderfully funny Vokes's. They are accompanied by quite a host of old friends. First of all we have Miss Louisa Gordon Gourlay, then Miss Bessie Sanson, next Mr G. C. Murray, and lastly Mr T. H. Potter, who may be recollected as stage manager and leading comedian at the Prince of Wales Theatre during one of Mr Sidney's most successful seasons. The "Belles of the Kitchen" will of course be played by the Vokes', and will be preceded each evening by "Perfection" and followed by "The Laughing Hyena."

The "Salsbury Troubadours" follow the Vokes's at the Gaiety on Monday next; then we are to be favoured with a visit from that admirable *tragedienne*, Miss Genevieve Ward, who will be accompanied, among others, by Miss Kate Pattison and Mr F. Clements; next will come the Kendals; and when they leave Mr Bernard proposes to introduce us to "La Fille du Tambour Major"—the latest success of Monsieur Jacques Offenbach.

I wonder, BAILIE, how many of our present generation of theatre-goers recollect the original production of "The Two Roses" in Glasgow? This took place at the Prince of Wales Theatre, and was the notable event of Mr Coleman's first managerial campaign there. Didn't we youngsters enjoy the piece, to be sure? Much, however, as the play was to our mind, the acting seemed still better than the play. Even now, when I think of *Digby Grant*—and I'm no stranger to the *Grant* of Mr Irving—it is Mr J. G. Shore, who was Mr Coleman's *Grant*, who rises before me. Well, Mr Knapp has engaged Mr Shore to take the part once more of *Digby Grant*, and he will appear to-night and during the week at the Royalty in this part. Mr Shore will be adequately supported—Mr Cecil Beryl having been entrusted with the part of *Jack Wyatt*, and Messrs Tom Bolton, E. J. George, and A. T. Hilton being also of the cast.

Next week Mr Knapp will play a trump card in the production of "The Children's Pinafore."

The "Marvellous Majilton's," Marie and Frank, are announced for this week at the Royal Princess's Theatre on the South Side. It may seem strange to West-end folk, but its never-the-less true that the public have got into the way of going to the Royal Princess's Theatre, and this week, I haven't the least doubt, "Marie and Frank" will have no difficulty in drawing large audiences thither.

Mr T. D. Yorke, whilome of the Prince of Wales Theatre, Glasgow, is playing *Gaspard* in the "Bells of Corneville," over the provinces, *vice* Mr Howson. Isn't there a speech in "Hamlet" in which the Danish Prince asks his mother to contrast a pair of pictures?

The American tour of Madame Sarah Bernhardt begins on the 9th November. She gives one hundred performances over the States. So extravagant are the terms which she has succeeded on extorting from her manager, Mr Abbey, of Booth's Theatre, that the American press are beginning to term her a shrewder Shylock. There seems no doubt that before her season comes to an end she will have succeeded in extracting the life-blood of the Christian.

It seems that Mr Archer—not the famous ex-light weight, but him of choral and operatic notoriety—is by no means very well pleased that the members of the Glasgow Select Choir have resolved to dispense for the future with his invaluable (?) services. He has forbidden them to sing any of his various compositions, and has even engaged Harry Wall to give emphasis to his intimation.

Mr Lambeth will devote his attention exclusively to his own choir during the coming winter. His season begins about the end of September.

Wednesday next (the 28th inst.) has been selected for the opening Show of the West of Scotland Pansy Society. This

will be held in the City Hall, and will include pinks and roses as well as violets.

Mr Maclehose advertises the "second 1000" of Principal Caird's "Introduction to the Philosophy of Religion."

What are we coming to? "Life," we are told in an advertisement I read in the London *Examiner* the other day, is a "High-class Society Journal;" it contains "unequalled Phototype portraits;" and "Ladies of position who wish their Phototype to appear are invited to address the Editor (*private*)!" Among the portraits that have already appeared are those of "Mrs Langtry, Mrs Wheeler, and Mrs Cornwallis West."

List, Oh List!

THE following appeared the other day in the *Airdrossan and Saltcoats Herald*, under the heading of Stewarton:—"Glasgow Fair.—The fine weather has had the effect of bringing a large concourse of visitors to the place. We have no doubt but that many of them will have enjoyed themselves amidst the haunts of their youthful days, and that they will be invigorated to return to the big city ere its *traffic heart begins to pant*." What a lark, to be sure! The "panting of the traffic heart"—why, not even a Glasgow "liner" could beat that.

"THE MONEY'S EVERYTHING."

(Scene—A parlour; Mrs M'Phail and Mrs Gunn (a visitor) at their tea.)

Mrs Gunn—What are ye thinkin' o' makin' yer son, Mrs M'Phail?

Mrs M'Phail (proudly)—A lawyer.

Mrs Gunn—A lawyer! Wud ye no like tae pit him tae a mare respectable trade?

Mrs M'Phail—Respectable! My certy, there's lots o' money to be made at it.

Mrs Gunn (after a pause)—Weel, that's true; and the mair money ye hae in this world, the mair respectable ye're considered.

MISTAKEN ZEAL.—The man was at fault who, hearing through the partition of a lodging-house the exclamation—"Bah, vile glass! I hate you—*there!*"—and then a sound as of crystal going kersmash, rushed wildly into the next room with an armful of temperance tracts to clinch the nail. He found a plain-looking girl among the ruins of a hand mirror.

Fatty Degeneration—Butterine.

Share and Share alike—A double plough.

The Modern Crews-aider—The lifeboat.

Home Rule—Wearing the breeches.

Making a clean breast—Washing a dickey.

Deck Hands—Finger rings.

A *Knave* Reply—Not guilty, my Lord.

What the Greenock Folk are Saying.

THAT the swimming exhibition was a dull affair.
 That its shore ending was a much livelier piece of business.
 That a good many heads were swimming before the sederunt was closed.
 That Naaman has triumphed victoriously at Westminster.
 That the loss of the warrants is the one fly in the ointment.
 That the Clyde representatives were Dunn Browne.
 That they made a Deas-perate attempt to recover their lost jurisdiction.
 That they failed ignominiously in both Houses.
 That Sir John is Greenock's sheet anchor.
 That the writers have returned from London.
 That the organ will forthwith begin to Hew-down the Provost's enemies.
 That the means and substance obstructionists did their best to Parnellise the meeting.
 That an exhibition of the noble art of self-defence has taken place in a very unexpected quarter.

FIRE AND STEEL.

Scene—A Barber's Shop; very red-haired customer getting cropped.

Red-haired Customer—Your shears are sharely no very sherp?

His Mate (who is waiting to be shaved)—It's that heid o' yours that's takin' the temper oot o' them.

TOO CHEEKY.—Apropos of Private Ferguson and the Queen's Prize, a contemporary remarked last week that on the occasion of the victory that "national vegetable" the thistle "was justified in blooming on every Northern cheek." The BAILIE fails to see the justification. His Worship's love of the "vegetable" in question is second only to that entertained by the Ass, but he firmly, though respectfully, objects to its "blooming" either on his cheek or on any other portion of the magisterial countenance.

A PLENTIFUL ARTICLE.—Somebody advertises for a lad "accustomed to selling," who "knows the town well." The situation should be easily filled. Lads who are accustomed to "selling" their elders, and who "know the town" well if not wisely, are but too common in our midst.

PUN-GENT TROPES.—Writing from Mr Macnab's serene hotel at the one pet village of "the queen of Scottish lakes," our poet says—"Life here is *Lusscious*." "And *Lusscious*!" emphatically adds the Ass, who persists in his *penchant* for the corporeal over and above the *spirituelle*.

Sole-cism—Iron that sometimes entereth the sole—an intruding tacket.

A "Rose Show"—The Royalty entertainment this week.

Fair and Fowl—Leda as the swan.

On 'Change.

OTHER people's money seems to have an irresistible attraction for some minds. This is seen in the recent history of Messrs Simpson, Urquhart, Jeffries, & Co., as disclosed through the cheerful medium of the bankruptcy court. None of these gentlemen seem to have been greatly blessed with the world's means, but they had no objection whatever to trade upon the money of others. The matter resolved itself into a case of "heads I win, tails you lose." If a speculation turned out well the speculator gained, but if it turned out badly, his creditors lost. The oddest feature of these disclosures was the extreme leniency extended to one of the culprits. Hitherto it has been usual, when a bankrupt absconded, and so did not come up for examination, to apply instantly for a warrant to arrest him. In the case referred to no steps have yet been taken to vindicate the majesty of the law. Will not this tend to bring the law into contempt?

While the Stockbrokers are wrestling with their fortnightly settlement, and arranging those curiosities of Stock Exchange life entitled "contangoes" and "backwardations," many who took my advice are congratulating themselves that they did not buy Caledonian Ordinary Stock at 112.

Mr Robert Young has informed the Glasgow Tramway Company that the concern is in a flourishing condition. It is perhaps right that he should put as good a face as possible upon the company's prospects, but I fear that he is unduly sanguine. As I formerly stated, the provision made for the lease is wholly inadequate, and as a necessary consequence the shares are not worth the price at which they at present stand in the market. The imprudence of paying a high dividend under such circumstances has been already commented upon, and I need not refer further to the matter. Time will show whether the directors of the Tramway Co. were justified in their action, and I have no doubt of the result.

It is quite clear that people like Mr Brunton ought not to be shareholders in carrying companies. If their particular hobbies were carried out, a time might come when nobody would be carried at all. Mr Brunton's arguments on the Sunday Car question were highly absurd, and unless he is prepared to act the part played in the House of Commons by Bernal Osborne, it might be well that the divine confined his eloquence to his own pulpit.

Crabtree and his associates have been found guilty and condemned. Their punishment seems light enough when the management of the Northern Counties Insurance Co. is taken into consideration, but it may possibly help to deter other directorates from following a pernicious example.

SCRUTATOR.

THE "STRONG" GOVERNMENT.

Lansdowne resign'd, Dodson unseated,
 M'Laren once more—twice or thrice now—defeated.

NOT EASILY "PUT OUT."—A contemporary had a line on its "bill" last week—"The Duke of Argyle on Fire." The BAILIE hopes that his brother-in-law, the Duke of Sutherland, was at hand with the fire-engine.

The Great Black and White Exhibition—That of the designs for the Municipal Buildings
 Kindred Evils—Poor relations.

An Exciting Pursuit—An agitator's calling.

Circular Drafts—Cyclones.

FIG-IRON WARRANTS—STOCKS AND SHARES.—Macgregor & Co., Stock and Share Brokers, and Iron Brokers, 136 Buchanan Street, Glasgow, offer Special Facilities to those desirous of Speculating for the Rise or Fall of Markets.

The Queer Folk and the Shows.

THOSE fearful malefactors, the show-folks, were once more the subjects of discussion at last week's meeting of Town Council. The virtuous Bailie Selkirk described them and their modest entertainments as a "very great public nuisance," and demanded, in effect, that they be summarily suppressed. It is satisfactory, however, to note that the general tone of the discussion took an opposite direction, our staunch old friend Bailie Thomson remarking that he went to the shows in his younger days, and "would have no objection to go again." So says the BAILIE; and, in spite of the goody-goody people and the prigs, his Worships hopes to see the Fat Lady and the Learned Pig flourishing as long as he flourishes himself.

A "WEIGHTY" MATTER.

Hypochondriac Patient (who has sent for the doctor)—Oh, doctor, I am growing enormously stout; can you prescribe something for me that will reduce my weight?

Doctor. (whose account has not been paid for years)—Well, yes; if you were to pay me my outstanding fees, you would become at least ten pounds lighter.

(Collapse of patient.)

"CRIMSON SHADING."—One of the flowers exhibited at a rose-show in Helensburgh last week is described as "'the Marquis of Salisbury,' which is of deep rose with crimson shading." Was the godfather of that blossom a Radical politician with strong views as to the sanguinary result of a "Jingo" policy of "glory and gun-powder?"

A DUKE WHO DOES NO HARM.—In "inaugurating" the new home of the Scottish Corporation in London the other day, the Duke of Argyll commented upon the difficulty of "knowing how to give without doing more harm than good." It is said that his Grace himself adopts a very simple way out of the "difficulty."

"Alexander the Great"—The winner of the Queen's Prize (Alexander Ferguson).

The Inland Revenue "Bill"—A tax-paper.

APROPOS OF BERWICK.

The "Home" Circle—The wreath of victory.
An Unsuccessful Pleader (politically)—The Lord Advocate.

PRESERVING STRAWBERRIES, are now selling at 6d per lb.,
M. CAMPBELL, Fruit Warehouse, 18 GORDON STREET.

My Friend in Need.

"THE man with the big umbrella"—
That's what I'm called, I know,
And it's hard upon a fella
That he should be nicknamed so!
It isn't that I'm "old wif-h,
(Tho' I'm sometimes called "young Gamp")
But I've always held that life is(h)
Too precious to risk in damp.
Besides, the fact's most curious,
If at home I let it stay,
The elements get furious,
And it pours the livelong day.
Laugh on!—through sunshine we'll toddle,
My old umbrella and I;
When't rains—I'm a molly-coddle,
But yet I'm snug and dry!

A STUNNER.

(Scene—the Top of Benlomond.)

Tourist (who has "the best glass in Britain," hands it to Guide)—Just take a look through this at the steamer on the loch there; you can almost count the passengers.

Guide (who sees no prospect of a dram)—I've seen a better gless than that.

Tourist (surprised)—Where?

Guide—I was up wi' a gentleman last week that had it. When he was looking o'er at Stirling there he saw the post coming doon a street an' handin' a letter tae a lass that was stan'in' at a door, an' she opened it tae read it, an' as share as onything he read every word that was in't tae me.

Tourist (peevishly)—That *was* a good one, Donald.

Guide (triumphantly)—But he had anither gless—it *was* a stunner.

Tourist (cur'ously)—What like was it, Donald?

Guide—Man, d'ye ken, it held very near a gill.
(*Tourist*, who is teetotal, collapses.)

AN "ELEGANT EXTRACT."—The BAILIE would like to secure the Wimbledon correspondent of a morning contemporary, and set him on high as a fearful warning to maltreaters of the English language. Here is a choice specimen of his style, taken at random. Speaking of certain manifestations of feeling, he says, "I am glad to say that so far as I could observe this conduct was not done by Volunteers, which, as a general rule in the Queen's Prize, relish to see good shooting, no matter by whom it is done." A more execrable sentence was probably never penned.

FAIRISH.—"The fairest of the Fair"—The albino lady in the show.

Hauls of "Justice"—Lawyers' fees.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the Fair's at an end.
That all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.

That Jack is sometimes not very brilliant after a prolonged holiday.

That the Sunday car question has been once more trotted out.

That the Rev. Mr Brunton was not very successful in his attack on the cars, at the annual meeting of the Company.

That the chairman and secretary fairly bowled him out.

That the rev. gentleman should sell his tramway shares.

That the police salary question is scotched, not killed.

That a certain party in the Council are determined to raise the "screws."

That the "screw" is to be put on the more yielding members of the Committee.

That time was when the report of a Committee appointed to consider a special subject was accepted and agreed to.

That "times is changed."

That now-a-days, if the report doesn't run with the notions of the powers that be, it's "re-mitted for reconsideration."

That the powers that be intend to have their way in this instance.

That the Kintyre folk in Glasgow, with Bailie Dunlop at their head, have a' "gane wud."

That their wudness culminated on Monday forenoon.

That a glance at the Scotch scores in the shooting for the Elcho Challenge Shield ought to take the bounce out of us for some time to come.

That the Glasgow deputations at present in London are more numerous than select.

That their members are having a "bully" time of it.

That the claims of the City Bank liquidators have been settled.

That the Edinburgh liquidators got a big slice of the pudding.

That it will be some time yet before the affairs of the shareholders are settled.

That party disturbances are as rife as ever in Glasgow.

That flute bands are a nuisance.

That the riots they cause are a bigger nuisance.

That the bowling tournament has drawn to a close.

That it was high time.

That there's always a good deal of the flowing bowl about a bowling tournament.

THE RADICAL REASON WHY.

(Scene—St. Enoch Square, Monday week, 8 p.m.; two Radicals are standing opposite the Citizen office.)

First Radical—Weel, Tam, a' wis maist certain that his Lordship wad get in for Berwick.

Second Radical—Ay, ay, Bob, a' wis the same way mysel, bit ye see these Roman Catholic appointments, an' that Braidlaw affair, has din an awfu' lot o' hairm tae Leeberalism.

CHEAP LIVING FOR THE HARD TIMES; FORTY DAYS ON A TANNER!

"A tanner will last you nine year"

" . . . tanned in his trade."

Hamlet—Act V., sc. I.

"Sing a song of sixpence," alias Dr Tanner, Who, double twenty days and nights, lives out the lenten manner; When his mouth he opens, 'tis but to drink or sing— Isn't he a funny fish, this Yankee fasting king?

THE "POINT" OF THE JOKE.—The hapless Lord Advocate, having come to grief again, complains of one of his voting-papers having been rejected on the ground that it had been "marked by a pencil without a point." It is easy to understand Mr M'Laren's sympathy with the pointless pencil. There is a general pointlessness about his own utterances, and, like the pencil, he finds it extremely difficult to make any impression at all—much less a good one.

WHY NOT?—"Wee Colin"—to the loss of whose services, by the way, the complaisant electors of Argyllshire appear quite reconciled—has gone "temporarily" to Athens. Suppose, in pursuance of his pleasant tour, he were to go—permanently—to Jericho? We should try to bear up under the circumstance.

"SHOOT THEM!"—We read of bowls having been "shot" at the Kingston "tournament" last week. Now, the BAILIE would not shoot the bowls, which are the innocent implements of a good old pastime; but he knows certain bowlers regarding whom he would be almost inclined to use the words attributed by Mr O'Donnel to the new French ambassador.

The Queen's Prize—The esteem and affection of her subjects.

Hand Mills—Boxing matches.

THE ARGYLE BATHS, 306 Argyle Street, is the Largest Public Bathing Establishment in Scotland. Warm Baths, 6d, 9d, & 1s; ready daily, from 7 a.m. to 9 p.m. One trial solicited.

"BELFAST" TEAS versus "GLASGOW" TEAS.

THE finest and most delicate portions of the Leaf are very brittle, and in the process of drying, curing, and assorting, they break off, and are technically called "BROKEN" TEAS. From a deep-rooted prejudice against the small leaf, the Grocers of Scotland will not purchase these Teas; but in Belfast—a town made famous by its intelligent Tea Dealers—where this class is mostly consumed, they command very Long Prices. The world-wide fame which Belfast enjoys, as a town where good Tea may be procured, is due almost exclusively to the efforts of one man, namely, **MR FOSTER GREEN**, who has persistently and successfully advocated the free use of BROKEN LEAF TEA, on account of its greater Strength of Liquor and Finer Quality; and, in order that the Broken Leaf may the better blend and mix with the Whole Leaf, Mr Green also advocates the cutting, or grinding, of Whole Leaf to nearly the same size as the Broken Leaf.

When we state that **Our Teas** are made up upon the same principle as **FOSTER GREEN'S**, we pay him the highest compliment that one trader can bestow upon another—for "imitation is the sincerest flattery"—and at the same time we thus claim for ourselves a position of being Second to None in the Trade so far as ability to give value is concerned, because our Principal has had 18 years' experience as a Practical Tea-Taster in all departments of the Wholesale Trade, and because we Buy exclusively for Cash in the first Market, and Sell at a small percentage upon the Import Broker's Cost Price. The question, "Why cannot we get such Tea in Glasgow as Foster Green's?" need no longer be asked, for, if you are willing to pay the same price, you will get as good an article from **STUART CRANSTON & CO.** Our Teas are a combination of the Choicest Growths, judiciously bought, and cunningly blended so as to produce a perfect Liquor in the cup, and at their various Prices they are unequalled in Scotland.

Observe, that some Dealers are quoting Teas at 1s 4d, 1s 6d, and 1s 8d per lb., while our Lowest Price is 2s. We do not keep these Low-Priced Teas, because their rank, common quality would destroy the reputation we have gained for supplying Fine Tea at a most reasonable figure. Therefore, we call special attention to our **Superb Tea** at 2s 4d per lb., which is better Tea than that sold by Wholesale Grocers (so-called) and West-End Co-operative Stores at 2s 6d, 2s 8d, and 3s per lb. Every Family should test the truth of this statement.

STUART CRANSTON & CO.,
76 ARGYLE STREET, (QUEEN STREET CORNER,) GLASGOW.

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FAMILY HATTERS,
QUEEN STREET CORNER, GLASGOW,
ARE SHEWING THEIR NEW SPRING GOODS.
See the Windows.

VICTORIA RESTAURANT,
62 GORDON STREET, & 3 RENFIELD STREET
(Opposite Caledonian Central Station),
WINES, SPIRITS, AND MALT LIQUORS
Of the Best Qualities, and Thoroughly Matured.
SPECIAL BLEND WHISKY.
BREAKFASTS, DINNERS, AND TEAS.
LARGE DINING-HALL.
SNACKS (OF ALL KINDS),6d.

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M I T C H E L L & C O.'S
OLD IRISH WHISKY, Belfast, is the Purest and Best
in the Market, comparison with any other Brand will prove this.
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Small Expenses require Small Profits.

S T I R L I N G & W Y L L I E
(formerly with the late Mr John M. Simpson), 85, 87, and
89 MAXWELL STREET, Glasgow, are now showing a magni-
ficent Stock of NEW AND SECOND-HAND FURNITURE.

From the smallness of their Expenses, they are enabled, and
are determined to sell at Prices which will meet with the appro-
val of every purchaser. While the prices are low, the quality of
the goods is first-class.

THE FINEST WHISKY IN THE WORLD.

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"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. D E W A R,

Wholesale Family Wine Stores,

47 ROSE STREET, GARNETHILL (Corner of Buccleuch Street);
And 190 ST. GEORGE'S ROAD (Opposite West Princes St).

G. C. STEWART,
ANALYST,

5 2 S T. E N O C H S Q U A R E.

CHARING CROSS HOSIERY WAREHOUSE.

WILLIAM DODS, 13 and 15 ST. GEORGE'S
ROAD. Large, Choice, and Carefully-Selected Stock.
Latest Novelties in the different Departments. All Goods of the
very Best Description, and the Prices Strictly Moderate, Dress
Shirts, 31s 6d, 39s, and 45s per Half-Dozen—a Perfect Fit
Guaranteed. Merino Underclothing in Great Variety. Gloves,
Scarfs, &c.

S A P O L I O

Is the CHEAPEST and BEST SOAP for Cleaning all Paint
with and Household Utensils. It completely supersedes Emery,
Bathbrick, or Rotten Stone. No household should be without it.

HAND SAPOLIO

Is the only perfect SOAP for CLEANING the SKIN.

Both the above Soaps only require to be generally known to
be generally used. Sold by

J. & A. MACDONALD, 99 Renfield Street, Glasgow.

D. M'NAUGHTON, 276 Buchanan Street, and Gordon Street,
Glasgow.

WM. SMEATON & CO., Pollokshields.

A. KENNEDY, 63 Bridge Street, Glasgow.

JOHN MACFIE, 14 West Blackhall Street, Greenock.

The Argyle Rubber Company,
110 ARGYLE STREET.

Tennis Rackets.—Splendid Assortment to choose from.
Tennis Sets complete.—Nets, Poles, Pegs, &c., sold separately.
Golf Balls and Clubs—By best Makers in Scotland.
(Note.—A special make of Golf Balls, 7s 6d per dozen.)
Waterproofs for Ladies and Gentlemen.—Light and Strong for Summer wear.
Jet and Vulcanite Jewellery.—India Rubber Toys in great variety.
110 ARGYLE STREET. 110

ST. ENOCH RESTAURANT, 4 ST. ENOCH SQUARE.—G. E. ALLEN having assumed the management of this establishment, he trusts, by personal supervision, sharp service, and good cookery, to secure the public patronage.

Breakfasts, Luncheons, Dinners, Teas.
Wines of the Finest Quality.
Public Dinners and Suppers estimated for.

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 Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 28th, 1880.

THE Rev. F. L. Robertson has brought a nest of hornets about his ears by his timely and sensible protest against the Benmore "Holy Fair." It is difficult to understand the cast of mind which can look with complacent and somewhat unctuous approval upon a Sunday scene of this description—a scene compared by an eyewitness to something between "a gathering of Covenanters" and "the return from the Derby"—and which recoils with horror as it contemplates the most innocent approach to recreation on the first day of the week. Such "minds," however, apparently exist, and one of them is the desirable property of the gentleman who wrote to the *Herald* likening Mr Robertson's attitude to that of the fox in the fable towards the grapes. The picture of the minister of St. Andrew's watching the crowds sweep past his gates, and "eating his black heart" because they did not turn in to hear him hold forth on the lawn of Finnertmore, may be as accurate as it is certainly tasteful, but, for his part, the BAILIE must decline to accept it, and must rather join

with Mr Robertson and the *Herald* in regretting "the demoralising tendency of Mr Spurgeon's Sunday appearances in Scotland."

Auchray ant ta Rifer.

THERE'S no use saying I wass home to ta Heelants wis a cheap trip, for ta Glasca Fair will pe always so busy at ta Shows for no to let any polises away whatefer. Ta whole poats tat leave ta Proomielaw was hinging ower frae ta wan side tae ta ither, ant—och!—such comfort as efer I saw whatefer. Pefore I woodt pe wan sinkle passanger or crew forpye ant go from ta tail of ta Proomielaw to ta banks o' Clyde doon ta watter I woodt as soon tak' ta railway station to Greenock anyway whatefer.

Shust look at ta smell frae ta rifer whether you'll go wan sing or anoser doon through ta whole Clyde or across ta steam ferry frae ta oser side to this, ta flavour is treadful, ant more ant more forpye to anypody wis such gran' accommodation in her nose as her nainsel'. Ant sough they'll remove ta Prig o' Weir frae ta Sautmarket, what differ it mak' ta smell?—umph—not wan sinkle inch, ant nefer will tae ta Toon Council remove ta whole rifer to a cleaner place.

You'll know I was looking for a job to pe a ferry, ant—och—if she'll get on somesing will pe done, to pe sure, for ta smell. Efery ferry will pe provide wis a gran' snuff mull, as pig as a lum hat, stuck at ta wheel for free use of ta whole British public of Glasca that pays her pawpee, ant mirofer ta exposed crew will have a medecine chest of ta finest Campbeltown ant Islay shust as a disinfectant fluit, ant right to pe sure, ant nopody will visit Glasca wisout see ta praw M'Tavish in her kilts, pirling ta wee roon wheel, ant navigating her, and snocking ta gran' flavour of Auchray's patent snuff mull.—
Yours inteed, AUCHRAY M'TAVISH, X 71.

HAPPY FERGUSON!—Oor Lauchie thinks that Ferguson, of Campbeltown, must be a prood, prood man. Did not ta Tuke last week announce his intention of driving down from London to Wimbledon for the express purpose of "shaking him by the hand?" Now, to be champion shot of the season is much, to pocket £250 is more, but to shake hands with ta Tuke—! Why, that's a height of bliss beyond expression. At least, so Lauchie says.

The Lion's Comique—A laughing hyena.
Rifle Volunteers—Amateur pick-pockets.

The Hydropathic "Cad."

AS I walked from the boat he came up behind me; his face was red and greasy; his frow-y yellow tie had spread, like an epidemic, all over the grimy ocean of his shirt front; his suit was visibly washed and ironed; the perspiration pouring over his dirty hands had reduced to pulp the one-and-elevenpence-half-penny worth of yellow kid, which he clutched as the emblem of his gentility—and he addressed me with that freedom from the restraints of society so characteristic of his species—

"Goin' up to the water shop?"

I said I was. As we went through the grounds together, he suggested several improvements, and remarked, "a binder of a slavey!"

Hydropathics, like poverty, make one acquainted with strange bed-fellows. In a moment of weakness I consented to let some one have the other bed in my room. I repented when "the cad" walked in. He said he had come "on spec," and had refused to go away.

He soon found friends like himself, and, in the jolliest good-fellow sort of way, made them ree of my room at all hours of the night and morning. I suspected them of using my tooth and hair brushes. I lost a pocket knife—but let that pass.

They had "awful larks" with lime juice—so the label said—in black bottles at unholy hours of the night. "The cad" always talked briskly till he fell to snoring.

Once, just as I was dropping off, I heard fearful convulsions in the other bed. I'm afraid I hoped he was going, but he wasn't: he only belched forth with a loud voice—"Mary! oh, Ma-ary!" I asked him next morning if there was a Mary; he shied a pillow at me and said I was a "fly one."

At dinner he was most amusing. Take one day. He had soup twice, and went at the last supply with his dessert spoon. He managed to be first helped to salmon, and, being too greedy to wait till other people began, he had to experiment for himself with the knives and forks. He commenced with two knives, using the fish one as a spoon; he afterwards took up a fork, but continued calmly to sup his salmon with the knife to the last mouthful. Being first again, he had just got under weigh with a huge plate of roast beef, when he banged down his knife and fork and exclaimed, "Aw, a' say, it looks awful bad, you chaps sittin' watchin' me eatin'."

I assured him that we regretted the circum-

stance as much as he did; this somewhat pacified him, and he fell to again.

A fig-pudding was set down near him; he sniffed round the cover, then cautiously raised the edge, scratched his head, and cried, "What's that, I wonder?" to the no small disgust of the young gentleman who sat behind it, and who received some of the sauce in his lap as the result of the investigation. He had strawberries twice, and pudding—goodness knows how often! To tell of how he playfully threw his stick at a young lady by way of introducing himself, and argued with another who refused to dance with him till she nearly fainted; of how he came up when I was exchanging cards with one man, and pulling out a bunch of greasy tickets dealt them freely out to all within reach; of how, on Sunday, and while going to church, he nearly frightened three young ladies—whom he took for Hydropathic visitors—out of their wits, by accosting them on the public road, would be too lengthy a task for your Worship's columns.

Suffice it to say that he did all these things, and many more besides, without disturbing his profound conviction that he was a jolly good fellow.

COSTARD.

A DISTINCTION—AND POSSIBLY A DIFFERENCE. (Scene—Dining-room, Park Terrace; Party at table; conversation turns on business generally.)

Young Lady (to stout and important gentleman who has been seated beside her all through dinner)—And pray, what line of business are you in, Mr Dalrymple?

Mr D. (rather staggered at the suddenness of the interrogation)—Me! business. Oh! I'm a drysalter.

Young Lady (who feels she is practising the first duty of a good housewife)—A drysalter. Oh, so nice! Then you'll be able to tell us right off how the price of ling fish is going.

[Tableau.]

A MISNOMER.—Asinus, who is a bit of a classical scholar, has come across an advertisement of some stuff called "Life Zest, or Anti-Drink," and can't understand it. At least he'd like the advertiser to translate *agua vita*—that's all.

"The Wearing of the Green," by the *other* party—The Orangemen's meet and tramp over it.

Go to The Arcadian Stores, 159 Trongate, for Finest, Freshest, and Cheapest Fruits of every kind.—BERNARD & Co.

Megilp.

"BLACK AND WHITE" has been described as a medium which possesses peculiar facilities for the illustration of three of the leading elements of art. These are design, form, and light and shadow. Viewed in this way, the coming Exhibition in the Galleries of the Fine Art Institute will prove of special value to our picture loving public. It is only by close study that what is termed "taste" can be fostered and educated, and the study of competent works in monochrome will assist even more effectually in doing this than would that of either water colour drawings or paintings in oil.

The Exhibition will be specially rich in etchings. There will be six by wonderful George Cruickshank, Colin Hunter has sent various specimens of his work with the etching needle, as have likewise Seymour Haden—most artistic of doctors, David Law—of the Scottish Water Colour Association, R. W. Macbeth, George Aikman, and W. B. Hole.

Hitherto the value of charcoal as a medium for artistic work has hardly been appreciated either by our artists or our picture-buyers. The charcoal drawings in the Exhibition—especially the masterly works of Leon Lhermitte—are likely to open the eyes, as well of the people who buy pictures, as of those who produce them.

No portion of the exhibition is likely to be of more value in an artistic sense than the plates of the "Liber Studiorum" lent to the directors by Mr Duncan of Benmore. To possess a copy of this famous work is one of the chief aims of your collector of the period. One was sold not long since, in London, for no less a sum than £750. In Glasgow the "Liber" has hitherto been unknown, or known only by reputation to a comparatively limited circle.

Our two foremost artists, Millais and Orchardson, have both foreign blood in their veins, the one being a native of Jersey and the other partly Austrian by extraction; and this, according to Craibe Angus—and Mr Angus has a right to be listened to on all that pertains to art—has had not a little to do with the surpassing ability both have manifested at the easel.

Mr Angus has at present on view, in that wonderful salon of his in Queen Street, an exceedingly interesting series of etchings by Seymour Haden.

Philip Gilbert Hamerton, it may interest some people to learn, has contributed an article on "Seymour Haden as an Etcher" to *Scribner's Magazine* for August. The article is illustrated with reproductions of Dr Haden's etchings.

The closing days of this year's Exhibition at Burlington House are approaching. Its doors will be finally shut on the evening of Monday next, the 2nd of August.

Is it generally known that Fred Vokes, the chief member of the Vokes Family, who are appearing this week at the Gaiety Theatre, is not only a fellow of infinite agility and amazing humour, but a water colour painter of surpassing skill?

A FAIR GAME.

(Scene—Kingston Bowling Tournament; game proceeding; score, 15 to opponent's 1.)

Loser (after several attempts at strips, rides, and unnecessary rakes)—Man, a' couldna hit a Free Kirk.

Onlooker--Then it's a' U.P. wi' ye.

Contradictory—The most *glibly* going melodies are the *tripping* ones.

The "Collective Wisdom"—That of a multitude of councillors—wise in their own conceit.

MARK } With an India Rubbe Monogram or Name Stamp.
YOUR } Prices from 2/6 complete, with Box, Ink, and Pad.
LINEN } Post Free.—A. C. Thom. on, 278 Argyle Street.

The "Amenities" of Lenzie.

THE attractions of Lenzie have long been appreciated by a large section of our fellow-citizens; but it appears that that would-be "fashionable" suburb boasts more "amenities" than we have hitherto been aware of. In a word, its residents were favoured the other morning with no less a phenomenon than a genuine, full-blown whirlwind! After this who would not live at Lenzie? Already it is the chosen "seat" and habitat of whirlwinds, convalescent homes, lunatic asylums, butchers, bakers, and candlestick-makers. Before long, no doubt, the inhabitants will be able to turn on simoons and siroccoes like gas, and have earthquakes and water-spouts supplied to order. "Amenities," quotha!

OVER THE SCORE.

(Scene—M'Kinlay's Temperance Hotel, Rothesay; Commercial traveller is standing in the doorway; two Irish inebriates who are passing mistake "M'Kinlay's" for a public-house.)

First Irish Inebriate—Come on in, an' I'll give you a gill.

Commercial Traveller—Temp'rance here, mister.

First I. I.—What? Tenpence a gill! Oh, begorra, you're above our mark. Come on, Barney.

A DISTINCTION WITHOUT A DIFFERENCE.—Granny is sore about the Berwick election. If her explanations and divinations could only have come before, instead of after, the election, there would be little doubt about the result. Listen to her article on Reaction:—"Either there has been a Conservative reaction in Berwick, or apathy has taken possession of no inconsiderable portion of the Liberal electors." Apathy couldn't possibly be reaction!

AN OPEN SECRET.—With the sorry exception of the handful of renegades who are soft upon Widdows, the Orange oath is, in Glasgow, "By the living Harry!"

From its lax and unsuccessful pursuit of the criminal, *Glenloose* should be *its* new spelling—fairly earned by the "Force" of circumstances in that outlandish ilk.

Leading Licenciates.—*Spiritual* Brothers-in-law—Boniface and Benefice.

Busy B's—Ben, Beer, and Bible.

BICYCLES. } Agents for Duplex Excelsior, Club, Challenge,
TRICYCLES. } Premier, Stanley, Timberlak, and 'Xtraordinary
{ Safety Bicycles. Riding Taught—101 Mitchell St.

GLASGOW ABROAD.

(Scene—Breakfast table in the coffee room of a London hotel. Party of Glasgow Fair trippers seating themselves.)

Lady at the head of the table—Hey, waiter, there's a flet awanting.

(The astonishment and perplexity of the waiter, and the impatience of the Fair tripper at his delay in handing the missing saucer, may be imagined.)

In *his* accidental absence, Orangemen are desperately a-Longing.

T H E G A I E T Y
Proprietor and Director,Mr C. BERNARD.
V O K E S F A M I L Y.

THE BELLES OF THE KITCHEN.
PERFECTION and the LAUGHING HYENA.

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

General Manager,.....Mr SAM. H. S. AUSTIN.

P R I N C E O F W A L E S T H E A T R E
CLOSED.

WILL RE-OPEN FOR DRAMATIC SEASON
EARLY IN AUGUST.

R O Y A L T Y T H E A T R E,
Lessee and Manager.....Mr E. L. KNAPP.
To-Night (TUESDAY), 27th July, and following Evenings at 7-30.
"T W O R O S E S."

R O Y A L T Y T H E A T R E,
MONDAY, 2nd AUGUST.
THE CHILDREN'S PINAFORE COMPANY.
Box Plan now open at the Theatre.

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.
Every Evening this Week at 7-30 (Saturday at 7),
The wonderful

M A J I L T O N S

(MARIE and FRANK),

And their own Company in the Enormously Successful Farcical
Absurdity,

ROUND THE CLOCK,

Preceded by a Comedietta each evening.

MONDAY FIRST, August 2nd, their Latest Success,
GABRIEL GRUB.

Box Plan at Donaldson's Rooms, 91 St. Vincent Street.

QUEEN'S PARK FOOTBALL CLUB.
A N N U A L A M A T E U R A T H L E T I C
MEETING.

HAMPDEN PARK, MOUNT FLORIDA.
SATURDAY, 4TH SEPTEMBER, 1880.

Open Events, Flat Races, 100 Yards, 440, 880, and One Mile,
150 Yards Hurdle Race, 2 Mile Walking Match, Sack Race,
2 Mile Bicycle Race, Pole Vault, High and Broad Jumps,
Football Competition, 300 Yards Consolation Race.

Confined to West of Scotland.

One Mile Bicycle Race.

Programmes with Conditions, &c., will be issued shortly.

R O Y A L B O T A N I C G A R D E N S
CRYSTAL PALACE PROMENADES,
BAND and PIPERS of 74th HIGHLANDERS.
On SATURDAY FIRST, 31st JULY, 7-30 to 9-30 p.m.
Admission, 6d.

Subscribers admitted Free on Presenting Tickets of Membership.
Annual Family Ticket, 21s; Single Ticket, 10s 6d.
Tickets to be had at 155 West George St. and at Garden Gate.

C A U T I O N T O T H E P U B L I C.

COURT OF SESSION,
EDINBURGH, March, 1880.

T H E P A I S L E Y R O A D W H I S K Y C A S E.

HENRY THOMSON & CO., NEWRY,

against
JAMES DOWNIE BOYD,
PAISLEY ROAD, GLASGOW.

In consequence of inferior whisky having been offered for sale to the Public as ours, we were obliged in justice to ourselves and the Public to prosecute the above case to conviction, and now beg to draw attention to Lord Adam's Judgment delivered in the Court of Session, Edinburgh, on 9th March, 1880, whereby perpetual interdict, with all expenses, was granted against James D. Boyd, of Paisley Road, Glasgow, for selling, or exposing for sale, in bottles or otherwise, whisky as Henry Thomson & Co's, which was not manufactured or blended by them, the said Henry Thomson & Co.

The high reputation of this celebrated brand of Irish Whisky is well known over the Three Kingdoms, and so highly appreciated by the public generally, we feel it to be our duty not only to ourselves and customers, but to the Public, to leave nothing undone to protect their interests as well as our own, and to prevent an inferior spirit being palmed off upon them as ours.

We therefore now beg to refer them to above case as reported in the newspapers, and to the fact that the quality of this celebrated Whisky is the Finest in the Market, as proved by Analysts and Experts at this trial.

The Public will please be careful that they see each bottle bears the Trade Mark on Label, as well as a Fac-simile of the Signature of the Firm on Capsule and Brand on Cork.

HENRY THOMSON & CO.
Sole Agent for Scotland—
ROBERT BROWN,
17 HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.

W E S T O F S C O T L A N D P A N S Y S O C I E T Y.

The FIRST ANNUAL EXHIBITION of PANSIES, ROSES, and PINKS will be held in the CITY HALL, Glasgow, on WEDNESDAY, 28th Inst. Open from 12 noon till 9 p.m. Members Tickets, 2s 6d each. Single admission from 12 noon, 1s; from 2 p.m., 6d.

Messrs ADAMS' Celebrated Quadrille Band will be in attendance from 12 till 6 p.m., and by kind permission of Colonel REID and Officers the BAND of the 105th L.R.V. from 6 till 9 p.m.
T. M'CRORIE, Secretary,
July, 1880. Kilbarchan.

THE
LATEST MUSICAL WONDER
THE
A M E R I C A N O R G U I N E T T E,
From 30s to £12 12s.
Only to be had from
R. DONALDSON,
Sole Agent,
91 ST. VINCENT STREET.

BRANDY, WHISKY, TEAS, AND GROCERIES.

As supplied to Best Families throughout Scotland.
SPECIAL.
 Choice Old COGNAC BRANDY, Guaranteed Seven 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 FINDLAY,
 Tea, Coffee, and Wine Merchant,
 160 MAIN STREET, ANDERSTON,
 AND
 427 ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW.
 Write for Price List.
 Partick Branch,
 335 DUMBARTON ROAD

WILLIAM CRAIG,
 WHOLESALE WINE & SPIRIT MERCHANT,
 36 POLLOCK STREET,

AND
 46 WEST STREET.
 AGENT FOR
W. & A. GILBEY,
 WINE IMPORTERS AND DISTILLERS,
Comparison of Quality and Prices invited.

THE
TO ANANKYON
 COMPANY,
 THE THING WANTED,
 18 BUCHANAN ST., GLASGOW,
 MANUFACTURERS OF
BOOTS AND SHOES
 Of all descriptions, Retail their Goods at
 WHOLESALE PRICES.
 LATEST LONDON AND PARIS STYLES.

THE TO ANANKYON CO.,
 18 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW,
 AND AT LEEDS.

BRITANNIA MUSIC HALL,
 115 TRONGATE STREET,

Pre-eminently the most Popular Place of Amusement in Glasgow.
 Unequalled variety of Novelties and Fresh Stars each Week.
 Proprietor and Manager—H. T. ROSSBOROUGH.
For Particulars see Bills.

AN EXHIBITION
 OF THE
FAMOUS HUNGARIAN WINES

OF HIS IMPERIAL AND ROYAL HIGHNESS THE
 MOST SERENE ARCHDUKE ALBRECHT,
 WILL BE HELD
 DURING THE PRESENT MONTH,
 AT 63 ST. GEORGE'S PLACE
 (STOCK EXCHANGE BUILDINGS),
 Where liberal opportunity will be afforded to Taste these
 Wines, which are for the first time introduced into this Country.
ADAMS & HODGE,
 WINE MERCHANTS,
 Chief Agents in Scotland for MAX GREGER & Co.
 Price Lists on Application.

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.
GLASGOW INSTITUTE
 OF THE FINE ARTS.

Loan EXHIBITION of WORKS by The Late SAM BOUGH, R.S.A., and The Late GEO. P. CHALMERS, R.S.A.	EXHIBITION of WORKS In BLACK and WHITE: The First That has been held in Scotland.
---	---

These Exhibitions will be held Simultaneously
 in the months of August and September.
 Season Tickets Now Ready—Family, 10s; Single, 5s.
 (Admitting to Private View, 3rd Aug.)
 ROBERT WALKER, Acting Secretary.
 New Galleries, Sauchiehall Street.

THE IMPERIAL CAFE
 AND LUNCHEON BAR,
 92 WEST NILE STREET,
 IS NOW OPEN.

DINNERS, TEAS, COFFEES, and CIGARS.

WINES, SPIRITS, and MALT LIQUORS.

D. ADAMS, Proprietor.

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ROYAL RESTAURANT,

WINE MERCHANT, and PURVEYOR of LUNCHEONS,
 DINNERS, WEDDING BREAKFASTS,
 TRIAL TRIPS, &c.
 ROOMS FOR DINNER AND SUPPER PARTIES.
 LIGHT LUNCHEONS, SANDWICHES, &c., Ready from
 10 A.M. DINNERS from 12 Noon.
 Commodious Smoking Room.
 10 AND 12 WEST NILE STREET.

GLASS AND CHINA.

VERNONS PATENT
NOISELESS WARE.

We are now exhibiting samples of the
 above, and can supply estimates. The
 attention of shippers is specially called.

M'DOUGALL & SONS, 77 AND 79 BUCHANAN STREET,
 DEPOTS FOR MINTON'S, COPELAND'S, WORCESTER, AND DRESDEN PORCELAIN.
Lowest Trade Prices. Cash Discounts Allowed.

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.

LESSONS GIVEN IN
CHINA PAINTING
 BY FIRST-CLASS ARTIST

MATERIALS SUPPLIED.



CALEDONIAN RAILWAY

CHEAP EXCURSION

T O B A N,

On WEDNESDAY, 28th JULY,

By EXCURSION TRAIN leaving GLASGOW (Buchanan Street Station) at 6.40 a.m., Returning from Oban at 5.35 p.m. same day.

The Train will call, both going and returning, at DALLMALLY, LOCH AWE, TAYNUILT, and CONNELL FERRY.

CHEAP RETURN FARES:—

1st CLASS, 10s. | 3rd CLASS, 5s.

The Tickets are valid for day of issue only.

JAMES SMITHELLS, General Manager.

General Manager's Office, Glasgow, July, 1880.

BILLIARDS! BILLIARDS!! BILLIARDS!!!

ARCADE BILLIARD ROOMS, AND CIGAR EMPORIUM,

90 ARGYLE STREET,

Fitted up with superior new Tables, made by Cox & Yeaman of London.

Most Central Billiard Rooms in City.

SHOOTING AND FISHING TACKLE

of reliable quality, including everything novel or useful in either department.

FLIES Selected or Specially Dressed for any River or Loch.

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FOREIGN and ENGLISH BOOKS of All Kinds.

English, French, German, Italian, and Spanish Grammars, Dictionaries, Novels, &c., at Low Prices. Zola's "Nana." CORNER OF CATHEDRAL AND BUCHANAN STREETS.

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The Best and Cheapest Places in the Kingdom is at

THE CHEESE AND BUTTER MARTS,
9 SHAMROCK STREET, & 28 ST. GEORGE'S ROAD,
CHARING CROSS.

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RAZORS! SCISSORS!! KNIVES!!!

Fine Stock just to hand at

HUGH BROWN'S, 213 ARGYLE STREET,
(Two Doors West of Jamaica Street).

N.B.—Cutlery of every description carefully sharpened by first-class workmen.

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO., AUCTIONEERS AND VALUATORS,

ROYAL EXCHANGE SALE-ROOMS.

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



GLASGOW AND INVERARAY.

The Beau Ideal Saloon Steamer

"LORD OF THE ISLES"

Sails Daily from GREENOCK for KIRN, DUNOON, WEMYSS BAY, ROTHESAY, TIGNABRUACH, and STRACHUR, connecting at Greenock and Wemyss Bay with Special Express Trains from Glasgow, as under:—

KYLES OF BUTE AND LOCHFVNE ROUTE.

Steamers	From	Trains—Cen.		St En.	Br. St.
		A.M.	A.M.		
"Lord of the Isles."	Greenock	8.15	7.30	7.25	—
	Wemyss Bay ...	9.25	—	—	8.10

LOCH ECK ROUTE.

"Lord of the Isles."	Greenock	8.15	7.30	7.25	—
	Via Dunoon.	—	—	—	—
"Vivid," ...	Greenock	8.45	8.0	8.10	—
	Via Kilmun.	—	—	—	—
"Ivanhoe," *	Greenock	9.45	9.0	8.55	—
	Via Dunoon.	—	—	—	—

* This Connection to Strachur only.

Passengers have an Hour at Inveraray.

Returning from Inveraray at 2 p.m. with Passengers for both of the above Routes for Special Trains leaving Wemyss Bay at 5.45 p.m., and Greenock (Prince's Pier) at 6.25 p.m., and Custom-House Quay at 6.35 p.m., for Glasgow, Edinburgh, and the South.

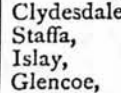
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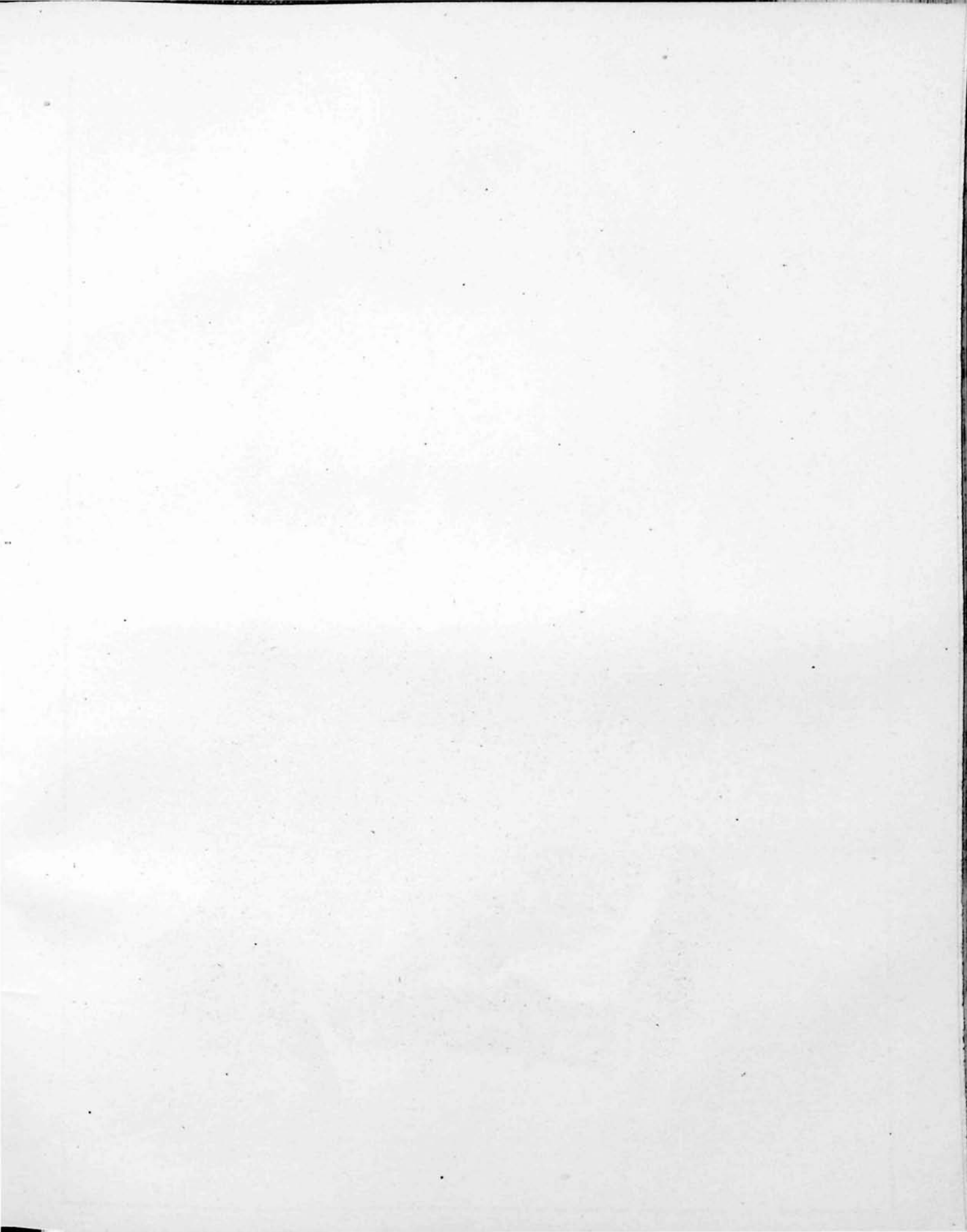


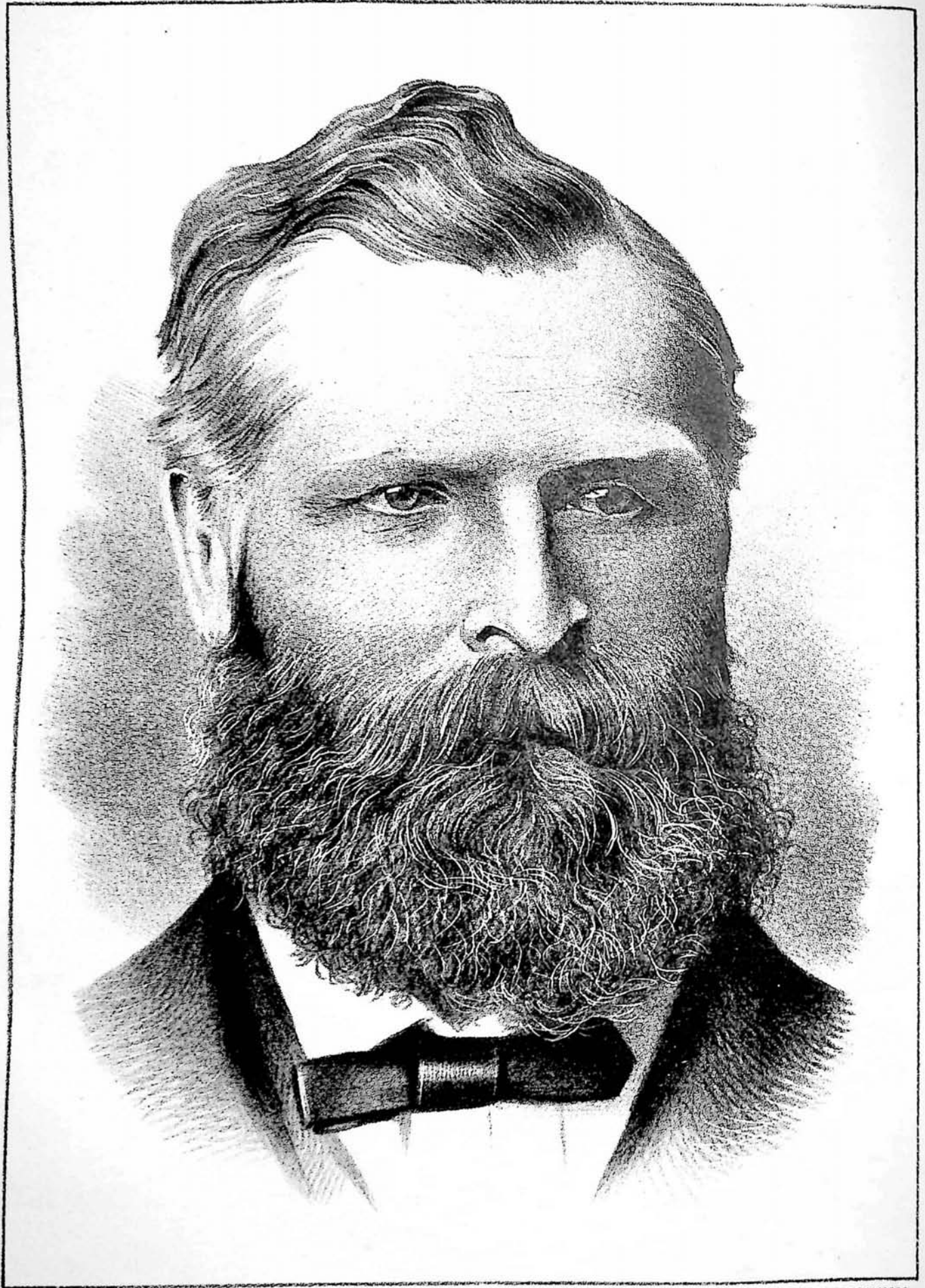
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The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 407. Glasgow, Wednesday, August 4th, 1880. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 407.

THERE are grave fears lest the new Corporation Buildings may prove another municipal *succès manqué*. Partly from a wish to save money, and partly from a constitutional inability to appreciate the just claims and necessities of the city, the Town Council are pursuing a policy of cheese-paring with regard to them which threatens to result in an edifice that we may grow ashamed of in twenty years. Under the Parliamentary Bill for their erection the Council acquired powers that enabled them to construct a block that would have stretched from George Square to Montrose Street. As the matter now stands, however, they are contenting themselves with one of no more than half this size—the ground they are proposing to take in being bounded on the west by George Square, on the north by George Street, on the south by Cochran Street, and on the East by John Street. They are limiting the cost, moreover, of the proposed structure, in a manner which, under all the circumstances, seems feeble to a degree. While Manchester can spend something like three quarters of a million of money over its Town Hall, we, in Glasgow, are restricting ourselves to a maximum outlay of £350,000. Our architects are bound down to the figure of £170,000 for the building, the sum of £160,000 has already been spent for the ground, and £20,000 is set aside as the sum allotted for internal fittings and decoration. One member of the Council, however, has persistently raised his voice against this half-and-half policy. Councillor REID, in season, and, as some of his opponents think—Ex-Bailie Osborne for instance—out of season as well, has protested that the majority are doing a distinct injury to Glasgow by their timidity. Mr REID is no

more desirous of increasing the local burdens than are his neighbours, but he is distinctly opposed to a building which would be inadequate on the one hand to overtake the necessities of the municipality—such necessities as must arise, let us say, when that consolidation of the Trusts hankered after by Ex-Bailie Walls has taken place—while on the other it would be as little of an ornament to the city as is the present wretched affair in Ingram Street, where the stone, whether from over-oiling or from some other cause, began to crumble and decay almost before the inside plaster was dry. But this broad way of looking at a subject is characteristic of Mr REID. Born in Kilmaurs, down in Ayrshire, some seven and fifty years ago, he has been the sole architect of his own fortune. No one, moreover, could have succeeded, even in business affairs, in the manner he has done, who had accustomed himself to limit the scope of his horizons. After an apprenticeship spent partly in Airdrie and partly in Kilmarnock, and a term of years served as a workman in Greenock, Mr REID established himself as chief-draughtsman with Messrs Caird & Co. so far back as 1851. Twelve months thereafter he was appointed manager of the Hyde Park Locomotive Works in this city, a post he retained till 1858, when he accepted a similar position in the establishment of Messrs Sharp Stewart, & Co. of Manchester, then one of the principal locomotive building concerns in the United Kingdom. At the end of 1863 our friend was induced to return as a partner to the Hyde Park works, and on the retirement of Mr Montgomerie Neilson, sometime afterwards, he became sole proprietor of the business. Under Mr REID, Hyde Park has grown into the largest private locomotive work in the country. It employs close on 1700 men in the construction of locomotives alone, and upwards of £100,000 are

annually distributed by the proprietor in the shape of wages. Mr REID'S relations with his workmen have always been of the most friendly character. Even during the period when trade disturbances took the shape of an epidemic the Hyde Park men continued constant to their employer. To-day there are no more highly-skilled or better paid "hands" than his. It may be interesting to add to all this as a further proof of the competency of Mr REID to express an opinion regarding the new Municipal Buildings, that he is a member of the Institute of Civil Engineers, that he is a councillor of the Institution of Engineers and Shipbuilders in Scotland, that he is chairman of the Springburn School Board, that he was one of the chief promoters of the new Art Institute Buildings in Sauchiehall Street, and on the death of Mr A. B. Stewart was appointed to the post of chairman of the Council, that he is a J. P. for the County, and that last, and just possibly least, he is a director of the Glasgow Tramways Company. In all these varied occupations the Man you Know has distinguished himself by the advocacy of a line of policy similar to that to which he is committed at the Town Council in respect of the new buildings in George Square. If there are two ways of looking at a subject he instinctively adopts the larger and broader way, conscious that in the end it will prove the more adequate and satisfactory. It seems settled that his original views regarding the new home of the Corporation have been overborne by the mechanical majority of his colleagues. Even yet, however, there is much to do towards rescuing the edifice from the reproach of meanness and poverty, and let us hope that although defeated on the question of its size, he will not intermit his efforts to secure for the new structure a front elevation, and internal fittings and arrangements as well, that shall satisfy, not only ourselves, but likewise those who come after us.

A GAME PRESERVE.

Though little progress to report,
Yet Members may not lose their sport ;
Although they may not wing their grouse,
Ground Game's been brought within the House ;—
Small fish are better aye than none,
And such "small deer" all through may run,
Affording sport until it reaches
The close time—for all *rabid* speeches.

"Fluid Beef"—Beef tea.

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

Lost—A Temper.

THERE'S a fatal defect in my nature—
It isn't "the fault of the age"—
I never could say—"Sir, I hate yer!"
Or work myself into a rage :

Insult me or injure me badly,
I can't "say" the mildest of "sweers,"
Nor even, when needed, look sadly,
Nor pump up a couple of tears.

When my first love replied to my suit, "No,"
And made her papa me expel
From the mansion of bliss on his boot toe,
In the gutter I smilingly fell !

Once a fellow I'd punished at *cauche*,
Tweaked my nose in his rage and despair,
I laughed like the merest on-looker—
It seemed such a funny affair !

When I stood with my wife at the altar
I grinned till the parson, in fear—
Lest he'd make some mistake, 'gan to falter,
And look most uncommonly queer.

Whenever I have to encounter
The wrath of my mother-in-law,
From her stilts I can quickly dismount her
With a rollicking—"Haw ! Haw !! Haw !!!"

NO MORE WOODEN LEGS.

(Scene—Millport, Sabbath forenoon ; old gentleman with artificial leg and foot is saluted on his way from church by an ancient dame, celebrated for her skill in curing rheumatics.)

Old Dame—I see ye're gey an' lame, guidman, is't chronic wi' ye ?

Old Gentleman (smiling)—Alas, madam ! I fear it is so in my case.

Old Dame—Weel-a weel, dinna lose heart, tak' you and bathe yer leg weel in warm saut water, an' row't up tichtly in an eel's skin, an' ye'll see it'll be as weel as cver afore next Sunday.

The "Insiduous" George.

ACCORDING to that distinguished divine, the Rev. George Macaulay, the Free Church of Scotland may at present remark, "in the words of a Greek poet," "I am dismembered and rent in pieces, and a secret poison hath miserably sapped my strength." "That secret poison," continued the Rev. George, "is the Rationalism which for some years past has been insiduously (*sic*) but powerfully working within the church." The BAILIE has his own opinion of Rationalism in the Church, but has it never occurred to Mr Macaulay and his friends that there are other "insiduous" influences at work ?

The "To Anankyon" (the thing wanted)—A policeman when there's a row.

Go to The Arcadian Stores, 159 Trongate, for Finest, Freshest, and Cheapest Fruits of every kind.—BERNARD & Co.

Taking Us "Town".

If anyone might be expected to mind his p's and his q's it is a man of "letters" like the Postmaster-General; yet Mr Fawcett showed himself far from accurate the other day when he spoke of Glasgow as the "town" represented by Dr Cameron." His Worship may have his own opinions about Dr Cameron's "representation," but he won't have St. Mungo called a "town." He'd have the P.M.G. to know that she is in every sense a city—nay, the Second City of the Empire, and "the centre of intelligence"—and to remember that fact when next he has occasion to refer to her.

A COLLOQUY AT "THE BRIDGE."

Sandy—Man, I wis at Aberfoyle the ither day wi' the coach frae Brig-o'-Allan; yon's a gran trip.

John—An' did ye see the Bailie?

Sandy—Whitna Bailie dae ye mean? I had yin in ma pocket, of coorse, as it wis Wednesday.

John—Oh, bit I mean Bailie Nicol, — whit mair ca' ye him?

Sandy—Hoots man, he's deid lang syne.

John—It's no' sae lang syne. I saw him in the theatre in Glesca, in the spring there, an' he looked hale an' hearty than.

Sandy—In the theatre! I'll waager that Bailie ne'er saw Aberfoyle. Man, John, I wunner at ye.

THE TACTICS OF TONALT.—In addition to their other brilliant qualities, the members of our model police force have begun to display military abilities of a high order. A fraudulent female having taken refuge in her house the other day, and fortified the approaches, the "active and intelligent" beleaguered the citadel and cut off the water supply, with the obvious result that the besieged presently surrendered at discretion, like any Bazaine or Osman. Could Von Moltke have done more under the circumstances than the gallant Tonalt?

PROPERTY HAS NOT MERELY ITS RIGHTS BUT ITS DUTIES.—The best way for landlords to secure the police's special watching of their properties is to specially pay for it. Warehousemen and shopkeepers who require their property to be specially watched keep private watchmen.

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

On 'Change.

FEW events in modern commercial history are more discreditable than the compulsory closing of the Caledonian Bank. The act was condemned at the time by right thinking business men in every Exchange in the kingdom, and the justice of their conclusions has been borne out by the re-opening of the bank, and the encouraging report issued last week. It is no small consolation to the shareholders, and the numerous friends of the bank in Inverness and the north, to find that the bank is not only able to hold its own, but that it can also pay a dividend.

The strokes of injustice always rebound. They did so in this case. It is well known that Mr Fleming, of the Royal Bank, was the Mephistopheles of the Caledonian. Had it not been for that irascible gentleman, the useful Northern bank need never have closed at all. His share in the transaction has not been forgotten. Hence the blackballing at the New Club in Edinburgh.

The extreme sensitiveness of the Stock Exchange was shown last week. A General or a Government made a mistake in Afghanistan, and everything went down instantly. Better news arrived next day, and everything went up again. Railway stocks will probably go still higher. Most of them are high enough already, but they are favoured with brilliant weather, and consequent good passenger traffics. The dividends lately declared no doubt favour a rise, but in the case of Caledonian the prices now paid are entirely unjustifiable. Glasgow and South-Western and Highland are more to the purpose. They at least offer some return to the investor, if they do not enlist the sympathies of a speculator.

SCRUTATOR.

A CAUTION TO—TIPLERS.

(Scene—Trongate; spirit shop; private policeman is standing at the door.)

1st Shoeblack—Hillo, here's wan o' M'Leod's wax figurs takin' an airin'.

2nd Shoeblack—No, no, that's the "smecker's" ghost.

1st S. B.—Whit's that?

2nd S. B.—Dae ye no' ken, he's stuck there tae fricht awa' the "drunks?"

(The private policeman disappears inside.)

1st S. B. (turning away in disgust)—Come on, He coodna fricht craws, that yin. Did ye see hoo he hookt it frae us?

"C. A."—A discussion has been going on in the columns of the *Herald* regarding the value—or non-value—of the style and title of "C.A.," the general opinion appearing to be that, as put by one writer, the "degree" deserves to have about as much importance attached to it "as if it were from the Independent Order of Good Templars." This may be very true; but how do such "degrees" of comparison strike those numerous gentlemen who delight to affix the mystic letters in question to their otherwise undistinguished names?

The Burials "Bill"—The Sexton's.

FIG-IRON WARRANTS—STOCKS AND SHARES.—Macgregor & Co., Stock and Share Brokers, and Iron Brokers, 136 Buchanan Street, Glasgow, offer Special Facilities to those desirous of Speculating for the Rise or Fall of Markets.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—The "Salsbury Troubadours," an American variety troupe, who differ, however, from the "variety" people on this side of the Atlantic in that they use no burnt cork, and also that their entertainment has a Garden Party as a central notion, make their bow this evening from the "boards" of the Gaiety Theatre. Not only in their own country, but in Australia as well, the "Salsburys" have a large reputation as humorous vocalists.

When Miss Genevieve Ward was here some twelve months ago, she fairly "fetched" us with her playing in the drama of "Forget me Not"—"fetched" us so that, when she returns next week to Mr Bernard's theatre, her "houses" are certain to be crowded ones.

Miss Ward was at the Edinburgh Princess's Theatre last week, and on the previous Saturday—the 24th of July—she closed a brilliantly successful season at the London Prince of Wales.

Mr Charles Harrington, the new acting and stage manager of the Gaiety, must be fresh in the recollection of playgoers as the joint manager, with Mr Tom Robertson, of the "Caste" Company, and the accomplished representative of *George D'Alroy* and *Lord Beaufoy*.

The T. P. Cooke prize drama of "True to the Core" will be revived at the Prince of Wales Theatre on Saturday evening, on which occasion the house will re-open for the season. "True to the Core" is one of the best of what may be termed modern dramas—albeit that its scene is laid some three hundred years ago, and it has the further distinction of being the only good "prize" play ever written.

"The Children's Pinafore," which will be produced at the Royalty this evening for the first time in the provinces, is one of those entertainments that "all the world and his wife" must see. We in Glasgow are sufficiently acquainted by this time with "H.M.S. Pinafore" as played and sung by grown-up men and women, but its performance by youngsters—not one of whom, by the bye, has a tinge of that juvenile precocity which usually makes the appearance of children on the stage so unpleasant—will lend a novelty to the well-worn airs, and give a fillip to the familiar fun which not one of us can afford to lose. In London "The Children's Pinafore" met with an immediate success. The humour was so spontaneous, and the voices were so fresh and tuneful, that the Londoners fell even more warmly in love with this second edition than with the original production, supported even as that was by Messrs Grossmith, Barrington, and Temple, and Misses Stavart and Everard.

The "marvellous Majiltons" are doing marvels in the way of "business" at our transpontine theatre. I looked in on Saturday night, and found a house overflowing in numbers and enthusiasm. Mr Ardle's farcical absurdity, "Round the Clock," has hit the Southerners hard, and is put up for another week. As if this were not enough for one night's dramatic repast, there is the added dish yecept "Gabriel Grub," a dramatised version by Charles Furlado of a weird legend of Dickens, in which a sexton and certain spirits from the vasty deep play a prominent and ludicrous part. This is the latest Majilton success, and together with last week's specialty ought to draw crowded audiences to the Royal Princess's.

Next Monday, Mr William Sidney and his company open with the "Queen's Evidence" of Messrs Conquest and Pettit.

Mr Samuel H. Austin, whose connection with the Gaiety made him a familiar figure in our local theatrical life, was entertained at supper on Friday evening, in the Athole Hotel, by some sixty of his friends, the occasion being his leaving for America to occupy the post of director of Mr Alfred Cellier's "Princess Toto" opera company. Dr J. E. Hardy was the chairman for the evening, and Mr James Buchanan the croupier, and the toast of "Long life and success to Mr Austin on the other side" was pledged with enthusiasm. Everybody's

place in this life, let it be what it may, can of course be filled up when it becomes vacant, but some of us will miss Austin—for a time at least. His pleasant, kindly ways had made him a general favourite, and people of his disposition are none so numerous that we can part from him now without a certain feeling of regret.

A pleasant little municipal ceremony, at which our friend Mr M'Lellan—whose portrait you gave the other day, my Magistrate—plays an important part, I mean the annual inspection of the City Parks, takes place on Tuesday next the 10th inst. Before it comes off surely the rangers of the Kelvingrove and Queen's Parks would do well to pick up the scraps of paper—torn programmes and the like—which the people drawn together by the music have left behind them. At present the stretches of grass surrounding the Band Stands in both parks have anything but a sweet or comely look.

I was one of a pleasant party who went down the river in the yacht "Amy," when she made her trial trip on Friday last. The "Amy" is the work of Messrs Cunliffe & Dunlop of Port-Glasgow, and, taking her for all in all, is, I think, the most commodious and the most elegantly fitted pleasure boat I have yet seen. Her spars, besides, are of great size, and are wonderfully graceful. On Friday she ran at a mean speed of over twelve knots an hour. At a trial trip, just as at any other trip, a good deal depends on the eatables and the drinkables, and when I mention that these were supplied on Friday by Mr John Forrester of Gordon Street, it will at once be understood that they were as toothsome and as choice as the most exacting diner-out could desire.

The false scoring at Wimbledon is by no means the difficult affair it seems at the first blush. Having "squared" the marker, you aim, when shooting, not at the target, but at the distinguishing letter above it, and your accomplice exhibits an "outer," a "centre," or a "bull's eye," according as the previous arrangement between you may have been. "'Tis as easy as lying."

The run of prosperity we have been hoping for so long is somewhat slow of coming—in certain branches of business at least. At present the members of the wholesale soft goods trade of the city are finding matters almost as quiet as during the black October of '78.

An auspicious event is about to take place in the household of a well-known west-ender. This is no less than a triple wedding—his three daughters having arranged to get married on the same day.

Some dubiety is said to exist with regard to the disposal of the site of the Townhead Gasworks, which were purchased from the Gas Committee by the Improvement Trustees. While one section of the Town Council is desirous of selling the ground without any restriction whatever, another insists that it ought to be devoted to the erection of working men's houses which would be constructed with all the latest improvements as regards drainage, ventilation, and other "fads" of sanitary reformers. Among the chief supporters of this latter scheme—which would entail a cost of over £20,000 to the ratepayers—is Bailie Ure.

"Wee" Jeems—*anglice* James Martin, jun., Esq., of Cairncraig and the Gallowgate—was among the guests at the Water Commissioners' trip last week. It would be interesting to know how the invitation for the "wee" one, to this hitherto exclusive outing, was procured. Perhaps some elector of the Second Ward may see his way to interrogate the Councillor on the point when he next holds a meeting with his constituents.

Bank holidays are gradually becoming recognised institutions among us. To-day I had a glimpse of the "Lord of the Isles" as she steamed away from Greenock pier, and the crowd of pleasure-seekers on board showed that Sir John Lubbock has been an influence for good by the Clyde as well as by the Thames. That sail by "The Lord" to Inveraray and back is still the biggest day's outing at the disposal of the tourist—on this side of Crinan at all events.

Paterfamilias on his Return from the Coast.

THANK goodness these sixty days are over! I am glad there will be no more breakfasts to swallow with the "first bell ringing."

Of all the unhappy situations known, standing on deck in a downpour of rain with your neighbour's umbrella sticking in your collar, is the worst.

That "leap for life" to the pier, with the subsequent rush for the first train, has often knocked me up for the entire day.

I never could understand the enthusiasm of those "dookers" who enjoy the "luxuries of a bath" in a Scotch mist and on a beach covered with sharp-edged pebbles.

That the whisky sold at the coast is of the "torchlight procession" brew.

Thank goodness I shall no longer be made a beast of burden by carrying baskets and bundles to the train.

The jolly young dogs who would take nothing less than brandies and sodas on board the steamer will require to seek out a fresh victim.

Paying all the demands for articles which have disappeared and been broken in your coast house makes a big hole in your fortnight's salary.

I shall never go into furnished lodgings—never, till next year.

—♦♦♦—
"O WHAT A WAG."

(Scene—British Public House.)

Peter (to waitress)—Give me a gill of soda water.

Waitress (indignantly)—We don't sell anything in gills here, sir!

Peter—D'ye no? then a' gill-ouse a'll gang roun' the corner whare they're no' sae very particular.

[He goes and gets "sixty days" next morning.]

—♦♦♦—
GIVING HIS AUTHORITY.

Teacher (to pupil)—Spell butter.

Pupil—B-u-t-a-r.

Teacher—No, no. You are wrong, sit down.

Pupil—Weel, sir, that's the way my mither spells it on the lodgers' bill; anyway.

—♦♦♦—
AN ELEVATING OFFER. — Several times throughout the late contest for the Wigtown Burghs the Radical candidate expressed his desire to "elevate" the constituency. Wasn't this very like a barefaced offer to treat?

Good for Auld Reekie!

THE atmosphere of the "Great Metrolopus" is credited with various peculiar properties, two of which were pointedly referred to at a recent meeting of the Edinburgh Town Council. Bailie Colston and Mr Gordon having been lately engaged in the pleasant and profitable task of "deputating" to New Babylon, the former accused the latter of having grown "very talkative" over the operation, whereupon Mr Gordon retorted that he "had not so much in his pocket by it as Bailie Colston, at any rate." This little colloquy can hardly fail to interest and gratify the ratepayers of Auld Reekie. It is not every man—whether he be a municipal magnate or not—who, like Mr Gordon, instead of being abashed by contact with the London millions, derives therefrom an access of self-confidence, nor has every man found, like Bailie Colston, the London streets actually as well as nominally "paved with gold."

—♦♦♦—
"THE SOUL OF WIT."

(Scene—A dwelling-house; time, midnight.)

Wife (to Guidman who has just come home, having had a heavy refreshment)—Whit time o' nicht's this tae come hame? Whaur hae ye been?

Guidman—Oot.

Wife—Oot! that's no' an answer tae gie tae me.

Guidman—Brevity ish—e—(hic) shoul o' wit.

Wife—It doesna maitter wha Brevity is, dinna you stay oot anither nicht as late wi' him.

—♦♦♦—
MY STARS!

Little sister—How peaceful the stars look, Bob!

Big brother—Not a bit of it. You think that "stars in their little course agree," but they don't. Awfully pugnacious most of 'em.

Little sister—I don't understand you.

Big brother—Don't you? Why, they're all of 'em having "rounds" with the sun, and the sun is constantly striking the earth with his rays. A peaceful lot, I don't think!

(Mystification of little sister).

—♦♦♦—
The "Hay"-makers—The Conservative voters of Wigtown.

"Flying Matches"—Runaway marriages.

The Holiday Sea-son—A yachtsman.

Sea-son's Ticket—Jack's Furlough.

China Painting—Touching up the Celestials.

The Ladies' Man.

(Another Hydropathic Sketch)

HE wasn't a tall, broad-shouldered, magnificently-tailored being, but he had what is better than all the graces of the Antinous, he had—cheek!

He was five feet four inches high, somewhat pot-bellied, slightly shaky at the knees, with an eruptive-looking *chevaux de frise* of white hair protruding from the middle of his pease-pudding countenance; he wore a smoking-cap with a scarlet tassel—his idea of “our aristocratic tourist”—but his glory was in his large breast-pin, his larger finger-ring, and his fob-locket, that might have held “her” as easily as her miniature.

His voice was coarse, his manners—why he had no manners.

I am by no means so repulsive to look upon as was the “Veiled Prophet of Khorassan,” and my *compagnon de voyage* had nice dark ogles, a little pet moustache, and a reputation to sustain, yet we were never in the swim with “the ladies' man.”

We arrived at the Hydro on the same evening as this gifted being. But all through the dance after supper, while we cautiously angled for a modest quadrille, his gigantic locket bobbed and bounced like a pawnbroker's sign on the loose, under the influence of the wild energy with which he banged and pounded through the mazy waltz, regardless of corns and blunders, firmly convinced that he was right and everybody else wrong—exclaiming inwardly, like the Irish juryman, “Ilivin more obstinit men oi niver met in all me loife.”

It was always the same. Did we spy on the hillside three pretty girls to whom we had been elaborately introduced the night before, and manœuvre ourselves cunningly into their near neighbourhood, we were sure to see, protruding from the grass at their feet (like a Lucifer-sown tare) the pimply features and the scarlet tassel that marked “the ladies' man.”

Did we make for the tennis-green, when we knew certain “sweet young things” were going to play, we were certain to find the “snake (read, “sneak”) on the grass” before us, and to be greeted with his jovial suggestion—“You fellers might run after the balls for the ladies!”

Did we approach a garden seat, with something nice in a jersey on it—a further advance revealed, on the off side, the boots of “the ladies' man.” Did we mean boating with a “petticoated party,” who “adored” it, we had but to

level a telescope on the bay to see that “party” tugging at the oar in a craft, with pleasure at the prow, and “the ladies' man” at the helm. He went with them even to church—prayers tore him not from their side—his was the last “good night,” his the first “good morning.”

I would have thought they liked it, had I not seen, as he stood forlorn in the moonlight after a tender, last farewell to all his Dulcineas—he had to catch the early boat next morning—a ewerful of water descend upon his tasselled smoking-cap, and shoot, like a small Niagara, from the sleek sides of his rounded paunch. Then I heard bad, bad words, and much giggling and tittering overhead; and I saw a “drooked” figure glide stealthily away, fancying the eye of man had not beheld his discomfiture. But it had. Ha, ha! Ho, ho!! Hydropathic treatment for ever! Revenge is sweet!

COSTARD.

THE WRONG BOAT.

(Scene—Brodick pier; farmer with calves for steamer “Sheila.”)

Steamboat Clerk—Where are you going with the calves?

Farmer—They've to go by the “Sheila.”

Steamboat Clerk—You're wrong altogether, man, send them by the “Ivanhoe,” we have no milk in the “Sheila.”

[General titter amongst passengers.]

Our friends the members of the Incorporation of Bakers meet in the Trades' Hall on Friday to make up a “qualified roll.” How, one would like to know, is this gigantic roll—a roll that requires an entire Corporation to assist at its baking must be gigantic—to be made up; what's to be “intult,” and when it has been duly baked and fired how is it to be disposed of? Given to the poor, or eaten by the Incorporation themselves, or how?

A MODEST WANT.—Somebody wants “two or more gentlemen with £10,000 each” to join him “in a safe, respectable, and profitable business.” Somebody is “no blate;” but it will doubtless be consolatory to the “two or more” ten-thousand-pounders to know that the business is as “respectable” as the sum wanted.

For “Doon the Watter”—The teetotal steamer.

A Laugh to Scorn—Brad-laugh.

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

Ye Wicked Wigtonites.

IT is really very deplorable that the electors of the Wigtown Burghs should cast away their golden opportunities as they have done of late. After they had incomprehensibly rejected a heaven-born Radical Lord Advocate in favour of a simple 'squire, they were generously afforded an opportunity of retrieving so outrageous a step. A benevolent genius in the shape of a "Covenanter" from London, "by" the name of M'Micking, appeared on the scene, his sole mission being, as he reiterated over and over again, to "elevate" the Burghs out of their "degraded state," and to "rescue" the electors from the clutches of those fearful despots, the "Tory lairds." It is scarcely credible, but it is none the less a fact, that the Wigtonites have refused to listen to the voice of the Covenanting charmer, and have declared, in effect, that they decline to be elevated, that they won't be rescued, that they rather like being degraded, and that, on the whole, they prefer Tory lairds to Radical carpet-baggers. All this is very, very sad; but what can be done? Mr M'Micking and his friends must simply, it is to be feared, give the erring Burghs up as a bad job, and allow them to go on in their misguided course "till the end of the world."

IGNORANCE BLESSED.

(Scene—Broomielaw; two natives of the Green Isle who have just come across, observe a traction-engine passing along the street.)

Mick—What sort a baste ov a thing wud yez be afther callin' that, Pat?

Pat—Och, man, don't let all the paiple hear yer ignorance; shure nature moight taich yez its a boicycle!

SENSE GONE TO THE DOGS.—The BAILIE has more than once remonstrated with losers of dogs for advertising their intention of "prosecuting" the animals in the event of non-return, for what else is the meaning of the ordinary phrase, "If found in any one's possession will be prosecuted?" It is possible to be intelligent and intelligible even in an advertisement.

"THE BOTTLE."—An advertisement appears in a contemporary for "two girls accustomed to handle bottles." The BAILIE begs to draw the attention of the "League" officials to this painful and shameless announcement.

THE ARGYLE BATHS, 366 Argyle Street, is the Largest Public Bathing Establishment in Scotland. Warm Baths, 6d, 9d, & 1s; ready daily, from 7 a.m. to 9 p.m. One trial solicited.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT our gas bills are to be lighter.

That the Water Trust should likewise reduce the price of the commodity they sell.

That the taxpayers are thankful for the smallest crumbs of relief.

That last week the Glasgow Magistrates paid their annual visit to the Water works.

That Captain Anderson of Maryhill surprised them with a grand reception.

That he is a pawky chiel is the Captain.

That he can even get the military to assist him in his demonstrations.

That Maryhill wouldn't be Maryhill without the Captain.

That the reception at Maryhill was nothing, however, to the lunch at Ballat.

That the Bailies enjoyed themselves wonderfully.

That the Councillors did likewise.

That it was well the Lord Provost was present to keep everybody in order.

That Bailie Colquhoun has a weakness for the fair sex.

That last week he dismissed three female pilferers with an admonition.

That our rowdies have broken out in a new place. That the fising fiends are played out.

That imprisonment without the option of a fine is a capital cure for larking.

That the larrikins have now adopted the Green as a battle field.

That M'Intyre the orator ought to be "shut up."

That the dominies are coming home.

That they have had a high old time of it.

That there are worse jobs than a dominie's.

That the Lancelot-Ivanhoe squabble at Wemyss Bay might have had a serious result.

That it's pleasant to see how these steamboat captains love one another.

That Captain Williamson is earning a certain reputation for himself at the Arran ferries.

That all the Bank directors have now been liberated.

That they are none the worse for their involuntary retirement from the public gaze.

That this is cheering news.

That the stories told in our local bankruptcy courts are as amazing as ever.

That the latest is that a trader can make a profit of 100 per cent. upon his goods, and still be unable to pay his debts.

That there must be a handsome nest egg laid up somewhere.

That the difficulty is to find out the nest,

"BELFAST" TEAS versus "GLASGOW" TEAS.

THE finest and most delicate portions of the Leaf are very brittle, and in the process of drying, curing, and assorting, they break off, and are technically called "BROKEN" TEAS. From a deep-rooted prejudice against the small leaf, the Grocers of Scotland will not purchase these Teas; but in Belfast—a town made famous by its intelligent Tea Dealers—where this class is mostly consumed, they command very Long Prices. The world-wide fame which Belfast enjoys, as a town where good Tea may be procured, is due almost exclusively to the efforts of one man, namely, **MR FOSTER GREEN**, who has persistently and successfully advocated the free use of BROKEN LEAF TEA, on account of its greater Strength of Liquor and Finer Quality; and, in order that the Broken Leaf may be the better blend and mix with the Whole Leaf, Mr Green also advocates the cutting, or grinding, of Whole Leaf to nearly the same size as the Broken Leaf.

When we state that **Our Teas** are made up upon the same principle as **FOSTER GREEN'S**, we pay him the highest compliment that one trader can bestow upon another—for "imitation is the sincerest flattery"—and at the same time we thus claim for ourselves a position of being Second to None in the Trade so far as ability to give value is concerned, because our Principal has had 18 years' experience as a Practical Tea-Taster in all departments of the Wholesale Trade, and because we Buy exclusively for Cash in the first Market, and Sell at a small percentage upon the Import Broker's Cost Price. The question, "Why cannot we get such Tea in Glasgow as Foster Green's?" need no longer be asked, for, if you are willing to pay the same price, you will get as good an article from **STUART CRANSTON & CO.** Our Teas are a combination of the Choicest Growths, judiciously bought, and cunningly blended so as to produce a perfect Liquor in the cup, and at their various Prices they are unequalled in Scotland.

Observe, that some Dealers are quoting Teas at 1s 4d, 1s 6d, and 1s 8d per lb., while our Lowest Price is 2s. We do not keep these Low-Priced Teas, because their rank, common quality would destroy the reputation we have gained for supplying Fine Tea at a most reasonable figure. Therefore, we call special attention to our **Superb Tea** at 2s 4d per lb., which is better Tea than that sold by Wholesale Grocers (so-called) and West-End Co-operative Stores at 2s 6d, 2s 8d, and 3s per lb. Every Family should test the truth of this statement.

STUART CRANSTON & CO.,

76 ARGYLE STREET, (QUEEN STREET CORNER,) GLASGOW.

MILLAR & CO.,
FAMILY HATTERS,
QUEEN STREET CORNER, GLASGOW,
ARE SHEWING THEIR NEW SPRING GOODS.
See the Windows.

VICTORIA RESTAURANT,
62 GORDON STREET, & 3 RENFIELD STREET
(Opposite Caledonian Central Station),
WINES, SPIRITS, AND MALT LIQUORS
Of the Best Qualities, and Thoroughly Matured.
SPECIAL BLEND WHISKY.
BREAKFASTS, DINNERS, AND TEAS.
LARGE DINING-HALL.
SNACKS (OF ALL KINDS),6d.

M'CALL & FERGUSON, PROPRIETORS.

MITCHELL & CO.'S
OLD IRISH WHISKY, Belfast, is the Purest and Best
in the Market, comparison with any other Brand will prove this.
Agent for Scotland—**DAVID MITCHELL**, 20 Hope St., Glasgow.

Small Expenses require Small Profits.

STIRLING & WYLLIE
(formerly with the late Mr John M. Simpson), 85, 87, and
89 MAXWELL STREET, Glasgow, are now showing a magni-
ficent Stock of NEW AND SECOND-HAND FURNITURE.

From the smallness of their Expenses, they are enabled, and
are determined to sell at Prices which will meet with the approval
of every purchaser. While the prices are low, the quality of
the goods is first-class.

THE FINEST WHISKY IN THE WORLD.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

HENRY THOMSON & CO.'S
OLD IRISH WHISKY.

SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—

ROBERT BROWN, 17 HOPE 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,

47 ROSE STREET, GARNETHILL (Corner of Buccleuch Street);
And 190 ST. GEORGE'S ROAD (Opposite West Princes St).

CHARING CROSS HOSIERY WAREHOUSE.

WILLIAM DODS, 13 and 15 ST. GEORGE'S
ROAD. Large, Choice, and Carefully-Selected Stock.
Latest Novelties in the different Departments. All Goods of the
very Best Description, and the Prices Strictly Moderate. Dress
Shirts, 31s 6d, 39s, and 45s per Half-Dozen—a Perfect Fit
Guaranteed. Merino Underclothing in Great Variety. Gloves,
Scarfs, &c.

ST. ENOCH RESTAURANT, 4 ST. ENOCH

SQUARE.—**G. E. ALLEN** having assumed the manage-
ment of this establishment, he trusts, by personal supervision,
sharp service, and good cookery, to secure the public patronage.

Breakfasts, Luncheons, Dinners, Teas.

Wines of the Finest Quality.

Public Dinners and Suppers estimated for.

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.

J. & R. SINCLAIR,
TOBACCO MANUFACTURERS,
NEWCASTLE ON TYNE,
68 ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW;
74 LEITH STREET, EDINBURGH;
3 NORTH BRIDGE, DO.

Seven Good Cigars for 1s, certainly worth trying.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 4th, 1880.

AN inspired paragraph in the *Mail* the other day intimated that the new Lord Provost had been selected in the person of Ex-Bailie URE. Of all the likely aspirants after the highest municipal dignity, no one is more eligible than Mr URE, as well by reason of his services to the community as of his influential social position. It is just possible, however, that a feeling may exist in certain quarters that Lord Provost COLLINS might, with some measure of propriety, be asked to accept a second term of office. His Lordship is certainly anything but the strongest occupant of the Provostship the City has seen. "Scenes" at the Council Board have been more frequent during the past two years and a half than at any former period, and the course of municipal business has occasionally suffered from a species of obstruction which would never have been permitted for a moment under Lord Provost BAIN or the late Sir JAMES LUMSDEN. But in spite of all this, Mr COLLINS has really made an excellent chief magistrate. His very faults have proceeded from his kindness of heart and his desire to satisfy every section of the Council, both those inside and those outside of the select circle. He has wrought early and late in the interest of the City, and he has spent his money with a most lavish hand. The likelihood is, of course, that Mr COLLINS has grown tired of public life, that he is anxious to withdraw from the toil and the worry of municipal affairs. Should it be otherwise, a number of his friends, as has been hinted above, may consider the advisability of requesting him to accept their nomination for re-election to the office he at present occupies. Whether this course, were it adopted, would meet with

general acceptance, is one of those questions which can only be solved by the result. At all events, as the matter is quite on the cards, the citizens may regard themselves as specially fortunate in having two such candidates before them against the November election as his Lordship and Ex-Bailie URE.

The Amende Honorable.

THERE is not a kilted Gael between the Broomielaw and the Island of Rum, nor a member of the Force reared in the "Western Highlands" to adorn the plainstones o' Glesca, but who must be prepared to admit that, after all, Sheriff Guthrie is a "shentleman every inch of her." If in the "Sheila" coo case his Lordship *did* let slip that vexatious criticism upon "easy-going Highlanders of a type not uncommon on the Clyde," he gave more than an apology, in his speech at the banquet in honour of the hero of Wimbledon, on that worthy's arrival at St. Enoch Square. "We are doubly proud," said the Sheriff, "because the winner of the Queen's prize is a *West Highlander*. . . There is no class of men to whom this city owes more of its prosperity and its social wellbeing than to the *brave, hardy, industrious, and intelligent* men who come from the *West Highlands* to *man her ships* and to fill her workshops." Oh, ye gods and little fishes, what attributes! What "hullachans" and "hoochs" must have been indulged in when the morning papers reached the various clachans of the Western Highlands. *Slantha gael Ghasta!* my learned friend. The BAILIE greets ye for his Cousin Rab's sake!

THE EARTHQUAKE.

(Scene—Comrie, Perthshire, July twenty-second, 2-30 P.M.)

Southern Tourist (evidently green, to smart barmail supposed greener)—Please can you direct our party to where the earthquakes are?

Smart Barmail—Oh, sir, they have stopped for the day. Don't you know this is the Fast?
[Disgust of Southern Tourist may be imagined.]

A Timely "Watchman"—Councillor Jackson.

The Question of "the Times"—Who are the wise men of "the East?"

The Mi-nute Gun at Sea—A "pocket-pistol."

A Work of Necessity—Relieving the poor.

A Work of Mercy—That of the "little sisters."

To those Whom it May Concern.

OUR good friends, the Glasgow police authorities, have afforded fresh proof during the past week, as well of their courage as of their common sense, and of the excellent manner in which they conserve the peace and the comfort of the lieges. A person named M'Intyre—well-known, as the saying is, to the police—has succeeded, every evening of late, in annoying the frequenters of the Green and the inhabitants of several of the adjoining streets, by creating a series of disturbances, now in the neighbourhood of Nelson's monument, and now in Jail Square. To the ordinary mind the proper method of suppressing the nuisance would be to clap M'Intyre in prison till he can give substantial security for his good conduct in the future. Our sapient Fiscal, however, cannot see his way to adopt this course. The police, when a M'Intyre row takes place, capture two or three lads of sixteen or seventeen years of age, and these are either fined or imprisoned, but the instigator of the riot is allowed to go scot-free, both the police and their superiors having evidently made up their minds to give him as wide a berth as possible. How long is this state of things to continue? For those in authority to allow a disturber of the public peace to go on his course unchecked is neither more nor less than to connive at his offence.

A POTTERY DELIVERY.

He and his sentenc'd term both out,
Let none be of his fate d-spiser:
This turn gi'en to the Potter's weal
May make him, if not sadder, wiser.
In fickle Fortune's whirling wheel
'Tis but the down can be the riser,
And those pound-foolish once, may turn
Through penitence to penny-wiser.

Surely, remarks the Animile, if the Rev. Mr Brunton doesn't retire from the Tramway Co., he must share the *brunt* of its Sunday work, which means a portion, at least, of the prosperous dividend.

"Cream-mating," says Bauldy, "with strawberries, is now a most *pop-ular suck-cess*," and he he-haws at his wut (?)

Waiting on the "Hares and Rabbits Bill"—Fire-arms and fire-irons.

Our Leading Lady Reformer—Spring; she is always "turning over a new leaf."

BICYCLES. } Agents for Duplex Excelsior, Club, Challenge,
TRICYCLES. } Premier, Stanley, Timberlake, and 'Xtraordinary
Safety Bicycles. Riding Taught—101 Mitchell St.

Ye Magistrate is Contrite.

THE BAILIE finds himself in the unusual position of having to cry, "Peccavi!" It has from time to time been his wont—with deepest contrition he confesses it—to underrate the services rendered to society by Mr Harry Alfred Long. He has even dared to poke fun at the great—though 'umble—missionary, and to deride the warning voice resounding from Saltmarket and Green. Short-sighted Magistrate! The object of his satire turns his back for a space upon Scotland's shores with a view to finding a more appreciative disciple in Cousin Jonathan, and mark the result! Scarcely has the noble form of the Protestant champion faded into the distance when an army of Jesuits—*Jesuits*, mark you!—lands at Tighnabraich and marches inland. The ill-omened crew had evidently been watching for this opportunity, and their invasion of the hearths and homes of St. Mungo is merely a question of time. The evil is so far irremediable. It but remains for us to recall the lost champion with all haste, and meanwhile to appeal to the less powerful aid of the heroes of Ferniegair and Ladywell. As for the BAILIE, he humbleth himself in the dust.

FROM THE "BLACK AND WHITE."

A study in chalk (figure subject), by Mr Boniface.

A wood cut, by Mr Gladstone.

An aqua-tint of the Black Sea.

A litho-graph, from the (he)art of A. Coquette.

Portrait of the King of the Cannibal Islands, *en soot*.

Ditto of the Black Prince.

Ditto of the Black-lead Man-in-Armour (pencil sketch).

The Black Hole of Calcutta (Indian ink).

DONALD ORDERS BROTH.

Donald—What's this?

Waiter—Broth, sir.

Donald—Hoo aye! Yiss! A pease here and a barleys there, and the wan whustlin' to the ither—where are yo-o-o?

"Pen" Folk—The inhabitants of Maryhill.

Rabid (Rabbit) Speeches—The Government's on the Game Bill.

The (H)oban Viaduct—The new Highland railway.

PRESERVING STRAWBERRIES, are now selling at 6d per lb., M. CAMPBELL, Fruit Warehouse, 18 GORDON STREET.

Megilp.

THE press view of the "Chalmers and Bough" and "Black and White" Exhibitions, in the galleries of the Fine Art Institute, Sauchiehall Street, took place yesterday, the private view is being held to-day (Tuesday), and the public will be admitted to-morrow, and all through August and September. Astonishment is certain to be the prevailing feeling of every visitor to the galleries, especially at his first entrance. And he will not be more surprised by the wealth and the variety of work contained in the "Black and White" rooms, than he will be taken aback at the show made by the pictures of Bough and Chalmers.

These latter have to be counted by the hundred—they are of every size and every measure of excellence, from the superlatively good to the distinctly and unmistakably bad. Probably the general effect of this part of the Exhibition will be to raise Chalmers in the estimation of the critical portion of the public, and to bring out, more clearly than ever, the dash of commonplace which mingled with and cheapened the amazing ability of Bough.

The two "St. Monances"—the oil picture which occupies the western end of the large gallery, and the drawing beside the doorway in the water colour room—are probably equal to anything Bough ever did, though his Dumbarton shipbuilding yard, and his view of Stockwell Street bridge—both of which are here—are likewise very fine. All the specimens of Chalmers that have been placed on view are worthy of study. It is easy to see, in the best of them, that the artist has failed in reaching the ideal he has striven after; the least valuable contain some hint or suggestion that sends you away with an added impression of his singular manipulative skill, and of the intense and unconventional character of his mind.

Considerable interest will be created by the picture on which Sam Bough was engaged when he was finally laid aside by illness. It is a cabinet landscape, and is simply "rubbed in," as the artists say. Together with this beginning of a picture are exhibited the palette and brushes of the dead painter. The palette has been "set," but the colours are dried and dim, while the brushes, which wear the marks of long use, had been carefully washed before they left the hand of the artist. On the screen in the sculpture gallery are hung engraved portraits of Bough and his wife, and an etching of the fine head of Chalmers.

The "blotting-pad" of Mr Gow of Edinburgh, which Bough, in an idle moment, turned into the semblance of a figure seated in the midst of thickly clustering trees, has found a place on the line in the north western gallery.

One question must naturally present itself in connection with the Bough and Chalmers collection to every visitor to the Exhibition, and that is, where are the pictures from Rawcliffe Lodge? Mr A. B. Stewart took the utmost interest in all the preliminary arrangements regarding the Exhibition, indeed it was in a great measure to his initiatory efforts that the original proposal to hold a Loan Exhibition became—as it has done—an accomplished fact, he possessed numerous excellent specimens both of Bough and Chalmers, and yet none of his pictures have found their way here. Surely there is something strange in all this.

Among the artists who were in town last week were William Young and Robert Crawford—the latter of whom spent some time recently in Hertfordshire, bringing home with him, as the fruits of his stay, one of the best figure pictures he has yet painted.

Alexander Fraser, R.S.A., is back this season at Inverarnan, a district which has supplied him with some of his cleverest pictures, and which is probably wealthier in picturesque "bits" than any other neighbourhood of the like limited size in all Scotland. John M'Whirter, A.R.A., has settled down to work at Brodick, and Colin Hunter is in Banffshire.

James A. Aitken has left for Loch Craignish, near Crinan. David Murray is still occupying his tent on the high ground of Overton muir, between Cardross and Balloch. He has never wrought harder—has never done better work than this summer.

Punch's Pilot—The new Editor.

An "Uncertain" Scribe.

THE BAILIE has often dwelt upon the mingled feelings with which he is inspired by the performances of his friend the newspaper reporter—especially that variety of him whose special department is "sport." His Worship would like to know the gentleman whose lot it was to describe the running for the Goodwood Cup in the columns of a local daily last week. After dwelling with mournful iteration on the "sadness" of the fact that only two horses ran, our sporting scribe somewhat recovers his spirits as he contemplates the costumes worn on the course by "the male sex" and "the female sex," for the former of whom, it is interesting to learn, "grey or combinations of black and white, varying a shade from the tint of a Brighton policeman's summer trousers to a tint approximating the old-fashioned pepper and salt, appeared to be *de rigueur*" (*sic*). At another point he says hazily of one of the horses, "Chippendale . . . is totally incapable of making his own running for two miles and a half, and the moment anything who can lay alongside of him has got a little bit left for the last hundred yards is certain to get the best of the contest." He adds that "there is sometimes a little uncertainty in racing." Doesn't there seem to be also a little "uncertainty" in racing reports?

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOUGHT."

(Scene—On board one of the river steamers.)

Swell (to Sandy, a deck hand)—I say, this boat goes very slow. How many knots will she be doing?

Sandy—Oh, maybe aboot eleven, I think.

Swell—Eleven? get away. If I was ashore just now I could knock out as many *knots* as her?

Sandy—Ay oot o' yer parritch, ye mean.

A "PUBLIC" DISAPPOINTMENT.—Our Own Medical Student was "sold" last Thursday when he went up to the University to hear Professor Cleland discourse of "Truth, Pathology, and the 'Public.'" Our Own expected a lively dissertation on tavern life—of which he knows something—and he was treated instead to a slightly incoherent "yarn" about what he calls "*p.m.* exams."

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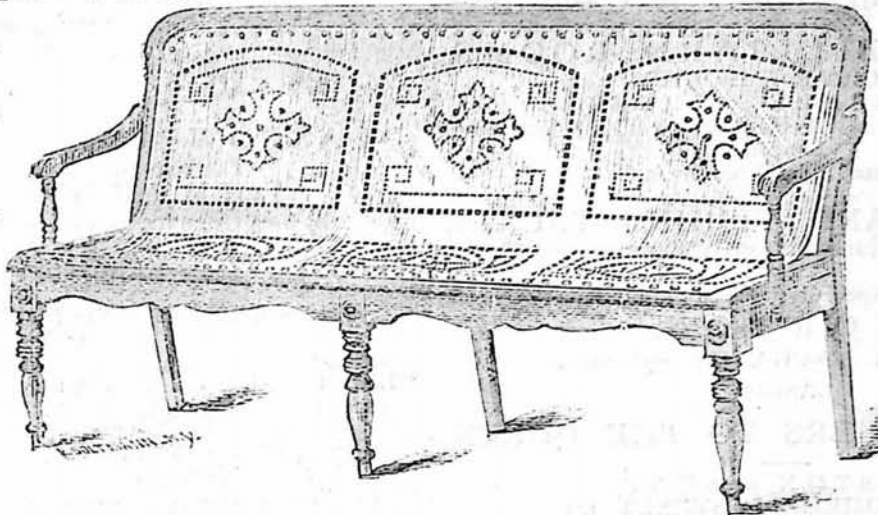
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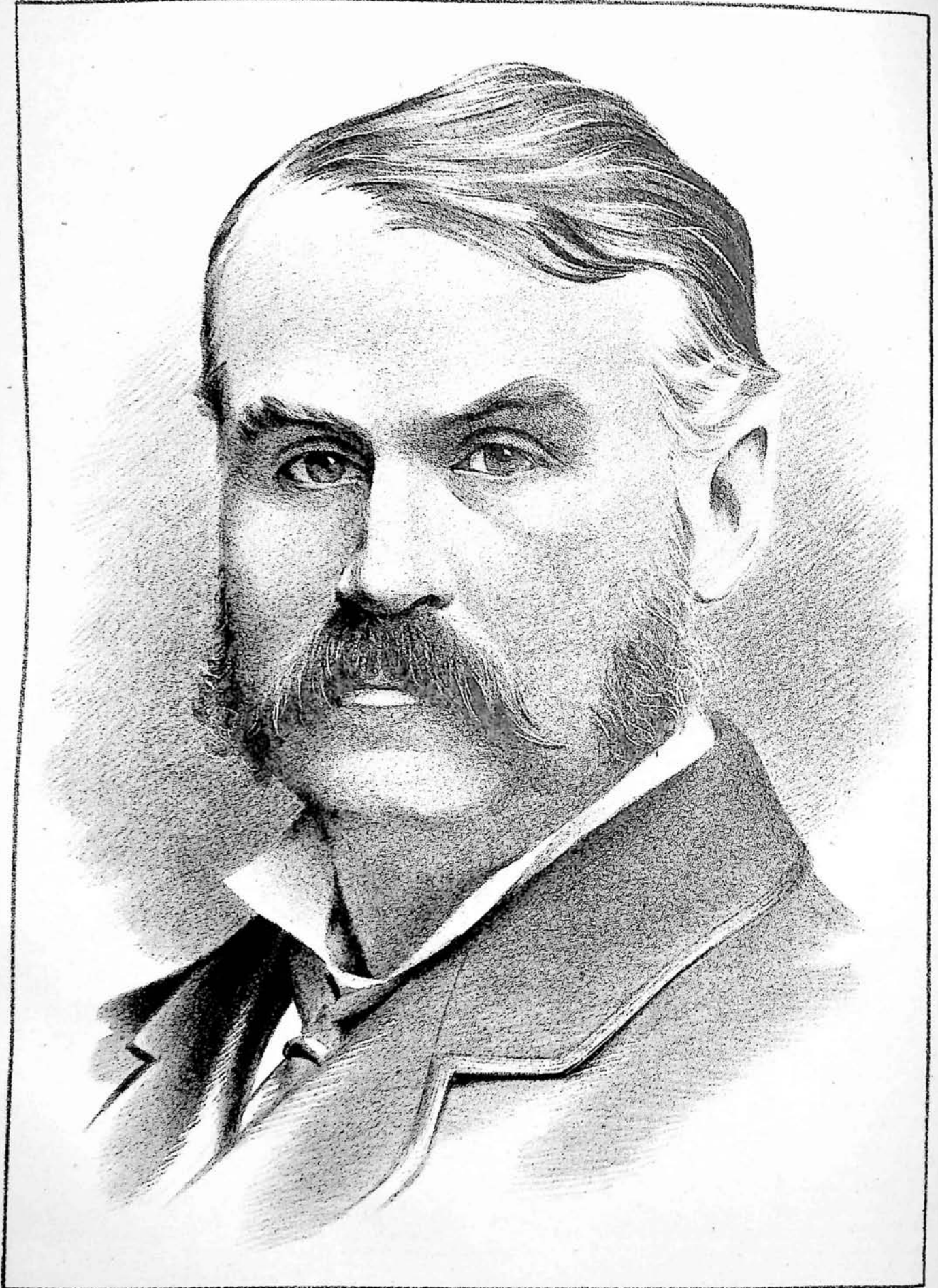
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No. 408. Glasgow, Wednesday, August 11th, 1880. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 408.

NONE of our lighter *littérateurs* has a more pronounced individuality than Mr W. S. GILBERT, the author of the "Pinafore" and the "Pirates of Penzance." Other people write graceful *vers de société*, pleasant dramas, farces, and burlesques; we are not without a clever satirist or two; and your "comic man" is one of the most frequent figures in contemporary journalism. Mr GILBERT, however, has adventured into each and all of these outlets for literary skill, and he has succeeded, when doing this, in giving his work a certain degree of character which sets him apart from, if it does not exactly elevate him above his fellows. Mr GILBERT was cradled, so to speak, in literature. His father is Mr William Gilbert, an industrious press man, who has succeeded in making himself heard by dint of sheer pegging away. The earliest essays as a writer, of the author of the "Pinafore," were conducted in connection with *Fun*. He soon afterwards tried his hand at a burlesque. Next came the first series of the famous "Bab Ballads." More burlesques followed, some of which were as brisk as champagne, while others fell as stale as flat ginger beer. About this time Mr GILBERT, fired by the popularity of the "Caste" of Robertson, and the "Cyril's Success" of Byron, turned his attention to comedy, and produced "An Old Score" and "Randall's Thumb," two pieces which did serious mischief, if they did not ruin outright the managers who placed them on the stage. As against these fiascoes must be ranked the "Creatures of Impulse," the play in which GILBERT first discovered his real strength. The "Bab Ballads," it is true, were conceived, so far, in a vein not unlike that employed in the "Creatures of Impulse," but they were thin and

pale as compared with the full-flavoured grotesquerie of this semi-supernatural burlesque. It is next to needless to recall Mr GILBERT'S subsequent works. For a time, at least, "The Palace of Truth," "Pygmalion and Galatea," and "The Wicked World," not to speak of "The Happy Land," "The Wedding March," "Sweethearts," and "Engaged," were in all our mouths, and it was regarded as a duty incumbent on all, theatre-goers and otherwise, to witness a representation of at least one of Mr GILBERT'S fairy comedies. Then there was a lull. Success did something towards turning the head of our hero. An old adage instructs us with regard to the difficulty of "carrying a full cup," and certainly Mr GILBERT showed that this was a task considerably beyond his powers. In the midst, however, of his squabbles with managers, with actors, and with brother playwrights and *littérateurs*, he had the good fortune to strike up a *collaborateurship* which, in its own way, is almost as famous as that of MM. Erckmann-Chatrian or Melihac-Halevy. This was his partnership with Mr Arthur Sullivan, a partnership that began with "Cox and Box," that resulted later in "Trial by Jury" and "The Sorcerer," and that has since given us "H.M.S. Pinafore" and "The Pirates of Penzance." People say that at first "The Sorcerer" was what in theatrical parlance is termed a "frost," but, however this may be, its ultimate success is a fact which has long been placed beyond question. Is there any necessity to-day for saying a word with regard to its successors? The bright, airy cleverness of "H.M.S. Pinafore," its healthy, hearty songs, the keen satire which gives a flavour to every scene, the well-defined, consistent characters, not to speak of its humorously sentimental story, have made it as popular in Australia and New Zealand as it is in England and America. As for "The Pirates of Penzance," that "entirely original

melodramatic opera," which is still wilder, still less credible than the "Pinafore," in which nonsense has been heaped on nonsense in a way never known before either on or off the stage, the critical verdict is even more approving than was that extended to any other of the works of its author. In the case of Mr GILBERT, however, as in that of most of us, there is a reverse as well as an obverse side to the medal. If he has produced the "Pinafore" and the "Pirates of Penzance" within the space of something like a couple of years, he has also written "The Vagabond" and "Gretchen" in the same period. No one likes to be reminded of his non-success, but these plays were so conspicuous, and their failure was so marked, that it is impossible to pass them over in any notice of the man and his work. In the case of "Gretchen," besides, the contrast between the "attempt" and the "deed" was such that people had to laugh at Mr GILBERT in spite of themselves. The piece which was meant to supplant the "Faust" of Gœthe, turned out a mere commonplace melodrama—with dreary lengths of blank verse—which reminded the spectators of nothing so much as the stage-plays of the late Mr Fitzball. Like all successful authors—and Mr GILBERT is one of the most successful authors of the day—our friend has infinite capacities for taking pains. His work is mainly done at night, or early in the morning—his custom being to rise long before the rest of the household are astir, and having kindled his fire and boiled a cup of coffee to sit down to his desk and get over the day's labour before breakfast. This, at least, is the system which obtains at "The Boltions," the pleasant mansion at South Kensington where Mr GILBERT has set up his household gods. When cruising in the "Pleione," however, a yacht of some sixty tons, where he is undisturbed by the usual influences that assail a busy man on shore, writing frequently goes on all day. Mr GILBERT was at one time a bold Militia captain, he is fond of tennis, as the lawn at "The Boltions" can testify, and he has all the other characteristics of the every-day Englishman of the period, including a wholesome belief in himself, and a corresponding tendency to under-rate his rivals first, and all the rest of the world afterwards. His dramas have already—and he is still in early middle life—made him a rich man, that is, a rich man as authors go, and every one who has enjoyed the humours of *The Judge* or *The First Lord of the Admiralty*, who has laughed at "The Pirates of Penzance," or

felt his eyes grow wet over "Sweethearts," will rejoice that their author has received a due reward for such fresh, bright, and exhilarating work as it has been his good fortune to be enabled to give to the world.

La Petite Coquette.

PEEPING o'er my book I caught,
On the tennis-green,
Glimpse of something that I ought
Never to have seen ;
Two young fellows keeping there
Closest watch and ward
O'er a maiden young and fair,
Pris'ner on the sward.

"Little Aida, you *shall* play!"—
Thus the young men said ;

"No I shant—I want away,"
And she tossed her head.

"Here we'll keep you till you yield!"
"Will you?" said she, "Try!"

Then she ran, they chased, she squealed,
While I played the spy.

Dainty figure, twinkling feet,
Eyes of sable sheen,

Tout ensemble—very sweet,
Flying o'er the green.

Don't believe the maiden thought
She could get away ;

She just wanted to be brought
Tenderly to bay.

I could see, their game forgot,
Each young fellow prayed

That his friend might go to pot,
And be long delayed !

I, myself, though bald and fat,
Wished both far away—

Feeling, at a game like that,
Even I could play !

WHO'S TO BLAME?

(Scene—Front of the Royal Exchange.)

Old Couple (from the country, to youth who is passing)—Could ye tell us whaur we could see a Directory?

Youth—Yes, I think they'll show you one over there (pointing to the BAILIE publishing office).

Old Man (on arriving at Mr Sharp's door)—Losh keep us, Jean, this canna be the place. See what's written up there, "the office for the BAILIE."

Old Lady—Ma certy, bit that chiel had a gey stock o' impidence, tae send dacent folk like us tae a polis office! Come awa, John, they Glesca bodies are no canny.

The can(n)ons of the West End Park—Please keep off the grass.

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

On 'Change.

SOME excellent sparring was seen at the meeting of the State Line shareholders last week. The Broomielaw Bruiser showed capital play, and in his zeal for the independence of the concern, he planted straight hits that evidently staggered his opponents. Unfortunately for him, however, there were too many against him. The St. Vincent Varlet was violently vicious, and the Barshaw Basher benevolently beamed at being bought by Barrow.

The Barrow Co. has not made a bad bargain, and there was reason in the arguments against the transfer of the State Line to any company. But neither has the State Line made a bad bargain, for the shareholders get their own, with a handsome percentage added, and what they do not get in cash they receive in 6 per cent. debentures.

It has always been a mystery to me how people are deluded into sending money to unknown firms for investment. The "Macgregor & Co." episode of last week ought surely to act as a warning. This firm's circular was so audacious that it ought to have excited instant suspicion. At any rate, it was not a document to inspire confidence.

A sum of £200,000 is asked to complete the West Lancashire Railway. The Company therefore proposes to issue preference shares to that amount. I understood that these shares were to be offered to the shareholders of the Lancashire and Yorkshire, Midland, and London and North-Western Railways. As the shares are now offered to the public, I infer that they have not been taken up by the shareholders of these three companies.

I went away last week for a short holiday, taking some money with me that I might the more pleasantly enjoy my leisure. The Bank of England, in its weekly report issued on Thursday, showed a heavy diminution in its funds. Illogical people may not see the connection between my holiday and the Bank return, but there is one, nevertheless. The fact is that, besides myself, several hundred thousand people took holidays also. They all took money with them, as I did. A large additional sum went into circulation. Some of it was drawn from the Bank of England, the rest of it came from other banks; at any rate it circulated, and the national store became smaller. I wonder if little Tittlebat of Ingram Street, who took his *lars* and *fenates* down to Helensburgh last Monday, ever thought that he would be in the proud position of having the eyes of commercial Europe fixed upon his doings. Lest he should be enfeebled by the idea, allow me to assure him that the same thing occurs regularly every year. "What great effects from little causes spring."

On Friday the half-yearly dividends were announced by the directors of the Great Northern and London and North-Western Railways. On Saturday the *Scotsman* announced the instructive fact no fewer than five times in the same paper. Such a specimen of journalistic enterprise won general admiration.

A vessel called the "Clara" arrived the other day from Havre, consigned to Messrs J. & P. Hutchison. According to the published manifest there were "2 cases pious articles" on board. I feel greatly exercised to know the nature of these articles, and what particular form of piety is now to be introduced by the firm in question.

SCRUTATOR.

ARS et R.S.A.

From Nature boughs are doom'd to part,
But evergreen's a Bough in Art;
In Nature leaves must leave the bough,
In Art Bough leaves to bind his brow
The bay matured on Scottish soil,
With "water" fresh and rich in "oil."

Re-paint-ance follows tears—when they wash off the rouge.

A Friend in "deed"—A Lawyer.

Go to The Arcadian Stores, 159 Trongate, for Finest, Freshest, and Cheapest Fruits of every kind.—BERNARD & Co.

Missing Black and Whites.

THE BAILIE is justly proud of his native city, not only for her astonishing progress in the path of material prosperity, but also for her rapid development in the Arnoldian direction of "sweetness and light." Time was—and that not so very long ago—when Philistinism reigned supreme, and when the less said about the artistic tastes of Glasgow the better. Art was looked on as akin to atheism, and culture as something vaguely Bohemian and disreputable. Now, however, all that is changed, and the Magistrate can surround himself not by the comforts of the Sautmarket only, but by the refinements and delicacies of more favoured spots as well. A striking example of the growth of this more excellent spirit is afforded by the Black and White Exhibition just opened in our new galleries—an exhibition of which any city might well be proud. But, after all, nothing is perfect in this world of imperfections, and even the accomplished and energetic secretary of the Institute is but human. Why are all the under-noted drawings conspicuous by their absence?—

"A Corporation Banquet," a companion work to "Gorge in Bressay, Shetland."

"Brudder Bones," by the artist of "The Woman and Tambourine."

"A House of Cards," after "Flint Castle."

"The Fifteen Puzzle," a companion work to "The Fifth Plague of Egypt."

"The Rulers of the Queen's Navee," after "Marine Dabblers."

"The Big, Big B.," a companion work to "Hanged!"

"Flirtation and Claret-cup," by the artist of "Between the Dances."

"The First Grey Hair," after "Coming of Age."

"Lovemaking in the 17th Century," by the artist of "An Old Court."

"Lang's at One o'Clock," a companion work to "The Struggle for Existence."

"The Rush for the Early Boat," after "A Sketch at the Coast."

"The New Municipal Buildings," by the artist of "An Architectural Patchwork."

"In the Dimple," after "On the Mole, Surrey."

"After the Examination," by the artist of "Plucked Fowl."

"Above the Dictionary," a companion work to "Under the Directory."

"Nap," by the artist of "Un bon jeu."

"Her Tightest Dress," a companion work to "Angelica Bound."

"The Clothes Line," after "A Sketch on the Wash, Lincoln."

"Drunk and Incapable," by the artist of "Still Life."

"The Teetotaller," a companion work to "On the Water."

"When the Candle went out," by the artist of "Moses."

"Kitchen Ranges"—Bobby's bent on Bobby's beats.

"Fine" Coveys—Magistrates.

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

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—"Forget-me-Not," with Miss Genevieve Ward in the role of *Stephanie*, will be played at the Gaiety to-night and during the week. Miss Ward needs no lengthy notice of her merits at this time of day to recommend her to the play-going public. In the more intense figures of the drama she is altogether without a rival on the English stage. Indeed, we must go either to Modjeska or Sarah Bernhardt to find her equal in such a part as that which she supports in "Forget-me-Not." Miss Ward is accompanied on this occasion by Miss Kate Pattison and Mr Frank Clements.

Mr Bernard promises us a visit next week from Mr and Mrs Kendal and Mr John Hare. Won't there be crowded houses during their stay at the Gaiety.

The revival of "True to the Core" at the Prince of Wales on Saturday was a pronounced success. Quite a host of familiar faces appeared in the various characters in Mr Slous's play. Among them were Mr Beecher—our first *Coupeau*, Mr T. Sennett and Miss Louise Balfe.

No piece that has been seen in Glasgow for months, has attracted so much attention, or been so generally popular, as "The Children's Pinafore" at the Royalty. The naivete of the little artists, their pleasant, fresh voices, and the unconventional character of their acting, have made their performance one of the most charming that can be conceived. All the members of the company, as is abundantly apparent to every visitor, are trained actors. Indeed, most of them, young as they are, have already had a considerable acquaintance with the stage. The *Sir Joseph Porter*, for instance, was the original *Midshipman* when "The Pinafore" was produced at the London Opera Comique in 1878. Our "dear *Little Buttercup*," again, is a grandniece of Madame Vestris, while Master Eversfield, who takes the part of *Ralf Rackstraw*, is the chief soprano singer at the Italian Church, Hatton Garden, London. The *Captain and Josephine*, it may further be interesting to know, are children of Mr H. P. Grattan, long a member of the "Caste" Company, and one of the little band of humourists who started *Punch* upwards of a generation back. Master and Miss Grattan made their entry to the stage two or three years ago, under the auspices of Mr Jefferson, when they appeared as the children of *Rip Van Winkle* at the London Princesses Theatre.

The playing of the children in "The Pinafore" has given them quite a nautical leaning, and in order that this may be gratified so far, Mr Knapp has arranged to take them round the "Cumberland" training-ship to-morrow (Tuesday).

Mr Knapp promises us a visit, before long, from Miss Emily Soldene. She will appear in "Le Petit Faust," a comic opera which has hitherto been a stranger to our local stage.

"The Pirates of Penzance" has been secured by Mr Knapp for his Christmas entertainment. It needs no wizard to prophesy that the piece will draw at the Royalty.

Mr William Sidney is paying us another visit this week. He opens to-night at the Royal Princess Theatre, appearing as *Isaac* the Jew, in the sensational drama of "Queen's Evidence."

Miss Litton, or more properly Mrs Wybrow Robertson, who is understood to have been accepted by the proprietors of the Theatre Royal as the lessee of the new house, comes with excellent credentials from the Imperial Aquarium Theatre, London. The representation of "As You Like It," at the Imperial Theatre, under the management of Mrs Robertson, has been both an artistic and a popular success. No pains were spared to secure the best actors possible for the respective parts; and in mounting, and other stage arrangements, "As You Like It" was only excelled by the Shakespearean revivals of Mr Irving.

I may recall to your theatrical readers, my Magistrate, that Miss Litton is not a total stranger to Glasgow. When manageress of the Royal Court Theatre, London, she appeared at the Theatre-Royal here, along with Mr Herman Vezin, Mr Edgar Bruce, Miss Bufton, and the other members of the then company of the Court Theatre.

I hear that the committee of the Glasgow Choral Union, appointed to look out for a successor to Mr Lambeth, have decided on a short list of six from among the candidates for the vacant post and are to ask the six to conduct two nights each in succession so that the Union, as I suppose, may form an opinion for itself of the respective capabilities of the candidates. I must remark, BAILIE, that this does not seem to me a very dignified way of going about the matter. To compare great things with little, is it not like getting a preceptor candidate to sing before a congregation—and we all know what that usually results in. A "good man," to use a common phrase, may be got hold of through this arrangement, but I somehow don't think one will; at least, I don't like the thought of the plan, and I question whether, considering the sensitive nature of real musicians, the men will do justice to themselves in the trying and not very dignified circumstances in which they will be placed.

The first of the six competitive appearances takes place to-night (Monday), the candidate being a Mr Lake—a gentleman whose name is strange to Glasgow musicians at all events.

Mr Jas. Pattinson has been appointed conductor of St George's Choral Union, in room of Mr Moodie. Mr Pattinson, who is a Mus. Bac., hails from Carlisle, and is reputed to be a "good man." The St. George's Union, it is pleasant to hear, is in a prosperous condition, financially and numerically. It has done excellent work in the past, as we all know, under its late energetic conductor, and there is no reason why it should not continue to be as useful under the new baton.

A select party of Russian notables dine together this evening under the roof-tree of Messrs Ferguson and Forrester, of the Prince of Wales' Restaurant, Buchanan Street. The host of the occasion is Le Baron Georges de Foeckersahmb, gentilhomme de la chambre de S. M. l'Empereur de Russie, while the company includes Admiral Popoff of the Russian Navy. Mr William Pearce is the only British subject present.

It may interest some of your readers, BAILIE, to learn that it is proposed to complete the "Livadia" by the end of the present month. At present sixteen hundred workmen are busily employed in getting her ready for sea.

The annual outing of the Incorporation of Hammermen—of which J. K. L. Jamieson, late of Elder & Co., is deacon—takes place on Thursday the 19th August. The "Athol" has been selected for the occasion, and the route is round the Kyles of Bute; the party dining at Colintraive on board the steamer.

Mr Barry R.A., the adjudicator on the competing plans for the New Municipal Buildings, was to arrive in Glasgow this (Monday) evening, and of course bring along with him his opinion with regard to the best plan. The century of anxious architects, whose hearts have been beating so wildly in an agony of mingled hope and fear for the past week or two, will therefore be put out of suspense in two or three days—it may be even in two or three hours.

That letter signed "Sparrowhawk," in Tuesday's *Herald*, anent Professor Meiklejohn's examination of the Hutchesons' Schools, was a veritable "crusher." Considering the scalping and general vivisection inflicted on the poor professor, "Tomahawk" might have been a more appropriate *nom de guerre* for the literary dominion, whose identity, by the way, was but thinly veiled.

It must still be fresh in your recollection, BAILIE, how the *Mail* "struck ile" with the "Ratepayers' Candidates" at last School Board election. It was without doubt a famous victory, and already the Union Street organ has hit upon another rallying cry—"Free Education!"—against the next hurly burly. Free education simply means the abolition of school fees—"wages," as you and I used to call it many years ago—and defraying the whole cost of our national system out of imperial grants and local rates. In the United States, Canada, New Zealand, and other colonies, such a system presently obtains, so there can be nothing very dreadful about this new departure. Dr Cameron, I hear, is to pilot a bill authorising School Board in Scotland to strike out on the above lines.

The Provostship.

THE hint in last week's BAILIE anent the next Lord Provost has had the intended effect. Mr Ure has in the interval seen fit to place himself unreservedly in the hands of his friends—withdrawing all stipulations regarding "workmen's model dwellings at the Townhead," and other like fads—and now a formal arrangement has been arrived at by which he will be elevated to the highest municipal dignity in the "Second City" in November next.

The Advertiser of the Period.

A LADY leaving Rothesay offers for sale her elegant Walnut Cottage Pianoforte, (High class) by Nutting, Addison, & Co., makers to the Queen and Prince Albert, London. No worse than new. Cost £40, price only £20. Seen any time at," &c., &c. So runs an advertisement in Friday's *Herald*. Surely, however, it seems something of an equivocal compliment, to say no less, to the late lamented Prince Consort, as well as to the piano, to link their names in this fashion, and in a sixpenny advertisement, too. It is not a good thing, in a general way, to trace the birth of a piano too far back. Your piano bears a strong resemblance, in this matter, to the fair sex. Unlike fiddles or wine, it doesn't improve with keeping. The advertisement adds, moreover, "No worse than new!" This portion, at least, of the announcement must be genuine. No "old hand" would insinuate for a moment that the instrument had been bad at any time—far less that it had been bad during the lifetime of Prince Albert.

ANOTHER FRIGHTFUL EXAMPLE.

(Scene—Cafe, Buchanan Street; two young swells sitting at table, one tall and thin, the other short and stout).

Thin Swell—I say, 'Arry, why am I like Napoleon?

Stout Swell—Gives it up.

Thin Swell (feeling his lanky legs)—Because I am a Boney Party (Buonaparte).

['Arry faints away.]

Strikingly so-fist-ical—Every single argument for the P.R.

Show Folks—Professional beauties.

A Teetotal Steamer—The tea-kettle.

A Substantial Footing—A good boot.

Half-Seas-Over—After having left "port."

Music Hall Sketches.

No. 5.—THE LION COMIQUE.

AT the very top of the music hall profession, towering head and shoulders above all other performers, stands the popular comic singer. He is emphatically a great man. For anything I know to the contrary, he may keep a valet and a private secretary—and, indeed, legends are afloat that he does keep a brougham and a coachman. His trousers, his necktie, and his mode of carrying a cane are the objects of the envy and humble imitation of the crowd of shop-boys and very junior clerks who come under his influence. He is the originator of the greater part of that mighty flood of slang phrases which threatens the ultimate extinction of the English language; and he is responsible for those enormities in the shape of rollicking choruses with which belated revellers awaken the echoes while staggering home at unholy hours. Opinions will probably differ as to whether these achievements constitute him a benefactor of his species or not.

He always comes to the provinces with an established London reputation, and with that modesty which is not the least of his charms, he proclaims, in letters a foot high, on every blank wall in the city, the fact that he is the favourite of the aristocracy and the greatest songster of this or any other age. Unfortunately, I do not include a sufficient number of dukes and marquises among my acquaintances to be able to say whether this is likely to be correct or not; but if it is, our hereditary legislators must have curious tastes.

The popular comic singer, as I have found him, is a vulgar and sometimes a most offensive cad. His manners are a faithful copy of those of the tenth-rate man about town, as seen at Cremorne or the Argyll Rooms. His songs are a tissue of the most idiotic twaddle, enlivened by an occasional passage of double meaning. His singing can only be so called by courtesy, consisting as it does of a monotonous chant, with a chorus howled several times over at the end of each verse. There is not a single redeeming feature either about the man or his performance.

I fancy the cause of his undoubted popularity is his colossal impudence, for a more brazen-faced individual never stood before an audience. To begin with, it must have been a natural gift; but, by dint of practice he has raised "cheek" almost to the dignity of a fine art. I for one would not grudge him the possession of that solitary accomplishment.

PANURGE.

Autumn Manœuvres.

CALL a meeting of my creditors, and pay something in the pound.

Write to my mother-in-law informing her that a mysterious epidemic rages in the neighbourhood, and it would be judicious to postpone her proposed visit.

Convince the Board that it is absolutely necessary a deputation should be sent to London, and that I am the best person to represent them.

Try and screw the £500 out of my wife's uncle that he promised her when we were married.

Give the doctor a tip to declare that it is absolutely necessary I should have a month in the Highlands to recruit my health.

Inform the tailor that I intend giving him a good order for winter togs, and that the two outstanding accounts will be paid when the coat and kickses are sent home.

Take the children from that expensive academy and send them to the Board School, on the plea that the latter are the finest seminaries in the country.

Cut that fellow who never ceases dinning in my ears whenever I meet him that he "once had a joke in the BAILIE."

Try and sell these mining shares at their original value.

Swear off, and never—well, hardly ever.

ELECTION RETURNS.

Donald—Are you coing to hev an election petition trial for corruption ant pripery in your toon, Lauchie?

Lauchie—No, inteet, Tonal, no such luck. Pless your heart, oor memper wass such a tishonest man he'll took al oor fotes ant kive us nosing whateffer for them, not so much as a copper shullin', ant as for priping, he treated us shust as if there wasn't a mooth in ta constitutionency.

"OLD JOE AND YOUNG JOE."—Your modern reporter occasionally gets a little mixed. In the notice of a shooting match the other day, the *Herald* says:—"After a close and exciting match, the 'old' veterans won by a majority of 14 points." Well, my respected Granny, trot out your "young" veterans next time.

Add-mire-able Eloquence—Home Rulers'.

BICYCLES. { Agents for Duplex Excelsior, Club, Challenge,
TRICYCLES. { Premier, Stanley, Timberlake, and 'Extraordinary
Safety Bicycles. Riding Taught—101 Mitchell St.

The Young Ladies' School Coy.

AS this is the usual time when school prospectuses are issued, the BAILIE desires to give publicity to the following, the advantages of which will be at once apparent to parents and guardians:—

THE HUMBUG SCHOOL COMPANY, Limited,
For the Education of Young Ladies.

Directors.

Mr Ornamental, M. P.	Mr Fox.
Mr Wiseacre.	Mr Goose.
Mr Busybody.	Mr Sharp.
Mr Henpecked.	Mr Green.

With fullest power to add to their number.

There being good reason to believe that young ladies of the better classes are never taught to spell correctly, and that the parents and guardians of such young persons are those who can the least afford to pay for the education of their children, the Schools of this Company have been established, and will, it is confidently anticipated, be found to meet a felt want. The terms will be extremely moderate—that is, not any higher than those of other high class schools. The teachers will be so eminent that it will not be at all necessary to announce their names. There will be no extra charges, such as for Writing and Drawing Materials, &c., but a substantial yearly Entrance Fee will be demandable, which is meant to cover such extras. The Schools will be established in any or every neighbourhood where they are not in the least required. The Management will be in the hands of gentlemen totally ignorant of what is wanted, but who, aided, some of them, by the counsel of their wives, will utter a great deal of wisdom at the Board meetings. To secure the utmost impartiality, the Examiners will be chosen from among the Directors. The establishment of these Schools must not at all be regarded as a mercantile speculation, but as a purely philanthropic project.

INTIMIDATION EXTRAORDINARY.

(Scene—Sheriff Court in P—bl-s; Lanarkshire Farmer has been fined ten shillings for offence against Roads Act.)

L. F.—Ye're surely scarce o' cash in P—bl-s the noo, my lord?

Sheriff—No impertinence, sir, or I'll commit you.

L. F. (with the exit door in his hand)—Aweel, I'll gie you a bit advice: if you don't lower your fares, you'll lose a' your customers! (Exit triumphant.)

A BRIGHT 'UN.—Opaque and obtuse though he be, as usually requiring the services of the sledge hammer to get the joke *within* his cerebral grasp, Sandy sometimes fires off a goodish thing himself. His latest—per Murray's Time Tables, in the hotel line of humour—is advertising Dunoon and Helensburgh as "Brightons;" and Oban, besides being another "Brighton," as no less than "Naples!" If our climate improve at this rate, we shall have Torquay, the Azores, and Madeira at our doors immediately: possibly our own Brigton converted into Brighton!

PRESERVING STRAWBERRIES, are now selling at 6d per lb.,
M. CAMPBELL, Fruit Warehouse, 18 GORDON STREET.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the pastor of Ladywell has peculiar views on education.

That education, like charity, should begin at home.

That the Lord Provost sat very effectually on "oor Rubbart."

That were Mr Collins to show a little of the firmness and decision he manifested towards Rubbart, he would be held in more esteem by the citizens generally.

That the public are not to see the new municipal plans until the award has been made.

That the decision of the arbiter won't please everybody.

That there will be an overwhelming amount of "gush" over the successful plan in the papers.

That we have not yet heard the last of the Weir.

That it has proved more than a mere break-water.

That like "Mr Dick's" *King Charles*, it is constantly getting into the heads of the Town Council.

That it will ultimately make a drain on the pockets of the ratepayers.

That we are threatened with another Industrial Museum.

That this means a new tax.

That Bailie Macbean has "museum on the brain."

That the educational effect of such exhibitions, like Sammy's vision, is limited.

That some people are never satisfied until they have ridden their hobby to death.

That an "active, energetic, and intelligent police force" didn't show to much advantage in connection with the St. Rollox murder.

That your zealous and ingenious detective isn't always the man he seems to the fancy of his friend the reporter.

That the landlords have been once more snubbed.

That Bailie Ure is the coming Provost.

That he will be a good Provost too.

That the "second term" notion didn't please all the Bailie bodies.

That Lord Provost Collins is to be presented with his portrait.

That the "vera effigies" is to be hung in the Council Hall.

That it will overlook the scene of Mr Collins' triumphs.

That these have not been overpowering.

That "oor Jeems" hates meetings composed of members of Hutcheson's Hospital, the Town Council, and the School Board.

That Jeems belongs to all three institutions.

That he is a peppery bodie, oor Jeems

I to the Hills.

THERE seems to be a somewhat rare vein of dry humour amongst the Govan United Presbyterians. Dissatisfied with their two pastors, but knowing that they could not by reason of complaint get rid of them, they proceeded, as showed by Presbyterian evidence, to starve them out of the pulpit, withholding the needful to such an extent as to compel the poor ministers to hand in their resignations. Having gained their point, they began to show their gratitude to their late pastors and masters, acknowledging their sympathy for the senior minister by a yearly retiring allowance of £75 (!), while to the younger minister they presented an address and an *aneroid barometer*,—an instrument for measuring the heights of mountains. The reporters do not say whether the address contained any suggestion as to the advisability of the recipient "retiring from public life" to the top of some lofty ben, where, by the aid of his aneroid, he may, at a convenient distance, study the instability of all lay churchmen, and Govan U.P.s in particular.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

(Scene—Wishaw Cross.)

One-eyed Collier (to Mates)—Chaps, did yeez read in the *Adverteeser* that "Crackie" wiz deid?

Chorus of Mates—Ay-y-y-y.

O.-E. C.—Weel, I saw 'im in Stewarton Street last nicht, an' I got sic a fricht, I nearly got back the sicht in ma blin' e'e!

MA CONSCIENCE!—One of these iron riggers has evidently been seized with remorse:—"The treasurer of the Glasgow Royal Infirmary acknowledges with thanks donation of £2 2s from 'Pig Iron.'" If the "pig" gives a couple of guineas to the Infirmary, what a haul he must have made!

The Clyde is now the chief Scottish river of *distinktion*.

Government Inspectors—The members of the Opposition.

THE ARGYLE BATHS, 366 Argyle Street, is the Largest Public Bathing Establishment in Scotland. Warm Baths, 6d, 9d, & 1s; ready daily, from 7 a.m. to 9 p.m. One trial solicited.

"BELFAST" TEAS versus "GLASGOW" TEAS.

THE finest and most delicate portions of the Leaf are very brittle, and in the process of drying, curing, and assorting, they break off, and are technically called "BROKEN" TEAS. From a deep-rooted prejudice against the small leaf, the Grocers of Scotland will not purchase these Teas; but in Belfast—a town made famous by its intelligent Tea Dealers—where this class is mostly consumed, they command very Long Prices. The world-wide fame which Belfast enjoys, as a town where good Tea may be procured, is due almost exclusively to the efforts of one man, namely, **Mr FOSTER GREEN**, who has persistently and successfully advocated the free use of BROKEN LEAF TEA, on account of its greater Strength of Liquor and Finer Quality; and, in order that the Broken Leaf may the better blend and mix with the Whole Leaf, Mr Green also advocates the cutting, or grinding, of Whole Leaf to nearly the same size as the Broken Leaf.

When we state that **Our Teas** are made up upon the same principle as **FOSTER GREEN'S**, we pay him the highest compliment that one trader can bestow upon another—for "imitation is the sincerest flattery"—and at the same time we thus claim for ourselves a position of being Second to None in the Trade so far as ability to give value is concerned, because our Principal has had 18 years' experience as a Practical Tea-Taster in all departments of the Wholesale Trade, and because we Buy exclusively for Cash in the first Market, and Sell at a small percentage upon the Import Broker's Cost Price. The question, "Why cannot we get such Tea in Glasgow as Foster Green's?" need no longer be asked, for, if you are willing to pay the same price, you will get as good an article from **STUART CRANSTON & CO.** Our Teas are a combination of the Choicest Growths, judiciously bought, and cunningly blended so as to produce a perfect Liquor in the cup, and at their various Prices they are unequalled in Scotland.

Observe, that some Dealers are quoting Teas at 1s 4d, 1s 6d, and 1s 8d per lb., while our Lowest Price is 2s. We do not keep these Low-Priced Teas, because their rank, common quality would destroy the reputation we have gained for supplying Fine Tea at a most reasonable figure. Therefore, we call special attention to our **Superb Tea** at 2s 4d per lb., which is better Tea than that sold by Wholesale Grocers (so-called) and West-End Co-operative Stores at 2s 6d, 2s 8d, and 3s per lb. Every Family should test the truth of this statement.

STUART CRANSTON & CO.,

76 ARGYLE STREET, (QUEEN STREET CORNER,) GLASGOW.

MILLAR & CO.,
FAMILY HATTERS,
QUEEN STREET CORNER, GLASGOW,
ARE SHEWING THEIR NEW SPRING GOODS.
See the Windows.

VICTORIA RESTAURANT,
62 GORDON STREET, & 3 RENFIELD STREET
(Opposite Caledonian Central Station),
WINES, SPIRITS, AND MALT LIQUORS
Of the Best Qualities, and Thoroughly Matured.
SPECIAL BLEND WHISKY.
BREAKFASTS, DINNERS, AND TEAS.
LARGE DINING-HALL.
SNACKS (OF ALL KINDS),6d.

M'CALL & FERGUSON, PROPRIETORS.

MITCHELL & CO.'S
OLD IRISH WHISKY, Belfast, is the Purest and Best
in the Market, comparison with any other Brand will prove this.
Agent for Scotland—**DAVID MITCHELL**, 20 Hope St., Glasgow.

Small Expenses require Small Profits.

STIRLING & WYLLIE
(formerly with the late Mr John M. Simpson), 85, 87, and
89 MAXWELL STREET, Glasgow, are now showing a magni-
ficent Stock of NEW AND SECOND-HAND FURNITURE.

From the smallness of their Expenses, they are enabled, and
are determined to sell at Prices which will meet with the approval
of every purchaser. While the prices are low, the quality of
the goods is first-class.

THE FINEST WHISKY IN THE WORLD.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

HENRY THOMSON & CO.'S
OLD IRISH WHISKY.

SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—

ROBERT BROWN, 17 HOPE 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,

47 ROSE STREET, GARNETHILL (Corner of Buccleuch Street);
'And 190 ST. GEORGE'S ROAD (Opposite West Princes St).

CHARING CROSS HOSIERY WAREHOUSE.

WILLIAM DODS, 13 and 15 ST. GEORGE'S
ROAD. Large, Choice, and Carefully-Selected Stock.
Latest Novelties in the different Departments. All Goods of the
very Best Description, and the Prices Strictly Moderate. Dress
Shirts, 31s 6d, 39s, and 45s per Half-Dozen—a Perfect Fit
Guaranteed. Merino Underclothing in Great Variety. Gloves,
Scarfs, &c.

ST. ENOCH RESTAURANT, 4 ST. ENOCH
SQUARE.—G. E. ALLEN having assumed the manage-
ment of this establishment, he trusts, by personal supervision,
sharp service. and good cookery, to secure the public patronage.

Breakfasts, Luncheons, Dinners, Teas.

Wines of the Finest Quality.

Public Dinners and Suppers estimated for.

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.

**NEW SHAPES! NEW SHAPES!
GENTLEMEN'S FELT HATS!**

Important Delivery of New Shapes for the Coming Season.
A Lorry-Load of Gentlemen's Felt Hats just Received—
Extraordinary Value.

*Gentlemen's Dress Hats, Gentlemen's Felt Hats,
Gentlemen's Straw Hats, Gentlemen's Tweed Hats.*

IN OUR GENTLEMEN'S HAT DEPARTMENT.

We always show the largest variety, the finest goods, the Latest Novelties, at prices that are below competition.

It is erroneous to suppose that because our prices are low our Goods are not high-class. This impression is surely and rapidly being dispelled, as year by year our customers increase enormously. Still we cannot comprehend how some Gentlemen can be satisfied to pay (as they do every day) at least *Fifty per Cent.* more than our prices for *exactly the same Goods.* Every Hat we sell we guarantee perfect, and that these will retain their shape and keep the colour; also, that every Hat is made of the best materials, and are *not surpassed in Glasgow.* We also introduce as soon as they come out all the New Shapes, being every few weeks in the Markets, and in daily communication with the first Manufacturers in the country. Gentlemen can with confidence depend on obtaining from us the best article in the market—the most becoming and Latest Shapes in abundance. The largest and smallest sizes that may be required are always found in our extensive Stock. Every possible advantage is obtained in buying from us. Our assistants are invariably civil and attentive, and we are only too pleased to show our clients all the various shapes. Every comfort during selection.

Gentlemen's and Youths' Felt and Dress Hats; the New Wire Brim Felt Hat, selling in hundreds, all the various styles in the New Plain Brims; the Feather Weight Felt Hat for Summer wear, note, 2s 11d and 3s 11d. Our Felt Hats at 4s 6d, 5s 6d, and 7s; and best quality, Pull-over, 8s 6d are sold elsewhere at 6s 6d, 8s 6d, 10s 6d, and 14s 6d. All the New Summer Colours in Soft Felt Hats.

Special line of Drab and Fawn Stiff Felts, now 4s 11d.

Drab Shells, 6s 11d; Extra Superior Pull-over Drab and Fawn Shells, 11s 9d; usual trade prices, 17s 6d.

Dress Hats, 6s 6d, 8s 6d, 10s 6d, 12s 6d, 14s 6d, and 17s 6d.

Our 8s 6d Dress Hat is an extremely serviceable Hat, and is usually sold at 11s 6d.

No. 3 quality at 10s 6d, worth 14s 6d.

No. 4 " 12s 6d, " 17s 6d.

No. 5 " 14s 6d, the regular guinea hat.

No. 6 quality, 17s 6d, is the best that can be had for any money. Hundreds of our leading Divines, Professional Gentlemen, and Merchant Princes are now regularly wearing our celebrated No. 6 quality Hat. Gentlemen before leaving for the Moors on 12th August are respectfully requested to call and see our most extensive Stock of Shooting, Fishing, and Travelling Hats and Caps in all the best mixtures. Also, large variety of Novelties in Sun Helmets, very cool and comfortable for the hot weather.

Helmets, Pith Hats, Sunproof Hats, &c., for Hot Climates. Opera Hats, case included, 9s 6d.

OUR BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S HAT DEPARTMENTS

Always maintain their high reputation, and are unsurpassed. It is readily conceded that nowhere can such an assortment be obtained as are always to be had at the **COLOSSEUM.**

Our Millinery Saloons are entirely separate from our Gentlemen's Hat Departments. For details of Special Lines now offered therein, see *Evening Times.*

WALTER WILSON & CO.,

THE LEADING HATTERS,
THE LEADING MILLINERS,
COLOSSEUM,

70 JAMAICA STREET, GLASGOW.

J. & R. SINCLAIR,
TOBACCO MANUFACTURERS,

NEWCASTLE ON TYNE,

68 ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW;

74 LEITH STREET, EDINBURGH;

3 NORTH BRIDGE, DO.

Seven Good Cigars for 1s, certainly worth trying.

BRITANNIA MUSIC HALL,
115 TRONGATE STREET,

Pre-eminently the most Popular Place of Amusement in Glasgow.

Unequaled variety of Novelties and Fresh Stars each Week.

Proprietor and Manager—H. T. ROSSBOROUGH.

For Particulars see Bills.

The Argyle Rubber Company,
110 ARGYLE STREET.

Tennis Rackets.—Splendid Assortment to choose from.

Tennis Sets complete.—Nets, Poles, Pegs, &c., sold separately.

Golf Balls and Clubs—By best Makers in Scotland.

(Note.—A special make of Golf Balls, 7s 6d per dozen.)

Waterproofs for Ladies and Gentlemen.—Light and Strong for Summer wear.

Jet and Vulcanite Jewellery.—India Rubber Toys in great variety.

110 ARGYLE STREET, 110

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 11th, 1880.

IF the ratepayers don't bestir themselves, they will be saddled, before long, with another "white elephant"—with another source of extra and uncalled-for taxation, in the shape of an Art and Industrial Museum—save the mark!—in Sauchiehall Street. This precious scheme includes the purchase and conversion of the tenements surrounding the present Corporation Galleries, the spending of money on "fads" of various kinds wherewith to stock the new establishment, and the general enlargement of the dull, melancholy structure in the West End Park which goes by the name of the Kelvingrove Museum. Were money plentiful, none of us would grudge the funds necessary to erect and furnish a great central art gallery and museum for the city, but in the meantime money is not plentiful; and besides, the proposal to add to the present badly lighted, badly ventilated, and generally unsightly and

uncomfortable rooms known as the Corporation Galleries, could only recommend itself to those who have no possible notion of the claims and necessities of a scientific museum and a gallery pertaining to matters connected with Fine Art. When the matter was mooted at Thursday's meeting of Town Council, it met with the direct opposition of Mr GRAY, Mr REID, and Mr JACKSON, each of whom opposed it on separate grounds. As we all know to our cost, however, the party by whom the scheme was brought forward is pertinacious or it is nothing, and opposition here or opposition there an attempt will be made in the long run to carry it out. Let us hope, therefore, that the matter will be closely watched both by the councillors named and by every other member of the municipal parliament who has any pretension to taste and to general knowledge, or who is honestly anxious to spare the money of the community, and when it next comes above board, that it be even more effectually dealt with than it was on Thursday afternoon.

High Life Below Stairs.

TREASURER RUSSELL, and the other magnates of "the Suburb," have an evident appreciation of the good things of this life. Last Wednesday, the municipal authorities of Paisley made an official inspection of the reservoirs from which the town is supplied with water—a trip, indeed, after the fashion of the annual excursion of the Glasgow Water Trust—when they lunched in glorious style at Glenburn on potatoes and herring, supplemented by a basket of strawberries which the Treasurer had carried up in the tail pocket of his capacious claw-hammer coat. Wasn't this enjoyment? Who shall say after Wednesday that good feeding isn't one of the qualities of Paisley, or that her senators don't understand the virtue of hospitality?

The Employers' Liability Bill—One so many weeks or months after date.

Ground Game (in Ireland)—Landlords who are shot at.

A Prickly Pear (pair)—Two Knights of the Thistle.

"Black and White"—The ace of "Clubs," the "Pen and Pencil."

Hare-at-Law—Maukin in the Game Bill.

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 combined Bough and Chalmers and Black and White Exhibition, in the rooms of the Fine Art Institute, has proved, so far, a marked success. Even the more enthusiastic promoters of the Black and White portion of the collection are astonished at the amount of sales already effected by the secretary, Mr Robert Walker.

Additional interest was given to the opening ceremony on the Tuesday of last week by the appearance of Mr Gerald Brown, the newly appointed Fine Art professor in Edinburgh University. The prevailing feeling of the audience with regard to Mr Brown seemed not unlike that of the rustic when he was treated to the sight of a reel in a bottle. The thing itself was neither rich nor rare; only it was impossible to say how the deuce it ever got into that peculiar position. Mr Brown, however, seems a promising young gentleman—he comes of a good stock—and when he has grown a bit older, and gained some additional experience regarding the theory and practice of Art, the interests of the chair will probably be quite safe in his hands.

It is impossible, when making the round of the Black and White portion of the Exhibition, not to feel that the price placed on certain of the drawings is out of all proportion to their true value. Everybody is anxious to foster art by fostering its professors, but it is doing no service, either to artists or to art, to keep silence in a matter like this. Great accomplishment certainly merits great reward, only let us be sure that the accomplishment is great. When Meissonier paints a man at arms he has a right to expect a king's ransom for his work; Dick Tinto, on the other hand, is well paid if his score at the village "public" is wiped off when he regilds the horns of the Black Bull on the sign over the door, or gives another coat of varnish to the portrait of the landlord in the best parlour.

Wellwood Ratray and Peter Buchanan, who spent the earlier weeks of the summer working near Glen Sannox, in Arran, have returned to town, but they will likely be heard of before long in the neighbourhood of Inveraray. They are both making a specialty of forest scenery. Indeed, we have all been familiar for years with Mr Buchanan's skill in dealing with trees and foliage, and the neighbourhood of the ducal burgh is peculiarly rich in woodland—it would be difficult to find rivals to the "silver firs" and the great "beech avenue" in the New Forest itself.

Robert Anderson, A.R.S.A., who is also a member of the Scottish Water Colour Association, and whose work is chiefly—if not altogether—taken by the Agnews, is back once more among the Forfar fishing folk.

Tom Graham has sold the small picture of "O the clang of the wooden shoon" in Dundee—a picture which, in the opinion of many, is superior to the large one exhibited first at the Royal Academy, and afterwards in our own Institute.

An artistic raid was made last week into North-Western Ayrshire by William Glover and H. F. Crighton.

John Grey, who has been at Auchmithie, near Arbroath, since the beginning of May, got back to his studio in West George Street last week.

What a scene there was, to be sure, between two of our local artists in the rooms of the Fine Art Institute on the press day of the Bough and Chalmers and Black and White Exhibition. The pair set the poor newspaper folk, who were studying the pictures, all in a tremble. Everybody is agog to know what the squabble was about.

Some really fine work has been brought home from Ely by A. K. Brown, who returned to Glasgow last week from a lengthened stay in the old cathedral city.

"Camsail Bay," the Gareloch picture on which Tom Donald has been engaged for the greater portion of the summer, is now completed. As it is one of the largest, it is also one of the best works which has yet left Mr Donald's easel. At present he is back in Glasgow, but he goes to the Brig o' Turk towards the end of autumn.

The district at the head of Loch Fyne, which includes Glen Fyne and Glenkinglass, is one that has been strangely neglected by artists. It abounds in striking "bits" of burn scenery, and strongly marked mountain forms.

The Little Old Man.

(Still another Hydropathic Sketch.)

ONE so young, with such long coat-tails and such high shirt collars, I had never seen! It seemed wrong, too, to have entrusted to a child a "gent.'s gold albert" of about a ton register; and I felt sure that if his mother had known he was out in thin kid shoes and without a muffler, the good woman would have been concerned about him. Yet, there he was, as large as life—up to the lowest button of a man's waistcoat.

Not a vestige of capillary excrescence dimmed the smug freshness of his face; his hair had that oiled and plastered look which I had hitherto supposed only the loving hand of a big sister could impart; juvenility was stamped upon his soap-and-towel-polished cheeks; but when he smiled knowingly over the stiff peaks of his collars, and caressed with his little pinkie, on which swung a huge signet-ring, the spot where his moustache was not, one felt like taking him at his own valuation—not as a small boy, but as a "whiskered Pandour," or something equally awful. He was a child capable of being father to any man!

On his first evening, a dear girl, taking compassion on his tender years, besought him coaxingly to dance a quadrille. Her blushes were neither few nor far between when "the little old man" begged to be excused, square dances were so awfully slow! but gallantly offered his arm for a turn in the corridor till the next waltz, which he promised her, and—with a killing ogle—half a dozen more if she wished it!

Late on the night of his arrival, he lounged into the smoking-room, where cigarettes and "girls" were being discussed. He took up the British householder's position in front of the fire, and remarked, "Well, young men, having a weed?" A dry pause. Then one "young man" asked if he had learned to smoke, and offered a cigarette. Declined. A cigar. "Thanks, no—never smoke 'nother man's cabbage!" And out of a Russia-leather portmanteau he lugged what looked like a tobacconist's sign, fired up, and proceeded, by way of girls and widows, to the conclusion that no woman under sixty was worth looking at! Having reached this result, and finished his weed, he poked the biggest man familiarly in the ribs, and observed, "You beggars have had all the girls to yourselves till now, but I'll be among 'em to-morrow—you needn't get up!" and swaggered out of the room singing, "'Twas in Dublin's fair city, where the girls are so pretty."

Knocking the balls about, along with a friend, one day, "the little old man" hung around, as we thought, wistfully. "Like a game?" I said. He smiled, as Tom Sayers might have smiled upon an apothecary who had suggested "a round," measured us with his eye, and squeaked in his thin treble, "Play you both—two shots to my one—hundred up—for half-a-crown!" In thirty-five minutes we lost temper, game, half-a-crown, and our self-respect!

At tennis it was sweet to see him, when a ball went out of court, throw himself down beside the prettiest girl present, and cry, "Trot, some of you long-legged sinners, for that ball!"

After a rubber with three keen old whist-players, he would calmly review the moves, to prove to the enraged trio that they had played like the veriest tyros.

Nemesis at last!

In gloomy disgust he was leaning one day against a shrub on the lawn, eyeing scornfully a merry group, which he could neither penetrate nor see into, when a little boy sidled up to him, put something in his hand, and fell back a step or two invitingly. He did not stir. Then the infant pursed his lips, bent forward, and cried, "Bad icka boy, 'oo *must* play!" "The little old man" started—he held a string at the end of which a white cotton lamb waited to be played with. One kick—a child's howl—a roar of laughter—all was over. He went, and, like Sindbad, we rejoiced in "the little old man's" discomfiture.

COSTARD.

ABOVE HIS MEASURE.

Stranger (to Policeman on duty at Bearsden toll-box)—What is the name of this place?

Policeman—Bearsden.

Stranger—How many feet is it above the level of the sea?

Policeman (turning to Clerk in box)—What a question to ax a poliss, to be sure.

GUSTO-GUSTA-TIVE. — Gorge(o)us! gasped the Ass—in dubious admiration—getting ravenously replete at the pic-nic he had with Bauldy in the Pass of Balmaha.

"There's no accounting for 'tastes' in these days," as the public-house keeper said in looking over his list of bad debts.

The Scenter of English Intelligence — A "London Correspondent."

MARK } With an India Rubber Monogram or Name Stamp.
YOUR } Prices from 2/6 complete, with Box, Ink, and Pad.
LINEN } Post Free.—A. C. Thomson, 278 Argyle Street.

A Protest—and a Statement.

THERE will neffer pe a Paurliament in power like ta wan that I'll be in shust now: she'll not haf past a sinkle law since she went in wherepy ta "workin" man can get a honest lifing wissout workin for it.

I'll understood at ta Sheneral Election, when she gave her vote to Glatstone, that she woodt pe lookin offer ta pallot papers, andt when she saw Dougalt's name in a fine pold handt, wiss a neat wee cross afore she's own name, that she woodt sent her down a cheque for a few pounts out of ta Exchequer. Howefor, she'll not have done anysing of ta kindt as yet. Altso andt forpye, she'll pe finedt in ten and six or seven days py Pailie Farquhar for doing nosing put pleading a man's nose at ta Proomielaw who woodt not vote for Glatstone. Howefor, a liperal shentleman got ta fine, and ta Pailie dismissed her from ta par wissout a plemish on her character. **DOUGALT M'DONALT.**

IT'S ALL VERY WELL, MR FERGUSON.—Irishmen seem bent also upon a repeal of the Union of Scotland and England, else what do they mean by saying in their "Address"—"The leader of Scotland, England's foremost statesman"? "England's foremost statesman," whoever he may be, is necessarily *Britain's*—if not also Ireland's.

**CALEDONIAN RAILWAY.****PAISLEY RACES.****OPENING OF ST. JAMES'S STATION AT RACE-COURSE.**

THURSDAY AND FRIDAY, 12TH AND 13TH AUGUST.

Paisley Race Meeting will be held on Thursday and Friday, 12th and 13th August, when the new Station, (St. James's,) situated close to the Race Ground at Paisley, will be opened for the convenience of those attending the Races.

The Ordinary Stopping Trains between Glasgow (Central and Bridge Street Stations) and Greenock (Caledonian Station) will Call at the New Station, and in addition a Special Service of Trains will Run between Glasgow (Central) and the Race Course, calling at Bridge Street and Pollokshields only, at suitable Hours for Passengers going to and returning from the Races.

FARES—**GLASGOW AND ST. JAMES'S STATION.**

	1st Cl.	2d Cl.	3d Cl.
SINGLE	10d	8d	7d
RETURN.....	1s 7d	1s 3d	1s 1d

JAMES SMITHELLS, General Manager.

Glasgow, August, 1880.

RAZORS! SCISSORS!! KNIVES!!!

Fine Stock just to hand at

HUGH BROWN'S, 213 ARGYLE STREET,
(Two Doors West of Jamaica Street).

N.B.—Cutlery of every description carefully sharpened by first-class workmen. Speciality Shilling Razors.

T H E G A I E T Y.

Proprietor and Director,Mr C. BERNARD.
ENGAGEMENT FOR SIX NIGHTS OF
MISS GENEVIEVE WARD.
FORGET-ME-NOT.

Preceded at 7-30 o'clock by the Amusing Comedietta,
MY AUNT'S ADVICE.

Box Office open from 10 till 4 Daily.

Stage and General Manager....**CHARLES HARRINGTON.**

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE,
COWCADDENS.

IMMENSE SUCCESS—CROWDED AUDIENCES.

Grand Production of the Great Prize Drama

TRUE TO THE CORE,

Preceded at 7-30 punctually by the Screaming Farce of
THE LOTTERY TICKET.

Box Office open from 11 to 4. Prices as usual.

R O Y A L T Y T H E A T R E,

Lessee and Manager.....Mr E. L. KNAPP.

To-Night (TUESDAY), 10th Aug., and following Evenings at 8.30.

Genuine Success and last Five Nights of

MR R. D'OVLV CARTE'S

CHILDREN'S PINAFORE COMPANY,

From the Opera Comique, London,

In Messrs GILBERT and SULLIVAN'S Comic Opera,

"H.M.S PINAFORE."

All the Characters sustained by Children.

Morning Performance on Saturday, 14th August, at 2 o'clock.

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.

MR SIDNEY and his Dramatic Company

Every Evening this week at 7-30, Saturday at 7.

QUEEN'S EVIDENCE,

Jonas Isaacs,.....Mr SIDNEY.

Next week—**FLYING SCUD,**

Nat Goswig,Mr SIDNEY.

Box Plan at Donaldson's Rooms, 91 St. Vincent Street.

G L A S G O W I N S T I T U T E
OF THE FINE ARTS.

Loan EXHIBITION of

WORKS by

The Late SAM BOUGH,

R.S.A., and

The Late

GEO. P. CHALMERS,

R.S.A.

EXHIBITION of WORKS

In **BLACK and WHITE:**

The First

That has been held in

Scotland.

N O W O P E N.

Day Admission,.....9 to 5, 1s.

Evening ,,6 to 10, 6d.

Season Tickets—Family, 10s; Single, 5s.

ROBERT WALKER, Acting Secretary.

New Galleries, Sauchiehall Street.

QUEEN'S PARK FOOTBALL CLUB.**A M A T E U R A T H L E T I C M E E T I N G.**
HAMPDEN PARK, MOUNT FLORIDA.

SATURDAY, 4TH SEPTEMBER, 1880.

By kind permission of Lieut. Col. Jago and Officers, the Band of the 74th Highlanders will be present.

Entries (with H. & P. McNeil, 23 Renfield Street), for confined events not later than Tuesday, 24th August, for open events by Tuesday, 31st August.

N.B.—Preliminary day, Saturday, 28th August,

ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS
AND CRYSTAL PALACE PROMENADES,
BAND and PIPERS of 74th HIGHLANDERS.
On SATURDAY FIRST, 14th AUGUST, 7-30 to 9-30 p.m.
Admission, 6d.

Subscribers admitted Free on Presenting Tickets of Membership.
Annual Family Ticket, 21s; Single Ticket, 10s 6d.
Tickets at Mr SLOAN'S, 140 Hope Street, and at Garden Gate.

**REGISTRATION OF PARLIAMENTARY
AND MUNICIPAL VOTERS.**
CITY AND ROYAL BURGH OF GLASGOW.

SPECIAL NOTICE
To LODGERS, PARTNERS of FIRMS, and ELECTORS
who may have more than One Qualification.

LODGERS.—All Persons whose qualifications are based
upon the occupation of Lodgings, and who wish to be enrolled
in respect thereof, must lodge their Claims with the Assessor
on or before the 21st day of September next.

These Claims must be made according to the Statutory
Form, copies of which may be had on application at the Office
of the Assessor, 24 Ingram Street, Glasgow.

PARTNERS of FIRMS whose Names are not already on
the Register, and who wish to have their names inserted in the
List of Voters, and

ELECTORS who have more than one Qualification, and who
wish to be Registered for different Qualifications from those
of last year, are requested either to call at the Office of the
Assessor or to communicate their wishes to him in writing, on
or before the 16th August current, in order to obviate the
necessity of their respectively claiming to be enrolled by the
Sheriff as Partners and for such different Qualification.

W. CAMPBELL, Assessor.
Registration of Voters Office, 24 Ingram Street,
Glasgow, 2d August, 1880.

**AN EXHIBITION
OF THE
FAMOUS HUNGARIAN WINES**

OF HIS IMPERIAL and ROYAL HIGHNESS THE
MOST SERENE ARCHDUKE ALBRECHT,
WILL BE HELD

DURING THE PRESENT MONTH,
AT 63 ST. GEORGE'S PLACE
(STOCK EXCHANGE BUILDINGS),

Where liberal opportunity will be afforded to Taste these
Wines, which are for the first time introduced into this Country.

ADAMS & HODGE,

WINE MERCHANTS,
Chief Agents in Scotland for MAX GREGER & Co.
Price Lists on Application.

**BRANDY, WHISKY, TEAS, AND
GROCERIES.**

As supplied to Best Families throughout Scotland.
SPECIAL.

Choice Old COGNAC BRANDY, Guaranteed Seven 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 FINDLAY,
Tea, Coffee, and Wine Merchant,
160 MAIN STREET, ANDERSTON,
AND
427 ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW.
Write for Price List.
Partick Branch,
335 DUMBARTON ROAD



GLASGOW AND INVERARAY.
The Beau Ideal Saloon Steamer

"LORD OF THE ISLES"

Sails Daily from GREENOCK for KIRN, DUNOON, WEMYSS BAY,
ROTHESAY, TIGNABRUACH, and STRACHUR, connecting at
Greenock and Wemyss Bay with Special Express Trains from
Glasgow, as under:—

KYLES OF BUTE AND LOCHFVNE ROUTE.

Steamers	From	Trains—		St En.	Br. St.
		A.M.	A.M.		
"Lord of the Isles."	Greenock	8.15	7-30	7-25	—
	Wemyss Bay ...	9.25	—	—	8-10
LOCH ECK ROUTE.					
"Lord of the Isles."	Greenock	8.15	7.30	7.25	—
	Via Dunoon.				
"Vivid,"...	Greenock	8.45	8.0	8.10	—
	Via Kilmun.				
"Ivanhoe,"	*Greenock	9.45	9.0	8.55	—
	Via Dunoon.				

* This Connection to Strachur only.

Returning from Inveraray at 2 p.m. with Passengers for both
of the above Routes for Special Trains leaving Wemyss Bay
at 5.45 p.m., and Greenock (Prince's Pier) at 6.25 p.m., and
Custom-House Quay at 6.35 p.m., for Glasgow, Edinburgh,
and the South. Passengers have an Hour at Inveraray.

For full Particulars as to the Sailings, Circular Tours, Fares,
&c., see Time Bills, to be had free from GEORGE STIRLING,
Chemist, Dunoon; JOHN RODGER, Chemist, Inveraray; or
from M. T. CLARK, Manager, 17 Oswald St., Glasgow.

Royal Route via Crinan and Caledonian Canals.

GLASGOW AND THE HIGHLANDS.

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS, Columba,

Iona, Chevalier, Mountaineer, Pioneer, Clansman,
Clydesdale, Queen of the
Staffa, Lake, Gondolier,
Islay, Glengarry,
Glencoe, Linnet, Loch-



awe, Lochiel, Lochness, Cygnet, Plover, Inverary Castle, Sail
during the Season for Islay, Oban, Fort-William, Inverness,
Staffa, Iona, Glencoe, Lochawe, Tobermory, Portree, Strone
Ferry, Gairloch, Ullapool, Lochinver, Lochmaddy, Tarbert
(Harris), and Stornoway, affording Tourists an opportunity
of visiting the Magnificent Scenery of Glencoe, the Coolin Hills,
Loch Coruisk, Loch Maree, and the famed Islands of Staffa and
Iona.—Official Guide, 2d; Illustrated, 6d.—Time Bills, with
Maps, free by post, on application to the Proprietor, DAVID
MACBRAYNE, 119 Hope Street, Glasgow. (The Columba or
Iona Sails Daily at 7 a.m., conveying Passengers as above.)

THE Commodious Steamer "DUNOON CASTLE"
has commenced Sailing for the Season. On
SUNDAY, 15th Aug., from Kingston dock at 10-30
a.m. for ROTHESAY and Intermediate Ports.

**WILSON'S
ROYAL RESTAURANT,**

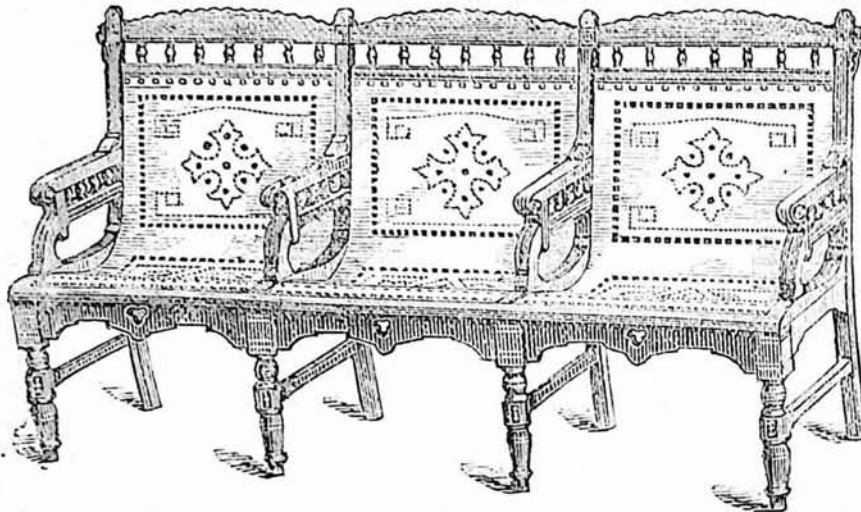
WINE MERCHANT, and PURVEYOR of LUNCHEONS,
DINNERS, WEDDING BREAKFASTS,
TRIAL TRIPS, &c.

ROOMS FOR DINNER AND SUPPER PARTIES.
LIGHT LUNCHEONS, SANDWICHES, &c., Ready from
10 A.M. DINNERS from 12 Noon.
Commodious Smoking Room.
10 AND 12 WEST NILE STREET.

AMERICAN PERFORATED 3-PLY VENEER SEATING

FOR FITTING UP

Waiting Rooms,
Billiard Rooms,
Smoking Rooms,
Spirit Shops,
Bar Parlours,
Restaurants,
Hall Seats,
Church Pews,
Steamers' Cabins.



LARGE STOCK OF

Settees,
Shop Chairs,
Shop Stools,
Restaurant
Chairs,
Folding Chairs,
Rocking Chairs,
Childs' Carriage
Chairs.
Office Chairs.

THIS Seating is the strongest, most elastic, and lightest made. Cool, clean, and easily kept so. Harbours no dirt or infection, and is highly ornamental. In fitting up rooms, shops, &c., it will be found much cheaper than cushions or canework, will last much longer, and always look well. Estimates and Prices given for Seats and Seating alone, or fitted to any Specification.

American Combined Wood and Paper Veneers, for Wall and Ceiling Decoration,

In 50 different varieties of the most beautiful and rarest woods; are hung with paste same as other paper-hangings, and either varnished or French-polished, making the most beautiful, effective, and lasting decorations known. Drawing-rooms, Dining-rooms, Halls, Libraries, &c., can be finished in Bird's-eye Maple, Walnut, Oak, Mahogany, &c., which will resist heat or damp, and 20 years afterwards look better than when put on. Doors, Shutters, and all wood work are made to have all the appearance of the most beautiful woods at little over the cost of painting. For bordering floors of rooms (now so fashionable), Oak, Walnut, and Mahogany are largely being used in preference to parquet at a tenth of the cost. Inspection respectfully requested.

EGLIN & GARDNER, AMERICAN FACTORS AND MERCHANTS,
70 YORK STREET, GLASGOW.

GLASS AND CHINA.

VERNONS PATENT
NOISELESS WARE.

We are now exhibiting samples of the above, and can supply estimates. The attention of shippers is specially called.

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.

LESSONS GIVEN IN
CHINA PAINTING
BY FIRST-CLASS ARTIST

MATERIALS SUPPLIED.

M'DOUGALL & SONS, 77 AND 79 BUCHANAN STREET,
DEPOTS FOR MINTON'S, COPELAND'S, WORCESTER, AND DRESDEN PORCELAIN.
Lowest Trade Prices. Cash Discounts Allowed.

THE
TO ANANKYON
COMPANY,
THE THING WANTED,
18 BUCHANAN ST., GLASGOW,
MANUFACTURERS OF
BOOTS AND SHOES
Of all descriptions, Retail their Goods at
WHOLESALE PRICES.
LATEST LONDON AND PARIS STYLES.

THE TO ANANKYON CO.,
18 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW,
AND AT LEEDS.

THE IMPERIAL CAFE
AND LUNCHEON BAR,
92 WEST NILE STREET,
IS NOW OPEN.

DINNERS, TEAS, COFFEES, and CIGARS.

WINES, SPIRITS, and MALT LIQUORS.

D. ADAMS, Proprietor.

THE CAMBRIDGE VAULTS RESTAURANT,
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LUNCHEONS, DINNERS, TEAS, AND SUPPERS.
ALLSOPP'S BEER ON DRAUGHT.

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO.,
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W. & J. MUTTER,
BOWMORE DISTILLERY.
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UNPARALLELED SUCCESS OF CORY & CO.'S AERATED WATERS

AT THE SYDNEY INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, SIX PRIZES awarded to WM. CORY & CO., Belfast, being double the number ever gained by a single Firm at any similar competition.

See Official List of Prizes just published.

WORKS—CROMAC STREET, BELFAST.

To be had at all the First-Class Hotels, Restaurants, and from Family Grocers, Wine Merchants, Chemists, &c. &c.

JOHN MERCER & CO., 28 YORK STREET, GLASGOW, AGENTS FOR SCOTLAND.

J. M. SCOTT,
HATTER,

(From Hunter & Co., Hatters to the Queen,)

176 ARGYLE STREET.

NEWEST SHAPES. LOWEST CASH PRICES.

MONEY TO LEND.

THE OLD EXCHANGE LOAN CO.,
(Established 1839.)

132 TRONGATE,

Advance money liberally on Watches, Plate Jewellery, Furniture, Books, Naperly, and all portable articles of value, at Moderate Rates.

Branch Office—398 GARSCUBE ROAD.

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.

THOMAS MOORE,

(Late MOORE & KIDD)

AUCTIONEER and APPRAISER,
ARGYLE SALE-ROOMS, 19 Gordon Street.

THE GLASGOW DAIRY CO. (Limited)

have much pleasure in announcing that they have made arrangements for the Daily Supply of their Dairy Produce on board the fine new Saloon Steamer "Ivanhoe" during the present Season.

JAMES MEWAN, RESTAURATEUR,

26 & 28 MAIN STREET, ANDERSTON.

BREAKFASTS, DINNERS, TEAS.

French Papers Daily

HEATHER BLEND FINEST OLD

SCOTCH WHISKY to be had only from JOHN BLACK, 100 EGLINTON STREET. This is a Rare Blend of Old Scotch Whisky, and I am Sole Agent for Glasgow.

SHOOTING AND FISHING TACKLE
of reliable quality, including everything novel or useful in either department.

FLIES Selected or Specially Dressed for any River or Loch.

HORTON,

11 ROYAL EXCHANGE SQUARE,
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PHOTOGRAPHERS TO THE QUEEN.

RALSTON & SONS,
141 SAUCHIEHALL STREET 141

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311 BYARS ROAD, (Opposite the Burgh Hall), HILLHEAD.

POPE'S EYE

NEW DINING SALOON

NOW OPEN.

WESTERN LOAN COMPANY,

303 ARGYLE STREET,

(ESTABLISHED 1827),

ADVANCE MONEY on Goods of every Movable

Description at rates of Interest from

FIVE PER CENT.

CHEESE, BUTTER, HAM.

The Best and Cheapest Places in the Kingdom is at

THE CHEESE AND BUTTER MARTS,

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FOREIGN and ENGLISH BOOKS of All Kinds.

English, French, German, Italian, and Spanish Grammars,

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CORNER OF CATHEDRAL AND BUCHANAN STREETS

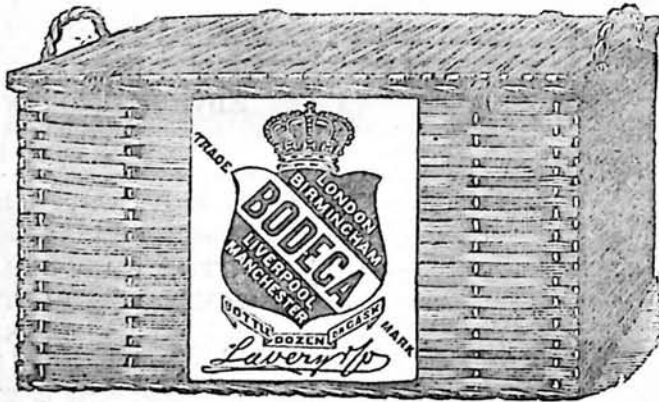
WASTE PAPER, Ledgers, Letters, Books,

Ropes, Bagging, Tailors' Clips—bought at PAPER

MILL STORE, 98 MAXWELL STREET, for Re-manufacture,

<p>LONDON AT Bishopsgate Street, Within. Bucklersbury, Cheapside, E.C. Glasshouse St., Regent St., W. Oxford Street, W. The Arches, Ludgate Hill. Mark Lane, E.C. Cornhill, E.C.</p>	<p>BODEGA WINES, Bottle, Dozen, or Cask. LAVERY & CO., 11 SO. EXCHANGE PLACE, GLASGOW.</p>	<p>AND AT PARIS, MANCHESTER, BIRMINGHAM, BRIGHTON, PORTSMOUTH, BRISTOL.</p>
<p>WHISKIES, Old Blended. Bottle, 3s, 3s 3d, 3s 6d. Gallon, 18s, 19s 6d, 21s od. Or Pure Highland. Lowland. Glenlivet. Islay. Campbeltown. All the most famous Distilleries.</p>	<p>CHAMPAGNES, All Best Brands. Bot. Doz. Pommery, . . . 7s } Cliquot, . . . 7s } Heidsieck, . . . 7s } 72s Mumm, . . . 7s } Goulet, . . . 7s } to Farre, . . . 7s } 78s Irroy, . . . 7s } Krug, . . . 7s } Moet & Chandon, 6s } 66s Half Bottles 5s and 6s per 2 Dozen extra.</p>	<p>SHERRIES. Bottle, . . . 1s 8d to 3s 4d PORTS. Bottle, . . . 2s 2d to 5s CLARETS. Bottle, . . . 1s 2d to 6s The above and other High- Class Wines from 4s 2d to 7s. BRANDIES. Bottle, . . . 3s 4d, 4s, 5s, and 6s.</p>
<p>LAVERY & CO'S CHAMPAGNE MOUSSEUX, 3s Bottle. Do. Do. Do. DIETETIC, 4s Do.</p>		

COAST
AND
COUNTRY
GUINEA
HAMPERS.

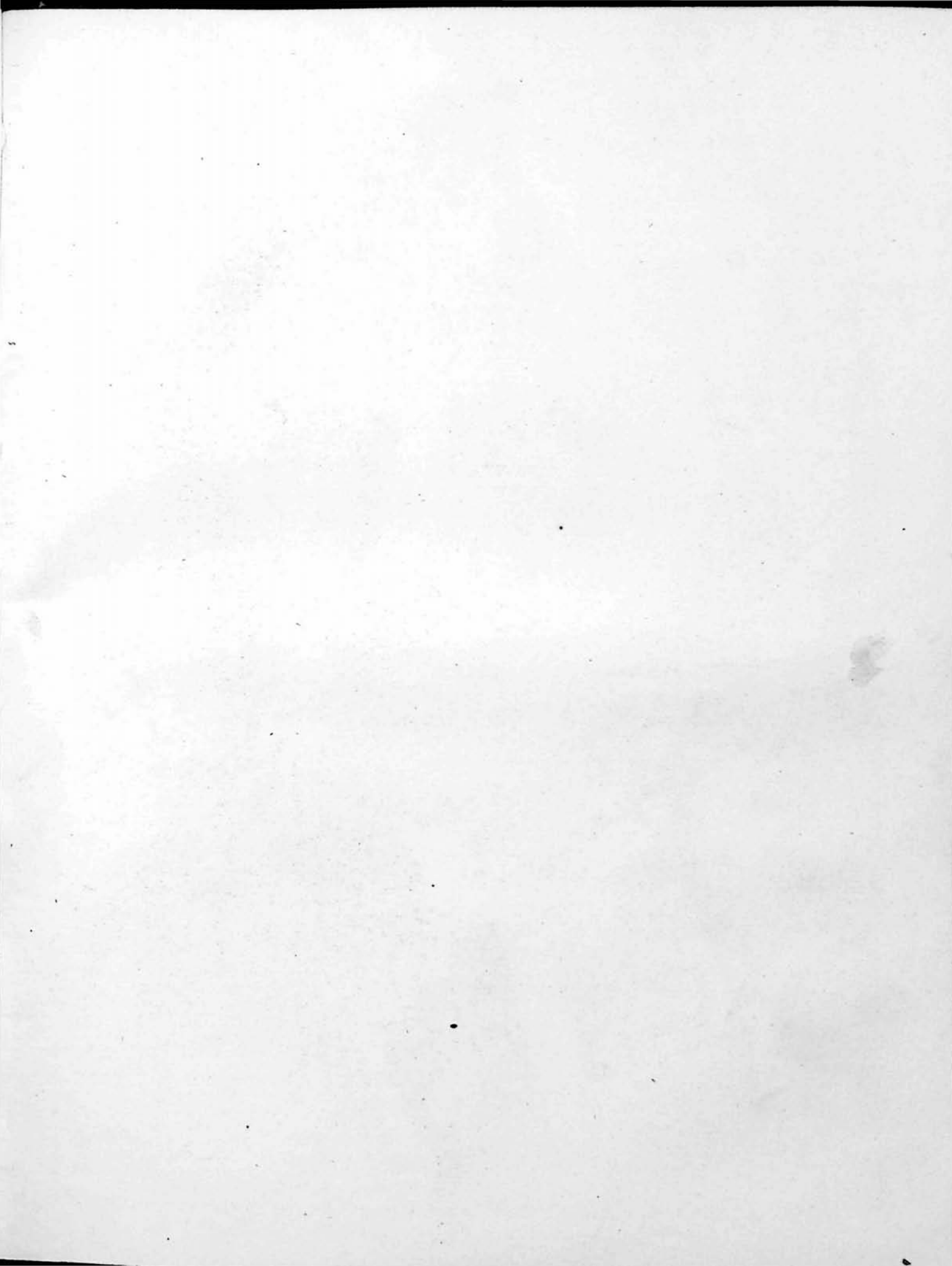


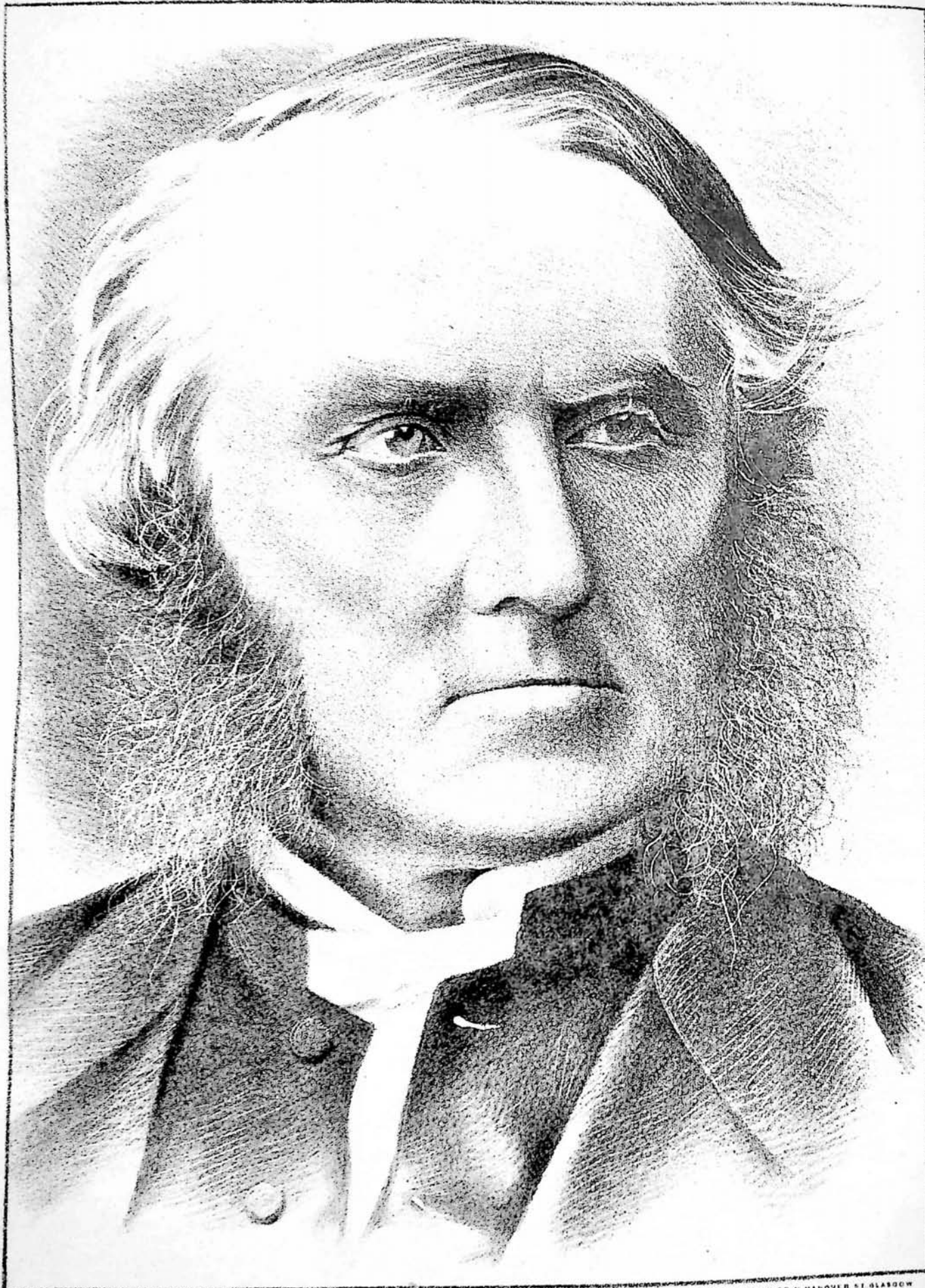
CONTAIN
Four Bottles Fine
Old Whisky,
and One Bottle
each, Sherry,
Port, Claret, and
Gin.

Terms Cash,—Cheques and Post-Office Orders to LAVERY & Co.

Orders received and paid at the Glasgow BODEGA may be sent out from any of the other Branches.

J. H. ROGER, Manager.





The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 409. Glasgow, Wednesday, August 18th, 1880. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 409.

THE Free Church has evidently fallen on "parlous" times. Dr Kennedy of Dingwall has one horn of her altar in his grasp, while Professor Robertson Smith of Aberdeen has laid hold on its neighbour, and between them they threaten to pull the entire structure to pieces. To be sure the Kennedy party are by far the larger of the two, and hitherto they have been credited with the major portion of the earnestness that prevails among the sect. It is quite on the cards, however, when Prof. Smith is unfrocked in October next, that a considerable numerical following, and one that will represent all that is brilliant in thinking or preaching—as these are understood in Dissenting circles—will accompany him from the Land of Goshen discovered by the leaders of the Disruption of '43, into that region of outer darkness prepared by the orthodox of every creed for those who dare to differ from them in matters of opinion. The struggle, indeed, between the parties that up till now have preserved a show at least of amity, seems to have become inevitable. On the one hand are arrayed all the strength of custom, all the influence that belongs to tradition, all the unscrupulousness which is fostered by an irresponsible and unquestioned sway over the minds of those by whom the autocrat is surrounded; while on the other is the aggressive, sceptical spirit of modern criticism, together with the power that is born of this very spirit, and the enthusiasm which seems inseparable from every onward movement, whether of the Church or of the world. Between these rival and militant factions there stands a third party, small as regards number, but one which has always occupied a foremost place in Church affairs, chiefly on account of the tact and skill

by which it has been led. This is the party of the trimmers. Addressing the people of Corinth, the Apostle of the Gentiles told them he had been "made all things to all men," and the members of the third party strive to follow St. Paul in this, if they choose to ignore all, or nearly all the other traits which are usually regarded as belonging, in a special manner, to him who was whilome known as Saul of Tarsus. Perhaps the trimmer of most note in the Free Church body is the Rev. ROBERT RAINY, D.D., Principal of the Edinburgh New College. Dr RAINY'S chief end and aim in ecclesiastical affairs is to be all things to all men. A man of eminent ability—a skilful, if not exactly a convincing speaker, possessed of a nimble, ready intellect, and great powers of application, he makes no secret of his desire to hold, as it were, the balance between the opposing factions in the Church. As may be easily understood, he usually inclines to the stronger side, but it would be difficult indeed to point to any single subject on which he has expressed an absolute opinion or taken up a definite position. Dr RAINY certainly voted with the majority on the Smith case, at the meeting of the Church Commission on Wednesday last, but his neat, facing both-ways speech, in the debate which preceded the division, was admirably calculated to unsettle the minds of even the hotter partisans on either side. Our friend, as is generally known, is a son of the late Professor Rainy of this city, and he himself is a Glaswegian by birth, and a distinguished alumnus of our ancient University. His first charge, on entering the ministry, was in the parish of Huntly, from whence he was translated, in 1853, to the Free High Church, Edinburgh, succeeding the late Rev. Dr Gordon. On the death, seven years afterwards, of the Rev. Dr Cunningham, the Man you Know was appointed Professor of Church History in the

New College, and when Dr Candlish died, in 1873, he was elevated by the next General Assembly to the Principalship, with the pretty general approbation of the Church. Not even Dr RAINY'S closest friends claim that his sermons are of great moment. Indeed his style as a preacher is heavy, and even dull, although his prelections are all carefully written. He is a clever debater, however, the keen, adroit character of his intellect enabling him to counter the attacks of an adversary with admirable skill, and with a general measure of very respectable success. As befits his position, the Man you Know is invariably kindly, and even generous in his treatment of those who are opposed to him. No cruel word or unjust sentence has ever been laid to his charge. Even in the Smith case, as we have seen, if he voted against the Professor, he practically nullified the influence of the vote by his previous remarks. Whether this is the species of leader best fitted to deal with a crisis like that which is evidently approaching in the Free Church may well be doubted. We all know the evil of crying "Peace, peace, when there is no peace," and Dr RAINY, in a general way, is just a little too prone to look on the optimist side of things. As matters stand, however, he is the leading Free Churchman of the day, and will they or nill they his colleagues and co-presbyters must accept him as such.

THE GRACELESS LOON.

(Scene—Saloon of S.S. Dunara Castle; company seated at breakfast.)

Steward (to Minister who is partially deaf)—Grace, sir.

Deaf Minister (complacently)—Ham and eggs.

S. (very loud)—Please say grace, sir.

D. M. (impatiently)—I said ham and eggs. (General grin round the table.)

THERE'S NO SAYIN'.—Otherwise than as here, there is in Paris occasionally a suicide of Seine mind. Just as in Berlin, remarks Asinus, most respectable parties are often found upon the Spree. Asinus is a beast.

Un-Palette-able.—The "Black and White" shows at least one thing—*drawing*. Colour covereth a multitude of sins, but "Black and White" shows the naked truth.

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

Ta Teetotal Steamer.

From Dugald M'Kinnon, Glasgow, to John M'Craw, Lamlash.

HOCH! gracious! Shon, where was we noo,
What did ye'll mean ava, man?
You'll wrote and says, "Min' don't come through
Doon by ta Broomielaw, man."

Says you: "Jist gang tull Greenock toon,
An' catch ta 'Ivanhoe,' man;"
Sae her nainsel, ye dirty loon,
Awa' in her did go, man.

No doots she are a ponny boat,
An' I did like her weel, man,
To stood among the gentry lot
Peside ta paddle wheel, man.

Hech! it was warm, a' that day,
And lots of sweat did cam', man;
Until I'll thocht: "She'll was away
An' get a whuskey dram, man."

Ta steward chiel cam' briskly up—
"Gie's hauf-a-gill," says I, man;
Feuch! shoo! they'll tid not have a sup,
And me so fery dry, man.

Faith, Shon, ye'll played a dirty trick,
You and your "Ivanhoe," man—
For twa three hours, without wan lick,
Her nainsel had to go, man.

Your gran teetotal, temprants poat
Wull do for children trips, man,
Or them poor teils wha ne'er will not
Sent whuskey to their lips, man.

But for a stranger like hursel'
To be so much tuk in, man,
It's just more worse than I could tell—
Aye! ant a muckle sin, man.

Och hone! och hone! an awfu' thing!
If our dram's ta'en awa', man;
They'll tak' our pipes, our Hielan' fling,
Aye—the Gaelic tongue an' a', man.

An "Insinivation."

MR CUTHBERTSON thinks that the School Board "has taken a very gratifying step in directing the head-masters' attention to the question of temperance." What does Mr Cuthbertson mean to "insinivate?" The BAILIE is proud to number on his list of friends—hem! Cowper!—many a jovial dominie who can "trowl the brown bowl" right heartily upon occasion; but his Worship was not previously aware that the pedagogic body required to have their "attention directed to the question of temperance" more particularly than any other portion of the community. And the head-masters, too! Mr Cuthbertson, unlike Mr Toole in "The Upper Crust," you must "apologise!"

Government Motto for the Hares and Rabbits Bill—"Burrowing dulls the edge of husbandry."

"My Aunt's advice"—Go to your "uncle."

MARK } With an India Rubber Monogram or Name Stamp.
YOUR } Prices from 2/6 complete, with Box, Ink, and Pad.
LINEN } Post Free.—A. C. Thomson, 278 Argyle Street.

A Quiet Day in the City.

BY A MERCHANT PRINCE.

TRADE is wretchedly bad ; so bad that even a commercial Captain Corcoran would be constrained to use strong language about it. Nobody seems to want to buy or to sell anything. I am the more disgusted because my branch is that delightfully vague and comprehensive one known as the "commission business," which is as all-embracing as the air itself. I am equally ready to tackle the man who wants to export cottons to far Cathay, and the man who wants to import white elephants from thence, but at present there is no demand either for cottons or white elephants.

I go down to my office at ten, and find my energetic cashier (he is really only an office-boy at four shillings a week, but it wouldn't do to say so) busily engaged in slapping the dust off my desk in that off-hand style of his which I am convinced does more harm than good. "No letters this morning, Peter?" I say, casting my eyes on the spot where my correspondence would be if there was any, and throwing as much surprise into my voice as I can, consistently with my knowledge of the fact that there have been no letters for the past week. "No, sir," says Peter, attempting a faint echo of the same surprise. "Ah, English mail late again, I suppose!" "No, sir," repeats the conscientious Peter, "for Mr Jones" (Jones is a beggar next door who always seems to be busy) "has just got six letters, besides two that were too big for the letter-box." "Probably circulars," I say, assuming the virtue of indifference if I have it not, and inwardly anathematising Jones.

And now for the serious business of the day. In the first place the papers must be read, as a solemn duty I owe to myself and to society. That enjoyment, however, is all too brief, and by eleven I am ready for fresh employment. What shall it be? Happy thought! trim my finger nails! The amount of finger nail on the human frame being of comparatively limited extent, that line of business also is soon exhausted, and I decide to step over to the Exchange. On the landing I encounter Peter and a fellow-cashier with their heads together, and from the saintly expression they assume as I pass, I am led to believe they are having a surreptitious game at pitch-and-toss.

I manage to put in the next hour or so in discussing the affairs of the nation with some other merchant princes who, like myself, are down on their luck at present, and have nothing to do

but to jingle bunches of keys and loose coppers in their trousers pockets. Then I go off to lunch, and try to look as much as possible like a virtuous toiler of the village blacksmith order, who has earned his meal by honest industry.

After a couple of turns in Buchanan Street, I return to the office, and find two documents awaiting me—one a tailor's bill, with a request for an early settlement, and the other a tax paper. Altogether this is a disgusting world.

I have no distinct recollection of how I passed the afternoon, so I fancy I must have dozed over my desk most of the time. I think Peter resumed his game at pitch-and-toss on the landing with his fellow-cashier, for I have a vague idea that I heard his voice outside threatening to punch somebody's "bloomin' head," followed by the sound of some heavy body—probably Peter's—being thrown violently down stairs.

Four o'clock! Thank goodness the day is over! But how about to-morrow?

TO BE OR NOT TO BE.

(Scene—Rothesay Quay.)

Tourist (to Boatman)—I want to go fishing ; can you give me a nice light boat with a sail ?

Boatman—Aye, I hev a nice light skiff with a sail. Ant I'll tell you that John M'Tavish mother's died at Wemyss Bay yesterday, and he'll come to me and ask me to put him over to see her in my boat, as the steamer was away, and I just told him to go himself, as it would be cheaper nor for me to go with him, and he'll back her with him last night, and he'll no come back yet.

[Mental confusion of tourist as to whether the boat is available or not.]

The admission to see Dr Tanner in New York was 25 cents, or a shilling ; now, remarks Peter, a shilling is a "bob," and a sixpence is a "tanner." Is it not odd, he adds, that people should have to pay two tanners to see one Tanner?

DAMES D'INDUSTRIE.—Two lady agents of the "Paisley Bank of Industry" have been victimising the officials of a "British Workman Public-house." It is difficult to understand the fair swindlers' choice of a hunting-ground, since nowadays one associates the British workman with anything rather than with industry.

A Paper that Answers—The *Echo*.

BICYCLES. } Agents for Duplex Excelsior, Club, Challenge,
TRICYCLES. } Premier, Stanley, Timberlake, and 'Xtraordinary
Safety Bicycles. Riding Taught—101 Mitchell St.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—Surely the programme provided this week by Mr Bernard should satisfy even the most exacting of his patrons. "The Kendals"—what a name to conjure with in Glasgow—will appear in "The Ladies' Battle," a piece familiar enough to the London stage, but hitherto unknown to us here; Mr John Hare will support his famous part in the little comedietta of "A Quiet Rubber;" and Messrs T. N. Wenman and Mackintosh will give us "The Old Cronies"—their playing in which, at the London St. James's Theatre, was declared by the *Saturday Review* to be superior to anything, not only on the English, but even on the French stage.

The St. James's Company remain at the Gaiety for a fortnight, after which we are to be introduced by Mr Bernard to "La Fille du Tambour Major," the latest success of Monsieur Offenbach.

—o—

The stage of the Royalty will be occupied this week by "The New Magdalen" company, the leading parts in which play will be taken by Miss Edith Herrick and Mr Leonard Boyne.

—o—

"True to the Core" is still running at the Prince of Wales. The drama is really a good one, and is very adequately interpreted.

—o—

Mr William Sidney begins the second week of his present engagement at the Royal Princesses Theatre this evening. The piece put up for the coming six nights is the "Flying Scud." It is needless to say that Mr Sidney appears as *Nat Gosling*, and equally needless to add that his playing of this part is one of the cleverest bits of character work to be met with anywhere.

—o—

The Saturday Evening Concerts in connection with the Glasgow Abstinents' Union will enter on their twenty-seventh year on the 4th of next month—a fortnight or so earlier than usual. From what I learn, my Magistrate, I think I am not too sanguine in predicting that Mr Airlie's arrangements for the new season will prove quite as satisfactory as any he has hitherto effected, and I am by no means going too far when I say that in some features, at least, the concerts will be considerably more interesting than any of their predecessors.

Engagements have been made with this year's gold medallists at the Royal Academy, and remembering the important position a medallist of recent date—Miss Helen Orridge—has taken in the profession, such appearances must always be affairs of moment in musical circles.

Negotiations, moreover, are pending with Madame Albani, Signor Leli, and Mr Mapleson's Opera company. Mr Lambeth's Choir will sing in October, and the Glasgow Select Choir, now under Mr James Allan, will give their acceptable rendering of "The Messiah," on the Fast Day of that month.

A dramatic and musical rendition will also be given of "The Lady of the Lake," introducing Macfarren's music, and in the style which has proved so attractive in the case of "Guy Mannering" and "Rob Roy." There will be other familiar examples of this form of Scotch entertainment; together with a night of sea songs, which will be appropriately concluded with "Tom Tug," in which Mr Parkinson will appear in the role of the "Musical Waterman."

—o—

Taking advantage of the opportunity of the summer holidays, Mr Julius Seligmann has written a cantata of some little length, for treble and alto voices, which, I believe, will be published in two months hence by Messrs Swan & Co. The subject is a warlike one, though on the softer side rather, inasmuch as it is chiefly expressive of sympathy with those who suffer the hardships incidental to war. Mr Seligmann's music is refined, melodious, and varied, and altogether the cantata will take a high place, I am sure, among compositions of this now favourite class.

Mr Lambeth, too, has recently written a vocal piece of much brilliancy, intended, I should think, as a concluding concert

piece. I have no doubt it will be sung at the concerts of his choir during the coming season. I also learn that, at the request of the Glasgow Select Choir, Mr William Hume has written a humorous part-song for their concerts, having selected Hood's punning and rather dramatic verses, "Faithless Sally Brown," for his libretto.

—o—

The rent, I understand, to be paid by Miss Litton, otherwise Mrs Wybrow Robertson, for the new Theatre Royal, has been fixed at £2200 per annum.

At the Savage Club's entertainment to the American actors, Mr James Russell Lowell quoted from Dryden—"he who lives to write must write to live." Did not a later poet, by writing—"those who live to please must please to live," illustrate that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery?

Our only *Juliet* has "gone over to the majority." The most splendidly passionate, if not the most finished or the most intellectual English-speaking actress of our generation, Lillian Adelaide Neilson, died in Paris on Sunday morning.

It was characteristic of the woman that, appalled by the stories of the distress which prevailed among the relatives of the sufferers by the terrible pit explosion at Blantyre—which had occurred not long before her only visit to this city—she should send, as she did, a cheque for £25 to the Blantyre Relief Fund.

Mr Fred. Sidney succeeds Mr Edward Marshall as the leading comedian of Madame Soldene's Opera Troupe. Mr Sidney has been likewise appointed Stage Manager to the Company.

—o—

It may not be known to many of your younger readers that a Glasgow architect, Mr Hamilton—he who designed the Royal Exchange and Hamilton Palace—was a competitor for the Houses of Parliament with the father of the Mr Barry who has just adjudicated upon the competitive designs for the proposed Municipal Buildings, and that he had awarded to him the third prize.

The late Mr Rothead was also a prize-taker in a competition for the designing of certain national buildings, he and the late Sir George G. Scott alike coming in third, the one for the Foreign and the other for the War Office.

—o—

Since the great Pollaky first became famous our Cockney friends have always been strong in the private detective line; but seldom have they been stronger than now, when one may read, side by side, the advertisements of "Druscovich's Private Inquiry Office," and "Meiklejohn's Private Inquiry Agency." I understand these two "Arcadians" are flourishing in their new sphere.

—o—

The heads of our Scotch Reformatory and Industrial Institutions meet in conference at Dundee on Thursday and Friday. The heavier business is to be relieved by a visit to the "Mars" training-ship, which, unlike our "Cumberland," is said to be managed on the "moral suasion" fad, and where a "a big, big D," "the cat,"—or rope's-end is never—"well, hardly ever"—heard or felt. A pic-nic to St. Andrews is also on the card.

How comes it, I wonder, that our east-end schools under the Brod make such a poor show compared with those in any other quarter of the city? Taking Parkhead and Gorbals' Schools, for instance, I find that every child in the latter earns by passes, and of course from imperial funds, about 4s more on an average than the former. Were all our Board schools up to the high educational level of Greenside Street, some thousands of pounds would yearly be added to the School Board income. Here is a proper grievance for "Oor Jeems." Why doesn't he set to with the "hole forse" of his intellect to unearth the cause of this east-end decadence and to apply a remedy?

—o—

That veritable "mauvais pas" leading by the brink of the sea-shore to the West Bay at Dunoon is at length to be numbered among the things that were. The little narrow path is to be greatly widened and worked up to a miniature esplanade. Isn't it curious though that the powers that be in this other "Brighton of the Clyde" never thought of thinking about this matter till

the tail end of the season, so that the improvement will just be effected as the birds of passage are about to migrate back to town.

—o—
Ardrossan, Saltcoats, and Stevenston had a great day of it on Saturday. The Ardeer Golf Club was opened amid general rejoicing, and the members and their friends played some capital games. Like true Britons they wound up with a dinner in that comfortable hostelry, the Rose and Thistle in Stevenston. If the thirty men who dined are as good golfers and brilliant orators as Dr Highet of Troon, who took a conspicuous part in the proceedings, nothing but success can be predicted of the new club.

—o—
The children of the "Pinafore" had such a jolly time of it on Friday last! 'Twas quite a red letter day in their youthful career. Mr and Mrs Holms-Kerr invited the whole of the company then performing in Mr Knapp's "Royalty Theatre" to enjoy a day's outing in the "Cuckoo," Mr Holms-Kerr's crack 80-ton yacht. With the one exception of *Little Buttercup*, who was unfortunately somewhat indisposed, the entire troupe, some 50 in number, turned up at Bridge Street Station at ten o'clock on Friday morning. A special train conveyed the children—who were accompanied by Mr Knapp and a few other friends—to Wemyss Bay where the "Cuckoo" was waiting their arrival. Once on board, the word of command was given, and in a few minutes the yacht and its interesting cargo were on their way to Underbank House, Largs, the coast residence of Mr and Mrs Holms-Kerr.

When the moorings had been reached, a most substantial dinner (purveyed by Messrs Ferguson & Forrester) was spread out on deck; and need I say, your Worship, was taken full advantage of.

This interesting proceeding over, the children were conveyed by small boats on shore. The boys took to the water like ducks, nearly all of them enjoying, for the first time, a real salt water bath. The girls, on the other hand, were conducted to the gardens, and invited by the liberal proprietor to help themselves to as many flowers as they liked; a permission which was fully acted on, the young ladies retiring only after literally loading themselves with bouquets. Tea was afterwards served on the lawn, after which a series of songs and choruses from the "Pinafore" were given in right good style. Orders were then issued for a return to the yacht, and sail was at once made for Wemyss Bay, from whence, the "special" being in waiting, the party were run back to Glasgow in good time for their public appearance on the same evening.

I must not forget to add that one of the more interesting features of the day was the singing, by the young artists, to the crew of the "Cuckoo," of many excerpts from the "Pinafore." You can well imagine, my Magistrate, how tickled the jolly tars were to see Master Harry Grattan, the *Captain*, step boldly forward and wish his miniature crew "good morning." The *Captain* sang his music in fine style, the chorus joining in with proper vigour, and this notwithstanding that they had no accompaniments to aid them. Equally successful were *Josephine*, *Ralph*, and *Dick Deadeye* in their endeavours to give life and pleasure to the party. The trip was in every way a marked success.

On Saturday forenoon the young ladies and gentlemen—who were again accompanied by Mr Knapp—were treated by Mr Pearce to a run through Fairfield building yard and a glimpse of the *Livadia*, after which Mr Pearce entertained them all at luncheon. It is needless to say that everything went "merry as a marriage bell."

This morning the party left for Edinburgh. They have been engaged by Mr Howard to appear for a couple of weeks at the Theatre-Royal there.

—o—
The opening meeting for the session of the Glasgow Parliamentary Debating Society has been definitely fixed for Thursday, the 19th prox. It will be held in the Hall of the Merchant's House, George Square.

I have not been in a Music Hall for a good long while, BAILIE, but I have pleasant enough recollections of evenings spent now and then therein. In particular, I cannot recal any feature more agreeable than the character singing of Mr John Jolly Nash, who, I notice, is appearing at the Britannia just now, (still under the judicious management of Mr H. T. Rossbourgh) and who is really a most gentlemanly artiste, is thoroughly competent as a musician, yet is never too loud as a comedian.

On 'Change.

ONE day last week there was a great commotion. It was not "a sound of revelry by night," like that described by Byron in his graphic account of the scene enacted on the eve of the battle of Waterloo. Belgium's capital had not gathered then her beauty and her chivalry. The lamps did not shine over fair women and brave men, though some of the men were brave enough, as I happen to know. No thousand hearts beat happily, for the Glasgow Stock Exchange does not boast that number of members. Music did not arise with its voluptuous swell, unless that sound could be considered music which found expression in violent bids for Caledonians or Grand Trunks at the present extravagant prices. Everything on the Stock Exchange was going with tolerable smoothness, however, when all at once a bomb was thrown into the establishment.

The shell consisted of a London speculator, who has been concerned in more than one queer transaction. The shot was fired by a Glasgow broker, who introduced his friend within the sacred precincts of the palatial building in Buchanan Street. No words of mine can express the wrath of the stockbrokers when they found their privacy thus summarily invaded. The culprit found, to his intense astonishment, that his official position did not shield him from criticism; but the lesson administered will probably not be lost upon him and his associates.

SCRUFATOR.

A NEW HEALTH-RESORT.—Archbishop Eyre is apparently an ecclesiastic who is thankful for small mercies. On the occasion of his laying a foundation-stone in the east end of Greenock the other day he remarked that "it was a pleasure of a very high kind to him to get into the pure air of Carttsyde from the close atmosphere of Glasgow." The idea of Carttsyde as a sanatorium must strike the Sugaropolitan mind as something decidedly novel.

MORE EUPHUISM.—A contemporary describes two gentlemen who got into trouble in Paisley the other week as "members of the itinerary profession." Is this "Reportereze" for "tramps?"

A Seine-itary Measure.—Glasgow rejoices in the possession of a new journal entitled *La Seine*. Let's hope it will act as a counteractive to certain other local papers which are frequently in-sane.

SLAP BANG!—It has now been definitely resolved to form a Canine Society in Greenock and have an exhibition at an early date. Judging by the number of jolly dogs in Sugaropolis that show, one would think, ought to be a big success.

The Disturbance "Bill" (according to the orthodox party in the Free Church)—William Robertson Smith.

Music Hall Sketches.

No. 6.—THE SERIO-COMIC LADY.

A MUSIC HALL performance without the assistance of the lady who for some mysterious reason calls herself a serio-comic vocalist, would be shorn of half its wild delights. She is the loadstone that attracts the majority of those young men with their hats tilted knowingly over one eye who compose the usual Royal Brunette audience. When she comes on they look expressively at each other, and sometimes exchange a nudge fraught with deepest meaning. On her part, she is not slow to recognise the tribute of admiration so freely offered her; and happy is the man fortunate enough to intercept one of those Platonic winks which are sprinkled over her performance as thickly as daisies on a June meadow. After her last appearance the more infatuated—or, what is the same thing, the youngest—of the young men get up slowly and sadly, and leave the place with the air of those who have exhausted the possibilities of happiness for that evening.

The very name of the serio-comic lady is a thing of beauty, and consequently a joy for ever. The bluest of blue blood probably runs in her veins, for if she is not a Lottie de Courcy, she is almost certain to be a Pauline Montmorency, or something else that came over with the Conqueror. In spite of her high birth, however, there is nothing frigid or unduly dignified about her demeanour. The most lowly plebeian of us all could not giggle more freely, walk about the stage with less conventional restraint, or occasionally display an inch or two of pink-encased ankle with more affability.

The songs of Miss de Courcy, and of all her professional sisters, bear a striking family resemblance to each other. They are invariably of an autobiographical nature, and mention how the fair singer met a most desirable young man while she was "a-rollin' on the grass 'mid the buttercups and daisies," or "ridin' in a 'ansom cab," or doing something equally aristocratic. Love follows as a matter of course, and the courtship, which is more rapid and ardent than Mrs Grundy would quite approve of, is described with much osculatory detail; while the song concludes with the satisfactory information that the happy couple are to be united at an early date. So much for the song; but Miss de Courcy's style of rendering the charming ballad defies description. It is accompanied by much flirting of a big scarlet fan, and much of the aforesaid giggling, ogling, and winking. My natural ten-

derness for her lovely sex will only allow me to say that her voice is as coarse as her manners are vulgar, and that she sings as wretchedly out of tune as the chorus of an amateur musical society.

And yet it is more than likely I will go to hear her next week!
PANURGE.

THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY.

(Scene—Sauchiehall Street; Lady gets her pocket picked.)

Lady (to Thief)—You have stolen my purse.

Thief—No, I didn't.

Lady—You did, I felt you take it.

Thief—Well, there it is.

Lady (opening purse and giving him sixpence)—There is sixpence for your honesty.

PROOFS OF PROSPERITY.—Some time ago the BAILIE referred to the unusual number of valuables advertised as lost, and hinted that these advertisements might be taken as an indication of a general return to prosperity. His Worship has now to report that the public continue to chuck away their jewellery in the same reckless fashion, as if there were "plenty more where that came from." The first three "Losses" that casually met the Magisterial eye the other day were "a gold necklace and locket," "a gold bracelet," and "a gold earring set with ruby and pearls." This is encouraging; and what is, perhaps, more encouraging still, is the circumstance that the people who find the valuables in question do not apparently, deem them of sufficient importance to advertise the fact!

AN OUTRAGED COMMISSION.—"Mr M. McNeill, of the Board of Supervision," is apparently a desperate character, and he has just been urging on the Kirkintilloch Commissioners to a desperate deed. He incites them, in fact, to "boldly resolve" on acting as their own scavengers. The audacity of this proposal is such that the only wonder is that, instead of the letter containing it being "ordered to lie on the table," Mr Marwood was not sent for to consume it solemnly with fire. Fancy a "Commissioner" going out a-scavengering! Conscience!

UTILE ET DULCE.—The employing of the "professional beauties" for decorative purposes.

In Search of a Re-seat—The Lord Advocate.

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

Go to The Arcadian Stores, 159 Trongate, for Finest, Freshest, and Cheapest Fruits of every kind.—BERNARD & CO.

From "The Black and White."
REVIEW of the Black-Guards in (John) Stirling Castle.
 "The Woman in White," after Wilkie.
 An Elevation of the lower "orders" (in line), a Jack-etching.
 His Royal Lowness the Prince of Pandemonium ("not so black as he's painted").
 Group of Irish Whiteboys (darkly shaded).
 A (K)night after the Election (black look out).
 The Affairs of the Sooty Bank (black look in).
 A "Dark Horse:" *The Grey Mare*.
 The *graver* work of a Country Parson ("needle" work).
 The white cliffs of Albion (in chalk).
 Portrait of Othello (in lamp black).
 Steel plate (from Armour) of the Black Prince.
 Miniature of Kirke White.
 Ditto of Adam Black.
 The "White Elephant" (on India paper, proof.)
 The Black Sea (an aquatint).
 "The Black Art" (after Michael Scott).
 Cartoon portrait of the Man you Know.
 Ditto of the men you don't.

ONE TOO MANY FOR HIM.

(Scene—An office under repair; Painter varnishing newly-erected partition.)

Inquisitive Clerk—I say, painter, is there any art required in putting on that varnish?

Obliging Painter—Oh dear yes! If you were to put it on wrong side out, it would never dry.

I. C.—Oh, I understand.

O. P. laughs up his sleeve.

A LITTLE MIXED.—A leader in a local daily contains the following sentence:—"Those who are accustomed to give shillings and half-crowns to every applicant who appears to make out only a tolerably good case would do better if he were to put them together for a few weeks and then hand them to an approved Convalescent Home." It is highly probable that "those" benevolent persons referred to would "do better"—that is, do more good—if the "applicant" were to save his shillings and half-crowns for the benefit of a Convalescent Home; but the question comes to be—Is the applicant at all likely to do anything of the kind? Possibly, however, the BAILIE has misinterpreted the sage dictum. If so, it is the writer's grammar and not his Worship's understanding that is to blame.

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 removal of the Weir hasn't sweetened the river.

That the gathering at Paisley Races was more numerous than select.

That the "genus rough" was in strong force.

That the pickpockets did a "fair" trade.

That when the fees of a school are raised at the beginning of a session there's a plentiful lack of former pupils.

That if certain subsidised scholastic institutions were conducted at a loss last year, the deficiency in the income promises to be even greater this year.

That you don't always increase the school revenue when you increase the school fees.

That John Ferguson demonstrated on Saturday.

That so did "his sisters, his cousins, and his aunts."

That demonstrating is a matter of business with some people.

That they make it pay.

That certain agitators have always an eye to the main chance.

That the usual riots wound up the proceedings.

That more will yet be heard of this matter.

That it is a grand thing to belong to Kintyre.

That if you hail from Campbelltown and get "drunk and disorderly" at night, you will be in luck if Bailie Dunlop be on the bench next morning.

That the inspection of the Parks was resumed last week.

That a luncheon in the Corporation Galleries closed the proceedings.

That the state of the Glasgow clocks is a disgrace to the Council.

That with an oratorical watchmaker at the Council table a better state of things ought to obtain.

That the miners' strike isn't regarded by everybody as an unmitigated evil.

That various of the coalmasters have been preparing for eventualities.

That the School Board is anxious that the dominies should teach temperance.

That the dominies have been practising the other thing during the holidays.

That an ounce of example is worth a ton of precept.

A Dry Sea-Season—A teetotal sailor.

THE ARGYLE BATHS, 366 Argyle Street, is the Largest Public Bathing Establishment in Scotland. Warm Baths, 6d, 9d, & 1s; ready daily, from 7 a.m. to 9 p.m. One trial solicited.

"BELFAST" TEAS *versus* "GLASGOW" TEAS.

THE finest and most delicate portions of the Leaf are very brittle, and in the process of drying, curing, and assorting, they break off, and are technically called "BROKEN" TEAS. From a deep-rooted prejudice against the small leaf, the Grocers of Scotland will not purchase these Teas; but in Belfast—a town made famous by its intelligent Tea Dealers—where this class is mostly consumed, they command very Long Prices. The world-wide fame which Belfast enjoys, as a town where good Tea may be procured, is due almost exclusively to the efforts of one man, namely, **Mr FOSTER GREEN**, who has persistently and successfully advocated the free use of BROKEN LEAF TEA, on account of its greater Strength of Liquor and Finer Quality; and, in order that the Broken Leaf may the better blend and mix with the Whole Leaf, Mr Green also advocates the cutting, or grinding, of Whole Leaf to nearly the same size as the Broken Leaf.

When we state that Our Teas are made up upon the same principle as **FOSTER GREEN'S**, we pay him the highest compliment that one trader can bestow upon another—for "imitation is the sincerest flattery"—and at the same time we thus claim for ourselves a position of being Second to None in the Trade. so far as ability to give value is concerned, because our Principal has had 18 years' experience as a Practical Tea-Taster in all departments of the Wholesale Trade, and because we Buy exclusively for Cash in the first Market, and Sell at a small percentage upon the Import Broker's Cost Price. The question, "Why cannot we get such Tea in Glasgow as Foster Green's?" need no longer be asked, for, if you are willing to pay the same price, you will get as good an article from **STUART CRANSTON & CO.** Our Teas are a combination of the Choicest Growths, judiciously bought, and cunningly blended so as to produce a perfect Liquor in the cup, and at their various Prices they are unequalled in Scotland.

Observe, that some Dealers are quoting Teas at 1s 4d, 1s 6d, and 1s 8d per lb., while our Lowest Price is 2s. We do not keep these Low-Priced Teas, because their rank, common quality would destroy the reputation we have gained for supplying Fine Tea at a most reasonable figure. Therefore, we call special attention to our **Superb Tea** at 2s 4d per lb., which is better Tea than that sold by Wholesale Grocers (so-called) and West-End Co-operative Stores at 2s 6d, 2s 8d, and 3s per lb. **Every Family should test the truth of this statement.**

STUART CRANSTON & CO.,

76 ARGYLE STREET, (QUEEN STREET CORNER,) GLASGOW.

SPECIALTIES.

OUR New Shapes in Felt Hats for "Young Men" are now forward. The shapes are Neat, Smart, and Very Becoming. The Prices range from 4s 6d to the finest made, but we particularly call attention to our Special Lines at 6s 6d, 8s 6d, 10s 6d. The best value ever offered in Glasgow.

MILLER'S, QUEEN STREET CORNER, GLASGOW.

VICTORIA RESTAURANT,

62 GORDON STREET, & 3 RENFIELD STREET

(Opposite Caledonian Central Station),

WINES, SPIRITS, AND MALT LIQUORS

Of the Best Qualities, and Thoroughly Matured.

SPECIAL BLEND WHISKY.

BREAKFASTS, DINNERS, AND TEAS.

LARGE DINING-HALL.

SNACKS (OF ALL KINDS),6d.

M'CALL & FERGUSON, PROPRIETORS.

MITCHELL & CO.'S

OLD IRISH WHISKY, Belfast, is the Purest and Best in the Market, comparison with any other Brand will prove this. Agent for Scotland—**DAVID MITCHELL**, 20 Hope St., Glasgow.

Small Expenses require Small Profits.

STIRLING & WYLLIE

(formerly with the late Mr John M. Simpson), 85, 87, and 89 MAXWELL STREET, Glasgow, are now showing a magnificent Stock of NEW AND SECOND-HAND FURNITURE.

From the smallness of their Expenses, they are enabled, and are determined to sell at Prices which will meet with the approval of every purchaser. While the prices are low, the quality of the goods is first-class.

THE FINEST WHISKY IN THE WORLD.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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OLD IRISH WHISKY.

SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—

ROBERT BROWN, 17 HOPE 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,

47 ROSE STREET, GARNETHILL (Corner of Buccleuch Street);
And 190 ST. GEORGE'S ROAD (Opposite West Princes St).

CHARING CROSS HOSIERY WAREHOUSE.

WILLIAM DODS, 13 and 15 ST. GEORGE'S

ROAD. Large, Choice, and Carefully-Selected Stock. Latest Novelties in the different Departments. All Goods of the very Best Description, and the Prices Strictly Moderate. Dress Shirts, 31s 6d, 39s, and 45s per Half-Dozen—a Perfect Fit Guaranteed. Merino Underclothing in Great Variety. Gloves, Scarfs, &c.

ST. ENOCH RESTAURANT,

4 ST. ENOCH SQUARE.

Manager—**GEO. E. ALLEN**, late of the Regent Club.

The MANAGER trusts, by personal attention to each Department, to make this establishment in every way worthy of the public patronage.

Breakfasts, Luncheons, Dinners, Teas.

Wines &c., of the Finest Quality.

Public Dinners and Suppers estimated for.

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.

J. & R. SINCLAIR,
TOBACCO MANUFACTURERS,
NEWCASTLE ON TYNE,
68 ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW;
74 LEITH STREET, EDINBURGH;
3 NORTH BRIDGE, DO.

Seven Good Cigars for 1s, certainly worth trying.

BRITANNIA MUSIC HALL,
115 TRONGATE STREET,

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CALEDONIAN CIGAR EMPORIUM,
25 RENFIELD STREET, GLASGOW.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 18th, 1880.

IS it out of the power of our local authorities to put down Home Rule processions? The BAILIE asks this not as a politician—he has nothing to do for the moment with either Toryism or Radicalism—all he is anxious for is the preservation of order in our midst. It is of no use, he may point out, to expect that, by arresting excited Irishmen when they are engaged in breaking one another's heads, the general peace of the community will be maintained. The leaders of these "pathriots" must be secured. It is the people who issue inflammatory placards, the notorieties who advertise themselves by spouting treasonable bunkum from platforms, who ought to be laid by the heels. We are told by the newspapers that the personages who were mainly responsible for Saturday's rioting—when four or five poor policemen were set upon by a mob and almost kicked to death—were quite within

hail when their ruffianly attendants set about this cowardly work, but that they made no attempt, either by word or sign, to put an end to the outbreak of blackguardism. It is just possible that our police legislation includes no provision for dealing with such shameful proceedings as disgraced Saturday afternoon. If this be the case no time should be lost in setting the matter to rights. Much as the BAILIE dislikes over-legislation, he would rather see a Peace Preservation Act issued for Lanarkshire, than hear of another series of Garscube Road and Bellshill disorders.

A Black Subject.

THE beneficent effects of that change of Government, which was to bring about a sort of millennium, are scarcely yet apparent. Battle, murder, and sudden death are as plentiful as ever, while some of the incidents reported under the daily heading, "Condition of Ireland," might almost be matched by what is going on in the mining districts at our own doors. Our colliers do not, it is true, shoot their employers from behind hedges; but to maltreat peaceable and industrious men, to starve their own wives and children, and to pillage their neighbours' fields, are actions upon which the miners of the West of Scotland can hardly be congratulated. Every man who *is* a man must sympathise with the mining class in their hard toil and the constant danger to which they are exposed; but they can never hope to improve their position till they contrive to master the elements of political economy and common-sense—to say nothing of those of ordinary honesty.

MAKING HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES.

(Scene—Paisley race course; Thursday evening.)

Fean—Man, Jock, did ye ever see the like o' that? Yin o' our magistrates takin' checks at the door o' the Paddock, an' anither hob-hobbin' wi' thae scoon'rels o' English bettin' men!

Jock—Aye, ma woman, an' that vera Bailie is the yin that said tae me, whin a' got a gless ower muckle, "five shillin's or seven days."

PHILOLOGICAL FACT.—After watching the recent course of events an eminent philologist of the BAILIE'S acquaintance has come to the conclusion that the true form of the proper name "Rutherglen" is "Rougherglen."

"The Hare and many friends"—The lessee of the St James Theatre and his company.

"Is there no Virtue Extant?"

IF there is anything new under the sun—especially in the fraudulent line—the BAILIE will be much obliged to anyone who will trot it out, that's all. Here we have "an Englishman" writing to the *Herald* to complain that the brewers put "bi-sulphate of lime" into his beer—the very same complaint that another Englishman, Jack Falstaff to wit, made concerning his sack when Harry the Fourth was king. The only difference is that honest Jack, knowing nothing of chemistry, and caring less, called the article simply "lime." There is little doubt, however, that, in spite of the march of science, the adulterators of Jack's sack were as good—or bad—practical chemists as the poisoners of "an Englishman's" beer. Now as then, "there is nothing but roguery in villainous man," and the sooner the villains get the sack and are brought to their bier the better for us all,

A FITTING RECOMPENSE.

(Scene—A Public Street.)

Mick—Hallo, Pat; where have yiss baen thim three or four weeks?

Pat—Bedad, in jail.

M.—What were yiss in for?

P.—For telling the truth. His Honour ax'd me if I wur guilty, and when I said I wur that's the reward the spalpeen gave me.

A-WARY YOUTH.—"A young German," advertising in the *Herald* for a situation, says that he is "fully aware of English and French languages." The BAILIE likes that "fully aware." If other foreigners, at home and abroad, were to be as modest and candid as this young German, and were to admit that they are merely "aware" of the existence of our language, instead of professing to know it, much trouble and mystification would be avoided.

FUNGUS MUNICIPALIS.—A recent inspection of the Police Office at Plantation has, it seems, revealed the fact that that establishment is "overgrown with fungus" to a poisonous extent. When the BAILIE read of the sensation created by this discovery he smole a smile, knowing as he does that poisonous fungi are "common objects" in connection with other police establishments besides that of Plantation. How thankful we should be that Glasgow is free from infection! (N.B.—This is rote *awful* sarkastik.)

"Care"-takers—Nurses (*vide* the one lately in Guy's Hospital).

Cold Water for Babes.

DR MUNRO and, the BAILIE is glad to be able to say, Mr Martin deserve the thanks of the community for their protests, at last week's meeting of School Board, against the attempts which are being made to convert the Board's class-rooms into something like Good Templar lodges. The BAILIE has referred to this subject before, pointing out that if the teetotallers get their way in this matter there is no possible reason why our schoolrooms should not be made proselytising grounds for the advocates of vegetarianism and similar forms of dietetic, and other, eccentricity. How does Paterfamilias, who enjoys his tumbler of toddy of an evening, relish the prospect of second-hand teetotal lectures from his youngest hopeful, aged ten, who will, if Messrs Fife & Co. have their way, be taught at school to regard him (Paterfamilias) as a depraved and abandoned member of the human family? If the prospect pleases him, well and good; but if not let him join a sensible majority in protesting against this impudent attempt on the part of a clique as insignificant as it is noisy.

MODEST PRIDE.—In reviewing a life of Sir James Outram the other day Granny displayed a degree of modest pride which was "pretty to see." After complacently dwelling on Outram's relationship to "that George Outram who filled our own editorial chair with much genial ability for nearly twenty years," the old lady generously admits Sir James to be "by far the most illustrious Outram known." Such gentle self-gratulation may truly be said to do equal credit to the head and to the heart of our respected grandmamma.

A NOVEL TEST.—A Paisley showman last week repudiated the charge of being drunk by offering to "walk the chalk-line and count five pounds." The BAILIE fancies he has heard of the chalk-line test, but the other is, he confesses, new to him. Even Asinus, who is considered to have a "knowledge of these things," pleads ignorance. The beastie adds, however, that a fellow must be *very* far gone indeed if he is unable to count five pounds—or, for that matter, five pence.

SANDY'S SYNONYMS.—A correspondent of a local daily sets Mr Alexander Macdonald, M.P., on a pedestal before the world as a sort of personification of "sense and respectability." Ahem!

Auchray on Things in General.

I NEFER sink any Heelanter woodt pe so stupit to sink tat Glatstone lying up wis bulletin ta lungs woodt have her paws on ta Government exquasher to deal out poundts, but if ta Heelanterman tat write in ta las' PAILIE shust go to Sherf Gusrie ta sing pe all right. Ta learnt Sherf is ta rale shampion of ta Heelanter, to pe sure, ant woodt do anysing whatefer for any of ta ladts. But wan sing pe against Dougalt M'Donald—he shouldt nefer lift her nose to strike anypody whatefer to ta 'fusion of ploodt, ant if Pailie 'Onie hadt got her she woodt certaint fine her in sixty tays wisout ta local option of a fine whatefer. Now, Dougalt M'Donald, you'll nefer spoke wan sinkle criticsize whatefer of ta late Governum's sitting up to ta latest of ta obstructionists; for if you'll want a decent jop wisout working a sinkle stroke or put off your coat for a living, shust go to ta Central ant ask for Auchray M'Tavish X 71, andt ta paton's yours, Dougal ladt; for you're ta fery ladt for a praw polis, ant can strike them on ta nose if they'll no go ta offish in wan meenit.—Yours fery much, AUCHRAY M'TAVISH, X 71.

P.S.—I sink Dougalt wass in ta same schule as her nainsel'.

ON A CRACKED "TANNER."

A medical nuisance called Tanner
First starved in a singular manner,
Then gorged like a pig,
And the folks cried, "My wig!"
And then forgot all about Tanner.

A PLEASANT PROSPECT.—At a Home-Rule "Conference" which took place at Newcastle last week "next year's meeting was fixed to be held in Glasgow." *Nos miseros!* What have we done to deserve this? As if "John Ferguson, Benburb House," were not enough! Well, well! If the Art and Industrial Museum in Sauchiehall Street is a *fait accompli* by this time next year the Home-Rulers may find a place there as being about the most remarkable specimens of artful industry going.

LORDLY SATIRE.—My Lord Elcho seems to be cultivating a pretty turn for sarcasm. In the House of Commons the other evening he "believed" that Mr Labouchere "was connected with, or was the owner of, some newspaper—he thought the *Daily Telegraph*." This isn't bad—for Lord Elcho.

The Mould of Form—The eel-skin corset.
The Glass of Fashion—A peer glass.

Baking Apples, 7 lbs. for 1s. Jam Plums, 7 lbs. for 1s, at M CAMPBELL, Fruit Warehouse, 18 GORDON STREET.

Megilp.

JAMES A. AITKEN has established himself for the coming autumn on the shores of Loch Craignish. He describes the lake as studded at the top and bottom with islands, which give it something of the appearance of a salt water Loch Katrine. By ascending a hill behind his house, he looks right across to Corrieveckan, and accordingly commands a view of Jura, Scarba, Luing, Seil, and Mull.

"The view," he says, in a recent letter, "as I saw it this afternoon, was one not soon to be forgotten. Away in the north, rising out of a sea of beaten gold, and bathed in a golden mist, was Mull, with Ben More and Ben Talla just visible; Scarba was dark purple in tone—while every detail of her eastern cliffs was lost in shadow, her crest rose black and sharp against the blaze of the sunset; away to the south Jura melted into a cold, grey mist; and between Scarba and Jura there appeared, every few minutes, the flash of a white breaker, as it rose, high and threatening, out of the famous Corrieveckan whirlpool."

J. D. Adam, who has returned from the South, and has been in Glasgow for the past day or two, has brought home with him a series of exceedingly effective Thames-side studies. These will be on view for the next day or two, in Mr M'Arthur's, at the corner of Hope and West Regent Streets.

Hamilton Maccallum is another of our better-known painters who was to be met with in the City last week.

Admirers of Briton Riviere—our latter-day Landseer, whose work, however, possesses certain qualities never reached by even the more successful canvasses of Sir Edwin—would do well to make a call at the gallery of Messrs Lawrie & Son, St. Vincent Street, where the "Roacher's Nurse" is at present on exhibition. Another noteworthy picture on Messrs Lawrie's walls is "The Sleeping Mother," by Eugene Feyen.

A flying visit to Inveraray having satisfied Wellwood Rattray and Peter Buchanan that the more characteristic scenes in the neighbourhood of the ducal burgh had already been seized by previous brothers of the brush, they have now turned their steps to the Aberfoyle country, and have set up their tent—meaning thereby "taken lodgings"—on the southern shore of lower Loch Ard.

A series of clever, sunshiny pictures, have been painted by Joseph Sharp, who spent several weeks of what may be termed "high summer," at Fenwick, down in Ayrshire. Mr Sharp has been specially successful with a study of "Whins in Bloom," a subject which seems to possess an unerring measure of attraction for our landscape painters.

Some of the more "critical sort" are beginning to question whether the bracketing of Chalmers and Bough, as has been done in the Fine Art Institute, was quite fair to the elder painter. Certainly the tenderness, the insight, the essentially modern feeling, as it were, of Chalmers, are only too calculated to cheapen, and even obscure the qualities of his great contemporary. Before the wonderful composition and masterly drawing of Bough can be fully appreciated, the spectator must be possessed of a certain degree of art knowledge, and how many visitors to the Galleries are acquainted with even the simplest rudiments of art? Everybody, on the other hand, whose temperament is at all impressionable, is by necessity impressed by Chalmers.

As it is always, however, bad form to look a gift-horse in the mouth, we perhaps ought to content ourselves with endeavouring to understand all that is best in the exhibited works of both masters.

TAKING HIM AT HIS WORD.

(Scene—Free-and-Easy—not a hundred miles from the Saltmarket; tall melancholy man is singing "Where are the friends of my youth.")
Interruption (from "one who knows")—
They're in jail!

A Kitchen Dresser—A cook.

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Entries (with H. & P. M'Neil, 23 Renfield Street), for confined events not later than Tuesday, 24th August, for open events by Tuesday, 31st August.

N.B.—Preliminary day, Saturday, 28th August.

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To LIVERPOOL, MANCHESTER, and PRESTON,
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JAMES SMITHELLS, General Manager.
 Glasgow, August, 1880.

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W. J. WAINWRIGHT, General Manager.
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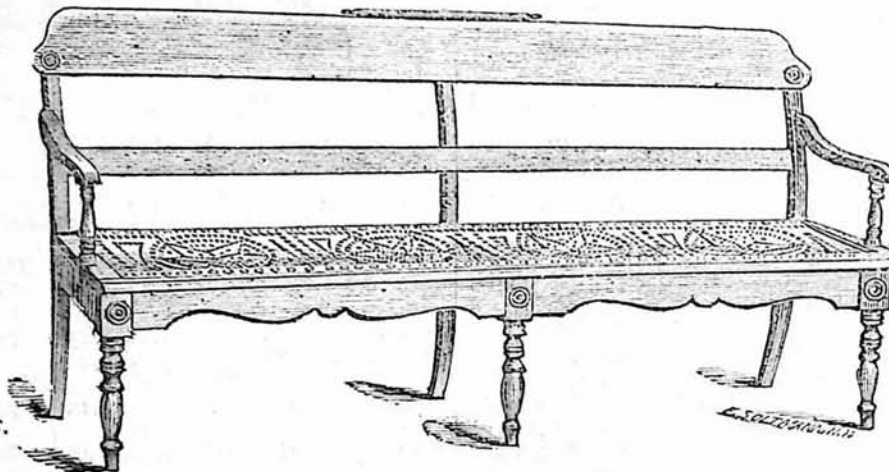
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What has been the attraction? How have we, in twelve years, established the Largest Hat Business in the Country? Simply by taking advantage of every point; buying in the very best markets; introducing, simultaneously with the best London houses, all the Shapes and Styles adopted by the London Aristocracy—now the acknowledged leaders of English Fashions; frequent visits to the various centres of fashion; and lastly, selling with a Minimum Profit;—this, combined with a characteristic energy, has enabled us, unaided and alone, to overtake the vast task of inaugurating a system that was deemed utterly impossible in the Hat Trade.

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Gentlemen's and Youths' Felt and Dress Hats; the New Wire Brim Felt Hat, selling in hundreds; all the various styles in the New Plain Brims; the Feather Weight Felt Hat for Summer wear, note, 2s 11d and 3s 11d. Our Felt Hats at 4s 6d, 5s 6d, and 7s; and best quality, Pull-over, 8s 6d, are sold elsewhere at 6s 6d, 8s 6d, 10s 6d, and 14s 6d. All the New Summer Colours in Soft Felt Hats.

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Our 8s 6d Dress Hat is an extremely serviceable Hat, and is usually sold at 11s 6d.

No. 3 quality at 10s 6d, worth 14s 6d.

No. 4 ,, 12s 6d, ,, 17s 6d.

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It may be supposed by some that, as our prices are low, our goods must necessarily be inferior. This supposition, however, though not unnatural, is quite erroneous, and is most surely and rapidly being dispelled; and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, we find Gentlemen having once paid us a visit, are secure as regular customers. It is beyond our comprehension how some Gentlemen can be satisfied to pay—as they do every day—at least *Fifty per Cent.* more than our prices for the exact same quality, finish, and shapes in the various kinds of Hats. Our clients may rely on our integrity, in all cases perfect faith being kept with every Purchaser, no additional rate of profit being added to the *finer qualities of our goods.* Every Hat we sell we guarantee perfect, made of the best materials, fast in the colour, and *unsurpassed in Glasgow.* Gentlemen can with confidence depend on obtaining from us the best article in the market—the most becoming and Latest Shapes in abundance. The largest and smallest sizes that may be required are always found in our extensive Stock. Every possible advantage is obtained in buying from us. Our assistants are invariably civil and attentive, and we are only too pleased to show our clients all the various shapes. Every comfort during selection.

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The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 410. Glasgow, Wednesday, August 25th, 1880. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 410.

"I HAVE always found her a kind, friendly woman, without either affectation or insouciance in the display of her wealth; most willing to do good if the means were shown her. . . . So much wealth can hardly be shown without ostentation." This was the opinion expressed by Sir Walter Scott respecting that Mrs Coutts who, in her old age, became Duchess of St. Albans; and it stands, or at least has stood good until to-day, without an altered word, with regard to the lady who succeeded to the enormous wealth—estimated at five millions sterling—left by the Duchess at her death. For over a generation the Baroness BURDETT-COUTTS, next to Her Majesty the Queen, was the best known and the most popular woman in the three kingdoms. Her private charities were enormous; the public channels into which she directed her princely income were selected with surpassing tact and wisdom. Now she exerted herself in favour of the suffering fishermen of Girvan, now it was the poor of Skibbereen whom she aided to emigrate by whole townships at a time; to-day she erected Columbia Square and Columbia Market in Bethnal Green, to-morrow she gave an entire year's income to ameliorate the condition of the Spitalfields weavers. Education and educational projects found equal favour in her eyes with schemes of more direct benevolence; she was an eager supporter of the Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Animals; she showed that she was a true daughter of the Church by the lavishness with which she endowed some half-dozen of Colonial bishoprics. In the midst of this life of constant endeavour to smooth the ways and brighten the hard, grey lives of lowly men and women, the softer influences of literature and

art were not forgotten. She took an active share in the movement for the exploration of Jerusalem; Dickens and Fechter and Henry Irving were her valued and trusted friends and intimates. It was no wonder, therefore, looking at the great place held by Miss BURDETT-COUTTS in the nation, that she should have been elevated to the peerage nine years ago, and there was still less cause for astonishment in the circumstance that the news of the elevation was received with the utmost favour by people of every class in the community. Of late, however, there can be no question that Lady BURDETT-COUTTS has been slowly but surely losing ground in the estimation of the public. Even Tories—at least Tories of the less rabid type—admitted that she made herself too conspicuous in her advocacy of the Mahomedans during the Russo-Turkish war; the *communiqué* she sent round the papers in April last with regard to the Irish policy of Mr Gladstone was one of the humorous incidents of the General Election. Then it began to be whispered that the rents in Columbia Square had been raised, and that the tenants—all of whom belong to the class of the very poor—were in future to be dealt with on strict "business terms." This last named development of her policy was strange enough, but something much stranger remained behind. The Baroness is in her sixty-sixth year, and like all great heiresses she must have received scores of offers of marriage. When the story went abroad, therefore, that she was about to unite herself in the bonds of holy matrimony, everybody stared in an astonishment not unmingled with vexation. But when it became known that the blushing Benedict was a Yankee, that he was one of her private secretaries, and—worse than all, that he had not yet seen his twenty-ninth summer, people cried out that the affair was nothing less

than a public scandal. It was true that Mrs Coutts, the grandmother of the Baroness, or at all events the wife of her grandfather, married the Duke of St. Albans long after she had passed the prime of life, the Duke at the time being only twenty-six years of age, but this was an old story, and the Duchess, moreover, had been an actress in her youth—she was one of a class of people who are not supposed to conform to the usual laws and customs which regulate what is termed “society.” Every attempt has been made to break off the present match. It is even said that the Queen has used her influence with Lady COUTTS, seeking her to reconsider the step she is about to take. All this it is, however, understood, has been to no purpose. The wedding is to go on, if, indeed, the “happy pair” have not already been made man and wife. Although an American by birth, the husband elect of this ancient and wealthy dame was trained mainly at Torquay, where he lived with his mother—a widow in very slender circumstances—and his elder brother, the present member for Eye. The family attracted the attention of Lady COUTTS many years ago, and while the brothers were mere lads she charged herself with the task of educating them. When their college career had come to a close, the elder received the appointment of a sub-inspector of schools, and the younger was “placed” as private secretary to their common patroness. The pitchforking of the elder Mr Ashmead Bartlett into the House of Commons preceded the selection by the Baroness of his brother as a husband; but there can be little doubt that she had something to do with the one event as well as with the other. Coming back to the wedding itself, one almost unconsciously recalls the adage that “there’s no fool like an old fool,” and it is difficult not to believe that this will be the feeling with which it will be regarded, not only in the lifetime of the Baroness, but in that of her husband as well.

RELIABLE INFORMATION.—The Ass waxes *brays-en*, and *trumpets* that he is perfectly *re-lie-able*: that, as good as Falstaff, he can *lie* again and again! hourly, and oftener—if required!

“She stoops to Conquer”—In the Bough to Art.

Ireland’s Truest Patriots—The “Murphies.”

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

Another Outrage.

WAS there iver such injustice poured on Oireland’s sacred head?

Was there e’er such “confiscation” of the rights for which we’ve *bled*?

Was there iver such invictives poured from any tyrant press, As could aqual our swate editors on Ferguson’s address? Sure the bhoys were only funning, and a man with half an oye Moight have seen ’twas but amusement when the stones began to floy.

O Donnybrook, O Donnybrook! what will become of you, Whin they’re makin’ such a fuss about a broken skull or two?

There’s the *Scotsman* and the *Herald*, the *Citizen* and *Mail*, They struck out at we poor “Oirish” like a farmer with a flail, Ladein’ articles were printed, there were letthers by the score, And they swear now they’ll privity us from “Home-rulin’” any more,

For their city is so dacent and respectable a place That they cannot bear us Oirish, and they say we’re a disgrace, So they sind their dhurty polismen to watch us all the day, And privity us from “Home-rulin’” as we pass along the way.

But hurroo, my bhoys, for Oireland! for Oireland whin it’s *free*! We’ll can foight and boite from morn till night, as long as we can see.

And the spaches we will listen to whin Ferguson gets there, Sure will make us dance like divils round his presidintial chair, No constabulary there, my bhoys, will show their blackguard face;

No landlords, no ivictions will our happy land disgrace, For aich true-born son of Erin thin will seek his native soil, To foight and dance, and hug the girls. Begorra, that’s the stoyle.

AN AMBITIOUS BURGH.—Stranraer is really a most unreasonable burgh. Not content with having, by means of her electioneering vagaries, engaged the attention of the kingdom for months, she must now start a fresh sensation in the shape of a Colorado beetle, the considerate insect making its appearance in the establishment of a man of science, who might be considered qualified to do it full justice. It is too bad of Stranraer. Why not subside into the background for a spell, and give some other fellah a chance?

A POOR EXCHANGE.—That truly feudal nobleman, the Earl of Zetland, has presented the town of Grangemouth with eight acres of ground, as a compensation, presumably, for depriving the inhabitants of their “pubs.” The gift has been accepted with humble gratitude; but, if the BAILIE mistakes not, there are more than eight thirsty *achers* in Grangemouth who will consider this strip of barren earth but a poor substitute for the flowing bowl.

A SERIOUS MAT(T)ER.—The sending over of the Secretary-of-State will prove only the more that Britain is to Ireland a Fo(r)ster-mother. (Oh! my tooth.)

“Danger” Signals—Green and yellow flags.

The best place to Dine—The Merchant’s Restaurant, 58 Mitchell Street.

On 'Change.

THAT was a most helter-skelter flight which took place at the State Line shareholders' meeting last week. There was a fight first, and a flight afterwards. The St. Vincent Varlet fled precipitately, saying something that began with a big, big D. The Barshaw Basher, with his hands in his pockets, as usual, and something comforting beneath his waistcoat, was less demonstrative and more philosophic, but he was also compelled to beat a retreat. The Broomielaw Bruiser, with his compact army of 80,000 golden recruits, won a brilliant victory. Like a discreet general, he had gained wisdom and experience from his previous reverse, and no one ought to grudge him the well-earned laurels. He had reason on his side, too, for as surely as the State Line became merged in the Barrow Co., another American Steamship Co. would have been started.

Fornax was a Roman goddess who presided over the baking of bread. She became the high priestess of bakers, and must have occupied much the same position in Rome as Mr James Granger, the deacon of the Bakers Incorporation, does in Glasgow. The only difference is that the ancient Romans offered oblations to Fornax. I do not think anybody will ever offer oblations to Mr James Granger.

When the Phœnicians discovered Iberia, they started silver mines there. They were followed by the Carthaginians, and worked the mines by means of a company limited, and secured good dividends therefrom. At the end of the Second Punic War, the concern went into liquidation. This had become necessary owing to threats of foreclosure by the Romans, who had by that time secured an inalienable right over the property. They too found that the mines paid splendidly. They worked the undertaking on the principle of rapacity unlimited, and it is said that they employed 40,000 men in the various processes. The chief accountant and his assistants are all dead, and the books have been lost, so it is impossible to tell exactly what dividends were paid. Some one has stated that the revenue was 20,000 drachmæ per day, but then we do not know the capital, the working expenses, or the sums written off annually for depreciation of plant. The Romans, however, were satisfied with the business. They called the country Hispania, and the silver mining district they designated Fornax, or rather Fornaces, for they used the word in the plural. This was an indirect compliment to the Roman bakeress. It also denoted the nature of the proceeding, for Fornaces, besides indicating that there were more bakeresses than one in the world, expressed the idea of furnaces blazing all over the place, for the purpose of smelting the ore.

Presently the Romans, having exhausted all the silver, went into liquidation likewise and decamped. Their affairs were placed in the hands of an accountant, who found the business so bad that he instantly took out sequestration. The bankrupts failed to come up for examination, and the learned sheriff, with equal promptitude, at once granted a warrant for their apprehension. They were never caught, and it was rumoured that they went to America, and afterwards floated the Emma Mine and the Canadian Copper Company. The report is probably incorrect, but in any case the Fornaces mines passed into other hands. The country came to be called Spain, and the Fornaces of antiquity became known by the modern name of Hornachos, which is clearly derived from the older word. In due course the place passed into the hands of Mr Archibald Arrol of Glasgow and other gentlemen, who organised the Hornachos Silver-Lead Mining Co., Limited, with a capital of £150,000 in £10 shares.

Mr Arrol and his friends have been good enough to send me a prospectus, inviting me to participate in the benefits to be derived from a connection with the Hornachos Mining Co., Limited. They also obligingly send me a list of shareholders to date, with the number of shares held by each. In this list are many local names, including that of Alphabet Smith, the eminent citizen and councillor, who holds 50 shares.

I do not intend to avail myself of the offer, for the following reasons—and others. It seems to me that the ground, bored and turned up by successive generations of Phœnicians, Cartha-

ginians, Romans, Moors, and Spaniards, for, let us say, somewhere about 3000 years, must have been pretty well worked out before it came into the hands of Mr Archd. Arrol and his Associates. I say this with the utmost respect for the reporting engineers, who may have been mistaken in their estimates. Nothing is said in the prospectus about the length of time the company has been in operation. There is vague allusion to a lease dating from 1872, so the concern may have existed for eight years. It is stated that the property cost £35,000, and that preliminary shipments have realised £38,000, but the time over which these preliminary shipments extended is not specified, nor is it mentioned how much was expended to realise the £38,000. No authenticated balance sheet is appended, the only account being an estimate of what may be got out of the business in the future. The prospectus contains the following very remarkable sentence:—"Failure in silver-lead mining in Spain is unknown, where the district has been proved, and sufficient working capital provided, combined with good management." In plain English this means that if there be plenty of ore, and you dig it out properly, there can be "no such word as fail." An axiom from Euclid could not be more self-evident.

As a concluding reflection, I am tempted to ask why, when the one is so plentiful and the prospect so good, the directors and present shareholders should wish to issue 2,500 more shares at par to strangers like myself?

SCRUTATOR.

AN UNFAILING LIFE PRESERVER.

Irishman—Bedad, an' that Amirican Yankee Dochthor Tanner must ha' been a Scotchman, or ilse he'd have bin spint long afore the forty days wor up. Shure no other man barrin' a Scctchman cud ha' kipt a Tanner so long!

Scotchman—Hoots, Paddy, dinna haver. It wiz the alcohol baths he took that keepit him leevin'. Man I hae been takin' naething but whusky masel' for the last forty years, bathin' ma inside wi't, an' a gran susteener o' a body's strength it is!

WHY IS THIS THUS?—"In the sixteen years during which Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe acted as English Ambassador at Constantinople —." This is from, of all newspapers in the world, *The Scotsman*. The great Scottish metropolitan seems to be ashamed of its country's share in the legalised copartnery of the United Kingdom—perhaps would prefer to call itself *The Englishman*, only that the title has already been appropriated.

SHAKESPEARE ON THE OBSTRUCTIONISTS.—What the late gentleman really thought, though he didn't like to say directly, about them:—"To lie in cold Obstruction and 'talk' rot."

Mutual Labial Eloquence—Pharma"cute"cal
—*Labor con amore*—Lab-oratory.

A Quiet "Rubber"—A sly burglar.

BICYCLES. { Agents for Duplex Excelsior, Club, Challenge,
TRICYCLES. { Premier, Stanley, Timberlake, and 'Extraordinary
Safety Bicycles. Riding Taught—101 Mitchell St

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—As was to be expected the visit of the Kendals to the Gaiety crowded the house every evening of last week. The acting of Mrs Kendal was as perfect as ever; Mr Kendal, however, is not improving—at all events if his *De Grignon* in the “Ladies’ Battle” made the unskilful laugh it certainly made the judicious grieve. Perhaps the hit of the present engagement has been made by Mr Hare. We all knew that Mrs Kendal was our chief living comedienne, we were familiar of old with the ability of Mr Wenman—what a splendid piece of acting was his *Byke* in “Under the Gaslight,” he is the best, and has always been the best *Bob Brierly* either here or elsewhere—and Mr Mackintosh, but we were ignorant, till this week, of the admirable style of Mr Hare. Why, his art is as finished as is a piece of Japanese carving—if it is quiet it is also full of the power possessed by manly quietness.

The play to-night and during the week at the Gaiety is “A Scrap of Paper.”

—o—
They are putting up new and, so far as I know, untried pieces at the Prince of Wales and Royal Princess’s this week—the former house announces “Paris and Pleasure,” and the latter, “Gain.”

—o—
Madame Soldene and her Opera Company begin a six nights’ engagement this evening at the Royalty Theatre. They will appear in “Trial by Jury” and “Naval Cadets.” Mr F. W. Sidney, as I mentioned a week ago, has been appointed to the double post of leading comedian and stage manager of the company, and he appears, in his former capacity, as the *Judge* in the one piece, and as *Don Prolixio* in the other. On Friday evening, when Madame Soldene will take her benefit, the “Chilperic” of Hervé—the comic opera in which she made her *debut* on the Glasgow stage—will be produced.

To-night’s performance will be Mr Sidney’s first essay in comic opera, and it is next to needless to hint that he attaches considerable importance to the verdict passed by our local audiences on his singing and acting.

It is perhaps worthy of mention, in this connection, that it was Madame Soldene who produced “Trial by Jury,” when it was first played in Glasgow, now some four years ago. To-night’s cast is exceptionally good. Signori Leli and Olmi are respectively the *Defendant* and the *Usher*, and Miss Clara Vesey is the *Plaintiff*—the part she supported at the London Opera Comique.

—o—
I have been favoured with an early copy of a bright, clever little book, by the Rev. David Macrae, entitled “Notes about Gourcock.” Your usual guide-book, oftener than not, is no more than a dull collection of unreliable figures. Mr Macrae, on the other hand, while familiar and gossipy as becomes his subject, supplies us with all needful antiquarian, historical, typographical, and scientific information regarding the popular watering-place. There isn’t a dull page in “Notes about Gourcock.” Your only feeling, when you come to the end, is one of annoyance that the book isn’t bigger.

Might not Mr Barry, R.A., when here, have reported upon the decay of the stone in the *present* Municipal Buildings? Coming from the near neighbourhood of the Palace of Westminster, he may possibly have “a knowledge of these things.”

—o—
That outlandish and most uncomestable of suburban villages, yclept Hogganfield or Millerston—for the little place musters an alias—is from to-day and henceforth to be linked to the tramway system of the city. Prior to the laying down of rails, which will doubtless be a dreich affair, ’buses are to run ’twixt Bellgrove and the widely-known though inaptly named Railway Inn of that ilk. Need I say, my Magistrate, that the Laird of Lethamhill is the prime mover in this desirable new departure.

—o—
The bands will perform in the Parks for the last time this season on Saturday, unless Councillor Jackson and the Parks’ Committee can be prevailed upon to put off the evil day for a

few weeks longer. In no former year have such crowds been drawn out to these musical evenings in the open air. I was quite struck in passing through the West End Park the other night with the enormous concourse assisting at the “rendition”—reporterese for playing, your Worship—of some fine selections by Mr W. B. Howell’s A. L. R. V. Band. We could all go in for a little more of the “linkèd sweetness long’drawn out.”

—o—
So “Duke Street” is doomed and “Ichabod” will shortly be written over the portals of “71.” The new local habitation and name is to be Barlinnie, an estate on the Cumbernauld Road about three miles out of town. Without any preliminary fuss, formality, or flourish of trumpets, the work of erecting the vast establishment has just commenced. General Collinson, on behalf of the Government, has been on the ground several times and is the man in authority over every item in the undertaking. I hear that the Messrs Watson & Son, who put up that splendid pile the St. Enoch Station Hotel, have secured the building contract for the first of the four big sections into which the new Bridewell is to be divided.

—o—
The R.C.Y.C. Closing Cruise is to be held on the 26th, 27th, and 28th—On Thursday, from Hunter’s Quay to Rothesay; Friday, Rothesay to Tighnabruaich; and Saturday, back to Hunter’s Quay.

Among other races are two for prizes given by Mr Pearce, the rear commodore of the club—one for yachts above 40, and the other for those between 20 and 40 tons. Among the crowd of competitors will be “Saxon,” “Daphne,” “Cythera,” “Melita,” “Amy,” and likely Mr Gavin Addie’s new yacht, “Nixie.”

The closing cruise of the Royal Northern Club also takes place on the three last days of this week.

—o—
What jolly fellows our Glasgow Hammermen are, to be sure. I was one of a merry company who spent Thursday last cruising over the Clyde, and eke the Kyles, in the good steamer “Athole,” and every one of us was either a Hammerman or the close friend of a Hammerman. To be plain with you, BAILIE, the Incorporation had their tenth annual trip on Thursday, and if all the nine preceding ones were as pleasant as was the tenth, why then they must have been very pleasant affairs indeed.

After a sail round the Garroch Heads, and past Tighnabruaich, the steamer “lay to” off Ormidale, and the party sat down to dinner under the presidency of Deacon J. L. K. Jamieson. When I mention that Mr Forrester of Gordon Street—who, by the bye, is a Hammerman good and true—supplied both the eatables and the liquids, it must go without telling that the repast was a capital one; and with such choice spirits round the board as Hammermen Gilchrist, Smith, and Kinghorn, it need hardly be said that the after-dinner proceedings were witty as well as wise.

—o—
A grand masonic banquet will be given in the Queen’s Rooms to-morrow (Tuesday) evening by Brother William Pearce, the occasion being his installation as Grand Master of the City of Glasgow Province. Something like one hundred and fifty guests will sit down to dinner—to be purveyed by Brother John Forrester, of the Mother Lodge—and Sir Michael Shaw Stewart, Bart., Most Worshipful Grand Master Mason of Scotland, will preside, as well at the banquet as at the earlier and more important ceremony of installation.

—o—
Our chief dining club—they only meet to eat—yclept “The Grumphies,” open their gastronomic season on the first Tuesday of September.

—o—
The annual inspection of the Clyde Lighthouses by the members of the Trust takes place on Saturday first. Messrs Ferguson & Forrester have been engaged to look after the creature comforts of the inspectors—I had almost said excursionists.

The members of the Town Council, together with a number of their friends, propose to resume their annual visit to the Gorbals Waterworks on Saturday the 4th of September.

Our Small Boys.

AMONG the desperate criminals haled by our gallant constabulary before the magistrates last week in connection with the recent rioting in the city, were "a small boy," charged with "disorderly conduct," and "a very small boy," charged with "committing an assault on a policeman." Strange to say, it was in this case held to be more reprehensible to be disorderly than to assault a policeman, and while the disorderly small boy was fined a guinea, "or fourteen days," the sacrilegious very small boy was let off with 7s 6d, "or seven days." We can only trust that this leniency will not be attended with ill effects, and that all the very small boys in the city, who might otherwise have contented themselves with being disorderly, will not incontinently take to assaulting policemen.

"Misca'in' ta Pipes."

THE BAILIE grieves to say it, but he sadly fears that his friend "Spinnaker's" trip to the South in the wake of the "Vanduaara" has tended to his demoralisation. That gallant yachtsman, of old so intensely "national" that he could not even bring himself to write English—how has he fallen! After lauding, "as per usual," the "comforts" and the "hospitality" which he encountered on board the steel boat, he adds that "she has one fault—*there is a man in the forecandle who plays the bagpipes,*" the italics being his own. Oh, Spinnaker, Spinnaker! how could you? And what do you expect to happen to you when you get back among your native lochs? For shame!

The Latest Misdeed of Argyll.

THE London correspondent of a local paper says that the vacant Garter will probably be conferred on the Duke of Argyll, "who would in that case resign the Thistle . . . in favour of Lord Rosebery." Just so. Such a slight to his country would indeed be a climax to the pile of his Grace's sins of omission and commission. But if he can find nothing better to do with the national emblem than to throw it away in this fashion, let it not be handed to Lord Rosebery but to the Ass, who will most assuredly make a better use of it than either Duke or Earl.

Axiomatic: "Billy" and "Dan" Patriotism—Orange and green Pat-riot-ism.

The Merchants' Restaurant, 58 Mitchell Street, is connected by Telephone with the Royal Exchange.

The Shooting Fever.

WHAT our junior clerk did before and after the 12th:—

Talked incessantly about "the shooting."
Wore his other suit, specially chosen—six months ago—for "the season."
Stuck a twig of heather in his button hole.
Wept for joy when we ordered him to deliver a brace of grouse at our residence.
Carried them through all the promenades, with an air suggestive—as he thought—of "brown heath and shaggy wood."
Went off for his holidays, hinting about his invitation to an "estate in the North."
Almost died of fright on seeing us, two days later, saunter towards him on Rothesay Pier.
Skulked behind a herring barrel, where we kept him for two mortal hours.

A Larky Paragraphist.

A CONTEMPORARY paragraphist says that the suggestion to introduce birds into the design for the new glass dome in the British Linen Company's Bank was rejected "on the ground that there must be no larking in the bank." This isn't bad—for a contemporary paragraphist. But suppose the birds hadn't been larks; what then? Suppose they had been kites—which would have been an appropriate selection—or any other variety of fowls but larks? The next time contemporary paragraphist undertakes to joke a joke he should consider the matter in all its bearings before committing himself.

REFORMATORY CANT.—At the conference of managers of Scotch Reformatory and Industrial Schools held last Thursday, the chairman ventured to assert that "dram shops and theatres are a fruitful source of crime." The BAILIE had thought that as regards theatres such notions were long since extinct. Bah! His Worship has no patience with such pedagogic pharisaism and fossilized cant. There!

THE "SLIDING SCALE."—First Mr Gladstone took ill, next Sir Charles Dilke felt unwell, and now Mr Macdonald M.P. has been indisposed! There is something rotten in the state of Denmark.

A publishing firm announces the issue of a guide to the Stock Exchange for clerks, investors, and speculators. Copying another celebrated oracle, the BAILIE would say to "clerks, investors, and speculators"—"Don't."

"Home" Rule—Irish mob-rule in Glasgow.

How I was not Out on the 12th.
BECAUSE I don't believe in the preservation
of game.

Because I never could find any amusement
in the shooting of harmless birds?

Because the "tips" to gamekeepers, ghillies,
and beaters become more expensive every year.

Because grouse when fit for the table has
always been rather "high" for my taste.

Because some of my friends are certain to
send me a few brace.

Because I could never make a "bag" big
enough to get chronicled in the newspapers.

Because the "tramp, tramp o'er moor and
fell" for the whole of a sultry day is no joke to
a sixteen stunner.

Because my income doesn't enable me to rent
a moor.

Because nobody axed me to *their* "diggings."

—♦♦♦—
JUST THE FASHION—*As you like it.*
Old art "reviv'd" from "dead" Queen Anne,
Rank reedy rubbish, "rot;"
New, wander'd west from weak Japan,
Still wandering on—"to pot."
Then when and where you'd have us go
Midst times and climes to seek?
If what is true you'd learn and know,
At least *begin* with Greek.
Though p'rhaps less easy than "Queen Anne"
Of "free" dis-Order-'d show,
More thought requiring than Japan
Or would, or could bestow.
Yet Greek's the only style whose art
Such "oneness" doth embrace
That on the whole, through every part,
There's grandeur grown of grace.

—♦♦♦—
"SALVATION" LITERATURE.—That letter in
the *Herald*, signed "Captain, Salvation Band,
Glasgow," anent a Rutherglen drowning case,
must have been a caution to grammatical snakes
in general and Queen's English sticklers in
particular. After kindly accusing the editor of
lying, and in the funniest phraseology imagin-
able, the "Captain" thusly closes the latest
addition to the curiosities of literature—"Please
find a place in your paper for this and you can
put it better together yourself." Ingenuous
"Captain," cruel editor.

Bobbie's Hobbies—Hobnobbing with culinary
hobs, at little dietary jobs, under the knobs of
"the Belles of the Kitchen;" and—"bobs."

Bobbie's Antipathies—Mobs; and "bobbing
round" his beat *too* frequently.

"The Ladies' Battle"—To get married.

Give a call at the Merchants' Restaurant, 58 Mitchell Street,
the best place to get a good dinner at a reasonable price.

Auchray is Indignant.
I DON'NO at all what sings come to. Wis
wan ant anoser sing there's nefer the likes
o't. Ant what is ta caws I woot like to know?
Ta Home Rule to pe sure—ta scums. To sink
they'll pe alloo to march wis spears in ta secont
empire of ta ceety is a tisgrace that nosing but
ta greatest stringent will pe put down—nefer.
Ant to sink anypody tat keeps ta disturpance
all rite ant 'specially ta force pe knocked doon
ta open taylight ant harpoot on ta public
surofare like a whale is somesing tat calls for
adoption ant santification at ta least. Let ta
ruffins march in their tens of sousans wis their
worsy shief frae Beelsbub Hoose to Gartnavel,
but, I ask, what for ta Shief Consple alloo a
sinkle spear for ta safage scountrels? I woot
n't trust ta ignorant scums wis a red herring—
not wan whatefer. Yours,

AUCHRAY M'TAVISH X. 71.

—♦♦♦—
EGGS-TRAORDINARY.

(Member of debating society is discussing the
Hares and Rabbits Bill with Jack Longstop.)

M. D. S.—That was a funny proposal by Mr
Hicks to restrict the traffic in the eggs of game.
Fack—Rather.

M. D. S.—But Mr Bright turned the joke
when he remarked that ground game didn't
produce eggs.

Fack—I know a species of ground game that
is very productive of eggs. Can you guess?

M. D. S.—Impossible. Eggs-plain.

Fack—Why cricket, of course.

M. D. S. (pensively)—Eggs-actly.

—♦♦♦—
"STILL THERE'S MORE TO FOLLOW."—
Undeterred by former archæological mistakes
—notably the "Samian urn" with "Tuscan"
inscription—Granny still goes in for the latest
numismatic "finds," mythical relics, and other
romantic news. On Tuesday last she chronicled
the discovery of a cell or passage in the Orkneys,
cut out of the solid rock, 35 feet long and vary-
ing in height and width from 2 to 4 feet, &c.,
&c. Now there be cells and "sells," and it
strikes the BAILIE that the old lady has once
again been "sold" by some Orcadian practical
jokist.

A Reminiscence of "Hawkie"—Confoond
thae Eerish; we canna get the use o' our ain
streets for them!

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

Mendicancy Set to Music.

ONE of the latest performances of the "poor miner on strike" is to go round "with bands of music, asking help from door to door." This is a species of triumphal mendicancy in comparison with which the feats of the sturdiest of sturdy beggars must appear insignificant. The idea of proclaiming with fife and drum that they will neither work themselves nor allow others to work, and boldly calling on the struggling shopkeeper, or other overwrought and underpaid member of the community, to support them in tyrannical idleness—this idea, the BAILIE repeats, is one well worthy of its authors. It would be well if the authorities of the districts where this notable system is in practice were to put the laws against begging in force, and to partially defray expenses by disposing of the beggars' musical instruments. Such revivals as this of "The Beggars' Opera" are neither "tolerable" nor to be endured.

A CONFUSION OF EPITAPHS.

(Scene—Gallowgate Station, time, 5-45 p.m.; enter old lady and little girl.)

Old Lady—Twa penny tickets for Shields Road.

Ticket Clerk—Twenty minutes to wait.

O. L.—What! Twenty minutes to eight. Is there no a train afore that?

T. C.—No, that's the first.

O. L.—Come awa, lassie, we maun be there by seven o'clock.

A PRACTICE TO BE PUT DOWN.—A very gross case of steamboat-racing is reported to have occurred off Greenock Esplanade on Wednesday afternoon, when the vessel which was least to blame is said to have been placed in the greatest peril. There is too much looseness about the conduct of our steamboat traffic in general, and this especially is a practice which should be rigidly suppressed. If it is allowed to go on there will be a terrible disaster to report some morning.

STARTLING. — "Mark Twain's a Tramp Abroad" is a rather startling line in the advertisement of a local librarian. Reflection, however, serves to show that the announcement is not intended to imply that Mr Clemens is a wandering vagabond, but simply refers to one of his works.

MARK } With an India Rubber Monogram or Name Stamp.
YOUR } Prices f.om 2/6 complete, with Box, Ink, and Pad.
LINEN } Post Free.—A. C. Thomson, 278 Argyle Street.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the Home Rule trials took place last week.

That the sentences were a "terror to evil-doers."

That the Govan Town Clerk appeared as "Counsel for the Defence."

That he shone in all the glory of an ample shirt front and a white waistcoat.

That his impressive appearance did not overcome Bailie M'Onie—much.

That John Ferguson is surely annoyed at not having been made a martyr.

That if Ferguson and his friends are not satisfied with their treatment here we are all willing that they should go back to Ireland.

That nobody wants them here.

That the Home Rulers in the city ought to be taxed for the extra police which we have to employ on their behalf.

That the landlords and factors are "still harping on my daughter."

That property is not letting so well this year.

That this is where the "shoe pinches."

That our streets are well filled with tourists.

That Englishmen and Yankees take their pleasures much more mildly than the "Glasgow chappie."

That the presence of so many visitors should be the means of circulating a pretty quantity of the "filthy lucre."

That our shopkeepers could be doing with a dry August every month of the year.

That these fearful strikes are on us once more.

That a board of arbitration should be appointed to settle all disputes between capital and labour.

That the miners are making it hot for certain of the daily papers.

That the said papers will make it hot for the miners one of these mornings.

That the classic Kelvin is to have the benefit of a new sewer.

That a strong fight is being made over the official salaries question.

That the "gallant Captain" has his supporters.

That "Sandy" has a weakness for wanting everything his own way.

That he generally manages to get it, too.

That the ratepayers ought to be heard upon the "momentous question."

JAMES THORNTON, of the Merchants' Restaurant, 58 Mitchell Street, provides first-class professional Cooks at a few hours' notice.

THE ARGYLE BATHS, 366 Argyle Street, is the Largest Public Bathing Establishment in Scotland. Warm Baths, 6d, 9d, & 1s; ready daily, from 7 a.m. to 9 p.m. One trial solicited.

"BELFAST" TEAS versus "GLASGOW" TEAS.

THE finest and most delicate portions of the Leaf are very brittle, and in the process of drying, curing, and assorting, they break off, and are technically called "BROKEN" TEAS. From a deep-rooted prejudice against the small leaf, the Grocers of Scotland will not purchase these Teas; but in Belfast—a town made famous by its intelligent Tea Dealers—where this class is mostly consumed, they command very Long Prices. The world-wide fame which Belfast enjoys, as a town where good Tea may be procured, is due almost exclusively to the efforts of one man, namely, **MR FOSTER GREEN**, who has persistently and successfully advocated the free use of **BROKEN LEAF TEA**, on account of its greater Strength of Liquor and Finer Quality; and, in order that the Broken Leaf may be the better blend and mix with the Whole Leaf, Mr Green also advocates the cutting, or grinding, of Whole Leaf to nearly the same size as the Broken Leaf.

When we state that **Our Teas** are made up upon the same principle as **FOSTER GREEN'S**, we pay him the highest compliment that one trader can bestow upon another—for "imitation is the sincerest flattery"—and at the same time we thus claim for ourselves a position of being Second to None in the Trade so far as ability to give value is concerned, because our Principal has had 18 years' experience as a Practical Tea-Taster in all departments of the Wholesale Trade, and because we Buy exclusively for Cash in the first Market, and Sell at a small percentage upon the Import Broker's Cost Price. The question, "Why cannot we get such Tea in Glasgow as Foster Green's?" need no longer be asked, for, if you are willing to pay the same price, you will get as good an article from **STUART CRANSTON & CO.** Our Teas are a combination of the Choicest Growths, judiciously bought, and cunningly blended so as to produce a perfect Liquor in the cup, and at their various Prices they are unequalled in Scotland.

Observe, that some Dealers are quoting Teas at 1s 4d, 1s 6d, and 1s 8d per lb., while our Lowest Price is 2s. We do not keep these Low-Priced Teas, because their rank, common quality would destroy the reputation we have gained for supplying Fine Tea at a most reasonable figure. Therefore, we call special attention to our **Superb Tea** at 2s 4d per lb., which is better Tea than that sold by Wholesale Grocers (so-called) and West-End Co-operative Stores at 2s 6d, 2s 8d, and 3s per lb. Every Family should test the truth of this statement.

STUART CRANSTON & CO., 76 ARGYLE STREET, (QUEEN STREET CORNER,) GLASGOW.

SPECIALTIES.

OUR New Shapes in Felt Hats for "Young Men" are now forward. The shapes are Neat, Smart, and Very Becoming. The Prices range from 4s 6d to the finest made, but we particularly call attention to our Special Lines at 6s 6d, 8s 6d, 10s 6d. The best value ever offered in Glasgow.

MILLER'S, QUEEN STREET CORNER, GLASGOW.

VICTORIA RESTAURANT,

62 GORDON STREET, & 3 RENFIELD STREET

(Opposite Caledonian Central Station),

WINES, SPIRITS, AND MALT LIQUORS

Of the Best Qualities, and Thoroughly Matured.

SPECIAL BLEND WHISKY.

BREAKFASTS, DINNERS, AND TEAS.

LARGE DINING-HALL.

SNACKS (OF ALL KINDS),6d.

M'CALL & FERGUSON, PROPRIETORS.

MITCHELL & CO.'S

OLD IRISH WHISKY, Belfast, is the Purest and Best in the Market, comparison with any other Brand will prove this. Agent for Scotland—**DAVID MITCHELL**, 20 Hope St., Glasgow.

Small Expenses require Small Profits.

STIRLING & WYLLIE

(formerly with the late Mr John M. Simpson), 85, 87, and 89 MAXWELL STREET, Glasgow, are now showing a magnificent Stock of NEW AND SECOND-HAND FURNITURE.

From the smallness of their Expenses, they are enabled, and are determined to sell at Prices which will meet with the approval of every purchaser. While the prices are low, the quality of the goods is first-class.

THE FINEST WHISKY IN THE WORLD.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

HENRY THOMSON & CO.'S

OLD IRISH WHISKY.

SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—

ROBERT BROWN, 17 HOPE 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,

47 ROSE STREET, GARNETHILL (Corner of Buccleuch Street);
And 190 ST. GEORGE'S ROAD (Opposite West Princes St).

CHARING CROSS HOSIERY WAREHOUSE.

WILLIAM DODS, 13 and 15 ST. GEORGE'S

ROAD. Large, Choice, and Carefully-Selected Stock. Latest Novelties in the different Departments. All Goods of the very Best Description, and the Prices Strictly Moderate, Dress Shirts, 3s 6d, 3s 9s, and 4s 5s per Half-Dozen—a Perfect Fit Guaranteed. Merino Underclothing in Great Variety. Gloves, Scarfs, &c.

ST. ENOCH RESTAURANT,

4 ST. ENOCH SQUARE.

Manager—**GEO. E. ALLEN**, late of the Regent Club.

The MANAGER trusts, by personal attention to each Department, to make this establishment in every way worthy of the public patronage.

Breakfasts, Luncheons, Dinners, Teas.

Wines &c., of the Finest Quality.

Public Dinners and Suppers estimated for.

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.

J. & R. SINCLAIR,
TOBACCO MANUFACTURERS,
NEWCASTLE ON TYNE,
68 ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW;
74 LEITH STREET, EDINBURGH;
3 NORTH BRIDGE, DO.

Seven Good Cigars for 1s, certainly worth trying.

BRITANNIA MUSIC HALL,
115 TRONGATE STREET,

Pre-eminently the most Popular Place of Amusement in Glasgow.

Unequaled variety of Novelties and Fresh Stars each Week.
Proprietor and Manager—H. T. ROSSBOROUGH.
For Particulars see Bills.

The Argyle Rubber Company,
110 ARGYLE STREET.

Tennis Rackets.—Splendid Assortment to choose from.
Tennis Sets complete.—Nets, Poles, Pegs, &c., sold separately.
Golf Balls and Clubs.—By best Makers in Scotland.
(Note.—A special make of Golf Balls, 7s 6d per dozen.)
Waterproofs for Ladies and Gentlemen.—Light and Strong for Summer wear.
Jet and Vulcanite Jewellery.—India Rubber Toys in great variety.
110 ARGYLE STREET. 110

NOTICE TO SMOKERS.
JUST OPENED as an EMPORIUM for the SALE of
MURRAY'S FAMED MELLOW SMOKING MIXTURE,
and CIGARS and TOBACCOS of the Finest Quality.

Large Smoking-Room, lofty ceiling (17 feet), well ventilated.
J. H. ALLISON,
CIGAR MERCHANT AND TOBACCONIST,
463 ST. VINCENT STREET, Two Doors from Elderslie St.
P.S.—Vesuvians and Wax Vestas, 1d. Boxes 6d. per Dozen.

GREAT SUCCESS
OF THE
CALEDONIAN
CIGAR
EMPORIUM'S

"LEADING" CIGAR;

They defy competition; hundreds of them sold every day; once tried sure to please.

7 for 1s, 15 for 2s, or 12s 6d per 100.

NOTE THE ADDRESS—
CALEDONIAN CIGAR EMPORIUM,
25 RENFIELD STREET,
GLASGOW.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 25th, 1880.

FOR once Glasgow has produced a clean bill of criminal health. The charge sheet at the Autumn Circuit which opened in the Court Houses at the Green on Monday had neither a murder, an attempt at murder, nor even a "fearful stabbing case" to disfigure its fair surface. At whose door are we to lay this happy state of things? Is it due to our teetotal provost? has the granting of all the license transfers anything to do with it? is it the result of the plenteousness of work; or is it caused by so many people going about with nothing to do? Can "Oor Jeems" and the "Schule Brod" with the moral suasion of the whole "forse" be credited with this great reformation; or are we to say that the spread of education is to bear the honour of having reduced our crimes of violence to the minimum figure. To whatever cause the happy change is to be attributed, let us hope that it may long continue. For years we have been celebrated as the most reckless community in Scotland; how proud we must all feel to-day when our criminal annals show the population of Glasgow to be the most law abiding and least given to deeds of murder and violence in the country.

The Right Way with Rioters.

THE BAILIE begs to congratulate his friend Bailie Laing upon having become awake to the necessity of dealing sternly with the instigators of, and participants in, those outrageous party disturbances that have so long disgraced our city. Six months' imprisonment may possibly convince Pat and Barney that they cannot be allowed to disturb the peace of their city of refuge—for such has Glasgow been to the great mass of its Irish population—while Mr Laing's warning words will not, it is to be hoped, be lost on the "leaders," the makers of the "inflammatory speeches" to which he referred. If more warning will not do for these latter gentry, then, as his Worship said last week, we must find some more effectual means of dealing with them. Once for all, this state of things must cease.

The Question of the Day—Are you a Billy or a Dan?

A Goose with "Sage" Stuffing—The fraudulent marker at Wimbledon.

Rolling the Ratepayers.

A GRAVE discussion took place at the Greenock Police Board the other day regarding the limits within which the wanderings of "deputations" should be confined. The question was raised over a new steam-roller wanted by the Board, and the Provost suggested that the committee charged with the selection of a roller might think it necessary to extend their researches as far as New York, while another gentleman "thought that the committee should not be allowed to go beyond the United Kingdom." The great "deputation" nuisance—or scandal—has seldom assumed a more grotesque phase than this. While even a Greenock Police Commissioner must be fully aware that implements and machinery of all kinds are turned out in perfection almost at his door, it is seriously proposed to send a pleasure-party across the Atlantic on the pretence of looking for so simple a matter as a steam-roller. The trip might, with equal advantage, be extended round the world, and the "deputies" might spend the winter in some pleasant climate while they digested the results of their experience—all at the expense of that patient "hass" the public! While on this subject, the BAILIE would like to ask the Glasgow ratepayer if *he* has ever heard of steam-rollers—or other commodities—being acquired on similarly economical terms. Eh?

THE SINCEREST FORM OF FLATTERY.

(Scene—Fashionable restaurant.)

Swell—Give me a steak.*Waiter*—Yes, sir.*Swell*—Rub my steak with an onion, will you?*Waiter*—Yes, sir.*Cad* (his initial appearance in good society)—Here, waiter, gi'e me a steak.*Waiter*—All right.*Cad* (irritated at the manner of the waiter)—Rub ma heed wi' a brick!

[Everybody stares.]

"MORALE" VERSUS "PHYSIQUE."—An ex-detective, who had been discharged as "physically unfit," has turned up at Manchester charged with fraud. When he "does his time" he will probably be taken on the force again as "morally fit."

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.

Something Like a Census.

THE Gaelic Society of Inverness "have sent in a petition to Parliament "praying that a census be taken of the Gaelic-speaking population of Scotland." Petitions are also, it is understood, being got up in various quarters with a view to ascertaining the number of persons who speak the dialects of the various counties—Ayrshire, Aberdeenshire, &c.—the statistics of the dealers in slang, and the habitual users of the "big, big D.," with other information of an equally valuable character. It will thus be seen that the census of 1881 will be deeply interesting—always supposing that the prayers of the various petitions indicated meet with a favourable reception in official quarters.

PILFERING "YARNS."—The case of Thomas Cullen—a bold, bad cullen, no doubt—who is presently doing sixty days for theftuously appropriating some hosiery yarn from a factory, should act as a warning to others who may have similar yearnings. The BAILIE is accustomed to have his "yarns" transferred to all parts of Christendom, and doesn't object to the "conveyancing;" but other "manufacturers" may not be so graciously forbearing, as the party by the name of Cullen now knows to his cost.

GRANNY JOKETH A JOKE.—Commenting on Lord Hartington's Indian Budget, Granny says, "It was known beforehand that his statement would have to belong to the candid rather than the sugar-candied order of speeches." Joke! See? "Candid" and "candied!" Really, though, as a candid—not candied—friend, the BAILIE would urge the old lady to desist from these desperate attempts at humour. They are dangerous at her age, when violent delights are apt to have violent endings. Don't, old lady, don't!

AN EQUINE HABER-DASHER.—What could have entered into the head of that Greenock Pegasus, the other day, to make it bound through the £10 plate-glass window of a Cathcart Street draper? An animal of such vaulting ambition, though of ways so pronouncedly mercer(n)ary (he-haw!) is not the most desirable customer for any "linen-draper bold," however Gilpin-like might be his personal predilections.

A "Rainy" Day with the BAILIE—This-day-week.

Baking Apples, 7 lbs. for 1s. Jam Plums, 7 lbs. for 1s, at M. CAMPBELL, Fruit Warehouse, 18 GORDON STREET.

Megilp.

NO little interest is being created in artistic circles, especially in the East country, by the pictorial exhibition to be held in the Galleries of the Royal Scottish Academy, on the occasion of the visit of the Social Science people to Edinburgh. The Exhibition is directly promoted by the Academy, and will be controlled by the leading spirits among the Academicians. It was intended, at first, to include the works of deceased painters only, but this resolution has now been departed from, and pictures by living as well as dead artists will be placed on view.

As a matter of course—and probably of right as well—the Academicians themselves will occupy nine-tenths of the space allotted to existing artists. This leaves a certain amount of room for outsiders—small as that may be—and much anxiety is naturally aroused in various quarters as to who among the outsiders will be “in,” and who will be “out.”

This anxiety is made all the keener from the circumstance that two vacant Associateships must be filled up in November next, and it is shrewdly guessed that the outsiders to whom most favour is shown in the Exhibition are those most likely to secure foremost places at the November competition.

Three Associateships are in reality vacant, but only two elections will take place this year. Let us hope that one of them, at least, will fall to some one or other of our West country artists.

Alexander Davidson and Duncan M'Kellar, who have been hard at work for months in the “great metropolopis”—attending classes, studying old masters in the National Gallery and new masters in the Academy and the Grosvenor—are about to betake themselves to the country for a season. Mr M'Kellar goes back to his old hunting grounds of Haddon Hall and Hardwicke Hall—the last-named mansion is one of the country seats of the Marquis of Hartington, and is specially rich in old furniture, old armour, and old tapestry; while Mr Davidson proposes to spend three or four weeks at the classic village of Chigwell in Essex—classic because of the genius of Dickens, for is not the “Maypole Inn” there, and are not Chigwell Hall and the district round about, the roads and lanes and fields, all photographed in “Barnaby Rudge?” Chigwell, moreover, is adjacent—a comprehensive word “adjacent,” and handy at a pinch—to Epping Forest, which, however we may sneer at it, contains some of the finest oaks and elms in all “merrie England.”

Mr and Miss Greenlees were among the artists who appeared in town last week. Their visit, however, was only a flying one.

The fine weather of the present month has enabled David Murray to make famous head-way with the pictures on which he is engaged in the hills above Cardross; A. K. Brown is at Doune, that most placid of villages, albeit that it lies in the “debatable land” between the hill country of Roderick Dhu and the plains whose occupants bore fealty to the Knight of Snowdon; David Fulton will be found, before long, on the coast near Irvine, in search of other sea-side studies similar to those by which he was represented in the Institute Exhibition in February last; and J. D. Adam goes North within the next few days.

Among the more noted of recent visitors to the Black and White Exhibition was Sir Coutts Lindsay of Balcarres, owner of the Grosvenor Gallery in Bond Street, London, and the promoter of the famous exhibition held therein. Among the local works in the “Black and White” by which Sir Coutts was specially impressed were the charcoal drawings of William Glover—particularly No. 660, “A Fresh Breeze,” and Duncan M'Laurin's large “Royal Mail,” No. 368.

Craibe Angus, anxious that such a perfect collection of the works of Bough and Chalmers as has been gathered together in the galleries of the Institute should receive some fitting memorial—especially as to its completeness—has arranged with Leopold Lowenstam, the celebrated etcher, to reproduce, by means of the graver and the etching plate, a series of some thirty of the more striking pictures of each artist. The enterprise is certainly a daring one, but this is all the greater reason why every aid should be given to Mr Angus, by those interested in art, in order that he may be able the more successfully to carry it out.

“Whip Behind!”

THE Town Council had before it last week a highly reprehensible practice on the part of our youthful population—the practice, namely, of helping themselves to “free drives on cars and other vehicles.” Various opinions were hazarded as to the origin of this juvenile weakness, Mr Smith putting it down to “youthful ardour” and the lack of public playgrounds, while the Lord Provost “thought it was the fascination of being carried without cost . . . that tempted the children to indulge in this objectionable practice.” After this the subject “dropped,” as well it might. It is to be hoped that young Glasgow, the next time he is tempted to “get up behind,” will recollect that he is the victim of a mean and sordid “fascination,” and desist.

Hard on Hawarden.

THE BAILIE understands that the reason why Mr John Ferguson's recent repudiation of Mr Gladstone did not occasion the right honourable gentleman a serious relapse was that he did not hear of it, all information on the subject being, by order of Dr Andrew Clark, carefully withheld from him. The time must come, however, when Hawarden will know of the defection of Benburb, and humane men, whatever their politics, must hope that the blow may not fall upon the Premier before he is strong enough to bear it with some sort of equanimity. It might be well if those about Mr Gladstone were at once to begin the task of breaking the news to him. It would be difficult to answer for the consequences should any accident bring it upon him all at once.

A CONSCIENTIOUS CORRESPONDENT.—The breaking of a shop window appears to be regarded as a very serious affair in Greenock, if we may judge from the fact that the Sugaropolitan correspondent of a contemporary thinks it his duty to devote two successive paragraphs to such an occurrence, the second more elaborate and circumstantial than the first. The imagination fails to realise what the correspondent might feel himself called upon to do in the event of a big fire “down the way.”

Justice to Scotland—A return of Irishmen to Ireland.

Flying Visitors—Swallows.

The Proprietor of the Merchants' Restaurant, 58 Mitchell Street, is prepared to furnish Balls, Parties, Weddings, Breakfasts, Suppers, &c., at a few hours' notice.

"Victims."

THE "Home Rule" ruffians of Garscube Road and Bellshill have found an apologist in the shape of a gentleman who writes to the *Herald*, describing them as the "unhappy victims" of "shameless provocation" and "premeditated villainy." For pure, unadulterated "cheek" commend us to your polemical Irishman. When Mr William Sikes meets with an "accident" in the pursuit of his calling, his friends doubtless consider him a victim, but they do not write to the newspapers about "provocation" and "villainy." Our Hibernian importations are certainly taking rope enough. It remains to be seen whether they will succeed in—metaphorically—hanging themselves.

A Black and White Exhibition—A set-to between a sweep and a baker.

The Member for Oban—The *Daily Mail*.

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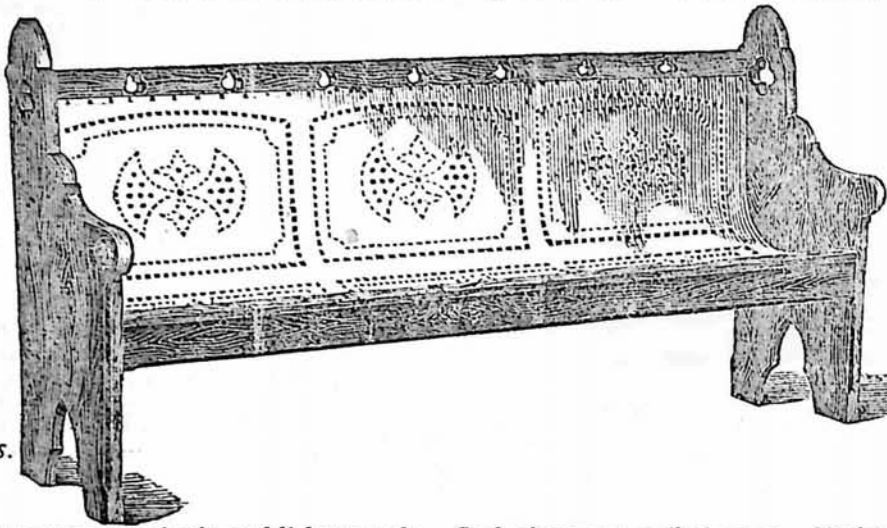
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No. 411. Glasgow, Wednesday, September 1st, 1880. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 411.

AT this holiday season, when the Courts are deserted and silence reigns in Wilson Street, it seems good to the BAILIE to visit the chambers sacred to Themis, and limn, by means of pen and ink, one of the lawgivers who preside therein. But first it behoves the Magistrate to remark that "the Buildings" are fast assuming a distinctly obsolete character. The edifice did good service in times gone by, but it seems both out of date and out of place in the present day. It is to Blythswood Square that the BAILIE looks for the site of the Palace of Justice of the future. In a few years this will be the centre of the law business of the city. Even now it would prove much more convenient for our legal luminaries than does the existing establishment in Wilson Street. As it is, so great is the distance between the Courts and the dens of those whose profession it is to practise in them, that there is none so poor but must keep his telephone. For some, alas! the instrument is a simple luxury. Why, a penny trumpet would suit all their necessities quite as well as a telephone—let it be either of the loud speaking or the signal bell species of machine. Probably no one would hail a removal—should we say a flittin' ?—from Wilson Street to Blythswood Square, more than our genial, hard working Sheriff Principal, and his five busy Sheriffs-substitute. Let us hope that their wishes in this matter may receive some attention before long, and that the new Law Courts, let the site be where it may, will be less tardy of completion than are those which have been in process of erection for so many years in the London Strand. WALTER COOK SPENS is neither the eldest nor the youngest of the five gentlemen who dispense justice under the supervision of

Mr Sheriff Clark. A son of the late Mr William Spens, Secretary and Actuary to the Scottish Amicable Life Assurance Society, and trained in the office of the late Mr William Burns—the "North Briton," and one of our soundest and most valued masters of commercial law—Mr WALTER COOK SPENS had every opportunity, as a lad, for acquiring a good groundwork of professional knowledge. On leaving the office of Mr Burns, our friend went to Edinburgh, and after completing his legal studies at the University, "passed" as an advocate, a feat which enabled him to join the ranks of the "great unpaid," and perambulate the floor of Parliament House with the best of them. In his "green and sallet days" Mr SPENS published a volume of verse, the memory of which has not quite died away even yet. Indeed, the story is still recent of the court officer who replied to certain criticisms of poetry with the remark that "Tho' there's no muckle, as I say, in Tennyson, still Burns is no bad—but Spens!" Without going the length of this enthusiastic Cerberus, the BAILIE may be allowed to say that he regards the verses of Mr SPENS with a good deal of interest. They are somewhat lacking in strength, it is true, but this is by no means peculiar to them, and if their poetic fibre is far from powerful, they are at least neat, and occasionally even musical, and are by no means devoid at times of a certain colouring of graceful fancy. Mr SPENS received the appointment of Sheriff-Substitute of the county from Mr Sheriff Bell, and did duty for several years as presiding official in the Court at Hamilton. It was while at Hamilton, as some readers of the BAILIE may recollect, that Sheriff SPENS first became famous. And his celebrity had nothing slow and gradual in its character. It was by the aid of a pheasant that the Man you Know vaulted into notoriety—surely a sufficiently ap-

propriate means of rising in the world for a son of Apollo. Since his removal to Glasgow, now several years ago, Mr SPENS has turned his attention in a great measure to parochial law, and in this department of the legal science he may be said to be a fairly competent authority. As a judge he is at once hesitating and dignified. His decisions are given with an evident feeling of reluctance, but all the same he assumes an air which fairly staggers some of the agents who appear before him. It is next to impossible, when listening to Sheriff SPENS, as he delivers judgment in his court, not to fancy that, while he has one eye fixed on his immediate audience, his other is directly levelled at the editor of his favourite newspaper. For the rest Mr SPENS may be described as a careful and painstaking official, given to little outbursts of temper at times, but kindly and considerate at heart, and always anxious to serve out justice to the very best of his ability. Any notice of him would be inadequate without some allusion to his devotion to the game of chess. He is one of the lights, indeed, of the Glasgow Chess Club—that pleasant little society to whom Mr Lang of Queen Street acts as host. The post of a Sheriff-Substitute of Lanarkshire is no sinecure—its holder is one of the hardest worked men among us. Let us hope, therefore, that the present vacation, like all other vacations, will be heartily enjoyed by Mr SPENS and his colleagues, and that they will return at its close to the exercise of their difficult and delicate duties like unto lions, yea, even British lions, corroborated, strengthened, and refreshed.

ART AND PART.—The public exhibitions of the Designs for the new Municipal Buildings may, it may be, afford some of the local professors a fine opportunity of taking off “hints” (“conveying the wise call it”)—the little Pecksniffs finding in it a rare chance of filling their empty knowledge-boxes from the ideas of the great Sir Christophers.

The “Queen’s Evidence”—Her Majesty’s Highland Journal.

“True to the Corps”—An enthusiastic Volunteer.

Large Bags on the Moors—The wide trousers worn in Morocco. He-haw!

An Old “Bill”—The Prime Minister.

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

Whataiver and Forpye.

HER nainsel loves ta Hielant spoke,
Ant she’ll pe love ta herty choke
Which thoosan laughters will provoke,
Whataiver and forpye.

She’ll love ta Gaalic langkwich, too,
Which Atam also spoke a few,
Ant Eve in Aiden likewise knew,
Whataiver and forpye.

She’ll love ta Gaalic music kood,
So peautiful and prave and lood,
Ta pipes she’ll aalways understood,
Whataiver and forpye.

She’s seen ta pipers, twice a score,
Play thoosan tunes for nevermore,
She’ll thocht she wass in Haiven, she’ll swore,
Whataiver and forpye.

Oich ! she’ll pe love ta Hielan’ still
Where they’ll pe prew ta thoosan shill ;
Twice times as more she’ll trunk her fill,
Whataiver and forpye.

’Tis whusky makes her koot ant wise,
Gie her eneuch, she’ll neffer dies ;
Put toon tat rascal rogue Excise,
Whataiver and forpye.

She’ll love her plaid and pheelapeg,
Her durk and hose upon her leg,
And koot claymore her foes to fleg,
Whataiver and forpye.

Ta whusky will pe cure her woes,
Wi’ thoosan muckle caups o’ prose,
Ant tons o’ sneeshin’ for her nose,
Whataiver and forpye.

TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

(Scene—Front of the jail while “the Lords” are sitting ; a little crowd are busy discussing the trials.)

Tam—Dae ye think there’ll be ony hanging cases this time ?

Rab—Na, na, they dinna hang onybody noo. A min’ twenty or thirty years syne when there wis never a circuit without a hangin’.

Pat—Shure an’ some got ov thim times, too. I moind ov a man who wis hung then, an’ the night before the execution a reprave came an’ he got ov.

AND FROM HER FAIR AND UNPOLLUTED FLESH MAY VIOLETS SPRING—*Laertes*.—It is because his Worship regards the conversion of a graveyard into a pleasaunce as little better than sacrilege, that his artistic eye tolerates the iron cages that disfigure the Ram’s Horn and other intramural burying-grounds. The little areas that they enclose are yet shielded and sacred—

“Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh.”

A Tower (Tour) of Inspection—A bridescake.

The best place to Dine—The Merchants’ Restaurant, 58 Mitchell Street.

The Vatican in the Highlands.

IF anything helps to make success certain in any new undertaking, it is the ability to start the concern on a large scale. Whether it be a new business or a church the rule applies, and it would seem that the runners of the new Roman Catholic college, monastery, and hospice at Fort Augustus, which has just been opened amid a flourish of ecclesiastical trumpets, and under the presence and patronage of the great and wealthy members of the Church of Rome resident in Scotland, seem to be well aware of the conditions of success referred to. The buildings as they now stand have cost about £70,000, and the finished price is expected to be about £100,000, which modest sum it is stated has been supplied from the exchequers of my Lords Lovat, Bute, Norfolk, Denbigh, &c. Some special reason of course must exist for these special acts of beneficence among those faithful adherents of the Church, and we learn accordingly from Prior Vaughan that "the opening of this college is a fitting act of reparation for the diabolical sacrileges which in past days were permitted in Scotland," referring of course to the extirpation which took place at the Reformation.

We have admitted that the promoters have made a good start, but a plant so long uprooted in Scotland as this high-flown and gaudy form of Vaticanism, has been planted in the wrong place. The days of Roman Catholic supremacy north of the Tweed have passed away for ever, and not all the gold in the united coffers of the Scottish papist nobility, nor the united prayers of bishops and benedicts, can ever strike the roots of this never-to-be-forgotten Upas tree into the hearts of the Scottish people again.

Romanism, however, has many resources. If a few good and well-authenticated miracles could be worked during the summer months, the thing might at least be made to pay.

Fort Augustus has charms of its own as a summer resort, and the chance of seeing a miracle on one's holidays is not to be sneezed at.

A "LEAP YEAR" WOOING.

1st Old Ragged Loafer—Whit a shame it is o' Mrs Leddy Burdett-Coutts to mairry sic a young man! It's fair contrar to natur!

2nd Old Ragged Loafer—'Deed is't, Tam. Man, a wunner at her takin' sic a young husband, whin she micht hae had aither o' us twa for the askin'.

The Proprietor of the Merchants' Restaurant, 58 Mitchell Street, is prepared to furnish Balls, Parties, Weddings, Breakfasts, Suppers, &c., at a few hours' notice.

On 'Change.

SOME innocent youth has been writing to the papers, asking why Glasgow Tramway shares are not at £18 in place of £13 5s. Had he been a regular reader of the BAILIE, he would not have needed to inquire. The Glasgow Tramway Company has a lease of the road for twenty-one years. At the end of the lease the Company will be at the mercy of the Town Council. Should the Council of that future day be accommodating, and not prone to insist upon its rights, the shares of the Company might fetch more than to-day's market price. Inasmuch as it is impossible to conjecture what the Town Council may do, say before the year 1895, it would be imprudent to speculate upon the chance that excessive clemency will be exercised. If the directors of the Tramway wish to make their concern safe, they ought to organise a reserve fund. They have not done this. Hence the shares of £9 paid are not worth £13 5s. Far less are they worth £18.

The Vale of Clyde Company has a lease of the road in perpetuity. It is therefore in a different position. When the directors finish their experiments on the means of haulage, they may perhaps begin to make money. The end seems to be as near, however, as the Greek kalends, or an Irish debate in the House of Commons.

That delightful undertaking, the Great North of Scotland Railway, has declared its dividend for last half year. The dividend is nothing. My numerous readers, and more especially those who overwhelm me with advice gratis, may perhaps remember that I hinted at this result many weeks ago. The other day the stocks of the Great North of Scotland and the Great Eastern stood at the same price. Yet the Great Eastern divided 2½ per cent. against the Great North of Scotland's 2 per cent. As investments, therefore, either the one was too high, or the other too low. The truth is that both are too high. The Great North is especially so, but then it is a small stock, and consequently the prey of speculators.

The bottom will be knocked out of these speculative stocks when money becomes dearer. And money will become dearer. Demands are setting in from various quarters which will entail a decrease in our existing resources. The first acute symptom of the change will probably come from the Continent, where the pressure may be first felt. But the demand must of necessity come also to London, the monetary centre of the universe. Then people who have been hoarding their bills, having no express desire to increase their responsibilities, will come into the market all at once and so increase the pressure.

In the meantime, money is nominally at 2½ per cent., and the season is favourable for the launching of new companies. The astute gentlemen who organize new companies find gold to be their best card. There is a craze for gold companies, as I have already remarked. It is a sort of epidemic, and the epidemic is spreading. India is now the great field. California and Australia are to be nowhere in the race. The latest invention is the Indian Mammoth, Limited, with a capital of £150,000 in £1 shares. This is indeed bringing down speculative investments to the level of the meanest capacity, though it is not in keeping with a "Mammoth" enterprise. The "Mammoth" board includes a Commander R.N. and two Major-Generals, so of course it ought to be well managed. Naval and military officers must know so much about business, and the intricacies of crushing quartz.

SCRUTATOR.

"FASHION AND FAMINE" WAIT FOR NO MAN.
(Scene—Front of millinery establishment.)

Tam—Hullo! Geordie, whit's yer hurry?

Geordie (holding up a box)—This is a bonnet for the wife, and I'm hurryin' awa' hame wi't afore it gaes oot o' fashion.

BICYCLES. { Agents for Duplex Excelsior, Club, Challenge,
TRIOYCLES. { Premier, Stanley, Timberlake, and 'Xtraordinary
Safety Bicycles. Riding Taught—101 Mitchell St.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—Music in both of the Sauchiehall Street houses this week, and pleasant music of its kind, too. At the Gaiety they are doing Offenbach's "Fille du Tambour Major," which a friend, an expert in these matters, tells me is good work, if slight rather. Offenbach is artistic enough when he likes, and there is evidence in "La Fille du Tambour Major" of higher musicianship than is usual with him. Like most other writers of burlesque opera, my friend adds, Offenbach appropriates, or at least imitates, not a little, and Auber's "La Fille" could hardly fail to be reflected somewhat in this case. Very oddly, the music of the Finale to Act 3 runs quite in "The Death of Nelson" vein.

The lively part of Stella is fittingly filled by Miss Annie Poole, that of the Duchess by Madame Tonnelier. Mr Aynsley Cooke is Major Tambour, and Mr Milroy Cooper has the slight but pleasant part of Capt. Robert.

—o—
Strauss is a name known almost exclusively in connection with waltzes, quadrilles, and so on, but "Die Fledermaus"—to be played at the Royalty this week by Mr E. Hughnott's Company—reveals the family talent in a different light. The dance music of the Strausses is traditionally excellent, but what is more to the present purpose, that of the present popular representative of the name is exceedingly lively. "Die Fledermaus" (The Bat), with its bal masque in the 2nd Act, seems altogether but a natural development of the family talent. Miss Josephine St. Ange, who will be recollected as a clever member of the "Pink Dominoes" company takes a leading role in the opera; while among the representatives of the male parts are Mat. Robson, A. Brenner, and R. Cummings.

Burnand's burlesque, "Robbing Roy," is under lined, I see, at the Royalty, for the 13th September, with Mr Edward Terry as the chieftain. A Burnand shame—is it not?—thus to get fun out of our "Great National Drama," as we delight to call it, and also to Terrify "Rob" a second time, as if the previous performance of the operation (Sir Walter Scott's joke, you remember, my Magistrate,) had not been enough.

—o—
Henry J. Byron's "Lancashire Lass," a melodrama full of capital dialogue, and abounding in clever character sketches, will be played at the Prince of Wales Theatre to-night and during the week.

—o—
One of the cleverest melodramas of the day, I mean the play of "Proof," will be produced by Mr Beryl at the Royal Princesses Theatre this evening. Indeed, for a well-knit piece, pathetic and exciting to the last degree, and full of capabilities for really fine acting, I don't know where to find the equal of this French romance. The company engaged to support it is thoroughly good. Mr Speakman, if somewhat conventional, plays, at the same time, with great breadth and power, Mr Rignald Moore is a capital representative of character parts, and in Miss Kate Hastings we have one of the finest of our younger actresses.

—o—
The Matthews Minstrels are experiencing a good time at the West Nile Street Cirque, full houses being the order of the evening. The brothers Matthews have been some seventeen years before the public in the burnt-cork business, and have never swerved from the "legitimate." They are of the old school of "Christy's," and are above the tricks and peripatetic exhibitions of other shows in this line. Their present company is of the best. Messrs Pelham, Loraine, Walker, and Drayton are capital balladists, while the comic cads are hugely funny. Look in, my Magistrate, and renew your youth with the queer quips of the "corner-men"—the fun of the banjo, bones, and tambourine—and the fast and furious breakdowns of our "plantation" friends. Mr Monck pleasantly manages the front of the house.

—o—
The weekly practisings of the St. George's Choral Union, now under the charge of Mr Pattinson, as I mentioned the other

week, are to be commenced for the season to-morrow, Tuesday, in the Assembly Rooms, Bath Street. There is some intention, I hear, of attaching an orchestra to the scheme, for the adequate production, for instance, of works of the Cantata class. There must be plenty of competent instrumental skill available in the city, amateur or professional, or both combined, and the idea is surely one worth realising.

The Greenock Choral Union announce their arrangements for the ensuing season. Members will be enrolled on Thursday 2nd September, and rehearsals (or practisings) on the Tuesday following. Handel's "Acis and Galatea," with some selections will be produced in November. The Messiah at Christmas, and Haydn's Creation in March or April. Mr Westwood Tosh is Conductor as formerly.

Need I remind your readers, my Magistrate, that the Abstiners' Union Concerts begin for the season on Saturday evening next. A first-rate programme of the good old sort has been prepared—songs, duets, and so on, chiefly in the British tongue. Miss Hebe Barlow, soprano, and gold medallist of the London Academy of Music, Miss Ellen Marchant, contralto, Mr W. H. Burgon, bass, and a "prize scholar," are among the principal vocalists. Miss Gretchen Johnson plays a couple of solos, one of them being the well-known arrangement of "Caller Herrin," by your old friend Mr Emile Berger. Mr Bridgeman is the accompanist, and Mr Lambeth the organist as before. I anticipate a very successful season.

—o—
Is Mr Burnett to be the architect of the new Municipal Buildings? According to current rumour it is his design that has been selected by Mr Barry for the first of the Corporation premiums, and we may be sure that the committee of the Town Council will be largely guided in their decision by the award of the Royal Academician.

There is to be a public Exhibition, in the Corporation Galleries, of the competitive designs for the new Buildings, commencing on Monday, the 13th, and closing on Saturday, the 18th of September, admission to which will be by ticket, and this can be had by applying at the office of Mr West Watson, City Chamberlain, 70 Hutcheson Street.

The press people and the competing architects are to be shown the designs during the six days preceding those set apart for the public.

—o—
Professor Nichol has done justice to himself at last. His book on "Byron," in the "English Men of Letters" series, edited by Mr John Morley, is the book on the subject. It takes rank, besides, with the very best of its predecessors—with the "Gibbon" of Cotter Morison, and Mr Morley's monograph on Burke.

The new light in magazine literature is Mr Grant Allen, a gentleman who possesses a vivid and picturesque style, and whose notions, especially on art matters, are worthy of careful attention. His article entitled "Cimabue and Coal Scuttles," in the July *Cornhill*, was by far the most telling in the number. He is represented in the September *Fortnightly* by a paper on "The Ways of Orthodox Critics," in the September *Fraser* by one on "Landowing and Copyright;" in the September *Cornhill* by one on "The Growth of Sculpture," and in the September *Gentleman's* by one on the "Dog's Universe."

I observe that the drawings by the architect-journeymen and apprentices, for the Institute's prizes, are being exhibited to-morrow (Tuesday)—and for that day only.

"Crimean" Simpson was in town the other day, as was also Sir Daniel Macnee, P.R.S.A.

Men of Science (falsely so called)—Pugilists.

Extremes that Meet in Ireland—The peelers and the repealers.

Give a call at the Merchants' Restaurant, 58 Mitchell Street, the best place to get a good dinner at a reasonable price.

The Leddy Doctor.

BAILIE,—Ac nicht as I was gaun along Garscube Road, I heard a baun' playin', an' I says tae Tumas Wilson, says I, "There's thae Eerish Tarrriers again, rin for yer life!" Bit whan we lookit doun a side street, what did we see bit the baun' on the tap o' a gran' carriage, o'er at the shows; an' says I tae Tumas, "Come on an' see whit's up."

What was oor astonishment at seein' a fine machine wi' three horses, a baun', and a wee wife, dress't up, an' staunin', pu'in' teeth free o' chaarge, wi' a crowd roun' aboot her. Fegs bit the wifey was the boy for them. She whuppit the stumps oot in a jiffy, didna gie the folk time tae greet, an' it didna seem sair forbye.

Tumas Wilson thocht he wad like his auld stump oot that had been botherin' him for mony a day. I didna say onything tae prevent him, bit a' the while I was feart that the Brigaun'-lookin' chappies wi' the trumpets micht tak' it intil their heeds tae stick a gully in his thrapple. Weel, Tumas's stump was oot, an' he was back afore I was din speakin' tae him.

"Man, Wullie," says he, "A never fan't ava, gang up yersel'." Sae up I got tae hae an auld rotten e'e tith pu'ed.

I sprachalt on tae the machine no' without conseederable misdoubt about the trumpet blawin' chappies up abin, bit afore I was richt up the wee wife ramt me in a corner and shoved back ma heed in sich a fashion that I could see the chiel wi' the big trumpet, an' I keepit ma e'en on him. The next thing that I kent wus me gaun stitterin' doun the steps wi' ma stump in ma haun', but hoo it got there I widna sweer.

I wunner what thae dentist bodies say about it a' wi' their ruggin' and chuggin' and breckin' o' teeth and splinterin' o' jawbanes. It'll be fair ruination tae them. It's guid for them bit bad for me and the likes that she's gaun awa' in a wee.—Yours,
WULLIE PAITERSON.

"THE WELL OF ENGLISH."—Some eccentric person advertises in a local paper for "lessons in English from Danish (*sic*) or Norwegian." He will probably continue his education by taking lessons in French from a Chinese, and in Italian from an Ural Cossack.

A Break-down "Gang"—A Christy minstrel walk-round.

The March of the Glens—Glenlivet.

The Merchants' Restaurant, 58 Mitchell Street, is connected by Telephone with the Royal Exchange.

How Tom Liked Them.

UPON my honoured knees sat two
Small nieces—each with golden hair
Tied in a long and flowing queue—
A pretty, pouting, prattling pair!
While, more demure, yet quite as sweet—
What big coquettes are little girls!—
Sat dark-eyed Anna at my feet,
Half-hidden in a mass of curls.
Their cousin Tom, a simple lad,
Who'd just begun to spoon a bit,
Was sitting by and looking sad,
As bashful boys will do when hit.
"Now, Tom, come tell me true," I said,
Do *you* like little girls with tails?"—
He blushed and turned away his head,
And then—began to bite his nails!
That done, he looked at Meg and Kate;
Blushed scarlet next; then turned his eyes
To where demure Miss Anna sate,
And then, to my intense surprise,
Blushing from scarlet on to blue,
He very slowly stammered out
The story old, in language new,—
"I like 'em *with* tails—and—*without*!"

UNTRUE TO THE CORPS.

(Scene—Drill ground after annual inspection.)

Eager Sub.-Lieutenant (lately joined)—I say, don't you think from our performances to-day that we might be taken for a regular regiment of the line?

Ex-Lieutenant (lately retired)—Well, to judge from the march-past one couldn't help admitting that you were decidedly off the line, and your going at the double was undoubtedly regular—a regular scramble, in fact.

[*Eager Sub.* subsides submissively.]

Why, asks Bauldy, are the sentences on the Irish rioters worthy of a commercial city like Glasgow? Because, he replies, they will be matured "six months after date," to be sure.

"Ireland for the Irish?"—The BAILIE wishes he saw it. Perhaps he then might see also more of Scotland for the Scots.

WITH A "HOOK."—The harvest is getting forward so rapidly, that, to keep pace with it, Ceres says she must have a bi-sickle.

When Music rose with its Fill up to us Swell—
—When rose the tide in Staffa's low-ceiled cell.

Associated Chambers of Commerce—Railway trucks.

Billy-doux—Ye Prince of Orange.

"The Danites"—The O'Connell bhoys.

JAMES THORNTON, of the Merchants' Restaurant, 58 Mitchell Street, provides first-class professional Cooks at a few hours' notice.

Our Own Ladies' Novel.

ON more than one occasion recently, the BAILIE has favoured his readers with specimens of popular novels; but this week he does more for them than ever—he shows them what a novel *should* be. He has the best authority for this—a special correspondent of the fair sex, and, like Matty, a distant cousin of the Laird of Limmerfield. His accomplished friend's father went "in" to iron, and—came out successfully, so successfully that none of his daughters—our own very special novelist included—ever plays a piece of music with less than four flats, and five altogether separate and distinguishable discords, or appears twice at the BAILIE'S office with the same bonnet or opinions. He would like to say more of his friend if he might, but he has his duty, and that is to present, as quickly as possible, a real, original, and thoroughly copyrighted Ladies' Novel, to a discerning, and, he feels certain, a sympathetic public.

SHE ONLY SAID.—CHAPTER FIRST.

"Who are we that embalm and embrace thee
With spices and savours of song?"

It was a wet day—one of those dull, dull wet days—yet Lallee was standing at the window, for there is a fascination about dullness sometimes, and we have all felt it. She was standing at a great summer window (hung with very delicate pink curtains), and she looked out at the gleaming, glittering snow outside, from which the light shone back "right marvellously" on her fair bodice. She was sad, it was evident, for the lace edge of the web-like handkerchief quivered at the corner where you might have seen that a coronet had been worked in gold by some rare seamstress of olden days—the old days when all was fair and true,—

"Oh, my love, and my sweet love,
And oh, the *rue* and the rose."

This has nothing to do with my tall, blue-clad lady, do you say (or whisper), but, truth to tell, those dainty lines are always ringing in my ears. Ah me! ah those old poets who swept the stage in buskin and purple robe. I kiss my hand, once, twice, to you over the centuries, you ancients in your Tyrean glory! When I think of Queen Philippa of Hainault, with her damask robe sewn with pearls; and Cleopatra; and Semiramis—who *must* have been beautifully dressed—my thoughts fly away on purple wings tipped with silver to the *Orient*, where they lived and loved.*

* I scarcely like to hint such a thing, but *did* Queen Philippa live in the Orient?—BAILIE. Certainly she did—somebody told me she did—and I really think you might take my *accuracy* for granted.—*Authoress*.

To return to my rare, pale Margaret, who all this time, all this time ye who lounge in dainty chairs with cretonne coverings of yellow birds prancing among orange blossoms—ah! my heart (how lovely)—ah, my delicate sisters, ye pampered ones, she was standing at the window. What can *we* know of the grief of my dainty maid with the sable *robe de chambre*?

The bright gold locks hung down, rippling like autumn winds in an autumnal blast.* She was all innocence and loveliness, a loveliness which was entirely her own. "Is this life?" she asked—but of what did she ask this?—as the golden beetle fluttered in the dark folds of her hair. Was it of the wild wind that swept and roared, and wound, and crept, and whirled, and howled, and crept, and crawled, and spun, and whirled over in and around the drear old hall; was it of the sleek old cat that mewed in melancholy consonance with the weary wind, now high, now low, now like the sweet tones of an ancient guitar, now with the high C of a *prima donna*? Ah!

Hark! a knock, once, twice, and thrice, and she alone! In this June night who comes so late? Lightly she laid down the castanets with which she had been artistically accompanying the fury of the elements, laid down the pigeons that had been cooing and wooing on her shoulders, and slid across the floor.†

Again the knocker was sounded. Adieu to fairy dreams, and ah the *rue* and the rose; but humming to herself (how musically!) a *ballade* she had learned long, long ago, she reached the *portiere*. She passed the statues of Bright and Napoleon III., with which her father had adorned his ancient hall—and even in that terrible moment noticed how grim an eye-glass looks in marble, real marble, marble of Carrara. And now one stair more, one step, one slip, one vast triumphant stride, and with a great gust of Boreas the door opens. Ah heavens! Ah!

To be continued. ‡

* This must be exceedingly interesting. What a close observer of nature you are. I don't know of any other student who has been able to notice this rippling of autumn winds in an autumnal blast.—BAILIE.

† I am again bound to congratulate you. This is, so far as I know, an entirely novel mode of progression, even for a heroine.—BAILIE.

‡ Not if I know it. This is a work of much, very much promise, and I should be loath to interfere with any publisher's legitimate profits.—BAILIE.

I am not surprised that you see the advantage a publisher might take of my inexperience. You are truly kind to warn me in time. You shall certainly have my next story to make up for the abrupt end of this.—*Authoress*.

You are quite too awfully kind. Shall see.—BAILIE.

Hydropathy Extraordinary.

THE proprietors of a hydropathic establishment not a hundred miles from the island of Bute advertise in a contemporary for a "bathman who can carve." What is the meaning of this? The BAILIE, who has some little experience of "hydropathics," can testify to having been once or twice very nearly flayed by bathmen, but they never attempted to "carve" him. His Worship has been thinking of "putting in" a week or two at one of these establishments this autumn. He will take particularly good care to select one where dismemberment does not form a part of the treatment.

"HOUSES ARE SCARCE IN ARRAN."

(Paragraph in Daily Paper.)

(Scene—"Public" in the "Scottish Teneriffe;" party of Glasgow visitors who have "tasted" ta whusky and will *not* go to bed are arrested by the village constable at the instance of the landlord.)

Constable—An' what will I dae wi' the shentlemens noo, Maister MacPhadrick?

Landlord—Dae, Tougal! why, you'll lock them up, tae be sure.

Constable—Lock them up. Och! och! an' ta offish is let tae four families faae Paisley!

Chorus of the Arrested Ones—"We wont go home till morning."

A BACCHANALIAN BANK.—It seems that part of the new decoration of a local bank consists of the representation of "a bacchanalian procession." Oh, fie! Think of the effect on the minds of the junior clerks, some of whom, it is said, are too fond of getting up bacchanalian processions without any such instigation. The design should be at once altered—say, to a procession of Good Templars or of the Salvation Army.

AN OVER-RATED TRADE.—House-factoring cannot be quite such a good business as some of us have been accustomed to suppose. The police, it seems, *won't* protect the property of which the poor factors have charge, and one of the fraternity, who was examined in bankruptcy the other day, declared that for four or five years his business did not yield him more than 10s a week! Better be an accountant, after all!

A "Bill of Sail" (sale)—Mr Gladstone.

Tanner's Degree—Doctor-ate.

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.

Allegiance Extraordinary.

IT has been reserved for "Donald Currie, Esq., M.P., C.M.G.," to out-wreathe Turnerelli in his admiration of the beau ideal of a statesman. It was something to conceive the idea of a wreathe and get the pennies in, but to place a yacht of 3500 tons at the disposal of one's "chief" is a mark of esteem that only merchant princes of the Currie or Burns type can fly at. Why, the cost of keeping up the "Grandtully Castle" for a single week would ruin some of our retired gentry who consider themselves no small fry. Such devotion must tell in the Liberal and inner consciousness of the Premier, who, as he feels the revivifying influence of the fresh sea breeze, and the comforts and luxuries provided for him by his host, must inwardly determine to remember him for something suitable. It is not improbable that Mr Currie may yet be able to give his sons the advice contained in the "Pinafore" couplet *a la Sir Joseph*—

"Stick to your desks, and never go to sea,
And soon you'll be a leader of the Queen's navee."

"CAUGHT IN THE BOUNCE."

(Scene—On the moors.)

1st Sportsman—Hullo, old man, what luck have you had to day?

2nd Sportsman—Oh, the best. I've been blazing away doing great havoc—just look into my bag.

1st Sportsman (takes a look)—Why, what does this mean? It is nearly full of herring!

2nd Sportsman (greatly confused)—Well—well, I don't know—I have surely come out with the wrong bag this morning.

A DIVERSION OF PURLEY.—This is from one of Granny's articles of light and leading: "Sydney Smith foretold a great deal of what is now taking place nearly half-a-century ago." Now, you dear old lady, show us how you make it out, that "nearly half-a-century ago" there could be "what is now taking place," and we will show you this much in exchange—"Nearly half-a-century ago, a great deal of what is now taking place was foretold by Sydney Smith."

POST AND PASTE.—Why should a man have to inscribe upon his walls "No Bills," any more than he should have to write upon them "No Thefts," or "No Robberies?"

Court(e)ous Gentlemen—Lords Young and Adam.

Baking Apples, 7 lbs. for 1s. Jam Plums, 7 lbs. for 1s, at M. CAMPBELL, Fruit Warehouse, 18 GORDON STREET.

"BELFAST" TEAS *versus* "GLASGOW" TEAS.

THE finest and most delicate portions of the Leaf are very brittle, and in the process of drying, curing, and assorting, they break off, and are technically called "BROKEN" TEAS. From a deep-rooted prejudice against the small leaf, the Grocers of Scotland will not purchase these Teas; but in Belfast—a town made famous by its intelligent Tea Dealers—where this class is mostly consumed, they command very Long Prices. The world-wide fame which Belfast enjoys, as a town where good Tea may be procured, is due almost exclusively to the efforts of one man, namely, **MR FOSTER GREEN**, who has persistently and successfully advocated the free use of BROKEN LEAF TEA, on account of its greater Strength of Liquor and Finer Quality; and, in order that the Broken Leaf may the better blend and mix with the Whole Leaf, Mr Green also advocates the cutting, or grinding, of Whole Leaf to nearly the same size as the Broken Leaf.

When we state that Our Teas are made up upon the same principle as **FOSTER GREEN'S**, we pay him the highest compliment that one trader can bestow upon another—for "imitation is the sincerest flattery"—and at the same time we thus claim for ourselves a position of being Second to None in the Trade. so far as ability to give value is concerned, because our Principal has had 18 years' experience as a Practical Tea-Taster in all departments of the Wholesale Trade, and because we Buy exclusively for Cash in the first Market, and Sell at a small percentage upon the Import Broker's Cost Price. The question, "Why cannot we get such Tea in Glasgow as Foster Green's?" need no longer be asked, for, if you are willing to pay the same price, you will get as good an article from **STUART CRANSTON & CO.** Our Teas are a combination of the Choicest Growths, judiciously bought, and cunningly blended so as to produce a perfect Liquor in the cup, and at their various Prices they are unequalled in Scotland.

Observe, that some Dealers are quoting Teas at 1s 4d, 1s 6d, and 1s 8d per lb., while our Lowest Price is 2s. We do not keep these Low-Priced Teas, because their rank, common quality would destroy the reputation we have gained for supplying Fine Tea at a most reasonable figure. Therefore, we call special attention to our **Superb Tea** at 2s 4d per lb., which is better Tea than that sold by Wholesale Grocers (so-called) and West-End Co-operative Stores at 2s 6d, 2s 8d, and 3s per lb. Every Family should test the truth of this statement.

STUART CRANSTON & CO.,

76 ARGYLE STREET, (QUEEN STREET CORNER,) GLASGOW.

SPECIALTIES.

OUR New Shapes in Felt Hats for "Young Men" are now forward. The shapes are Neat, Smart, and Very Becoming. The Prices range from 4s 6d to the finest made, but we particularly call attention to our Special Lines at 6s 6d, 8s 6d, 10s 6d. The best value ever offered in Glasgow.

MILLER'S, QUEEN STREET CORNER, GLASGOW.

VICTORIA RESTAURANT,

62 GORDON STREET, & 3 RENFIELD STREET.

(Opposite Caledonian Central Station),

WINES, SPIRITS, AND MALT LIQUORS

Of the Best Qualities, and Thoroughly Matured.

SPECIAL BLEND WHISKY.

BREAKFASTS, DINNERS, AND TEAS.

LARGE DINING-HALL.

SNACKS (OF ALL KINDS),6d.

M'CALL & FERGUSON, PROPRIETORS.

MITCHELL & CO.'S

OLD IRISH WHISKY, Belfast, is the Purest and Best in the Market, comparison with any other Brand will prove this. Agent for Scotland—**DAVID MITCHELL**, 20 Hope St., Glasgow.

Small Expenses require Small Profits.

STIRLING & WYLLIE

(formerly with the late Mr John M. Simpson), 85, 87, and 89 MAXWELL STREET, Glasgow, are now showing a magnificent Stock of NEW AND SECOND-HAND FURNITURE.

From the smallness of their Expenses, they are enabled, and are determined to sell at Prices which will meet with the approval of every purchaser. While the prices are low, the quality of the goods is first-class.

THE FINEST WHISKY IN THE WORLD.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

HENRY THOMSON & CO.'S

OLD IRISH WHISKY.

SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—

ROBERT BROWN, 17 HOPE 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,

47 ROSE STREET, GARNETHILL (Corner of Buccleuch Street);
And 190 ST. GEORGE'S ROAD (Opposite West Princes St).

BRITANNIA MUSIC HALL,

115 TRONGATE STREET,

Pre-eminently the most Popular Place of Amusement in Glasgow.

Unequalled variety of Novelties and Fresh Stars each Week.

Proprietor and Manager—**H. T. ROSSBOROUGH.**

For Particulars see Bills.

ST. ENOCH RESTAURANT,

4 ST. ENOCH SQUARE.

Manager—**GEO. E. ALLEN**, late of the Regent Club.

The MANAGER trusts, by personal attention to each Department, to make this establishment in every way worthy of the public patronage.

Breakfasts, Luncheons, Dinners, Teas.

Wines &c., of the Finest Quality.

Public Dinners and Suppers estimated for.

NOTICE TO SMOKERS.

JUST OPENED as an EMPORIUM for the SALE of **MURRAY'S FAMED MELLOW SMOKING MIXTURE**, and CIGARS and TOBACCOS of the Finest Quality.

Large Smoking-Room, lofty ceiling (17 feet), well ventilated.

J. H. ALLISON,

CIGAR MERCHANT AND TOBACCONIST,

463 ST. VINCENT STREET, Two Doors from Elderslie St,
P.S.—Vesuvians and Wax Vestas, 1d, Boxes 6d. per Dozen.

J. & R. SINCLAIR,
TOBACCO MANUFACTURERS,
NEWCASTLE ON TYNE,
68 ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW;
74 LEITH STREET, EDINBURGH;
3 NORTH BRIDGE, DO.

Seven Good Cigars for 1s, certainly worth trying.

**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.

**AMERICAN FURNITURE
WAREHOUSE,
128 BOTHWELL STREET.**

(Mr BROWN, smoking one of the Caledonian
Cigar Emporium's "Leading" Cigars, meets
Mr JONES.)

Jones—That is a fine flavoured Cigar you are
smoking, Brown.

Brown—Yes, they are the best value in the
city, only 7 for 1s; worth 3d each.

Jones—Where do you get them?

Brown—At the

**CALEDONIAN CIGAR EMPORIUM,
25 RENFIELD STREET.**

Ask for the "Leading" Cigar.

Jones—Well, I am just going that way now,
and will try them; and let you know by next
week what I think of them.

Brown—Remember the address—

25 RENFIELD STREET.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1st, 1880.

THE great salaries question has been settled
at last, and let us hope that the settlement
will hold good for some considerable time to
come. While nobody wishes to deal meanly
with our public officials, there is a distinct dis-
like, at the same time, to throw away the money

of the ratepayers. Monday's Town Council
proceedings, however, should please folk all
round. Bailie SELKIRK and his supporters
did their best for the principle of economy,
but now that they have given ample expres-
sion to their views, they may be expected
to acquiesce, fully and cordially, with the
decision arrived at by the majority, while the
latter, on their side, ought to feel "as proud as
Punch" at the manner in which they have over-
turned the minute of the Special Committee on
Salaries, and carried their point in spite of the
opposition of some of the clearest heads and
most determined spirits at the Board. The
Magistrate must confess, when looking at the
entire subject, that Bailie MOWAT had both logic
and use and went on his side when he moved that
the Council support the recommendations of
Capt. M'CALL. Indeed had the Captain's official
suggestions been disregarded, the police force
would have received a snub—a very substantial
one as respected several of its members—which
would have by no means operated for the
advantage of the public. "All's well," however,
"that ends well," as we have been told by a very
eminent authority, and the saying holds good
equally in the matter of police salaries as in
state affairs of great pith and moment

The Glenluce Tragedy.

WE all know the old adage that "murder
will out." Probably its truth was never
better demonstrated than in the case of the
perpetrator of the Glenluce tragedy. While the
police have allowed this personage to go scot
free, he has himself been at the utmost pains to
call attention to his guilt in the columns of the
Herald. It seems to the BAILIE, at least, that
no other than the actual criminal could have
busied himself with telling the story of the
crime over and over for so many times, or have
dwelt with so much satisfaction upon its
minutest detail, as has "our own correspondent"
at Glenluce. Whether or not this speculation
proves correct there is no doubt of one thing,
and that is, that the readers of *Granny* would
be quite satisfied to learn of the trial, condem-
nation, and execution of "our own," if not for
the actual murder at least for the columns of
dull repetition he has inflicted upon their wearied
attention.

A (K)nell that is often Sounding—Par(-)nell.

A Hanging Committee—Jurors on a murder
case.

Megilp.

THE success of the combined Bough and Chalmers and Black and White Exhibition, in the Galleries of the Fine Art Institute, is surprising even those members of the Council who were most hopeful, beforehand, as to how it would be received by the public. Of an evening, especially, the Galleries—even in these warm August nights—present a busy, animated appearance. And the popularity of the Black and White portion of the collection is further shown by the large number of sales—amounting in all to something like £800—already effected by Mr Walker, the Secretary.

It is proposed, in order to increase what may be termed the fashionable attractions of the Exhibition, to provide a performance of instrumental music, on certain afternoons of the week.

Visitors to the Bough and Chalmers pictures are treated—or at least certainly little knots of them are—to an almost nightly lecture on the characteristics of the several works exhibited on the walls of the Institute. The lecturer appears full of his subject, and he is sufficiently pronounced—not to say dogmatic—both in his opinions, and in the manner he adopts when expressing them. Would it be impossible for the Council to arrange for the delivery of the lecture in a more formal manner than that which obtains at present? It seems a pity that so much learning should be allowed to run to seed, or at least expended on a mere handful of casual acquaintances.

The Bough and Chalmers book to be published by Craibe Angus will include etchings of twenty-nine pictures of each master, together with portraits of both after paintings by John Pettie. The etchings, as already mentioned, will be executed by Leopold Lowenstam. Two will be issued monthly, beginning in October next, and the whole will be completed in two years and a half. The impression will be limited to two hundred sets, the price of which, to subscribers, will be twenty-five pounds.

The International Fine Art Exhibition, which will be opened in the rooms of the Institute early in October, promises to be one of unusual interest. It will be conducted by Messrs Gammon & Vaughan, of the Exhibition at 112 New Bond Street, London. Mr Gammon is at present travelling in Bavaria, on business connected with the Exhibition.

One of the chief paintings in the Kirkcaldy Fine Art Exhibition is "Meadow Land," the Royal Academy picture of A. K. Brown. This, beyond all question, is the finest and most powerful work that has yet left Mr Brown's easel. It has a breadth, a grouping of large masses of colour, and a reproduction of the effects of vapour and sunlight, which—only that it is entirely original—recalls the feeling of Constable. Upwards of 800 pictures have found a place in the Exhibition, and though many of these have already been seen in Glasgow and Edinburgh, still the collection possesses a large measure of interest for everybody who cares for art and the matters connected therewith. Much of the success of the exhibition is due to the efforts of Mr Storrar, the hon. secy., who is himself a clever painter of landscape subjects.

The Autumn Exhibition of the Newcastle Arts Association was opened in the Assembly Rooms, Westgate, Newcastle, on Saturday. Cecil Lawson's "August Moon," the landscape of which was so much praised, while its figures were so loudly condemned, when it appeared at the Grosvenor Gallery in May last, is the chief work in the collection. Among the contributors whose names are familiar here are Aumonier, David Law, Waller Paton, J. D. Adam, Henry Moore, Phil Morris, and Henrietta Brown.

Was there not a spice of cruelty in the allusion in Saturday's *Herald* to the "crude plastering of canvas with oil colours which is leading so many poorly-educated lads to pursue what may be termed the picture trade?" It should never be forgotten that a bitter sentence of this kind may cut both ways—like the opposite of "mercy," it may injure him that gives as well as him that takes. Besides, if we had all our deserts, who among us should 'scape whipping?

Tarbert is this autumn to be once more the head-quarters of a little knot of artists. David Murray has already betaken himself thither—his summer work at Cardross being now com-

pleted—and he is likely to be joined, in the course of a week or two, by J. O. Long the water colour painter, and Colin Hunter.

A. S. Boyd is at present at Culross—that quaintest of old Scottish towns, which is included in the county of Perth, albeit that is situated on the northern shore of the Firth of Forth.

We may expect a series of Loch Eck pictures in the course of the coming season from the skilful brush of William Young, who has been busy painting, for two or three weeks, in the neighbourhood of Whistlefield.

The little Highland village of Ardfern, at the head of Loch Craignish, which has been the head-quarters of James A. Aitken for some time back, has received a second artistic visitor in William Glover, who found his way to its picturesque and secluded neighbourhood at the beginning of the present week.

In a letter descriptive of his Highland quarters—which seem to be sufficiently comfortable of their kind—one of our Glasgow artists says:—

"I dropped in t'other night to the village inn, and lo! the occasion was a festive one. A shock-headed Gael was busy with that most hateful of instruments, a concertina, and although half of the notes in the machine were broken, he was playing—or rather endeavouring to play—horror of horrors, a Scotch reel. What a melancholy reel it was! a veritable 'Dance of Death!' And yet village youths and maidens (with, oh! such dirty feet) were dancing to the strains of this most asthmatic of instruments, aye, and enjoying themselves too!

"Whisper, I've taken a shooting—a poor thing, but mine own, Horatio. So far, however, I've done no more with it than provide empty cartridges for the game to peck at!

"The rabbits indigenious to the soil are without exception the most brazen-faced beasts it has been my luck to come in contact with. At a distance of twenty yards from 'yours truly' they sit up on their hind legs, and profess by their actions the most profound contempt, not only for my gun, but for its owner as well. When I've squibbed off what I every time flatter myself is to be the devastating cartridge, they wink at me from behind clumps of fern, and scratch their left ears with their right paws! It never seems to enter into their philosophy to run away.

"There is said to be what is called 'black game' on this shooting of mine. I'm afraid, however, looking at the result of my prowess among the rabbits, that none of it is at all likely to fall beneath my 'death-dealing rifle.' At the same time, one has always a satisfaction in feeling that the said game is one's own, and that at a small outlay of the current coin of the realm the services can be secured of some mercenary wretch who has the knack of knocking it over—a knack which nature has denied, alas! to me.

"Those 'humble peasant cots' which certain of our friends delight in so much are around me in plenty—those cots with such bad smells, and where the insects swarm. Take the insects from the 'simple and unsophisticated Celt,' and where is he? You 'rob him of that which not enriches' you, &c., &c."

As seen through such a description as this, the work-a-day life of our landscape painters must be a very pleasant one indeed.

What a change, to be sure, has come over the position and prospects of the artists of the Second City, since the days, a couple of decades ago, when Macnee, Milne Donald, Greenlees, Munro, Wighton, Knott, Fairbairn, and Woolnoth were the only resident artists within her walls, and every one of them, with the possible exception of Macnee, had a sufficiently hard struggle to keep the wolf from the door.

MODERN CHRISTIANITY.—Giving men in unhealthy employments low wages, that capitalists may, in the first place, live in luxury, and, in the second, bestow surplus money upon churches and charities.

MARK } With an India Rubber Monogram or Name Stamp.
YOUR } Prices from 2/6 complete, with Box, Ink, and Pad.
LINEN } Post Free.—A. C. Thomson, 278 Argyle Street.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT Mr Gladstone appeared at Greenock on Monday.

That he took everybody by surprise.

That Provost Campbell, douce man, was far a-field.

That this left the field open for Bailie Paul.

That the Bailie made a speech to the Premier.

That he's been neither tae haud nor bind ever since.

That the holidays are over at last.

That the long spell of fine weather has tired everybody.

That even the farmers are grumbling.

That the fine August has compelled the bakers to reduce the price of the loaf.

That the boy who was "jailed" at Hamilton has been set at liberty.

That the Home Secretary is more compassionate than are the local Dogberries.

That the case was another instance of the justice we may expect from Justices.

That John Ferguson and the *Glasgow Herald* do their best for one another.

That it's a case between them of "claw me an' I'll claw you."

That the public are tired of John.

That they won't even laugh at his mountebank capers.

That they've laughed consumedly at the *Herald* for the way the old lady has written him up of late.

That the miners' strike still continues.

That it wont last much longer.

That the men are beginning to fall out among themselves.

That this isn't to be wondered at seeing the straits to which they are reduced.

That Boards of Arbitration should be established for the settlement of mining disputes.

That we are all sorry for the poor miners.

That we want to know where the Municipal Buildings paragraph in the *Building News* came from.

That it is odd, to say the least, that the writer knew so much about the mottoes attached to the different designs.

Let Asinus beware (remarked Bauldy), as he glanced over the shooting report in the *Scotsman* the other morning, now is the season when they shoot game, and he is always game—for a drink.

THE ARGYLE BATHS, 366 Argyle Street, is the Largest Public Bathing Establishment in Scotland. Warm Baths, 6d, 9d, & 1s; ready daily, from 7 a.m. to 9 p.m. One trial solicited.

THE MURMUR OF THE ("CLAM") SHELL.

What is it the wild waves are saying,

Whence all these concertos and solos?

What airs through the wild caves are playing—

The harp of the Gael or Eolus?

Or is it reviv'd are the Sirens,

With singing to death men inviting?

Such sea-roaring music as Byron's!

Or Collins's "Passions" reciting?

Whence all these sweet-harmony touches

That heart of old Staffa rejoices,

This music divinest? 'tis such as

But Lambeth can charm from train'd voices.

THE REASON WHY.

(Scene—A dinner party; number of young lady members of the congregation, and comparatively young clergyman, recently appointed, among the guests.)

Clergyman (in the course of conversation)—I understand a large number of those who voted for me were young lady members.

Bachelor Host (an elder)—They maun hae learned, sir, that ye wurnae maerit.

A CURIOUS "WANT."—Somebody "Wants to know a Glasgow Firm that would receive weekly a quantity of Eggs from the Irish markets." Asinus says in reply that he will take any number of eggs from the Irish or any other markets either weekly or daily, as required.

A Black and White Itching—*Cacoethes scribendi*.

Ticket of Leave—To view the designs for the new Municipal Buildings.

An Airlie Season—That of the Saturday Evening Concerts.

RAW-THER!

(Scene—Street in Galston.)

Itinerant Fishmonger—Herrin', fresh herrin'—you may aither roast them, fry them, boil them, or eat them raw.

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE,
TO-NIGHT AND EVERY EVENING.

The Highly-Successful Drama,

THE LANCASHIRE LASS.

By H. J. BYRON, Author of "Our Boys," &c.

Preceded (at 7.30) by a Favourite Comedietta.

Box Office open 11 to 4. Doors Open at 7.30.

ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS
AND CRYSTAL PALACE PROMENADES,

BAND and PIPERS of 74th HIGHLANDERS.

AND BRILLIANT DISPLAY OF GAS, &c., BALLOONS,

On SATURDAY FIRST, 4th SEPTEMBER, 7 to 9 p.m.

Admission, 6d.

Subscribers admitted Free on Presenting Tickets of Membership.

Annual Family Ticket, 21s; Single Ticket, 10s 6d.

Tickets at Mr SLOAN'S, 140 Hope Street, and at Garden Gate.

T H E G A I E T Y.

Proprietor and Director,Mr C. BERNARD.

MR CHARLES BERNARD'S

O P E R A - B O U F F E C O M P A N Y,
LA FILLE DU TAMBOUR-MAJOR,

Box Office open from 10 till 4 Daily.

Stage and General Manager.....CHARLES HARRINGTON.

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.

Engagement for 12 nights only, commencing

MONDAY, AUGUST 30, of Mr WILSON BARRETT'S Celebrated
Company, in the Great Adelphi Drama,

"P R O O F,"

or, a Celebrated Case,

Under the direction of Mr Regnald Moore. New Scenery by
Mr William W. Small.

Box Plan at Donaldson's Rooms, 91 St. Vincent Street.

Tram Cars to all parts after the performance.

H E N G L E R ' S C I R Q U E,
CROWDED AT EACH PERFORMANCE.GRAND SUCCESS OF THE NEW PROGRAMME,
EVERY EVENING THIS WEEK, AT EIGHT.

The World-Renowned

M A T T H E W S ' M I N S T R E L S,

THE ORIGINAL C. C. C., ESTABLISHED 1863.

Pronounced by both the Press and the Public THE BEST
and MOST PERFECT MINSTREL COMPANY now
travelling. *An Entirely Different Programme Each Week.*

Admission—3s, 2s, 1s, and 6d.

Every Evening at 8; Saturdays at 3 and 8.

Tickets, Plan, &c., at Messrs PATERSON'S.

"THE RECORD OF THE PAST A GUARANTEE OF
THE FUTURE."

COOKE'S CIRCUS, LOTHIAN ROAD, EDINBURGH

Commencing MONDAY, September 13.

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.**GRAND**
OPENING
NIGHT,CITY HALL,
SATURDAY,
SEPTEMBER 4.**POPULAR**
BALLAD
PROGRAMME.Patronage and
Presence
of the
LORD PROVOST
& MAGISTRATES.Prices—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats, 2s; at Office, 58
Bath Street. Doors open at 7; Organ Performance at 7-30.The following Distinguished and Popular
Artists are Engaged for the Opening
Night only:—Miss HEBE BARLOW, Soprano, Gold
Medallist, L.A.M.Miss ELLEN MARCHANT, Contralto,
Gold Medallist, R.A.M., and Silver
Medallist, Soc. of Arts.Miss EDITH ROSS, Contralto and
Scotch Vocalist.Miss GRETCHEN JOHNSON, Pianist,
R.A.M.Mr ARTHUR HOOPER, Eminent
Tenor.Mr W. H. BURGEON, Bass, Prize
Scholar, London Academy.

Mr F. W. BRIDGMAN, Pianist.

Mr H. A. LAMBETH, Organist.

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Mr E. HUGHNOTT'S

GRAND COMIC OPERA COMPANY.

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Conductor, Herr MAX SCHROTER.

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Beaully this Week.**E L O C U T I O N .**—W. S. VALLANCE
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Week in October, at 9 Cambridge Street.**G R E A T F L O W E R S H O W.****C I T Y H A L L.**

WEDNESDAY, 8th SEPTEMBER.

FRANC GIBB DOUGALL, Secretary,

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SECOND COURSEWill be opened on TUESDAY, 7th September, for the study
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Mr STEMBRIDGE RAY, Conductor.

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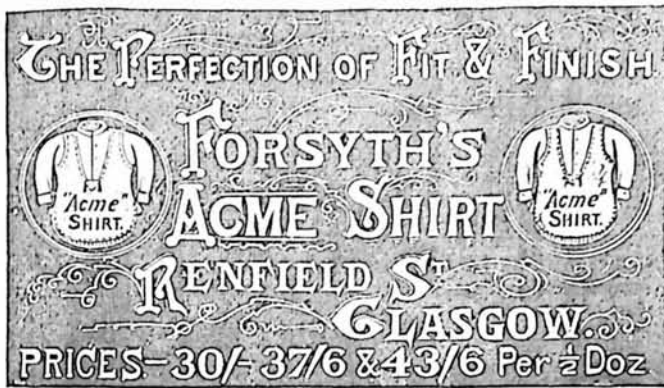
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COURT OF SESSION,
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THE PAISLEY ROAD WHISKY CASE.

HENRY THOMSON & CO., NEWRY,

against

JAMES DOWNIE BOYD,
PAISLEY ROAD, GLASGOW.

In consequence of inferior whisky having been offered for sale to the Public as ours, we were obliged in justice to ourselves and the Public to prosecute the above case to conviction, and now beg to draw attention to Lord Adam's Judgment delivered in the Court of Session, Edinburgh, on 9th March, 1880, whereby perpetual interdict, with all expenses, was granted against James D. Boyd, of Paisley Road, Glasgow, for selling, or exposing for sale, in bottles or otherwise, whisky as Henry Thomson & Co's, which was not manufactured or blended by them, the said Henry Thomson & Co.

The high reputation of this celebrated brand of Irish Whisky is well known over the Three Kingdoms, and so highly appreciated by the public generally, we feel it to be our duty not only to ourselves and customers, but to the Public, to leave nothing undone to protect their interests as well as our own, and to prevent an inferior spirit being palmed off upon them as ours.

We therefore now beg to refer them to above case as reported in the newspapers, and to the fact: that the quality of this celebrated Whisky is the Finest in the Market, as proved by Analysts and Experts at this trial.

The Public will please be careful that they see each bottle bears the Trade Mark on Label, as well as a Fac-simile of the Signature of the Firm on Capsule and Brand on Cork.

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AMATEUR ATHLETIC MEETING.

HAMPDEN PARK, MOUNT FLORIDA.

SATURDAY, 4TH SEPTEMBER, 1880.

By kind permission of Lieut. Col. Jago and Officers, the Band of the 74th Highlanders will be present.

Entries (with H. & P. M'Neil, 23 Renfield Street), for confined events not later than Tuesday, 24th August, for open events by Tuesday, 31st August.

N.B.—Preliminary day, Saturday, 28th August.

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ARE THE BEST AND CHEAPEST.
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have much pleasure in announcing that they have made
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IMPERIAL RIESLING WINES,
From the cellars of His Imperial Highness the
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52. Bellye Riesling Kadarka (yellow seal) 24s.
53. Do. do. do. (green seal) 36s.
54. Chateau Bellye (blue seal) ... 72s.

WHITE WINES.
55. Bellye Riesling (yellow seal) ... 24s.
56. Do. do. (white seal) ... 36s.

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ONE DOZEN SAMPLE CASES, 30s, 37s, and 55s.

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	Wemyss Bay	9.25	—	—	8-10

LOCH ECK ROUTE.

"Lord of the Isles."	Greenock	8.15	7.30	7.25	—
	Via Dunoon.				
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of the above Routes for Special Trains leaving Wemyss Bay
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during the Season for Islay, Oban, Fort-William, Inverness,
Staffa, Iona, Glencoe, Lochawe, Tobermory, Portree, Strone
Ferry, Gairloch, Ullapool, Lochinver, Lochmaddy, Tarbert
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Waterproof Coats from 7/6 each. Tweed Coats from 17/6 each. Ladies' Mantles from 15/6.	Shoulder Braces and Belts for Ladies & Gents. Nursing Aprons. Bed Sheets. Babies' Bibs, &c. Air Cushions and Pillows. Elastic Stockings. Surgical Goods. FOOTBALLS. School Bags. Jet Goods, &c.
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SPECIAL NOTICE.

OUR MR BINNIE HAS JUST RETURNED FROM THE MARKETS.
Large Deliveries of AUTUMN PATTERNS selected by him when South.

GENTLEMEN'S HATS.

The LARGEST VARIETY.

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The very LATEST NOVELTIES.

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HATS!—*this speciality is our forte.* We devote our whole attention to this article of dress. Our entire Premises, consisting of Eight Large Flats, Stores, Packing Halls, &c., are laid out solely to suit the requirements of this branch of trade. *Our heart is in the business;* for the past twelve years we have made it our special study, and the result, we are pleased to say, has been a pronounced success. We have travelled over the larger part of the civilized globe in search of a greater Hat Establishment than our own, but have not yet found one. We have still to try Western Japan, and will report the result of our investigations there.

What has been the attraction? How have we, in twelve years, established the Largest Hat Business in the Country? Simply by taking advantage of every point; buying in the very best markets; introducing, simultaneously with the best London houses, all the Shapes and Styles adopted by the London Aristocracy—now the acknowledged leaders of English Fashions; frequent visits to the various centres of fashion; and lastly, selling with a Minimum Profit;—this, combined with a characteristic energy, has enabled us, unaided and alone, to overtake the vast task of inaugurating a system that was deemed utterly impossible in the Hat Trade.

It is to those Gentlemen who—through some false prejudice—have not yet visited our Warehouse that we address the foregoing, assuring them that we feel conscientiously satisfied that we can give them better value than can be had under any circumstances elsewhere in Glasgow. We append a few of our Prices in—

Gentlemen's and Youths' Felt and Dress Hats; the New Wire Brim Felt Hat, selling in hundreds; all the various styles in the New Plain Brims; the Feather Weight Felt Hat for Summer wear, note, 2s 11d and 3s 11d. Our Felt Hats at 4s 6d, 5s 6d, and 7s; and best quality, Pull-over, 8s 6d, are sold elsewhere at 6s 6d, 8s 6d, 10s 6d, and 14s 6d. All the New Summer Colours in Soft Felt Hats.

Dress Hats, 6s 6d, 8s 6d, 10s 6d, 12s 6d, 14s 6d, and 17s 6d.

Our 8s 6d Dress Hat is an extremely serviceable Hat, and is usually sold at 11s 6d.

No. 3 quality at 10s 6d, worth 14s 6d.

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No. 6 quality, 17s 6d, is the best that can be had for any money. Hundreds of our leading Divines, Professional Gentlemen, and Merchant Princes are now regularly wearing our celebrated No. 6 quality Hat. Gentlemen before leaving for the Moors are respectfully requested to call and see our most extensive Stock of Shooting, Fishing, and Travelling Hats and Caps in all the best mixtures. Also, large variety of Novelties in Sun Helmets, very cool and comfortable for the hot weather.

Helmets, Pith Hats, Sunproof Hats, &c., for Hot Climates. Opera Hats, case included, 9s 6d.

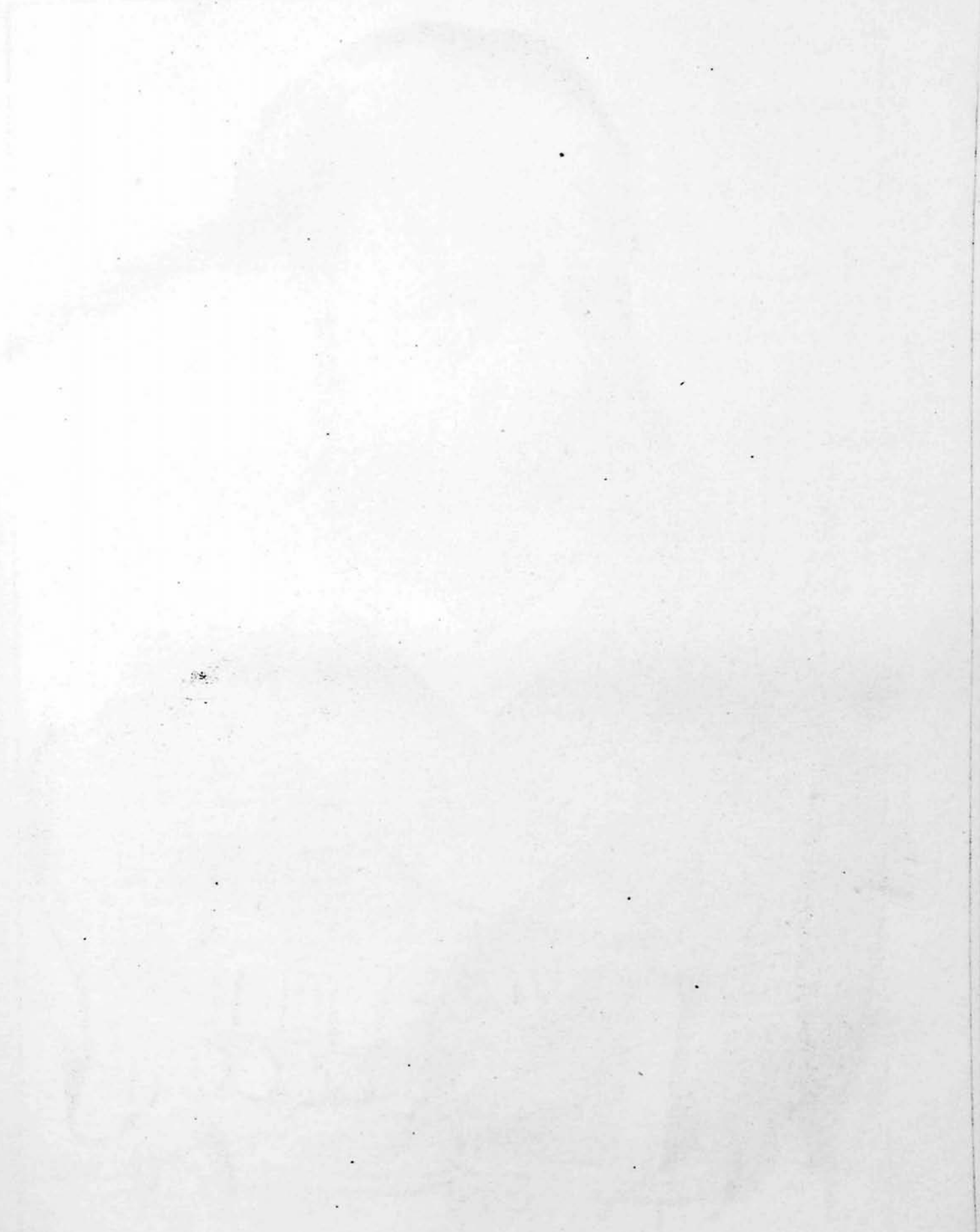
OUR BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S HAT DEPARTMENTS

Always maintain their high reputation, and are unsurpassed. It is readily conceded that nowhere can such an assortment be obtained as are always to be had at the COLOSSEUM.

In our Extensive LADIES' and MISSES' HAT DEPARTMENTS are always to be found the Latest Novelties at our well-known Moderate Prices. The Ladies' Hat and Millinery Saloons are entirely separate from our Gentlemen's Hat Departments.

It may be supposed by some that, as our prices are low, our goods must necessarily be inferior. This supposition, however, though not unnatural, is quite erroneous, and is most surely and rapidly being dispelled; and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, we find Gentlemen having once paid us a visit, are secure as regular customers. It is beyond our comprehension how some Gentlemen can be satisfied to pay—as they do every day—at least *Fifty per Cent.* more than our prices for the exact same quality, finish, and shapes in the various kinds of Hats. Our clients may rely on our integrity, in all cases perfect faith being kept with every Purchaser, no additional rate of profit being added to the finer qualities of our goods. Every Hat we sell we guarantee perfect, made of the best materials, fast in the colour, and unsurpassed in Glasgow. Gentlemen can with confidence depend on obtaining from us the best article in the market—the most becoming and Latest Shapes in abundance. The largest and smallest sizes that may be required are always found in our extensive Stock. Every possible advantage is obtained in buying from us. Our assistants are invariably civil and attentive, and we are only too pleased to show our clients all the various shapes. Every comfort during selection.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,
THE LEADING HATTERS—THE LEADING MILLINERS,
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The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 412. Glasgow, Wednesday, September 8th, 1880. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 412.

THE country is richer to-day by the knowledge that she ranks a really great captain among her other possessions. For over a generation we have been forced to put up, for the most part, with eighth or tenth-rate soldiers. Even when our military men, as in the case of Sir Charles Napier or Lord Clyde, rose into the third rank of generals, they did this by dint of their native qualities of valour, and energy, and the determination, whenever they fought, to have the best of the combat. Sir FREDERICK SLEIGH ROBERTS, however, has all the daring, all the rashness, if we may use the word, of the victor of Meeanee, but he has the further merit that he is a member of the scientific side of the service, he takes his place as a commander, not with the knights-errant who win battles by instinct, but with the greater, and more reliant, and more successful soldiers for whom war is an art and not a game, the soldiers who never "snatch" victory from the mouths of their antagonist, who never fight until they are certain, beforehand, that their men will be the conquerors. Like all celebrated military men, General ROBERTS has risen to his present position by dint of his own abilities. An Irishman by birth, and still on the hither side of fifty, he is an Indian officer by training and service, having entered the Bengal artillery nine and twenty years ago. As a matter of course he served through the Mutiny, in one of the engagements of which his personal bravery under fire procured for him the distinction of the Victoria Cross. In the subsequent little wars on the North-Western frontier of India, ROBERTS—he was Major ROBERTS then—saw constant service of the most wearing and harassing nature. He took part in the absurdly over-rated Abyss-

VOL. XVI.

sinian promenade, at the close of which his merits as an organiser procured for him the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. By this time ROBERTS had become well-known—his special appellation was "fighting Bobus"—and having been elevated to the position of a Major-General in 1877, it surprised no one that, on the outbreak of the Afghan war at the end of the following year, he should have been selected as one of the three officers to whom was deputed the task of invading the dominion of the Ameer Shere Ali. At first popular attention was concentrated on the Kyber and the Quetta columns of the attacking force, but ere long it began to be whispered that the operations of ROBERTS in the Kurrum valley were being conducted with a celerity which out-distanced those of his two rivals; and that he, of all the three, was the only officer who was meeting with any opposition worthy of the name. The fight at the Peiwar Kotal, and the occupation of the Shutar-Garden Pass, both of which took place in spite of the authorities at Calcutta, where timid counsels seem naturally to prevail, secured for him the personal thanks of the Queen, together with a knighthood of the Bath. His rapid advance on Cabul, for the purpose of avenging the murder of Sir Louis Cavagnari, the brilliant battle of Charasiab in the October of last year, and the defeat of Mohammed Jan at Sherpur in the succeeding December, are all recent in the mind of the public. But his latest achievement is beyond question his most important one. The march from Cabul to Candahar has a place among the great events of military history. It was a daring deed of arms for one thing, but it was also much more than this. For the adaptation of means to ends, the careful calculation, not only of the opposing forces but of the claims and necessities of his own men, and the prevision which anticipates and overcomes difficulties before their actual

occurrence, it is fairly equal to any warlike operation since the Battle of Waterloo. That ROBERTS, having succoured Candahar, should defeat Ayoub Khan, was perfectly natural. It would have been strange, indeed, if the Herat partisan had been able to stand for an hour before the Bengal artillerist, especially when the latter had selected his own terms upon which to give battle. Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS is known in India for his quick temper, and absolute and uncompromising disposition. It behoves, however, men of his character to be other than meek and pleasant in their everyday lives. Besides, we can forgive much from a soldier who has deserved much; and we can all feel that, if not exactly the saviour of India, General ROBERTS has at least secured our position in the North-West unharmed; and, more than this, he has vindicated the old military renown of Great Britain, not only for Asia, but for Europe and America as well.

UP TO TIME.

(Scene—Oban Pier, 5 p.m.)

Tourist (to Highland porter)—Is the "Chevalier" generally up to time, porter?

Porter—Weel, you'll see, sir, sometimes she was sooner ant sometimes she wass earlier, ant sometimes she wass pefore that, too!

DON'T ALL SHOUT AT ONCE!—A rare chance presents itself to the Glasgow paterfamilias. A "distinguished student," who boasts himself "of good family" offers his services as tutor to children. Think of that, now! "Distinguished" and "of good family!" Why, he must be, at the very least, a sucking baronet who has carried off an Oxford "Double First." The BAILIE'S sole regret, under the circumstances, is that he has no hopefuls of his own to entrust to this well-born genius.

A POLD, PAD MAN.—A "pseudo Prince Leopold" having created a sensation on board the "Vale of Clyde" the other day, Oor Tonalt opines that "a man maun lee-a-pold lee to pass himself off for ta Tuke's tochter-in-law's prither!" ("Hee-haw!" says Asinus.)

ANNUS MIRABILIS!—"It is now a number of years," naively observes a contemporary, "since a scarcity of water took place in Greenock." A number of years! Why, the period referred to must have been slightly before the Deluge!

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

Madam Malabar.

AWAY with all infirmaries, professors all farewell,
No further use for physic vile or drugs with nauseous smell;
The doctor and the dentist now may go to Timbuctoo,
Since Madame Malabar has come they've nothing left to do.
No leeching now nor lancing,—blood-letting's out of form—
No amputations, saws and knives, or sick'ning chloroform;
We've got a Lady Doctor now whose fame's spread near and far:
Upon her chariot, curing all, stands Madam Malabar.

Behold the crutchless cripples descending from her hand,
And dancing to the music played by Madam's brilliant band—
See how the teeth go flying out before the patients know,
For the touch of Madam's instrument is soft as falling snow.
For all the ills that flesh is heir she has a certain cure,
And 'tis said she mulcts the wealthy and deals gently with the poor.

In all the heaven of science, sirs, there shines no brighter star
Than this wonder-working Doctress, La Madam Malabar.

The halt, the lame, the blind, the maim, all profit by her skill,
Tic doreux, rheumatic screw, all vanish at her will;
All lumps and mumps, or twists or humps she makes to disappear
By her "China Caustic" and "Perfume"—two shillings—is it dear?

The thing's a perfect bargain, I'm sure it costs her more,
While her love to cure the masses makes her sell them by the score.
Two shillings, sirs, will make you whole, and never leave a scar,
Then kick your heels and shout hurrah! for Madam Malabar.

TEMPUS FUGIT.

Paterfamilias (who is returning from the Gareloch, to Railway Guard whom he meets while hurrying along Helensburgh pier)—Plenty of time?

Guard—Oh, lots o' time if you like to tak' it!
[*Paterfamilias* vanishes amid shouts of laughter.]

SITTING ON 'EM.—As might have been expected, Mr Ferguson and his friends have been quietly sat upon in the House of Commons. Sir William Harcourt is by no means a model Home Secretary, but he is not quite such a duffer as to take in, or to be taken in by, Mr Biggar's fustian and rhodomontade. All that the Glasgow Home-Rulers have gained by their wonderful "memorial" is that they have been held up before the eyes of the country as a set of rowdies and fools, "inflamed by drink and the speeches delivered at Maryhill." Let's hope they like it.

She was aged, she belonged to the double-chinned order of feminines, and when ginger ale was recommended as a wholesome beverage for warm weather, she said "that might be quite true, but to her mind 'ginger,' and 'lemonade,' and 'broon-robin' wis nae better than dacent watter out o' its judgment."

Underwriter's Assurance—The check of junior clerks.

Give a call at the Merchants' Restaurant, 58 Mitchell Street, the best place to get a good dinner at a reasonable price.

What we are Coming to.

A COMMITTEE of the Glasgow Free Presbytery have composed a lengthy "pastoral," in which they draw fine distinctions between the wealthy saints who use cabs and carriages on Sunday and the poor sinners who use tramway-cars, and in which they compare Messrs Brunton, Gault, & Co.'s struggle with the Tramway Company to the Covenanters' opposition to the House of Stuart. Mr Fullarton, who presented the document, has made the appalling discovery that the Sunday travellers "speak with an English accent, and smoke cigars—which shows the kind of people who patronise the cars!" Which is the more heinous offence in Mr Fullarton's eyes, the accent or the cigars, does not appear, but it is evident that he considers both very shocking indeed, and his revelations prompted Mr Gault to "wonder what we are coming to." In the face of the impious accent and the sacrilegious cigars, the BAILIE cannot but share Mr Gault's wonder—though the Magisterial amazement is possibly based on somewhat different grounds.

DARK BUT DEEP.

(Two natives "foregather" on the shore at Loch Ranza.)

Tugal.—What for you'll no come toon ta the poat last night, Malcolm?

Malcolm.—Och, it'll pe sae tark.

T.—Ay, wis it sae fery tark?

M.—Weel, it'll chist pe sae tark you'll no pe able to see your nose pehind your pack what-cfermore.

A BEGINNING.—The BAILIE is pleased to observe that the case of steamboat-racing upon which he commented the other week has resulted in the fining of the guilty skipper. So far good; but it is to be feared that something more than a mere nominal fine is needed to bring some of our reckless navigators to their senses. It would be easy, the BAILIE fancies, so to frame the charge as to permit the infliction of a substantial penalty; and it is to be hoped this will be done should another case of the kind occur—at all events, one so gross as that referred to.

"Gladstone's Glec-nings" — The Premier's vocal exercises in the Highlands.

A Duty we Owe to the State—Unpaid income tax.

MARK } With an India-Rubber Monogram or Name Stamp.
YOUR } Prices from 2/6 complete, with Box, Ink, and Pad.
LINEN } Post Free.—A. O. Thom. & Co., 278 Argyle Street.

On 'Change.

TWO railway dividends announced last week prove the accuracy of the views advocated in this column. Some months have elapsed since I called attention to the absurdity of the values placed by the public upon Glasgow and South-Western and Caledonian stocks. The former was then about par, while the latter stood at 107 or 108. I tried to show that the Ayrshire stock was too low, and the rise which has taken place to over 116 shows that my confidence in it was not misplaced. There are many who are wise after the event. It is better to be wise before it.

The Caledonian dividend was a huge disappointment to many of my friends. It did not surprise me in the least, as will have been evident to those who took the trouble to read my remarks on the subject. In one respect the results have not been what I anticipated. I calculated on the human race, or that portion of it which haunts Stock Exchanges, having some glimmering of common sense, which would prevent their buying Caledonian at recent quotations. The human race did not glimmer, and so the stock went up instead of down. Consequently, it is better adapted for selling than ever.

There is yet another stock which I pointed out as being good to buy when it stood at par to 102. Highland Railway stock, it appeared evident, was much too low considering the brilliancy of the weather and the consequent increase of the tourist traffic. The result has proved that I was correct in this case also, but the investing public showed little alacrity to pick up the idea. It is only now that the stock is appraised at its proper value, and the advance to 108 is a sign that my anticipations with respect to the dividend are at last being largely shared. The dividend, I have every reason to believe, will not disappoint expectation.

The Great North of Scotland traffic returns are incomprehensible. The most genial sun that ever shone seems to fail in its effect, and this unlucky stock, instead of blooming into prosperity, seems to wither and decline. A committee of inquiry might throw some light upon this mystery.

Sisyphus has been unhappy in his mind lately. Between furnaces blown out, and men on strike, and iron that will not sell, the times have been out of joint. Sisyphus may console himself. Everything will come right in time, though the time will be longer owing to his unreasoning action in trying to force up the price of warrants last year.

An impression prevails that he may try to play the same game again. He may try but he won't succeed. The grouse are wild this year, and knowing birds, easily caught last autumn, will wag their delighted tails at discomfited Sisyphus. The most energetic of penitents cannot always keep the ball rolling up the hill.

Speculation has been rife regarding the cause of the great fire in Leith. It is a matter which nearly concerns insurance companies, and they ought to look to it narrowly. Of all the surmises offered I have not seen one equal in audacity to that I am about to propound. This is that there was Russian flax in the store, that the flax contained matches of Russian manufacture, and that the fire was caused by the friction of a match when the flax was handled. The idea may be astounding, but this theory of the fire is possible, and indeed highly probable. Russian matches have actually been discovered among the flax lying in Glasgow stores. Not one match merely, or one packet, but many packets, have been found in a single consignment. The matches are put up in small round paper packets, not in square boxes as with us. How they came among the flax, and who put them there, is of course a profound mystery, but were I an insurance manager, either fire or marine, I should put an extra premium upon every flax risk, and on every vessel carrying flax from a Baltic port. SCRUTATOR.

A Black and White Exhibition—Matthews' Minstrels at Hengler's.

The best place to Dine—The Merchants' Restaurant, 58 Mitchell Street

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—The "Tambour-Major" is continuing to draw crowded houses at the Gaiety, and those who have not yet made an acquaintance with Offenbach's new opera should do so without loss of time, as "The Bells of Corneville," with Mr Joe Eldred as *Gaspard*, and Mr J. H. Rogers and Mr Harry Collier as the *Bailie* and *Gobo*, is announced for Monday next.

—o—
The refusal, by our local Dogberries, to renew the theatrical license to the tenant of the Prince of Wales Theatre, will assist to hurry on the revival of the laws under which theatrical entertainments are carried on. As Mr Neilson, the tenant in question, pointed out, it is quite within his power to open the place as a music hall. No one, indeed, could object to his doing this, since the liberty to perform stage plays has been taken away from him by the collective wisdom of the grave and reverend Justices who occupied the bench at Monday's J. P. Court.

"Hamlet," "Othello," and "Macbeth" have been represented under the direction of Mr Neilson; he has introduced us to Mr Toole as *Charles*, as *Calob Plummer*, and as *Simmons*. Now, however, all this is to come to an end. He is condemned, henceforward, to treat his patrons to another species of entertainment. The "Howling Rorty Swell," the "Champion Irish Comique," and the screeching female warbler who is Sally or Polly as the case may be, are the people who, the Justices have practically agreed, shall in future occupy the stage of the Prince of Wales Theatre.

—o—
Strauss's "Bat's Revenge" has done exceedingly well at the Royalty, the good singing and acting, and the capital *mis-en scene*, having proved vastly popular among our theatre-going public. The "Fledermaus" begins the last six of its nightly flights this evening.

"Robbing Roy" is announced by Mr Knapp for Monday next.

A forthcoming production at the Royalty Theatre will be the extraordinarily successful "Upper Crust" of Mr H. J. Byron, the piece with which Mr Toole has been drawing all London to the Folly Theatre for the past six months. Among the chief—or, properly speaking—the chief attraction of the London performance is the acting of Mr Toole himself, in the role of the hero, one *Doublechick*, a retired soap manufacturer. It is impossible, in the meantime, at all events, for "Johnny" to pay us a visit down here, and on the old principle of putting up with the moon in the absence of the sun, we must be fain to make our acquaintance with *Doublechick* at the Royalty through the medium of Mr Richard Younge.

Fortunately, Mr Younge, like good wine, "needs no bush," he is already a leading favourite here, and when it is known that he was specially selected for the performance of this part in the provinces by Mr George Loveday—the manager of the London Folly and who is director of the provincial company—and that Mr Toole has bestowed every care on its rehearsal, we may rest assured that the impersonation at the Royalty will be a thoroughly satisfactory one.

Besides Mr Richard Younge, the company who will appear at Mr Knapp's house in "The Upper Crust" includes Mr Wyke Moore and Mr Bucklaw, and Misses Coleman and Fanny Enson.

—o—
Go over BAILIE to Mr Beryl's house on the South Side, and enjoy yourself for an evening with "Proof." Indeed, when you once sit down you are booked for an entire night whether you will or no. The piece is so exciting that I defy you to come away before the *dénouement* has been reached.

—o—
Four of the six gentlemen in the short list of candidates for the post of conductor of the Glasgow Choral Union have made the stipulated appearance before the society—one or two, as I hear, with a very fair measure of satisfaction. They are, first, Mr Lake, of Edinburgh, who pleased rather well; next, Mr Newport, similarly acceptable, and coming with the ex-

perience of some eight years as conductor of a Belfast musical society; then Mr Walter Handel Thorley, who, it could hardly be said, did honour, as a conductor, to the distinguished name forming part of his trinomial appellation; last, Mr Von Tuggener from Weybridge, who, I learn, somewhat disappointed the expectations formed of him. The candidates who have still to appear are Mr Allan Macbeth—a young musician of much promise, and Mr J. M'Hardy, both gentlemen being from Edinburgh.

At the request of the Union, Mr Hugh M'Nabb of this city conducted on one of the nights, in room of one of the candidates absent from indisposition. The call was all the more honourable to Mr M'Nabb that he has not applied for the vacant post. Remembering Mr M'Nabb's experience as a trainer and conductor in other places, it goes without saying that he pleased the Union exceedingly well.

Dr Peace has begun a series of Organ Recitals on Tuesday evenings in St. Andrew's Halls, and on the afternoon of Saturday next he will give an organ performance in the Cathedral. No words of mine are needed, my Magistrate, to recommend these performances to the attention of the citizens.

The Elementary Class in connection with the Glasgow South-Side Choral Society, and taught by Mr J. M'Kean, gave a concert on Friday evening last, in the National Halls.

—o—
I want to call attention, my Magistrate, to the concert which the Glasgow Select Choir intend giving in St. Andrew's Halls, on Saturday, 25th instant—their first for the season. Their conductor, as you know, is Mr James Allan, one of ourselves, and a musician of fine taste. The programme for this concert will include, for the first time in Scotland, Gounod's rather remarkable arrangement of "The Last Rose of Summer," produced, I remember, when the composer was conductor of the Albert Hall concerts, in London, some years ago. Two partsongs by Pinsuti, "The Autumn Song" and "The Parting Kiss"—charming music, I believe—will also be sung.

The favourite music by Dr Arne to Ariel's song "Where the Bee Sucks," as set by Jackson for choral singing, is in the programme. I have not heard this glee since the Choral Union, making a feature of such pieces in their programmes, produced it at one of their concerts—some ten or twelve years ago, when, as I am inclined to think, the Choral Union was in its best days.

I ought also to mention that it is intended to make a special feature at this concert of the musical setting of Hood's "Sally Brown"—expressly written for the choir by Mr Hume. I hear the choir are quite taken with it.

—o—
A good deal of curiosity, spiced with a dash of temper, is being manifested in certain quarters at the non-publication in the *Mail* of any notice of the Lambeth concerts which were held a week ago in Staffa and Iona. It seems that the accredited representative at Oban of the Union Street oracle transmitted home a full, true, and particular description of the performances, but that this description either miscarried by the road, was mislaid in the editorial room, or met with some similar deadly mishap, since it has never found its way into print. Can it be that there is any influence inimical to Mr Lambeth "behind the scenes" in the *Mail*?

—o—
Saturday's Corporation outing to the Gorbals Water Works didn't pass off without the usual incident. One municipal dignitary, whose good graces, it seems, the Lord Provost has not been very careful to cultivate during his term of office, uplifted the voice of criticism "after luncheon," in a manner which rather startled his next door neighbours. His Lordship, however, was quite equal to the occasion, and it was remarked, at the close of the little scene, that the comminatory Councillor had by no means had the best of the encounter.

The subscription on the part of the members of the Town Council, to the portrait of the Lord Provost which they propose to present Mrs Collins, is limited to the sum of five pounds each.

Who wouldn't keep a hotel—that is, a paying hotel? Why, the enormous caravanserai in St. Enoch Square is credited, during the twelve months which have just closed, with having made a profit to the railway company which owns it of something like £25,000.

The pantomime at the Queen's Theatre, Manchester, will be specially written by J. T. Denny, and will be on the old nursery favourite, "Jack, the Giant Killer."

Matthews' Minstrels bring their season at Hengler's Cirque to a close on Saturday first. The entertainment is of the "burnt cork" species, but there be "burnt cork" and "burnt cork" comedians, and of all the funny black fellows I have seen, I rank the "Matthews" among the best. May I ask your readers, my Magistrate, to note that Saturday is the last night of the company.

Among those visiting the Municipal Buildings designs upon Friday, I observed Mr Corson, of Leeds, the successful competitor. "The early bird"—but the proverb is somewhat musty.

THE "DRAW IN" BUSINESS.

1st Rustic—Losh me, that leddy doctor's unco guid at drawing out the teeth.

2nd do.—Ah man, bit she's an awfu' lot better at drawing in the money.

SPORTING NEWS.—According to the *Herald*, the success of partridge-shooters in the Cupar-Angus district was evinced, on "the First," by "the incessant crack of the rifle." The BAILIE is not much of a sportsman himself, but a young friend of his is anxious to know if they use the Snider or the Martini-Henry to shoot partridges with in the Cupar-Angus district.

CHAFFING THE PREMIER.—According to a contemporary, Mr Gladstone was "jocularly addressed by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh at Leith on Thursday. Does this mean that the Lord Provost, in Cockney phrase, "guyed" the Prime Minister?

WILD.—Somebody advertising in the *Herald* for "wild shooting," Jones says he thinks he can oblige the gentleman. He (J.) spent a day on a friend's moor last week, and made, according to the keeper, the wildest shooting ever known in the district.

Another out-of-the-way "Selection" for a Lambethian Concert.—The "Bass" Rock.

What the Municipal Buildings Lack—Honey-man and money, man.

A Pa(y)in' Business—Tooth-drawing.

Club Law—Having recourse to the baton.

DEFFY TEAR OR WEAP. { Indigo Blue Serge, Scotch make, double width, 4/2; single, 1/6 per yard, wholesale price. Any length cut at same rate.—THE CLOTH HALL, 42 Hutcheson Street,

"ELEVATION!" GLASGOW'S, WHERE?

The Municipal Buildings, competing designs
Here's how Barry judicially weeds:—
Nor Glasgow—nor Scotland at all —'s on his lines;
To London he "second" and "third" but assigns,
London follows, and lucky Leeds leads.

A STRAY SHEPHERD.—That distinguished sportsman, the Rev. Dr Glancy of Motherwell, has written what the *Herald* justly calls a "piti-able" letter, espousing the cause of the Home Rule rioters. Among equally striking "points," he credits the Glasgow policeman with an instinctive knowledge of the creed professed by the "rough" whom he apprehends. Tonalt is, no doubt, highly flattered; but doesn't the reverend "Father" think this is coming it a little *too* strong? He had better return to his peaceful pursuit of making bets and demolishing impos-tors, and let Ferguson & Co. alone.

THE "INJUDICIOUS" COLLIER.—The colliers have now taken to "rattening"—cutting cage-ropes and stealing the fittings of engines—a course which the chairman of a subsequent meeting described as "injudicious." It is doubt-less satisfactory that such villainous conduct does not meet with universal sympathy; but it would be still more satisfactory if the villains themselves could be laid hold of, and taught the legal translation of the milder term "injudicious."

WHAM AULD DEMOSTHENES OR TULLY—Burns.—Asinus, like John Peerybingle, is some-times "very near it." He speaks of the associations of the "Gran'-Tully" with great oratorship. See, sir? Oh!

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.—The Glasgow architects felt sore a little about a Scot(t) doing the University; perhaps they will be no better with an Englishman doing the Municipal Buildings.

WHAT GLASGOW MUST.—Down with the dust, or build her Municipal Buildings on trust; we've only our day, let the future pay, those that'll use them when we are "away."

HOUSE UNDER REPAIR.—To reform the House of Lords, let the English Peers be elected as are the Scottish.

MY CONSCIENCE!—An Irishman without a grievance has been discovered in the East-end.

A Life on the Ossian Wave.—A concert in Fingal's cave.

The Game of Obstruction—Picketing.

CLYDE TWEEDS. { Manufactured specially for Wear-resistance. Whole-sale price, 3/ per yard. Any length cut.—THE CLOTH HALL, 42 Hutcheson Street.

A Snub to Oban.

IT was really "quite too awfully" cruel of Mr Gladstone to behave so cruelly last week to the "local celebrities" of Oban, as a contemporary calls them. "The Liberal Association, of which Provost Menzies is president, intended," we are told, "to proceed to the 'Grantully Castle' and congratulate Mr Gladstone on his recovery from his recent illness;" but, just as the sympathisers were about to put off from the shore, the "Grantully Castle" steamed contemptuously away, and they were left lamenting, "address" and all. 'Twas hard; but the slighted ones may console themselves with the thought that the address, *mutato nomine*, will do for somebody else—say, Wee Colin when he is tired of Constantinople—and that the Premier did not realise the treat in store for him. Fancy the delights of receiving a whole Liberal Association, with Provost Menzies at its head, not to speak of the other Oban "celebrities," which doubtless include the immortal Sea Serpent and its chronicler! Possibly, however, the People's William had painful recollections of the Pauline oration at the Tail of the Bank, and the ill-mannered steam-tug, and, thinking discretion the better part of valour, requested Donald to "sheer off."

TOUGAL AFLOAT AND TOUGAL ASHORE.

(Scene—Loch Gilp, opposite Ardrishaig Hotel ;

Three well-known natives while sailing a lug-sail suddenly find themselves in the briny—.)

1st Native (getting on keel of boat)—O' Lort, O Lort, help us an' she'll never drink no more whateffer.

2nd Native—Well! well! if she'll only could soom like a smaal crab she'd waak ashore on the bottom at wance ef not sooner, too.

3rd Native—Ugh! she'll think she'll soom hersell (and she sooms.)

[After getting ashore they are regaled with some whisky at the hotel.]

1st Native—Coonfoond her for an alld cranky boat, she was never trust hersell on board any more, too—(feels sick and writhes accordingly).

Sympathetic Visitor—Oh! never mind! you'll be better when you get the salt water up.

Native—Och she'd never mind fur ta waater ef the whusky wud stey doon!

The Eastern Question — Who discovered James Martin.

Tweed Suits—Courtships in Berwick.

The Proprietor of the Merchants' Restaurant, 58 Mitchell Street, is prepared to furnish Balls, Parties, Weddings, Breakfasts, Suppers, &c., at a few hours' notice.

River-Boat Rhymes.

BY A LATE I. O. G. T.*

A YOUNG man on board the "Columba,"
Was suddenly o'ercome with slumber,
And he snored out so loud,
People looked for the cloud
Whence proceeded the deep roar of thunder.

Once a swell was on board the "Benmore"
Who had ne'er sailed our river before—
When, dreadful to tell,
He succumbed to the smell,
And dropt dead as a nail from the door.

A native of Mull, bred and born,
Went on board the "Marquis of Lorne."
To the Sassenach crew,
He said "Cu'm arashan dhu,
"And how did you'll all pe ta morn?"

There was a young man on the "Vivid"
Who got most uncommonly livid.
So his woes o'er the side
He poured forth to the tide,
This weakly young man on the "Vivid."

I have seen on the "Lord of the Isles,"
A lady sit decked all in smiles,
Men crowded to stare,
While her sex cried "How bare-
Facedly those poor fools she beguiles."

Once on board the famed "Guinivere"
Came Arthur and his dearest dear,
"Oh lor! here's a spoon
Spending his honeymoon,"
Quoth the folks when they saw him appear.

Time was when a maiden so coy
Went on board the speedy "Viceroy,"
And fell faint on the floor
As the boat hugged the shore—
This maid was so bashful and coy.

* After an hour's consultation with the Ass, and repeated perusals of the above rhymes, we have come to the conclusion that these mysterious initials must mean "I often get tight."—ED.

A KILLIN' JOKE.

Boy (to butcher in Great Hamilton Street)—
Could you send up a sheep's heed?

Butcher—A'll no be able to send it the day for
a'll no be killin' mysel' this week.

STILL HARPING ON—TORPEDOES!—"A New Danger from Torpedoes" is the heading which Granny gives to an item referring to "heavy guns." Bless the old lady! Can't she get the Tail of the Bank explosive out of her mind!

A POWER OF "LOAF."—Somebody wants a vanman, "to sell 2/10 loaf." That must be a substantial sort of loaf—the sort of loaf, in fact, to set before a "large small family" of a baker's dozen or so!

The "Toast" Rack—The *mauvais quart d'heure* before being called upon to propose one.

BICYCLES. } Agents for Duplex Excelsior, Club, Challenge,
TRICYCLES. } Premier, Stanley, Timberlake, and 'Xtraordinary
Safety Bicycles. Riding Taught—101 Mitchell St.

'Arry Halfred in Canada.

TIDINGS have at last reached our city from an errant son—Mr H. A. Long, to wit, who writes in raptures to the *Herald* from "Y. M. C. A. Rooms, Toronto." Mr Long has hitherto, it seems, been under the impression that Canada was "an affair of stumps, swamps, mosquitoes, bears, and emigrants contending with many difficulties—amongst others a Siberian winter and an African summer." He is now enlightened, and he hastens to communicate his remarkable discoveries to his fellow-men. Canada appears to have been made for Mr Long and Mr Long for Canada. The mosquitoes declined to bite him, though he specially pressed upon their notice his tempting person, and—tell it not in the Sautmarket!—he had a carriage and pair to take him to church and Sunday-school. Then he went to Niagara, where he felt like "the first man." "Thousands," says Mr Long, "have attempted to describe" the Falls, "but necessarily failed." It remained for Mr Long to come, see, and conquer—which he does by comparing the waterfall to "the wreckage of the New Jerusalem" and a great many other wonderful things. On the whole, the reflection suggests itself that, since the country and the man seem so admirably adapted for one another, it would be a pity ever to separate them.

LICENSED.

(Scene—Street in Glasgow.)

Raw Highlander (to teetotal friend)—Fat does licensed mean afore that publik-house toor?

Friend (severely)—It means that you are at liberty to go in there and get as drunk as you like.

Highlander—Then that is chust the place for me, for she has no money an' she woult like to get as trunk as she likes.

A-N-ICE(D) DRINK.—A certain new beverage is declared by its manufacturer to be "delicious" when "iced with a little whisky." This is a style of "icing" which will be vastly appreciated by a large section of the community. Asinus, for his part, declares that in future he intends to go in exclusively for teetotal beverages—"iced."

According to the report of the recent meeting of the West Parish Church of Greenock, it would seem that the "Rev. John" has mu(t)ch to be grateful for.

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.

"One Day of Wallace Wight."

LAST week Mr Wallace of Solsgirth—who, by his own account, though "licensed to preach," is "a free lance"—called the attention of the Glasgow Presbytery to those unfortunate "Scotch sermons," which he described as not only heretical, but also possessing "a forty-parson power of soporificness." One would have thought that this latter quality might, in Mr Wallace's eyes, have atoned in some measure for the former. If the BAILIE were asked to estimate the soporific power of Mr Wallace's own productions, literary and oratorical, he would place it at a much higher figure than forty. Possibly, however, it is rivalry which the quasi-cleric dreads. In that case, he may keep his mind easy. The book has yet to be printed that can "soporify" better than Solsgirth. That's so!

"DONE BROWN."

(Scene—Coffee-room of hotel in Helensburgh.)

Brown (a "great swell," while waiting on a brother commercial to play a game at billiards, is describing to a number of tourists how many brace of grouse he recently took down in one day, hinting, at the same time, that he is just on his way home from his shooting "box.")

Enter Waiter—Somebody wishing to see you, sir.

Brown (expecting his friend) — Haw! just send him up, will you?

Waiter—All right, sir. (Ushers in a bare-footed urchin.)

Urchin—Mister Brown, ma mither sent me tae tell ye that yer no' tae min' the three dizzen o' dolls she ordered, but tae sen' instead a dizzen o' jumpin' jacks an' twa dizzen o' cocks w' whussuls in their tails.

[Brown faints.]

OUR CREWS' CRUISE.—A contemporary says that on a recent occasion on the Clyde "the only sailing that was done during the cruise was done over the cabin tables." And why not? Surely contemporary wouldn't have his yachting friends "cruising" *under* the cabin tables!

"IC" OR "YX?"—Some fellow advertises that he has lost a trinket with a "sardonic stone" in it. Possibly the stone would look "sardonic" if it could see itself so described.

Outer Darkness—The black line on a target that ends the "inner."

Baking Apples, 7 lbs. for 1s. Jam Plums, 7 lbs. for 1s, at M. CAMPBELL, Fruit Warehouse, 18 GORDON STREET.

CIGARS! CIGARS! CIGARS!

J. & R. SINCLAIR,
TOBACCO MANUFACTURERS,
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,

Are Now offering to the General Public a Speciality in the
Cigar line, viz.:—

7 Excellent Cigars for 1s, or 18 for 2s 6d.

A Trial Solicited to prove that these Cigars are undoubtedly the
Best Value in the Trade,—and can only be had in Glasgow at
their Establishment—

68 ARGYLE STREET,
The Trade Supplied. 4 Doors from Queen Street.

The Argyle Rubber Company,
110 ARGYLE STREET.

Tennis Rackets.—Splendid Assortment to choose from.
Tennis Sets complete.—Nets, Poles, Pegs, &c., sold separately.
Golf Balls and Clubs—By best Makers in Scotland.
(Note.—A special make of Golf Balls, 7s 6d per dozen.)
Waterproofs for Ladies and Gentlemen.—Light and Strong for
Summer wear.
Jet and Vulcanite Jewellery.—India Rubber Toys in great variety.
110 ARGYLE STREET. 110

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have already been.

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Caledonian Cigar Emporium's "Leading" Cigar
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the best 7 Cigars for 1s. I never smoked so
good a Cigar for so little money.

Brown—Have you tried those other shops
who advertise 7 for 1s.

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I must say it is the best flavoured British Cigar.
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SINGLE HATS AT WHOLESALE PRICES.
THE HIGHEST CLASS. THE LATEST SHAPES.
EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS. VARIETY ENORMOUS.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Our Mr BINNIE has just returned from the Markets. Large
deliveries of Autumn Patterns selected by Mr Binnie when South.
NEW DRESS HATS.

NEW FELT HATS.

Dress Hats, 6s 6d, 8s 6d, 10s 6d, 12s 6d, 14s 6d, and 17s 6d;
elsewhere sold at 10s 6d, 12s 6d, 14s 6d, 17s 6d, 20s, 23s.

Felt Hats, Latest Shapes for Gentlemen and Youths, at 4s
6d, 5s 6d, 7s, and 8s 6d. These are sold daily by the ordinary
retailer from 6s 6d to 14s 6d, and in some instances even higher.

Gentlemen who have not yet paid us a visit would oblige by
calling and seeing our various styles and qualities. There are
not better in Scotland. We guarantee every Hat to retain shape
and colour, and we undoubtedly give the best value in Glasgow
in Gentlemen's Felt or Dress Hats. This is fact.

We are the pioneers of the system of selling Hats at a mini-
mum profit, the originators in Scotland of selling single hats
at Wholesale Prices—a system which we faithfully carry out,
and which has acquired for us the enviable position of being

THE LEADING HATTERS IN GLASGOW.

See separate Advertisement for Ladies' Department.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,
COLOSSEUM, 70 JAMAICA STREET.

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THE LEADING HATTERS,
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LADIES' DEPARTMENTS.

We are now showing the Leading Novelties for Autumn in
Millinery, Flowers, Feathers, &c. The Ladies' Tam o' Shan-
ter in Velvet, Plush, Beaver, Chips, with Plush effects, &c.,
&c. Also, fine variety of the New Floral Bonnets. We show
simultaneously with the first houses in London and Paris every
novelty of note as soon as they appear, our London and Paris
representatives being always on the outlook for anything new.

Beavers will be much worn this season. We have now
received all the New Shapes for the Coming Season. Ladies
having Beavers of Last Season's Shapes can now have them
realttered into the present Styles, and Trimmed with any Material
after our French Patterns.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!! BARGAINS!!!
TO-DAY! TO-DAY!! TO-DAY!!!

SUMMER HATS AND BONNETS
CLEARING OUT AT ASTONISHINGLY LOW PRICES.

LOVELY FRENCH FLOWERS.

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EVERYTHING MUST BE SOLD AT ONCE,

To give us space for our Grand Exposition of Autumn
Novelties now approaching.

COME AND SEE THE BARGAINS.

We cannot possibly detail the Immense Stock.

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All that remains of these celebrated Feather-edge Hats now
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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, SEPTEMBER 8th, 1880.

NOW that the Town Council have got and paid for their three building plans, the question of "What will they do with them?" may surely be asked without offence. Mr BARRY, to whom the task of adjudicating on the competing designs was delegated, plainly tells us that the plans he has selected for the Corporation premiums are by no means the best that have been sent in. We have made a blunder, he further informs us, in limiting the ground to be taken into the proposed edifice to the western side of John Street; and he hints, in so many words, that the sum we have laid ourselves out to spend on the building is woefully inadequate to provide for such a Town's House as would prove fitting for the Second City of the Empire. Under all the circumstances, the only possible way for the Town Council to proceed in the matter is to begin all over again. They have spent fifteen hundred and fifty golden guineas on premiums to begin with, and might as well have chucked the money into the bed of the river; they have sent a baker's dozen of local architects fairly beside themselves with disappointment; and they have been made the subject of a good many sneering comments at the tongues of the citizens generally. It is always a mistake, however, to cry over spilled milk. Let the Town Council admit that they have blundered, and starting from a new basis let them arrange for the erection of a building which shall occupy the plot of ground between George Square and Montrose Street, and agree, at the same time, to expend a much larger sum on the structure than £150,000. This is the only way out of the difficulty. They may begin operations, moreover, by making a formal *auto-da-fe* of the three plans which have become their own property by right of payment, and good payment too.

Doctors Differ I

BY a curious coincidence, the views of two great Glaswegians regarding one of our principal colonies have appeared almost simultaneously. While Mr H. A. Long gives his opinions on Canada in the *Herald*, Mr George Anderson gives *his* in the *Contemporary Review*. George is by no means so favourably impressed with his subject as Harry, and is inclined to run down the colonists, whom, oddly enough, he considers "poor cusses" in comparison with the go-ahead Yankee. Could not these two distinguished observers be induced, on Mr Long's return, to publicly debate on the subject for a given sum—the stakes to be held by, say, Mr F. G. Widdows or "Emma Mine?" It would "draw like a blister!"

MORE "GLEANINGS" FROM GLADSTONE.—Mr Gladstone's cruise has developed accomplishments hitherto unsuspected by the general public. Off Skye, we are told, he led in "Row, brothers, row," and "sang snatches of Venetian boat-songs." It is also whispered that on different occasions he favoured the company and crew with lifelike imitations of Lord Beaconsfield, Mr Henry Irving, and Mr J. L. Toole, and that by the end of the trip he had attained considerable proficiency in the execution of the Highland fling. This last item, however, the BAILIE gives with all reserve.

RUBBART'S "ECONOMICS."—The Rev. Robert Thomson—who thinks the country is "going to wreck"—last week treated the members of the Glasgow Presbytery to a lecture on what he styled "economics," apropos of Lord Ripon's appointment to the Governor-Generalship of India. If the reverend gentleman would carry his economical researches a little further, and learn to economise his oratorical powers, he would confer a distinct boon not only upon the Presbytery but also upon the public.

"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS."—The *North British Daily Mail* is trying its pen upon architectural criticism. Our worthy contemporary is nothing except it be original, and hence—"The portico is surmounted by six Corinthian pillars." The Greeks were doubtless a clever people, but scarcely clever enough, we think, to create an upside-down "Order."

"Sweet Bells Jangled, out of Tune and Harsh."
—Those of the Cross Steeple.

DEFFY { Ladies' Jacket Cloths, Beautiful Twills, Pure
WEAR OR { Worsted, wholesale price, 5/. Any length cut at
TEAR, { same rate.—THE CLOTH HALL, 42 Hutcheson St,

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the Glasgow architects are delighted with Mr Barry's award.

That there isn't a Scotchman among the first three.

That the only hope our local men have is that one of the more expensive plans may be selected.

That even then the "job" may go to a "furriner."

That the lady doctor has reaped a rich harvest in Glasgow.

That every morning of the week the *Mail* gives Madame Enault a valuable advertisement all for nothing.

That the Bankruptcy Court continues to furnish the real "fun of the fair."

That the wire-pullers of public companies occasionally come to grief.

That their examinations are a caution to the credulous public.

That "some people have brains and no money."

That the "people with money are useful to those who have brains."

That W. W. hopes to live long enough to see the most of his projects carried out.

That he is a hopeful man is W. W.

That Glasgow has "music on the brain."

That a goodly sum has just been spent on the "bands in the parks."

That a new peal of bells is to be provided for the Cross Steeple.

That it is proposed to rebuild the City Hall organ.

That we are certainly a very musical people.

That nobody need therefore wonder at the popularity of our "fife bands."

That the miners' strike is coming to an end.

That it should never have begun.

That our Rubbart has had another pap at the Pope.

That it didn't hurt His Holiness.

That even his seconder told Rubbart to "dry up."

That the irrepressible "A. M'D." is at it again.

That the new *piece de resistance* is a juvenile Liberal club.

That the young "M'D." is the "chairman" of the new fad, while the old cock is chief wire-puller.

That the new club has, of course, an "hon. secy."

That a second round of the hat is in prospect.

That the first meeting of the new Club takes place to-night.

That the meeting will end with the usual row.

That the proceedings of the Trades' House, on Tuesday last, are a fair specimen of business capacity.

That it is unusual for the seller to decry his own wares.

That there is evidently an Achan in the Trades' House camp.

That the fourteen Incorporations know more than they get credit for.

That the Dyers can afford to accept the position of a certain poor wise man who delivered a city from the hands of a king.

The Shooting Season.

THE colliers have taken a new departure, a "voice" having suggested at a recent meeting at Coatbridge that the mine-owners should be "put with the Irish landlords," adding, "If some gallant men would come from the other side we would get rid of them." The gallant men "from the other side" are doubtless the heroes who lurk under the cover of a hedge to shoot unsuspecting passers-by; but, though this suggestion seems to have been received with some favour, it is to be feared public opinion is not yet sufficiently ripe on *this* side to make assassination a popular or safe amusement. If, however, the colliers must shoot somebody, let them begin with their other natural enemies, the reporters!

Dulce Domum.

Inscribed to John Ferguson, Esq.

MID proud Saxon palaces though we might roam,
Their masters are humbugs, there's no place like home;
A breath from the sty seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, you'll not meet with elsewhere.
Home, home; sweet, sweet home!

There is no place like home—*had we Home Rule at home.*

An exile from home, whisky dazes in vain,

O give me my lowly mud cabin again;

The pig grunting greedily, that came at my call,

And give me my piece of hog, dearer than all!

Home, home; sweet, sweet home,

There is no place like home—*had we Home Rule at home.*

Cogent and Final—The exception proves the rule—Home Rule—Rule Britannia.

A Box Plan—Hit out from the shoulder!

JAMES THORNTON, of the Merchants' Restaurant, 58 Mitchell Street, provides first-class professional Cooks at a few hours' notice.

THE ARGYLE BATHS, 366 Argyle Street, is the Largest Public Bathing Establishment in Scotland. Warm Baths, 6d, 9d, & 1s; ready daily, from 7 a.m. to 9 p.m. One trial solicited.

Megilp.

THE Black and White Exhibition is already bearing fruit among us. Etchings are beginning to be seen in various shop windows, and people who, a short month ago, were innocent of any possible knowledge of the art, now di-course by the hour regarding the comparative merits of the etching-needle and the dry-point, and talk, and—in one instance at least, write as foolishly on this as on any other subject they chance to take up. It must never be forgotten that a poor etching is no more than a poor etching. A careful study of the magnificent "Greenwich" and "Windsor" of Seymour Haden, in the "Black and White," will do more to aid the formation of a taste in this delightful branch of art than either the listening to, or the reading of, any quantity of spoken or written drivel on the subject. There are many other fine etchings in the "Black and White" in addition to those of Dr Francis Haden, but none which are so likely to impress an outsider, and none, besides, so bold and masterful, none which impress you so much by their individual character, none which have such a close connection with what may be termed distinctly pictorial art.

Brunet-Debaines, whose Oxford and Cambridge etchings in the *Portfolio* are well known, is about to etch a series of views of Manchester and Liverpool. Could he not be induced to add Glasgow to the cities illustrated by him with the etching needle?

One of the pictures that may be expected in Glasgow before long, is the "Rorke's Drift" of the distinguished French artist, A. de Neuville. The episode selected by the painter for illustration is the defence, by Lieuts. Chard and Bromhead, of the hospital in which the sick and wounded had been placed, and the roof of which has been set on fire by the attacking Zulus. The work is painted with amazing breadth and power; indeed, it is such a picture as no other artist save De Neuville himself could have produced.

Among the collection of paintings illustrative of Scottish art, to be exhibited in the Galleries of the Royal Scottish Academy during the forthcoming visit of the Social Science Congress to Edinburgh, are several portraits by Graham Gilbert and Sir Daniel Macnee, one or two of Milne Donald's more characteristic landscapes, and "The Spate" of James Docharty. William Brodie, R.S.A., is at present busy over the hanging of the pictures.

After spending the earlier weeks of summer at "The Maidens," on the Ayrshire coast, Joseph Henderson established himself some time back in South Bute, and has been busy of late among the bold, strongly-marked scenery in the neighbourhood of the Garroch Heads.

John Miller, after a lengthened stay in Oban, went north to Skye at the end of last week.

Three of our artist friends who were in Glasgow last week, looking brown and weather-beaten from the *villeggiatura* they have enjoyed so long, were Tom M'Ewan, who had hied him hither on a flying visit from Arran; William Young, whose Whistlefield work is now completed, and who meditates a short stay at Arrochar; and J. D. Taylor, who has been for some time in the neighbourhood of Tarbert, but who is anxious to exchange the bustling bay and noisy quays of the famous her-ring-fishing village for the quiet waters of the upper Clyde.

"They say" that one of the chief picture sales of the coming London season will be that of the gallery formed at Rawcliffe Lodge, by the late Mr A. B. Stewart. It will come under the hammer at Christie's.

A Carlisle bookseller—one Coward by name—proposes to issue a life of Sam Bough. The enterprise may turn out a success, but two recent books on Scottish painters—those on Paul Chalmers and George Manson—have proved woefully inadequate, so far, at least, as the letterpress is concerned. Hitherto the only notice of Bough at all worthy of the man and his work has been the "obituary" contributed by Robert Louis Stevenson to the pages of the *Academy* immediately after his demise.

The Merchants' Restaurant, 58 Mitchell Street, is connected by Telephone with the Royal Exchange.

What the Greenock Folk are Saying.
THAT by his trip to Oban Dugald completely lost his chance of immortalizing himself.

That he not only missed the Grantully but also lost the Hercules dance.

That the entire community felt relieved at learning that he had received an invitation to the latter.

That it was very considerate on his part to let such an important fact be made publicly known.

That as he represents the community in general he must take care to be on board on the next occasion.

That the community in particular don't appear to have a place on the ship's visiting list.

That the public washing of West Parish dirty linen has been going on very briskly of late.

That John is not such a fool as to let himself be starved out.

That he holds the key of the position and won't part with it merely to gratify the malcontents.

That writing letters to the press is not the Treasurer's forte.

That big doings are expected at Ardgowan shortly.

That the townspeople are not likely to participate largely in them.

That the Caly. Is said to be working quietly at a new Gourock railway project.

That the Ravenscraig route will likely come to the front again.

That our providential Provost had consequently better keep his weather eye open upon the movements of his friends.

BLUE.

First Merchant—What are the prospects of indigo this year?

Second do.—Um! Bad, no prospects at all.

First do.—Ah! That's a blue look-out.

"THAT ONE SMALL HEAD COULD CARRY ALL HE KNEW."—Like another immortal William, Mr Gladstone is a myriad-minded man. To his other many accomplishments he has just added singing; and, after his shipboard experience, he may now perhaps add First Lord of the Admiralty to First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer; and, furthermore, like a predecessor in the Premiership, be able at an hour's notice to take command of the Queen's Navee.

HIGHLAND HERESIES.—What is Professor Blackie up to? He told an Oban audience the other evening that "the Highlanders were not, as some people thought, a race distinct from all other races," and that "the language of the Highlanders was not, as some enthusiastic Highlanders would have people believe, the most ancient of all languages"—nay, that it was "a corrupted language." Was ever such heresy heard? And from Professor Blackie, too! The least he can expect in return is that some deceived and indignant Gael will fall upon him and knock him down with his own Celtic chair!

ROBERTS AT CANDAHAR.—"Ayoub Khan-cantcannonadecandaharcane he?" was the question which led to an operation for lockjaw on the "beastie" the other morning.

"From base to dome," says a humourist writing in the *Mail* of one of the competing designs for the new Municipal Buildings, "not a separate part stands out prominent or catches the eye as a thing by itself." Only imagine, remarks Peter, the feelings of the spectator while his eye was being "caught" by the base in its attempt to convey to him some notion of the beauty (?) of the dome.

The *Gardeners' Chronicle* chronicles that a virtually new form of "fun-goid disease has broken out among champions (?) in Ireland." The BAILIE begs to correct the *Chronicle*. The disease is disastrously vicious; and there's no fun going, but quite the reverse—downright levelling of the landlords.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS.—Than that upon the music-bells, few Town Council discussions have been less bellicose. It has been discovered that "tongues" won't wag for ever.

TO SCOTSMEN IN ENGLAND.—The BAILIE can be had on Day of Publication from the following News Agents:—London: Mr James Locke, 6 Exeter Street, Strand; Liverpool: Mr Wm. Pearson, Lord Street; Manchester: Mr B. Wheeler, 4 Pall Mall; Newcastle-on-Tyne: Messrs T. & G. Allan, 26 Blackett Street.

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Sole Lessee and Manager,.....Mr H. CECIL BERYL.
LAST WEEK of Mr WILSON BARRETT'S London
Company, in the Great Adelphi Drama,
"P R O O F."

REALLY LEGITIMATE SUCCESS.

Acting, Scenery, and Dresses the Admiration of all Visitors.
Doors Open at 7. Overture, 7-30. Saturdays, Half-an-Hour
earlier.

Box Plan at Donaldson's Rooms, 91 St. Vincent Street.
Tram Cars to all parts after the performance.

ROYALTY THEATRE,

Lessee and Manager.....Mr E. L. KNAPP.

Great Success and Last Five Nights of
Mr E. HUGHNOTT'S

GRAND COMIC OPERA COMPANY.

THIS EVENING (TUESDAY), 7th September, at 8-15,

Production of the Celebrated Comic Opera,
"DIE FLEDERMAUS."

Preceded at 7-30 by the Charming Drama,
"OUR BITTEREST FOE."

ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS AND CRYSTAL PALACE.

AFTERNOON AND EVENING CONCERTS,
WILL BE GIVEN

ON SATURDAY FIRST, 11TH SEPTEMBER.

BAND OF H.M.S. CUMBERLAND

Will perform from 2 till 5 o'clock, and

BAND and PIPERS of 74th HIGHLANDERS, From 7 to 9.
Admission, 6d.

Subscribers admitted Free on Presenting Tickets of Membership.

Annual Family Ticket, 21s; Single Ticket, 10s 6d.

Tickets at Mr SLOAN'S, 140 Hope Street, and at Garden Gate.

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Proprietor and Director,Mr C. BERNARD.

A TRULY LEGITIMATE SUCCESS,

MR CHARLES BERNARD'S

COMIC OPERA COMPANY, IN

LA FILLE DU TAMBOUR-MAJOR.

Box Office open from 10 till 4 Daily.

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H E N G L E R ' S C I R Q U E,

CROWDED AT EACH PERFORMANCE.

ANOTHER ENTIRE CHANGE TO-NIGHT.

MATTHEWS' MINSTRELS,

Notwithstanding the Great Success,

The Season must Close SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11.

Having to open at

COOKE'S CIRCUS, LOTHIAN ROAD, EDINBURGH,

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER, 13.

FOR TWELVE NIGHTS ONLY.

An Entirely New First Part To-Night.

An Entirely New Second Part To-night.

SATURDAY at 3 and 8.

Doors Open for Day Performance at 2, Night at 7 o'clock.

BLACKSMITH'S JUBILEE,

From "Trovatore," To-Night.

W. and H. MATTHEWS in Entirely New Business To-Night.

The Entire Company in Everything New To-Night.

MATTHEW'S MINSTRELS,

HENGLER'S CIRQUE, WEST NILE STREET,

TO-NIGHT AND EVERY EVENING.

COOKE'S CIRCUS, LOTHIAN ROAD, EDINBURGH,

MONDAY, September 13.

FOR TWELVE NIGHTS ONLY.

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SATURDAY, 11th SEPTEMBER.

GRAND SCOTCH CONCERT.

Mr HAMILTON CORBETT

in his celebrated Scotch Entertainment.

First appearance since his successful Two Years Concert Tour
in the United States and Canada.

Scotch Songs! Scotch Stories! Humorous, Pathetic, and
Patriotic, all as given by him throughout his Tour

Mr JOHN THOMSON, Pianist. | Mr LAMBETH, Organist.

Prices—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats, 2s; at Office, 58
Bath Street. Doors open at 7; Organ Performance at 7-30.

JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

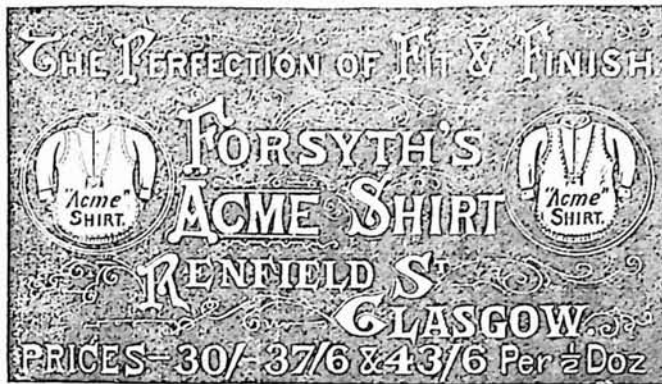
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ELOCUTION.—W. S. VALLANCE
will re-commence Teaching, and resume his THURSDAY
EVENING ELOCUTION and DRAMATIC CLASSES, at 9 Cambridge
Street, First Week in October. Prospectuses now Ready.

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Everywhere and at once for our new High-class Subscription
Portrait in Oils with 12 Vignette Cartes 30s. Its equal to
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CITY HALL.

WEDNESDAY, 8th SEPTEMBER.

BAND OF THE 74TH HIGHLANDERS.

Admission from 12 o'Clock, 2s 6d; from 1.30 o'Clock, 1s; and
from 4 o'Clock, 6d.

FRANC GIBB DOUGALL, Secretary,

G L A S G O W I N S T I T U T E
OF THE FINE ARTS.

Loan EXHIBITION of WORKS by the Late SAM
BOUGH, R.S.A., and the Late GEO. P. CHALMERS, R.S.A.
EXHIBITION of WORKS in BLACK and WHITE, the
First that has been held in Scotland.

Season Tickets Now Ready—Family, 10s; Single, 5s.
Day Admission, 9 to 5, 1s; Evening Admission, 6 to 10, 6d.

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CARL VOLTI has RESUMED TUITION
on the above. VIOLIN CLASSES, 12s. 6d. per Quarter.
77 SOUTH PORTLAND STREET.

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and practice of Vocal Music, and continued the months of
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MR STEMBRIDGE RAY, Conductor.

Ticket—Ladies, 2s 6d; Gentlemen, 4s.

Enrolment, on opening night, from 7-30 p.m.

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SOCIETY.

CONDUCTOR, MR JAMES M'KEAN.

The above Society meets for Practice every Tuesday evening
at 8 o'clock in Hall, 55 Nelson Street, S.S. A few Altos,
Basses, and Tenors wanted to fill up parts. Opening Subject
of Study—"Van Bree's St. Cecilia's Day." Terms for Session
—Gentlemen, 5s; Ladies, Free. JAMES PATON, Secy.

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THE MUSICAL WONDER OF THE DAY.

T H E O R G U I N E T T E ,
Plays a number of tunes, Sacred Music, Overtures, and
Dance—price 30s.—Sole Agent,

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TO ANANKYON
 COMPANY,
 THE THING WANTED,
 18 BUCHANAN ST., GLASGOW,
 MANUFACTURERS OF
BOOTS AND SHOES
 Of all descriptions, Retail their Goods at
 WHOLESALE PRICES.
 LATEST LONDON AND PARIS STYLES.

THE TO ANANKYON CO.,
 18 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW,
 AND AT LEEDS.

LITTLEWOOD'S SPECTACLES
 ARE THE BEST AND CHEAPEST.
 25 HOWARD STREET.

THE GLASGOW DAIRY CO. (Limited)
 have much pleasure in announcing that they have made
 arrangements for the Daily Supply of their Dairy Produce on
 board the fine new Saloon Steamer "Ivanhoe" during the
 present Season.

IMPERIAL RIESLING WINES,
 From the cellars of His Imperial Highness the
 Archduke Albrecht of Austria.

RED WINES.
 52. Bellee Riesling Kadarka (yellow seal) 24s.
 53. Do. do. do. (green seal) 36s.
 54. Chateau Bellee (blue seal) ... 72s.

WHITE WINES.
 55. Bellee Riesling (yellow seal) ... 24s.
 56. Do. do. (white seal) ... 36s.

57. BELLEYE COGNAC (50 years old), 21s per bottle.

ONE DOZEN SAMPLE CASES, 30s, 37s, and 55s.

CAUTION.—The Bottles are protected with the Seal of the
 Estate of His Imperial Highness, without which none are genuine.

ADAMS & HODGE,

63 ST. GEORGE'S PLACE, GLASGOW.
 Chief Agents in Scotland for MAX GREGER & Co.

THE IMPERIAL CAFE
 AND LUNCHEON BAR,
 92 WEST NILE STREET,
 IS NOW OPEN.

DINNERS, TEAS, COFFEES, and CIGARS.

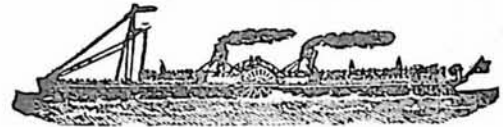
WINES, SPIRITS, and MALT LIQUORS.

D. ADAMS, Proprietor.

THE CAMBRIDGE VAULTS RESTAURANT,
 4 CARLTON COURT, BRIDGE STREET.
 LUNCHEONS, DINNERS, TEAS, AND SUPPERS.
 ALL-OPP'S BEER ON DRAUGHT.

POPE'S EYE
 NEW DINING SALOON
 NOW OPEN.

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



GLASGOW AND INVERARAY.
 The Beau Ideal Saloon Steamer
"LORD OF THE ISLES"

Sails Daily from GREENOCK for KIRN, DUNOON, WEMYSS BAY,
 ROTHESAY, TIGNABRUACH, and STRACHUR, connecting at
 Greenock and Wemyss Bay with Special Express Trains from
 Glasgow, as under:—

KYLES OF BUTE AND LOCHFVNE ROUTE.

Steamers	From	A.M.	Trains—Cen.	St En.	Br. St.
"Lord of the Isles."	Greenock	8.15	7.30	7.25	—
	Wemyss Bay	9.25	—	—	8.10

LOCH ECK ROUTE.

"Lord of the Isles."	Greenock	8.15	7.30	7.25	—
	Via Dunoon.	—	—	—	—
"Vivid,"...	Greenock	8.45	8.0	8.10	—
	Via Kilmun.	—	—	—	—
"Ivanhoe,"	Greenock	9.45	9.0	8.55	—
	Via Dunoon.	—	—	—	—

* This Connection to Strachur only.

Returning from Inveraray at 2 p.m. with Passengers for both
 of the above Routes for Special Trains leaving Wemyss Bay
 at 5.45 p.m., and Greenock (Prince's Pier) at 6.25 p.m., and
 Custom-House Quay at 6.35 p.m., for Glasgow, Edinburgh,
 and the South. Passengers have an Hour at Inveraray.

For full Particulars as to the Sailings, Circular Tours, Fares,
 &c., see Time Bills, to be had free from GEORGE STIRLING,
 Chemist, Dunoon; JOHN RODGER, Chemist, Inveraray; or
 from M. T. CLARK, Manager, 17 Oswald St., Glasgow.

Royal Route via Crinan and Caledonian Canals.

GLASGOW AND THE HIGHLANDS.

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS, Columba,
 Iona, Chevalier, Mountaineer, Pioneer, Clansman,
 Clydesdale, Queen of the

Staffa, Lake, Gondolier, Glengarry,
 Islay, Linnet, Loch-
 Glencoe, awe, Lochiel, Lochness, Cygnet, Plover, Inverary Castle, Sail

during the Season for Islay, Oban, Fort-William, Inverness,
 Staffa, Iona, Glencoe, Lochawe, Tobermory, Portree, Strome
 Ferry, Gairloch, Ullapool, Lochinver, Lochmaddy, Tarbert
 (Harris), and Stornoway, affording Tourists an opportunity
 of visiting the Magnificent Scenery of Glencoe, the Coolin Hills,
 Loch Coruisk, Loch Maree, and the famed Islands of Staffa and
 Iona.—Official Guide, 2d; Illustrated, 6d.—Time Bills, with
 Maps, free by post, on application to the Proprietor, DAVID
 MACBRAYNE, 119 Hope Street, Glasgow. (The Columba or
 Iona Sails Daily at 7 a.m., conveying Passengers as above.)

THE Commodious Steamer "DUNOON CASTLE"
 has commenced Sailing for the Season. On
 SUNDAY, 12th Sept., from Kingston dock at 10.30
 a.m. for ROTHESAY and Intermediate Ports.

WILSON'S
ROYAL RESTAURANT,

WINE MERCHANT, and PURVEYOR of LUNCHEONS,
DINNERS, WEDDING BREAKFASTS,
TRIAL TRIPS, &c.

ROOMS FOR DINNER AND SUPPER PARTIES.
LIGHT LUNCHEONS, SANDWICHES, &c., Ready from
 10 A.M. DINNERS from 12 Noon.

Commodious Smoking Room.

10 AND 12 WEST NILE STREET.

ISLAY WHISKY.

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



UNPARALLELED SUCCESS OF

CORRY & CO.'S AERATED WATERS

AT THE SYDNEY INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, SIX PRIZES awarded to WM CORRY & CO., Belfast, being double the number ever gained by a single Firm at any similar competition.

See Official List of Prizes just published.

WORKS—CROMAC STREET, BELFAST.

To be had at all the First-Class Hotels, Restaurants, and from Family Grocers, Wine Merchants, Chemists, &c. &c.
JOHN MERCER & CO., 28 YORK STREET, GLASGOW, AGENTS FOR SCOTLAND.

J. M. SCOTT,
HATTER,

(From Hunter & Co., Hatters to the Queen.)
176 ARGYLE STREET.

NEWEST SHAPES. LOWEST CASH PRICES.

MONEY TO LEND.

THE OLD EXCHANGE LOAN CO.,
(Established 1839.)
132 TRONGATE,
Advance money liberally on Watches, Plate Jewellery,
Furniture, Books, Napery, and all portable articles of value, at
Moderate Rates.
Branch Office—398 GARSCLUBE ROAD.

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.

THOMAS MOORE,

(Late MOORE & KIDD

AUCTIONEER and APPRAISER,
ARGYLE SALE-ROOMS, 19 Gordon Street.

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

JAMES M'EWAN, RESTAURATEUR,
26 & 28 MAIN STREET, ANDERSTON.
BREAKFASTS, DINNERS, TEAS.
French Papers Daily

HEATHER BLEND FINEST OLD
SCOTCH WHISKY to be had only from JOHN
BLACK, 100 EGLINTON STREET. This is a Rare Blend of
Old Scotch Whisky, and I am Sole Agent for Glasgow.

In the Royal Exchange Sale Rooms.
PUBLIC SALE OF A VALUABLE COLLECTION OF
OIL PAINTINGS.

MESSRS ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. have
pleasure in calling attention to a Sale of MODERN
OIL PAINTINGS, which will take place at their Rooms, as
above, on Thursday and Friday, 9th and 10th September, at
One o'clock each Day.

The *Specialite* of the Sale is that every Picture is guaranteed a
Genuine Oil Painting, in most cases direct from the easel of the
Artist named or from Exhibitions—having been selected from
London and Provincial Exhibitions, or from the Studios of
London and other *Fine Art Centres*, and comprise some of the
best efforts of the most noted *Rising English Artists*, and several
Grand Works by Masters of Eminence, among which may be
specially mentioned—

Edgar Longstaffe, "the Gold
Medallist."

W. R. Stone.

J. W. Morris (son of the cele-
brated Old Morris, animal
painter).

J. Wilson and John Brome.
Scott Miles.

Prof. Bues (Master of School
of Arts, Dusseldorf).

C. H. Roe.

E. A. Atkins, R.H.A.

And other eminent Artists.

Catalogues are now ready, and can be had on application, and
the Pictures viewed on day prior to Sale.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 7th September, 1880.

PHOTOGRAPHERS TO THE QUEEN.

RALSTON & SONS,
141 SAUCHIEHALL STREET 141

AND
311 BYARS ROAD, (Opposite the Burgh Hall), HILLHEAD.

WESTERN LOAN COMPANY,
303 ARGYLE STREET,
(ESTABLISHED 1827),

ADVANCE MONEY on Goods of every Movable
Description at rates of Interest from
FIVE PER CENT.

LIBRAIRIE ETRANGERE.

FOREIGN and ENGLISH BOOKS of All Kinds.
English, French, German, Italian, and Spanish Grammars
Dictionaries, Novels, &c., at Low Prices. Zola's "Nana."
CORNER OF CATHEDRAL AND BUCHANAN STREETS

"BELFAST" TEAS versus "GLASGOW" TEAS.

THE finest and most delicate portions of the Leaf are very brittle, and in the process of drying, curing, and assorting, they break off, and are technically called "BROKEN" TEAS. From a deep-rooted prejudice against the small leaf, the Grocers of Scotland will not purchase these Teas; but in Belfast—a town made famous by its intelligent Tea Dealers—where this class is mostly consumed, they command very Long Prices. The world-wide fame which Belfast enjoys, as a town where good Tea may be procured, is due almost exclusively to the efforts of one man, namely, **MR FOSTER GREEN**, who has persistently and successfully advocated the free use of BROKEN LEAF TEA, on account of its greater Strength of Liquor and Finer Quality; and, in order that the Broken Leaf may the better blend and mix with the Whole Leaf, Mr Green also advocates the cutting, or grinding, of Whole Leaf to nearly the same size as the Broken Leaf.

When we state that **Our Teas** are made up upon the same principle as **FOSTER GREEN'S**, we pay him the highest compliment that one trader can bestow upon another—for "imitation is the sincerest flattery"—and at the same time we thus claim for ourselves a position of being Second to None in the Trade so far as ability to give value is concerned, because our Principal has had 18 years' experience as a Practical Tea-Taster in all departments of the Wholesale Trade, and because we Buy exclusively for Cash in the first Market, and Sell at a small percentage upon the Import Broker's Cost Price. The question, "Why cannot we get such Tea in Glasgow as Foster Green's?" need no longer be asked, for, if you are willing to pay the same price, you will get as good an article from **STUART CRANSTON & CO.** Our Teas are a combination of the Choicest Growths, judiciously bought, and cunningly blended so as to produce a perfect Liquor in the cup, and at their various Prices they are unequalled in Scotland.

Observe, that some Dealers are quoting Teas at 1s 4d, 1s 6d, and 1s 8d per lb., while our Lowest Price is 2s. We do not keep these Low-Priced Teas, because their rank, common quality would destroy the reputation we have gained for supplying Fine Tea at a most reasonable figure. Therefore, we call special attention to our **Superb Tea** at 2s 4d per lb., which is better Tea than that sold by Wholesale Grocers (so-called) and West-End Co-operative Stores at 2s 6d, 2s 8d, and 3s per lb. Every Family should test the truth of this statement.

STUART CRANSTON & CO.,

76 ARGYLE STREET, (QUEEN STREET CORNER,) GLASGOW.

SPECIALTIES.

OUR New Shapes in Felt Hats for "Young Men" are now forward. The shapes are Neat, Smart, and Very Becoming. The Prices range from 4s 6d to the finest made, but we particularly call attention to our Special Lines at 6s 6d, 8s 6d, 10s 6d. The best value ever offered in Glasgow.

MILLER'S, QUEEN STREET CORNER, GLASGOW.

VICTORIA RESTAURANT,

62 GORDON STREET, & 3 RENFIELD STREET

(Opposite Caledonian Central Station),

WINES, SPIRITS, AND MALT LIQUORS
Of the Best Qualities, and Thoroughly Matured.

SPECIAL BLEND WHISKY.

BREAKFASTS, DINNERS, AND TEAS.

LARGE DINING-HALL.

SNACKS (OF ALL KINDS),6d.

M'CALL & FERGUSON, PROPRIETORS.

MITCHELL & CO.'S

OLD IRISH WHISKY, Belfast, is the Purest and Best in the Market, comparison with any other Brand will prove this. Agent for Scotland—**DAVID MITCHELL**, 20 Hope St., Glasgow.

Small Expenses require Small Profits.

STIRLING & WYLLIE

(formerly with the late Mr John M. Simpson), 85, 87, and 89 MAXWELL STREET, Glasgow, are now showing a magnificent Stock of NEW AND SECOND-HAND FURNITURE.

From the smallness of their Expenses, they are enabled, and are determined to sell at Prices which will meet with the approval of every purchaser. While the prices are low, the quality of the goods is first-class.

THE FINEST WHISKY IN THE WORLD.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

**HENRY THOMSON & CO.'S
OLD IRISH WHISKY.**

SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—

ROBERT BROWN, 17 HOPE 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,

47 ROSE STREET, GARNETHILL (Corner of Buccleuch Street);
And 190 ST. GEORGE'S ROAD (Opposite West Princes St).

BRITANNIA MUSIC HALL,

115 TRONGATE STREET,

Pre-eminently the most Popular Place of Amusement in Glasgow.

Unequalled variety of Novelties and Fresh Stars each Week.

Proprietor and Manager—**H. T. ROSSBOROUGH.**

For Particulars see Bills.

S. ENOCH RESTAURANT,

4 ST. ENOCH SQUARE.

Manager—**GEO. E. ALLEN**, late of the Regent Club.

The MANAGER trusts, by personal attention to each Department, to make this establishment in every way worthy of the public patronage.

Breakfasts, Luncheons, Dinners, Teas.

Wines &c., of the Finest Quality.

Public Dinners and Suppers estimated for.

NOTICE TO SMOKERS.

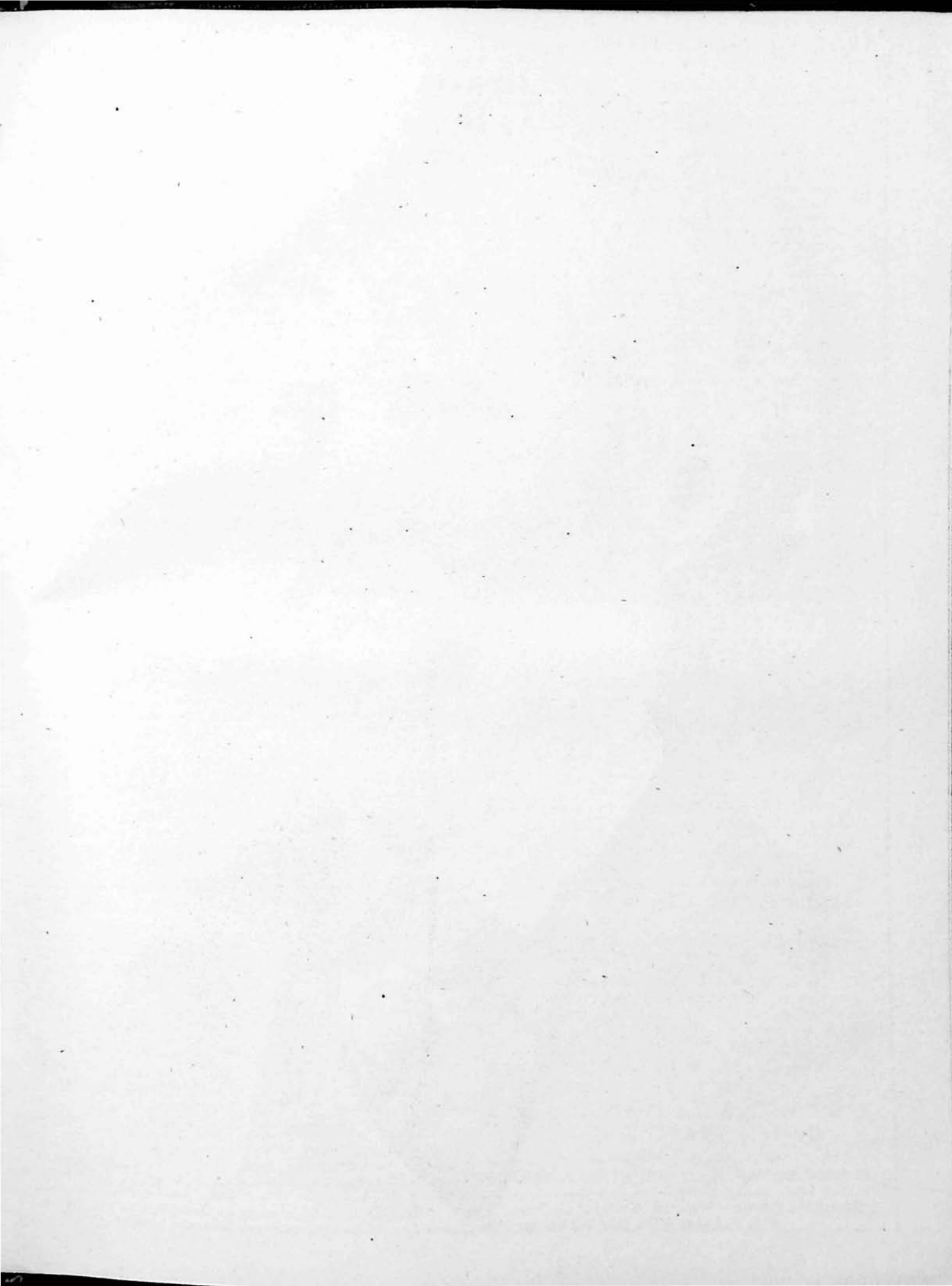
JUST OPENED as an EMPORIUM for the SALE of **MURRAY'S FAMED MELLOW SMOKING MIXTURE**, and CIGARS and TOBACCOS of the Finest Quality.

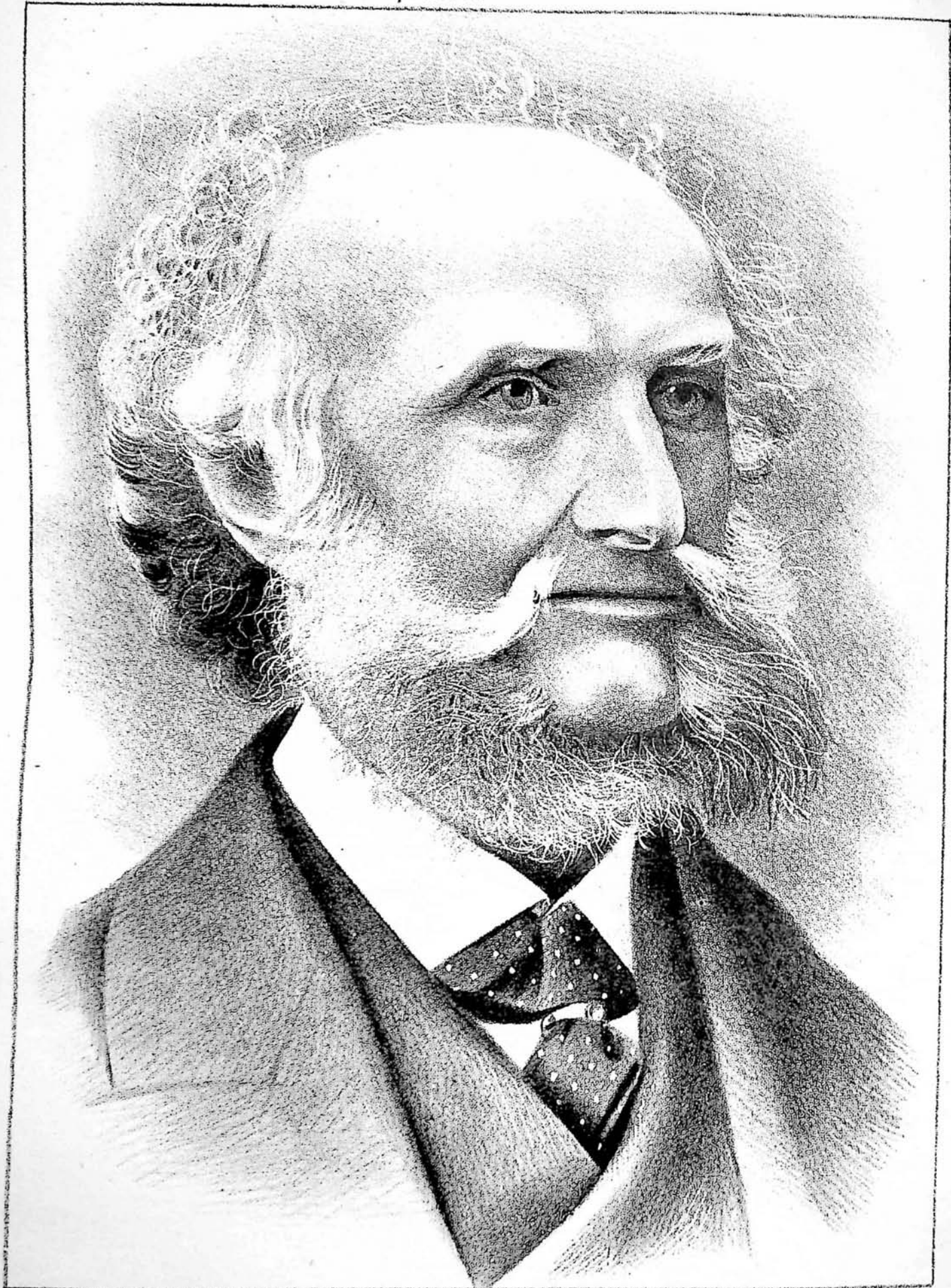
Large Smoking-Room, lofty ceiling (17 feet), well ventilated.

J. H. ALLISON,

CIGAR MERCHANT AND TOBACCONIST,

463 ST. VINCENT STREET, Two Doors from Elderslie St.
P.S.—Vesuvians and Wax Vestas, 1d. Boxes 6d. per Dozen.





The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 413. Glasgow, Wednesday, September 15th, 1880. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 413.

PROBABLY the vainest man in the United Kingdom for the past fortnight has been DONALD CURRIE, Esq., M.P., for Perthshire. Vanity is one of the characteristics of the Scotch, just as pride is of the English temperament, and Mr CURRIE in this, as in all other matters, is a typical Scot. Pawky and far-sighted, a keen hand at a bargain and yet capable, upon occasion, of a greater than even princely generosity, believing with Mr Cobden that the advertising sheet of the *Times* has more in it than all Thucydides, but courteous to obsequiousness in his treatment of every whipster whose lines appear in print, his traits, at first sight, are sufficiently opposed, the one to the other. Their reconciliation, however, on a closer acquaintance, is a comparatively easy matter. Whatever is likely to further the enterprises in which he has a share is prosecuted by Mr CURRIE with his whole heart—let this be the exercise of profuse liberality or the stern endeavour to crush an opponent, the posing before the public as the friend of ironworkers on strike and ruined bank shareholders, or the supporter now of the South African policy advocated by Mr Froude, and now of that pursued by Sir Bartle Frere. Of one thing there can be no question, and that is that Mr CURRIE is mightily pleased with the manner in which he succeeded in catching the Premier. A fish of the proportions of Mr Gladstone isn't to be landed every day, even by the most fortunate of anglers. And not only did the member for Perthshire inveigle the right hon. gentleman into his vessel, but he took him round the entire country from Land's End to John o' Groats, exhibiting him on every opportunity, and "gitin' up a tremenjous excitement generally 'bout the onparaleld Show."

VOL. XVI.

Mr CURRIE, who is now in his fifty-sixth year, is to all intents and purposes a self-made man. A native of Greenock, the town of dirty lanes and evil whisky, his earlier years were spent in Belfast, and he is thus enabled to blend the thrift of the Scot with the keen, money-making characteristics of the Ulsterman. After a short period passed in the employment of the Messrs Macfie, the sugar refiners, our hero transferred his services to the Liverpool house of M'Iver & Co., where his capital business capacity, eager, active habits, and manifest determination to "get on" in the world, soon made him a marked man. It was mainly through his exertions that the Cunard Company were enabled to establish their line of steamers between Liverpool and Havre, a line which is of the utmost importance, as through its means they find it possible to overtake a large Franco-American shipping trade which would otherwise fall entirely into the hands of the German carrying companies. On leaving the employment of the Messrs M'Iver, Mr CURRIE founded the successful "Castle" packet sailing service between the Thames and Calcutta, and he subsequently took an active share in the Leith, Hull, and Hamburg Steamship Co., the Managing Director of which is his brother, Mr James Currie. It is, however, in connection with our South African colonies, that the Man you Know has gained the greatest measure of celebrity. For over ten years Mr CURRIE'S has been a household name at the Cape. The African line of steamers that have been called after him are among the largest and most important ships afloat. His acquaintance with the politics of the district enabled him to do good service, both to the Government and the Colonists, by his settlement of the dispute between this country and the Orange Free State with regard to the boundary line of the Diamond Fields. For this he was

created by Lord Carnarvon a companion of the order of St. Michael and St. George. As chairman of the Committee of British Shipowners, Mr CURRIE took an active part in the arrangement of the Merchant Shipping Bill of 1876, and he has had a share of more or less importance in the framing and modifying of our general maritime legislation for several years back. His candidature for Greenock in the early days of 1878 is still fresh in the memory of us all. Had Mr CURRIE been less clever, or shall we say less plausible, his return might have been secure, but as it was he only succeeded in dividing the Liberal vote, thus giving Sir James Fergusson a chance of success. He was more fortunate last April in Perthshire, when he defeated Colonel Drummond Moray, the former representative of the county, by something like 300 votes. The result had not been entirely unexpected by the "knowing ones"—the Breadalbane influence was exercised late and early in his behalf, and a good deal of quiet nursing of the constituency had been done from Cluny House for many months previous to the election. The victory in Perthshire, however, fades into insignificance before the successful achievement with the Premier. If the county has been represented by Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, it has also had Mr C. S. Parker for its representative. But there is nothing of this with regard to the Premier. Mr CURRIE is the first man who has ever "taken Mr Gladstone round." Indeed, it may be questioned whether anybody, Member of Parliament or other, has occupied the post of acting-manager to a Prime Minister before? Mr CURRIE will be known to posterity, not only as a large shipowner—large shipowners are common—but as a member of the "show business" who could have given Artemus Ward points and won in a canter.

SLAVERY AT HOME.—In noticing a cookery-book Granny says, "All girls should recollect that they are far more valuable *from a monetary point of view* when they can cook." What does this mean? Whence these ominous italics, which are the old lady's own? Have we, or are we to have, a slave-market in our midst? Speak, oracle of Buchanan Street—speak!

Crutch and Toothpick—Madame Enault.

Mr Gladstone's Crews—Whigs and Radicals.

DEFY WEAR OR TEAR { Ladies' Jacket Cloths, Beautiful Twills, Pure
Worsted, wholesale price, 5/. Any length cut at
same rate.—THE CLOTH HALL, 42 NUTCHESON ST.

Rhymes of the Day.

SING a song a florin,
A bottle full of "Balm,"
If the cure is foreign,
It cannot be a sham.
So the patients argued,
But now they sadly sing,
"Confound the female Doctor,
She's a fraudy little thing."
Sing a song of "Caustic,"
A wonder-working grease,
Cures hooping-cough or horse-kick—
'Tis made from herbs Chinese.
To the famous Madame Enault
The folks at first did flee,
But now they roundly rate her
With a "big big D.!"

A CELT ON THE WAR-PATH.

(Scene—Oban Quay; two porters meet.)

Porter No. 1—Tougal, what she'll pe that big wee shentleman wi' the white waistcoat and the felvat coat on?

Porter No. 2—Ton't you know, Tonalt, she's the *Mail* man.

Porter No. 1—Losh me, Tougal, me never heard tell there was a she-male man.

Porter No. 2—Tuts, tuts, tit you'll not know she's the man that writes all aboot the Oban porters in the *Glasgow Taily Mail*.

Porter No. 1—She's ta man, ish she? Come awa, Tougal, an' she'll putch him ower the quay. [The gentleman with the white vest and velvet coat makes his exit.]

OVERDOING IT.—A lady, recommending her governess, by advertisement, describes her as "high-principled, conscientious, firm, English, French, German, music, drawing, painting." This lady should draw it a little milder the next time. Her model governess may be very high-principled, very "music," and all the rest of it; but it is too much to ask us to believe that she is at one and the same time English, French, and German.

THE PLEASURES OF PAYING.—Treasurer Harrison, of Edinburgh, believes that the rate-payers of the city "will feel it a pleasure to pay their assessments promptly." If this belief be well grounded, the Edinburgh ratepayer must be a unique animal of his kind. The ordinary ratepayer would feel it a pleasure to knock the collector of his assessments promptly down.

THE "REEL" THING.—Somebody wants a man who can "reel." Try any of our principal thoroughfares on a Saturday night.

Baking Apples, 7 lbs. for 1s. Jam Plums, 7 lbs. for 1s, at
M. CAMPBELL, Fruit Warehouse, 18 GORDON STREET.

"Model" Composition.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Herald* having impugned the respectability of the dwellers in our model lodging-houses, a "Resident, Greendyke Street," rushes into print to deny the impeachment. And certainly, if the inmates' character be as "model" as is this gentleman's style of composition, he has the best of the argument. Not the People's William himself, or a reporter paragraphically piling up the agony, could "state his case" in longer or handsomer words. Take, for instance, his conclusion:—"Ratepayer, ill informed, rushing into print with rash and utterly groundless prelections, merits severe reprehension." How's that for high? "Prelections" strikes the BAILIE as being particularly good.

"HE WAS A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW."

(Scene—Public house, Rothesay; two travellers enter.)

First T.—Well, what will ye hae?

Second T.—Oh, I'll just take the same—a bottle o' ginger beer.

First T.—Ginger again? Take a "half" o' whiskey, man."

Second T.—No, no, I think I have had about enough already, and ye ken it's a bad thing tae begin and mix yer drink.

"MUSIC HATH CHARMS."—Young—very young—Edinburgh seems to be gifted with a musical ear, if we may judge from the fact that we find "children in arms" officially included among the "patrons" of the concerts in the Waverley Market. In most parts of the world the sweet little cherubs get up concerts of their own, and force their elders to be their "patrons."

THE DEAD SEASON.—When the toad, "ugly and venomous," revisits the glimpses of the moon after having been entombed like Pharaoh for forty or fifty centuries; when the sea-serpent, scotch'd not kill'd, shows another lease of life; when old slanders are revived and new scandals are given birth to; and when the BAILIE is all "alive," and the beastie is all a-kicking.

Circular Toors.—The tops of "Tam o' Shanters."

Turning the "Tables"—Looking through "Bradshaw."

Defy (Indigo Blue Serge, Scotch make, double width, 4/2; Tear or single, 1/6 per yard, wholesale price. Any length Wear. cut at same rate.—THE CLOTH HALL, 42 Hutcheson Street,

On 'Change.

ONCE upon a time business transactions were regulated with a view to immediate profit. If people had money to invest, for example, and decided to buy stock, they would see that the price they paid bore some proportion to the dividend, so that the capital invested might secure an adequate return. Theoretically this is the case still. Practically it is the very reverse. Hope springs so eternal in the speculative breast that things are bought which cannot possibly show an immediate return at all. "Man never is, but always to be blest," and in these days he appears to prefer the anticipation to the reality. I prefer the reality myself, but tastes differ.

These highly moral and philosophic reflections are suggested by the rise which has taken place in the price of North British Ordinary stock. Because the directors elected last week to recommend a dividend of 1 per cent., with only £4,200 carried forward, there has been a tremendous demand for the stock. A number of perfectly innocent people, who never expected to make a cent, find to their astonishment that the quotation is actually £4 10s above the making-up price last settlement. They are immensely lucky, and ought to take their profit without delay. This is a find they may not see again for many a day. The curious thing is that the buyers seem contented with their bargains, and in no wise concerned at the dismal prospect of having the delightful baby to hold for an indefinitely long period.

An Evangelical Union minister has been the odd medium of directing attention to the numerous swindles perpetrated under the guise of paying up the surrender value of a life insurance policy. The office he was connected with does not seem to have been a very good one, but the practice he condemns—of taking as much and giving back as little as possible—is common in all offices. So common is it that I consider the whole system of life insurance to be a gigantic fraud upon the public. Insurance companies, like lawyers, fatten upon the misfortunes of their clients. Like lawyers, too, they are entirely destitute of consciences. When they once get a man into their power, by reason of having accepted his life, they take every possible advantage of him. His fire risk he can change if he so wills, his life risk never. By that he is bound, hand and foot, and the insurance companies manipulate him carefully to their own profit. Should his avocations take him abroad they screw an exorbitant additional premium out of him, though he pitch his tent in the healthiest region under heaven. If he find the terms too onerous, and desire to give up his policy, they pay him off with a beggarly sum mis-called a "surrender value." In reality it is no proper value at all, but he has perhaps no alternative, and so he accepts the microscopic return to the great profit of the company. The absurdity of these surrender values is apparent in the fact that they sometimes differ enormously. The subject is one of great interest.

I feel indebted to the rev. gentleman for bringing it forward and will return to it presently. SCRUTATOR.

"And it shall go hard, but I will better the 'Instruction(s)'"—*Shylock*.—Also some of the competitors.

Wanted to Know—Did the woman-doctor "bleed" her patients?

A "Terry"-ble Performance—Robbing Roy.

THE MARCH OF THE PEN.

The "IMPROVED WAVERLEY" is the very embodiment of gratification. 1745 Newspapers recommend them.

Just out, the HINDOO PEN, Nos. 1, 2, and 3, *Diagonal Points*.

Sold at 6d and 1s per box by all Stationers.

Sample Box assorted (all the kinds), per post, 1s 1d.

PATENTEES: MACNIVEN & CAMERON, 23 to 33 Blair Street, Edinburgh. Penmakers to Her Majesty's Government Offices, (Established 1770.)

Beware of the party offering imitations.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—Mr Bernard's "Cloches de Corneville" company, with Mr Eldred, Mr Rogers, and Mr Harry Collier in the chief parts, begins a six nights' engagement at the Gaiety this evening. There is no reason to doubt that "The Bells" on the present, as on former occasions, will ring a sufficiently merry peal to draw large audiences to the house.

Next Monday Miss Ellen Terry and Mr Charles Kelly—who are at present in Edinburgh—will pay a return visit to the Gaiety, appearing as *Portia* and *Shylock*, and probably as *Beatrice* and *Benedict*—which latter parts they supported in Manchester on Friday and Saturday.

Any one who is anxious to laugh long, loudly, and well, must go up this week to the Royalty, where Mr Edward Terry is playing the part of—*Rob Roy!* Mr Terry is our leading eccentric comedian, and the very mention of his appearance in a kilt is itself prov. cativ. of cachinnation. "Scotched and *not* kilt's my motto," he remarks, and in proceeding declares—

I can't bear it;
But in these parts I am obliged to wear it,
It gives me cold—If other clothes I'd got,
Mrs Rob Roy would give it to me hot.
Helen Macgregor stands no little games,
I wear the kilt, and *she* the—what's its names.

Captain Ginger is a second role nightly assumed by Mr Terry at the Royalty.

That most wonderful of posturers, hight Charles Majilton, will be found to-night and during the week at Mr Beryl's house on the South Side, his *piece de resistance* being the Opera-Bouffish eccentricity called "Brum," which is supplemented by an "absurdity" bearing the title "On Business." Mr Majilton has secured the support of an exceedingly capable company, three of the members of which are Mr Burton, Miss Crecy, and our old favourite Mr Ramsay-Danvers, who is growing more agile and amusing than ever. "Round the Clock" is promised by Mr Beryl for Monday next.

Ardgowan House is about to be given up to a series of festivities. The wedding of Lord Newark and Miss Shaw Stewart, the eldest surviving daughter of the Lord Lieutenant of Renfrewshire, is fixed for the 28th inst., and the home-coming of the young couple for the 5th of October. The latter event will be celebrated by a tenants' ball; 700 invitations to which have already been issued.

Verily the "Liberal" heart deviseth liberal things: The committee engaged in organising the approaching Cryptogamic Exhibition in Glasgow, applied to all the landed proprietors in the neighbourhood of the City for permission for strangers and others attending the Exhibition to visit their grounds. Mr Walter Macfarlane occupies the distinguished position of being the only one to whom application was made and who has sent a refusal. Botanists and other men of science must not set foot on Cadder if Mr Macfarlane can prevent them. Perhaps the word "Cryptogamic" frightened Mr Macfarlane. It ought to have been explained to him that it did not mean anything very, very bad.

The *Livadia*, the famous yacht built by Mr Pearce for the Czar, will, it is understood, proceed to the Gareloch on the 26th inst., and after having had her compasses adjusted she will sail for Plymouth, probably on the 29th, to take on board the Grand Duke Constantine and his suite, for the preliminary cruise to the Crimea.

The eighty-second annual festival of the Potatoe and Herring Incorporation will be held on the Wednesday of this week—the 15th inst.—in the cosy little hostelry of Miss Adams, in the main street of Renfrew. Mr John Cook of the *Paisley Gazette* is announced as the chairman of the occasion, and four o'clock has been fixed as the hour for sitting down to table.

Following up the hint given by my Lord *Hamlet*, when he advised *Polonius* that "after your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live," Lord Provost Collins on Saturday treated something like a baker's dozen of those "abstract and brief chronicles of the time," termed reporters by the profane, to a sail on board the *Sea-Snake*, his second best yacht.

It is proposed to provide visitors to Oban with one of those new-fangled notions yeleft a "hydropathic sanatorium." The contract for the purchase of the site has been entered into between "William Gillies, Esq., of Ardconnel Lodge," and J. F. Mackenzie, who represents the new company. "William Gillies, Esq." is of course our friend of Waterloo Street, and of Oban Distillery.

What, everybody is asking, is Mr Barry's fee for his labours in connection with the municipal designs fiasco?

A wide circle in this city will learn with pleasure that Mr Emile Berger, who has laboured for months under a painful illness, is now convalescent.

A new Scottish journal—to appear once a-month—is talked of. This is meant to be of a trade nature, and to represent joiners, masons, brickmakers and bricklayers, workers in iron, glaziers, house painters, and architects. It is intended, in short, to partake in a great measure of the character of the *Building News*. The "Fine Arts" will not be forgotten, especially as these bear on house architecture and decoration.

Saturday was a big day at the Botanic Gardens, including, as it did, three hours' music from the "Cumberland" band in the afternoon, and two hours' ditto from the 74th Highlanders in the evening. And all this feast of harmony and flow of melody for a "tanner!"

I have just been hearing from some of our good equestrian friends. Mr Hengler has closed his season in Dublin, and is now doing big business at the queen of English watering places, Scarborough. He expects to be with us once again before the end of November. Little Jamie Newsome has migrated from Preston to "canny Newcastle," where he is carrying everything before him. The Ingram Street Cirque will be re-opened about Christmas. The Brothers Cooke who broke away from Mr Hengler a few years ago have now five permanent cirques of their own—at Manchester, Edinburgh, Dundee, Aberdeen, and Carlisle. They are presently at the last mentioned city. Being thereabouts a few nights ago I dropped in to their Warwick Road house, and had a long chat with John Henry and Harry Welby, who are in no way spoiled by the nice little fortune they have made.

A London friend writes:—"As an illustration of 'how hot it has been' here, I may mention that I dropped into a West End theatre the other night, and found a large proportion of the masculine occupants of the stalls enjoying the performance *in their shirtsleeves!* This is a solemn fact. What would Messrs Bernard, Knapp, or Beryl say to such a breach of the *convenances?*"

It is quite in accordance with the eternal fitness of things, that further and later "apparitions" in the Green—very green—Isle should lately have been witnessed at Knockmore. The original Knock, like *Oliver Twist*, must go in for "more," otherwise its glory as a pilgrim's haven and miracle-working shrine will soon be knocked on the head.

An Appropriate Pastime for Anthropologists—A sculling match.

Young Greenock.

IF the BAILIE were asked to write an essay on the manners and customs of the Greenock youth, he would follow a distinguished example, and say, "He has no manners, and his customs are beastly." His "destructive proclivities"—to use the words of a contemporary—have long "formed the subject of discussion at most of the public boards;" his depredations are said to eat up 15 per cent. of the rents received by proprietors of property; and while "lower class" juveniles amuse themselves in general with smashing windows and stoning inoffensive passers-by, young gentlemen of "very respectable position" break into houses and conduct themselves therein in a manner of which an average Zulu would be ashamed. How would it do to import a tribe of youthful Hottentots at the public expense, and see if their example would have any reformatory effect on young Greenock—especially "very respectable" young Greenock?"

A CAREFUL OMISSION.

(Scene—A Public-house Bar.)

Customer—Are ye retirin' frae business already, Mr M'Craw?

Mr M'Craw (proudly)—Ay is she, an' wi' a comfortable fortune tae.

C.—Hoo hae ye made it sae fast?

Mr M'C.—By perseverance, industry, sobriety, and close attention tae business.

C. (quietly)—Ye've forgotten tae mention "honesty." (Mr M'Craw sings dumb.)

"THOROUGH."—Apropos of the recent "suspension" of the lively Callan, a "thorough" friend of the BAILIE says that if certain demonstrative Hibernians nearer home than Westminster were "suspended," literally as well as figuratively, we should all be much the better for the operation.

MODERN MORALITY.—An Helensburgh cynic declares that, had Judas lived in our day he would have kept the silver in his pocket and increased his subscription to the Sustentation Fund.

A Flourishing Institution in the hands of the Irish—The shillelagh, bedad.

A Close Time for a Certain Species of Game—The recess.

A "Capital" Return—Part of the City Bank Shareholders' money.

A Deaf Post—Surgeon to an aural hospital.

Council or Divorce-Court?

THE Renfrew Town Council is evidently a body with wide views of its own duties and powers. At its last meeting, we are told, its members "discussed for fully a quarter of an hour matters arising from the strained relationship of a Renfrew townsman and his wife, the question and the business being at last brought to a close with a remit to the Provost and Magistrates." At an earlier stage of the meeting two members held converse after this fashion:—"You did!" "I never did!" "Yes, there was!" "No, there wasn't!" Would it not be well for the Council to cultivate the decencies of debate, and something of a brotherly spirit, before usurping the functions of a matrimonial court?

Sucking "Liberalism."

CAN it be true, as reported, that the members of the "Glasgow Junior Liberal Association" have repudiated "peace, retrenchment, reform, and civil and religious liberty and equality," and deleted the words referring to these admirable things from the list of the "objects" of the "Association?" If this be indeed so, what can it mean? One can understand the "Junior Liberal," who is still dependent on "the governor," not seeing the force of retrenchment, but what "ails him at" peace, reform, liberty, and equality? Perhaps the hereditarily gifted President will "rise to explain."

MERITORIOUS.

(Scene: Country village. Two old parishioners meet.)

Parishioner No. 1—Man, Tummas, I've heard that oor new meenister's a man o' merit.

Parishioner No. 2 (rather deaf)—Dod man, I dinna ken hoo that can be, for Mrs M'Farlane wis telling me this mornin' that he wisna a merit man ava.

[They pursue their several ways.]

The Woman of the Period—The straight-laced.

To Barry the Embarrassing Barrier—The "Instructions."

"Black and White" Notes—Those of a piano.

A "Dizzy 'Eminence'"—An inebriated cardinal.

The "House of Keys"—John Locke's;

A Family Moose-paper—The marriage "lines."

The Comforts of the Coast.

THE "amenities" and attractions of our Scottish watering-places are yearly increasing, and before long foreign originals will be forced to hide their diminished heads before the "Brighton," the "Margate," the "Scarborough," the "Biarritz," and the "Saratoga" of the Clyde. The discriminating reader, who is at liberty to apportion these aliases according to his fancy, must admit the force of this augury when he remembers how carefully we are spreading our sewage on our shores—how anxiously the comfort of seashores is studied by local authorities—how judiciously we strew torpedoes in the track of coasting steamers—and how agreeably the monsters of the deep increase and multiply in the vicinity of our summer resorts. In connection with the last item—which must have a deep interest for bathers with a taste for natural history—it may be mentioned that at Irvine the other day there turned up a shark of the respectable dimensions of 7 feet 9 inches by 50 inches. This capture forms a fitting close to the coasting season, and fills us with a lively curiosity as to what goods the gods may have in store for us next summer at the "Brighton," &c., aforesaid.

COOL.

(Scene—A farm between Lochlomond and Lochlong.)

Farmer (taking a bottle from a press and handing a glass to neighbouring shepherd who is giving him a "hand")—Hae, Donal, try that and tell us whit ye think o't. A' think it's guid.

Donald (pawkily after drinking)—Mun, John, that's fine and caul this warm day.

Farmer (irate)—Ye ignoramus, dae ye no' ken that's whusky?

Donald (feigning astonishment)—Mun a' widna' hae ken't had ye no tell't me; a' thought ye had a spring wall in the press.

[Farmer collapses.]

TRUE PATRIOTS WE.—If the man is a benefactor to his country who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, what is to be said of the Corporation of Glasgow that has converted a wilderness of peat-bog and heather into a garden of potatoes, and, more marvellous still, a churchyard into a pleasure-ground.

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.

A Cockney at Sea.

THERE are many ways in which a man may make an unmitigated ass of himself in this world of ours, but seldom is the process so complete, as when a half-educated Cockney sits down to enlighten his brethren on men and manners north of the Border. An admirable instance of this was given the other day by a writer in that London journal whose spreading circulation is only equalled by the soaring ignorance displayed in its leading and general columns. The Braemar Gathering was selected by this gentleman as a fitting subject whereon to exercise his wit—he and his kind, by the way, always think it necessary to be "funny" when they write about Scotland—and a fair idea of his style of humour may be gained from his comparison of the music of the bagpipe to the "melancholy strain from the consequences of which the aged 'mother of the milky herd' is supposed to have prematurely ended her existence." Further on we read of "Invercauld Castle 'of that ilk' (!)" and are informed that "the Scotch laddies and lassies are 'unco' gay of a wee bit dancing'"—whatever that may mean. This choice sample from Fleet Street—"of that ilk"—should unquestionably add to the "gaiety" of the Scotch laddies and lassies in question; but what a multitudinous roar from Southron throattles would greet the Scottish journalist who should write about England after this fashion!

SPOKE SARKASTIK.

Cockney (patronising Highland drover he has met on board the "Dunara Castle")—So, Donald, you knew my father.

Drover—Hoo, yis, he wash a fine man yer faither. He pocht twa o' sheep fae me an' never pait me. Yis yis he wass a fine man yer faither!

THE ROAD TO RICHES.—The wisdom of the ancients as well as that of the moderns constantly impress upon us the worldly value of a good education. Here is a case in point. At the recent "local examinations" held by the University of Glasgow twenty-one young ladies won "bursaries" of the magnificent amount of 10s each! The Association for the Higher Education of Women will make the fortune of all its young friends before long.

Warning to Pugnacious Jockeys—*Luke* before you—strike!

BICYCLES. } Agents for Duplex Excelsior, Club, Challenge,
TRICYCLES. } Premier, Stanley, Timberlake, and 'Xtraordinary
Safety Bicycles. Riding Taught—101 Mitchell St.

More Museums!

APROPOS of a recent discussion in the Town Council, a correspondent of a local daily says that "every one of our city steeples should bristle with some predominant and attractive piece of mechanism—astronomical, horological, or barometrical," and that "a fertile brain might render each of our turrets an attractive museum." Very good. But, since this new phase of the museum mania has cropped up, why draw the line at the astronomical, the horological, and the barometrical? There are other varieties of "mechanism" which might with propriety be stowed away in church steeples. Certain clerics, for example, might exchange the pulpit for another—and a higher—place with considerable advantage to their flocks; some of our Town Councillors would confer a benefit upon the community by gracefully retiring to the peaceful, and cobwebby, seclusion of a turret; a judicious selection might be made from those pieces of mechanism which perambulate Buchanan Street of an afternoon; and, in short, there is no end to the mechanical curiosities with which the steeples might be made to "bristle." Whether the collections would be "attractive" is, of course, another question.

A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

(Scene—A trysting-place.)

Roger (who has been kept waiting some time)—What's come ower ye? Dae ye ken ye've kept me waiting mair nor half-an-hour?

Peggy (whom he has courted for over eight years)—Weel, I couldna' help it. (After a pause.) Look at the time ye've kept me waiting, and I'm share ye never heard me yince compleenin'.

PLEASURE IN PAIN.—The Cleveland miners, writing to "Dear Macdonald," observe that "it is with no small amount of pleasure" they condole with the honourable gentleman on his illness and "advanced age." Their meaning is doubtless good, but isn't it rather equivocally expressed, and somewhat suggestive of the cynical French saying anent the misfortunes of our friends?

Game Bills—The beaks of pheasants and partridges.

Great Autumn Flour Show—At Partick, by the Bakers' Incorporation.

THE ARGYLE BATHS, 366 Argyle Street, is the Largest Public Bathing Establishment in Scotland. Warm Baths, 6d, 9d, & 1s; ready daily, from 7 a.m. to 9 p.m. One trial solicited.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT our Town Councillors were never meant to be architects.

That they are at a loss what to do over the Municipal Buildings muddle.

That 1550 guineas, exclusive of Mr Barry's fee, have been paid away for nothing.

That Mr Barry sees a second "honorarium" looming in the future.

That our quandary is a very pretty one as it stands.

That the assessment for Parks and Galleries has been increased $\frac{1}{4}$ d in the £.

That when Jack's out of office he shouts for "economy, retrenchment, and reform."

That when Jack's in office he roars gently as a "sucking dove," and spends the money of the ratepayers like the best—or the worst of them.

That Councillor Neil is about to issue another "balance sheet."

That the Councillor is better at "figurative language" than figures.

That his Thursday's language was figurative—very.

That the Clydesdale are quite elated over the beating they gave the Australians.

That the defeat was the heaviest the Colonials have suffered since their arrival in the old country.

That the West of Scotland made but a poor show last year in comparison with their Clydesdale rivals this year.

That the November elections will soon be upon us.

That we are threatened with the return of "Wee Jeems" to the Town Council.

That the railway accident at Paisley has come home to us all.

That it has created more consternation in Glasgow than the news of a lost battle.

That the junior Liberals of Glasgow had a "jolly" meeting last week.

That "A. M'D." and "W. M'D." are not to have everything their own way with the juniors.

That a certain Mr A. suggested that two guineas a head should be charged for membership. That the juniors didn't see it.

That Mr A. has sworn that he won't be sat upon.

That he has taken to the advertising of his special fad.

That the Liberals are going ahead with their associations and clubs.

That a day of reckoning will come for the Liberals.

"BELFAST" TEAS versus "GLASGOW" TEAS.

THE finest and most delicate portions of the Leaf are very brittle, and in the process of drying, curing, and assorting, they break off, and are technically called "BROKEN" TEAS. From a deep-rooted prejudice against the small leaf, the Grocers of Scotland will not purchase these Teas; but in Belfast—a town made famous by its intelligent Tea Dealers—where this class is mostly consumed, they command very Long Prices. The world-wide fame which Belfast enjoys, as a town where good Tea may be procured, is due almost exclusively to the efforts of one man, namely, **MR FOSTER GREEN**, who has persistently and successfully advocated the free use of BROKEN LEAF TEA, on account of its greater Strength of Liquor and Finer Quality; and, in order that the Broken Leaf may the better blend and mix with the Whole Leaf, Mr Green also advocates the cutting, or grinding, of Whole Leaf to nearly the same size as the Broken Leaf.

When we state that **Our Teas** are made up upon the same principle as **FOSTER GREEN'S**, we pay him the highest compliment that one trader can bestow upon another—for "imitation is the sincerest flattery"—and at the same time we thus claim for ourselves a position of being Second to None in the Trade. so far as ability to give value is concerned, because our Principal has had 18 years' experience as a Practical Tea-Taster in all departments of the Wholesale Trade, and because we Buy exclusively for Cash in the first Market, and Sell at a small percentage upon the Import Broker's Cost Price. The question, "Why cannot we get such Tea in Glasgow as Foster Green's?" need no longer be asked, for, if you are willing to pay the same price, you will get as good an article from **STUART CRANSTON & CO.** Our Teas are a combination of the Choicest Growths, judiciously bought, and cunningly blended so as to produce a perfect Liquor in the cup, and at their various Prices they are unequalled in Scotland.

Observe, that some Dealers are quoting Teas at 1s 4d, 1s 6d, and 1s 8d per lb., while our Lowest Price is 2s. We do not keep these Low-Priced Teas, because their rank, common quality would destroy the reputation we have gained for supplying Fine Tea at a most reasonable figure. Therefore, we call special attention to our **Superb Tea** at 2s 4d per lb., which is better Tea than that sold by Wholesale Grocers (so-called) and West-End Co-operative Stores at 2s 6d, 2s 8d, and 3s per lb. Every Family should test the truth of this statement.

STUART CRANSTON & CO.,
76 ARGYLE STREET, (QUEEN STREET CORNER,) GLASGOW.

SPECIALTIES.

OUR New Shapes in Felt Hats for "Young Men" are now forward. The shapes are Neat, Smart, and Very Becoming. The Prices range from 4s 6d to the finest made, but we particularly call attention to our Special Lines at 6s 6d, 8s 6d, 10s 6d. The best value ever offered in Glasgow.

MILLER'S, QUEEN STREET CORNER, GLASGOW.

VICTORIA RESTAURANT,

62 GORDON STREET, & 3 RENFIELD STREET

(Opposite Caledonian Central Station),

WINES, SPIRITS, AND MALT LIQUORS

Of the Best Qualities, and Thoroughly Matured.

SPECIAL BLEND WHISKY.

BREAKFASTS, DINNERS, AND TEAS.

LARGE DINING-HALL.

SNACKS (OF ALL KINDS),6d.

M'CALL & FERGUSON, PROPRIETORS.

MITCHELL & CO.'S

OLD IRISH WHISKY, Belfast, is the Purest and Best in the Market, comparison with any other Brand will prove this. Agent for Scotland—**DAVID MITCHELL**, 20 Hope St., Glasgow.

Small Expenses require Small Profits.

STIRLING & WYLLIE

(formerly with the late Mr John M. Simpson), 85, 87, and 89 MAXWELL STREET, Glasgow, are now showing a magnificent Stock of NEW AND SECOND-HAND FURNITURE.

From the smallness of their Expenses, they are enabled, and are determined to sell at Prices which will meet with the approval of every purchaser. While the prices are low, the quality of the goods is first-class.

THE FINEST WHISKY IN THE WORLD.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

HENRY THOMSON & CO.'S
OLD IRISH WHISKY.

SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—

ROBERT BROWN, 17 HOPE 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,

47 ROSE STREET, GARNETHILL (Corner of Buccleuch Street);
And 190 ST. GEORGE'S ROAD (Opposite West Princes St).

BRITANNIA MUSIC HALL,

115 TRONGATE STREET,

Pre-eminently the most Popular Place of Amusement in Glasgow.

Unequalled variety of Novelties and Fresh Stars each Week.

Proprietor and Manager—**H. T. ROSSBOROUGH.**

For Particulars see Bills.

ST. ENOCH RESTAURANT,
4 ST. ENOCH SQUARE.

Manager—**GEO. E. ALLEN**, late of the Regent Club.

The MANAGER trusts, by personal attention to each Department, to make this establishment in every way worthy of the public patronage.

Breakfasts, Luncheons, Dinners, Teas.

Wines &c., of the Finest Quality.

Public Dinners and Suppers estimated for.

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.

AMERICAN FURNITURE
WAREHOUSE,
128 BOTHWELL STREET.

CIGARS! CIGARS! CIGARS!
J. & R. SINCLAIR,
TOBACCO MANUFACTURERS,
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,

Are Now offering to the General Public a Speciality in the Cigar line, viz.:—

7 Excellent Cigars for 1s, or 18 for 2s 6d.

A Trial Solicited to prove that these Cigars are undoubtedly the Best Value in the Trade,—and can only be had in Glasgow at their Establishment—

68 ARGYLE STREET,
The Trade Supplied. 4 Doors from Queen Street.

CIGARS! CIGARETTES!! TOBACCO!!!

of the Finest Brands.—J. H. ALLISON, Wholesale and Retail Tobacconist & Cigar Importer. 463 ST. VINCENT STREET, 2 Doors from Elderslie Street.—ALLISON'S Special Smoking Mixture, 6d per oz. 7 Prime Cigars, 1s. Cigarettes (own make, and Tobacco guaranteed), 25 for 1s. Real Lunkah Cheroots, 8 for 1s. Best Thick and Thin Tobacco (Black and Brown), the Finest in the Market. 3½d per oz.; 2 ozs. for 6½d. Wholesale and Retail Depot for Murray, Sons, & Co.'s Mellow Smoking Mixture and Golden Flake, 5d per oz.; 2 ozs. for 9½d. Vesuvians and Wax Vestas, 1d Boxes, 6d per Dozen. The Trade supplied with large or small quantities.

CIGARS! CIGARS!! CIGARS!!!

THE Proprietor of the CALEDONIAN CIGAR EMPORIUM begs to draw the attention of the Public to the fact that the "Leading" Cigar at 7 for 1s are *only* to be had at 25 RENFIELD STREET. He guarantees them to be of the Finest Quality and stand unrivalled by any other shop in this city. The demand of the above mentioned article having increased to such extent and have given to his patrons such satisfaction that he advises those who have not as yet tried them, to do so at once. He also warns the public not to be led away by other Shopkeepers who advertise 7 for 1s. By doing so they would get a much inferior article than that which is to be had at

25 RENFIELD STREET.
7 Cigars for 1s.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15th, 1880.

IS the BAILIE'S memory at fault, or is he correct in his notion that the Lord Provost offered, some time ago, to provide the fifteen hundred guineas for the Municipal Buildings premiums out of his own pocket, should it appear that none of the premiated designs were deemed suitable for the purposes of the Corporation? Now that the designs have been adjudicated upon, and Mr BARRY has informed us that he sets no store whatever on those he has placed first, second, and third, let us hope that his Lordship will see his way to help us out

of the difficulty. For the moment the position is neither a pleasureable nor a profitable one. We are committed to the erection of a new Town Hall and its attendant offices, we have invited competitors from far and near to send in plans for the tenement, and it turns out that neither the money we propose to pay for the building, nor the ground we have set apart for the site are at all suitable for such a structure as is demanded, alike by the actual needs of the city, and the claims she possesses by right of her place in the nation. This is the result of the policy of huxtering which our Town Councillors have adopted on the subject, and such a policy, sooner or later, brings its own reward—and its own condemnation. Under all the circumstances, therefore, let us hope that the Lord Provost may see fit to put his shoulder to the wheel towards extricating Glasgow from the mess in which she has been landed. To his initiative was due the hurrying on of the subject before it was really ripe for solution; he will earn the thanks of the community if he assists to set it right with itself, with the competing architects, and last, if not least, with the generation who will come after us.

ETYMOLOGICAL.—Mrs M'Partington was for some time much exercised in her mind as to the meaning of "cryptogamic"—the name of a society which is to give an exhibition in the Coal Exchange at the end of the month; and she has been still more exercised since she has been assured by her nephew—who has begun the study of Greek—that the society is no more nor less than one for encouraging secret marriages!

SADLY APPALLING!—A correspondent of a contemporary expresses his opinion that "an appalling catastrophe by the fall of the 'Cross Steeple'" would be "sad." He might have added that the awful consequences would be unfortunate.

IGNORANCE IS THE CURSE OF GOD, KNOWLEDGE THE WING WHEREWITH WE FLY TO HEAVEN.—2nd Henry VI.—Carlyle, after enumerating the population of some certain place, added "mostly fools." But the certain place wasn't Glasgow during the visit of the doctrix.

"Sam-ian" Sculpture—Sam'l Hunter for the *Herald's* offices.

"Party" Processions—The guests pairing in to supper.

Two-wrist attractions—Bracelets.

"Billy and Dan."

A CORRESPONDENT of a contemporary is greatly exercised in his mind over the fact that the juvenile population of the city are in the habit of ranging themselves into opposing bands under the titles of "True Blues" and "Muldoons," or "Billies" and "Dans," with such consequences that "police interference is occasionally required to give the *coup d'état* (*sic*) to both parties;" and he thinks that the objectionable amusement should be put down by "the domestic tribunal." This, the BAILIE presumes, is a "fine" way of saying, "Whip them all round, and send them to bed"—a process which might be effectually employed for the purpose of "giving the *coup d'état*" to "Billies" and "Dans" of a larger growth.

A LUSUS NATURÆ.

(Scene—window of fishmonger's shop; enormous fish displayed—a group of idlers are discussing its "points.")

- Idler No. 1.*—Whit kin a fish is that?
No. 2.—A' think it's a wee whale.
No. 3.—Is't no a dolphin?
No. 4.—A' raither think it's a porcupine!

A PUBLIC BENEFACTOR.—There really seems to be some benevolence as well as some virtue extant, after all. Else why should a London philanthropist—in the stockbroking line—go to the trouble and expense of periodically advertising in the *Herald* a column of "Sound Investments" for the benefit of all and sundry? When ordinary mortals hear of a "good thing" they keep it to themselves, but this angelic tipster—in the stockbroking line—lavishes his good things on the public in a manner that is almost too magnanimous. Let's hope the said good things are not as pearls cast before swine.

WHAT AN AFTERNOON.—Somebody advertises having lost his "set of teeth" on board one of the river steamers. *What a day he must have been having, to be sure!*

TO CONCLUDE HIS "RAIN."—*On dit* that the portrait to be presented to the Lord Provost is to be painted in *water-colour*. (*N.B.* by *Asinus*.—No connection with a *Ure!*)

"An Exploring Party"—An inquisitive person.

"Black" Game—Jail birds.

CLYDE } Manufactured specially for Wear-resistance. Whole-
 TWEEDS. } saie price, 3/ per yard. Any length cut.—THE
 CLOTH HALL, 42 Hutcheson Street.

A Pussy with Claws.

NOBODY ever suspects me—
 My artless and innocent way
 From faintest suspicion protects me,
 No matter what tricks I may play.
 A maiden so sober and wise
 May safely go in for a fling;
 To catch me old Scandal ne'er tries—
 I'm such a demure little thing!
 But not such a maff as you'd think;
 Those eyelids, now drooping so low,
 Can close in a rollicking wink
 When they aren't on duty for show;
 These lips, have been guilty of smoke,
 And 'tisn't *all* hymns that they sing,
 Though you may think these confessions a joke—
 From such a demure little thing!
 I'm awfully fond of champagne,
 No "tipple" to me comes amiss;
 I count it not loss, but a gain,
 When skilfully robbed of a kiss.
 Yet, spite of my flirting and fun,
 My praises old women still sing;
 It's jolly to think how they're done—
 By such a demure little thing!

An Iconoclastic Collier.

SOME of those miners are terrible fellows in their way. "A West of Scotland deputy" who spoke at Dalkeith the other day is reported to have delivered himself thusly:—"They had Her Majesty with all her flunkeys, the dukes and the aristocracy, eating of the fat of the land. Let them combine, get themselves educated, and get these flung away from them. What did they need with these people who were feeding on the fat of the land, and were only idle ne'er-do-weels?" This is not bad. Now that Sir Charles Dilke has retired from the Republican business and gone into office, might not the "deputy" take his place? But perhaps it would be better, as he says, to "get himself educated" first.

MERELY A QUESTION OF TIME.

(Scene—Car stance at Partick)

Hurried Passenger—When does this car start?
Hibernian Driver—Och, shure, same time as the horses!

TANTÆNE ANIMIS CÆLESTIBUS IRAE.—A sad, almost a disastrous, thing has happened. The *Herald's* "Spinnaker" and his demigod, "Fife of Fairlie," have come to loggerheads over a report! Speculation is rife, and bets are heavy, as to whether Scottish yachting will be able to survive this untoward event.

A Canty Callan—The Member for Louth.

MARK } With an India Rubber Monogram or Name Stamp.
 YOUR } Prices from 2/6 complete, with Box, Ink, and Pad.
 LINEN } Post Free.—A. C. Thomson, 278 Argyle Street.

Megilp.

THE artistic—that is, the professionally artistic—mind of the City is beginning to be exercised over the coming annual meeting of the Fine Art Institute, with the view to the effecting of some alteration in the Council of the Association. Including the Chairman, the Honorary Secretary, and the Honorary Treasurer, the Council consists of a dozen members, and three of these—Messrs Greenlees, Henderson, and Murray—are painters by profession. This representation, however, is by no means satisfactory to many of our younger artists. While entertaining the highest individual respect for the several members of the Council, and especially for the three who have been mentioned by name, they urge that some infusion of fresh views is absolutely necessary to the well-being of the body. Things, they say, are too apt to run in a groove when the same people are constantly at the head of affairs. It is impossible to keep out a spirit of cliqueism unless a certain number of new men are returned, each year, to the Council Board.

How far all this is correct, and whether, even if it be correct in the main, its more eager advocates are justified as to the position they have adopted, it is difficult of course to tell. Our younger artists, however, are a comparatively large body, and it seems only right that, as members of the Institute, some expression should be given to their wishes and feelings, both as regards the general policy of the association, and especially in connection with the annual exhibition, the result of which is to most of them a matter of very keen personal interest indeed.

Surely due attention has hardly been given, either by the people who "do" fine art notices for the papers, or by those whose means enable them to indulge in the purchase of works of art, of the charcoal drawings, in the Fine Art Institute, of James A. Aitken. Mr Aitken's work has been passed over in silence, for the most part, by the liners, while several of his finest contributions are still without the magic word "sold" attached to their frames. His "Loch Achray" (No. 107) is wonderfully soft, and is yet strong and masterly withal, and his "Bothwell Castle" (No. 378) has all the charm of the famous ballad.

William Glover's "Fresh Breeze" (No. 660) is another charcoal drawing of which enough has not been made by the newspapers. The effect of air and space in this work, together with its play of light and shadow, make it one of the finest on the walls of the Institute.

Visitors to the Galleries should not omit to notice M'Taggart's "For his Daily Bread" (No. 112), and Francis Powell's "Wind-tossed Waves" (No. 533).

The little artistic colony at Aberfoyle, which consists of Peter Buchanan, Wellwood Rattray, Charles M'Ewen, and Alfred East, are having what the heroes of Bret Harte would term "a high old time of it" in "the country of the Macgregor." T'other morning, inspired by the associations of the place, these playful young men, laying hold of that "coulter of the plough" which Mr Blair of Aberfoyle Inn has hung from a hawthorn tree opposite the door of his hostelry, adorned it with a mixture of vermilion and chrome yellow, producing the effect of a red-hot poker to the life.

In a letter descriptive of the district, Mr Rattray is loud in his praises of its beauty. "What a crowd of heather-clad hills are seen from our window," he says. "Then there is a beautiful river at our doors, a loch which, in the Narrows, is equal to the finest parts of Loch Katrine, and some of the richest woodland I have seen. Why artists don't come here in crowds is one of the things not one of us can understand.

"Peter and Charlie are busy painting cornfields, and I am working away at a view of the lower reaches of the Loch, with the peak of Ben Lomond for the background."

A picture gallery is about to be opened at 161 West George Street, by E. Silva White, formerly of the North British Galleries, Gordon Street. Mr White has a wide connection, both among artists and dealers, and this ought to stand him in good stead in his new venture. He proposes to make a special feature, in addition to pictures and drawings proper, of etchings and engravings.

Mr Honeyman is still clamorous for "plans," the result of the

competition for the Municipal Buildings being nothing more, in his opinion, than "draughtsmanship." Is there nothing more than "draughtsmanship," is there not also *composition* in such admirable designs as are those signed "Clyde," and "Aiblins," and "Progress," and "Lapides Loquutor," and "Palladian," and "Spes Dulce Malum?"

Granny, who is becoming ambitious towards architectural criticism, characterises the exquisitely rendered Municipal Buildings design "Palladian" as "strongly Greek in feeling." Greek Thomson, than whom there are few higher authorities, says that although the Greeks knew the arch they did not use it because it was opposed to their principles of composition. Now, in this "design strongly Greek in feeling" arcuation is throughout a prominent feature.

"Palladian," by-the-bye, is the work of Malcolm Stark, jun., a gentleman whose design for the Greenock Town Hall was regarded by competent judges with unusual favour. Mr Stark is still a young man, but he has already taken an important place in the ranks of our Scottish architects.

John M'Whirter, A.R.A., and Colin Hunter—whose A.R.A.-ship is regarded as a thing of the near future—were both in Glasgow last week, Mr M'Whirter having come up from Arran for a run through the Bough and Chalmers pictures, and Mr Hunter, who is staying at Helensburgh, having been in the city for an hour or two on matters of business.

The bust of a well-known New York banker, modelled in the Empire City by George E. Ewing, and put into marble by his brother James A. Ewing, was on view in Mr James Ewing's studio in West Campbell Street last week. The features were distinguished by great strength, and their prevailing character had been caught with much success by the artist. A marble bust of the late Sheriff Galbraith, modelled by Mr James Ewing, and approaching completion under his skilful chisel, also in his West Campbell Street studio, promises to be equally faithful as a likeness and striking as a work of art. A thoughtful concentration of purpose marks every line of the face, which is one which, once seen, is not likely to be forgotten.

A LA PARIS.

(Scene—Café on Boulevard des Italiens.)

Little Boddles is "doing" a Cook's Excursion, and anxious to leave all his French in the country. The company—insignificant in Boddles' eyes—has made itself intelligible to Garçon. The garçon, inquiringly, at Boddles, "Pour vous, monsieur?" Boddles—"Yes, garçon, pour vous for me!!"

See Boddles, again, at the nearest café round the corner, where he deludes himself into the idea that English is being spoken, and where consequently he appoints himself interpreter to the company. "Garçon." "Oui, monsieur." "Pall all and limonadd, cinq"—and that there may be no mistake, he holds up his four fingers and thumb.

LARGELY CONNECTED.—A gentleman, advertising for commissions, says that he possesses "a large connection." Does that mean—for instance—that he has a cousin in the Life Guards?

The "Mystery of Iniquity"—A "masked" (Irish) assassin.

Railway Guides—Signals (when heeded).

"NOT TO THE POINT."

Aged Parent (to despondent son)—Ye'll hae tae keep up yer spirits, Bauldy; ye winna get through this world without adversities. A good time may be coming yet; Shakespeare says "there's a tide in the affairs of all men, if taken at the flood leads on to fortune."

Despondent Son—Ay, but, faither, am' no' an antediluvian; the flood was hunners o' years syne, an' look how mony it droont.

The main difference, remarks Peter—after a stormy interview with his better-half—between an umbrella and a woman, is that you can shut "one" of them up. He-haw!

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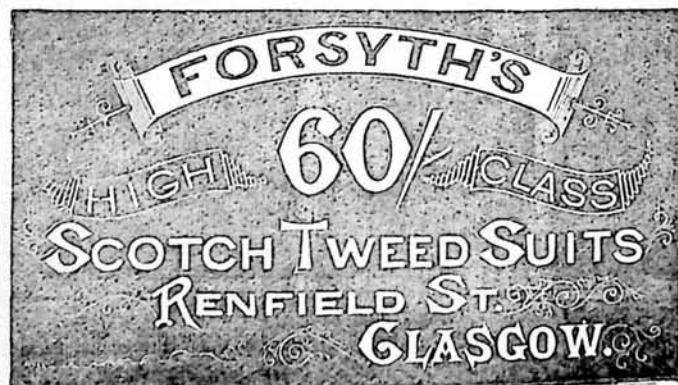
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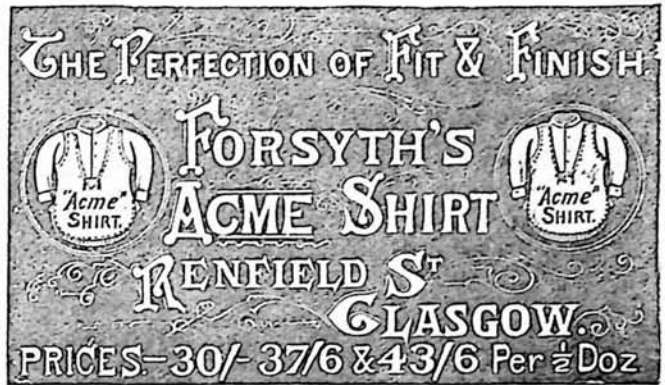
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THE Commodious Steamer "DUNOON CASTLE"
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 SUNDAY, 19th Sept., from Kingston dock at 10-30
 a.m. for ROTHESAY and Intermediate Ports.

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 TRIAL TRIPS, &c.
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THE LEADING HATTERS—THE LEADING MILLINERS.

OUR Buyers have now all returned from the Markets, and we are now showing NOVELTIES in MILLINERY HATS and BONNETS for AUTUMN and WINTER, 1880.

CHIP, BEAVER, SEAL, and PLUSE HATS—Trimmed and Untrimmed.

Legions in every Shape, Colour, and Style.

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We have now STREET SHOW WINDOWS. Ladies are invited to walk through our Warehouse, and inspect our Vast Stock.

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UNDER THE PERSONAL SUPERVISION OF MR R. BINNIE.

GENTLEMEN'S DRESS HATS,

6s 6d, 8s 10d, 10s 6d, 12s 6d, 14s 6d, 17s 6d.

The last-named is the best to be had for any money, and any of our Nos. are BETTER VALUE THAN CAN POSSIBLY BE OBTAINED ELSEWHERE.

GENTLEMEN'S FELT HATS.

The LARGEST VARIETY.

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Our Leading Prices are, 4s 6d, 5s 6d, 7s, 8s 6d.

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Every Hat we guarantee to be Perfect, and that they will retain Shape and keep the Colour.

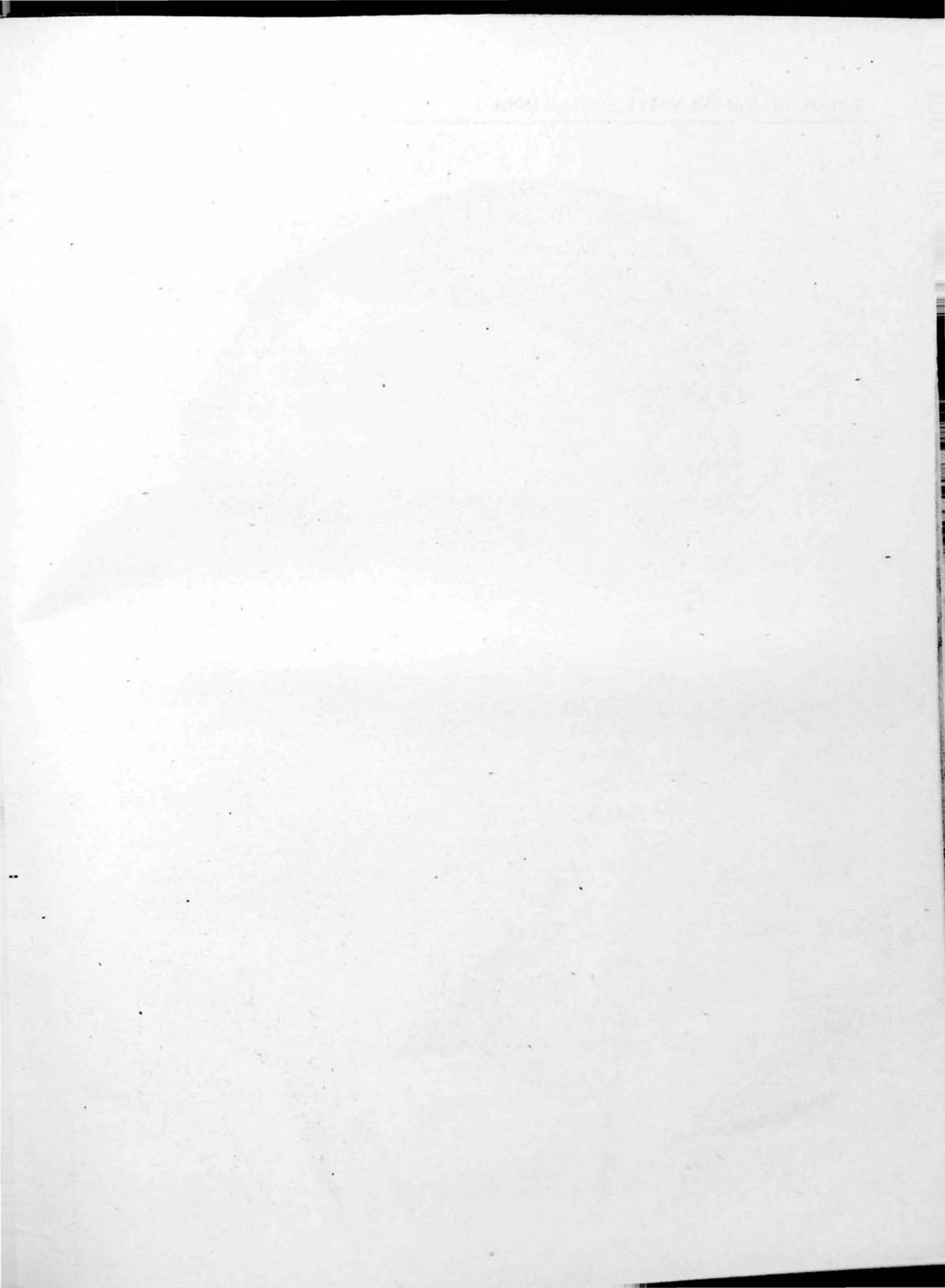
“DOUBTFUL” STATEMENTS.

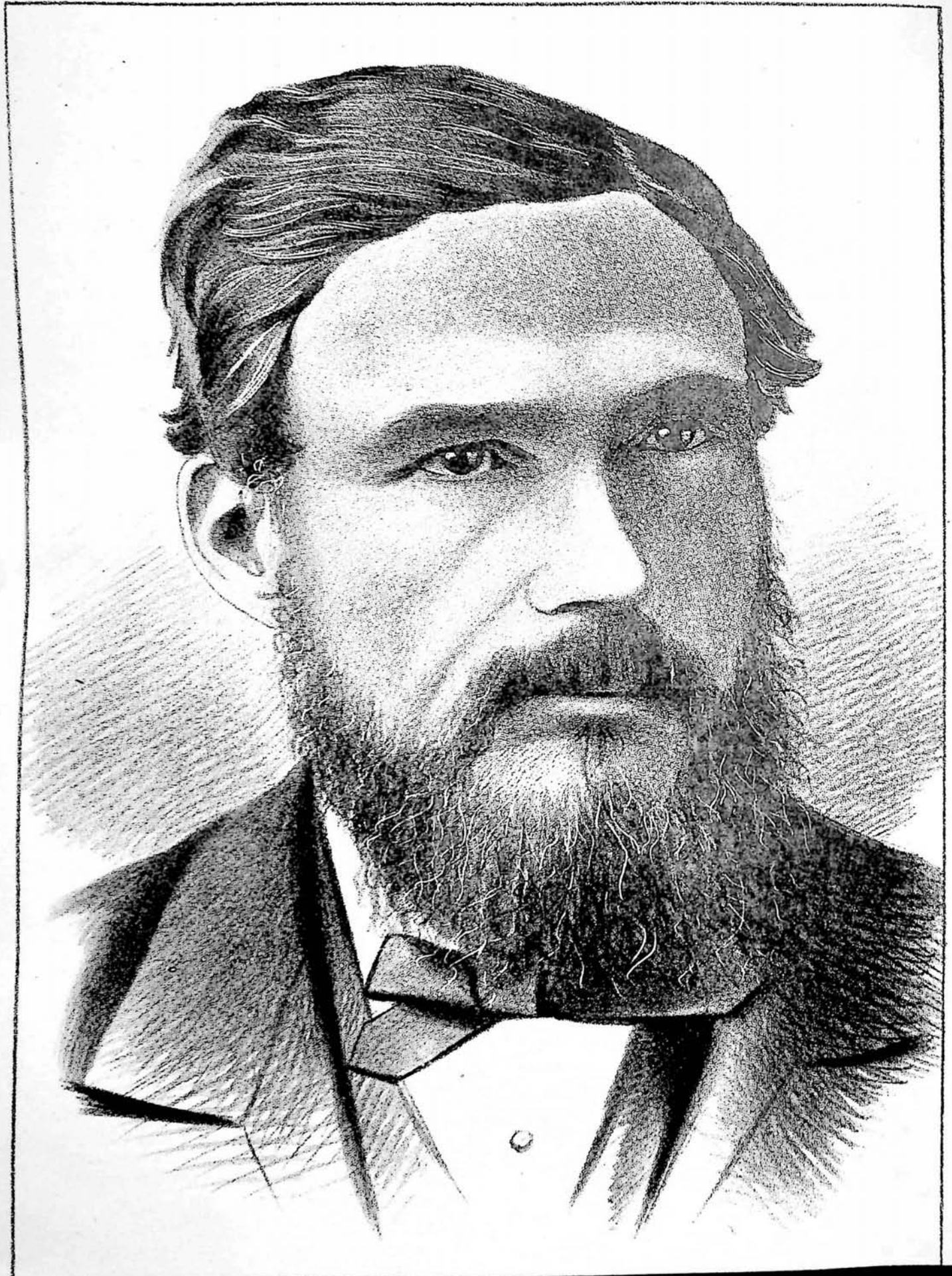
It must have been apparent to the ordinary observer that several of the Hatters of Glasgow have of late been announcing that they each give “the best value in Hats in Glasgow.” This phrase is a plagiarism from our advertisements, and we deny the right of any other to use it, as we positively give better value than can be obtained elsewhere. Gentlemen who have not visited our Warehouse would oblige by calling and comparing our Goods with others.

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Immense Variety of Boy's and Misses Hats, Trimmed and Untrimmed, from medium prices to the best Goods made. Every Novelty.

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. 414. Glasgow, Wednesday, September 22nd, 1880. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 414.

TO seek the good of our fellow-men is, as we all know, the most elevated of human pursuits. The profession of a philanthropist enables you, to use a phrase which used to be commoner a couple of decades ago than it is to-day, to make the best of both worlds. You not only get unlimited credit in this life by your deeds, but their savour lasts even unto the life which is to come. Philanthropists, to be sure, are seldom to be reckoned among the most likeable of mortals. If his biographers may be believed, John Howard was a harsh father and an indifferent friend. History, indeed, is generally silent as to the individual excellencies of people of the Howard class. Before you can set up as a philanthropist, you must not only be possessed by a notion that the people round about you are a poor lot, but that you yourself are a person of pre-eminent virtue. It would be impossible to preserve the position of a philanthropist were you to come down from your pedestal, even for a day, and believe that you were no more than as are those whom you have set yourself to succour and save. It is one thing, however, to watch the weaknesses of philanthropists—their inordinate vanity, their dislike of opposition, the bitterness they display toward all who take up a like *role* with themselves—and another to condemn the work they have set themselves to do. Our friend WILLIAM QUARRIER, for instance, is one of the purest-minded and most earnest men living. His whole life is devoted to a noble end, and it may be questioned whether any other single individual has really effected more good in this city of ours during the last ten years than that which has resulted from his individual efforts. Personally, however, Mr QUARRIER is susceptible of a large degree of improvement.

He is imperious beyond everything. No rival is allowed to approach within bowing distance even of his throne. He simply will not tolerate criticism. Whatever savours of mirth or gaiety finds in him a sworn foe. To people, besides, whose ideas are of the humbler sort, he seems to live and move in an atmosphere of absolute and even outrageous irreverence. He has so accustomed himself to regard Providence as a species of adjunct to his schemes for ameliorating the condition of our city Arabs, that his addresses to the Higher Powers are couched in the form of command rather than of supplication. The BAILIE respects Mr QUARRIER with an exceeding great respect; but if some measure of sweetness—it were too much to ask for light—were mingled with the unwearied devotion, the unselfish effort which marks his everyday work, how worthy he would be of liking as well as admiration. He counts it gain to spend and be spent in the cause of the needy and the suffering; but the narrowness of his view, the intensity of his egotism, give serious cause for annoyance to the more earnest among us and supply those of an irreverent temper with material for amusement, and occasionally for even scoffing and laughter. Mr QUARRIER'S first public efforts were made in connection with the shoe black brigade, the members of which were boarded, educated, and cared for under his supervision. The main work of his life, however, has been the erection of the Orphan Cottage Homes of Scotland at Bridge of Weir. These were started some eight years ago, and to-day forty acres of ground, and handsome cottages and villas capable of accommodating from two hundred to three hundred children, show a splendid result of Mr QUARRIER'S labours. Besides the Bridge of Weir Institution, Mr QUARRIER has started and superintend a boys' and girls' home at Cessnock House, near Govan; and

he has also to do with the City Orphan Home and Children's Night Refuge in James Morrison Street. And all this is only a portion of what he has effected. The weak part of our Industrial School system is, that many of the children who have been trained under it, on getting back among their old companions, fall naturally into their bad old ways. This evil has been met by Mr QUARRIER. When his boys and girls grow up they are drafted away to fresh fields and pastures new in Canada,—there to become honest, hardworking citizens. Curiously enough, our friend never solicits help for his various schemes. He prays, as he tells us, without ceasing, and "the Lord never fails to answer his prayers." As might be expected, Mr QUARRIER is too much in earnest over his general philanthropic schemes to bestow sufficient attention to his personal affairs. These, indeed, are in anything but a prosperous condition. Within the past six years his business has fallen off by more than two-thirds. He is, in the truest sense of the term, an enthusiast in philanthropy. We are all prone to regard enthusiasts with a favourable eye; and an enthusiast like Mr QUARRIER, whose mission is to do good, surely deserves every favour it is in our power to extend to him. The pity of it is, that any notion of favour is necessary in his case! How much better would it be if we could like and enjoy, as well as respect him!

MIXED.

(Scene—Beach of a West Highland fishing village; Old man, who is working at his nets, has called and beckoned on a younger man for some time; the younger one approaches at last.)

Elder—Man, Tougal, tid ye'll no' hear me wavin'? She may shust as weel haud her tongue as no' speak.

TO WIT.—Mr George Jackson wants statistics giving "an approximate idea of the number of people who are living by their wits." When made up this table might be interestingly supplemented by another giving an approximate idea of the number of people who have any wits to live by.

Killing Work (in a double sense)—That of railway signalmen.

"Rab and his Friends"—"Robert the Devil" and his backers.

Baking Apples, 7 lbs. for 1s. Jam Plums, 7 lbs. for 1s, at M. CAMPBELL, Fruit Warehouse, 18 GORDON STREET.

The Harvest Moon and the Farmer.

"Harvest homes are being held all over the Country."
—Daily Paper.

FARMER.

GUID evenin', frien', yer lookin' weel
An' bricht's a plate o' polished steel,
I've seen the time, my sonsy chiel',
I could hae blessed ye.
This year the sun has been sae leal
I never missed ye.

MOON.

Ye're cocky, frien', what's up the nicht
Ye're sae regardless o' my licht?
It's surely an unusual sicht,
If I remember,
Tae see ye clear o' "harvest fricht"
At mid September.

FARMER.

Put on yer specs, my worthy frien',
The sun this year has hurt yer een,
My harvest's cut, my fields are clean,
Wi' little trouble,
An' nocht for miles noo can be seen
But parks o' stubble.

MOON.

My sang, ye've taen time by the horn,
I cam' tae help ye wi' the corn,
But barley, wheat, an' a' ye've shorn
E'er I cam' here;
I never yet, sin' I was born,
Saw sic a year!

FARMER.

Ye weel may say't, an' losh, whit crops!
'Twas far ayont my heechest hopes,
Distilleries an' baker's shops
Should thrive this year—
We'll need a second crap o' hops
Tae mak' the beer.

THREE GOOD REASONS.

(Scene—Pub. in Buchanan Street.)

First Old Toper—Why the dickens is your nose so red?

Second Do.—Well, you see, firstly, it's hereditary; secondly, I am much exposed to the weather; and thirdly, I take a drop of something occasionally.

CAPITAL!—The *Herald* quarrels with the Rev. Dr Gordon for using so many capital letters in his latest work. Is it not rather unreasonable on a critic's part to bully an author for publishing a "capital" book?

Designing Municipal Buildings for Glasgow—Ground-planning, "Instructions," award, and—*fiasco*.

The Expected "Crisis in the 'East'"—Jeems's time up.

What the Sheriff of Airdrie says—There must be *nae mair* intimidation.

DEFY { Ladies' Jacket Cloths, Beautiful Twills, Pure
WEAR OR { Worsted, wholesale price, 5/. Any length cut at
TEAR. { same rate.—THE CLOTH HALL, 42 Hutcheson St.

A Protest.

THE Penilee accident has actually evoked a multitude of suggestions, more or less practical, with a view to preventing the recurrence of similar disasters in the future. On one point all are agreed. It is the universal opinion that there is something very far wrong in the conditions under which pointsmen work. In the case of Ewing, the Penilee signalman who is now in prison awaiting his trial, if what is said of his duties be correct, he is deserving of the deepest sympathy. No man could endure such a strain as that to which, as we are told, he was daily subjected, without sooner or later making a terrible mistake; and Ewing is as much the victim of the cruel "system" as were those killed and wounded through his error. The poor fellow must, of course, suffer for his fault; but now that the public opinion has been thoroughly aroused on the subject, it is possible that those soulless and conscienceless bodies called railway companies may become alive to the fact that even a machine is not infallible, and that a man is not a machine.

PRO-DI-GIOUS.

(Scene—Gordon Street; Country people looking at the head of a monster seal exhibited in "Dougall's" window.)

Tam—Weel that's the drollest soo's head a' ever saw.

Fock—That's no' a soo's head, ye {gouk, it's the heed o' a foreign coo.

Rab (learnedly)—Ye're baith wrang, it's the heed o' a orang-outang that cam' frae the United States a while ago. A' saw aboot it in the papers.

City Wag (who has overheard the conversation)—You are wrong, gentlemen, it's the head of an Afghan chief that General Roberts sent as a present to the BAILIE along with his portrait. [Great excitement among the country cousins.]

ANOTHER "WRONG."—Sir George Campbell is visiting Ireland, "with the view of forming his own opinion on the grievances of that country." Some folks are ill-natured enough to say that the visit of the member for Kirkcaldy is enough to form a very substantial grievance of itself.

The Airlie Bird—A City Hall songstress.

Defy Tear or Wear. { Indigo Blue Serge, Scotch make, double width, 4/2; single, 1/6 per yard, wholesale price. Any length cut at same rate.—THE CLOTH HALL, 42 Hutcheson Street.

On 'Change.

NORTH British Ordinary stock sticks at about 84. The utmost enthusiasm of people interested cannot shove it much higher at present, but it is conceivable that the stock is high enough already. Once upon a time a stock that earned 1 per cent., being blessed, at the same time, with fairly good prospects, would have stood at 20 to 30. In these piping times a higher price is got for Edinburgh and Glasgow, which stands at 33 and yields nothing.

Great North of Scotland yields 1 per cent., but it stands only at 63. Why not at 84, like North British? Bumptious Bob, who is a director, told me the other day that Great North was the best managed railway property in Europe. He enforced his argument by thumping the arms of his chair, as he sat in the window laying down the law. His knuckles were skinned in the process, but nobody sympathised.

While happy North British stock-holders are chuckling at their unexpected good luck, the holders of pig-iron warrants are not quite so jubilant. Iron has been heavy. It usually is heavy, but just now, to judge from the long faces pulled by some of my friends, it seems to weigh more than 2,240 to the ton avoirdupois. I think I have already indicated that this result was certain to happen. The already large stock is to be augmented by supplies from furnaces which are to be blown in again, and the inland and shipping trades are not big enough to take off the supplies. There is nothing to prevent iron going to 45s, and the market looks as if this might happen. Poor Sisypheus!

Gold companies continue to multiply. Gold companies in India are the existing rage, and those who manage to set the ball rolling seem to understand what they are about. As I said before, they have brought down the British gold mine to the level of the meanest capacity, and they actually give away a share in the golden stream for a paltry sovereign. Not only so, but they will accept an eighth part of the paltry sovereign as a payment to account. For a miserable half crown, paid in advance, a man may actually secure the blessings of proprietary in the Wynaad district of India. After this, who would not be a landlord?

For the benefit of the mercantile men, and the information of people generally, Messrs Street & Co. will shortly publish their Indian and Colonial Mercantile Directory. This enormous work of about 1000 pages is a kind of universal letter of introduction to merchants all over the world. If they want to be introduced to each other they have here the facilities. Having had a peep at advanced sheets I can testify that introductions may be obtained to some folks who are quite as queer as merchants. Constantinople, I find, contains about a hundred doctors, but there are no dentists to speak of. Perhaps they do not require dentists in these parts, but the show of mercantile names is so extensive that some of them must surely have tooth-ache.

SCRUTATOR.

GOOD FOR THE JUVENILES!—A local "Letter to the Editor" writer grandiloquently describes the "Junior Liberals" as "young gentlemen of unity and consolidation." After this my Lord Beaconsfield's "men of light and leading" may put out their lights and "take a back seat," while the "consolidation of co-operation" is simply nowhere.

THE MOUSETRAP.—His Worship has only read of river-crossing bridges having been designed by monkeys; he has, however, *seen* designs that have been made by M.I.C.E.

CLYDE TWEEDS. { Manufactured specially for Wear-resistance. Wholesale price, 3/ per yard. Any length cut.—THE CLOTH HALL, 42 Hutcheson Street.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—I fully expect that there will be a repetition, at the Gaiety this week, of those scenes of enthusiasm which greeted the appearance of Miss Ellen Terry, twelve months ago, on Mr Bernard's stage. She will appear during her present visit as *Portia*, as *Beatrice*, and as *Lillian Vavasour*—which last is hardly a part, as it seems to some of us, at all worthy of her powers.

Of the *Portia* of Miss Terry, the *role* she will assume to-night, there is no need to accumulate words. The exquisite movements and gestures, the rich, flexible voice of this consummate actress, her delineation, in the earlier scenes, of a feeling of sweet, girlish gaiety, which grows, as the play proceeds, into swift and passionate love, these make her rendering of the figure one of the most perfect, as it is also one of the most beautiful pieces of stage art which our generation has known. To watch her performance is itself a liberal education.

Miss Terry will be excellently supported. Mr Charles Kelly is one of our foremost actors—pre-eminent for his discriminating taste, and for the restrained and unconventional strength of his style; Mr A Wood is a capital comedian, and Mr Beaumont and Mr Forbes are well-known members of Mr Irving's Lyceum company.

Mr Edward Terry's engagement at the Royalty Theatre is proving quite as great a hit as had been expected. The house is crowded nightly, and everybody who has gone once comes away determined to go back again on the very first opportunity.

In order to give a certain variety to the entertainment, Mr Knapp has altered the Royalty bill for this week—having replaced *Captain Ginger* by *James Blodder*, otherwise *James de la Pluche*—the *James* of the "Diary" which was perhaps the most humorous, as it was certainly one of the most characteristic of all the works by the author of "Vanity Fair."

"Robbing Roy" is of course preserved in the bills. "Age cannot dull nor custom stale" the infinite variety of *Rob* and the *Dougal*.

"Sausages," indeed!

Mr Charles Majilton, who has become the lessee, by the bye, of the Sunderland Theatre, will produce "Round the Clock," that piece of amazingly merry extravagance, at Mr Beryl's South Side house this evening, and will play it all through the week—"Round the Clock" and "Brum" being the two items of the Royal Princesses bill, and very attractive items they are.

On Monday next Mr Beryl will produce "Conrad & Lizette," an American play which met with considerable favour in London, and the chief parts in which will be supported by two American comedians, Messrs Baker and Farron by name.

Ever since the announcement of Mr Barry's award the architects have been at it, hammer and tongs, in the columns of the daily press; and a highly amusing spectacle it is for outsiders. In the matter of pure, unadulterated bumptiousness and cheek, however, Mr George Corson easily bears away the palm. His calm assumption of superiority to anything that ever came, or could come, out of Glasgow is pleasing in the extreme. Mr Barry does not apparently think much of this gentleman as an architect—and Mr Barry is not alone in his opinion—but he almost deserves his premium for his admirable rendering of the leading *role* in the comedy of "Leeds Assurance."

A proposal anent the Municipal Buildings muddle, which is said to be finding favour in certain circles in the city, is that a "short leet" of, say, a dozen competitors should be selected from among the ninety-six people who sent in plans for the previous competition; that these twelve should be paid £100 each for their labour in preparing new designs; and that the Town Council should bind themselves to adopt one of the twelve designs for their coming Town's House.

Who, it may however be asked, is to provide the funds necessary for the starting of this scheme? Fifteen hundred pounds have already been extracted from the pockets of the rate-

payers over architectural designs, and without any result. Are they expected to supplement this already important figure by another sum of almost like magnitude?

Among the many visitors last week to the Exhibition of the Municipal Buildings Designs I observed Mr Clarke, the competitor to whom, in the wisdom of Mr Farry, has been awarded the third premium. Mr Corson has also been seen in the Galleries, but, not so far as I am aware, have the authors of the second premiated design, Messrs Coe & Robinson. No scarcity of local architects have, however, found their way thither, and it has been worth while, my Magistrate, to listen to their criticisms.

The salary to be paid by Miss Litton—the manageress of the new Theatre Royal—to Mr Kyrle Bellew, her *jeune premier*, is £12 per week.

I quite anticipate a first-rate concert and a large audience next Saturday evening in St. Andrews Halls. In addition to the attractions of the choir itself (the Glasgow Select) there will be three organ solos from the facile hands of Dr Peace. No fewer than nine of the vocal numbers will be either entirely new or sung for the first time by the choir, and there will be one or two vocal solos. A short solo occurs, by the way, in the new humorous part-song "Faithless Sally Brown;" this verse from it:

"O Sally Brown! O Sally Brown,
How could you serve me so?
I've met with many a breeze before,
But never such a blow,"

being sung in solo and chorus, a first and third person alternately, in approved operatic style, a novelty possibly in the part-song.

"Sam Hague's great minstrel troupe," who have been appearing in Newsome's Circus, Edinburgh, for some time, open in Hengler's Cirque on Saturday the 9th October, and hold out till Saturday, 6th November.

PADDY AGAIN.

Foreman—Look here, Pat, you heard the governor say that job must be finished to-night.

Pat—All roight, Muster Rabert, I'll have it doone to-night if it takes me till to-morrow marnin'.

THE REWARD OF MERIT.—An ingenious expedient has been hit on in connection with one of our principal Volunteer corps. At a recent meeting of the 1st L. A. V. Carbine Club a prize was given to "the member who made the lowest aggregate score." By slightly extending this pleasing system it could be arranged to give every member a prize, after the fashion adopted in certain "select" schools.

The Tide in the affairs of men—When moon-struck.

The Man of "the World"—The Editor, to be sure.

"Police Intelligence"—Indeed! Why, quoth Peter, the police have no intelligence.

A Threatening Letter—A collective note.

A Singer's Machine—A piano.

"Attractive Gear."—A widow's garb.

A Fib Somewhere!

CONTRARY to what was expected, the Gladstone-Currie Combination failed, in the course of its tour round the kingdom, to give a "show" at Peterhead. Peterhead feeling aggrieved, both Mr Gladstone—through Mr Grant-Duff—and Mr Currie now write letters of explanation. William attributes the omission to want of time, Donald to a fear that the screw of the Grantully Castle might play havoc with the fishing-nets on the coast. Now, which is saying the thing that is not? William's virtue being notorious, it is to be feared the blame must rest with Donald; but, as the BAILIE is always willing to hear before he strikes, he will gladly listen to anything our C. M. G. may have to say for himself before he inflicts the chastisement due to the apparent fault.

Poetic Reliques.

AT the Dumfries Burns Bazaar last week there was exhibited, among other objects of surpassing interest, a "cutty spoon"—no connection, it is to be hoped, with the cutty stool—a corkscrew, and a pair of tongs, all said, on various degrees of authority, to have belonged to the poet. It is understood that a supplementary bazaar will shortly be held, at which will be shown a toothbrush "of the period," (which *might* have been used by Burns); the shank of a clay pipe (ditto); and a cork picked up within five miles of the scene of Tam o' Shanter's revels. Any persons possessing relics equally interesting and authentic are invited to contribute.

GUESS AS MUCH.

Peter—I say, Bauldy, whit would you say a body should dae whin he finds a gold watch.

Bauldy—Come noo, Peter, ye ken I'm a bad haun at conundrums, so I say "give it up."

THE FIRST FEW-ILL.—The adjudicator on the designs for the new Municipal Buildings is getting it so hot from disappointed competitors that Asinus says he has found his place at last—Barry-in-Furnace.

A Cook's Excursion—Her ascent to the top of the area stair to meet the—well, we won't say who.

A "Touching" Ceremony—The laying-on of hands.

Polish Adventurers—Arctic explorers.

Agricultural Hauls—Farmers' profits.

Histrionic Agriculturists.

ONE lives and learns. Mr Bradlaugh has just been telling the good folks of Sheffield that "in the Lothians and Fifeshire landlords exist by simply ruining farmers and farmers' creditors." Now, in the course of his peregrinations, the BAILIE has happened to come across a few specimens of the classes referred to, and they have appeared to the Magisterial eye remarkably prosperous and jovial, and on the very best of terms with themselves and each other, but also with the "ruinous" landlords aforesaid. Doubtless, however, this is but an outward semblance—a Spartan show. What is the object of playing such a part Mr Bradlaugh, who knows everything, is probably both able and willing to explain.

HOW TO PUT IT, MUNGO.

First Honeyman upon the "plan," then Barry "elevation;" Find judges better, if you can, of style, accommodation.

APOTHECARIES' WEIGHT.

(Scene—Small tavern in Newmilns; Enter two farmers.)

1st Farmer—Weel, Hughoc, are ye gaun tae staun us a dram.

2nd do.—Troth, Wull, I hae nae scruples.

1st do.—Tich the bell, Hughoc, I'm unco glad tae hear it disna gang again the grain.

THE FAMILY STYLE.—The Marquis of Lorne has sent a medal to the winner of the Queen's Prize, together with a suggestion that Mr Ferguson may not think much of the gift. Never mind, your Lordship. *Medal-ing* where they are not wanted, has always been a characteristic of your family.

"NAME! NAME!"—One of the innumerable critics of "Scotch Sermons" compares the authors of that volume to the twelve Apostles! Has he any objection to making his comparison individual as well as collective, and saying "which is which?"

"Employers' Liability"—Railway Company Directors that employ signal-men at work for a stretch of twelve hours ought, if therefrom an accident takes place, to be made "liable" by being put in the dock before a jury of their countrymen.

An Old Dance for the Glasgow Irish—The 'Heel-and-Fling."

"The Middle Ages"—Youth and manhood.

Smoked Out—His pipe.

France is Pretty—But Frances!—prettier.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT Lord Provost Collins is willing to return to the Council if a sufficiently numerous requisition be presented to him.

That the chief agitators for this requisition are David Fortune and Alexander Macdougall.

That the former is an employee at Herriot Hill Works.

That the latter was recently a guest on board the "Fingal."

That it would be more judicious if these parties allowed others to do the touting.

That the battle of the architects waxes fast and furious.

That the Glasgow competitors have laughed consumedly at the letters of the two claimants for the job.

That the Town Council are in a quandary.

That the foundation-stone of this "great undertaking" was to have been laid in October or November.

That if the plans be fixed by December it will be smart work.

That the best laid schemes, &c.

That the Valuation Appeal Courts have supplied the mild sensation of the week.

That there was some pretty hard swearing on both sides.

That the Assessors seem to be the very deuce at high valuations.

That the assessed are not always such asses as to accept the assessment.

That last Friday was the Deacons' Choosing day.

That the Crafts were unusually lively.

That the Barbers as usual were eloquent.

That the Incorporation of Dyers was the centre of attraction.

That "the Whip" of the House was successful.

That ex-Conveners were trump.

That "Sir Archie" and "the Councillor" were "unqualified!"

That the Clerk of the House did duty as page.

That "Granny" has been giving the "Juniors" the full use of her columns.

That as a consequence, a "Junior Liberal" has been good enough to knock the Liberal Club on the head.

That the "Juniors" are determined not to be drawn into a net.

That they have declined the use of the G. L. A. Hall for their meeting.

That they will give vent to their feelings tonight in the Hall of the Christian Institute, no less.

That another of the party rioters has got 12 months' imprisonment.

That the writers are anxious for a telephone from the Faculty Library to the County Buildings.

That it is for the purpose of giving "sound advice."

That some of the lawyers are all sound together.

That the consumption of spirits over the country shows a decrease on the half-year.

That the decrease hasn't taken place in Glasgow.

That the local working-man does his best to atone for the abstinence of his country brethren.

That the scenes in Trongate and Argyle Street on Saturday nights show that trade must be in a flourishing condition.

That the bountiful harvest hasn't reduced the price of bread.

That the bakers are the first to raise and the last to lower the price of the 4lb. loaf.

A HEAVY SENTENCE.

(Scene: Court of Law; Full Bench of Judges; Paterfamilias has taken his son for the first time to witness a trial.)

Son (rather short-sighted)—Wha's thae sittin' wi' the white keps on?

Paterfamilias—Thae's the judges wi' their wigs.

S.—I thoct they wur auld wives.

P.—Weel, I daresay a number o' them are.

YE BANKS AND "BRAYS"!—"A Commercial Traveller," writing to the *Herald*, complains of the "close-fisted system of banking which has prevailed in Scotland for some time—more especially since the City of Glasgow Bank gave up," and hints that there are "any number of respectable gentlemen" desirous of starting a new bank on the model of the famous institution named. Can it be that that number includes the respectable gentlemen who have lately "done their time" at Perth and Ayr? In any case, the public in general are likely to put up with even the most close-fisted of systems rather than confide in an establishment which is liable to "give up" after the memorable fashion of October, 1878.

On Seats of Terry Velvet—Where "Robbing Roy's" o'erflowing "Royalty."

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.

The "Higher Education" Craze.
Jennie's Ambition.

A SCHOLAR! Why, Jennie, a scholar should be
A creature with deep sunken eyes,
Red nose and lean cheeks of the hue of the sea,
Dirty linen and limpest of ties;
Who pores over books with blue spectacles on,
And buys "midnight oil," by the tun,
With the "tin" that for boots and new clothes should have gone,
And hasn't a notion of fun!

Just fancy a scholar with laughing brown eyes,
Long lashes to make them discreet,
Cheeks rounded and soft as the roseleaf that lies
Just now at her dear little feet!
What sin, the first fragrance of young lips to waste
On languages dragged from the tomb,
When fellows—not scholars!—are longing to taste
The honey that hides in their bloom!

Let maidens' dyspeptic, pale, ugly, or lean,
Their "half-guinea bursaries" win;
Don't turn your roses to Burne Jones' green,
Or make yourself lanky and thin.
A scholar! Ah yes, and an apt one you'll be
When D. Cupid's classes you join—
You could even matriculate now, and the fee
I'd take in the usual coin!

PROVERBIAL GRUMBLING.

(Scene: Well-stocked Farm-yard.)

Smith and Wheelwright (looking round)—
Ye're sharely weel pleased this season, John?

Farmer—No mun, it's no turnin' oot in the
threshin' sae weel as I wud like.

S. and W.—Dae ye think, John, if ye wur tae
live tae the age o' Methuselah ye wud ever hae
ony grain tae dae that?

POLITICS OUT OF PLACE.—The Rev. Robert
Herbert Story, D.D., would gain, and deserve,
much more respect if he could occasionally
forget for a brief interval his self-chosen role of
political parson. He could not propose a compli-
mentary toast at a luncheon at Ballachulish,
the other day, without sneering at "Tories" and
"Radical mobs" — the Tories being, of course,
those persons who have the misfortune to be less,
and the Radical mobs those unlucky enough to
be more "advanced" than Dr. Story. The
reverend Doctor is, of course, welcome to his
own particular "wanity" or "blood," but he
ought to keep it out of a non-political toast-list.

MEM.—G.A.S.—If the height of art be the
art of concealing art, some of the designs for
the new Municipal Buildings have very nearly
attained it.

Words in Sea-son.—Tonalt says that the
Prime Minister will now be more Gran'-Tully-
'cquaint than ever.

THE ARGYLE BATHS, 366 Argyle Street, is the Largest
Public Bathing Establishment in Scotland. Warm Baths, 6d,
9d, & 1s; ready daily, from 7 a.m. to 9 p.m. One trial solicited.

Lively Miners.

THE East Country miner seems altogether
a more vivacious and jocund personage
than his brother in the West. At a meeting
held last Tuesday on Musselburgh Links
the reading of the various district reports was
accompanied by a running fire of jocular com-
ments from the chairman and the assemblage in
general. It was suggested of the Rosewell
miners that they were "a' deid," in spite of
which the chairman invited them to "come
doun an' ha'e a game at the gouf." Of the
miners of Penicuik it was said that they were
"gathering blackberries, maister chairman,"
whereupon the ever-ready president corrected,
"Ironstane blackberries, ye mean." After this
there was an interesting discussion as to the
time required "to drink £4;" and, what between
similar incidents and almost incessant "laughter,"
the meeting seems to have been of a decidedly
jovial kind. Why can't our West Country
friends infuse a similar degree of humour into
their proceedings.

NOT SUCH A FOOL AS HE LOOKS.

(Scene—Large Toy and Ironmongery shop.)

Irishman (to one of the shopmen)—Do yiss
kape postage stamps?

Shopman (thinking to have a rise out of Pat)
—No, but we have rat ones.

Pat (holding out a letter)—Then may be
ye'll be so koind as to stick one on the corner
ov this. [Shopman looks foolish.]

THE "STONE" AGE.

French *no*-Classic is the style
That aims to be the rage the while;
Though very neat, yet very thin,
Not big of bone, but fair of skin,
And so bedeckt that at the best
But like a modish woman drest,
In whom by dress proportion fair
Is hid—if ever it were there.

LIBELS ON BUTTER.—Attention is again being
drawn to the fact that large quantities of that
unpleasant compound known as "oleomargar-
ine" are weekly brought into Glasgow, and it is
confidently asserted that the stuff is almost
invariably sold as butter, leaving to the retailer
a profit of about 50 per cent. If these state-
ments have no foundation, they should be autho-
ritatively contradicted; if they are well grounded,
we ought to hear something on the subject from
our city analysts.

"They doat an the military"—The United
States Presidential electors.

"BELFAST" TEAS versus "GLASGOW" TEAS.

THE finest and most delicate portions of the Leaf are very brittle, and in the process of drying, curing, and assorting, they break off, and are technically called "BROKEN" TEAS. From a deep-rooted prejudice against the small leaf, the Grocers of Scotland will not purchase these Teas; but in Belfast—a town made famous by its intelligent Tea Dealers—where this class is mostly consumed, they command very Long Prices. The world-wide fame which Belfast enjoys, as a town where good Tea may be procured, is due almost exclusively to the efforts of one man, namely, Mr FOSTER GREEN, who has persistently and successfully advocated the free use of BROKEN LEAF TEA, on account of its greater Strength of Liquor and Finer Quality; and, in order that the Broken Leaf may the better blend and mix with the Whole Leaf, Mr Green also advocates the cutting, or grinding, of Whole Leaf to nearly the same size as the Broken Leaf.

When we state that Our Teas are made up upon the same principle as FOSTER GREEN'S, we pay him the highest compliment that one trader can bestow upon another—for "imitation is the sincerest flattery"—and at the same time we thus claim for ourselves a position of being Second to None in the Trade. So far as ability to give value is concerned, because our Principal has had 18 years' experience as a Practical Tea-Taster in all departments of the Wholesale Trade, and because we Buy exclusively for Cash in the first Market, and Sell at a small percentage upon the Import Broker's Cost Price. The question, "Why cannot we get such Tea in Glasgow as Foster Green's?" need no longer be asked, for, if you are willing to pay the same price, you will get as good an article from STUART CRANSTON & CO. Our Teas are a combination of the Choicest Growths, judiciously bought, and cunningly blended so as to produce a perfect Liquor in the cup, and at their various Prices they are unequalled in Scotland.

Observe, that some Dealers are quoting Teas at 1s 4d, 1s 6d, and 1s 8d per lb., while our Lowest Price is 2s. We do not keep these Low-Priced Teas, because their rank, common quality would destroy the reputation we have gained for supplying Fine Tea at a most reasonable figure. Therefore, we call special attention to our Superb Tea at 2s 4d per lb., which is better Tea than that sold by Wholesale Grocers (so-called) and West-End Co-operative Stores at 2s 6d, 2s 8d, and 3s per lb. Every Family should test the truth of this statement.

STUART CRANSTON & CO., 76 ARGYLE STREET, (QUEEN STREET CORNER,) GLASGOW.

SPECIALTIES.

OUR New Shapes in Felt Hats for "Young Men" are now forward. The shapes are Neat, Smart, and Very Becoming. The Prices range from 4s 6d to the finest made, but we particularly call attention to our Special Lines at 6s 6d, 8s 6d, 10s 6d. The best value ever offered in Glasgow.

MILLER'S, QUEEN STREET CORNER, GLASGOW.

VICTORIA RESTAURANT,

62 GORDON STREET, & 3 RENFIELD STREET
(Opposite Caledonian Central Station),

WINES, SPIRITS, AND MALT LIQUORS
Of the Best Qualities, and Thoroughly Matured.

SPECIAL BLEND WHISKY.

BREAKFASTS, DINNERS, AND TEAS.
LARGE DINING-HALL.

SNACKS (OF ALL KINDS),6d.

M'CALL & FERGUSON, PROPRIETORS.

MITCHELL & CO.'S

OLD IRISH WHISKY, Belfast, is the Purest and Best in the Market, comparison with any other Brand will prove this. Agent for Scotland—DAVID MITCHELL, 20 Hope St., Glasgow.

Small Expenses require Small Profits.

STIRLING & WYLLIE

(formerly with the late Mr John M. Simpson), 85, 87, and 89 MAXWELL STREET, Glasgow, are now showing a magnificent Stock of NEW AND SECOND-HAND FURNITURE.

From the smallness of their Expenses, they are enabled, and are determined to sell at Prices which will meet with the approval of every purchaser. While the prices are low, the quality of the goods is first-class.

THE FINEST WHISKY IN THE WORLD.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

HENRY THOMSON & CO.'S OLD IRISH WHISKY.

SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—

ROBERT BROWN, 17 HOPE 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,

47 ROSE STREET, GARNETHILL (Corner of Buccleuch Street);
And 190 ST. GEORGE'S ROAD (Opposite West Princes St).

BRITANNIA MUSIC HALL,

115 TRONGATE STREET,

Pre-eminently the most Popular Place of Amusement in Glasgow.

Unequalled variety of Novelties and Fresh Stars each Week.
Proprietor and Manager—H. T. ROSSBOROUGH.

For Particulars see Bills.

ST. ENOCH RESTAURANT, 4 ST. ENOCH SQUARE.

Manager—GEO. E. ALLEN, late of the Regent Club.

The MANAGER trusts, by personal attention to each Department, to make this establishment in every way worthy of the public patronage.

Breakfasts, Luncheons, Dinners, Teas.

Wines &c., of the Finest Quality.

Public Dinners and Suppers estimated for.

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
“DESIDERATUM”
 TROUSERS,
 15/6 PER PAIR.
FORSYTH,
 5 AND 7 RENFIELD STREET.

SOUTH-SIDE ASSEMBLY ROOMS,
 CROWN STREET.
 PROFESSOR COATES'
 MESMERIC ENTERTAINMENT.
 TO-NIGHT and Every Night this Week at 8.
 Doors Open at 7-30. Admission, 6d, 1s, and 2s.

The Argyle Rubber Company,
 110 ARGYLE STREET.

Tennis Rackets.—Splendid Assortment to choose from.
 Tennis Sets complete.—Nets, Poles, Pegs, &c., sold separately.
 Golf Balls and Clubs.—By best Makers in Scotland.
 (Note.—A special make of Golf Balls, 7s 6d per dozen.)
 Waterproofs for Ladies and Gentlemen.—Light and Strong for
 Summer wear.
 Jet and Vulcanite Jewellery.—India Rubber Toys in great variety.
 110 ARGYLE STREET, 110

AMERICAN FURNITURE
 WAREHOUSE,
 128 BOTHWELL STREET.

CIGARS! CIGARS! CIGARS!
 J. & R. SINCLAIR,
 TOBACCO MANUFACTURERS,
 NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,
 Are Now offering to the General Public a Speciality in the
 Cigar line, viz.:—
 7 Excellent Cigars for 1s, or 18 for 2s 6d.
 A Trial Solicited to prove that these Cigars are undoubtedly the
 Best Value in the Trade,—and can only be had in Glasgow at
 their Establishment—
 68 ARGYLE STREET,
 The Trade Supplied. 4 Doors from Queen Street.

CIGARS! CIGARETTES!! TOBACCO!!!
 of the Finest Brands.—J. H. ALLISON, Wholesale and
 Retail Tobacconist & Cigar Importer, 463 ST. VINCENT STREET,
 2 Doors from Elderslie Street.—ALLISON'S Special Smoking
 Mixture, 6d per oz. 7 Prime Cigars, 1s. Cigarettes (own
 make, and Tobacco guaranteed), 25 for 1s. Real Lunkah
 Cheroots, 8 for 1s. Best Thick and Thin Tobacco (Black and
 Brown), the Finest in the Market, 3½d per oz.; 2 ozs. for 6½d.
 Wholesale and Retail Depot for Murray, Sons, & Co.'s Mellow
 Smoking Mixture and Golden Flake, 5d per oz.; 2 ozs. for 9½d.
 Vesuvians and Wax Vestas, 1d Boxes, 6d per Dozen. The
 Trade supplied with large or small quantities.

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

DEPARTURE OF THE RUSSIAN
 YACHT LIVADIA.

While H. I. H. the GRAND DUKE of RUSSIA was
 visiting the Exchange upon his recent visit to Glasgow, one of
 his Suite, ADMIRAL “SMOKEENOUGHSKY,” was so
 astonished on looking over the BAILIE, to find that 7 excellent
 Cigars for 1s only were to be had at the CALEDONIAN
 CIGAR EMPORIUM, 25 RENFIELD STREET, that he
 at once left His Highness and proceeded to the above mentioned
 address for the purpose of getting 7 of those Very Fine
 Flavoured Cigars for 1s as sample. ADMIRAL SMOKE-
 ENOUGHSKY was so thoroughly pleased with the article
 that he again called on us that day for a Box of them at 12s 6d,
 and ordered from us a Box to be put on board the Livadia as a
 present to the CZAR of RUSSIA.

The above mentioned Leading Cigars at 7 for 1s, or 12s 6d
 the 100 are to be had only at the

CALEDONIAN CIGAR EMPORIUM,
 25 RENFIELD STREET.

The Bailie.
 WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22nd, 1880.

LORD PROVOST COLLINS, who seems
 to take a peculiar pleasure in slandering
 his fellow-citizens, again seized an opportunity
 last week to repeat the stupid old calumny that
 makes Glasgow out the most drunken of cities.
 It avails nothing that the groundlessness of this
 accusation has been shown over and over again.
 There are persons of a peculiar turn of mind—
 Mr Collins being one—whose delight it is to
 repeat the libel as often as it is disproved. No
 wonder, then, that certain outside critics are
 never at a loss for apparent confirmation of their
 cheap sneers. It has been said of a distinguished
 personage that nothing in his life became him
 like the leaving it. This can scarcely be applied
 to the official existence of the Lord Provost.
 Charity might induce us to be dumb on the sub-
 ject of the bungling and inglorious régime now
 drawing to a close; but if Mr Collins insists on
 signalling his retirement by throwing dirt he
 will leave anything but a goodly savour behind
 him. No sensible man quarrels with teetotalism,
 or vegetarianism, or spiritualism, or any other
 “ism,” so long as it is inoffensive; but public
 men must be taught that they cannot be suffered
 to air their crotchets at the expense of the good
 name of a community. The BAILIE has spoken

What the Sultan said on beholding the “Naval
 Demonstration”—“By the ‘Powers!’”

Constitution & Rules of the Glasgow Junior Liberal Association.

NAME AND PRINCIPLES.

1.—THAT this Association be called "The Junior Liberal Association," and shall be constituted of young, ambitious, and budding Liberals who are in favour of Home Rule, Anti-Vaccination, Women's Rights, Permissive-Billism, &c., &c. Juniors having any crotchets are specially enrolled.

OBJECTS.

2.—The objects of this Association shall be—(1) To unite all junior Liberal objects; (2) To meet occasionally to discuss such subjects as "The Abolition of the House of Lords," "The Present State of the Land Laws," including future mothers-in-law; as also to formulate a scheme for disfranchising all Conservative strongholds in Scotland, &c.

OFFICE-BEARERS.

3.—The Office-Bearers shall be composed of President, Vice-Presidents, Chairman, Vice-Chairman, Secretary, Treasurer, and Wire-Puller, the latter of whom shall have full power over the Association, and shall continue in office as long as he thinks fit.

Owing to press of matter, we are compelled to omit, for the present, the remainder of the rules.

"A FAMILY LIKENESS."

(Scene—A parlour; Mr and Mrs White and an old bachelor friend, Mr Grant, at supper; Sandy and Willie are being strongly reprovved by their mother for the noise they are making.)

Mr Grant—It's strange, noo, what great differences there are in children.

Mrs White (breaking in)—There's Mary there, ye hardly ever hear her word, while they twa deils are never dune gabbin frae mornin' till nicht.

Mr White (quietly) — They say sons are usually like the mither.

TO PAINT THE LILY!—A local critic says of "Robbing Roy" that Mr Burnard "seems to have been equal to dealing with all the well-known characters, with the exception of the BAILIE, but then he may have found that eccentricity as possessed by our friend of the Salt-market could no further go." I believe you, my boy! Eccentricity or no eccentricity, to improve on the BAILIE is most decidedly "aboon the nicht" of a Burnard—or any cther man.

DRAWING A LINE.—A family advertising in the *Herald* for a "border" (*sic*), Jones wants to know how much the accommodation would be likely to co(a)st.

A Model French Ship (Friendship) for the forthcoming Exhibition—That of Damon and Pythias. (As Asinus supposes, a sort of twin-steamer.)

BICYCLES. } Agents for Duplex Excelsior, Club, Challenge,
TRICYCLES. } Premier, Stanley, Timberlake, and 'Xtraordinary
Safety Bicycles. Riding Taught—101 Mitchell St.

Grasshopper or Locust?

"A LARGE American grasshopper, . . . over two inches long, and furnished with long legs and broad wings, which enable it to leap six or eight feet," was caught in Bothwell Street the other evening. The BAILIE likes not this. In conjunction with the recent appearance of a Colorado beetle at Stranraer, it seems to his Worship "miching mallecho: it means mischief." Doubtless this long-legged Yankee critter, which is described as "dark grey" in colour, was on its way from "the shores of the golden"—likewise brazen—"West," with some diabolical mining or railroad scheme for the destruction of the simple Britisher whose colour happens to be light green. Luckily, however, the marauding insect was captured and handed over to Mr Dougall, who cannot do better than test one of his rifles or revolvers upon its designing carcase.

Ducal Condescension.

THE BAILIE hastens to inform any Argyllshire elector whose notice the gratifying fact may have escaped that he (the elector) was represented in the House of Commons during the late session on exactly *five* divisions. Such evidence of absorbing attention to his duties on the part of a member of "the Family" must fill with wonder, admiration, and awe not only the Highland but also the Lowland mind. And perhaps—who knows?—Lord Colin may see his way next session to giving six votes!

HITTING THE NAIL ON THE HEAD.

Peter—Whit's the best way to mend a broken wheelbarrow, Bauldy?

Bauldy—By settin' it to wrights, of coorse.

A QUESTION OF PROPRIETY.—The BAILIE is glad to notice a letter in the *Herald* drawing attention to the indecent practice of keeping their hats on within the building, indulged in by many visitors to the Cathedral. This habit, his Worship is sorry to say, is chiefly confined to Scottish visitors. Now, a man may have his own opinions about "consecrated" ground, but, unless he be a Quaker or a Jew, it must surely strike him that it is at least as unseemly to keep his head covered in church as it would be to do so in a private house. A little more attention to the outward forms of reverence would do none of us any harm.

MARK } With an India Rubber Monogram or Name Stamp.
YOUR } Prices from 2/6 complete, with Box, Ink, and Pad.
LINEN } Post Free.—A. C. Thom on, 278 Argyle Street.

Megilp.

HITHERTO we have been accustomed to regard Manchester as a far more important art centre than Glasgow—a notion which has been favoured partly by the great galleries formed by the cotton lords of Lancashire, and partly by the celebrity of the Messrs Agnew, who are essentially Manchester men, and who have elevated picture dealing into a science. It must be news, therefore, to the most of us, to learn that the Autumn Exhibition of pictures at the Manchester Royal Institution does not pay its own expenses. Yet so it seems, from a correspondence in last week's *Manchester Guardian*, is the case.

Visitors to the Black and White Exhibition in the Fine Art Institute—it must close in some ten days—should not omit to give close attention to Jacquemart's etching of the "Mona Lisa" of Lionardo (No. 302). The "Mona Lisa" is the most famous of all the works of the great Florentine. It cost him, so chroniclers tell, four years of constant labour. Over no other picture have so much enthusiasm, eloquence, and poetry been poured forth. This is said to be the "head upon which all the ends of the world are come, and the eyelids are a little weary." "The fancy of a perpetual life," we are again told, "sweeping together ten thousand experiences, is an old one; and modern thought has conceived the idea of humanity as wrought upon by, and summing up in itself, all modes of thought and life. Lady Lisa might stand as the embodiment of the old fancy, the symbol of the modern idea."

The "Mona Lisa" is the portrait of the third wife of Francisco del Giocondo, a noble of Florence, and was painted in the years 1500-1504. It is now in the Louvre, and art critics tell us that of all ancient pictures perhaps time has chilled it least.

According to Mr Hamerton, a sufficient authority, notwithstanding that he was passed over by the Edinburgh people in the competition for their chair of Fine Art, Jules Jacquemart, the author of the present etching, is "the most marvellous etcher of still life who ever existed in the world. In the power of imitating an object set before him he has distanced all past work, and no living rival can approach him."

The movement among the younger members of the Fine Art Institute—who are also artists by profession—to secure a larger, or, at least, what seems to them a more satisfactory representation in the Council of that body, is meeting, with some degree of criticism, as well from our elder and more experienced painters, as from those members of the Institute of long standing who have struggled, and struggled so successfully, to foster a taste for Fine-Art in Glasgow.

It is pointed out that artists are seldom if ever good men of business. Their vocation is to paint pictures, and an earnest attempt to perfect themselves in their art is perhaps the best way, it is hinted, for some of our younger aspirants after office to overcome a craving for righting what is not more out of joint than are things in general. Besides, it ought to be recollected that there are other than local painters to be considered in the matter, and it is pertinently asked whether a sweeping elimination of the lay element from the Council would tend to increase the confidence which is at present reposed in the Institute by what we in this city are apt to term "outer" artistic circles?

It is just possible that some improvement might be effected were the "selecting" and "hanging" Committees of the Institute arranged so as to admit a larger measure of the purely artistic element into each, but for the time at least this is as far as it seems politic, or even feasible to go in the path of so-called "reform."

David Murray, notwithstanding that he is at Tarbert, is busy over a picture which, *mirabile dictu*, has nothing to do with boats or boating. One or two large trees, and some boldly-outlined rocks, are the more prominent objects on the canvas. In the foreground is a stretch of road with a village cart, while a glimpse of the loch is caught in the distance to the right.

Besides Mr Murray, the only artists who have yet found their way Tarbert-wards are Mr Redfern, the English water colourist, and J. C. Mackenzie, of Edinburgh.

The little knot of painters whose sojourn at Aberfoyle was mentioned in this column a week ago, is about to receive an

accession in the person of J. C. Christie, of London, who has found a subject for his Royal Academy picture in the pages of Sir Walter Scott, and who will spend several weeks making studies in the Loch Ard country. The picture will of course be a figure one, but will include several landscape accessories.

A. K. Brown and J. L. Docharty, whose studies at Doune are fast approaching completion, also propose to hie them north to the country of the "Red Macgregor" within the next day or two. They may be looked for at Aberfoyle on Saturday first.

Among the works of note in the autumn exhibition of the Yorkshire Fine Art Society, which was opened in the Athenaeum Buildings, Leeds, on Wednesday, is "A Mill at Shere," by A. K. Brown.

The "Illustrated Catalogue of the Ninth Annual Kirkcaldy Fine Art Exhibition," which has just been published by Mr Beveridge, printer and publisher in the "Lang Toun," contains no fewer than 95 illustrations, many of which are by local painters. Among these are Robert and Miss Greenlees, Joseph Sharp, John Grey, Duncan M'Kellar, A. S. Boyd, William Carlaw, and A. K. Brown.

HIS GRACIOUS GRACE.—In laying a Church foundation-stone at Ballachulish the other day, the Duke of Argyll treated the assemblage to a lecture on architecture, praising the ancient schools at the expense of the modern. This was all very well, but the Duke went on to say of the particular building in question that, judging from the elevations, "on the whole it would not be unsightly," and to indulge in further "faint praise" of an equally damnatory character. The peculiar graciousness and force of this will be apparent when it is mentioned that the architect was present, and that that architect was no other than the critical Mr. Honeyman!

THE FAVOURITE OF FORTUNE.

His Lordship's term expir'd, should he again
Go back and serve, where he was wont to reign;
And at the Council table sit instead
At side or foot where once he was the head?

DANGEROUS ADVICE.—A correspondent of the *Herald* suggests that young architects, before submitting designs for a great public building, should "beg, borrow, or steal Stuart's 'Athens.'" This advice is doubtless well meant, but is it not, to say the least, rather injudicious? Our young architects are already sufficiently prone to larceny in the matter of ideas without being incited to the theft of more material objects. The rightful owners of the ideas are in most cases defenceless, but there is an ancient distich regarding the fate of "him wot steals wot isn't hisn," which holds good in the case of books.

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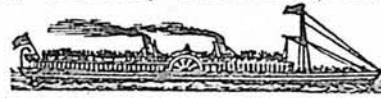
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No. 415. Glasgow, Wednesday, September 29th, 1880. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 415.

THE Magistrates and Town Council, like the poor, are always with us. Some one or other of their doings is constantly popping itself in the face of the public. Oftener than not the action is well considered and fairly calculated to aid the prosperity of the city; but now and then our pastors and masters contrive to land us in a sad mess—as in the struggle with Crosshill, or the Municipal Buildings muddle; and in these cases the Ratepayers are invariably left with the baby to hold, in the shape of heavy fees to lawyers, architects, and other like harpies. Whether or not, however, the schemes of the Town Council are successful in the end, we may be always sure of one thing regarding them, and that is that they will supply us, while they last, with an abundant measure of amusement. Just as there are two sides to every question, so there are invariably two parties—a for and an against—to every project furthered by the Corporation. If the Lord Provost wishes the vane on the Cross steeple to point to the north, Mr Martin is certain to insist that it must be fixed, for all time coming, towards the south. Individually the members of this somewhat rough-and-tumble body are worthy, estimable personages. Engaged, for the most part, in business, they bring to the discussion of Municipal matters much native shrewdness, together with a considerable knowledge of affairs picked up in the course of their daily life. Among the more characteristic members of our local parliament is Mr ARCHIBALD DUNLOP, one of the representatives of the Eighth Ward, and the Junior Bailie of the city. Bailie DUNLOP, like the late Dr Norman Macleod, hails from the good town of Campbeltown, famous for its whisky, its herring fishing, and the red insects which give flavour and variety to its

water supply. As becomes a Campbeltown man, the Bailie is proud of his birthplace. You are never long in his company without learning all about the famous people who first saw the light within its borders. He delights, moreover, to sing the praises of Captain Kerr; and not to know that worthy old salt, or have voyaged to or from Kintyre in the "Gael," is, in the estimation of the Bailie, to proclaim yourself unknown indeed. Half-a-century ago, our friend—then a stripling of some dozen summers—made his way to Paisley, where he was apprenticed to the trade of shawl designing. He spent several years in "the suburb;" and although he failed to become much of a designer, his stay was not altogether of non-avail, since the literary atmosphere which then hung round the town of Tannahill—she used to rejoice in the possession of from eighty to a hundred poets—gave him a liking for books which has never left him. From Paisley the future Magistrate removed to Glasgow, where he procured a situation as a traveller in the grain trade, and in this business he has remained ever since—only, instead of a grain traveller, he has been for many years an important grain merchant. The Bailie, like the rest of us, has various little "fads" with which to employ his leisure hours, and perhaps the most exacting of these is his taste for giving public lectures. Down in the Galloway and Dumfries district he has lectured once, at least, in every town or village of any size. Of all the subjects in the world on which this douce "Glasgow Magistrate" delights to hold forth is—the "Influence of the Crusades!" "Oliver Cromwell" is another of his favourite topics, and a third is "The Plantagenet and Tudor Kings." A notion that he is in some way or other a descendant of that Prince Edward of Wales who won his spurs on the field of Cressy has turned the Bailie's aspirations into this groove; and it can at least be said that if his

lectures don't do much good they certainly don't do any harm. Mr DUNLOP, who entered the Council six years ago, was appointed to the Magistracy in November last. Both as Councillor and as Bailie, the Man you Know has been of service to his fellow-citizens. His liking for work, and his enthusiastic temperament, cause him to enter eagerly into the business of the various Municipal Committees of which he is a member. On the Bench, if his aptitude for lecturing may sometimes lengthen out his remarks to the offenders who are brought before him, he invariably sees his way to temper justice with mercy. Charitable to a degree, his efforts in connection with the Kintyre Club—of which he was President in '76 and '77—to aid the indigent poor of his native place, have made him one of the most popular men in the peninsula. Personally the Bailie is eminently social and kindly in all his tastes and habits; and possessing, as he does, a wide store of reading and information, he is a peculiarly pleasant and agreeable companion. So perfectly at peace is he with himself and with all the world, that no kinder wish could be devised regarding him than that he should long continue in the state in which he at present is. May his almond tree never flourish, nor his jet-black locks take a tinge of grey!

PROOF POSITIVE.

Dougal (anxiously)—Tid you cairy ta pottle o' whusky ant put it safe away in ta cupport, ass I tolt you, Ankuss?

Angus (producing the bottle)—Yis, yis, ant I have procht it pack to show you that I hev left it there ferry safely.

EUPHUISM.—In the course of an address to his congregation the other day, the Rev. John Thomson, of Kilmarnock, referred to a question which was, he said, "brought forward to lead people off the main point, and, as is often done with a certain small fish of a certain colour, to mislead." It is not without some study that one recognises, under this ingenious periphrasis, the familiar "red herring" so dear to orator and leader-writer.

"THE 'WITCHING' TIME."—It seems that they catch "witches" in the Firth of Forth, and sell them at "12s to 16s a box." The whirligig of time again! Why, the witches we used to hear about did all the "selling" themselves!

DEFY WEAR OR TEAR. { Ladies' Jacket Cloths, Beautiful Twills, Pure Worsted, wholesale price, 5/. Any length cut at same rate.—THE CLOTH HALL, 42 Hutcheson St.

Agaricus.

[Dedicated to the Members of the Cryptogamic Society.]

THE shades of night were falling fast
As through the glades of Cadder passed
A youth, who whispered as he went,
A word of strange and weird intent—
Agaricus.

In happy cots as on he passed,
He saw the colliers take their rest
Enwrapped in clouds of fragrant smoke,
A single word he only spoke—
Agaricus.

Try not to pass, the keeper said:
Trespassing is prohibit-ed.
Straightway he knocked that keeper down
And murmured with a haughty frown—
Agaricus.

"Ah stay," a gipsy said, "my swell,
Your fortune suffer me to tell;"
In high disdain he passed her by
Heaving the while a mighty sigh—
Agaricus.

There, in the moonlight, cold and wet
He kneeled—perhaps he's kneeling yet—
Before him, in a stagnant pool,
Grew that enthralling puddock-stool—
Agaricus.

FOREIGN RELATIONS.

1st Returned Tourist—Man, whit I noticed parteclar in London wiz to see the numerous names o' Scotchmen on shop signs.

2nd R. T.—The same thing struck me tac; an' whin in Pairis, I noticed that a' the bathing-places were marked wi' the name o' Bain. I wunner if he's ony relation o' oor Sir Jeems?

OUR LAURELS IN DANGER. — A Woolwich Magistrate the other day had the audacity to speak of his place of abode as "the centre of civilisation"—a title which, as we all know, Grand Ducal authority has conferred exclusively on the city of St. Mungo. Jones suggests that we should go in for a patent, or copyright, "or that sort of thing, you know," before any more envious hands pluck at our well-earned honours. Why, they'll next want to deprive us of the Clyde perfume, or Mr James Martin, or the character of our police force, or some similar wreath of glory! *Enfants de la patrie*, let's look after our laurels!

"The Situation in the East"—Jeem's seat in the Council.

"Reason upon Compulsion"—A lunatic's case.

The Pale Cast of Thought—A Plaster Bust of Minerva.

Baking Apples, 7 lbs. for 1s. Jam Plums, 7 lbs. for 1s, at M. CAMPBELL, Fruit Warehouse, 18 GORDON STREET.

Conditions on which I will enter the Council.

THAT a large and influentially-signed requisition be presented to me.

That all my expenses be paid.

That I am not expected to explain my views on public matters.

That I am subjected to no annoying and irritating heckling.

That I am left to the freedom of my own will to vote as I please.

That my Committee and their families and friends don't expect to be treated after the contest.

That no associations dun me for subscriptions.

That none of my friends look to me for official positions.

That I be put upon all the influential committees.

That I be made a——, well, no; on second thoughts I won't stand.

“The Cry of the Clerk.”

SINCE the appearance in *Punch* the other day of that doleful “Cry of the Clerk” the BAILIE has been making diligent inquiry, personally and by deputy, with a view to discovering whether the “cry” of the Glasgow clerk takes a similarly lugubrious form to that affected, according to Mr Clement Scott, by his London brother. The result of the Magisterial researches is that this is not so. The “cry” of the Glasgow Clerk—apart from his business duties—generally concerns itself, alliteratively, with beer, the ballet, and billiards, while after eleven p.m. it is apt to become incoherent. If Mr Scott sees his way to making another “poem” out of this material it is quite at his service. Those discerning critics who compared his former effort to “The Song of the Shirt” might possibly trace a resemblance in the new one to, let us say, “The Dream of Eugene Aram.”

DETRACTION A LA RUSSE.—The envy, hatred, malice, and uncharitableness of certain Russian scribes have led them to declare the “Livadia” a “non-success.” Why can't they attend to their business, and leave us to attend to ours! They manufacture, and chronicle, plots against their Emperor—we construct his yachts; and both of us understand what we're about.

CLYDE TWEEDS. { Manufactured specially for Wear-resistance. Wholesale price, 3/ per yard. Any length cut.—THE CLOTH HALL, 42 Hutcheson Street.

On 'Change.

WILLY Willie is a charming person. He is described in the Directory as a chemical, metal, and produce broker. A metal plunger would be nearer the mark. Persons destitute of wit and humour call him aggressive and disagreeable. Wily Willie is only tenacious of his credit as a merchant. Several years ago, when he last stopped payment, he employed a great lawyer to throw dust in the eyes of the public. The lawyer went round to the newspaper offices, maintained that Wily Willie had not failed, called heaven to witness that the man was perfectly solvent, and promised that pains and penalties would ensue if the unlucky stoppage were recorded next day in the papers. The editors, frightened out of their wits by what the Bailie of Corneville calls “the majesty of the law,” did not publish the failure, and so Willie was speedily on his legs again. This time he will not regain his footing so easily. A man cannot buy fabulous quantities of pig-iron without becoming responsible for his differences. But the most astute Mephistopheles in the trade cannot foresee all contingencies.

“When iron was high the ‘old gentleman’ a bear would be, When iron went low—why the ‘old gentleman’ a bear was he.”

Indian mining shares have often been referred to in this column. The reference was not always complimentary. The Stock Exchange was not complimentary either, for it did not give these concerns a quotation. The brokers deal in the shares, however, and it seems absurd to accord, as individuals, what they refuse to do as a body. They last week bought and sold the shares of the Indian Gold Mines, and as much as £18 was got for the £10 share. That seems good for holders of shares in the Indian Gold Mines, but they ought to clear out, realise their present profits, and leave some one else to pocket the overplus. It looks unfair to take all the profit and leave nothing for anybody else. Something ought to be done for posterity.

SCRUTATOR.

PIPER'S NEWS.

(Scene—A crowd in Argyle Street.)

Old Lady (to small boy)—What's a-dae?

Smart Small Boy—Twenty-four hours.

CURRIE-ING FAVOUR.—If Mr Donald Currie, M.P., C.M.G., has not soon a handle before his name in addition—as an Irishman might say—to those behind it, he will not have himself to blame. His “latest” is to let it “transpire” that the new steamer which he has on the stocks at Fairfield is to be called the “Hawarden Castle.” This isn't a bad compliment; but, oh, what a pity of pitie, Donald, that your new vessel wasn't started in time to be ready for “the cruise!”

FOR THE NEW KILMARNOCK EDITION OF BURNS.—A reflection in St Marnock's on Sunday week:—

Kings may be blest,
But John was glorious

“Hood's” Whims and Oddities—The fantastic back adornments of the “Langtry Jacket.”

“Fast's the word,” as Dr Tanner said when he made haste to be rich.

Defy Tear or Wear. { Indigo Blue Serge, Scotch make, double width, 4/2; single, 1/6 per yard, wholesale price. Any length cut at same rate.—THE CLOTH HALL, 42 Hutcheson Street.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—Miss Ellen Terry has produced all the enthusiasm at the Gaiety which I ventured to predict for her beforehand. Every night of last week the house was crowded from floor to ceiling, and her performance of *Portia* was watched with a closeness, and applauded with an earnestness and spontaneity which must have been intensely gratifying, as well to the lady herself as to her more immediate friends. And she fully deserved the warmth of the greeting which was accorded her. No more charming presence than hers is to be found on our stage; to-day we shall seek in vain for any finer interpreter of the splendid poetry and the brilliant humour of Shakespeare.

And it was not only Miss Terry who deserved, or who indeed received ample recognition at the hands of the Gaiety audiences during the past week.

Mr Kelly's *Shylock*, as it seemed to me, and, to judge by the applause, to others as well, was exceedingly fine. It was, for one thing, intensely modern. The *Shylock* was a *Shylock* of the nineteenth century. But for all that it was none the less—or rather it was all the more—real.

The *Gratis* of Mr Lin Rayne, and the *Lancelot* of Mr Wood, were likewise capital bits of acting. As for the other people who appeared on the stage—why, the less said the better. The old phrase of *Ma femme et cinq poupees* was surely never more fully illustrated than by Miss Terry and these unfortunates.

Miss Terry appears to-night and to-morrow as *Lilian Vavasour*; on Wednesday and Thursday in “The Butterfly” of Mrs Comyns Carr; and on Friday and Saturday as *Beatrice*.

Glasgow has come so near to London now-a-days, particularly in the matter of theatres, that, when a new piece has once made a hit in the metropolis, it needs but very slight introduction here. In the case of a play like “The Upper Crust,” which was produced by Mr Toole at the Folly Theatre on the 31st of last March, and which has been running ever since with constantly increasing success, this remark holds especially good. “The Upper Crust” may be said to be already familiar to our Glasgow playgoers, and a visit to the Royalty—where it will be represented to-night and during the week—will therefore rather serve to renew an old friendship than make a new acquaintance.

Like all Mr Toole's plays, “The Upper Crust” is essentially a one part piece, but although *Barnaby Rudge*, the retired soap-boiler, is the moving spirit of the comedy, several of the other characters are far from insignificant ones; two of them, at least, those of *Sir Robert Boobleton*, *Bart.*—don't forget the *Bart.*—and *Lord Hesketh*, affording excellent opportunities for clever, and, in the case of the *Bart.*, richly humorous acting. In London, the one role is supported by Mr Billington, and the other by Mr Garden, while in Glasgow they will be sustained by Mr Wyke Moore and Mr Astley (Mr Kendal's brother) respectively.

Miss Fanny Enson, Miss Carew, and Miss Fanny Coleman are the three ladies who will appear at the Royalty in “The Upper Crust.”

Messrs Baker and Farron, those two funny character comedians, who have made a hit not only in Edinburgh—where they appeared last week—but in London, the English provinces, Australia, Canada, and America as well, open this evening at the Royal Princesses Theatre. Their entertainment, as I mentioned last week, is entitled “Conrad and Lizette,” and is described as a merry musical melange.

Happily for their own credit, the local Justices have seen fit to reverse the sentence they passed a couple of weeks ago anent the Prince of Wales Theatre. To-day they granted Mr Neilson a theatrical licence for the house.

The Science Lecture people have prepared a capital programme for their coming season. It begins on the 26th of next month with an address from Professor Tyndall, then follows, who do you think, BAILIE, why no other than Bret Harte—

won't that be a draw?—who will discourse on “The Argonauts of '49;” and then will come the famous heresiarch, Professor Robertson Smith of Aberdeen. Dr Siemens, Dr Haughton of Dublin, and Professor Bell Pettigrew, will make up the tale of those engaged for the course.

I was one of a large company of tourists and Municipal “bodies” who went up to Inveraray on Saturday by the “Lord of the Isles,” and who, besides enjoying a capital day's outing, were treated to a magnificent display of fireworks, not to speak of a toothsome dinner, by Mr Sim of the Furnace Quarries.

The humours of the jaunt—to use a good, old-fashioned term, which is now-a-days going somewhat out of fashion—were supplied by our friend Councillor Martin, him, I mean, of the Gallowgate and Cairncraig. Mr Martin spared no effort to amuse the company, and his regard for the feelings of his fellow-councillors, together with his unvarying good temper, and the generally excellent taste of his remarks, were appreciated by all who came within earshot of his tongue—which really meant everybody on board.

Jeems's prophecies regarding the coming municipal election, not to speak of his style of taking his friends “as they came,” fairly convulsed his Saturday's audience.

The present has been one of the most successful seasons ever enjoyed by the West Highland steamers. Like everything else, however, it is fast coming to an end, and no better evidence of its decadence is needed than the fact that the “Columba” will be withdrawn from the Ardrishaig station on Saturday next, the 2nd of Oct. Her place will, of course, be taken up by the “Iona,” which will sail on Monday under the direction of trusty Captain M'Gaw, while kindly Mr Paterson will attend, as heretofore, to the comfort of those who, taking advantage of these fine days of late autumn, may make a final raid into the Great North-West.

To my mind, the Clyde and its tributaries—Loch Fyne, Loch Gilp, and the rest, not to speak of the Crinan Canal—never look so well as under the golden beams of an October sun.

Travellers by the Caledonian Railway who have occasion to go and come by the Central Station, will be glad to learn that they will be supplied with direct means of egress and ingress from Gordon Street, in something like a fortnight.

“They say” that Mr King of Leverholm will be the new Chairman of the Caledonian Railway Company.

We are to have the “Graphic Beauty” Gallery in the Exhibition of Messrs Gammon & Vaughan, which opens in the Fine Art Institute at the beginning of next month.

Among the visitors to Scotland last week was Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A.

Among the familiar figures in the Gaiety stalls on the Tuesday evening of last week was that of “gaucy” ex-Bailie Moir. Anxious to see—if not to be seen, Mr Moir ascended to his feet at the end of the second act of the “Merchant of Venice,” and proceeded to take a leisurely view of the house through his gold-rimmed spectacles. He was recognised at once and was greeted with cheers and laughter from every part of the theatre. Evidently the old man eloquent is still a familiar presence in our midst.

Another of our City Clubs in the Northern district is, so the story goes, in deep water. Who wouldn't belong to a City Club?

Length of service, in one of our great dry goods establishments at least, is now-a-days a distinct bar to advancement. Indeed the great Bashaw who presides over the business seems to have made up his mind to turn out his employees whenever their years of serving have reached a certain term. He does this, besides, in the fulness of his heart without a moment's warning. You simply get a month's salary in your hand and are told to “go.”

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the preparations for the November elections have begun.

That Hughie Colquhoun is tired of the Council.

That Bailie Moir has made up his mind to retire.

That the Bailie has made up his mind to do the same thing times without number.

That Jeems Martin has no notion of retiring.

That Jeems is none of your "retiring" Councillors.

That the Council would be but a dull assembly without Jeems.

That there isn't that rush on the requisition to the Provost that was anticipated.

That Messrs Fortune, A. M'D. & Co. are indignant at the ingratitude of the guid folk in Stirling Road and the neighbourhood.

That the Lord Provostship is all settled.

That the choice of Bailies has not been so unanimous.

That a number of ambitious Councillors have been left out in the cold.

That it is difficult to please everybody.

That the *Herald* supplied us with a sensation on Monday.

That the story about the "Livadia" is the biggest thing in the way of fabulous literature since the mountain and the mouse.

That it had its origin in the teeming brain of a *Herald* reporter.

That whenever it appeared in the *Herald* the other papers discovered they had known all about it all along.

That the building trade in the city is practically at a stand still.

That this is another of the benefits we have derived from the speculators of five years ago.

That between the over-speculation of penniless rogues, and the exactions of Landlord Greedy and Factor Gripe, a good many decent citizens have been badly used within the past five or six years.

—————
Cryptogamic! As I read
I felt a qualm internal;
The word, thought I, doth plainly show,
An origin in-fern-al!

—————
The Choral Union's First Study — The Macbeth music.

Church and State—The Prime Minister read "the lessons" in Hawarden Church.

A "Black" Business — The "colour" in the competitive designs.

The Designs—Able anes—"Aiblins'."

The Philosopher's Stone.

"SAY," quoth my friend in pensive mood,
While moping o'er his woes,

"Is anything in this world good,
Or must I, till its close,

Bemoan the faithlessness of all,
With brooding melancholy—

Anath'matize Old Adam's fall,
And curse him for his folly?"

"Nay, nay!" quoth I, with hearty laugh,
And slapped him on the shoulder,

"The world is not so bad by half—
You'll own this when your older.

Take out the BAILIE, my good friend,
And soon you'll see the folly

Of moping daily without end,
Instead of being jolly.

No wise man for a week diverged
Who tried it," I cried gaily.

"Thrice in oblivion is his soul submerged
Who readeth not the BAILIE."

N.B.—His Worship is obliged to the contributor of the above lines. He is not given to blow his own trumpet, but he sees no reason why other people should not empty their lungs in his behalf, if so inclined.

—————
A DEFINITION OF THE PERIOD.

Small Boy (reading placard)—Say, Jim, I wonder what LL.D. means?

Jim—Dunno, think it means *left* by the Lady Doctor.

—————
WATER, WATER EVERYWHERE, BUT NOT A DROP OF "DRINK."—The teetotallers are about to commemorate the reign about to terminate of the Hon. the Lord Provost by erecting a water-fountain. A high authority has said that "men's evil manners live in brass, their virtues we write in water"; and towards this aquatical caligraphy being seen aright of all men, the BAILIE expects that in this, as distinguished from some other commemorative fountains, the water-works will have the virtue to both work and "play."

THE COMPETITIVE DESIGNS FOR THE MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS.—The severest satire of all The grand bust of Greek Thomson looking in at the Exhibition from the Sculpture Gallery.

"HAVE YOU A MATCH?"—Some of the competitive designs might be burnt, and no great loss; but no one, who knew anything of architecture, would think of setting "Clyde" on fire.

The Eastern Question—How to decant Sublime Porte.

The Worst Miners' Strike—That of a match in a fiery coal-pit.

A new kind of "International Exhibition"—
"The Naval Demonstration."

A "Blasting" Operation—Libelling.

The "Block" System—Shunting.

Quavers.

ALL hail, Macbeth! It is not yourself, BAILIE, precisely, who is being saluted in this familiar quotation from a "favourite author"—though respectful regards to your Worship will please be considered as included. The recently-elected conductor of the Glasgow Choral Union is more immediately greeted, and the musical "notes" in this column could not better be begun again than by reference to the fact of the election with some little account of the gentleman chosen. Mr Allan Macbeth, who has been elected to fill the important post left vacant by the resignation of Mr Lambeth—fortunately for all concerned, the election seems to have been practically unanimous—is a native of Greenock. He is a son of Mr Norman Macbeth the painter, and has two brothers likewise artists. Music and painting are closely allied, so it is no wonder that Mr Allan Macbeth has branched off, as it were, from the poetry of colour to the poetry of sound. Mr Macbeth, if one may judge from his compositions, is a poet of no mean order in his particular walk of Art. His compositions prove him to be a thoroughly trained as well as an inventive musician. A motett in M.S. (a "Salve Regina"), by Mr Macbeth, which we went over the other day, affords gratifying evidence of his scholarship and solidity as a musician.

Mr Macbeth studied at Leipsic, at the Conservatoire and, privately, under E. F. Richter, Reinecke, and other equally distinguished professors of music, and occasionally "deputised" as conductor for a son of the deceased professor first mentioned. He has written the music of an operetta, "The Duke's Doctor," to the libretto of Saville Clarke, the overture and the ballet numbers of which are undoubtedly able, and he is engaged on a similar composition at present. Mr Macbeth is a refined pianist, and is the author of some elegant music for that instrument.

Taken altogether, the choice of the Union seems likely to be a fortunate one. Though Mr Macbeth will not probably have much opportunity, this season, of publicly appearing as a conductor, from the arrangements previously made, the good work he will assuredly do will be not the less apparent. If but young in years—Mr Macbeth is 24 only—the fault, if fault it is at all, is one that is daily mending. He has all the enthusiasm of the true musical artist, has marked capacity for work, and he is evidently, what is of great moment for the place he has been chosen to fill, of sufficiently methodical habits.

The Choral Union had its first meeting with its new conductor on Wednesday evening last, Mr Macbeth being introduced by the President in a few well chosen words, "thereafter," as they say in reports of soirees, followed by assemblies, the study of "The Creation" (not dancing), "being engaged in with vigour."

Is "Tonic Sol-fa" (the letter notation is referred to, not the principle) on the decline? It looks like it—as far as Glasgow is concerned at any rate. The teachers of two of the principal tonic sol-fa societies here, not sticking closely to their colours, have announced that they will give instruction to all who wish it in the staff notation, and will allow it to be sung from, we may suppose. One of these gentlemen, Mr Mackean, half apologises for his proposal. What need of the shadow of an apology for what is the right thing to do?

The concert of the Glasgow Select Choir on Saturday evening was a gratifying success in every respect. The house was crowded, and the singing was all that could be desired. Indeed to our mind the choir have never hitherto sung so finely; certainly never more smoothly nor with more grace than on this their first appearance since Mr Allan was appointed conductor. The parts are balanced to perfection, the trebles having been slightly strengthened, and while the tone of every part is unexceptionable, that of the alto is peculiarly pleasing, being full and expressive and yet completely free from the demonstrativeness which is the tendency of that voice.

Among the more serious compositions Pinsuti's "Parting Kiss" and "Autumn Song," Lahee's "The Bells," and Gounod's "Last Rose" were eminently successful, and the new humorous part-song "Faithless Sally Brown" met with a most avourable reception. The songs contributed by leading mem-

bers of the choir were one and all rendered with much artistic taste.

Dr Peace's organ solos are not to be overlooked. His crisp and effective performance of the overture to Masaniello met with a demand for an encore that the Doctor found it impossible not to comply with.

Parochial Sensitiveness.

MR Murray, of the Edinburgh Parochial Board, appears to be a personage of a peculiarly sensitive, and somewhat haughty, temperament. It having been suggested that he should read a paper at the Social Science Congress, one of his colleagues observed that he would not like to hold himself bound by the statements of the paper in question. Most of us would consider this sufficiently mild criticism; but not so Mr Murray. After commenting on the "marked species of impudence" displayed by his colleague, and announcing his intention of "keeping his information to himself," he indignantly "left the meeting." It is sad to think that the Social Science Congress, and consequently the world, will be deprived of Mr Murray's stores of information through the markedly impudent conduct of Mr Murray's colleague; but perhaps Mr Murray himself would find his progress through the world easier and happier if he get himself a slightly thicker skin. If he likes to come to Glasgow for a few weeks, the Ass professes his willingness to chaff him for an hour or two every day—a process which would, if anything would, infallibly bring about the desired result.

"THE ANTHROPOPHAGI."—The London correspondent of a local contemporary speaks with approval of a "kid banquet" which recently took place at the Alexandra Palace, and seems to recommend the example as one worthy to be followed elsewhere. But no! Let Londoners do what they will,—we in Glasgow, at least, will never be driven to "banquet" on our "kids"!

AN "A" FOR AN "I."—A correspondent of a contemporary talks of "Pharasaic (*sic*) bitterness and Pharasaic arrogance." Does he think his denunciations would be less effectual if they were properly spelt?

WHAT'S IN A CUP.—Mrs M'Partington can't make out why the Volunteers, and the Lord Provost, and Sir Edward Colebrooke, and Sheriff Clark, and the rest of them should have made such a fuss last week over a "China Cup." Why, the old lady says, you can get a whole set of china cups, and saucers, too, now-a-days, for the merest trifle!

Music on the Brain—A "singing in the ears."

Liberal Hints.

AS the Liberals of the city are apparently not satisfied with their present numerous array of "associations," but hanker, like Oliver Twist, after "more," the BAILIE begs, with all deference, to offer a few suggestions towards the further "consolidation" of the party. His Worship's list is, of course, by no means complete, but the following might do for a beginning:—

- I. The Infant Liberal Association. (Membership strictly confined to Liberals of one year's—literal—standing.)
- II. The Liberal Bellows-menders' Electoral Union. (Confined to Liberal bellows-menders, their sisters, their cousins, and their aunts.)
- III. The Ancient Maidens' and Grandmothers' Liberal Club. (Limited to the classes named. Subscription sixpence per week, which includes tea and scandal *ad lib.*)
- IV. The Petroleuse Society. (For "advanced" she-Liberals.)
- V. The Tooley Street Liberal Association for the Reconstruction of the Universe.

When these various societies are in full working order, the BAILIE will be happy to oblige his good friends the Liberals with further hints.

Write Him Down an Ass-essor?

IF we may judge from a certain "document" published in Thursday's papers, the Reverend Rubbart, of Ladywell, has been having, a "high old time" at Kilmarnock. He went down, as one "learned in the law," "to act as assessor" in a quarrel between his brother and a portion of that brother's congregation; and a sweet thing in assessors he seems to have been—defying all creation, including Her Majesty the Queen, and rampaging generally "all over the shop." It is not stated whether he brought "the pownie" with him to act as co-assessor. If so, the different branches of the equine family were very efficiently represented on the occasion.

DAIRY ATROCITIES.—Anybody who possesses, at one and the same time, a delicate stomach and a taste for dairy produce, is recommended to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest—if he can—the report of a case heard by Sheriff Mair in the Small Debt Court last Wednesday. From that he will discover, among other things, that the presence of "oleomargarine" is not the only horror he has to dread in connection with his pat of butter. The BAILIE will say no more.

The Great Mys-tery—Miss Ellen, to be sure.

The Land of Goschen—Turkey.

THE ARGYLE BATHS, 366 Argyle Street, is the Largest Public Bathing Establishment in Scotland. Warm Baths, 6d, 9d, & 1s; ready daily, from 7 a.m. to 9 p.m. One trial solicited.

Daniels Come to Judgment.

LAST week, "before a full Bench," including the Provost and three Bailies, an Airdrie Sergeant of Police was charged with gross misconduct and neglect of duty. On the conclusion of the evidence the Provost stated that the Magistrates, who had been "much annoyed" by offences of a similar nature to the Sergeant's, had no hesitation in finding him guilty; "but, looking at the long service of the accused, and his previous good character, they had resolved not to inflict any punishment." In other words, a man "unhesitatingly" convicted of outrageously misconducting himself in a place of trust, and setting a most dangerous example to those beneath him, gets off scot-free, because he has hitherto pursued similar courses with impunity! It would be interesting to learn from these merciful judges if they would be inclined to deal thus with, say, a peccant clerk in the private employment of one of themselves; and, if not, what is their idea of their duty towards the public.

HOW IT'S DONE IN GREENOCK.—In offering a reward of £50 for any information that will lead to the apprehension of the persons who recently broke into, and damaged, two houses, the Greenock magistrates add that "no proceedings will be taken against anyone connected with the outrages who may give information to the police." Isn't this a rather "Irish" way of doing things? If the housebreakers are wise they will take advantage of the proclamation, give themselves up in a body, and then divide the £50 in happy security from any unpleasant "proceedings!"

A LEG-AL DECISION.—Sheriff Guthrie has decided that if a gentleman likes to carry a loaded pistol in a party procession, and then to discharge it "promiscuous," so as to riddle another gentleman's leg, he can gratify his tastes at the cost of £5 or 60 days' imprisonment. The option of a fine is given in consideration of the fact that the owner of the pistol had no "improper intention"—a circumstance which must be highly gratifying and consolatory to the owner of the leg.

A Hint for the Rev. A. D. King of Kilmarnock—"We're a' John Tamson's bairns."

A "Hume"-rous Part Song—"Faithless Sally Brown."

MARK } With an India Rubbe: Monogram or Name Stamp.
 YOUR } Prices from 2/6 complete, with Box, Ink, and Pad.
 LINEN } Post Free.—A. C. Thomson, 278 Argyle Street.

"BELFAST" TEAS versus "GLASGOW" TEAS.

THE finest and most delicate portions of the Leaf are very brittle, and in the process of drying, curing, and assorting, they break off, and are technically called "BROKEN" TEAS. From a deep-rooted prejudice against the small leaf, the Grocers of Scotland will not purchase these Teas; but in Belfast—a town made famous by it: intelligent Tea Dealers—where this class is mostly consumed, they command very Long Prices. The world-wide fame which Belfast enjoys, as a town where good Tea may be procured, is due almost exclusively to the efforts of one man, namely, **Mr FOSTER GREEN**, who has persistently and successfully advocated the free use of BROKEN LEAF TEA, on account of its greater Strength of Liquor and Finer Quality; and, in order that the Broken Leaf may the better blend and mix with the Whole Leaf, Mr Green also advocates the cutting, or grinding, of Whole Leaf to nearly the same size as the Broken Leaf.

When we state that **Our Teas** are made up upon the same principle as **FOSTER GREEN'S**, we pay him the highest compliment that one trader can bestow upon another—for "imitation is the sincerest flattery"—and at the same time we thus claim for ourselves a position of being Second to None in the Trade. so far as ability to give value is concerned, because our Principal has had 18 years' experience as a Practical Tea-Taster in all departments of the Wholesale Trade, and because we Buy exclusively for Cash in the first Market, and Sell at a small percentage upon the Import Broker's Cost Price. The question, "Why cannot we get such Tea in Glasgow as Foster Green's?" need no longer be asked, for, if you are willing to pay the same price, you will get as good an article from **STUART CRANSTON & CO.** Our Teas are a combination of the Choicest Growths, judiciously bought, and cunningly blended so as to produce a perfect Liquor in the cup, and at their various Prices they are unequalled in Scotland.

Observe, that some Dealers are quoting Teas at 1s 4d, 1s 6d, and 1s 8d per lb., while our Lowest Price is 2s. We do not keep these Low-Priced Teas, because their rank, common quality would destroy the reputation we have gained for supplying Fine Tea at a most reasonable figure. Therefore, we call special attention to our **Superb Tea** at 2s 4d per lb., which is better Tea than that sold by Wholesale Grocers (so-called) and West-End Co-operative Stores at 2s 6d, 2s 8d, and 3s per lb. **Every Family should test the truth of this statement.**

STUART CRANSTON & CO.,
76 ARGYLE STREET, (QUEEN STREET CORNER,) GLASGOW.

SPECIALTIES.

OUR New Shapes in Felt Hats for "Young Men" are now forward. The shapes are Neat, Smart, and Very Becoming. The Prices range from 4s 6d to the finest made, but we particularly call attention to our Special Lines at 6s 6d, 8s 6d, 10s 6d. The best value ever offered in Glasgow.

MILLER'S, QUEEN STREET CORNER, GLASGOW.

VICTORIA RESTAURANT,

62 GORDON STREET, & 3 RENFIELD STREET

(Opposite Caledonian Central Station),

WINES, SPIRITS, AND MALT LIQUORS

Of the Best Qualities, and Thoroughly Matured.

SPECIAL BLEND WHISKY.

BREAKFASTS, DINNERS, AND TEAS.

LARGE DINING-HALL.

SNACKS (OF ALL KINDS),6d.

M'CALL & FERGUSON, PROPRIETORS.

MITCHELL & CO.'S

OLD IRISH WHISKY, Belfast, is the Purest and Best in the Market, comparison with any other Brand will prove this. Agent for Scotland—**DAVID MITCHELL, 20 Hope St., Glasgow.**

Small Expenses require Small Profits.

STIRLING & WYLLIE

(formerly with the late Mr John M. Simpson), 85, 87, and 89 MAXWELL STREET, Glasgow, are now showing a magnificent Stock of NEW AND SECOND-HAND FURNITURE.

From the smallness of their Expenses, they are enabled, and are determined to sell at Prices which will meet with the approval of every purchaser. While the prices are low, the quality of the goods is first-class.

THE FINEST WHISKY IN THE WORLD.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

HENRY THOMSON & CO.'S

OLD IRISH WHISKY.

SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—

ROBERT BROWN, 17 HOPE 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,

47 ROSE STREET, GARNETHILL (Corner of Buccleuch Street); And 190 ST. GEORGE'S ROAD (Opposite West Princes St).

BRITANNIA MUSIC HALL,

115 TRONGATE STREET,

Pre-eminently the most Popular Place of Amusement in Glasgow.

Unequalled variety of Novelties and Fresh Stars each Week.

Proprietor and Manager—**H. T. ROSSBOROUGH.**

For Particulars see Bills.

ST. ENOCH RESTAURANT,

4 ST. ENOCH SQUARE.

Manager—**GEO. E. ALLEN**, late of the Regent Club.

The MANAGER trusts, by personal attention to each Department, to make this establishment in every way worthy of the public patronage.

Breakfasts, Luncheons, Dinners, Teas.

Wines &c., of the Finest Quality.

Public Dinners and Suppers estimated for.

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
"DESIDERATUM"
TROUSERS,
 15/6 PER PAIR.

FORSYTH,
 5 AND 7 RENFIELD STREET.

SOUTH-SIDE ASSEMBLY ROOMS
 CROWN STREET.

PROFESSOR COATES'
MESMERIC ENTERTAINMENT.

TO-NIGHT and Every Night this Week at 8.
 Doors Open at 7-30. Admission, 6d, 1s, and 2s.

The Argyle Rubber Company,
 110 ARGYLE STREET.

Special Value in Waterproofs!
 Ladies' Lustre Capes in Blue, Black, and Grey Colours, 21s each.
 Gent.'s Tweed Waterproofs from 17s 6d each.
 The Pocket Waterproof (Reversible), 7s 6d.
 Jet and Vulcanite Jewellery; Newest Designs.
 Lawn Tennis Sets, Bats, Balls, Shoes, &c.
 Golf Balls, 7s 6d per dozen. Golf Clubs, 4s 6d each.

AMERICAN FURNITURE

WAREHOUSE,
 128 BOTHWELL STREET.

CIGARS! CIGARS! CIGARS!

J. & R. SINCLAIR,
 TOBACCO MANUFACTURERS,
 NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,

Are Now offering to the General Public a Speciality in the
 Cigar line, viz.:-

7 Excellent Cigars for 1s, or 18 for 2s 6d.

A Trial Solicited to prove that these Cigars are undoubtedly the
 Best Value in the Trade,—and can only be had in Glasgow at
 their Establishment—

68 ARGYLE STREET,
The Trade Supplied. 4 Doors from Queen Street.

CIGARS! CIGARETTES!! TOBACCO!!!

of the Finest Brands.—J. H. ALLISON, Wholesale and
 Retail Tobacconist & Cigar Importer, 463 ST. VINCENT STREET,
 2 Doors from Elderslie Street.—ALLISON'S Special Smoking
 Mixture, 6d per oz. 7 Prime Cigars, 1s. Cigarettes (own
 make, and Tobacco guaranteed), 25 for 1s. Real Lunkah
 Cheroots, 8 for 1s. Best Thick and Thin Tobacco (Black and
 Brown), the Finest in the Market, 3½d per oz.; 2 ozs. for 6½d.
 Wholesale and Retail Depot for Murray, Sons, & Co.'s Mellow
 Smoking Mixture and Golden Flake, 5d per oz.; 2 ozs. for 9½d.
 Vesuvians and Wax Vestas, 1d Boxes, 6d per Dozen. The
 Trade supplied with large or small quantities.

A CONCERT OF SECULAR MUSIC

Will be given in the TRADES' HALL, (Glassford St.,)
 On TUESDAY Evening, 5th OCTOBER, at Eight o'clock,
 By Mr TAGGART'S Choir of Male Voices.
 Admission 1s; Juveniles 6d.

BILLIARD TABLES,
 Full Sized with complete Fittings and Patent Improved
 Cushions which remain soft in all weathers,
FORTY-FIVE POUNDS.

Billiard Balls, from 25s per Set; Billiard Cloths (West of
 England), from £4. Billiard Furnishings of all kinds.

NORVAL & WILSON,

BILLIARD TABLE MAKERS,

40 AND 42 ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW.

THE ISLAND OF ST. KILDA.

A singular circumstance, and one which tends to show the
 great progress the Inhabitants of the Island of St. Kilda are
 making towards civilisation, took place in that heavenly abode
 a short time ago. On account of the Leading Cigars at 7 for
 1s (which everybody knows are "only" to be had at 25 REN-
 FIELD STREET) being so very extensively used in this City,
 the Aroma thereof (owing to the late easterly winds) wafted
 across the Island of St. Kilda. The Inhabitants, particularly
 the Ladies, being pleasantly surprised, but at a loss to know the
 cause of this delicious air, formed themselves into a Scientific
 Committee for the purpose of tracing its origin. In coming to
 Glasgow to pursue their inquiries they were at once informed
 that it was owing to the flavour of the CALEDONIAN CIGAR
 EMPORIUM'S "Leading" Cigars. Being thus in possession
 of the much desired information they returned home, a meeting
 of all the Ladies was called, when a proposition was made and
 unanimously carried that nothing but these Cigars be allowed
 to be smoked in the Island. The BAILIE therefore with per-
 mission of the "Ass" advises the public before visiting that
 romantic place to provide themselves with those luxuriant
 Cigars, which are "only" to be had at the CALEDONIAN
 CIGAR EMPORIUM, 25 RENFIELD STREET, the price
 thereof being 7 for 1s, or 12s 6d the 100, and well known by
 this time to be the Best Value in the City.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29th, 1880.

IT is not often Mr James Martin writes to the
 newspapers; but when he does break his
 dignified silence, it is to some purpose. Thus—
 some one having maligned Jeems in his darling
 character of East-End benefactor—he rushes,
 pen in hand, upon his opponent, whom he de-
 nounces as "some budding local politician," and
 also as "one of those anonymous writers who
 prefer to write under a mask." (It is curious, by
 the way, to note how terribly severe upon
 "anonymous writers" are those persons of whom
 it may be said that notoriety is the very breath
 of their nostrils.) After effectually demolishing
 the masked writer and budding politician, Jeems
 winds up thusly:—"His invidious, personal re-
 marks about my shop-door traffic, pretended
 friend of working-men, I will not follow; they
 are contemptible." Not strictly grammatical are
 you in your epistolary efforts, friend Jeems, nor
 yet quite coherent; but, like *Mercutio's* death-
 wound, they "will serve." Henceforth let the
 "masked and budding" beware thy goose-quill
 —more terrible even than thy goose.

Ecclesiasticism at Kilmarnock.

THE Rev. John Thomson, of St. Marnock's, Kilmarnock, seems well worthy to rank beside his distinguished relative of Ladywell. Mr Thomson, having had a squabble with his assistant, undertook to preach "Special sermons on scriptural characters to illustrate unscriptural times," and two of these sermons, already delivered, deal respectively with "The Betrayer and his Master" and "A Conspiracy—The vile plot and tragic end of the rebel King," each discourse being provided with an appropriate text. When it is mentioned that Judas was the subject of the former "sermon" few will care to follow the thread of Mr Thomson's ideas, while the peculiar force and delicacy of the latter may be judged from the fact that the name of the recalcitrant assistant is King. Large audiences, it appears, flock to assist at these public exhibitions of good taste, charity, and reverence; and it is to be feared that this fact is, to the Thomsonian mind, more than sufficient to justify them.

A WHITE ELEPHANT.—It appears that the new Lyle Road, Greenock, which was undertaken and completed amid such a flourish of trumpets, is regarded by the community as no more nor less than a white elephant, and a member of the Police Board suggests that "a deputation should go to Sir Michael and ask him to pay the cost of this road." The idea of being at once charitable—the road was started as a "relief-work"—and enterprising "on the cheap" is quite worthy of Greenock, but it is doubtful whether "Sir Michael" will quite see the force of it. If somebody must come to the rescue of the "distressful" Sugaropolitans, why should it not be the ex-Provost in whose honour and glory the troublesome thoroughfare was named.

VERB SAP.—The BAILIE begs to draw the attention of our civic rulers to the following words which fell from Sheriff Guthrie in the course of a trial last week:—"If those who have it in their power do not choose to put a stop to such (party) processions altogether, as I am strongly of opinion they ought to do, and have it in their power to do," &c. There is surely no need to comment on such an expression of opinion, coming from such a quarter.

A "Waefu' Gait"—Reeling home half-seas over,

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.

The Thirsty Burgh.

GRANGEMOUTH again! This time it is not a feudal superior who has conferred upon the inhabitants a half-penny-worth of land in compensation for the—in his eyes—"intolerable deal" of liquor of which he has deprived them, but a benevolent Chief Magistrate, who, taking compassion on his thirsty fellow-townsmen, has presented them with—a fountain! The enthusiastic chronicler, from whom this information is gleaned, describes the fountain as "of beautiful design," and it must be strictly classic, since it "takes the form of a little boy in bronze holding a cricket-bat and sitting on a ewer." There is understood to be considerable anxiety in Grangemouth as to whether the Chief Magistrate will see his way, on high days and holidays, to filling the "ewer" with something stronger than its native water, and whether, in that case, my Lord Zetland will think it his duty to interfere.

Wanted to Know.

WHO elected the Secretary of the Junior Liberal Association?

How he forgot to bring the Minutes of the previous meeting?

Why he did not receive a vote of censure?

Why the Chairman apologised for him?

What makes every "Junior" think it his duty either to talk nonsense, or make a motion?

How the Chairman, under these circumstances, keeps his temper?

Why the Chairman of the G. L. A. doesn't take lessons from the "Juniors" in this respect?

"OUIDA" AND THE PHILOSOPHERS.—The Directors of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution are "virtuous." They have, it seems, lately issued a decree banishing from their shelves the works of that vivacious novelist who calls herself "Ouida." The lady frequently aims at being "philosophical"—which perhaps accounts for her productions ever having got into "that galley;" but, at all events, the fiat has gone forth, and the youthful philosophy of Auld Reekie will now have to seek other sustenance than the stern beauties of "Puck," or the simple life-pictures of "Strathmore." A ramble through the more stirring pages of, say, Adam Smith, Dugald Stewart, and Stuart Mill may be recommended by way of change.

"Diner à la Ruse"—A stolen meal.

Arran Heather Honey,—Extra Quality, in Boxes 2lb. to 20lb, 1s. to 2s. 6d. per lb.—PATERSON, 118 Buchanan Street.

Megilp.

AS was to be expected, the discussion anent the Council of the Institute continues to agitate artistic circles. The more thorough-going of the "reformers" ask whether, by electing a larger number of new Councillors every year than is the case at present, many who are comparatively lukewarm as regards Art matters would not become eager in their endeavours to aid the Institute and all that concerns it; whether the artistic members of the Council should not be changed annually; and whether the notion that artists are not good business men is altogether correct? With regard to the last named query, they urge that the Royal Academicians, and the members of the Royal Scottish Academy, direct even larger concerns than the Glasgow Institute, and direct them, moreover, with conspicuous ability and success.

In their struggle to secure a larger measure of recognition for their views at the Council, the younger artists have some such feeling as that which animated Wordsworth in the Pass of Killiecrankie when he cried "for a single hour of Dundee," only they would substitute the name of Docharty for that of the "conquering Grahame." Docharty, they recollect, did good service in his day and generation, both to the Glasgow Institute and the Glasgow artists. Some of the latter are largely indebted to him for the position they now occupy; and, indeed, he never tired of asserting the claims of the artist as an individual, both at the hands of the Institute and elsewhere.

The quaint old town of Coldingham, which lies in the shadow of St Abbs Head, as it were, down on the Berwickshire coast, has had a succession of artistic visitors all through the autumn. Among those who possess a local habitation and a name for us Glasgow folk have been John Guthrie, Waddell, and J. C. Noble, A.R.S.A. Guthrie has, of course, been busy with boats and boating subjects; Waddell has painted various clever cliff scenes, and one or two "bits" of street life; and Noble is busy over an important figure picture.

In order to show that their talents are not confined to painting, our friends, assisted by Miss Noble, gave a concert—nothing less—to the villagers of Coldingham, on the evening of Saturday week. It drew quite a crowd, and the playing and singing were received with the utmost enthusiasm.

Various Glasgow painters, warned by the long evenings, are already preening their wings for a homeward flight. One or two of them, indeed—notably Miss Greenlees and Tom M'Ewan—have already returned, and are settled down to their winter's work in the studio.

The success of the Black and White Exhibition in the Galleries of the Institute—so much of which is due to the tact and energy of Mr Walker, the secretary—has made "black and white" popular all over the country. Not only are dealers finding a ready market for etchings and other works in monochrome, but "black and white" collections are becoming far from uncommon. The Newcastle Fine Art Association, for instance, have just opened an "annexe" of this character to their autumn exhibition. It includes some of the *Punch* sketches of Linley Sambourne and Charles Keene, a group of drawings by Walter Crane, one or two works in charcoal by Leon Lhermitte, and several etchings by Edwin Edwards.

The Newcastle people propose to hold a fancy dress ball in their Galleries on the last week of October.

Need attention be called to the fact that the combined Bough and Chalmers and Black and White Exhibition, in the Galleries of the Institute, must close on the 1st prox? Taking it for all in all, the Exhibition is one of the most valuable in an artistic sense, as it is also one of the most interesting in a popular sense, we have ever had in Glasgow. Happily the attendance of visitors, and the number of sales that have been effected, supply a sufficient evidence that the Exhibition has hit the taste of the public.

The Exhibition of the works of deceased and living Scottish artists—which has been arranged so as to illustrate, so to speak, the rise and progress of the Scotch school of painting—will open in the Galleries of the Royal Scottish Academy on the Wednesday of next week.

More "Autumn Manœuvres."

DODGING the M'Shoddy's, whose acquaintance we made at the coast, and who turn out to be "in the pawnbroking line."

Scraping a friendship with the Bigswells, whom we met under similar circumstances, and who are "iron people," with a house in Park Gardens.

Trying to make old furniture, carpets, &c., "look maist as weel's the new" for the approaching winter campaign.

Endeavouring to make wife and daughters go through a similar process with dresses and bonnets.

Considering how few of our friends we can decently ask to our first dinner-party.

Ditto in the case of our first dance.

Intriguing for invitations to other folks' dinners and dances.

Trying, if we be journalists, to fill our columns with readable matter, and find "good lines for the bill."

Paying the children's school-fees.

"Raising the wind" generally.

What the Greenock Folk are Saying.

THAT the Corporation sprat failed to catch the Ardgowan mackerel.

That the town has been severely ignored by the Baronet.

That the White Elephant has cost a lot of money.

That W. B. overshot the mark with his £20,000 proposal; if he had gone for the half, it would not have been an unreasonable thing.

That the inhabitants must just use the "lung," and grin and bear the expense.

That the discussion after the Appeal Court was instructive, though irregular.

That taking care of Dowb is evidently not confined to Army circles.

That the proposal to work Craigieknowes on the cheap and nasty principle was very properly negatived.

That the getting of nurses is as easy as gathering gowans, to regular customers.

That the Sugar Bounty agitators are irrepressible.

That it evidently pays better to agitate than to work.

That the Home Secretary is expected to visit town.

That if he comes, he may get some useful information anent his interesting youthful protegeés.

What a strange language ours is becoming.

A sporting report tells us that—"Dresden China was supported to win a monkey, after a pony had been betted against her." *Asinus* can't understand it at all at all. To his mind a good race-horse ought to be worth a "wilderness of monkeys."

A "Trifle" Mad—Wanting twopence in the shilling.

BICYCLES. } Agents for Duplex Excelsior, Club, Challenge,
TRIPOLES. } Premier, Stanley, Timberlake, and 'Xtraordinary
Safety Bicycles. Riding Taught—101 Mitchell St.

A Peace-able(?) Proposal.
A CORRESPONDENT of the *Herald* says that, "should the directors of St. Andrews' Hall wish to increase the attendance at Dr. Peace's organ recitals," he is "persuaded that this may easily be done by making the piano take part in these recitals. The experiment," he adds, "would not be costly." No more it would; and neither would the introduction of the jew's-harp, pandean-pipes, big drums, triangle, and other effective musical instruments. There are peripatetic performers capable of playing on several of these instruments at once, and surely a "Mus. Doc. Oxon." could do the same. If Dr. Peace would start but three to begin with—say, the pipes, the drum, and the triangle—he would draw crowds.

Giving Out-Door Relief—To such of the "border" plants as "bed out." Relieving officers—Messrs MacBean, Jackson, and MacLellan.

Is there any truth, asks Asinus, in the story that all the directors of mushroom companies intend to visit the toad-steal show in the Coal Exchange.

T H E G A I E T Y.
 Proprietor and Director,Mr C. BERNARD,
 Veritable Success, and Last Five Nights, of
 Miss ELLEN TERRY,
 MR CHARLES KELLY,
 And Specially SELECTED COMPANY of ARTISTES.
 Free List Totally Suspended, Press alone Excepted.
 Box Office open from 10 till 4 Daily.
 General Manager and Secretary ...Mr SAM. H. S. AUSTIN.

R O Y A L T Y T H E A T R E,
 Lessee and Manager.....Mr E. L. KNAPP.
 This evening (TUESDAY), 28th Sept., and following evenings,
 MR J. L. TOOLE'S COMPANY IN
 "THE UPPER CRUST."
 The Greatest Comedy Success of the Time.
 Under the Direction of Mr GEORGE LOVEDAY.
 Mr Barnaby Doublechick, ... Mr RICHARD YOUNGE.
 Preceded at 7.30 by a New and Original Drama,
HESTER'S MYSTERY.

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.
 Important Engagement for Twelve Nights only, Commencing
 MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 27th of the Favourite American
 Comedians and Versatile Character Artistes, Messrs
BAKER & FARRON,
 Supported by their Select London Company in their Celebrated
 Speciality,

CONRAD AND LIZETTE,
 Written expressly to enable them to introduce their
SONGS, DANCES, DUETS, AND CHARACTERS,
 Magnificent New Scenery by Mr WM. W. SMALL.
 Box Plan at Donaldson's Rooms, 91 St. Vincent Street.
 Tram Cars to all parts after the Performance,

CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.

SATURDAY, 2nd OCTOBER.
 FIRST APPEARANCE THIS SEASON OF

MR H. A. LAMBETH'S CHOIR.

MR H. A. LAMBETH, CONDUCTOR.
 NO INCREASE IN PRICES.
 GRAND POPULAR PROGRAMME.
 Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats 2s; at Office, 58
 Bath Street. Doors open at 7; Concert commences at 7-45
 o'clock. JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

R O Y A L B O T A N I C G A R D E N S AND CRYSTAL PALACE PROMENADES.

BAND and PIPERS of 74th HIGHLANDERS,
 ON SATURDAY FIRST, 2nd OCTOBER, from 7 to 9 p.m.
 Admission, 6d.
 Subscribers admitted Free on Presenting Tickets of Membership
 Annual Family Ticket, 21s; Single Ticket, 10s 6d.
 Tickets at Mr SLOAN'S, 140 Hope Street, and at Garden Gate.

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SESSION, 1880—81.
 OPENING OF WINTER SESSION on THURSDAY, 7th October, at 8 p.m., in the HALLS, 45 MONTROSE ST.
 SHERIFF LEES will Preside.
The Public are Invited.
 Elementary and Reporting Classes every Thursday at 8 p.m.
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The WINTER SESSION 1880-81 COMMENCES on WEDNESDAY, 20th OCTOBER.

Prospectuses and full particulars on application to Professor M'Call.

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These Hats we confidently recommend; our 8s 6d and 10s 6d being thoroughly serviceable Hats. Our 12s 6d and 14s 6d are special value, and our 17s 6d Hat is the best in the market, irrespective of price. These Hats retain their fine natural gloss. We hold the recommendations of hundreds of our leading Merchants, Divines, and other Professional Gentlemen.


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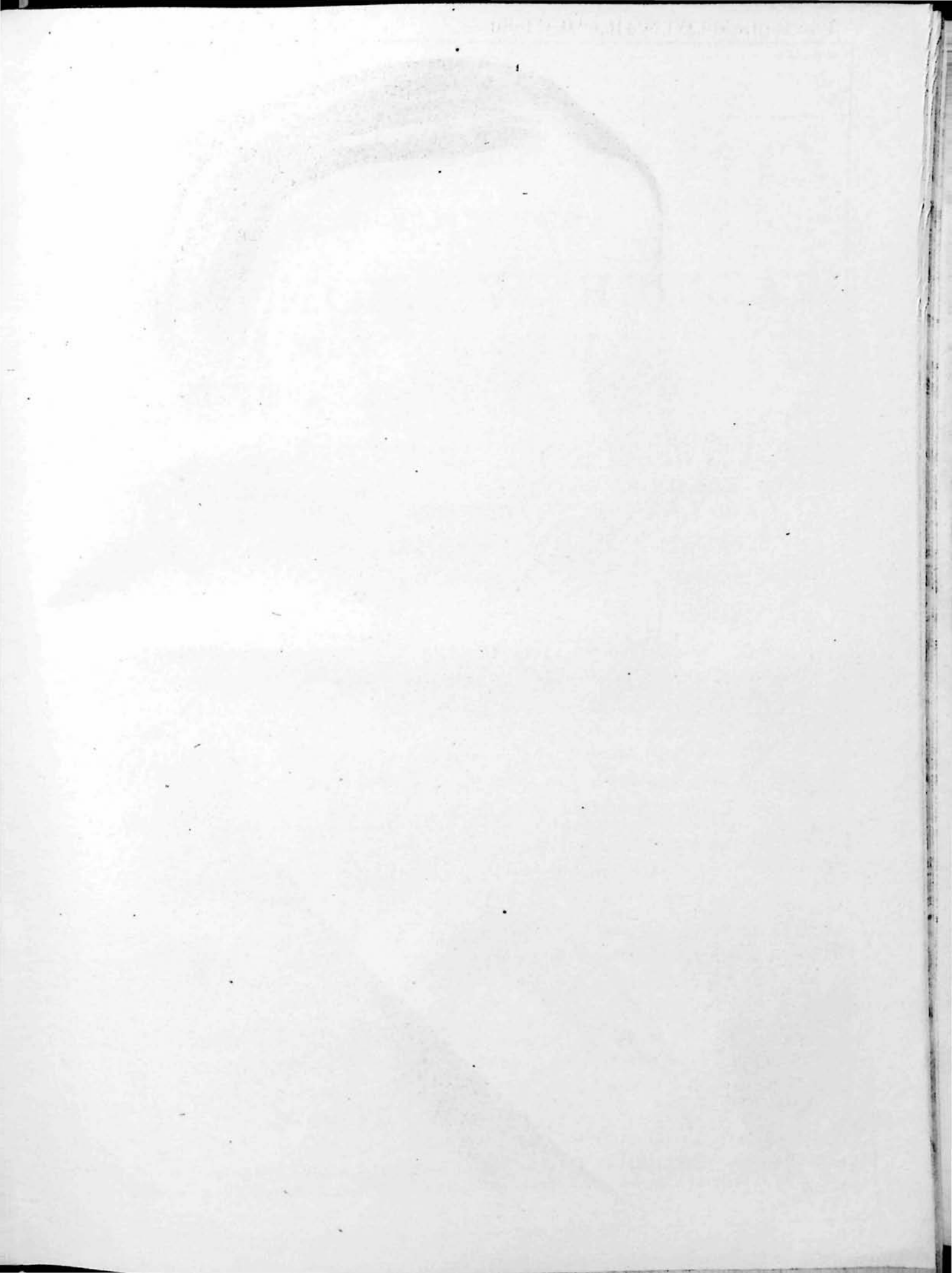
For Elderly and Middle-aged Gentlemen (specially Smart Shapes for Young Men) at our well-known leading prices—

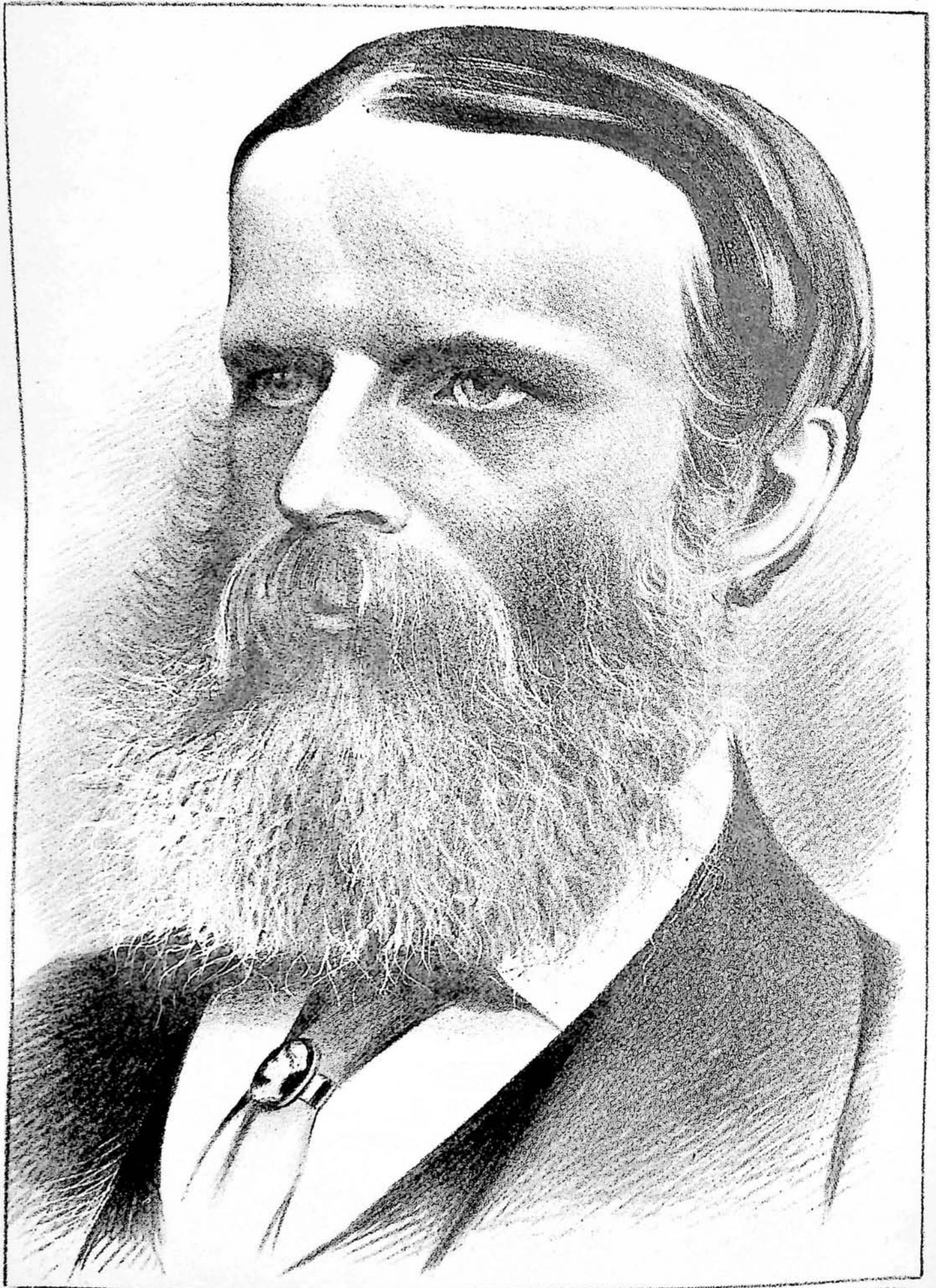
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The same qualities are sold by the ordinary Retail Trade at from 6s 6d to 14s 6d. Every Hat we sell we guarantee Perfect, and that they will retain Shape and Colour. Made from the Best Materials and by the First Manufacturers in England.

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 We have just introduced a New "KNOCKABOUT" HAT, the very thing for Evening Wear, Travelling, &c.





The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 416. Glasgow, Wednesday, October 6th, 1880. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 416.

SEVENTY years ago the first incorporated Gas Company—the chartered Gas Company of London—obtained its Act of Parliament. To-day, in the three kingdoms, the number of gas companies and of gas works owned by Corporations cannot be much less than one thousand! Gas is now a necessary element in the economy of our daily life. That our ancestors could be tolerably happy with "dips" and rushlights and wax candles we know, just as we know that they managed to exist and enjoy themselves without steam or matches or the daily paper. Still, who would wish these old days back again? Who is wise among us, and would not willingly barter all the pleasures of life for its comforts? The pleasures not unfrequently leave headaches and regret behind them: the comforts go far towards helping us to give a satisfactory answer to Mr Malloch's celebrated question. Among the comforts of to-day the BAILIE most unhesitatingly ranks gas. The poet may rave of his "midnight oil:" the "intense" æsthetic—unwholesome of aspect and devoted to Botticelli—pronounces in favour of the waxen taper's melancholy glimmer: the romantic enthusiast grows eloquent in praise of torches and flambeaux—these after all but "teach light to counterfeit a gloom." When the day is done, and the curtains drawn, and the slippers warmed, and the kettle singing on the glowing fire, the BAILIE welcomes gas as the best artificial light-giver the world has yet known. It may be philistinic, but it is bright and convenient. Will the future bring us anything better in its own way than gas? The BAILIE hesitates to say. What men have done is "but earnest of the things that they shall do." So far as we have gone, however, the BAILIE is

not enamoured of the electric light. It is garish and uncertain, more in keeping with the excitement of the Mabilie than with the sober enjoyments of domestic life. It suggests champagne and the "can-can," rather than cosy fireside happiness and the temperate "tumbler," beloved of all douce men and magistrates. Just now gas is prominently before the Glasgow public, and all who wish to know what it is capable of doing should pay a visit to the Exhibition, in the Burnbank Drill Hall, which has been organized by the Philosophical Society of Glasgow. The exhibits include apparatus for the utilization of gas (as both a lighting and heating medium), electricity, oils, &c., and of hydraulic, sanitary, and engineering appliances. "Light, more light" are said to have been the last words of Goethe; they will not be the first words of a visitor to the Exhibition. There is light everywhere in the building—plain light and coloured light—gaseous and electric, direct and reflected, lights that flare and glare and sparkle, lights that soothe the eye and lights that make you wink as you look at them. We move in an atmosphere of light—an atmosphere that has a wonderful amount of sweetness in it, too, considering all the gas that is about. The Exhibition reflects great credit on the Philosophical Society and on those who are immediately connected with the getting up of the show. Some 32 or 33 years ago, the Society held an Industrial Exhibition, the success of which, by the way, indirectly suggested the great Exhibition of 1851, and the surplus fund then accruing, about £1,100, which has remained unused ever since, forms a guarantee fund for the present undertaking. The promoters had many difficulties to fight against, and among those to whose energy much of their present success is due are Messrs Foulis, Mann, and Mayer. One of the chief promoters, working along with Mr Foulis

as a sub-convener of Committee, is the gentleman whom the BAILIE introduces this week to his readers as the Man you Know," Dr WM. WALLACE, city analyst and gas examiner for the city of Glasgow. Dr WALLACE is by birth an Edinburgh man. His father was an artist, who, very early in Dr WALLACE'S life, settled in Glasgow and gained here a good reputation as a portrait painter. Dr WALLACE'S chemical education was acquired first of all in the Andersonian, under Penny, who in his day turned out so many first-class chemists, and afterwards at Giessen, in Germany, where the famous Baron Liebig was his instructor. Two better teachers the Man you Know could not have had, and he has made the most of his opportunities. As City Analyst he watches over the food we eat and the fluids we drink. In all questions concerning gas and gas lighting he is an authority recognised wherever there is a gasometer or a gas retort. In the exercise of his duties as Gas Examiner he has to test the gas supplied to the city and report as to its quality and lighting power. He acts also as Consulting Chemist to the Corporation on sewage and other matters requiring chemical knowledge. His reports on sewage and its treatment are very valuable, and show that he thoroughly understands the difficulties that beset the path of the would-be sewage reformer. Together with his partners, Messrs Tatlock and Clark, the Man you Know is at the head of a Chemical School in Glasgow which, unsubsidised or unsupported in any way by public money, attracts a large number of students, and has educated many of the more skilful of our younger practical chemists. To manufacturing chemistry and analysis Dr WALLACE has devoted particular attention, and his opinion on all practical chemical points is regarded as one of great weight. As a witness in law cases, where scientific knowledge is involved, he is much sought after, and he has been engaged in all the great commercial trials of late years. In the Parliament House, and in the London Law Courts, the Man you Know is almost as well known as in Glasgow. He is a leading member of the Philosophical Society which, by the way, begins a new phase of its existence this month when it enters into occupancy—along with the Institution of Engineers and Shipbuilders in Scotland—of the new premises in Bath Street. Personally Dr WALLACE is singularly unobtrusive and devoid of self-assertion. His bent of mind is entirely scientific—clear, cool, and

neither prejudiced by enthusiasm nor led away by the uncertain promptings of a warm imagination. He is a chemist who believes in what can be proved by analysis, and whose opinions are always the outcome of calm and deliberate consideration.

On 'Change.

KIPPENDAVIE has a convenient memory. He is also an astute diplomatist. Nature evidently intended him to be a special pleader, for he can gild a pill delicately and shed a delightful rose-tint over the darkest landscape. To quote our national bard he can "mak' auld claes look amais as weel's the new," and he did so in most politic fashion the other day at the meeting of proprietors of the North British Railway.

According to Mr Stirling the company is in splendid condition. Bridges may capsize, and "Flying Scotchman" expresses may jump off the rails and bury themselves in embankments, but the rosy stage light is turned on and the prospect becomes dazzling, Mr Stirling, however, ignored the censures of the Board of Trade. I can fancy him, travelling cosily and comfortably to the meeting, meditatively singing to himself "Oh! no, we never mention it, its name is never heard."

Mr Smith is a bold man. He is also sanguine. My readers may have heard the name before, but they never heard of such a bold Smith as he.

There was an old Smith in the City
Bank when it failed—more's the pity,
Said he, "Each shareholder,
Stand firm, don't be bowled o'er"

And we'll save for ourselves something pretty.

Sisyphus has put his shoulder to the rolling stone once more. He has given it a start, and pig-iron is again in the ascendant. He also gave some of the "bears" a start 't other day. They are not in the ascendant.

Wily Willie does not like the situation at all. It is beyond human nature for any man to like it when so placed. "Why did iron not stop falling a month or two sooner," said he the other day. These 25,000 tons must have been a heavy weight to carry—I mean to carry over.

The best of it is that not a living creature knows why iron took that start the other day. No one saw any reason why warrants should go up, but "some one had blundered" into a big purchase, and the whole flock followed and bought furiously. They have the stock to look at. Sweet thing that stock.

SCRUTATOR.

KENT FOLK—MY CONSCIENCE!

(Scene—Outskirts of village in the Upper Ward; Road to the moors.)

Poacher (who is on his way to the village game-dealer with a brace of grouse carefully concealed about his person, meets the Lord of the Manor)—Guid mornin'.

Lord of the Manor—Fine morning (stands for a crack, meanwhile his Lordship's dog is pointing direct at the poacher.)

Poacher (somewhat disconcerted, but equal to the occasion)—Good doggie, good doggie. Eh man; hoo he kens an auld sportsman.

Mitey Good—Dunlop's "the cheese." [See last week's BAILIE.]

CLYDE { Manufactured specially for Wear-resistance. Wholesale price, 3/ per yard. Any length cut.—THE TWEEDS. } CLOTH HALL, 42 Hutcheson Street.

Quavers.

OUR somewhat aristocratic friend, the West End Choral Society, is in the unusual and doubtfully desirable circumstances of possessing two conductors. The committee have announced that the society has resumed for the season with Mr Channon Cornwall as conductor, and Herr Adolphe Rosenberg intimates that it has resumed with himself as conductor. "Settle it among yourselves," as the cabman said to the "gents" who disputed who should pay the fare; "all I says is, Vich?"

The Bothwell Musical Association, probably the oldest of our private societies, and "aye flourishing" under the baton of Mr Hugh M'Nabb, have fixed on Sterndale Bennett's "May Queen" as their chief study for the season. Mendelssohn's "Hear my prayer" will likewise be taken up.

In the extreme West, again, the Partick Musical Society, under the same gentleman's charge, will essay Sullivan's "Prodigal Son," as yet the only sacred lyrical work of any value from the pen of the composer of "H.M.S. Pinafore," though, by the bye, his new work, "The Martyr of Antioch," written for the Leeds Festival, will fall to be heard shortly, and may take an equal or perhaps even superior place. "The Martyr of Antioch" (Dean Milman Gilbertised) is understood, however, to be pretty rather than profound in its character.

The St. Vincent Street Musical Association, which is also directed by Mr M'Nabb, intend studying Mozart's 7th Mass, in B flat, which has been recently issued, with others of the set, in a handy and attractive size. The society will also produce Handel's "Saul" in the course of the season, probably in a somewhat condensed form.

The Male Voice Choir conducted by Mr George Taggart will give a concert to-night (Tuesday) in the Trades' Hall. The programme contains two arrangements of Scotch songs for male voices by Mr Taggart, and some favourite glees by Calcott, Spofforth, and Horsley.

The Pollokshields Musical Society are taking up "The Year," a cantata by William Jackson of Masham, who is to be distinguished from William Jackson of Exeter. The Pollokshields Society, so successful last year with "Melusina," have again hit upon a really melodious and attractive work. Jackson's cantata is after the Haydn-Mozart model, clear and rhythmic, vigorous and brilliant. The subject, as may be guessed, is the Seasons of the Year, and numerous authors have been drawn upon for illustration, from Fletcher to Miss Proctor, and in all measures in blank verse and rhyme. Signor L. Zaverthal is the conductor as before.

The forthcoming juvenile performance of Handel's "Messiah" — on the afternoon of the 16th inst., in St. Andrew's Halls — with solos as well as choruses by children, reminds us of another and recent juvenile musical exhibition, which in the circumstances need not be more particularly alluded to. Very good accounts have come of this "Children's Messiah," but apart from the question whether the great oratorio can really be done justice to under this novel condition, the performance cannot but be interesting and attractive.

Dr Peace continues, with on the whole a gratifying measure of support, his delightful Tuesday evening organ recitals. He gives a performance in the Cathedral on Saturday.

The Glasgow Select Choir gave concerts in Kirkcaldy and Stirling last week. In the former place they had one of the largest concert audiences ever remembered in the "lang toun." In Stirling a curious incident occurred. Through some mishap the library of the choir had not arrived when it was time to begin. The first two numbers in the programme were, however, boldly undertaken and successfully sung by the choir from memory, the delayed music arriving all right in time for piece No. 3.

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YOUR } Prices from 2/6 complete, with Box, Ink, and Pad.
LINEN } Post Free. — A. C. Thomson, 278 Argyle Street.

Municipal Grammar.

LORD PROVOST COLLINS is in a great flutter over the suggestion that "in agreeing to offer himself for re-election as a member of the Town Council he either expected or would have accepted a renewal of the position he occupies at present." We are all willing to accept Mr Collins's disclaimer, and to believe that he is, as he says, ready to serve the community "in the humblest capacity"—but why, oh, why could he not have couched that disclaimer in decent grammar? A little study of one of his own elementary publications would have guarded him against talking of "my much respected and esteemed colleague whom I expect will be my successor." Even a teetotal Provost, my Lord, need not be above the ordinary rules of composition.

SOLD.

(Scene—Brodick Bay.)

Heavy Swell (to boat hirer)—Aw—have you a yacht for sale?

Boat-Hirer (who thinks he is being made fun of)—Yiss, did you'll think she would hev ane for hurlin'?

A Likely Proposal.

THE BAILIE wonders if Mr Sellars of the Barony Parochial Board imagined for a moment that he would carry his motion thereat that no deputation to London should consist of more than four members. If so, it argued an ignorance of the "porochial" mind for which his Worship would not have given him credit. No, jaunting and junketting at the ratepayers' expense is too precious a privilege to be parted with lightly; and accordingly "the previous question," moved by the redoubtable F.G.D., overwhelmed Mr Sellars and his distasteful proposal.

GOOD ADVICE.—The Lord Provost told a deputation the other day that "many valued friends had urged his withdrawal from municipal life." As a rule, the advice of "valued friends" is the very worst advice that a man can possibly take; but every rule has its exception, and never was there a more striking exception than this.

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Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—“H.M.S. Pinafore” starts to-night on a cruise at the Gaiety, under the command of Mr Arthur Rousbey, alias *Captain Corcoran*, while Mr R. Mansfield, otherwise known as *Sir Joseph Porter*, Mr James Sydney, who is termed, in theatrical parlance, *Ralph Rackstraw*, and Miss Madge Stavart, who calls herself “Little Buttercup, dear little Buttercup,” will also take a share in the performance.

“The Sorcerer” will be produced at the Gaiety during the stay of Mr R. Mansfield and his friends.

Miss Marriot begins a six nights' engagement at the Royalty Theatre this evening, and during her stay playgoers will at all events have no need to complain of want of variety. She appears to-night and to-morrow in her familiar role of *Jeannie Deans*—really a capital performance; on Wednesday she will support the part of *Elizabeth*—interesting on account of the splendid acting of Ristori, by whom it was created; Thursday is to be given up to “The Wife's Secret”—what a *Sir Walter Charles Kean* used to be; and on Friday, when Miss Marriot will take her benefit, we are to have the domestic drama of “East Lynne.”

Charles Collette, the “Charles Matthews of our day,” comes to the Royalty on Monday next.

Mr Cecil Beryl is drawing crowded houses with that clever pair, Messrs Baker and Farron, whose visit to the Royal Princess's extends over other six nights. The re-production of “New Babylon” is promised for Monday next at Mr Beryl's house.

Mr Airlie made a hit last Saturday with the engagement of Mr Lambeth's Choir, the house having been crowded, and the quality of the entertainment, as may be guessed, of the highest. For next Saturday he gives a night of Sea Songs, including a “recital” of Dibdin's famous Ballad-opera, “The Waterman,” when the once very popular part of Robin, with the funny song “cherries and plums,” will be in the able hands of the veteran William Gourlay.

A pleasant little municipal gathering took place in the Queen's Rooms on Saturday afternoon, subsequent to the formal opening of the new bridge across the Kelvin. The proceedings began with a luncheon of cake and wine, tastefully laid out by our friend Mr John Forester of Gordon Street, and thereafter followed a series of speeches, all of which turned on Corporation matters, and all of which were marked by apt expression and excellent common sense. The burden of one and all was that the leading men in the City refused to meddle with City affairs, and an appeal was made to the members of our upper ten that they should abate something of the “exclusiveism” they have affected so long, and come forward as candidates for the Town Council. A very similar feeling has been expressed, over and over again, in your own columns, my Magistrate.

Is there no likelihood of Mr Morrison going back to the Town Council next month? The consolidation of the city trusts is one of the questions that we all want answered, and Mr Morrison is the very man to supply us with a competent answer.

Is Mr Martin to be opposed in the First Ward? Do you think, BAILIE, that Mr Daniel Brown, of miners' meeting notoriety, would prove a formidable opponent to the magnate of Cairncraig?

Our friend Mr S. H. Austin has returned to his former position of General Manager and Secretary to Mr Bernard, and to the duties pertaining to it he now adds those of Stage Manager of the Gaiety.

Brayvo the Cryptogamists! Their week of dissipation in the Coal Exchange has resulted in a balance of over £10 in favour of the society.

The indefatigable and versatile Mr Grant Allen is once more to the front in the October magazines. He asks in the *Contemporary*, “Why keep India?” and propounds the query in the *Fortnightly*, “Are we Englishmen?” while he discourses in *Mind* on the “Æsthetic Evolution in Man.”

Where will Mr Anthony Trollope break out next? The newest work from his pen is a “Life of Cicero!” Mr Trollope was born in 1815, began to write when he was thirty—his first novel, “The Macdermots of Ballycloran,” dates from 1847—and he has since produced on an average two books every twelve months.

To-morrow (Tuesday), the “home-coming” of Lord and Lady Newark is to be celebrated at Ardgowan House. The rejoicings will take the form of a ball, to which no fewer than eight hundred guests have been invited. Messrs Ferguson & Forrester have been engaged to provide the supper for the occasion, a task which, to an outsider at least, seems anything but an easy one.

Don't you think, BAILIE, that our friend Bret Harte has an admirable notion of the value of things in general? That Californian lecture of his, “The Argonauts of '49,” was originally delivered, unless I'm greatly mistaken, in New York, it was repeated in London early in summer, it will be given here—as I mentioned last week—under the auspices of the Science Lectures Association, Mr Harte has agreed to speak it in Edinburgh before long, and subsequent to its delivery in Edinburgh it will be given in Newcastle. This is business isn't it?

That clever lecturer and dealer in phrenology, psychology, physiology, and other matters of the mesmeric kind, I mean Professor Coats, announces that he will give six nightly seances, beginning this evening in the new and handsome Windsor Halls, Great Western Road.

STILL LIFE.

(Scene—The Cryptogamic Exhibition.)
Artistic Visitor (admiring the Fungi)—Fine colour! capital subject for still life studies!
Practical Friend—Aye! Puddock-still life!

Marriages may be made in heaven, according to the old saying, but they are “purveyed” nearer at hand it would seem. A restaurateur not a hundred miles west from Hengler's Circus announces himself as “purveyor of marriages, dinners, balls, &c.” This is another step in the progress of the age, when the same artiste purveys not only the marriage-feast but the marriage itself.

“MAR THAT YOUNG CLERK'S PEN.”—*On dit* that a certain Suburban Town-Clerk is shortly to lecture on “The Private Condition of Women in Ancient and Modern Laws.” “Rank impudence,” says Mattie, “as if puir wimmin' hadna enough to pit up wi' without siccan barefaced scandalmongery. Muckle guid may it dae them, I'm share.”

A Mushroom Reputation—That of a Cryptogamic Society *savant*.

“Seat” of Learning.—Professors' chairs.

Our Parliamentary Debating Society.

(By the Member for Somewhere.)

THE Hillburgh Parliamentary Debating Society is a very young legislative body, but we lay down the law none the less emphatically on that account. If we were the Long Parliament itself, our manner could hardly be more decided, not to say bumptious. We denounce Gladstone and all his works, or use the strongest condemnatory language about the bold bad Beaconsfield, as the case may be, with a thorough-going confidence in our own omniscience that would somewhat astonish these eminent men, could they but hear it. In a couple of hazy sentences, which I would defy the shade of Lindley Murray himself to construe, we demonstrate the self-evident idiocy of all the Imperial legislation of the session; and in another couple of equally hazy ones, we reconstruct the destroyed fabric on an equitable basis. That is the sort of society we are.

Not only are we young collectively, but a carping critic might say that considering our alarmingly sapient style, we are individually rather juvenile. Nor can the impartial spectator deny that a large proportion of us are beardless, if enthusiastic, youths. But what of that? It is not absolutely necessary that a man should have a beard in order to shout "question," "order," or "hear, hear," with a brilliant and fascinating indifference to the irrelevancy of the remark, or to thump vigorously on the floor with a big stick at inopportune moments. As most of us confine ourselves to demonstrations of that nature, our age is a matter of no consequence.

We have not as yet produced many orators, and those we have are not quite of the first rank. There is this much to be said for them, however, that if they are not specially fluent or impressive, they are at all events amusing. Their ways are as peculiar as those of the Heathen Chinee. Some of them commit their priceless thoughts to paper, and when on their legs become so confused as to be incapable of reading their own writing. They then sink bashfully into their seats, clutching the fatal paper with nervous fingers the while; and so the world is poorer by more than one abortive oratorical effort. Others select one unhappy auditor on the opposite benches, and, like the Ancient Mariner, fix him with their glittering eye, while they in solemn monotone, disburden themselves of the thoughts that breathe and words that

burn, with the long-suffering air of a school boy reciting a portion of the 119th Psalm. Others rise with the self-confident manner of the practised orator, stick their hand inside the breast of their coat in the most approved Disraelian fashion, and say, "Mr Speaker—er—I rise—ah—to make—er—in fact—ah—my—er—my maiden effort—ah—hope—er—ah—indulgence—ah—house—," and so on for fifteen mortal minutes. Others spring to their feet with the startling suddenness of a Jack-in-the-box, and pour forth their speeches with the spasmodic breathlessness of an alarm clock running down. As a speaker of this kind has an unfailing supply of words and not a single idea, he is quite capable of the enormity of talking all night if the house would allow him.

These are some of our representative men. There are none of your timorous, self-distrustful Hamlets among us. If the world is out of joint, we are the very men to set it right; and if you keep your eye on us during the coming winter, you will see us do it.

THE MARVELS OF SCIENCE.—What a thing it is to be a philosopher! At one of the meetings of the Cryptogamic Society in Glasgow last week a Mr Stephen Wilson gave to the world the startling information that "within historic times the turnip has been a turnip." Now, the non-cryptogamic outsider might, but for Mr Wilson, have gone down to his grave believing that, "within historic times," the turnip had been a carrot.

"NOBODY."—A cruel affront was put upon Mr James Martin at last week's meeting of Town Council. Mr Richmond having proposed a motion, Mr Martin seconded it, whereupon the former gentleman observed that "as nobody was disposed to support him, he would just allow the matter to drop." Fancy Jeems's "pheelinx" at being coolly called a nobody!

A "REFRESHING" TOUR.—The Home Secretary expressed his intention of visiting Glasgow "when he had been refreshed by the Western Isles of the Hebrides." Did this mean that he intended to "do" the Islay distilleries before looking us up? If so, the BAILIE begs to recommend Bowmore.

Paupers' Chorus, after Meals—"We're no sae fou."

A Policeman's "Beat"—When he employs his baton.

"Social Circles"—Rounds of toddy.

Dogberry as Censor.

THE BAILIE'S friend "Q." commented briefly last week on the fact that our apient Justices had at last brought their wisdom to the point of granting a dramatic licence to the Prince of Wales Theatre, and now his Worship himself has a word or two to say on the subject. It would be amusing if it were not irritating to observe the manner in which our local Dogberrys deal with such questions. Personages of the type of Messrs Clark and Kidston are evidently convinced in their own minds that they know a great deal more about theatrical management than do those who make it the business of their lives. One hardly knows whether to marvel more at Mr Clark's sage interpolations, or at Mr Kidston's description of the theatre as "a mere adjunct to the public-house." The whole affair only adds to one's regret, if not indignation, that the power of interfering with the innocent amusements of the people should belong in so large a measure to the bigoted and the ignorant.

AN EXAMINING BENCH.—Sheriff Mair has "broken out in a fresh place." Having before him a case in which was involved a gentleman who had, in the course of his varied career, followed the occupations of weaver, station-master, shopkeeper, and teacher in "twelve or thirteen schools," the Sheriff put the Jack-of-all-trades "through test exercises in algebra, Greek, and Latin." Thus a new terror is added to the witness-box; but it has been whispered that there are Sheriffs who would have good cause themselves to, in student phrase, "funk an exam." in algebra, Greek, or Latin.

A GRANDMOTHERLY "GOAK."—The BAILIE always likes to encourage the jocular efforts of the more feeble folk among his daily contemporaries, and he has therefore much pleasure in announcing that Granny last week hatched another "goak." Discussing the Burials Act, she called a certain alliance on the subject of that measure an "Osborne-Morganatic marriage." This is unquestionably what the funny man of Mr William Black's latest book would call "a good one."

FROM THE PRINTING OFFICE TO THE CIVIC.—The Lord Provost's firm may be stationery in the warehouse, but His Lordship is at least equally firm that he won't be stationary in office.

"Fortunus Favet Fortibus"—In the Fifth Ward's requisition.

The G.L.A. Again I

IT was said of a famous writer that he touched nothing which he did not adorn. In like manner it may be said of the Glasgow Liberal Association that it touches nothing which it does not make ridiculous. Last week, for instance, its members solemnly discussed the Eastern Question—with the usual results. One gentleman proposed that the Association should pass a resolution approving the present action of "the Powers," whereupon another gentleman rose in great trepidation to point out that "there were details in the foreign policy of the Government which they did not very well know or understand," and that, in short, it was very audacious to comment on the action of Mr Gladstone and his friends. The motion was, however, carried, and, it having been proposed that a copy should be sent "to those whom it more nearly concerned," Mr Macdougall suggested, "To Turkey." "They don't speak English there," objected another Associate, and so it was decided that Mr Gladstone and Lord Granville, and not the Sultan, should be the recipients of copies of the resolution. "This was all the business;" and, it will be generally agreed, a most remarkable business it was.

"LIGHT AND LEADING."

(Scene—Gas Exhibition, Burnbank Drill Hall; Time, Tuesday 2-15 p.m.)

Well-known East-end Magnate (to waggish gasfitter)—Here, mun, whaur's the section fur gas?

Waggish Gasfitter—Come awa this wie, sir. [He ushers the magnate into the lecture room, much to the disgust of the latter, who is compelled to sit out the addresses on gas, electricity, and other notions.]

CONTEMPT OF CRYPTOGAMY.—Last week the cryptogamists took a trip to Hamilton, on which occasion, we are told, "they turned aside for a moment to view several grand specimens of fungi carted on the day previous from the neighbourhood of Hamilton Palace for the inspection of the members, the most of which were several feet in circumference." If the BAILIE were a cryptogamist he would be in doubt which to resent more—the indelicate reference to his "circumference" or the disrespect implied by the use of the neuter relative.

All Aghast—The electric lighters at the Burnbank Exhibition.

Dry "Rot"—Some teetotal oratory.

The Festive Teetotaller.

THE Scottish Permissive Bill and Temperance Association" had its annual "blow-out" in the way of tea, oratory, "facts"—otherwise fiction—figures, &c., in this city last week. Treasurer Hamilton occupied the chair at the opening meeting—Mr Gladstone, by the way, apologising for his absence—and, if we may judge from his remarks, "the cause" has not made much progress during the past year. Mr Hamilton's chief "point" was his reference to a desire on the part of certain shabby teetotallers, at Cambridge and elsewhere, to get tickets for public dinners at a cheaper rate than the general public. The announcement of this desire seems to have been received with considerable glee, but most people will fail to see that it is anything to brag about. In any case the "want" is one which the teetotallers are likely, as the saying is, to "meet with." If any difference is made in the price of their admission to festive meetings, it is pretty sure to be in the direction of raising rather than lowering the charge, and if, as Mr Hamilton says, the cold-water crew "have declared that they will not attend public dinners" till they can do so "on the cheap," so much the better for the public diners.

A PARLIAMENTARY MARTYR.—Mr Middleton says he is "still suffering so much from the effects of the late session that by medical advice he is absolutely prohibited from taking part in any public work." This is very sad; and if legislative work so affects Mr Middleton's health that while he is not toiling at Westminster he is prostrated at home—why, for Mr Middleton's own sake, the sooner he gives up legislative work the better. It would be unconscionable cruelty to ask him to continue it.

"LIBERAL" INDIVIDUALS.—The Govan Liberal Association is in difficulties, owing to "the fact that many individuals hand in their names without lodging their shillings." This kind of obliviousness in matters pecuniary seems a common failing of your Liberal "individual." Possibly some good-natured Tory might be found willing to shell out a few shillings to keep the Association on its legs. The BAILIE himself wouldn't mind helping, for the fun of the thing. Those associated Liberals are such 'amoosin' cusses."

DEFY WEAR OR TEAR. { Ladies' Jacket Cloths, Beautiful Twills, Pure Worsted, wholesale price, 5/. Any length cut at same rate.—THE CLOTH HALL, 42 Hutcheson St.

Our Juvenile Delinquents.

YOUTHFUL wrong-doers are at present bulking largely in the public eye. The nature and extent of the punishment to be meted out to them is one of the problems of the day and is greatly exercising the wits of some folks in authority. The Home Secretary shows that he has a mind of his own in this connection. From day to day he keeps dealing out the snub direct or reproof valiant to some unconscionable Dogberry or imposing Stipendiary. A few months ago the BAILIE, in a prescient view, threw in the weight of his authority in favour of the platform now so firmly laid down and upheld by Sir William Harcourt and others who insist on a new departure.

The little spark then struck has since flamed up into a "burning question" of quite national importance and magnitude. Sheriff Spens has just contributed largely thereunto, public conferences at Manchester and Edinburgh are this week to add further fuel to the flame, while our local Juvenile Delinquency Board have arranged to discuss the matter at their first meeting—but, of course, in private, the press and public being still tabooed by this dark directorate. Surely, from the multitude of counsellors, wisdom may be expected to proceed. The law, as it stands, is, or ought to be, doomed. As for its administration, the less said the better. It is simply monstrous to sentence little folks not yet in their teens to herd for months in a common gaol with veteran criminals, or to inflict the regulation ten days therein, with the adjected five years in a so-called reformatory! The whole thing is tolerable and not to be endured.

Viewed even from a politico-economical standpoint, the present system, or want of system, in dealing with juvenile crime is eminently unsatisfactory. Repeal or reform can't come too soon.

LABELS FOR LIBELS.—A correspondent of the *Herald* wants to have the statues in our George Square toy-box "labelled" with the names of their originals. In one or two cases such a precaution is certainly desirable, and in those instances it might be well to add the name of the sculptor, in order that posterity may know who has "imitated humanity so abominably."

QUERY (by Peter).—Name the most illustrious visitor to Glasgow during the reign of Lord Provost Collins. Reply (by the Animile)—The Lady Doctor!

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Bones (to Jones)—I have a conundrum to ask you, Jones.

Jones—What is it, Bones?

Bones—Can you tell me why the CALEDONIAN CIGAR EMPORIUM'S Leading Cigars are so extensively smoked in this city?

Jones—No, can you tell me?

Bones—Then you give it up.

Jones—Yes.

Bones—Then I will tell you why the CALEDONIAN CIGAR EMPORIUM'S “Leading” Cigars are so extensively used in this city, because they are the Best Value.

Jones—Quite right.

The Best 7 for 1s, at 25 RENFIELD STREET.

** The present No. concludes Vol. 16, a title-page for which can be had free from the Publishers.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 6th, 1880.

THE great Municipal Buildings muddle will probably be the chief question under discussion at Thursday's meeting of the Town Council, and in view of this it may not be out of place to recall one or two points of interest in connection with the matter. A set of plans, it may be recollected, were prepared at the outset by Mr CARRICK, the City Architect, and elevations consistent with these plans were invited from architects. The plans, the BAILIE may add, were by an official who, from upwards of thirty years intimate familiarity with municipal affairs, presumably knew what was wanted, and the instructions with which they were accompanied, were in certain particulars at least unmistakeably clear and distinct. Among these particulars were—that the building was to cost £150,000, and that the competing designs were to be “without colour or etching.” Now Mr Barry, who was called on to adjudicate between the various competitors, has given the first premium to a design which he himself estimated at £220,000, and which, moreover, was both “etched and coloured.” Besides this, in the paper intimating his decision, the arbiter mentioned that “designs of much superior merit, but more costly,” had been sent in, the cost of these, according to his estimate “appearing to range from £180,000 to £250,000.” Why £180,000 is a more costly sum than £220,000 Mr BARRY does not explain, to the satisfaction of the BAILIE at least. At the same time our London gentleman condescended to say that these “more costly” designs were “not a particle too good or too costly for the Municipal Buildings of so important a city as Glasgow;” and that the “plan” accompanying the “first” premiated design seemed to him “an improvement on Mr Carrick's.” What is “too good” or too bad for Glasgow is the business not of Mr BARRY, but of the ratepayers; and as regards the plan, not only was it “elevations” and not “plans” that were invited, but there is a likely presumption that the City Architect knows a great deal more of what is required by the Glasgow Town Council and its officials than Mr BARRY can possibly know. Had the competitors found that the

"instructions" were impracticable, they ought not to have competed; had Mr BARRY found that these instructions had not been complied with, he ought not to have proceeded with his adjudication. The BAILIE having thus delivered himself, awaits with interest the deliberations of Thursday.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the time for the spouting of hecklers has come.

That the hecklers are taking full advantage of it.

That the Municipal Buildings difficulty is a "hard nut to crack."

That neither Councillors nor hecklers have attempted a solution of the puzzle.

That like a first rehearsal the competition will all have to be done over again.

That the Junior Liberal Association has extracted a letter from Mr Gladstone.

That the Juniors are neither to "haud nor bind" ever since.

That now-a-days the Premier's letters and post-cards are as plentiful as black-berries in October.

That the quarrel over the election expenses of our senior Member is a very pretty one as it stands.

That "A. M'D." dearly loves Mr Anderson.

That last week's thrust wasn't the first one he has given the hon. gentleman.

That if the Liberals of the city choose to have Mr Anderson for their leading representative they are in duty bound to protect him against the assaults of "A. M'D."

That nothing has given so much pleasure to the local Tories for many a day than the manner in which the "Liberal Secretary" does his washing in public.

That the Livadia "scare" wasn't very long-lived.

That the author of the dreadful narrative has been in ecstasies over the excitement he created.

That the Incorporation of Bakers was short of "a hand" when working up the last "batch."

That his absence was sadly felt.

That he will be better appreciated for the time to come.

That the bread was "jimp" wrought and under fired.

That the Clerk didn't give proper instructions for the packing of the basket sent to the Trades House last week.

That an "outside" loaf to three was quite against the rules of the trade.

That the House returned the "outside" one with instructions for the future.

That the Trades Hall Buildings question has been remitted to a select committee.

That the Dougal Cratur is an obedient child.

That the latest contribution to the Poets' Corner of the Mitchell Library is a most valuable one.

That it consists of the manuscript of a printed article by no less a personage than Charles Mackay, LL.D.

That the Infirmary authorities are claiming that their nurses are not as those belonging to some other institutions.

That it isn't so long ago since there was a "shine in the tents" of the Royal Infirmary.

That the good folk out at Burnbank are in raptures over the Gas Exhibition.

That they have had nothing like it since the last dog show.

The Cambuslang Folks are Saying.

THAT the Burgh movement has again been squashed.

That the chief opponents to it were miners and lawyers.

That Cambuslang has a large lawyer population.

That all its members couldn't get the job of clerk to the new burgh.

That rather than run the risk of another getting this position, each lawyer voted against it.

That, of them all, perhaps "oor Cam'slang Tamas" saw this best.

That even burghs have their grievances.

HOW IS THIS FOR HIGH?

Bauldy—When I was on the top of Ben Lomond, to make sure of it, I climbed to the top of the pole of the sappers and miners.

Asinus—There would be a "leg of mutton" on it?

Peter—Yes, of course, when yours was there.

[*Bauldy* looks sheepish a bit.]

ALONE I DID IT.—*Coriolanus*.—At this term Bailie MacBean retires from the Council. Is there to be no public recognition of the spirit and energy to which Glasgow is solely indebted for the new building for its Museum? Might not a portrait of the Bailie (say a "half-length") grace the hall which he not only founded but saw executed?

"The Second Term"—Of good weather.

Fern-y-tickled—The cryptogamists.

Defy
Tear or
Wear. { Indigo Blue Serge, Scotch make, double width, 4/2; single, 1/6 per yard, wholesale price. Any length cut at same rate.—THE CLOTH HALL, 42 Hutcheson Street.

Megilp.

JAMES A. AITKEN has now left Loch Craignish for the Trossachs, where he will probably stay till Ben Venue has received its first coating of snow. Among the artists at present in the neighbourhood of Loch Katrine are Tom Donald and Duncan Cameron.

The chief picture painted by Mr Aitken during his stay on the shores of the western loch, was "The Evening of the 12th," a group of wearied sportsmen and dogs wending their way homewards in the twilight. S. Catterson, Smith, R.H.A., who was some time with Mr Aitken at Loch Craignish, made several clever landscape studies while in the district. During the sketching rambles of Messrs Aitken and Smith, they were frequently joined by Mr M'Nicol, the parish schoolmaster, who is an enthusiastic amateur, and who paints with much facility and effect.

Andrew Black, who is at present at Loch Ranza, busy among fishing boats and fisher folk, spent several weeks earlier in the year over a large picture of Glasgow harbour. This, when completed, will probably be the most important work which has yet left Mr Black's easel.

To the list of studios now open in the city, there fall to be added, this week, those of Robert Greenlees, Joseph Henderson, A. S. Boyd, and Charles Lauder, all of whom are home for the winter.

Two important specimens of Sam Bough—a large "Kirkwall Harbour," one of the finest pictures ever Bough painted, and an autumn woodland seen under a sunset effect, are at present in the North British Gallery, in Gordon Street, of E. Fox White. Both works have been practically unknown in Scotland up till now. Together with the Boughs, Mr White has on view "The Rivals," one of Tissot's Grosvenor pictures, for a pair of figures in which sittings were given him by Mr and Mrs Bancroft, of the Haymarket Theatre; a small water colour by Messonier, the price of which is the modest one of £500; Hook's "Iona Sands;" the "Rubinella" of Sir Frederick Leighton; and characteristic examples of Ben Leader, Pott, J. R. Reid, Fred. Morgan, Boughton, Cecil Lawson, Pettie, and Peter Graham.

In all, the pictures in the Gallery are seventy-two in number, and their value may be guessed from the fact that Mr White has insured them for the sum of £25,000.

The mention of Fred. Morgan's name recalls the circumstance that he has been spoken of in several quarters as one of the new A.R.A.s. Mr Morgan, it will be recollected, is the husband of the lady artist who, preserving her maiden appellation, exhibits under the name of Alice Havers.

The coming winter will be one of the busiest in the way of picture exhibitions ever known in Glasgow. In addition to that of Mr Fox White mentioned above, we are promised one by Mr E. Silva White in his Gallery at 161 West George Street, the Agnews will appear before long in the rooms of the Messrs Annan, Messrs Gammon and Vaughan are busy hanging their pictures in the large Gallery of the Fine Art Institute, the members of the Art Club have engaged one of the smaller Institute galleries for their Exhibition, which opens early in November, the annual Exhibition of the Scottish Water Colour Society will take place in December, and ere long the youthful St. Mungo Society will make its first public appearance, probably in the rooms of Mr Fisher or Mr Anderson.

And all this while, it must be recollected, dealers like Mr Craibe Angus, the Messrs Lawrie, and Messrs Kay & Reid, have each a gallant show of pictures, from which intending purchasers may pick and choose. Will any one dare to talk of an *embarras de richesse* after this?

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Our "Calculating Boy."

THE retirement of Mr Neil from the Council is a more serious matter than the frivolous portion of the community seem disposed to consider it. Having been so long accustomed to rely on the Councillor's financial genius and general aptitude for "figgers," his colleagues will feel quite at sea without him. If he cannot be persuaded to reconsider his decision a substitute of some kind must be provided. Perhaps if the Councillors were set once a month or so to solve the Fifteen Puzzle they might gradually become accustomed to the absence of those weighty problems which the Sixth Ward representative was wont periodically to serve up to them. The subject is one deserving of consideration.

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TUESDAY, 26th October, 1880.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL, D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S.

THURSDAY, 11th November, 1880.

BRET HARTE, Esq., U.S. Consul.

THURSDAY, 25th November, 1880.

PROFESSOR J. BELL PEGGIGREW, M.D., F.R.S.

MONDAY, 27th December, 1880.

REV. PROFESSOR W. ROBERTSON SMITH, M.A.

THURSDAY, 27th January, 1881.

C. WM. SIEMENS, Esq., D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S.

THURSDAY, 24th February, 1881.

Rev. SAMUEL HAUGHTON, M.D., D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S.

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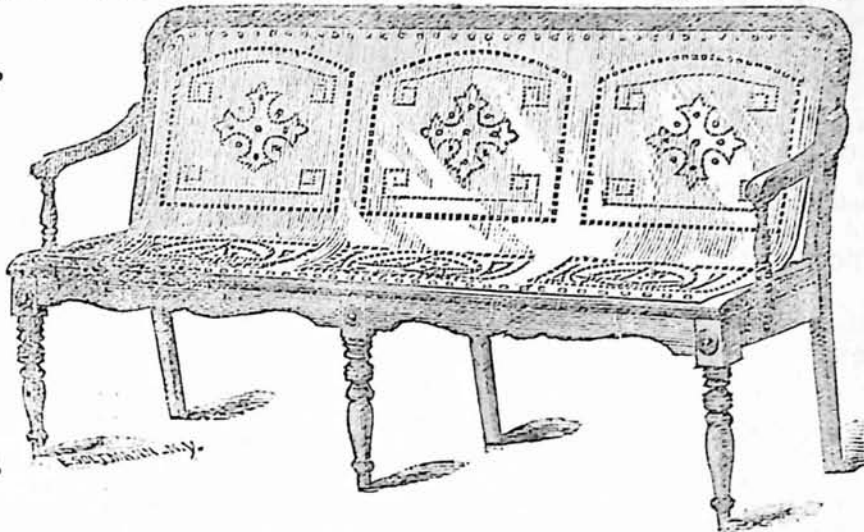
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