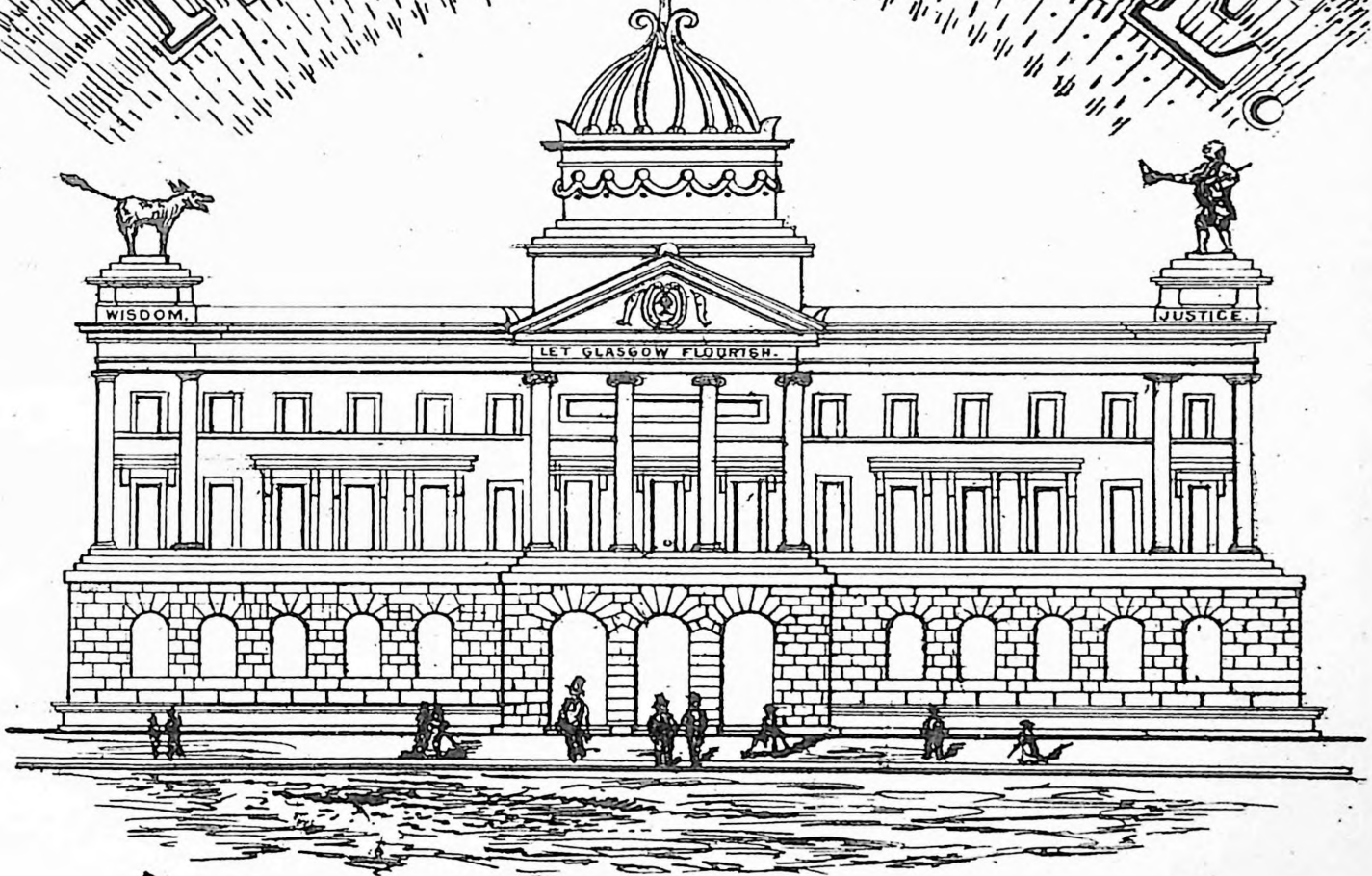


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THE BAILEY



VOLUME XVII.

1880-81.

MEN YOU KNOW—VOL. XVII.

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The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 417. Glasgow, Wednesday, October 13th, 1880. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 417.

IN a note to "Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands," which bears date of December, 1865, Her Majesty speaks thus:—"JOHN BROWN, who in 1858 became my regular attendant out of doors everywhere in the Highlands, commenced as gillie in 1849, and was selected by Albert and me to go with my carriage. In 1851 he entered our service permanently, and began in that year leading my pony, and advanced step by step by his good conduct and intelligence. His attention, care, and faithfulness cannot be exceeded; and the state of my health, which of late years has been sorely tried and weakened, renders such qualifications most valuable, and indeed most needful in a constant attendant upon all occasions. He has since most deservedly been promoted to be an upper servant, and my permanent personal attendant. He has all the independence and elevated feelings peculiar to the Highland race, and is singularly straightforward, simple-minded, kind-hearted, and disinterested; always ready to oblige; and of a discretion rarely to be met with. He is now in his fortieth year. His father was a small farmer, who lived at the Bush, on the opposite side to Balmoral. He is the second of nine brothers—three of whom have died—two are in Australia and New Zealand, two are living in the neighbourhood of Balmoral; and the youngest, Archie, is valet to our son Leopold, and is an excellent, trustworthy young man." Surely no more elaborate and earnest testimony was ever borne before by a sovereign to the virtues of an attendant. And this is not the only mention of JOHN BROWN in Her Majesty's "Journal." Throughout the body of that pleasant and unaffected volume his name is constantly cropping up. We read in one page

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of his "vigorous, light, elastic tread," which enabled him to walk at the rate of five miles an hour over hill and valley with wonderful ease; in another of the skill he showed in leading a pony up and down mountain slopes in the teeth of a biting wind, or across the Tarff when it was swollen by October rains; and in a third of the high esteem in which his good breeding and intelligence were held by the Prince Consort. In the little, half-gipsy excursions in which the Queen and Prince Albert used to indulge—when, leaving all royal state behind them, they travelled through the Highlands of Perth and Aberdeenshires, sometimes driving and sometimes riding, putting up at wayside hostelries, and occasionally meeting with the scantiest of fare—it was JOHN BROWN who acted as guide and philosopher to the distinguished couple. During the years which have passed since these happy Balmoral days, JOHN BROWN has constantly risen in the estimation of his royal mistress. It is easy, as we all know, to be attentive to the wants and wishes of a crowned head, but with the attendant of Her Majesty the duties pertaining to his special office are performed in a manner which has but little in common with the prevailing fashion of these latter days. In him rather "appears the constant service of the antique world, when service sweat for duty not for meed." Speaking from direct knowledge the BAILIE would say, that while JOHN BROWN may have lost some of the simplicity which distinguished him thirty years ago, when his knowledge of the Deeside mountains first brought him under the notice of Prince Albert, he has still much of the directness and singleness of nature by which he was then characterised. In his own circles he is exceedingly popular. At Windsor, at Osborne, and at Balmoral, his kindness of heart, and the tact and good temper he manifests in an exceedingly trying position, have

made him a general favourite. The BAILIE began his sixteenth volume with a portrait of the Queen, and when looking about for some follower, some attendant, as it were, on Her Most Gracious Majesty, with whom to distinguish the opening pages of his seventeenth volume, he lighted, quite naturally, on Mr BROWN. Fortunately, perhaps, for himself, the Man you Know can hardly be said to have a history. His life, from his youth upwards, has been bound up, first with that of the Prince Consort—Albert the Good—and subsequently with the history of Queen Victoria. But if his days have been uneventful, the discretion, the judgment, and the fidelity of JOHN BROWN are such as to render him at once a type and an example—a type of the Celtic character at its best, and an example of that truth and loyalty which, along with many other Conservative virtues, are now-a-days growing somewhat out of date.

ONE FOR THE ASS.

(Scene—Oban Railway; Train on leaving Taynuilt Station, comes to a stand at the head of the incline; A donkey on the top of a knoll in the adjoining field looks towards the train, flapping his ears and whipping his tail the while.)

Farmer (to old herd)—O Tugal, did you effer see the like o' that, this will neffer do; keep the peast prute oot the way; there 'ill pe a terriple accident, and all the railway will pe down on us for tamage.

Tugal—What the world a'll do with her?

Farmer—Pe quick, you must took her away for a day or two till the train pe acquaint with her.

[The donkey is at once removed to another field and the train now passes unscared.]

POLEMICS OUT OF PLACE.—Councillor Wilson is reported to have said at a Ward meeting the other night that the Mitchell Library was growing like a cathedral, and not like a "twopence-halfpenny" Dissenting church. The BAILIE is glad to hear of the Library's cathedral-like growth, but when *he* was a Town Councillor he was not in the habit of sneering publicly at those of his constituents who happened to differ from him in matters ecclesiastical.

A Pat of Butter—A blarneying Irishman.

Dofy Tear or Wear. { Indigo Blue Serge, Scotch make, double width, 4/2; single, 1/5 per yard, wholesale price. Any length cut at same rate.—THE CLOTH HALL, 42 Hutcheson Street.

Forpye Whatefermore.

(A fechtin' spoke.)

HER nainsel loves her mountain pens;
She'll love her ponny straths and klens
Where twell ta hardy Hielantmens,
Forpye whatefermore.

Her Hielant clans were aalwais prave,
Her motto "klory or ta krave;"
She nefer wance will pe a slave,
Forpye whatefermore.

Ta Roamans congkwert aal ta warl,
Syne cam to fecht ta Hielant carl,
Put she'll at wance tecide ta quarr'l,
Forpye whatefermore.

Ta Saxon leetchans, poldt an' teuch,
Will try to congkwer her—put feuch!
She'll gif them faichtin twice enough,
Forpye whatefermore.

Her soord on Pannockpurn's plain
Will thoosan thoosans cleft in twain;
She'll not half time for *quarter* then,
Forpye whatefermore.

She'll smash ta French at Waterloo,
Andt Rooshians kill at Alma, too;
Her proad-soord is ta ladt to slew,
Forpye whatefermore.

Ta Intian teefils plack an' proou
Will try to turn her upside toon,
Put twice as more she'll claw teir croon,
Forpye whatefermore.

Her latest teeds at Candtahir,
Where Gaalic ladts will too an' taur,
Proclaim she'll still pe man o' war,
Forpye whatefermore.

Where'er her peebroch leats her on,
Where'er there's klory to be won,
She'll aye pe fecht for Caledon,
Forpye whatefermore.

RATHER IRISH.

Jeems—Hae ye read thae letters to the editor the day, Tummas?

Tummas—Na, Jeems, I nivver read the productions o' anonymous writers that are fond o' seein' their names in print.

A POETICAL ALLUSION.—A humourist, writing in the *Herald* t'other morning, prelected as follows:—"In Athens orations were pronounced within a period measured by the emptying of a brazen vessel. Athens, however, had not so many brazen vessels to empty as we have." This is a poser even to the Animile. Whatever, asks Asinus, can the wag mean?

The European Concert—"All in the Downs the Fleet lay moored."

The Man in Position—Not the "unspeakable," but the unhearable, unheedable Turk.

CLYDE TWEEDS. { Manufactured specially for Wear-resistance. Wholesale price, 3/ per yard. Any length cut.—THE CLOTH HALL, 42 Hutcheson Street.

On 'Change.

"EL DORADO" is a hopeful flag to trade under. So is "Dieu Donné." Either name has a cheerful ring about it, though the latter sounds a little profane when applied to a company animated by a thirst for filthy lucre. When the two encouraging names are combined the effect ought to be irresistible. They are combined in a new gold company called the "Dieu Donné." Its promoters claim that the land they have acquired is the real and original "El Dorado." The plague is that this modern Utopia is in Surinam, whose inhabitants are said to have a hard struggle for existence against the evil effects of climate.

Gold companies are being overdone. Hardly a week passes without a new one being brought before the public. All of them urge their claims in the most persuasive manner. Each is an El Dorado which is to make the fortune of everybody concerned in it, but no one, till now, has claimed to be the real original El Dorado, all others being counterfeits and vile shams.

Another El Dorado has been discovered nearer home. It is said to exist not very far from the place to which the ancient Romans gave the name of Vanduara. Modern "bodies" call it Paisley. Some of them have even been known to whisper "Seestu." The project of working shale at Walkinshaw is favoured by precedent. Scotch oil companies stand at enormous premiums. Broxburn £8 10s paid shares are worth £21 5s in the market. Young's Paraffin, with £8 10s paid, stands at over £13, and the little Oakbank concern, with £1 paid, realises £2 6s when the shares are to be got, which is but rarely.

On the other hand, the Uphall shares are at a discount of 15s, and there have been instances of oil companies absolutely failing to achieve success. This is not wonderful when the conditions of the trade are considered. A fraction of a penny per gallon, one way or other, will make or mar a company, and thus it is absolutely necessary that the business should be managed by skilled and thoroughly practical men.

The weak point of the Walkinshaw Company is that its Board seems to be more amateur than professional as far as oil is concerned.

A wide field for speculation is suggested by the possibility of this company being established. It will naturally desire ready means of transit for its products. What is more likely than that the port of Vanduara should be selected as the point of shipment? The Sneddon might then become a second Broomielaw, and the favourite project of deepening the Cart would be revived with tenfold vigour.

The stock of the Caledonian and Glasgow and South-Western Railways were dealt in the other day at 111. The irony of speculation has never been more apparent than when these two stocks were selling side by side at the same money.

Pig iron became once more an object of interest last week. It was cheerfully bought at far more than its actual value, because some fools thought that they were wise, or that the world contained greater fools than they.

Wily Willie met his constituents the other day and came out of the business so far with more credit than had been expected. It is something to be able to show that a concern is paying, bar bad debts and speculation. The bother is that bad debts will happen in the best regulated concerns, and that the speculative spirit is very rampant just now.

SCRUTATOR.

MUSICAL NOTES.—A local paper informed us the other day that among the musical works to be produced at Leeds were two overtures entitled respectively, "Mors Januce Vitce" and "Nero and Leander." It is pleasant to be thus kept up to the time of day.

BICYCLES. { Agents for Duplex Excelsior, Club, Challenge,
TRICYCLES. { Premier, Stanley, Timberlake, and 'Xtraordinary
{ Safety Bicycles. Riding Taught—101 Mitchell St.

Ruskin on the Rectorship.

IN a letter to the President of the University Conservative Club, published last week, Mr Ruskin asks, "Are there really no Scottish gentlemen of birth and learning from whom you could choose a Rector worthier than Mr Bright? and better able than any Southron to rectify what might be oblique, or hold straight what wasn't yet so, in a Scottish University?" The same question, though not in Ruskinese, has more than once been put by the BAILIE, but our young politicians seem to have got on too "oblique" a track to be able to answer it. If his Worship were a vain man he might save them the trouble by pointing out that there is at least one Scottish gentleman of birth and learning—. But modesty forbids.

TYPICAL.

(Scene—A public bar, 9-30 a.m.)

Traveller (who has stood a porter a glass of the best)—Ye're sharely no carin' for't this mornin', Donal, ye're takin' sae lang tae finish't.

Celtic Porter—Peg pardon, sir, she didna think she wuss waitin' tae gie her anither.

[Traveller skedaddles.]

STRONG MEAT FOR "NATIVES."—At a missionary meeting held in Pollokshields the other evening, a Mr Inglis "mentioned incidentally" that he had "preached twice through the Shorter Catechism" to certain unoffending "natives." The BAILIE does not doubt Mr Inglis's conscientious motives, and has every respect for the Shorter Catechism, but he fancies that if *he* were a missionary he should begin by feeding the heathen on somewhat simpler diet than that which many of us, "in this Christian land," find too strong for our stomachs.

TO AUTHORS.—Professor Dickson complained at Edinburgh the other day that authors, in choosing titles for their works, did not consult his convenience as compiler of the Glasgow University Library catalogue. This is very inconsiderate on the authors' part. The BAILIE trusts the Professor's complaint will have publicity given it in the literary journals, and, as the first of literary journalists, his Worship himself thus sets the example.

"The Centre of Gravity"—A presiding judge.

"Betting Circles"—Race-courses.

DEFFY 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.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—The "Pinafore" company at the Gaiety are continuing to draw capital audiences, but this, I suppose, is the custom whenever and wherever "The Pinafore" is produced. This popular piece is announced for to-night and to-morrow and Wednesday evenings; on the three following nights of the week it will be replaced by "The Sorcerer."

Mr Walter Bentley appears at the Gaiety Theatre—the house will be shut all next week—on Monday week, the 25th inst. He will open in the part of *Matthias* in "The Bells," while "Hamlet," "The Corsican Brothers," and "Richelieu" will be produced during his engagement. For several weeks Mr Bentley has made quite a triumphal progress over the North of Scotland—where he is an immense favourite, and writing the other day to a Glasgow friend he says, "I was never in better hope, or felt so strong in my art as I do now."

Following Mr Bentley at the Gaiety will come Miss Rose Leclercq, and the company organised by Mr Frank Emery of the Liverpool Prince of Wales Theatre. During the stay of Miss Leclercq she will sustain the role of *Peg Woffington* in "Masks and Faces."

Mr Charles Collette, who appears this evening at the Royalty Theatre, is really the actor, of all others now on the stage, who comes nearest Charles Matthews. It is his misfortune to play now and then in what may be termed "Woodin parts" but his chief strength lies in roles like those of *Felix Featherstone*, *Plantagenet Smith*, and *Sir Frestful Plagiary*. Mr Collette, who was several years a captain in the 3rd Dragoon Guards, went on the stage in 1868, making his *debut* as a member of the company of Marie Wilton (Mrs Bancroft), at the London Prince of Wales Theatre.

Next week's production, by Mr Knapp, of "The Danites," will serve to introduce two eminent American actors—Mr and Mrs M'Kee Rankin, as well as a popular American drama, to a Glasgow audience. The "Danites" hit the Londoners immensely, and it has been played with much success in Manchester and elsewhere in the provinces.

"It has no plot to speak of, and the characters are such as you never see on the English stage," remarked a well-known actor when describing the performance of "The Danites" at Sadler's Well's, "but it's as natural as life, and the M'Kee Rankins have a peculiar note of fascination which I don't think we can equal at home."

Mr Beryl—or rather his friends on the South Side—never seems to be able to get enough of "New Babylon." This exciting melo-drama will be played at the Royal Princesses Theatre to-night for the forty-first time, and the house, we may be sure, will be as crowded as it was when the play was originally placed on Mr Beryl's stage.

The opening night of the second visit of Sam Hague's Minstrel Troupe turned out to be a veritable "crusher." One of the biggest houses ever seen within the wooden walls of Hengler's Cirque was that of Saturday night—proving that the name of "Sam" is still a charm to conjure with. I missed, however, the familiar figure of the "boss," and his former inseparable Johnny Stringer. The present company is on the largest scale, and for a minstrel and variety show must be hard to beat. Just fancy, my Magistrate, ten "corner men," five "bones," and five "tambourines," and you can imagine the grand scale on which "Sam" works the genuine burnt-cork nigger business.

Our old friend Mr Newsome opens the Ingram Street Circus on Monday week. Mr Hengler is not expected at the West Nile Street house this season, but Mr Myers, of hippodromic fame, will erect a temporary Circus in the neighbourhood of Bath Street before long.

The last voyage of the season of the good ship Iona will be made on Saturday first; thereafter the Chevalier will take up the punning for the winter between Greenock and Ardrishaig.

Our worthy Provost and at least one of his henchmen seem to have been getting themselves up in "The Pinafore." At last week's meeting of Council the henchman drew the line at, "—a common sailor," while Lord Provost Collins, replying to a question, remarked, in a chanting, sing-song tone, "Yes, it is so." Messrs Gilbert and Sullivan are a pair of educationists.

I'm not a politician, BAILIE. Whig and Tory may agree or may differ for aught that I care, but I confess to some curiosity as to that "secret history" of the recent election alluded to by "A. M'D." in one of his letters on the "George Anderson election expenses." This is a matter that certainly ought to be gone into. Its elucidation might help to explain the enormous Liberal majority of last April.

What a pother Guy Fawkes' Day has occasioned in the Kintyre Club to be sure. Fearful, probably, of some new gunpowder plot, the committee have altered the date of their annual dinner from the 5th to the 4th of November, thereby occasioning quite a breeze among the members generally. Some of their number declare that the valedictory dinner given by the retiring Lord Provost has far more to do with the change than the late Mr Guido Fawkes and his lantern, and make mention of Bailie Dunlop in connection with the same. This, however is scandal against Queen Elizabeth. It is nothing less than libellous, indeed, to hint, as has been done, that the Bailie succeeded in getting the day of the Kintyre Dinner altered in order—gay old cock that he is—that he might be enabled to attend both festivals!

Punch's Pilot.

THE BAILIE finds in the "Notes from the Diary of a Waiter" presently being published in the paper of his London relative:—"Here's a Fillysoffic sayin'—Them as has plenty to eat has no appytites, and them as has splendid appytites has'nt enough to eat: it reminds me of the remark of the 'unhappy nobleman,'" etc. It rather reminds His Worship of the famous "Grace before Meat" of the great Scotch poet.

"Some ha'e meat an' canna eat,
An' some could eat that want it."

Just as the City Waiter's further Fillys office sayin' that "the Queen can make a dook, and all that, but she can't make a Lord-Mare" reminds him of further lines by the same great Scottish poet—

"A prince can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, an' a' that,
But an honest man's abune his micht,
Gude faith he mauna fa' that."

But the BAILIE would rather not have been thus reminded either that Burnand had been in "Burns" Land, or that some English humourists seem to be in no need of Sydney Smith's famous surgical operation.

"PAYING HIM BACK."

Pat (to Sandy)—Shure now, Sandy, yer a good looking fellow, but your face spoils yez greatly. You've the foine open countenance though.

Sandy—Oh aye, man, and ye hae the fine open countenance yersel' but it's below the nose.

A Person of High Position—An aeronaut.

A Sweeping Statement.

IN its opening notice of the Royal Scottish Academy Loan Exhibition a contemporary describes Wilkie's portrait of the Earl of Kellie as "the most precious of our national treasures." Now, the BAILIE, while an enthusiastic admirer of Wilkie's work in general and this example in particular, ventures to characterise the above as a somewhat sweeping assertion. When we consider that "our national treasures" include such possessions as—to take a few specimens—the British Constitution, Professor Blackie, the steamer "Balmoral," Lochlomond, Mr James Martin, and the Kelvingrove Museum—when we consider this it must at once appear rash to declare a mere piece of canvas to be "the most precious" of those treasures. His Worship appeals to the shade of Wilkie himself, and asks if he does not coincide.

"ABSENT AS USUAL."

(Scene—Drill ground of volunteers, Campbeltown.)

Celtic Sergeant (calling the roll) — Dugald M'Alpine?

Dugald (very loudly)—Here!

Celtic Sergeant—Yes, you said that last week, but who saw't you—you're always here if I tak your own word for it, but you cry "here" whether you pe here or no—fery bad habit, sir.

W. W. ON WHISKY AND THE WEED.—Councillor Wilson thinks we might have a great Free Library if each of us were annually to sacrifice "a good glass of whisky and a smoke." The BAILIE warmly sympathises with the Councillor's object; but hasn't he rather extensive ideas as to what constitutes a "good glass," and mustn't his "smoke" be a very big thing in smokes?

THE IRISH RULE-OF-THREE; OR LAND-MEASURING AND LANDLORD-LEVELLING BY HOME RULE.—Leading the led, loading the lead, levelling the head; and you'll find the remainder—mourning the dead and living in dread!

QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.—"What shall I drink?" begins an advertisement, "is an oft-repeated question." "Yes!" growls Asinus; "a question much more 'oft-repeated' than 'What will you drink?'"

Moving Accidents—"Flitting" mishaps.

American Apples, in Good Condition, 15s per Barrel.—M. CAMPBELL, The City Fruit Warehouse, 18 Gordon Street

"Father, Dear Father, Come Home!" "LADY-BIRD, lady-bird," goes the nursery rhyme (?), "fly away home! Your house is on fire, and your children alone." If the term "lady-bird" were at all applicable to a Professor of Latin, the BAILIE would be inclined to address this appeal to the President of the Glasgow Liberal Association. While his subordinates were having such a public "buck-washing" as has seldom been seen, he was last week, "fooling around" at race-meetings. His reply to the very civil appeal made to him by Mr Anderson savoured strongly of the paddock or the grand stand, and altogether his conduct was of anything but the complexion we might have expected from the President of a famous Association and a correspondent of W. E. G. Come, Professor! You'll have to exchange your betting-book for your uncle's lectures in a fortnight, at any rate. Why not exercise a little self-denial, shorten your holiday by a few days, and put a stop to these pitiful disclosures?

The Studious Life.

MR RUSKIN is desirous of "seeing something" of the students if he is elected Lord Rector. In view of this desire it might be well at once to set about organising a series of "views of student life," among which might be included a "student's night" at the opera; a torch-light procession; a students' "house of call" at 11 p.m.; and a few more characteristic pictures. They would not only be sure to afford the possible Lord Rector an immense amount of gratification, but might also furnish him with materials for a new series of "Fors Clavigera."

SEE THE FRONTISPIECE. (now ready).

The BAILIE seeks an honest man,
By Bank and 'Change he winds him,
And, help'd by lantern-light to scan,
A *non est* man he finds him.

SHOORLY.

(Scene—Breakfast table in Tobermory Hotel; English visitor and indigenous servant-girl.)

Visitor—What sort of a day is this to be, Mary?

Mary (looking very weather-wise)—Well, I'm thinkin' it'il pe goin' to pe rainy, rainy, all tay, wi' shoors petween!

A Recent Curiosity of Literature—"Black's White Wings."

A Day after the Fair—Courting at a pic-nic.

French Leave—Congé,

Quavers.

THE Crosshill Musical Association has resumed practising for the season. It has entered on its third year. Mr Peter Smith, a gentleman of some experience, and what is of moment, of tact and good sense, will act as conductor (in an honorary capacity) in lieu of Mr T. S. Drummond. There is every reason to believe that the society will continue to make progress. The fact that it will now be more of a private character is one reason, indeed, among several that might be given why it is likely to do much better than before.

The chief "subject of study" will be Haydn's "Second Mass in C," a class of music for which Mr Smith shows special aptitude as an instructor in.

Gounod's "Messe Soleunelle" will be studied by the Bellahouston Musical Society, again under the charge of Mr William Moodie, with a view to its performance at their first concert. With a sacred subject for that occasion, the society need not have their place of meeting in the Maclean Street Rooms, which are as inconvenient of access and as uncomfortable and awkward in arrangement as could well be imagined.

The Caledonian Railway Musical Association will produce a cantata, "The Call to Battle," the words by Mrs Hemans and the music by Mr William Hume, by whom it was written for the Prospecthill Society some years ago. The same cantata, which is of modest proportions withal, is to be taken up by another society in the district. An orchestral arrangement of the accompaniment is to be had, if one is not misinformed.

There is room at present for a few altos and basses in St. George's Choral Society. The soprano voice is unusually brilliant, we believe. The class of music the society is studying is of a somewhat rare character, being of the choral part-song class, what indeed is usually associated with the famous choir so long under the direction of Mr Henry Leslie. Bishop's "Daughter of Error," of the type referred to, is notably one of the pieces under study. A part-song, written some time ago for the St. George's by one of their musical presidents, to words from Bulwer Lytton's "Rienzi," is likewise being practised. Mr Pattinson is doing well with the society, as need hardly be said, and he has made, we hear, considerable progress with the formation of an orchestra.

A concert of secular music was given by the choir of St. James's Parish Church, in the School-room, Great Hamilton Street, on Friday evening last, Mr Alexander, of the Glasgow Select Choir, and leader of the church choir, conducting.

Mr Frederick Archer's action against the Glasgow Select Choir is a somewhat curious one. Mr Archer's claim of £230 is not for singing his "Kate Dalrymple," "Old King Cole," and "Night," at some recent concert (since he ceased to be their conductor)—as we suspect most people have fancied, not observing the year—but is for singing these fairly estimable productions at the first concert of last season in St. Andrew's Halls, when, as will be remembered, he was represented by deputy in the person of Mr James Allan, Mr Archer himself being their conductor for that season. Comment is unnecessary, even if it were "in order," but it is but right to correct an evidently pretty widely spread erroneous impression as to the circumstances of the action.

Mr J. F. W. Reid, professor of pianoforte, will give a concert of chamber music in the Queen's Rooms, on the evening of the 29th inst. Mr Reid has studied at Leipsic under Reinecke and Richter, and is quite a master of the instrument, while playing with quiet good taste and poetic feeling. Mr Reid will be assisted on the occasion by Mr W. H. Cole, violin, and Mr Carl D. Hamilton, violoncello, with Mrs D. Smith as solo vocalist. Beethoven's Trio in C minor for piano, violin, and violoncello, the Sonata Pathetique of the same composer, also violin and violoncello solos from Raff and Goldermann, are items in what promises to be a most interesting concert—of a class, too, that we have far too little of in Glasgow.

Mr Stembridge Ray has entered on his second course of instruction in the study and practice of music. Mr Ray's classes are for both ladies and gentlemen, and meet in St. Andrew's Halls.

These classes of Mr Ray's recall a question which is sometimes asked, and that is, why there should not be some musical institution in Glasgow, such as has proved so successful in Birmingham and other large towns, where every branch of the art would be taught (to ladies and gentlemen alike), solo and choral singing, the pianoforte, the violin, and other instruments, with harmony, composition, and orchestration, &c., and by competent professors. We have happily now in Glasgow musicians of skill in almost every department of the art, and by judicious organisation an institution of the kind could surely be started, with, as there is reason to believe, the best prospect of succeeding. The fees would of course be lower than those charged for private tuition, for at least the rarer studies; but the students would be very much more numerous.

What is wanted, however, in respect of harmony, is not the imparting of dry rules from inartistic professors, but artistic example as well as precept, so that pupils may leave the classes not as mere brickbuilders—building chords as a bricklayer builds bricks—but thoroughly imbued with the spirit of music, and appreciative if not inventive musicians.

"THE MISCHIEF'S DONE."

(On board the "Duke of Leinster," Dublin steamer, off the Cumbraes, 5-30 a.m., 2nd October.)

Steward (wakening very sleepy passenger)—
Are you getting out at Greenock, or going up all the way?

Passenger—I'm going all the way.

Steward—Then I won't call you, sorr.

[Passenger subsides thinking the steward has done it very effectually already.]

"THE ABSTRACT AND BRIEF CHRONICLE."

—What invaluable fellows those reporters are! From one of them we learn that, at the Ardgowan ball last week, the company were "all in their best," and that Lady Newark "wore a handsome dress." Now, if we had not been assured to the contrary, we might have imagined that the guests donned their shabbiest garments for the occasion, and that the bride was rather dowdy than otherwise—that being, of course, the ordinary rule under the circumstances.

THE ONE THING CERTAIN.—The citizens now know the amount of Mr Barry's fee—£542 16s 3d. He has, however, told them that there are better designs than Mr Corson's, and that it would cost more than the money.

"CLASSIC."—Asinus, after having seen the Municipal Buildings Designs, expressed himself that they were mostly all in Domestic Architecture.

Always a Good Thing to Put Before a Dress Circle—The "Pinafore."

"They come as a boon and a blessing to men,
The Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley Pen."
Also, the Hindoo Pens, Nos. 1, 2, and 3. *Diagonal Points.*
Sold at 6d and 1s per Box, at all Stationers.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the split in the Liberal camp grows wider every day.

That the attempt of "A. M'D." to discredit Mr Anderson has shown the constituency how they were led by the nose at last general election.

That a Conservative member for Glasgow is once more possible.

That the Liberals may thank the Secretary of the Liberal Association for the "odour of sanctity" that exhales from the local sayings and doings of the party.

That we may have another election in Glasgow before long.

That there will be a struggle for the seat.

That like Hal o' the Wynd every candidate will "fecht for his ain han."

That the heresy hunters of the Auld Kirk are again on the trail.

That all the retiring members of the Town Council are anxious to go back again.

That it didn't require much coaxing to induce some of them to "reconsider their decision."

That after all, the show couldn't do very well without a clown or two.

That the last week's meeting of Town Council was one of the liveliest of the season.

That the discussions ranged from Shakespeare to the musical glasses.

That even the clothing of the tramway guards was the subject of comment.

That oor Jeems is an authority on toggery.

That he says the conductors are in rags.

That this is one of Jeems's flights of imagination.

That the Municipal Buildings muddle will require a whole meeting to itself.

That meanwhile Mr Barry has been paid £542 16s 3d for his labours.

That a couple of thousands of pounds have thus been wasted for nothing.

That it will be well if that is all.

That meanwhile certain of our local architects are working tooth and nail to secure the job.

That the bakers have increased the price of the loaf.

That a different result was anticipated from the bountiful harvest.

That the ways of the Glasgow batchies are peculiar.

That the Oban Hydropathic Company is a flea in the ear to the Oban hotel-keepers.

That they are bristling with rage at the threatened innovation.

That the new establishment will drop down upon their long bills like an extinguisher over a candle.

That the promoters have hit the right nail on the head this time.

A SILENCER.

(Scene—A pleasure party on board a sailing boat, during which a somewhat brisk gale has sprung up.)

Female Passenger (much frightened, starting from her seat)—Wull we sin' be at the heid o' the loch noo, maester?

Boatman—If ye dinna sit doon, mem, we'll sin' be at the bottom o't.

FATAL AMBITION.—Greenock is getting quite too ambitious. Not content with her ships, and her sugar, and her Esplanade, and her Cemetery, and her Lyle Road, and her climate, and all her other envied possessions, she must aspire to a Chicago-an reputation for big fires. She should reflect that these violent delights have the most violent of violent endings, and content herself with a moderate conflagration once in six months or so.

A FACT ABOUT FICTION.—It seems that in the Paisley Library "the proportion of fiction is larger than in any other Scotch free library." Now, what are we to understand from this? That the "bodies" are more frivolous than their neighbours? or that they are more given to "fiction" in daily life? or what? The subject is well worthy the consideration by either the Seestu Town Council or the School Board.

"HIGH ENGLISH."—A paragraph in a daily contemporary says that a thief escaped, "leaving the nether fragments of his coat in the hands of his pursuers." "Nether fragments" is good. It would have been quite too prosaic to have said that the fellow got off with the loss of his coat-tails.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—At a recent sale of blood stock one of the animals disposed of was "Lord Chelmsford, by Victorious—Seclusion." So it seems that the appellations of our race-horses are not always quite meaningless.

An Electric Joke—Asinus has seen the Gas Exhibition. He was more than daylighted.

Home Rule—Irishmen in Scotland.

Rome Rule—Irishmen in Ireland.

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

GENTLEMEN'S HATS. WINTER STYLES—1880-81.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,
THE COLOSSEUM, 70 JAMAICA ST.

SINGLE HATS AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

The Largest Stock. The Highest Class.

The Latest Novelties. The Best Value.

Special advantages in buying Hats at our Establishment.
The largest of its kind in the world.

GENTLEMEN'S DRESS HATS, in all New Shapes, for 6s 6d, 8s 6d, 10s 6d, 12s 6d, 14s 6d, and 17s 6d. 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.

OUR FELT HATS, in all Shapes, for Elderly and Middle-aged Gentlemen (specially Smart Shapes for Young Men) at our well-known leading prices—4s 6d, 5s 6d, 7s, and 8s 6d. 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. Being the pioneers of the system of selling Single Hats at Wholesale Prices, we have met with a success so great that we are in every way encouraged to make still further efforts to meet the wants of our numerous clients.

We have just introduced a New "KNOCKABOUT" HAT, the very thing for Evening Wear, Travelling, &c.

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.'SOLD 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).**S. T. 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.

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.

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.

CIGARS! CIGARS! CIGARS!THAT Tobacco Shop, 68 Argyle Street, has been re-opened by J. & R. SINCLAIR, Tobacco and Cigar Manufacturers, Newcastle-on-Tyne, with a *Specially Selected Stock* of the Finest British and Foreign Cigars that can possibly be procured; and taking into consideration the *enormous quantity manufactured* for our Eight different Branches in England and Scotland, we therefore are enabled to compete with any Retail Cigar Trade in the United Kingdom as to *Prices and Quality*. A Large Consignment of our *World-Famed Cigars* just to hand, *thoroughly matured* before leaving our Manufactory, *and in finest condition*, 7 for 1s, or 18 for 2s 6d. The *only* Reliable Cigar in Glasgow at the price.

68 ARGYLE STREET,

4 Doors east from Queen Street.

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.

“DESIDERATUM”

TROUSERS,
15/6 PER PAIR.

FORSYTH,

5 AND 7 RENFIELD STREET

NOTICE TO SMOKERS!!! MELLOW SMOKING MIXTURE.—J. H. ALLISON, Wholesale and Retail Tobacconist and Cigar Importer, 463 ST. VINCENT STREET, 2 Doors from Elderslie Street. Wholesale and Retail Depot for Murray, Sons, & Co.'s Mellow Smoking Mixture. J. H. A. respectfully invites the Gentlemen of Glasgow to visit his Depot to see the “MELLOW” and judge for themselves. The following Testimonials are a few of the many which have been received :—“Known to Smokers for its Mellow Mildness in use. We saw orders and inquiries for this article fit to make any provincial house proud.”—*Land and Water*. “Of the many different “Mixtures” that have come under our notice, we have no hesitation in giving the palm to this Brand. Has a most pleasing and soothing effect.”—*Civil Service Gazette*. 8 oz. post free for 3s 4d. 7 Prime Cigars (rare value), 1s. Real Lunkah Cheroots, 8 for 1s. The Trade supplied with large or small quantities.

WINDSOR HALLS,
GREAT WESTERN ROAD

(Near St. George's Cross and Corner of Cromwell Street).

TO-NIGHT and Every Night at 8 p.m.,

PROFESSOR COATES

IN HIS POPULAR

PHRENOLOGICAL AND

MESMERIC ENTERTAINMENT.

TWO HOURS' DELIGHTFUL ENTERTAINMENT.

“Brilliant and successful.” “Exciting uncontrollable laughter.”

Doors Open at 7-30. Admission, 6d, 1s, and 2s.

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.

AMERICAN FURNITURE

WAREHOUSE,

128 BOTHWELL STREET.

“THE AMEER OF CABUL.”

IT is with the utmost satisfaction that we can already notice the favourable results of the friendly feeling which has sprung up between this country and the Ameer of Cabul. It is not generally known that immediately upon Abdul Rahman becoming ruler, he caused a telephone to be laid between Cabul and this city, which to everybody, however, remained a mystery until last week, when the first telephonic message was received by the CALEDONIAN CIGAR EMPORIUM, 25 Renfield Street. It seems from information received (of course by the telephone) that General Sir Fredk. Roberts presented Abdul Rahman, upon his elevation to the Ameership, with a box of the CALEDONIAN CIGAR EMPORIUM'S famed “Leading” Cigars. These Cigars had pleased him so well that it is with great pleasure he forwards this order. These Cigars being now beyond all doubt the best in the market, any person calling at 25 RENFIELD STREET for a Sample 7 at 1s, may ask to see the Telephone working.

ON Sale, at 310 Buchanan Street, a few handsome Brazillian Parroquets, 10s each. Black-faced Weavers, Avadovts, Silverbills, Black and White Manikins, Waxbills, &c, from 5s per pair. Grey Talking Parrots and Cages from 20s.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 13th, 1880.

THE reports of the Library Association conference at Edinburgh supply us with some interesting information; but there is at least one item which we Glasgow folks can hardly read without a blush. It is that relating to free public libraries. While the Free Libraries Act has been adopted not only by Dundee and Paisley, but also by Forfar, Thurso, Galashiels, Inverness, Hawick, and Dunfermline, we are reminded that its benefits have been rejected by this great community. Our black is not made a bit whiter by the fact that we have as companions in blindness such important centres as Edinburgh and Aberdeen, and such a comparatively insignificant community as Arbroath. Till by adopting this admirable Act we show our readiness to make some trifling sacrifices in the cause of knowledge, we shall not have proved ourselves worthy of that private munificence which has provided the nucleus of a great library in our midst.

Free-Born Kilbarchan I

THE influence of Parnellian eloquence seems to have penetrated to—of all places in the world—Kilbarchan. A neighbouring landlord having, as was alleged, encroached upon the inhabitants' right of way, the usually peaceful villagers turned out one evening last week, “armed with picks, shovels, and barrows,” and, after being addressed in true Hibernian style by a Mr Malcolm Neil, proceeded, in the teeth of the police, to demolish an offending wall, “crying that no man should tyrannise over them, the free-born sons of Britain!” This is quite worthy of Galway or Tipperary, but it is to be hoped the “free-born” spirit won't spread. If it does, we may look out for “land meetings” at Kirkintilloch, and demonstrations in favour of “Home Rule for Scotland” at Kilmalcolm!

A Fortune Teller—A lawyer who advertises for heirs.

A Burning Question—Have you a fusee?

For Land Leaguers—Legal measures.

The Champions of Orthodoxy.

AT last Wednesday's meeting of the Presbytery of Glasgow Mr Brownlie, as Moderator, "asked the audience not to express either approbation or disapprobation; for he assured them that however much they (the Presbytery) valued their presence, there was not one speaker who was speaking to the audience, or who would modify his opinion one way or another for such expressions." Mr Brownlie doubtless spoke sincerely, and is himself guiltless of "playing to the gallery," but surely he forgot the presence of Messrs Thomson and Wallace—to name no other names. The latter of these two Dromios was remarkably subdued on this occasion, and the only time he did rise apologised, quite unnecessarily, for "making himself ridiculous;" but the former was at his very best. Flushed from his Kilmarnock triumphs, and conscious of bearing on his broad shoulders the whole burden of Presbyterian order and orthodoxy, he made things lively throughout the meeting—"protesting," "moving," "questioning," and generally "raising Cain," to the infinite disgust of his more "cultured" and fastidious brethren. Rubbart evidently believes in himself as a pillar of the Church, and wants the public to believe in him likewise. What more natural?

Veneration Gone to the Dogs.

IF Professor Coates were to examine Sheriff Mair's "bumps" it is to be feared that his Lordship would be found sadly deficient in the organ of veneration. He had before him the other day a case in which was involved a dog that had "bitten a police-inspector," and he not only refrained from ordering the audacious animal for immediate execution, but actually made no comment on its unparalleled conduct. The least the Sheriff can expect under the circumstances is that the entire police force will immediately "turn to" and bite *him*.

"FREE" AND EASY.—From statements made at last week's meeting of the F.C. Presbytery of Glasgow it appears that one of the principal characteristics of the Free Church divinity student is his deficiency in Biblical knowledge, and that it is the "smartest" young men who exhibit this ignorance in the greatest degree. It is one consolation that, if this be the stuff of which the coming Free Kirk parson is made, we shall not be troubled with many Robertson-Smith cases in the future.

American Apples—Extra Quality—from 18s. per Barrel. Guaranteed 120 lbs. nett.—PATERSON, 118 Buchanan Street.

The Spread of Russophilism.

MR BAILIE,—Your Worship,—Permit me to raise a warning note regarding the spread of the pernicious Russophilist views of that man Gladstone. Sir, we are being rapidly Russianised, and may expect soon to be under the sway of the Czar, with Cossacks to knout us and Montenegrins to cut off our noses. If you ask, "Whence this excitement?" I answer, Did not the Livadia go down the river last Wednesday, and was not all traffic suspended on account of this ugly, hulking, despotic monstrosity. And, to show the arrogance of these Muscovites while our rulers were showing such tender consideration for their welfare, while our very police were detached from their proper duties to peep into handboxes, the authorities of Greenock were "peremptorily refused" permission to go on board the yacht. Had I my way, Mr BAILIE, I should peremptorily refuse to look upon the Czar and his myrmidons as anything but our national and natural enemies, and should treat them "as sich." I intend to send a copy of this letter to the *London Daily Telegraph* and in the meantime remain, Mr BAILIE, yours indignantly,
BOMBASTES M'JINGO.

What the Greenock Folks are Saying

THAT the French bounty platform was largely composed of bounty-fed delegates.

That they will continue to shine brightly as platform stars so long as the bounty fund is kept up.

That it was too bad of the promoters to hoax the *Telegraph* by supplying the list of men in buckram.

That the shipbuilders were conspicuous by their absence.

That they know very well whoever suffers it won't be them or the black squad.

That the M.P. protested very strongly that he was and is a Free trader.

That men are judged by their deeds and not by their words.

That his deeds show him to be an out and out Protectionist.

That although well *Herald*-ed the Knight of the Bath's speech was not *Telegraph*-ed at all.

That the Harbour Trustees should get him to join the Board.

That the bill rendered by the local agents is a stiff one.

That the Provost's unseemly attempt to force its payment without details was fortunately prevented.

That £1200 should stand a lot of cutting down.

That if the account had been rendered before the vote a thanks was given the result might have been different.

That the hecklers at the ward meetings will, no doubt, turn the matter to account.

An Approaching "Stock-taking" Time—Halloween.

Heated with Gas—A warm debate in the Town Council.

The Navy "List"—Joining the marines.

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 chief artistic event of the week in Glasgow will be the opening, on Friday, of Messrs Gammon and Vaughan's International Exhibition, in the Galleries of the Fine Art Institute. Their collection occupies the large, or what is usually known as the No. 1 Gallery, the small side galleries Nos. 2 and 6, and Gallery No. 5, which opens to the right of the Sculpture room.

One of the chief attractions of the Exhibition will be the "Graphic Beauties," these being the twelve pictures ordered by the proprietors of the *Graphic* newspaper from twelve of our leading artists, each of which was to embody the type of female beauty held in most esteem by the individual painter. The artists employed were Sir Frederick Leighton, Alma Tadema, G. D. Leslie, Edwin Long, Marcus Stone, P. H. Calderon, Phil Morris, James Tissot, Frank Dicksee, G. A. Storey, C. E. Perugini, and Arthur Hopkins. It is noticeable that one or two—Tadema being of the number—have painted the portraits of their own wives.

An artist to whom Messrs Gammon & Vaughan propose to introduce us is Herr Carl Gussow of Berlin. Hitherto Herr Gussow has not only not been seen, but has not even been known by name in this city. The smoothness but amazing strength of his handling, the character he gives to his men and women—he is a figure painter—and his bold, unhackneyed arrangements of colour, cannot fail to make his work popular here.

Other celebrated artists represented in the International Exhibition will be Madrazo, Jimenez, Bougereau, Artz, Vernier, and Carl Breton.

The sending-in day for the Exhibition of the Scottish Society of Water Colour Painters is Friday the 26th prox., the private view has been fixed for Friday the 10th of December, and the opening day is Saturday the 11th of December. As has been the rule hitherto, not more than eight pictures can be received from Members, and not more than four from Associates of the society.

David Murray is still at Tarbert, where Colin Hunter has likewise been for something like three weeks.

The summer's work of Tom M'Ewan is this year of exceptional importance. His chief picture is a Highland interior, with a little group seated round a spinning-wheel; a large upright, the prominent object in which is a spreading willow tree; a sweet, delicately toned figure, entitled "The Gloamin' o' Life;" and several cabinet canvases, all of which are handled with much skill, and display a large sympathy with the homelier aspects of the life of our Scottish peasantry; will bring him more prominently to the front in the coming Fine Art season than he has ever been before.

Two artists who were in Glasgow last week were Wm. Glover and Robert Allan. Some of Mr Glover's Iona studies, made towards the end of August, are full of character and purpose.

John Taylor and David Fulton have now returned home for the winter, the one from the neighbourhood of Uddingston, where he has been working for some weeks, and the other from the Ayrshire coast, near Irvine.

The proposal to raise a monument over the grave of the late John Milne Donald—which was set on foot several years ago—has been revived, and a meeting of those favourable to it was held on Friday, in the office of Mr Walker, secretary to the Fine Art Institute. Let us hope that the movement will result in the erection of a suitable memorial to the greatest, if not the most fortunate, of all our West of Scotland artists.

The committee of the Art Club held their first meeting for the season last week, when arrangements were made for the opening of the club rooms in Bothwell Street, which has been fixed for the 15th instant, and also for the forthcoming exhibition of the Club, which will take place in Gallery No. 5 of the Fine Art Institute, instead of in the rooms of the Messrs Annan, as was the custom of the past two or three years.

Monday the 1st of November is the date fixed for the election of new members of the Club. Candidates must submit at least one specimen of their work along with their application, and these specimens—which are to be sent to the club rooms—cannot be received later than the noon of Monday the 25th inst.

A New Beverage.

COLICODONE.

BEING convinced that a new non-alcoholic beverage is the want of the age, the inventors and proprietors beg to place before the public this remarkable preparation, upon which, in recognition of one of its most characteristic properties, has been conferred the name of COLICODONE. It is guaranteed to be totally free not only from alcohol, but also from every other substance which has hitherto been deemed capable of assimilation by the human stomach; and, in the opinion of the proprietors, its consumption *ought* to average not less than 100,000,000 bottles annually. COLICODONE will be found quite drinkable when mixed, in the proportion of 1 to 100, with whisky, brandy, gin, rum, sherry, claret, hock, water, &c., and its price does not much exceed that of ordinarily sound wine. Appended are a few testimonials which have been addressed to the proprietors, and which speak for themselves. The originals may be inspected, if desired:—

"Gentlemen,—I have just drunk a bottle of COLICODONE, and feel as if I could never drink anything again.—Your obedt. servant, A. STUMAKAKE."

"Professor MUDDLE, A.S.S., &c., has much pleasure in certifying that he has subjected a sample of COLICODONE to careful analysis, and that he will be happy to impart the results thereof to any member of the public possessed of sufficiently strong nerves."

"Dear Sirs,—After a conscientious trial of your new preparation, COLICODONE, I have no hesitation in expressing my firm opinion that it will be an excellent thing for yourselves, if it commands the sale you anticipate.—I am, &c., I. RONIKLE."

"COLICODONE is such a want of the age that I am convinced the age could go on wanting it *ad infinitum*.—Y. Z"

"Gentlemen,—Please send me a few cases of COLICODONE. If I can succeed in disposing of it, I am prepared to allow you a handsome commission.—Yours faithfully, J. DIDDLEW."

N.B.—The public are recommended to lose no time in securing a supply of COLICODONE, as it is quite uncertain how long—or short—a time it may be in the market.

The Pollokshaws Folks are Saying.

THAT the Municipal elections are over for another year. That there is no improvement either in the constituency or the Council.

- That only a certain class of the electors recorded their votes.
- That the voters honoured those who attend to their necessities.
- That consequently spirits, splints, and plasters occupy the chief seats in the Council.
- That the general condition of the burgh proclaims the incapacity of its rulers.

"A hit, a very pulpable hit," as the candidate said when some one struck him on the nose with a rotten orange.

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 Wrong Shop.

AT the Linlithgow Registration Court, held last week, the successful claimant of a vote asked the presiding Sheriff "to consider the justice of giving him his day's wages for attendance in such a case." The modest request was received with "much laughter," and the applicant "was advised to apply either to Provost Dawson or the Liberal agent, but appeared to be dubious as to whether such an application would be successful." The "dubiety" was probably well-founded. The BAILIE knows nothing about "Provost Dawson," but his observations have led him to the conclusion that "Liberal agents" are not prone to deeds of supererogatory benevolence.

A "Standing" Order—Street porters.

T H E G A I E T Y.
Proprietor and Director,Mr C. BERNARD.
USUAL VERY GREAT SUCCESS AND
LAST SIX NIGHTS.
Mr DOYLEY CARTE'S OPERA COMPANY
TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY.
H. M. S. P I N A F O R E.
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.
Engagement this week of the Popular Comedian,
MR CHARLES COLLETTE,
And his Comedy and Burlesque Company.
TUESDAY and THURSDAY, 12th and 14th October, at 7-30,
"UNCLE JOE"
Followed by the Domestic Drama, "OUT FOR A LARK."
WEDNESDAY, 13th October, "SNOWBALL."
Concluding each Evening with a New and Original Burlesque,
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R O Y A L B O T A N I C G A R D E N S
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"The History of the Coal-Tar Colours:" by Greville Williams
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"Electrical Transmission of Sound:" by Professor G. Chrystal,
Edinburgh, on Friday, 15th October.
"Lighthouse Illumination:" by Dr Stevenson Macadam F.R.S.E.,
Edinburgh, on Tuesday, 19th October.
"Heating by Gas:" by Thos. Fletcher, Esq., F.C.S., Warring-
ton, on Friday 22nd October.
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by J. N. Shoolbred, Esq., Mem. Inst. C.E., London.
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ST. ANDREW'S HALL, SESSION, 1880-81.

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 PETTIGREW, 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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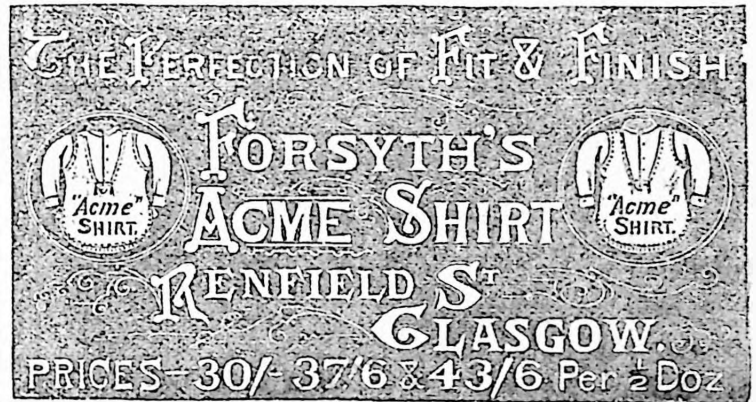
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The WINTER SESSION 1880-81 COMMENCES on WEDNESDAY, 20th OCTOBER; when F. W. CLARK, Esq., LL.D., Sheriff Principal, will deliver the Introductory Address, at 3 p.m.

Prospectuses and full particulars on application to Prof. M'Call.

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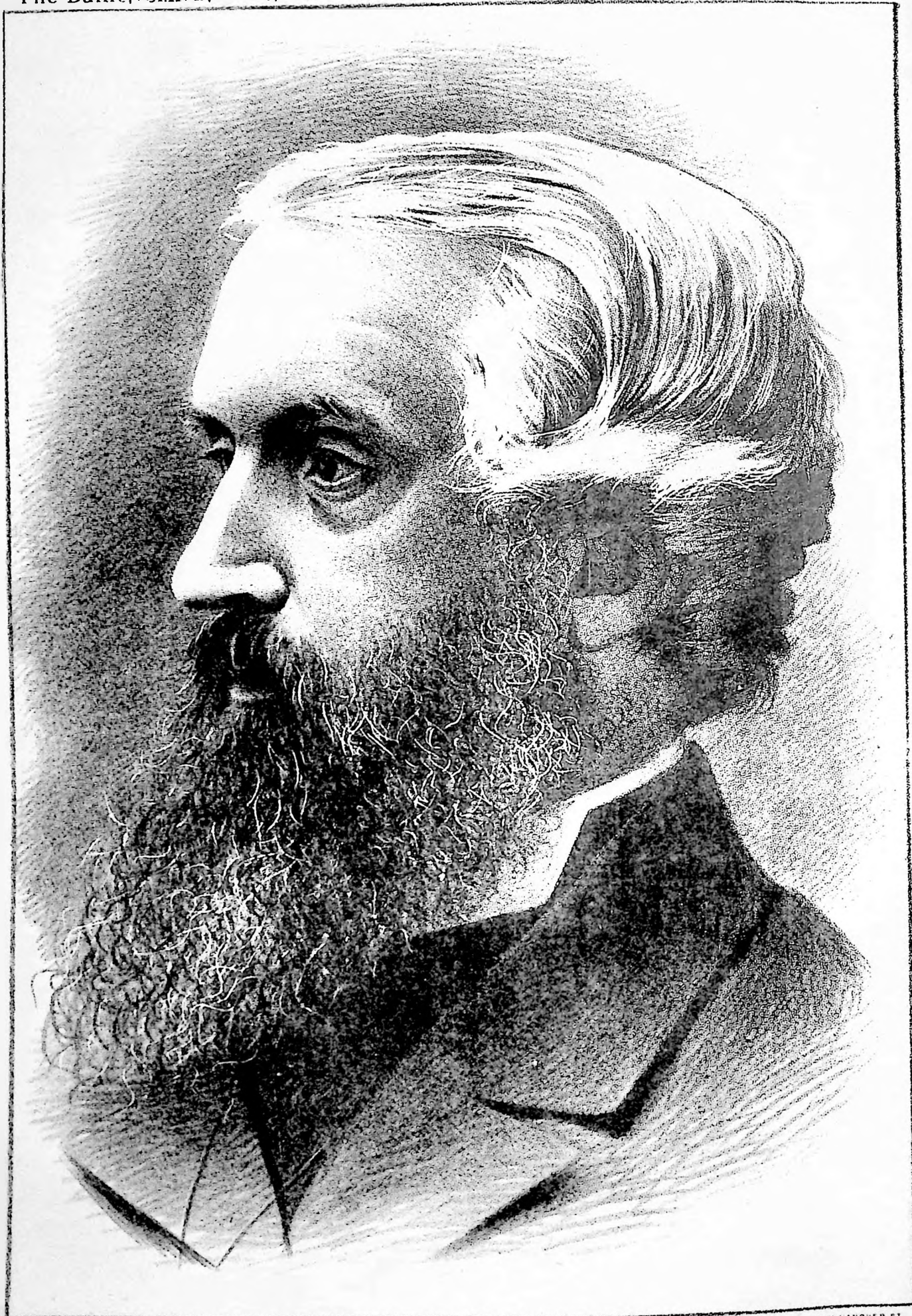
The building from its commanding situation, will be one of the leading landmarks of the town and district, and be visible from the piers, the railway station, the surrounding hills, the Bay of Oban, and from the numerous islands and waters beyond, and will be within easy distance of the ancient castles of Danolly, Dunstaffnage, Gylen, Barcaldine, Duart, Ardtornish, and other feudal keeps, the Rapids of Connel, the islands of Kerara, Lismore, Mull, Staffa, Iona, &c, the cloud-capped peaks of Ben Cruachan and Glencoe, the hills of Morven and Appin, and the famous waters of Loch Evive, Loch Linnhe, Loch Feochan, and Loch Awe. From the windows of the Establishment there will be a bright and magnificent prospect all the year round, extending over the island of Kerara and a wide stretch of sea beyond, and embracing within the same view the mountain ranges of Mull.

Since the opening of the railway, the increase of tourists and visitors to Oban has been beyond all calculation. The hotels and lodging-houses have been crowded to excess, and the accommodation usually available has been altogether short of the demand, so much so, that even the steamers and other vessels in the harbour have had to be frequently called into requisition to furnish shelter for those who could not obtain sleeping accommodation on shore. These facts give the Directors of this Company great confidence in bringing their scheme before the public; and they would urge upon all intending investors the propriety of making early application for shares, so as to enable them to complete arrangements for the immediate erection of the Establishment.

The building will have a magnificent dining saloon where tables can be spread for upwards of 200 visitors, luxurious upper and lower drawing-rooms, reading and correspondence rooms, ladies' rooms, billiard room, chess room, recreation and concert hall, gymnasium, grand winter garden, fernery, a host of private parlours commanding extensive sea and land views, suites of rooms, numerous bed rooms, noble staircases, and invalid's lift, wide internal corridors, and a long range of verandahs for out-door promenading; together with first-class kitchen accommodation. Provision has also been made for the thorough warming and ventilating of the entire Establishment upon approved principles; in fact, everything that can conduce to the comfort of visitors, and the success of the Company, will be arranged for and provided.

Undertakings of a similar character, less favourably circumstanced, have proved, and still continue to be, highly remunerative to investors, and it is confidently believed that this scheme—without speculating on the peculiar advantages of the situation—should realise a profit to the Shareholders of from 12 to 16 per cent. per annum on the called-up capital.

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The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 418. Glasgow, Wednesday, October 20th, 1880. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 418.

OUR attention in Glasgow is divided for the moment between theology and architecture. Scottish sermons and the New Municipal Buildings are the two topics which are uppermost in everybody's mind. Each man you meet has his own opinion about one, or other, or perhaps both, and as is usually the case those who know least—who are innocent of the distinction between a pediment and an architrave, and to whom the Standards of the Kirk are as a sealed book, have most to say about the ninety odd designs submitted for competition, and are loudest in their condemnation of the views promulgated by Mr M'Farlan in his now celebrated sermon. The BAILIE has his own opinion about the municipal designs, and he may take an early opportunity of giving this to the public, and as for Mr M'Farlan's prelection—why the fact that Professor Knight of St. Andrews was satisfied with the discourse is a sufficient guarantee to his mind that it was an eminently desirable one. In order, however, to show that he is at once a staunch churchman, and that he prizes the "Scotch Sermons" both as an aid to conduct and as a contribution to the literature of the country, the Magistrate has this week arranged to present the world with the likeness of one of their preachers. Dr STORY of Rosneath takes rank among the half-dozen people who, living north of the Cheviots, have a name and fame in the great world of London. Together with his friend Principal Tulloch of St. Andrews, Dr STORY may be accepted as the twin chief of the Broad Church party in the Kirk of Scotland. He certainly lacks the amazing power of work and the large knowledge of men and affairs which distinguishes the editor of *Fraser*, but as a leader in debate, as a master of

the science of theology, and as an earnest and effective preacher, it would be difficult to find the equal of the minister of Rosneath, either in the Presbyterian or the Anglican communions. Dr STORY, and this may be news to some, has Romany blood in his veins. His grandfather, who was parish schoolmaster at Yetholm, married a gipsy girl, and shall we say that the clear, piercing eye, and the marked, and powerful features—not to speak of the strenuous and eager temperament of HERBERT STORY, have not descended to him through this pen-ultimate ancestor. Of his father it is next to needless to speak. The wonderful religious fervour, and the great spiritual insight of the elder Story are familiar to all for whom the religious history of Scotland is a matter of any interest. Early in life the Man you Know fell under the influence of Dr Robert Lee, and about the same time he formed that intimacy with Dr Tulloch which still continues, and which has acted and re-acted on the character of both friends. While he was still young he proceeded to Montreal as assistant to the late Dr Matheson, and it was while here that the news of the death of his father reached him. Shortly afterwards he was "presented" to Rosneath by the Duke of Argyll, and here he still remains. As parish minister of Rosneath Dr STORY has gained the affections of his people in a singular degree. The supercilious manner he frequently assumes to the outside world is only skin deep, and at Rosneath he drops it entirely. In his own house he is one of the most hospitable of men. Besides, in the course of the season—whisper it not in Gath—the occasional visitor may sometimes run against one or more of the guests from the Castle; at times a Royal Princess has even been known to call at the manse during afternoon tea. Dr STORY'S direct contributions to literature are a volume of "Poems by a

Parson," a book of discourses issued under the title of "Creeds and Conduct," several tracts—one of which, *mirabile dictu*, was directed against the maintenance of fast days, the "Life of Dr Robert Lee," and the biography of Principal Carstairs. He is further, as has already been hinted, a contributor to the volume of "Scotch Sermons," and it is also understood that Mrs Oliphant drew much of what we may term her "inspiration," with regard to the life of Edward Irving, as well as to her romance of "The Minister's Wife," from Dr STORY. Mrs Story, it may be added in this connection, is the brilliant authoress of "Charlie Nugent" and various other rattling good novels. To one of Dr STORY's great readiness, and of his power of sarcasm, and even, now and then, of cruel retort, the necessity for holding his tongue during the philippics of the Rev. Robert Thomson and his adherents at last week's meeting of Synod, must have been irksome indeed. Most things, however, come to an end sooner or later, and happily the Thomsonian oratory is even shorter-lived than what certain of its opponents might be apt to suppose. In the meanwhile, therefore, the BAILIE gladly presents to his readers the *vera effigies* of this stalwart Churchman, and he hopes that, in the matter of the "Scotch Sermons," as in that of the life of Dr Lee, the minister of Rosneath will be preserved unharmed amidst all assaults and injuries, whether these arise within, or come from without the Kirk.

BY A WEARIED READER.

Great "Greek Question" what art thou--
 Pretext for another row?
 Latest European fad
 For driving tortured Turkey mad?
 "Stir him up and hear him swear!"—
 Poor old Porte! It's hardly fair;
 Rest is all you want or seek,
 And they tackle you with Greek!

ART IN HIS WARD.—Councillor Martin thinks, perhaps rightly, that tailors, shoemakers, or cheesemongers are not the best judges of architecture as a Fine Art; he is, however, perfectly satisfied that there is at least one tailor sufficiently able to judge of painting—a portrait by the President of the Royal Scottish Academy being in his learned estimation only a "daubed canvas."

Capital Letters—L. S. D.

BICYCLES. { Agents for Duplex Excelsior, Club, Challenge,
 TRICYCLES. { Premier, Stanley, Timberlake, and 'Xtraordinary
 Safety Bicycles. Riding Taught—101 Mitchell St.

On 'Change.

THE epidemic for gold companies is on the increase. Glittering promises of future wealth are held out in all directions. One would think a man had really nothing to do but put his money, or other people's, into a gold mine, and take life leisurely ever afterwards. Some men dug a hole and called it a gold mine. One of my friends sank his money in that hole. It was so deep that the money never came out again.

My remarks on the subject of life assurance companies seem to have astonished many folks. They say I am a heretic in this matter. So I am, and I point to the high price of insurance shares as a proof that the business is profitable to the companies. It is more profitable to them than to the assured, and the offices, as a rule, take shameful advantage of their clients. The man who has £20 a year to spare would be far better to lay it past as a nest egg than to invest it in an insurance policy. Were he to insure it would be to his advantage to die at once, but few men like to regard the matter in this light. There is an absence of cheerfulness in the prospect.

Pig-iron is not cheerful either. All the late fluctuations were the result of speculation. The artificial stimulants administered have as yet failed of their effect.

I never met such a set of grumblers as the men who deal in cotton yarns. When cotton is dear they grumble at the price of it, though they may be over head and ears with orders. When cotton is cheap they grumble again, because they cannot get the orders. There is one specimen of the race on these boards whose conversation is like a wet blanket. In his estimation the world is coming to an end next week or the week after, but I hear that he is looking for a new house, to which he cannot win access till May.

SCRUTATOR.

"A MATTER OF FACT."

(Scene—A supper party.)

Hostess (to one of the guests, a master baker)—Yer bread's awfu' saut the noo, Mr Hay. (Turning to another guest)—Dae ye no' think sae, Mr Thomson?

Mr Thomson—Weel, I canna say I dae, but considerin' hoo wheat's sellin' at present, the price o't certainly is.

CHANGES OF NAME.—In the next Parliamentary session short Acts will be applied for by the inhabitants of Glenluce and Grangemouth, authorising the change of their names, respectively, to screw-loose and either Grudge-mouth or Dry-burgh. The ground of alteration in the latter case is obvious, while in the former it is thought desirable to indicate the condition of the official "screw."

Why, inquires the erudite retainer, is the letter R like the face of Hamlet's father? Because, he sniggers forth, it's "more in sorrow than in anger."

THE CHEAPER HALF.—The publishers announce "Cheap Edition of Young Mrs Jardine." Does this mean young Mr Jardine?

Cloaked with false-hoods—In the prevailing ulster.

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.

More Ambition.

LAST week the BAILIE felt himself called upon, Brutus-like, to check the soaring ambition of Greenock. He now regrets to find a similar malady breaking out in another quarter. Paisley has had her eye upon us, and, envious apparently of our pretty little Municipal Buildings Muddle, wants to have a similar muddle herself. At last week's meeting of the Seestu Town Council Provost MacKean "stated that he intended at next meeting to ask the Council to consider the propriety of getting new municipal buildings." Provost MacKean is a rash man; but, if he will not be dissuaded from his enterprise, let him at least wait till our fiasco has worked itself out to the last act. Then, by noting each successive step as taken in Glasgow, and doing the exact opposite, he may possibly carry his scheme to a happy issue.

A BUDDING RAPHAEL.

Young Hopeful (aged six, who is showing a visitor his drawing book, containing alleged representations of a "bird" and a "horse," as indicated in words underneath the drawings)—These are my worst drawings, Mr Smith."

Mr Smith—Indeed, Tommy, and where are your other ones?

Y. H.—Oh, I haven't drawn them yet.

THE NEW COMEDY OF ERRORS.—When the BAILIE compared the Rev. Robert Thomson and the quasi-Rev. William Wallace to the two Dromios he was not aware that their identity was liable to be actually confused. This seems, however, to be the case. At the Synod meeting the other day Mr F. L. Robertson referred to Mr Thomson as "the Laird of Solsgirth," and the minister of Ladywell had to rise to order and explain that he was "t'other fellow." Whether the mistake was, as Mr Robertson said, "complimentary" may be left to the interesting twins to decide between them.

"THE BRITISH TRADESMAN."—A grocer who was fined last week for selling unsound ham pleasantly observed that "there was nothing wrong with the ham except the 'jumpers.'" The day may yet come, whatever this jocular gentleman may think, when poisoners of the people will be liable themselves to become "jumpers" under the cat-o'-nine-tails.

Women's Rites—Marriage ceremonies.

CLYDE TWERDS. { Manufactured specially for Wear-resistance. Wholesale price, 3/ per yard. Any length cut.—THE CLOTH HALL, 42 Hutcheson Street.

"The Feeling of the Moment."

IT is so far satisfactory that a member of Council, in the person of Mr M'Laren, has at last entered a protest against the Lord Provost's libels upon the good name of the city; but it would be still more satisfactory if his Lordship had seen fit to make some *amende* for his extraordinary accusations. He has been obliged to apologise for a tirade delivered in Edinburgh "under," to use his own words, "the feeling of the moment," and directed against the Justice of Peace Courts of the country; but he apparently thinks it unnecessary to withdraw a slander uttered at home, and levelled at a sober and respectable population. Let us hope that in the more private position which he will henceforth occupy Mr Collins will learn that it is possible for even a teetotaller to be temperate, and that "the feeling of the moment" is no excuse for unfounded and slanderous charges against all and sundry who may happen to be not precisely of his own way of thinking.

"ONE FOR THE PEELER."

(Scene—Broomielaw; Time, 11 p.m.)

Policeman (to British workman who has had a good refreshment)—Come away get out of this, what are you standing here for? (Gives him a push.)

British Workman—Ye had better keep doon yer han's, maister, and be mair civil tae gentlemen.

Policeman—Who could be civil to a fellow like you? Impertinence is staring you in the face.

British Workman—Oh, I ken he is, but he'd better no' lift his han's tae me again or I'll make him stare anither way.

CHIMNEY-STALKS AND ARCHITECTS.—According to a speaker at the Social Science Congress, "those hideous structures called chimney-stalks" "sometimes drive our architects into lunatic asylums." My conscience! Think of that! The BAILIE knows one or two architects, and very good fellows they are; but henceforth he will be chary of taking his walks abroad in their company. We have a good many "hideous structures" in Glasgow, and there is no knowing when the last straw might be added, and the hapless aesthetic suddenly become rabid. Nervous folks would do well to make a note of this.

American Apples—Extra Quality—from 18s per Barrel. Guaranteed 120 lbs. nett.—PATERSON, 118 Buchanan Street.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—Mr Knapp produces the first really successful and really American play on the "boards" of the Royalty this evening. "The Danites"—which is a story of Mormon massacre—is the work of Joaquin Miller, "the Poet of the Sierras." We have all along known Miller as a singer with a remarkable gift of melody, the "Danites" shows that he is a dramatist with a capital notion of a story, and a strong grasp over character.

The M'Kee Rankins, by whom the "Danites" is to be produced, are celebrated actors in their own country; on this side of the Atlantic they have made a hit wherever they have appeared.

"School," with Mr Tom Robertson, Mr J. F. Younge, and their friends, will be produced at the Royalty this night fortnight—the 1st of November.

"New Babylon" is still drawing crowded audiences at the Royal Princesses Theatre. This, of course, is partly due to the excellent acting of Mr Clarence Holt, Mr Cane, Mr Honeysett, and the rest of the company, and partly to the exciting character of the play and the excellent manner in which it has been placed on the stage by Mr Beryl. The drama will run all week.

The Satiety remains closed this week; when Mr Bentley appears on Mr Bernard's "boards," next Monday evening, he will be accompanied by Miss Marie de Grey, who may be recollected as taking part in the "Great Divorce Case," when it was played in Glasgow some two years ago.

On the Fast Night there will be performances of sacred music as is customary. Mr Lambeth's Choir will appear in the Kibble Palace, and the Glasgow Select Choir, under Mr Allan, in the City Hall, the programme, in both cases, being highly attractive. Mr Miller's Tonic Sol-fa Society will give a performance of Haydn's "Creation" in St. Andrew's Halls. The chorus will number 400, and there will be an orchestra.

Recurring, and wisely, to the old custom of a sacred concert on the night before the half-yearly sacrament, at the City Hall, on Saturday evening, there will be a performance of the "Messiah" by the Glasgow Select Choir, a form of presentation of the great oratorio which quite commends itself to the artistic taste.

Some of your readers may remember, BAILIE, little Johnnie Gourlay, son of our evergreen Scottish comedian, Mr William Gourlay—he played, by the bye, for old Lloyd's latest benefit at the Royalty some three months ago. Well, he has been to America since then, and is winning much favour at the Walnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia, where he has succeeded Willie Edouin, of "heathen Chinees" celebrity, as leading comic man.

The opening meeting for the season of the Pen and Pencil Club took place on Wednesday evening, in Mr Wilson's Restaurant, West Nile Street, when quite a crowd of members made their appearance at dinner. Among the features of the meeting were the "Burglar's" ditty from the "Pirates of Penzance," the "Three Black Crows," and the charming "Flower-lover's Song" of poor Hugh Macdonald.

Heresy—to call it by its least appalling name—is growing in favour with our bourgeois aristocracy. There has been quite a competition among the Mrs Leo Hunters of the West End for the honour of entertaining Professor Tyndall, who lectures this night week in St Andrew's Hall, on the necessity for abolishing the Sabbath, or some such subject. Imagine the grim, sceptical, and rather narrow-minded Ulsterman transformed into the pet of a Glasgow drawing-room!

Professor Coates, the well-known mesmerist and phrenologist, has secured the Burgh Hall, Partick, and will open there on Monday next, for a short season. His concluding entertainments at the Windsor Halls, Great Western Road, are being given this week.

Surely Lord Byron is at last having justice done him. T'other day Professor Nichol compiled his biography; now Matthew Arnold is editing a book of extracts from his writings. Nichol and Arnold, why, the conjunction recalls the remark by the poet in the eighth canto of "Don Juan," anent Swarrow's despatch to the Empress Catherine announcing the fall of Ismail.

"They say" that if present appearances don't belie themselves the case of Mr Mackinnon as against the City Bank Liquidators—or is it the case of the Liquidators as against Mr Mackinnon?—won't want for careful working-up on the part of this ex-director of the unfortunate concern. At all events Charles Leresche, Esq., the *ci devant* City Bank Secretary, has been Mr Mackinnon's guest for the past three or four weeks, and the loads of account books and stationery that have gone down to Kintyre in the interval, to use the words of the Dominie, are fairly "pro-di-gious!"

That black-coated fraternity down in Glendaruel—I mean those followers of Loyala whose expulsion from France Archbishop Eyre declared had stirred the ire of every citizen of Glasgow—has been increasing day by day and week by week, or the past month or two, till the old Cameronian folk about the Kyles are fairly at the end of their wits. To the minds of these decent folk the influx of Jesuits at the head of Loch Ridden means nothing more nor less than the immediate opening of the "seventh seal," and the imminent destruction of this earthly sphere.

Any one who cares to sleep two nights in the country, and spend the Fast Day in a clear, bracing, and yet mild atmosphere, couldn't do better than go down to the Kilmaccolm Hydropathic Institution on Wednesday afternoon, and come up on Friday morning. The amenities of the neighbourhood, as they say in the guide-books, are peculiarly attractive to those "in city pent" from one week's end to another, while the Institution—which is under the direction of kindly Dr. Lade—has a mingled air of brightness and comfort which at once sets you on good terms, as well with yourself as with all the world.

The first week of the Hague darkies has proved a big success. Crowded houses are the order of the evening at Hengler's. To-night an entirely new *menu* is announced, among other items being some ventriloquial tit-bits by Frank Mordaunt who comes from the Liverpool show in St. James' Hall. Our old friend Wilsom—he has been in the burnt-cork business since 1857—makes a model interlocutor, and sings a ballad now as of yore with exquisite finish. By the way, I hear of some good things in store. A few nights are to be set apart for a revival of those Christy minstrel ditties that used to be so hugely popular when you and I were young. What sunny memories, my Magistrate, linger around "Mary Blane," "Nelly Gray," and other nigger lyrics of auld lang syne! The idea is very excellent good.

"Sam" turned up in great form on Thursday night—"stood Sam" all round and was as jovial and genial as ever. He is off again and leaves Mr James Dillon, a smart Hibernian, as whip hand to his sable team till the end of the running on the 6th prox.

Notwithstanding the alteration of the date of the Kintyre dinner from the 5th to the 4th of November, the demand for tickets for the festival, by Kintyre men and their friends, is said to be quite exceptional.

Thou Com'st in such a Questionable Shape—
No, only "in the devil's name," quoth Dr. Ruskin.

The Pillar of the Church with the Grandest Capital—Dr Jamieson.

Gas-Tronomy—A feast of lanterns.

A Well-kept "Fast"—Dr Tanner's.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the Municipal Buildings muddle is "confusion worse confounded."

That the last decision of the Council was an entire change of front.

That the Lord Provost made a bold stroke for freedom and the local architects.

That he wasn't particularly successful.

That he threw Dr Marwick overboard.

That he now wishes he could fling the whole affair overboard.

That the members of the new Council won't allow themselves to be hampered by any vacillating decisions of the old.

That Lord Beaconsfield is on the side of the angels.

That his friend Councillor Martin is an angel himself.

That this at least is what he tells us.

That an angel in a swallow-tail and "specs" is a sight for sair een.

That Jeems has been at the Provost for the last three years to get "Wee Jeems" made free of the "guzzlin' an' jauntin'" that prevails in municipal circles.

That Jeems ought to be satisfied with his own "guzzlin' an' jauntin'" at the ratepayers' expense.

That, like other tailor bodies, when Jeems gets an inch he usually insists on taking an ell.

That it's quite refreshing to see how these parsons love one another.

That they are all familiar—in their sermons—with the virtue of charity,

That charity is, however, kept by them for pulpit use.

That its far too valuable a commodity to be brought out for every-day wear.

That ex-Bailie Moir never was very fervent in his admiration of the Improvement Trust.

That, to his mind, the Gallowgate has been improved by the Trust till there's no living in't.

That fortunes aren't so easily made now-a-days in the East-end as they were when Mr Moir laid his nest egg by.

That a fresh sewage report is out, having this time "something new" in it.

That the "new" is the mention of an "extremely rapid mode of rendering sewage effluents entirely innocuous at a trifling cost," the details of which, however, are not yet ready for publication.

That a whisper to the BAILIE says the process is of Glasgow invention, and handles the subject in a direction entirely new to science.

That Glasgow should wait to hear more of it before committing herself to a big expenditure.

That the annual transformation scene in the Trades' House took place last week.

That the Deacon of the Bakers apologised for the conduct of their clerk, and presented a loaf for "cutting" of the desired "shape" and "colour."

That the apology and the loaf were accepted and the patronage of the house secured to the trade for another year at least.

That the Contractor obtained the Collectorship.

That there are too many contractors in the House.

“CÆSAR AUT NULLUS.”

(Scene—The Sheriff Court last Wednesday during the evidence anent the new Barony Drainage Scheme)

Playful Counsel (examining farmer)—So you complained to the Sanitary Inspector about the polluted streams running through your lands, but without getting any redress. Did you never think of "appealing unto Cæsar?"

Truly Rural Bucolic (ignorant of the Pauline allusion)—Eh? Wha's he? A dinna ken him!

[General hilarity over the childlike and bland answer (anser?)]

A CANDID CRITIR.

(Scene — A dining-room; Husband proudly showing an oil painting of his wife, newly executed.)

Husband (in a hurry to hear a favourable criticism)—Weel, what dae ye think o't?

Friend (who is no great admirer of the lady)—It's got the same faut as yersel', William, it flatters her ower muckle.

QUEERY.—How will Councillor Collins in Lord Provost Ure see himsel' as ithers saw him in "his habit as he liv'd," the "robes," the hand-me-down cocked-hat and gown "a world too wide," too narrow, too big, too wee, or just the fit—"fit to a t?"

THE "SPOUT"'S THE THING.—*Hamlet*.—It is said that the pawnbroker who last week got the baby to hold doesn't speak in raptures of this act of "New Baby-lo(a)n."

For the Corporation's Exhibition—The Provost-ship.

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 Rectorial "New Departure."

THE latest report regarding the Rectorial intentions of our "young barbarians" at Gilmorehill is that a section of them has invited Mr Henry Irving to become a candidate. The idea is not a bad one; but since they have decided to go in for "the profession," and since their object is plainly "a lark," why select a tragedian? Mr Irving might, it is true, be induced to give the Trial Scene from "The Bells," or to recite "The Dream of Eugene Aram," in lieu of delivering the customary "address," but would it not be far better fun to have something comic? Johnny Toole, for instance, might be induced to come and "tell his queerest stories"—including the celebrated Buckstone anecdote, or Lal Brough, or Charlie Collette, or Edward Terry. The BAILIE trusts the young gentlemen of the Independent Club will consider this suggestion before committing themselves to the "fashionable tragedian."

CURRENT COIN.

Mick—Halloo, Pat, an' what's this ye've got with ye, at all, at all?

Pat—Shure an' it's an ould blunderbuss I'm after getting from the "Laegue," as I intind to pay the landlord—dacent man—his rint one ov thim noights.

Mick—Arrah, good luck to ye, me bhoy, an' it's meself that always knew ye to be an honest man.

The Hogganfield Folks are Saying.

THAT the passing of the new Barony Drainage scheme is devoutly to be wished for.

That the evidence led in its favour is irresistible.

That Lethamhill proved a hard nut for opposing Counsel to crack.

That the cleansing of the prosaic loch and the poetic Molendinar is an Augean labour.

That our Local Authority Hercules is the man to cope with the task.

That nothing is impossible to him who "fixed" the Loch Katrine water, the Auld Kirk, and tramway 'buses.

That the district is to be further and muchly "institutionised."

That what with the new Barlinnie "Duke Street," the proposed Riddrie Reformatory, and Blackhill grave-yard we ought to be duly grateful.

That we shall soon be the head centre of juvenile and adult delinquents, quick and dead.

That—that's all.

The latest case of shearing is reported from the Kyles, where a "commercial," on objecting to an overcharge for a hire, was told he should pay whatever was asked, aye and more too, for breaking the Sabbath.

American Apples, in Good Condition, 15s per Barrel.—M. CAMPBELL, The City Fruit Warehouse, 18 Gordon Street.

The Rivals.

THE reports of last Wednesday's meeting of the Second Ward are rather amusing reading, if only for the efforts of Messrs Martin and Bryce, each in turn, to persuade the guileless East-enders that "Codlin's the friend, not Short." Jeems, for instance, accused his rival of "wishing to take some of the credit" for certain electric clocks, while he (Jeems) deserved all the credit; and Mr Bryce indulged in vague denunciations of somebody who "frittered away" the time of the Council "in impotent attempts at argument, and still worse bastard attempts at oratory, which he ventured to say would disgrace a school-boy." Whom could he have meant?

PAT AND THE BOBBY.

(Time—Saturday evening. A "bobby" on the Gallowgate beat smiles as he observes the somewhat tortuous movements of a semi-inebriated native of the green isle, who is approaching him.)

Pat (looking curiously at the guardian of the peace)—You're a policeman, aren't you?

Policeman (with dignity)—Yes.

Pat—Huch, begorra, an' I thought so. Shure an' you're very loike the ougly blackguards that we have in Oireland.

THE PRINCIPAL AT A DISCOUNT.—If Principal Caird wishes to retain his position and reputation as the "funny man" of the University, he must really try to cultivate a less ponderous style of humour than that which characterised his speech at the Trades' House dinner the other evening. There is such a thing as wearing a joke threadbare, and this the Principal unquestionably did on the occasion referred to. This sort of degeneration is to be regretted, as humour is a scarce commodity in University circles now-a-days, and Dr Caird has really displayed a very pretty wit at times. Let him look after his laurels ere they are completely faded.

HOW IT'S MANAGED.—Somebody advertises for an assistant, who "must understand the cella: thoroughly, and management of liquor." Asinus thinks he would suit the post. At least, he says, when he ceases to manage his liquor, his liquor begins to manage him.

A "Band of Hope"—An engagement ring.

Defy Tear or Wear. (Indigo Blue Serge, Scotch make, double width, 4/3; single, 1/6 per yard, wholesale price. Any length cut at same rate.—THE CLOTH HALL, 42 Hutcheson Street.

Jeems and his Bible.

OFTEN, yea, very often, the BAILIE has had to caution Jeems about his recklessness of assertion, and as long as he confined himself to "things secular," His Worship was content to let him down as easy as possible; but Jeems, in his new and fearful departure, has brought a look of real concern into the Magisterial countenance. In his speech at the Second Ward meeting on Wednesday evening, Jeems declared himself ever ready to listen to the grievances of the East-enders. He had only to be asked about the condition of a street, for instance, and he was "in it." Then followed a scriptural illustration, which His Worship thinks illustrates more than Jeems perhaps intended. "Do you not recollect," said Cairncraig, "of those who in ancient days, when the river or the lake that was possessed of healing virtues, had no healing powers in it until the angel descended and moved the waters, then the healing waters flowed out and the people were healed." This "gospel according to Jeems" seems to mean that when the East-enders (the angels) have a grievance, they have only to "trouble" Mr Martin (the waters) when he will immediately "flow out" in his usual manner, and percolate through every crevice of every Council meeting until their streets are swept clean and their grievances redressed. Jeems afterwards, in referring to an opponent, asserted that he (the opponent) had been "hawket aboot" like the "mountain of Lebanon." The BAILIE opines that Jeems must have meant the "cedars of Lebanon"—they at least would have been easier "hawket aboot" than the mountain. In conclusion, Jeems should remember that it would not be *infra dig.* on the part of even an East-end tailor and clothier to "search the Scriptures." A little searching would have revealed to him, for instance, that a craftswoman of his—viz., "Lydia, a *seller of purple* of the city of Thyatira"—was familiar with holy writ, and the BAILIE feels sure she would not for a good deal have stood up on a public platform and called the Pool of Bethesda a "river or a lake." Fie upon you, Jeems! Such ignorance of the physical geography of the "East" is anything but becoming in a Councillor of that ilk.

NATIONAL MESSES.

French—Pot and feu.

Irish—Pady (paté) au fusil.

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.

Quavers.

SOME compositions of Mr Allan Macbeth which have been published lately (by Messrs Swan & Co., Glasgow and London) invite notice, both on account of their musical merit and because of their author's connection with the city through his appointment to the conductorship of the Glasgow Choral Union. A "Marche Festal," arranged for four hands, is the most prominent of these pieces. It is a spirited composition, modern in feeling and yet classic, with a trio which is at once soft and brilliant, and never wanting in the festal spirit. The "Marche," which concludes most effectively, is altogether one of great promise, and it will, we hope, be orchestrated by the composer, and in that form get a place in our forthcoming instrumental programmes.

A "Humoreske" by Mr Macbeth also calls for notice. It is elegantly humorous, inclining to the serious rather, in a graceful episodic inner part. Then there are a "Berceuse" and what may be called a "Song without Words," entitled "Recollection," both of much merit in their respective styles, together with a setting for contralto of the lines by Sarah Doudney, entitled, "In the yellow autumn sunshine," the music being thoughtfully and effectively illustrative of the poetry.

The West End Choral Society No. 1, as it may be called for distinction's sake—that Siamese-twin like branch of our recently disrupted friend which is under the musical care of Mr Channon Cornwall—has made a vigorous start. Sterndale Bennett's "May Queen" has been selected for practice, and one is pretty sure of steady application to work now, and a good appearance by and bye, under the skilful instruction of Mr Cornwall, one of our best practical local musicians.

It must have often struck musical people as a remarkable circumstance that none of the London musical journals are represented in Glasgow. The *Musical Times*, for some sapient reason of its own, has no Glasgow correspondent, and seldom if ever has a line about music in the city, except in a slighting vein, perhaps. The *Musical Standard*, a weekly publication, and the best and most catholic of the London journals devoted to the art, now supplies the want referred to, the correspondence from Glasgow being marked by vigour and intelligence. It is likewise free from the objection of being a mere trade circular, which the others mostly are.

The "Children's Messiah" performance on Saturday afternoon, in St. Andrew's Halls, attracted an exceedingly large audience, largely drawn by curiosity, no doubt. The treble and alto parts of the choruses were executed by the children to the letter, so to speak, and with an amount of success that said very much for the energy, and probably the patience, of Mr Sharp, the conductor. The tenor and bass parts were rendered satisfactorily by choralists from Dundee and our own city. Perhaps the best choral singing under the novel conditions of the concert, was in "And the glory of the Lord," the Hallelujah chorus, and, most noticeable of all, in "Behold the Lamb of God." The chorus, "He trusted in God," was, one could not but feel, out of place in the "mouths of babes and sucklings," and while it was interesting enough, and probably in keeping with the scheme of the projector, that the soprano and alto solos should be taken, as they were, by children, yet for all its sweetness, as a rule, the singing of these solos cannot be said to have risen above the level of an ordinary music class exhibition.

But the juvenising, to coin a word, of our great works of art, seems a thing much to be deprecated. A children's "Pinafore" seems to be right enough in idea; a children's "Messiah" is an anomaly. It is terrible to think, indeed, that it may be followed by a juvenile "St. Paul," "Elijah," or "Samson." And as the idea has originated in the theatre, it may continue there too, and blossom into the children's "Hamlet," "Othello," and "Julius Cæsar!" There was undoubtedly an element of charlatanism in Saturday's performance, pretty evident to those who cared to give some thought to the matter, and this is said while warmly acknowledging the good work of the association under whose auspices the concert was given.

Paganini's Epitaph—Fiddle dumb.

GENTLEMEN'S HATS. WINTER STYLES—1880-81.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,
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GENTLEMEN'S DRESS HATS, in all New Shapes, for 6s 6d, 8s 6d, 10s 6d, 12s 6d, 14s 6d, and 17s 6d. 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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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.

The Argyle Rubber Company,

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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.

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CIGARS! CIGARS! CIGARS!

THAT Tobacco Shop, 68 Argyle Street, has

been re-opened by J. & R. SINCLAIR, Tobacco and Cigar

Manufacturers, Newcastle-on-Tyne, with a *Specially Selected*

Stock of the Finest British and Foreign Cigars that can possibly

be procured; and taking into consideration the *enormous quantity**manufactured* for our Eight different Branches in Englandand Scotland, we therefore are enabled to compete with *any*Retail Cigar Trade in the United Kingdom as to *Prices and**Quality*. A Large Consignment of our *World-Famed Cigars*just to hand, *thoroughly matured* before leaving our Manufactory,*and in finest condition*, 7 for 1s, or 18 for 2s 6d. The *only*

Reliable Cigar in Glasgow at the price.

68 ARGYLE STREET,

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DAVISON'S**CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE****GINGER BEER.**

A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE

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

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“DESIDERATUM”

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IS THE TALK OF THE CITY.

Positively Last Three Nights!

WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY AT 8 P.M.

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TANNAKER OUTRIVALLED BY PROF. COATES.

VALUABLE GIFTS distributed Every Evening as

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Come Early—Secure Seats—Admission as Usual—Free List entirely Suspended—not Room enough for Many.

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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.

AMERICAN FURNITURE

WAREHOUSE,

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ON Sale, at 310 Buchanan Street, a few handsome Brazillian Parroquets, 10s each. Black-faced Weavers, Avadovts, Silverbills, Black and White Manikins, Waxbills, &c, from 5s per pair. Grey Talking Parrots and Cages from 20s.

ADVERTISEMENT received for Home and

Foreign Papers. London and Edinburgh Gazettes, &c.

A. F. SHARP & CO., 14 Royal Exchange Square.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CASE IN THE SMALL DEBT COURT.

A MOST extraordinary case, and one of great importance to a commercial community like Glasgow, was last week disposed of in the Small Debt Court, the pursuer being a Mr Hurry, who sued the proprietor of the CALEDONIAN CIGAR EMPORIUM, 25 Renfield Street, for £9 9s 9d. The nature of the case, according to the evidence led, was, that the pursuer intended leaving by the 6-25 p.m. train from the Central Station, for Strathbungo, and while on his road thereto, called in at the defender’s establishment for the purpose of getting 7 of their Famous “Leading” Cigars for 1s; not getting quite momentarily served caused him to lose the train, hence the action. In cross-examining Mr Hurry, the Sheriff asked him why, seeing that he was pressed so much for time, he did not purchase his cigars elsewhere, whereupon the pursuer (like everybody else) admitted that he could not get 7 of such fine quality for so little money in any other establishment. The Sheriff, thereupon, in giving decree in favour of the defender, told Mr Hurry, seeing that he (as he himself admitted) got such extra value, and as he could not get the same elsewhere he had just to put up with any inconvenience he may be put to. Any person wishing fuller particulars may obtain the same by purchasing a sample 7 for 1s at—Note the Address—

25 RENFIELD STREET.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 20th, 1880.

WHAT has come of those self-denying Town Councillors of ours, who had made up their minds to retire in November next, in order that their places might be taken by men who would bring some fresh energy, and some new ways of looking at affairs into the municipal body corporate? So far as the BAILIE can make out, there won’t be a single contest at the coming election. Nay, what is still more noteworthy than the absence of a struggle in any of the sixteen wards into which the city is divided, is the circumstance that in every instance, save the exceptions supplied by Bailie M’BEAN and Mr ADAMS, the people who formerly represented the various wards are going back to the Council Board to represent them again. They protested, every mother’s son of them, that they “must” resign—that their seats “must” be left open to be filled, next year, by better men; but behold, election day is approaching, and our “retiring” gentlemen are once more in the field. To the BAILIE’S mind, there is more civic vanity than civic virtue in this species of conduct.

Tales of the Boarders (Borders)—Narratives by lodgers.

A Commercial Curiosity — A “stationery” traveller,

"Inaccurate" Officials.

THE city registrars, it seems, object to open their offices in the evening on the ground that we should find "inaccuracy on the part of the officials" and "incompetency to transact business on the part of the public." What do the registrars mean? and what is the effect on the atmosphere of evening to render them "inaccurate?" As regards "incompetency" on the part of the public, it is quite true that some of us are in the habit of getting "incompetent to transact business" after the shades of eve have fallen, but we are not *all* tarred with the same brush. At all events, if the registrars will open their offices, and try to keep "accurate" till a reasonable hour, we shall do our best to remain "competent."

THE WINE OF THE COUNTRY.

(Scene—Musical party in the west end.)

Young Lady (to absent-minded young gentleman)—Do you like "Rhine Wine?"

Young Gentleman—Thanks, I prefer whisky.

A ROUND GAME.—There has been formed in Partick a "rounders" club, of which a well-known young clergyman is, in the most literal sense of the term, an active member. It is said that certain of the reverend gentleman's parishioners, who do not approve of clerical participation in schoolboy pastimes, intend themselves to become rounders by "rounding on" their pastor, but the BAILIE doesn't believe it.

VERY TRYING.—Speaking as chairman at the Trades' House dinner the other evening, Bailie M'Onie remarked that "many Lord Provosts had filled the highest civic office in years gone by, but none of them had filled it in more trying times than Lord Provost Collins." Quite so, Bailie; and there is a general feeling of relief that the "trying times" of Mr Collins's rule are at an end.

RIGHT YOU ARE!—Mr Martin says that "neither chain nor cocked hat nor gown will take him away from the service of the rate-payers," and Mr Martin seldom spoke a truer word. There is not the slightest chance of his ever being called upon to don these insignia of magisterial office.

In-terre-o'er-'em—Irish landlords.

"They come as a boon and a blessing to men,
The Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley Pen."
Also, the Hindoo Pens, Nos. 1, 2, and 3. *Diagonal Points.*
Sold at 6d and 1s per Box, at all Stationers.

"Rob Roy Macgregor, O!"

PROFESSOR MACGREGOR, of Edinburgh, is clearly descended from the great cateran, his distinguished namesake. At the Social Science Congress last week he flourished his claymore in a manner that astonished the Sassenach about whose heads it whirled, and whom he threatened with another Bannockburn if they continued their efforts to have museums and picture-galleries open on Sunday. It had, however, a rather grotesque effect when the Professor characterised the action of the said Sassenach as "ungentlemanly." It sounds odd to threaten an opponent with sudden death in one breath, and in another with exclusion beyond the pale of polite society.

PIPE-LIGHT CRITICISM.

(Scene—Public work gate; Time, meal hour; *Dramatis Personæ*, two old men, the one reading "Granny" the other trying to light his pipe.)

1st O. M.—D'ye ken, Robin, the *Herald's* no noo what it yased tae be.

2nd O. M.—Man, Davie, yer richt, as shair's onything it'll no even licht ma pipe.

SCOTT ON SCOTCHWOMEN.—The maidens of Scotland owe a tribute of thanks to Mr Charles Scott, who declared at the Social Science Congress the other day that "a Scotch girl had generally more sentiment, romance, and melody than twenty English girls possessed," and no Southron voice ventured to say him nay. The gallant advocate might have included his own sex in his eulogium, but doubtless he was unwilling to be too hard on the poor Sassenach all at once.

OLD BOOTS.—At the Eighth Ward meeting last week Mr W.R.W. Smith communicated the interesting fact that "we are now getting 25s a ton for the old boots picked out of our refuse." This is not a very enormous sum, but Mr Smith's discovery should at least lend a fresh force to the popular, if vague, comparison, "like old boots."

"Meter," set to "Pipe" Accompaniment—At the Burnbank Exhibition.

Throwing more Light on the Subject—Burnbank.

Irish terre-iers—Land leaguers.

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.

JOSEPH HENDERSON'S work for the past summer is still redolent of the sea. His largest picture, which shows us a little, jutting point on the Ayrshire coast, tipped by trap-rocks round which the yellow sea weed clings—swaying to and fro with every motion of the blue water which forms the foreground, is crisp and vigorous in its brushwork, while its tones of colour are bright and vivid, and the atmosphere is suffused with gleaming sunshine. A little group of figures, and a fisher-boat lying safely among the bent grass, which has crept down almost to high water mark, give life and character to the work.

In another canvas the artist has reproduced, with much success, the feeling of a quiet, sultry day of midsummer. A haze which covers the sea is accentuated, so to speak, by the figure of a boy who has been placed in the front of the picture, and who stands out strong and sharp against the yellow background.

The horse pond of a farm, bounded, on one side, by spreading foliage, and bordered by brightly toned wild flowers; and a yellow, golden stretch of cornfield, in one corner of which are seated a couple of children, while the peaks of Arran lift themselves dimly against the northern horizon, are other two of this artist's works.

Mr Henderson's canvases of the present year are mostly, it may be worthy of remark, comparatively small in size, or at least they do not cover the space occupied by his Royal Academy pictures, "Under the Sandhills," and "From the Cliffs of Ailsa."

The only example of a living West Country painter which has found a place in the Exhibition of Scottish Art at present being held in the galleries of the Royal Scottish Academy, is the "Haymaking in the Field" of Mr Henderson, which was shown in the Institute some three or four years ago.

That pair of hard-working friends, Alexander Davidson and Duncan M'Kellar, have completed their London studies for the summer, and are now enjoying a short holiday at the fine old village of Chigwell, in Essex. They may be expected home in a day or two, and report speaks well of their work in the big city.

In a letter descriptive of things artistic as they are at Aberfoyle, Peter Buchanan says that, so thickly have the painters been distributed over the neighbourhood of the famous Clachan during the present autumn, you can hardly lift a stone but you find an artist and a white umbrella under it! J. E. Christie, who is the life and spirit of the little colony, is busy over a series of landscape studies, meant as backgrounds to various figure subjects he has in contemplation; Wellwood Rattray has painted several four or five feet canvases, one of which, a group of birch trees, is perhaps the best piece of work he has yet executed; Tom Hunt has a large cattle picture on hand; and William M'Bride, Charles M'Ewen, and J. L. Docharty have all taken abundant advantage of the autumnal afterglow which is now in its latter days.

A. K. Brown, and Mr Buchanan himself, have likewise been exceedingly fortunate, not only in the character of the scenery they have transferred to canvas, but in the tones of light and colour under which this scenery has presented itself to their eyes.

Artistic Glasgow has received an accession in James Macbeth, the son of Norman Macbeth, and brother of R. W. Macbeth, and also of Allan Macbeth, the new conductor of the Choral Union. Mr Macbeth comes here with a capital London reputation; it is understood that he will devote himself, in some measure, while in Glasgow, to portrait painting.

Admirers of the school of modern Holland—which is perhaps the most truthful, as it is certainly the most pathetic of all the art schools of the present day—ought to study the example of Art in the International Exhibition in the Galleries of the Fine Art Institute. The picture is numbered 286 in the catalogue, and is called "The Orphanage of Katwyk, near Leyden."

The annual meeting of the members of the Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts takes place to-day (Tuesday).

Messrs T. Agnew & Sons' Exhibition of High-Class Paintings will open soon at Messrs T. & R. Annan. It will be especially fine this year. Intending buyers are advised to wait until it opens.

NOTHING LIKE LEATHER.

(Scene—Boot and shoe shop, Argyle Street.)

Country Youth (to smart shopman)—Dae ye sell ony guttapercha "bits" here?

Smart Shopman—No, sir, but I can give you a pair of good leather boots cheap.

C. Y.—Ah, bit I wis wanting guttapercha yins, ye see I can men' them masel'.

S. S.—But they are not very healthy.

C. Y. (innocently)—O! I didna hear there wis ony disease amang them the year.

S. S.—No, no, I don't mean that; they are very bad for the eyesight.

C. Y. (pawkily)—Whit! dae ye really sell them tae see wi'; I ay wear ma "bits" on ma feet.

[Collapse of smart shopman.]

C. CAUTIOUS.—See "Scesir."

"I an etching palm?"

What hindrance is there threath?

I feel no conscience-qualm—

Palman qui meriut ferat.

MAK'S AULD CLAES LEUK AMAIST AS WEEL'S THE NEW.—Well, you've spiritedly patched up y'r old property. Yes, rather—I'd a jerry-cobbler of an architect.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE,
MAIN STREET, SOUTH SIDE, GLASGOW.

Sole Lessee and Manager.....Mr H. CECIL BERYL.
Continued and Brilliant Success of Glasgow's Favourite Drama,
NEW BABYLON.

Which, on account of its enormous reception, will be played
Nightly until further notice.

Every Night this Week (Thursday, Fast-Day, excepted),
THE GREAT DRAMA OF MODERN TIMES,
NEW BABYLON.

Same laughter, same enthusiasm, same applause as of old.
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.
To-Night (TUESDAY), 19th October, at 7-30, and following
Evenings, "except Thursday."

The Distinguished American Artistes,
MR AND MRS M'KEE RANKIN,
Supported by their American Company,
In JOAQUIN MILLER'S Famous Play
"THE DANITES,"

Alexander M'Gee,Mr M'KEE RANKIN.
Nancy Williams,Mrs M'KEE RANKIN

ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS
CRYSTAL PALACE, CONSERVATORIES.

New Range of Hot Houses, &c., are Open to the Public from
9 a.m.,

On THURSDAY FIRST, 21st OCTOBER,

And every Lawful Day—Admission, 6d.

PROMENADE ON SATURDAY AS USUAL.

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.
 DURING THE SACRAMENTAL FAST WEEK
 The GAIETY will REMAIN CLOSED from OCT. 18 to 23.
 RE-OPENING MONDAY, OCT. 25, with
MR WALTER BENTLEY
 AND HIS DRAMATIC COMPANY.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL'S
 INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

THE GLASGOW SUNDAY SOCIETY
 (Branch of the Sunday Society, London),
 To Obtain the Opening of Museums, Art Galleries,
 Libraries, and Gardens on Sundays, &c., &c.
SUNDAY SOCIETY, LONDON.

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 Sir Henry Thomson, F.R.C.S.
 Right Hon. Lord Thurlow. | L. Alma Tadema, A.R.A.

GLASGOW SUNDAY SOCIETY, &c., &c.

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The President, Professor JOHN TYNDALL, D.C.L., &c., will
 Deliver the INAUGURAL ADDRESS in St. Andrew's Large
 Hall on Monday Evening the 25th inst., at 8 o'clock.
 Tickets—6d, 1s, and 2s each (Subscribers free)—to be had
 from all the principal Booksellers and Musicsellers.
 J. SHAW MAXWELL, 42 Bath Street, Hon. Secy.

H ENGLERS GRAND CIRQUE,
 WEST NILE STREET, GLASGOW.
H A G U E'S M I N S T R E L S.

(THE ORIGINAL SLAVE TROUPE),
 From the St. James's Hall, Liverpool,
 A GIGANTIC SUCCESS.

Hundreds unable to obtain admission again on Saturday Night.
THE OVERFLOW TICKETS

Issued will be Available any Evening This Week.
 "Indisputably the best and largest combination of Minstrel
 talent in the world."—*London Standard*, March 14, 1875.

The First Entire Change of Programm: will be given To-
 Night, introducing Fresh Novelties direct from St. James's Hall,
 Liverpool.

First Appearance To-Night of
MR FRANK MORDAUNT,
 The Ventriloquial King, and his
MERRY LITTLE PUPPETS.
EVERY EVENING AT 8. DOORS OPEN 7-30,
 Excepting Saturday Evenings, when the
 Doors Open 6-30, and Performances Commence 7-30, until
 Saturday, November 6.

THE NEXT MORNING PERFORMANCE
 WILL BE ON

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, at 3.
 Prices from 6d to 3s. Box Office Open at Circus Daily, from
 12 till 3. Plans can be seen and seats secured at Messrs Pater-
 son & Co., Buchanan Street.
 Sole Responsible Manager,.....Mr JAMES DILLON.
 Business Manager,.....Mr T. J. WEST.



CALEDONIAN RAILWAY

GLASGOW FAST-DAY,
 THURSDAY, 21ST OCTOBER, 1880.
EXCURSION ARRANGEMENTS
 TO OBAN.

By Special Train, leaving Glasgow (Buchanan Street) at 7-0
 a.m.; returning from Oban at 3-0 p.m. same Day, calling at Dal-
 mally, Loch Awe, Taynuilt, and Connel Ferry both going and
 returning.

CHEAP RETURN FARES—1st Cl., 10s; 3rd Cl., 5s.
The Tickets are valid for day of issue only.
 TO PERTH AND DUNDEE.

By Express Train leaving Glasgow (Buchanan Street) at 8-25
 a.m.; Returning from Dundee at 5-45 p.m., and Perth (Princes
 St.) at 6-40 p.m. same day.

CHEAP RETURN FARES—First Class. Third Class.
 PERTH..... 7s 3s 6d
 DUNDEE..... 10s 5s

*The Tickets are valid for day of issue only, but Passengers may
 return by Ordinary Trains on following Friday or Saturday on
 payment of One-fourth of these Fares additional.*

TO LANARK (FOR FALLS OF CLYDE),
 By Special Train Leaving Glasgow (Central), at 9-20 A.M.;
 Returning from Lanark at 6-10 P.M. same day.

CHEAP RETURN FARES—
FIRST CLASS.....5s 6d | THIRD CLASS 2s 6d

*The Tickets are valid for day of issue only, but Passengers may
 return by Ordinary Trains on following day on payment of One-
 Fourth of these Fares additional.*

**TO CARLISLE, DUMFRIES, BEATTOCK, (FOR
 MOFFAT), AND LOCKERBIE.**

By Special Trains Leaving Glasgow (Central) at 8-0 a.m.;
 Returning from Carlisle at 6-30 p.m., Dumfries at 6-30 p.m.,
 Lockerbie at 7-10 p.m., and Beattock at 7-35 p.m. same Day.

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

*The Tickets are valid on day of issue only, but Passengers
 can return by any Train (Down Day Express and Limited Mail
 Trains excepted) on following Friday, Saturday, Monday, or
 Tuesday, on payment of 2s First Class, and 1s Third Class in
 addition to these Fares.*

STRATHAVEN FAIR.
 An additional Train will leave Glasgow (Central) at 11-10
 a.m.; returning from Strathaven at 7-45 p.m., same Day, cal-
 ing at intermediate Stations both going and returning.

**AN ADDITIONAL TRAIN TO
 UDDINGSTON, MOTHERWELL, WISHAW, CAR-
 LUKE, AND LANARK,** will leave Glasgow (Central) at
 10-5 a.m.; Returning from Lanark at 6-20 p.m. same Day,
 calling at intermediate Stations both going and returning.

PAISLEY AND GREENOCK.
 Trains will leave Glasgow (Central) for Paisley and Greenock
 at 7-5, 7-45, 8-52, 9-0, 9-50, 10-2, 10-45, 11-0, and 11-50 a.m.,
 and 12-0 noon, and 1-0, 2-0, 3-0, 4-0, 4-50, 5-40, 6-30, 7-15,
 8-20, 9-15, and 10-50 p.m., and at such other times as may be
 required. These Trains will call at Bridge Street 3 minutes later.

ROTHESAY, LARGS, AND MILLPORT,
via WEMYSS BAY.

Trains will leave Glasgow (Bridge Street) at 8 30, and 10-30
 a.m., and 4-25 p.m., for Wemyss Bay in connection with
 Steamers to these places, and also at 2-15 p.m. in connection
 with Steamer to Rothesay.

On WEDNESDAY, 20th, and THURSDAY, 21st October,
RETURN TICKETS AT SINGLE JOURNEY FARES
 will be issued at GLASGOW and PAISLEY to BEATTOCK
 and Stations south thereof up to and including CARLISLE;
 also to DUMFRIES and STRANKAER, and all other Stations
 on the Dumfries and Lockerbie Branch, and on the Port-
 Patrick Railway, available to return up to and including MON-
 DAY, 25th October, 1880.

JAMES SMITHELLS, General Manager.



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Bridge Street at 8-18 a.m., Eglinton Street at 8-21 a.m., and
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Newhaven at 6-33 and Edinburgh (Princes Street) at 7 p.m.
same day. Cheap Return Fares—

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Glasgow, October, 1880.

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CONCERTS.**

SATURDAY, 23rd OCTOBER.

HANDEL'S ORATORIO; "MESSIAH,"

By the Celebrated

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Conductor, Mr JAMES ALLAN.

Mr THOMAS BERRY, ... Organist.

No Increase in Prices.

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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 PETTIGREW, 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.

Tickets for the Course, 1s, 2s 6d, 5s; Reserved Seats, 7s 6d;

Ditto (Numbered), 10s 6d.

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For further particulars see Programmes.

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(THURSDAY, 21st OCTOBER.)

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Prospectuses and full particulars on application to Prof. M'Call.

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The district of Kilmalcolm has been long known as one of the most salubrious in the West of Scotland. Favoured with a considerably less rainfall than the most popular health resorts in the country, its air is remarkably dry and bracing; but an unlimited supply of the purest water is afforded by its numerous Springs.

The proverbial longevity of the inhabitants of Kilmalcolm bears the most convincing testimony in behalf of its climatic preeminence.

The village is within easy drives of several objects of natural and historical interest, and it has direct Railway communication with Greenock, Paisley, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and other important towns in Scotland, and also with the Northern and Midland Counties of England. It is only 18 miles distant from Glasgow, and 7 miles from Greenock, the great point whence Tourists start by the Iona, Columba, and other Steamers for the far famed scenery of Loch and Mountain on the Frith of Clyde and the Western Highlands. Trains run very frequently to and from Kilmalcolm, and Weekly tickets are granted at reduced rates.

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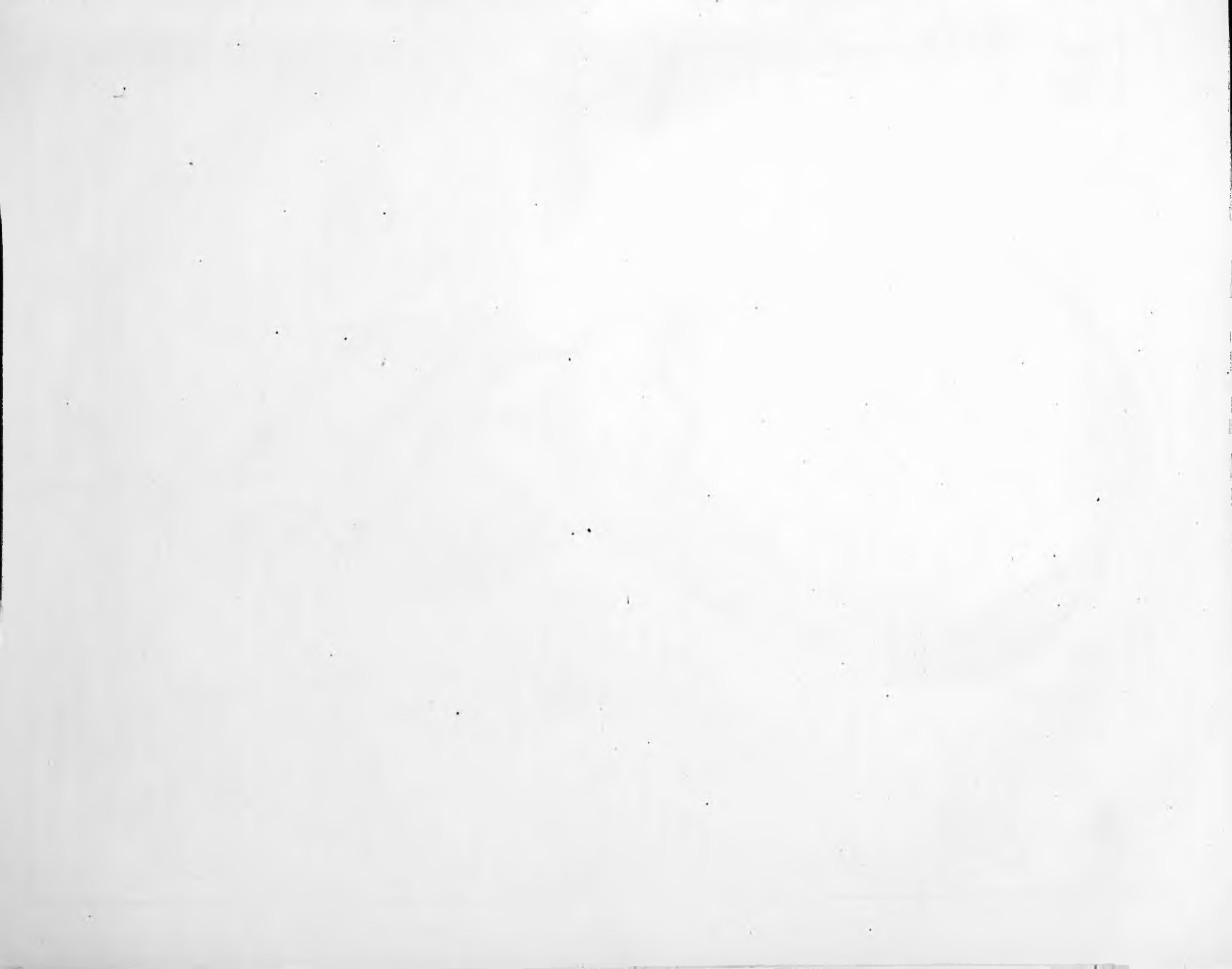
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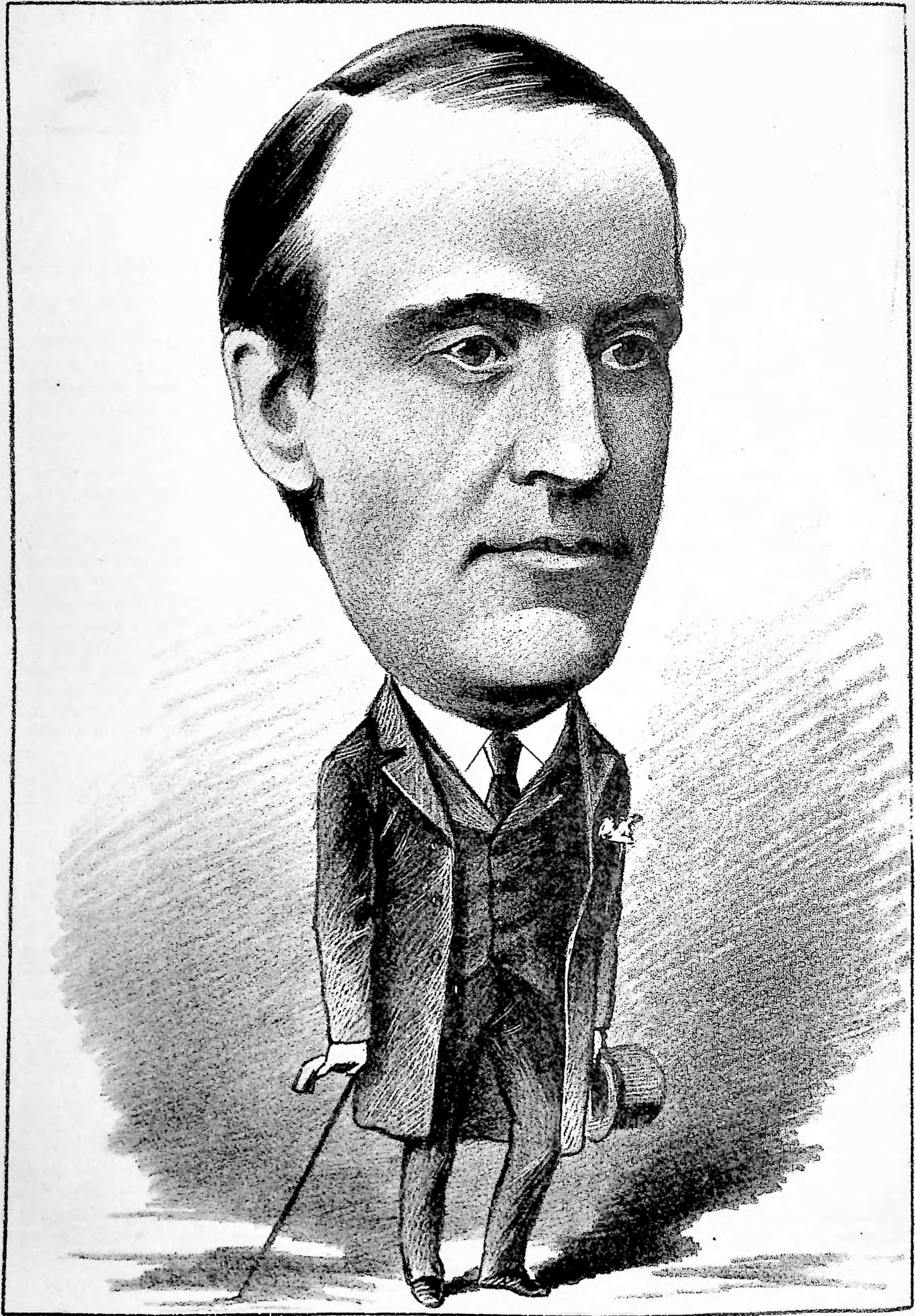
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The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 419. Glasgow, Wednesday, October 27th, 1880. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 419.

"THE condition of Ireland" question threatens to prove a hard nut for Mr Gladstone's Government to crack. Fair words have been given to the Irish, and kindly actions have been showered upon them without stint. The taxation to which they are subjected is returned in grants of public money, Irish business stops the way of important legislation in Parliament, and hundreds of thousands of pounds are subscribed over the empire to aid the Irish peasant in his day of need. All this, however, has failed to satisfy our Nationalist neighbours on the other side of the Irish Channel. Instead of quieting peaceably down, their demands and their actions are becoming every day more outrageous. Nothing now will satisfy them but the sweeping away of the entire landlord class. The rankest treason is talked by the so-called Nationalist leaders, and the cruelest outrages are perpetrated by the adherents of the Nationalist movement. Every week brings its story of murder. Neither person nor property is safe in any district in Ireland outside of Ulster. The ostensible chief of the society for the promotion of anarchy is CHARLES STUART PARNELL, one of the representatives of Cork. A member of the landlord class, and said to be a severe and unsympathetic master, Mr PARNELL has gained a wide notoriety by means of the splenetic words he has spoken both inside and outside of the House of Commons. Tall and thin, with a shy, hesitating style of speech, and the manners of a gawky school boy, this leader of agrarianism has not one of the various qualities which have been regarded hitherto as necessary in a popular idol. He is neither eloquent nor generous. There is nothing impulsive—there is no attraction in his nature. It is impossible, how-

ever, to deny him the possession of certain attributes, the exercise of which occasionally pushes men to the front in the struggle for existence. For one thing he is the very impersonation of crude, aggressive vanity. Cold, and watery-blooded, his vanity is the main-spring which keeps all his faculties—such as they are—in play. There is, besides, a certain blind, animal fixity of purpose about his character, which prevents him, when he has once taken up a subject, from ever letting it go. As compared with other Irish leaders—with Grattan, with O'Connell, even with poor Smith O'Brien—Mr PARNELL is simply nowhere. He tells over, on platform after platform, his well conned story, and when his carefully prepared lesson has come to a close, so has Mr PARNELL. Among the more contemptible features of the agitation in which this sea-green parody of "The Liberator" plays a leading part, is the manner in which his social position is alluded to by his creatures in and out of the press. We are constantly reminded that he is "C. S. PARNELL, Esq., of the mansion of Avondale, near Rathdrum, county Wicklow." An ancestry is claimed for him, and an obscure Irish nobleman—Baron Congleton by name—is made much of by the faction mainly, or rather solely because Mr PARNELL can "claim cousins" with His Lordship. It may be of some interest, however, to note, in connection with Mr PARNELL'S immediate ancestors, that his paternal grandfather committed suicide, while his grandfather by the mother's side, who held a command in the United States Navy, was tried by court martial for his conduct while in charge of a squadron in the Pacific, but succeeded in proving his innocence of the charges brought against him. Mr PARNELL'S public career dates from his appearance as a candidate for Dublin county in 1874, when he was beaten by Colonel Taylor,

one of the members of Mr Disraeli's Government. A year afterwards he was elected for Meath, in the room of John Martin, of '48 renown, and in April last he succeeded in returning himself as one of the members for Cork. Of his doings in the House of Commons there is no need to speak. It must be said for him, however, that he has been consistent in everything he has spoken and done. While contriving to keep himself on the safe side of both law and precedent, he has worried and tormented people of all parties, till even the more respectable of the Irish Liberals have come to regard him as an unmitigated nuisance. In Ireland his stump speeches are noticeable by reason of their apparently studied calmness, and by the manner in which they are calculated to stir up the passions of an ignorant and ungovernable race. While denouncing landlords and landlordism he is careful to keep silent regarding the crimes of which the anti-landlord class are guilty, and thus if he does not lend an open approval to murders like those of Mr Boyd and Lord Mountmorres, his followers are left in doubt as to whether he regards these cowardly outrages as matters of reprobation or even dislike. What will be the result of the proceedings which are about to be instituted by the Government against Mr PARNELL and his associates it is impossible to foretell. In view, however, of the best interests of Ireland, not to speak of those of the Empire at large, it is to be hoped that they will have the effect of "putting to silence" the entire crew. If they fail in doing so there is no other road left clear for Ministers than the re-enactment of the "Life and Property Act" of 1871. Should this take place Mr PARNELL will have the satisfaction of knowing that not only has he helped to ruin numbers of well-to-do and generous land-owners, but that he has been instrumental in depriving the Irish nation of their rights and privileges as British subjects.

THE SPREAD OF INTEMPERANCE.—What a shocking thing horse-racing is! Not only does it lead man into all sorts of crooked ways, but it seems to demoralise that noble animal the horse as well. Thus we read of that distinguished character Robert the Devil "coming to the post somewhat 'jolly.'" Lord Provost Collins should really turn his attention to this sad state of things.

"Safety Matches"—Sham fights.

T.R.—26th October, 1880.

TIS with pride, or something 'yont it, that the BAILIE's heart is swelling,
 Since to-night our ancient "Royal" claims once more an open door;
 Since again a roof is over our old drama's dearest dwelling,
 And we're free to feast of pleasure that we revelled in of yore.
 We remember—Spring, a year back, and a peaceful Sabbath morning—
 When the news came sad upon our ear, "The Theatre Royal's down!"—
 Burned to the ground—the angry fire, the feeble water scorning,
 Has left bare the walls that e'en last night threw back the laugh of clown!"
 But "Hillo there! Here we are again!" as that same clown might greet us,
 And our Royal's built and slated, and all snug from roof to floor;
 And to-night the curtain rises, and with Shakespeare's words to meet us,
 We feel happy as if—well, as if of years we'd lost a score;
 Marie Litton—gentle lessee—and you're very welcome here too,
 And we know that what you bring us will be pleasing to our mind;
 And you mean to grace our boards betimes, to manage and appear too,
 And to-night we hope to greet you as the loving *Rosalind*.
 Aye, you've made a bright beginning—of the good that may come after
 'Tis indeed a noble earnest—we could ask no better proof;
 "As You Like It!" as *we* like it, would be honest tears and laughter
 Not begot through French translations—all unknown to opera bouffe.
 "The provinces" (your own words) know a good thing when they see it,
 And what speaks our education let the older "Royal" tell;
 Still you've struck a sterling key-note—Shakespeare sounds well—well, so be it—
 We're all patience and impatience—hush, then—ring the prompter's bell!

A Disgusting Topic.

MR WALLACE of Solsgirth is "perfectly disgusted with the conduct of members of Presbytery in continually speaking of him as Mr Wallace of Solsgirth." It is painful to think that Mr Wallace of Solsgirth should have fallen so low in his own estimation as to consider Mr Wallace of Solsgirth a "disgusting" subject; but doubtless he knows best. Members of Presbytery will of course "make a note on" the subject, and the BAILIE, though not a member of Presbytery, will not "disgust" the quasi-reverend gentleman by referring to him oftener than is absolutely irresistible.

"As You Like It"—Hot, with a little sugar and touch of lemon.

The Danites—The O'Connell boys.

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.

ONE is often tempted to wonder why railways are made. There is the Kelvin Valley, for example. Nobody seems to have wanted it, but somebody was found with audacity enough to insist that the country would be lost unless the line were constructed forthwith. People were found who believed this, and they subscribed their money and made the line. They expected, very likely, that the whole affair would be bought up by the North British, as was the Bothwell scheme which now stands at 184½ and is yielding constantly increasing dividends. They were disappointed, and so cut up rusty and appointed a committee to co-operate with the directors. That is not pleasant for the directors, but they must grin and bear it. Truthful Bob put the best face he could on the matter, but even his pawky eloquence could not convince the shareholders that they had been well treated. The fact is that these same shareholders thought their position better than it really is. They expected to sell their property to somebody. Results will affect the price. Traffics are results. If the intending purchaser can keep down traffics he will get the property at a cheaper rate than he would if the traffics were bigger. Ergo, it is not the interest of the North British Company to pass much traffic over the line just at present. It will be time enough to do that when the Kelvin Valley Company is turned into another of the hundred-and-one delightfully secured preference stocks which adorn the share list.

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite," as Dr Wattisname used to say. I was forcibly reminded of that eminent poet by witnessing the edifying contest between Mr James Smith and Mr J. D. Hedderwick. In this case the chairman of the Stock Exchange had the worst of the encounter. Mr James Smith is not a judicious orator. The members of the Stock Exchange have not forgotten the Abbott incident, or the impressive lecture which ensued when some inquisitive member "spied strangers in the House."

Talking of spying strangers, that was a most comical incident which occurred in the Royal Exchange on Friday morning. A member "spied strangers" in the shape of Mr A. M'D—, secretary of the Liberal Association. He was transacting business, or appeared to be doing so. In reality, he was coaching two budding reporters, who hope some day to blossom into editors. He was just in the act of telling how he and his friend, Sir William, had been getting on, and it must have been uncomfortable to be told that he ought not to indulge in such frivolities among the authorised frequenters of the place "where merchants most do congregate."

There is a feverish feeling on the Stock Exchange just now. Investors and speculators would do well to beware of it, especially the former who may have something to lose. Why Great North of Scotland should go up is one of those mysteries which I will not attempt to unravel. A stock that pays nothing and stands at nearly 70 is an anomaly even in the annals of speculation. Those who buy must have unlimited faith in the shallowness of Pandora's box. It had Hope at the bottom, we are told, but the box was deeper than is dreamt of in their philosophy.

RICH BLOOD.—Lord Colin Campbell is, it is said, about to marry an Irish lady of the name of Blood, who "possesses considerable estates." We often hear of young sprigs of nobility "marrying money." "Wee Colin," with his usual luck, marries both money and Blood.

The Land for the Landlord—His "six-feet-by-three."

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 Grim Fisherman.

"BROAD" members of the Kirk of Scotland will kindly please to ter-r-remble. The Laird of Solsgirth is on their track. Having had his way so far in the case of Mr Macfarlan, of Lenzie, he is now bent on more important quarry, and has "marked down" Principal Caird. To change the metaphor, and make use of his own, he "catches one fish at a time," and leaves the biggest to the last. Who or what his next "fish" may be, no one but he himself knows—even if he does; but one thing is certain, and that is that—chaffed by the press, and baited by comic young parsons, as he is—he still retains the dauntless and determined spirit of that Scottish hero from whom he doubtless claims descent, and of whom tradition tells that, on one occasion, at least, he combined fishing with the routing of his foes.

APROPOS OF THE BERWICK ELECTION PETITION.

Johny M'Laren,
Ye've gotten yer fairin',
Ye thocht and ye socht
Captain Home tae unseat ;
And the issue has been
Yer ain greater defeat.

SYMPATHETIC.

Donald (who has just seen his brother Dugald die, meets his cousin Lachie)—Och, Lachie, a' wis shist see Tugal dee the noo.

Lachie (astonished)—You'll see wha dee.

Donald—I'll see oor Tugal dee.

Lachie (angrily)—An' what for did she'll dee ? She has ma knife !

"PIETY" AT A PREMIUM.—Here is a pleasing advertisement, clipped from the *Herald*.—"Housekeeper wanted, aged from 45 to 55 years, by a Christian young man. A Comfortable home for a God-fearing woman. None need apply whose piety can be questioned. Much preference given to a Free Church member." The BAILIE would be very sorry to be even suspected of sneering at religion or its honest professors; but he *would* dearly like to meet, and have some conversation with, this Christian young man and the candidate whom he may choose.

More barefaced than ever—Parnell since he shaved.

"The Kirk's Alarm"—The "Scotch Sermons."

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

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—What a name, to be sure, for one to labour with, is Cincinnatus H. Miller. And this is the terrible patronymic worn by the author of "The Danites," the piece at present running at the Royalty Theatre. While Miller, however, is known in society as Cincinnatus, he has signed his books with the name of Joaquin, and it is as Joaquin Miller, therefore, that he is known in the world of letters.

A born and bred Californian, Miller's early days were rough and adventurous in their character. Now he sought an experience of "Life among the Modocs," and now he was "With Walker in Nicaragua." "I saw," as he says himself,

"That savage freedom had a spell,
And loved it more than I can tell."

All this time, however, he was little more than a boy; indeed, the figure of *Billy Piper*, in "The Danites," is his own portrait, and the treatment which *Billy* experiences from the miners at "The Forks," is no more than a reproduction of how he himself fared at the hands of a rough colony of gold-seekers who had perched themselves high up in the recesses of the Sierra Nevada.

"The Danites," as it seems to me, is altogether a remarkable play. There is an amazing feeling of reality about it. Together with this realism, you instinctively feel that it is the work of a poet—of one who can suffuse his creations with that "light which never was on land or sea."

The acting of "The Danites," by Mr M'Kee Rankin and his friends, has all the merit of perfect freedom, and admirable keeping and precision. It abounds, besides, in local colour. A travelled friend assured me, the other day, that *Sandy*, the *Judge*, the *Parson*, and the rest of them—not to forget *Hecckiah*, and that amusing humourist *Washee Washee*, are exact reproductions of the society known in the Rocky Mountains.

Notice is also due to the fine acting of Mrs M'Kee Rankin. The part she has to sustain is a difficult one, but she displays abundant power when coping with even its most trying passages.

Mr Walter Bentley begins a six nights engagement this evening at the Gaiety Theatre. He opens with the play of "Hamlet," and this will be repeated to-morrow, while later on, we are promised one night of the "Corsican Brothers," and another of "The Bells." The list of plays, which is a strong one, should draw good houses at Mr Bernard's theatre during the week. Mr Bentley, let me add, will be supported by a duly efficient company—among whom is Miss Marie De Grey, a lady who is already favourably known in this city.

The opening of the new Theatre-Royal would, in any case be an event in the theatrical history of the city, but the opening of the new Theatre-Royal by a manageress like Marie Litton is a matter of much more than every-day importance for dramatic art, not only in Glasgow, but in all Scotland. Miss Litton has had ample experience as a theatrical director. She was manageress of the London Court Theatre from 1871 till 1874, thereafter she assumed the reins of power at the St. James's Theatre; and subsequently undertook the management of the Aquarium—which was afterwards known as the Imperial Theatre, and later still that of Drury Lane.

Miss Litton is not unknown in Glasgow, either as a manageress or as an actress. Some nine years ago she produced "Great Expectations," "Randall's Thumb," "Creatures of Impulse," and "The Palace of Truth," at the Theatre-Royal, and two seasons afterwards a company under her direction appeared—also at the Theatre-Royal—in "Alone," and the "Happy Land." Miss Litton took part herself in the performance of "Alone," the other figures in the play being represented by Miss Eleanor Buxton, Mr Herman Vezin, Mr Edgar Bruce, and Mr Clifford Cooper.

The chief success of Miss Litton's career has been the production of "As You Like It," at the Imperial Theatre in February last. In the opinion of so competent a critic as the late Mr Tom Taylor, no "more complete and careful revival" of any of Shakespeare's plays had been made of recent years than this.

And while the mounting of the drama was sufficient to satisfy the wishes of the most exacting and artistic visitor, the acting still remained the chief feature of the revival. Miss Litton was a charmingly piquant *Rosalind*, the *Jacques* of Mr Vezin vindicated his claim to the high position he occupies on the British stage, and all the other parts were in equally good hands.

It is practically the same cast with which Miss Litton opens the Theatre-Royal to-morrow, and the expectations of our local theatre-goers are naturally excited to the utmost with regard to this performance of Shakespeare's Pastoral Comedy.

They are still running "New Babylon" at the Royal Princesses Theatre, and no wonder. Why the piece crams the house every night of the week. It may not be very high art, but it "draws" the public. To the South-siders, at least, the play is as perfect as "Hamlet" or "Othello."

A familiar face and form have passed away from the ranks of the "professionals" in Glasgow. After a somewhat lingering illness poor "Willie" Shaw, the violinist, died on Friday evening last, between nine and ten o'clock. William, twenty-four hours previously, had been playing in the performance of the "Creation" at St. Andrew's Halls, under Mr Thomas Smyth of the Theatre Royal, who conducted the orchestra on that occasion. Upon that gentleman giving him his money at the close of the concert, Willie thanked him and said, "You have given me my last engagement—I shall never play any more." It was only too true a prediction.

At the West Nile Street Cirque Hague's niggers continue to "fetch" the public in a way that must further gladden the heart of that raciest and merriest of bosses—the Dublin Dillon, a genuine bohoy of the oulden times. This rare ould Irish jintleman makes a happy hit in the rig-out of his ten "corner-men." Their silken coats of many colours are in pleasing contrast to the all round funeral black of other minstrel shows.

Mr Wilson is busy rehearsing those old nigger ditties and plantation festivals that I spoke of last week. That these will be a draw goes without saying. The front of the house could not be in better hands than those of Mr T. J. West.

The note of coming struggle is already being heard in connection with the coming election of Bailies. Who are the new Magistrates to be? Rumour has it that Johnny Neil would dearly like to wear a chain of office, and it is even said that he has sounded various brother Councillors with the view of learning whether they would vote for him in the event of his claims being overlooked by the new Lord Provost. What has Councillor Martin to say to this?

The Finance Committee of the various City Trusts dine together in the Council Chamber on Friday. This is the first time that a Finance dinner has been held since the accession of Lord Provost Collins to office. Can it be meant to celebrate the advent of another *regime* than a watery one in the person of Lord Provost Ure.

Can it be that the very "kists o' whussels" are up in arms against the "Scotch sermons"? On Sunday evening the Rev. Mr M'Farlan, of Lenzie, occupied the pulpit of St. Andrew's Church, and gave out, in the course of the service, the hymn beginning "Blow, trumpets, blow," when, lo and behold, the "trumpets," or at all events the organ, wouldn't blow, in spite of the man at the bellows, aided by the beadle and half-a-dozen pew openers. The incident is, to say the very least of it, a somewhat suggestive one, and it was regarded "as sich" by half-a-dozen old wives who occupied prominent seats in the front of "the laft."

The Annual Excursion of the Ballad Club took place on Saturday. Its destination was the Pees-weep, and the chairman was Mr William Freeland. The weather, the ham and eggs, the whisky, and the entertainment generally, were all that could be desired.

More Russian Arrogance.

MR BAILIE,—Your Worship,—The other week you inserted a letter from me, drawing attention to the disgusting Russophilism exhibited in connection with the "Livadia," and the Muscovite arrogance which made itself apparent on the occasion. My shot, it seems, has told. It has provoked Admiral—"Admiral," forsooth! I wonder what Nelson would have said to him and his "turbots!"—it has, I say, provoked this Admiral Popgun, or Popoff, or whatever he calls himself, into writing to the *Times* to sneer at "the muddy water of the Clyde," and crack up some precious dock of his at Sebastopol! Sebastopol! I think, Mr BAILIE, the less Admiral Poppyhead and his friends say about Sebastopol the better for themselves. Let them "keep a calm sough" if they don't want to see the British Lion wading into *their* "muddy waters"—*as he did before*. So much for Hopoff—Flopoff—Dropoff—Popoff. Bother his barbarous name!—BOMBASTES M'JINGO.

THE COMING P.—

Peter—I'll bet ye an Apollinaris an' a junk o' ice that Mr Collins 'll be Provost.

Asinus—Ure quite certain.

Bauldy—Now, both shut up; tho' ance a bailie aye a bailie, that's no' the way wi' the provostry. The men o' speirit should ha'e a turn as weel's the caul' watter yins.

Missing Links.

A CRIME whose hideousness is not often paralleled came to light in the High Court of Justiciary last week, when two hardened miscreants were convicted of stealing a BAILIE'S GOLD CHAIN OF OFFICE! The ruffians were each sentenced to five years' penal servitude with five years' subsequent police supervision—an exemplary sentence, though one scarcely commensurate with the offence—but worse remains behind. *The chain has not been recovered!* For aught that is known to the contrary, that sacred and awful emblem may now be decorating the sacrilegious breast of some Duke Hildebrod in a modern thieves' Alsatia. In the face of such a terrible possibility, the entire detective force of the country—leaving, for the nonce, such minor affairs as mysterious murders and dynamite plots—should at once be put on its track. 'Twere something of a relief even to know that the majestic ornament had been saved from such outrage by the "fence's" melting-pot.

The Hon. Member for Blarney City.

A SKETCH IN BLACK AND WHITE.

WE of the Hillburgh Parliamentary Debating Society have decided by a substantial majority that Liberalism, like honesty, is the best policy, and we have consequently chosen a Liberal Government of all the virtues. We are therefore in daily expectation of the arrival of the millennium, and meantime are possessing our souls in patience. Members on both sides of the House are justly proud of some of our cabinet ministers, but about others public opinion is not so unanimous. The Hon. Member for Blarney City, who occupies a seat on the front ministerial bench in virtue of his position as Chief Secretary to the Blunderbus and Buckshot Office, has the honour to belong to the latter class.

The Member for Blarney City is a young man of imposing exterior, whose confidence in his own abilities is much more apparent to the casual observer than is any well-grounded reason for that confidence. It is a positive treat to hear him lay down the law on any subject under discussion, from the murder of an Irish landlord to the influence of the penny press. He is a walking encyclopedia of foreign and domestic policy, revised to date; and I should fancy his opinion is equally valuable in reference to each of the numerous subjects on which he airs it. In one sense he may be called a ready speaker; that is, he never stops for a word. If the right word does not present itself to his mind—and, truth to tell, this is generally his predicament—he promptly seizes the wrong one. When he has said all he has to say, it does not by any means follow that he stops talking. If it be true, as an eminent oratorical authority has asserted, that language is given us to conceal our thoughts, then the Member for Blarney City is a most accomplished speaker. Surely no one has ever before succeeded in concealing such a small object in such a bulky wrapping.

But after all, the Member for Blarney City has at least one merit—he is thoroughly in earnest. His belief in himself is no feigned one. Indeed, so impressive is his manner, and so convincing his delivery, that his hearers are for the moment carried away, and it only dawns gradually on them that they are listening to the most absolute rubbish.

THE MEMBER FOR SOMEWHERE.

Blue Spectacles—Toppers' noses,

Quavers.

THE Queen's Park Parish Church Choir, which is at present in a highly flourishing condition, under the active care of Mr Samuel Fraser, organist of the church, and through the zeal of the members, have selected Sterndale Bennett's "May Queen" as a piece for secular study, and they will likely give a concert in December with this cantata and selections. A sacred concert will probably be given further on in the season.

A little operetta, "The Rose of Salency," words and music by W. Chalmers Masters, is the choice of Mr Maclaren for the Glasgow Academy Choir this season. It is a most melodious work, the music being in the style of Bellini, and the libretto, which recalls "Sonnambula" somewhat in one of its incidents, telling of a Rosiere, that specimen of French artificiality, who comes nearly losing her floral crown. The treble and alto solos will probably be taken by some of the pupils. The youthful choir will also study a four-part song by Booth, "It was a lover and his lass," in the older style of writing; one of Henry Smart's numerous beautiful trios for treble voices, "The corall'd caves of ocean," and "L'ape e la serpe," a glee by Spofforth—No. I. of a reprint of rare glees, edited by E. Plater—for alto, tenor, and bass voices, in which the boys will take the upper two voices, it is to be presumed, with possibly some required modification from the employment of the contralto voice (of boys) in room of the male alto.

The Henry Smart Memorial Fund should not be overlooked, and it is to be hoped that the organ recital to be given by Dr Peace in aid thereof, delayed for one reason and another, will take place soon. One or other of our local choirs might also fittingly help in a vocal concert for the purpose. Henry Smart, worthy of honour from the State if any musician was, is probably best known by his part-songs and other vocal compositions, the former being perfect models of their class, and greatly in request by choral associations. A goodly sum might easily be raised for the purpose. A committee should be formed to consider how the matter could be best gone about.

The Fast-night concerts were all three largely attended. There was some delightfully refreshing music at those in the Kibble Palace and the City Hall, the Glasgow Select Choir in the latter, under Mr Allan, though producing nothing very special, yet singing with if possible greater refinement than before. Gounod's "Ave Verum" was in the programme. The beautiful and higher class "Ave Verum" of Mozart might be revived, however. Gounod is all very well, but his music inclines to the mawkish—never so Mozart's. The beautiful contralto song, "But the Lord is mindful," was sung by a member of the choir with much acceptance and promise.

A fairly good performance of Haydn's "Creation" was given at the hands of Mr Miller's Tonic Sol-fa Society. The choral singing was tuneful enough, but deficient in crispness and precision chiefly, the attacks in such choruses as we heard being faulty now and then, a particular blemish we are inclined to charge the notation with, its weakest point probably being the time indications. We were rather pleased with Mr Glencorse, who took the bass solos. The orchestra, though thin, was on the whole effective. By the bye, the platform of the hall is very poorly lighted. In foggy nights its occupants are hardly discernible at a moderate distance, appearing usually, in fact, in a misty world of their own.

THE LORD ADVOCATE'S "SIDE" IN THE HOUSE

—THE OUTSIDE.

Of voters enroll'd, though all of them poll'd,
The story of old's again to be told,
Again the Lord Advocate's "out in the cold"—
He won not the seat, so of course could'nt hold.

Diplomatic Circles—"Wheels within wheels."

The Worst Irish Grievances—Parnell & Co.

"A Man upon Change"—A meteorologist.

No Joking Matter.

BAILIE MILLEN, of Govanhill, is much exercised in his magisterial mind over the disrespect shown to the burgh fire-engine, a piece of mechanism he seems to consider as awe-inspiring as any parish pump, or other "porochial" institution, of them all. Certain ribald jesters have, it appears, been in the habit of treating the engine "as a joke" on the occasions of its public appearance, and this species of profanity goes to the worthy Bailie's heart. The machine, he admits, may not be quite up to the Glasgow mark; but is it not furnished with "six men at a small retaining fee," with "hand shafts," and with a horse which "sometimes follows to bring the engine home?" Under these circumstances, it will be at once apparent that it is no joke, but a very serious matter indeed. Out of respect for Mr Millen's very natural feelings, the BAILIE, who has sometimes been accused of treating solemn subjects too lightly, will henceforth "turn to mirth" his own venerable wig sooner than the Govanhill fire-engine.

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY.

(Scene—A modern kitchen; *Dramatis Personæ*, Jock Ferguson and the guid wife.)

Guid Wife—Man, Jock, a wish some o' the wains wid take the measels or the skorlet fever.

Jock—Guid gracious, what dae ye mean, guid wife.

Guid Wife—Man, ye ken whin thae got weel we could get the Sanitary folk ta paint the house for naething.

Jock—My gracious! A ne'er thought o' that.
[Exit Jock tae take a dram o'er the heed o't.]

OUR LEGAL PLANET.—The unfortunate Lord Advocate has met with yet another repulse, and is once more a wanderer on the face of the earth. Rejected by constituency after constituency, and foiled in his generous attempt to unseat a successful rival, he is clearly not destined by the fates to become a legislator. Had he not better give up, once for all, his wild dreams of statesmanship, and, since he can't get into Parliament, content himself with the Parliament House?

ACUTE CHRISTIANITY.—A "Christian young man" advertising for a partnership, describes himself as "sharp." Now, there is no reason why "sharpness" should be an exclusive attribute of paganism, but a "sharp Christian" *does* seem an odd kind of fish, doesn't he?

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT Lord Provost Collins has bid "a long farewell to all his greatness."
 That "nothing became him like the leaving of it."
 That the obstructives must have been conscience-stricken while they listened to the valedictory address.
 That "oor Jeems" was not in the least put out
 That it takes a good deal to put Jeems out.
 That the forthcoming elections will be the dullest on record.
 That the burning questions are the Municipal Buildings and the Sewage.
 That these dead horses have been flogged to desperation already.
 That there isn't now that ambition to get into the Council which prevailed of old.
 That clever business men decline to fritter their time away listening to a few windbags.
 That sensitive people don't care to suffer under the personalities indulged in by certain ward representatives.
 That Johnny Neil has still that "puzzle" on the brain.
 That the Home Secretary was in Glasgow last week.
 That his visit didn't cause the furore that was anticipated.
 That the supply of police on his arrival at the railway station to keep back the crowd was very laughable.
 That the crowd consisted of two railway porters and a news-vendor.
 That the police numbered a full detachment all told.
 That their onerous duties were successfully performed.
 That the expectant Sir William was assiduous in his attentions to the other Sir William.
 That the resolution of the Improvement Trust to erect workmen's houses in the Saltmarket will be another failure.
 That very few workmen care to give £16 for two rooms and kitchen.
 That those who can afford that sum prefer some other locality than the Saltmarket.
 That we had splendid weather on the Fast-day.
 That the number of travellers was something enormous.
 That the Coast publicans did a roaring business.
 That trade may be dull, but money is always to be had in Gl sgow.
 That there's a vacant provostship in Govan.
 That Councillor Stobo expects to be the coming man.
 That the best laid schemes o' men and mice, &c.
 That Councillor Stobo's "dainty bit plan" may come to nothing after all.
 That the "young M'D." is at it again.
 That the Prime Minister or a Lord is all the same to him.
 That he has persuaded "wee Colin" to exhibit himself to the Junior Liberals.
 That the G. L. A. and its hon. sec. are now quite in the shade.

BLIND CONFIDENCE.—The BAILIE has more than once commented on the eccentric style in which the average householder goes in pursuit of an escape of gas. The latest variety is to entrust the inevitable lighted candle to a blind man. In this case the principle was doubtless somewhat akin to that of the ostrich who sticks his head in the sand; but the "subtle element" proved no more accommodating than the African hunter does, and the blind gentleman, who hails from Dean Street, got the worst of the encounter. The next time he is asked to tackle a gas-escape he will probably feel inclined to rejoin, with Caleb Deecie in "The Two Roses," "If I can't see, I can feel."

American Apples, in Good Condition, 15s per Barrel.—
 M. CAMPBELL, The City Fruit Warehouse, 18 Gordon Street.

Hard on Auld Reekie.

EDINBURGH, having been relieved of the Social Science incubus, was last week the victim of a more unpleasant nightmare in the shape of the "Liberation Society"—so called because its chief end and aim are sacerdotal despotism. There were the usual rag, tag, and bobtail of aggressive Dissent, with a sprinkling of pedling M.P.'s, of whom Mr H. Richard was a fair sample. This gentleman ingeniously contrived to combine with his attack on the National Church a puff of his own particular "shop," the Peace Society, and "suggested" that his hearers should all join that precious association of smart politicians and visionary lunatics. Let us hope that poor Auld Reekie will now be left in peace for a few months. It will take her all her time to recover sufficient "tone" for the General Assemblies next May.

BROTHERS IN MISFORTUNE.

(Station on the Highland Railway.)

English Traveller (first-class) — Guard, the rain is pouring in through the roof of this carriage.

Guard—Man, I'm every bit as bad in the van.

The Creed of the Rev. Timothy Text-Twister, D.D.

- 1.—I BELIEVE in myself.
- 2.—I believe that my congregation are bound to believe in me.
- 3.—I believe in such spiritual things as may come into my head when I am writing my sermons; and I require my people unquestioningly to receive and reject the same according to my whim.
- 4.—I believe in all such carnal things as may please my appetite and agree with my stomach; particularly, I believe in a good dinner and a large stipend.
- 5.—I believe that heresy is a good makeshift for ability, and that unsoundness always gives one a chance of being saved from oblivion.

DE GUSTIBUS —.—Speaking of the Municipal Buildings, Treasurer Hamilton remarked the other day that "what is called 'the muddle' was not such a great muddle after all." Indeed, Mr Hamilton. Well, now, come! Have you any objection to giving us *your* idea of what constitutes "a great muddle."

CLYDE TWEEDS. { Manufactured specially for Wear-resistance. Wholesale price, 3/ per yard. Any length cut.—THE CLOTH HALL, 42 Hutcheson Street.

G R A N D S H O W
DURING THE WEEK.
HIGH NOVELTY—RECHERCHE STYLES.
MAGNIFICENT DISPLAY of MILLINERY.

The Finest Stock in Scotland.

The Latest Productions from Paris.

LADIES' HATS and BONNETS, in all New Plushes.
NOVELTIES in HEAD-DRESSES, in High-Class Materials.

MISSSES' and INFANTS' HATS,
New Patterns. New Combinations.

NEW CHENILLE and PLUSH FLOWERS,
Select Patterns. Original Mountings.

SHADED and FANCY OSTRICH FEATHERS,
Choice Selection in Flats and Tips.

LADIES should make a point of Visiting our Show Rooms,
during this Show.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,
HATTERS, MILLINERS,
COLOSSEUM, 70 JAMAICA STREET.

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.

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. Agent for Scotland—DAVID MITCHELL, 20 Hope St., Glasgow.

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 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.

BOOTS AND SHOES ANATOMICALLY MADE
BY

J. COOPER, 33 EGLINTON STREET, S.S.
NO CORNS OR BUNIONS.

Having less friction, wear longer. Wearer can walk further with less fatigue. Recommended by eminent London Physicians.

First-Class References on Application.

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.

"DESIDERATUM"

TROUSERS,

15/6 PER PAIR.

FORSYTH,

5 AND 7 RENFIELD STREET.

"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).

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.

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.

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.

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.

AMERICAN FURNITURE

WAREHOUSE,

128 BOTHWELL STREET.

NOTICE TO SMOKERS!!! MELLOW SMOKING MIXTURE.—J. H. ALLISON, Wholesale and Retail Tobacconist and Cigar Importer, 463 ST. VINCENT STREET, 2 Doors from Elderslie Street. Wholesale and Retail Depot for Murray, Sons, & Co.'s Mellow Smoking Mixture. J. H. A. respectfully invites the Gentlemen of Glasgow to visit his Depot to see the "MELLOW" and judge for themselves. The following Testimonials are a few of the many which have been received:—"Known to Smokers for its Mellow Mildness in use. We saw orders and inquiries for this article fit to make any provincial house proud."—*Land and Water*. "Of the many different "Mixtures" that have come under our notice, we have no hesitation in giving the palm to this Brand. It has a most pleasing and soothing effect."—*Civil Service Gazette*. 8 oz. post free for 3s 4d. 7 Prime Cigars (rare value), 1s. Real Lunkah Cheroots, 8 for 1s. The Trade supplied with large or small quantities.

ON Sale, at 310 Buchanan Street, a few handsome Brazillian Parroquets, 10s each. Black-faced Weavers, Avadovts, Silverbills, Black and White Manikins, Waxbills, &c, from 5s per pair. Grey Talking Parrots and Cages from 20s.

OUR TOWN COUNCILLOR, JAS. MARTIN, Esq.

WORSHIPFUL Magistrate,—As the most slanderous statements have lately been circulated in our Establishment, and as they concern our esteemed and hard-working member of the Second Ward (James Martin, Esq.), I trust you will give me the necessary space in your widely-circulated paper for the purpose of giving them our most emphatic denial. The statements which are alluded to are—first, that he, (James Martin, Esq.) is supposed to have bought several Boxes of our "Leading" Cigars at 12s 6d the 100, for the use of the Members of the Town Council, when visiting the Water Works, of which we have heard so much of late, and which partly accounts for the heavy items in connection with that trip; second, that he is supposed to have bought several Boxes of these Famous Cigars as a present for the respective Members of his Committee, to whose energy he attributes his success of again becoming, unopposed, a member of the Town Council. These statements, Mr Magistrate, are, as far as our books show, wholly untrue (unless Mr Martin, of whom we have not the honour of knowing personally, bought them for cash over the counter), and therefore trust that the publicity of this letter will satisfy any of the East-Enders who previously might have been in doubt.

Gentlemen who have not yet tried our "Leading" Cigars at 7 for 1s, are strongly recommended to do so, as they are really the finest to be had in this city for that price.

25 RENFIELD STREET.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 27th, 1880.

THE quiet of the "happy family" 'yclept the Town Council is not to be disturbed by the annual elections next month. Lord Provost COLLINS is to retire and Lord Provost URE is to take his place, and there are to be nothing but bows and smiles all round. Let us hope that the civic rule of the coming Chief Magistrate will be less fruitful in hitches, municipal and otherwise, than that of the Chief Magistrate whose term of office is now coming to a

close. One of the kindest and most considerate of men, anxious to do all the good he can in his day and generation, Mr COLLINS seemed wanting in the grit and pith and foresight necessary to direct the concerns of a great city like Glasgow. His very good qualities militated against his success as Lord Provost. He tried to be everything to everybody, and only succeeded in annoying people all round. Now, however, that he is withdrawing from office, let us say that he has the regard of us all, that we only hope the lines of his successor will fall in pleasanter places than did his, and that the tangled skein of municipal business will be put into something like ship-shape in the three years during which Mr URE will take the helm of affairs.

Mr Reid "Asks for More."

COUNCILLOR REID thinks that "the number of members of the Town Council is much too limited for a city like Glasgow. We ought to have the wards re-arranged, or a larger number of members elected by each ward." Then, if we *must* accept of one of these alternatives, for goodness' sake let us choose the former, and re-arrange the wards. *More Councillors! More Jeemses! More "Hughie" Colquhouns and Alphabet Smiths! My conscience! A "limited" bear-garden is bad enough, but an unlimited one—! If Mr Reid were to have his way, then would Bailie Thomson have more reason than ever for styling the Council proceedings, as he did the other day, unedifying, disgraceful, and unfit for publication.*

A KNOWING DOG.

(Highland village; Cockney tourist and herd laddie.)

C. T.—Fine dawg that you have.

H. L.—H's no bawd, sur.

C. T.—Will he take the water?

H. L.—Aye, quick enouch, if there's meel intilt. [C. T. retires.]

"IN" OR "MAL?"—Granny describes the "sulphur and ammonia" in the Glasgow fogs as "abominably inodorous (*sic*) elements." The old lady must have hired a descendent of Dogberry or Mrs Malaprop to write her leaders for her.

An example of the Fine "Artz"—No. 286 in the International Exhibition.

Old Saw Re-set—Pound foolish and penny-tence.

Jeems Kaye in the "Ivanhoe."

BETTY an' me had a trip, afore the caul' weather set in, in the "Ivanhoe," BAILIE—but tae begin at the beginning, I wad like tae ask what's the reason o' noo-a-days startin' trains aye at odd minutes: for instance, 9-55, 10-50, and sae on? Jist you tak' a time table an' look for a suitable place an' hoor tae start at, an' see hoo these confoondit odd hours 'ill bother ye. We—that is, Betty an' me—settled on Arran by the "Ivanhoe;" an' I says, "Mind, Betty, that's 9-55 oor train goes at, mind that;" an' in a wee Betty says, "Five minutes tae ten, Jeems, ye said, I think;" and I reply, "Exactly;" and then I says, jist as I'm screwin' oot the gas, "10-55 mind;" and Betty says, "What are ye thinkin' about, Jeems? I thocht ye said it was five minutes tae nine;" and aifter ten minutes' arguing, here I had tae rise, and begin jumpin' aboot amang chairs, stools, and sic-like, jist like a hen on a het girdle, till I got the gas lichtit, and sat doon on the fender wi' the time-table, and gaed ower the hale trip again, only tae be jumbled up in the same auld confusion. At last I gaed tae sleep, no vera sure whether it was 5 minutes before 9, or 9 minutes before 10. Surely next year they'll alter this. Guid gracious, what's five minutes here or there in a day's trip, tae tormentin' a body as I was tormented. Instead o' 9-55, start at 10, and tell the engine-driver, if he sees everything clear, tae pit on a bit spurt and mak up for the five minutes.

Hooever, we got started, and in due time got on board the "Ivanhoe," an extr'ornar fine boat, and vera different frac the boats I hae mind o'—the "Koh-i-noor," the "Reindeer," the "Craignish Castle," and sich like. Aifter sittin' on a' the sates and trying hoo deep doon we could sink in the velvet cushions, and whirlin' Betty roon' an' roon' in yon easy chairs like a barber's, and writin' a letter tae oor freens in the Heelan's on yon note paper wi' the portrait o' the steamer on't, tae let them see the difference between oor boat and their herring wherries, I said, "We'll awa an' get a pint o' porter."

In goin' oot o' the cabin we sees a water fountain on which was written—

"Ye may gang faurer an' fare waur."

"Bless me," says Betty, "what's that written there? Is't a warnin' no tae rin awa wi' the silver ladles?"—"No, no," I says, "it jist tells us in polite and studied language that if we go tae the steward's room we will gang a wee bit faurer an' pay mair. Of course, everybody kens porter is dearer than water. I doot the chiel

up here has nae share in the drinking place, or he wadna warn folk that way. Hooever, Betty, we'll tak a bit step ben tae the steerage place; it's aye a penny the bottle cheaper there—whiles tippence—and there's aye bigger biscuits an' newer cheese." So awa we gaed.

In the steerage saloon was a big tin can, an' while Betty was lookin' at this, I cried on the steward and says, "Twa pints o' porter, steward, and as in thae hard times we maun mak' the money go as faur as possible, we'll tak it on draught—oot o' that can—it'll be bigger measure than the bottles."

"That's milk," says the steward.

"Oh, milk is't," says I, "for the bairns dootless. Weel, weel! I'm sure we'll no meddle it. Ye can jist bring the porter in bottles."

"No porter here," says the steward.

"I suppose the warm weather has rin ye oot till ye get tae Greenock. Weel, weel! say ale; it's maybe fully better."

"No ale either, sir—nothing but milk."

"What does he say, Betty? The blawing aff o' the steam has made me a wee hard o' hearin'."

"He says there's naething but milk."

"D'ye mean ye don't keep onything but milk?"

"Exactly."

"Come here, my man," says I, crooking my forefinger at him. "Ye're no fou, I see, but are ye a' there—*compus mentus*? I'm dootfu'. I suppose ye're no' a Hindoo or a heathen?"

"No, I'm not."

"Weel, did ye ever hear o' St. Paul, an' what he says? I wadna wunner but it was jist when he was takin' a bit sail like oorsel's, for St. Paul was unco fond o' sailin'. 'When I was a child I desired milk, but when I became a man I put away childish things;' jist as I noo put away your milk an' shake the dust aff my feet at ye." And wi' that I cam' oot, an' Betty following me, we gaed awa tae the hin'en', and I says, "Betty, maybe they don't keep drink forrit noo because the steerage folk used tae kick up sich rows. Hooever, we're cabin passengers—second class and saloon, as oor tickets say—and there's sure tae be a' sorts there." And doon we gaed intae a most graun' room, a' stuck roon' an' roon' wi' floers an' pictures an' nick-nacks. I took aff my hat, and sat a wee in speechless amazement: if we had been in the Zaar's yacht it couldna be grander, let alane a three shilling trip tae Arran.

When I had recovered a wee I says, "Betty, I'm afraid they'll mak' us pay here—thae pictures are no kep' up for naething. We'll hae tae be canny a wee at first, an' feel oor way, as

it were. It'll be champagne an' things like that they hae; I question if they ever heard o' porter doon here; if they have ony it'll be sixpence a wee bottle at the vera least. Waiter, hae ye ony porter?"—"No, sir, don't keep it."

"I tell't ye that, Betty. Maybe we had better rise afore we go ony further."

"We can give you zoedone, sir."

"Faith, Betty, we're in for't noo--five or six shillings a bottle, I'll warrant ye."

"Will I bring you a bottle of zoedone, sir?"

"Let me see; ye hivna't in hauf-pints, hae ye?"

"No! all in one size bottles; it's the new drink."

"Dootless," I says, "but ye see we're but or-nar folk, no' gi'en tae new notions—ye'll no hae ony whisky?"

"Whisky!" says the waiter, horrified; "No."

"Puir auld Scotland," I murmured, and was risin' tae gang awa when Betty says, "What's the price o' this so don't?"—"Sixpence a bottle."

"That's no' sae vera dear, aifter a'," I says; "bring in a bottle." And in it cam.

"Noo," I says tae Betty, "what dae ye think o' that?"

"Vera little atweel," says Betty, "it's jist like ginger beer."

"Or the bottoms o' ale bottles," I interruptit, "an' lemonade mixed a' up. It's wersh a wee, an' mighty dear. Na, na, it hisna the fine fillin' properties o' a bottle o' porter, nor the satisfactory grip o' yer mooth like guid whisky. I declare it's waur than claret, an' it's cauld enuch. Bah! An' this is what the gentry drink. Weel, weel, nae accootin' for taste, but I'm gled oor taste is noo settled;" and we rose tae come oot, and I heard somebody say it was the "teetotal boat," and I says, "Betty, we've been diddled—ta'en in an' done for—treated in this boat as if we were twa puir useless craeters that couldna get a taste o' drink withoot gettin' fou; an' so they wad gi'e us naething but milk in the steerage, an' the aristocratic zoedone in the cabin—me, a man wha never gets fou, except on a proper occasion (a waddin' or sich like), to be insulted this way. Never mind, Betty, if I'm no' mista'en, the 'Glen Rosa' aye rins tae Arran yet, an' yonder's Greenock in the distance—sweet Greenock, wi' a public-hoose every ten yards. Come awa up tae the top-gallant hurricane deck an' get your carpet-bag ready."

When we got up the captain was walkin' about—a fine, good-lookin' chiel he was—and I says tae him in a confidential way, "I suppose, captain, although this is a teetotal boat, ye'll keep a bit private bottle in yer ain room? Ye wad

need it if it cam on tae blow, or if your breakfast didna agree wi' ye."

"Oh no," he says, laughing.

"Come, come," I says, "between freens ye ken, I'm sure I'm no' gaun tae speak aboot it, an' although I wad scorn tae ask a drink frae onybody, yet wi' the taste o' that zoedone in my mooth, an' the want o' my mid-day tumbler o' porter, if ye could jist gi'e Betty an' me a bit thimblefu', I wad sen' ye the morn three hunnerwecht o' the finest Wishaw coals that ever sparkled up the lum o' a Clyde skipper's private paurlor."

But the captain vowed he didna keep a supply; so we sat looking mournfully at the water and the sea-gulls till we got tae Greenock, and then we gaed up the East Quay Lane; and hauf an hoor later, when we ran across tae catch the train, we were like different folk a'thegither.

Next year I'll be wary, an' pick my boat. In thae days o' experiment, we micht actually go into ane whaur nae smokin' was allooed.

HEAR-I-SAY!

(Scene—The Cross, Cupar-Fife; Tammas and Dauvit meet and exchange snuff-boxes.)

Tammas—Man, Dauvit, hae ye heard that Maister M'Faurlin is tae be brocht up for preachin' heresy!

Dauvit (who is a little deaf)—Hearsay! 'deed nearly a' the meenisters preach noo-a-days frae hearsay, there's nae oreeginality amang them ava!

Tammas (by way of correction, and in a louder tone)—Heresy, it's heresy I mean; no soond, ye ken!

Dauvit (matter of fact man)—Ou aye! I see. Ugh, it's a' soond thegither in ma opeenion!

[Marches off snuffing violently.]

A THIRD-WARD CARLYLE.—The Third Ward rejoices in the possession of an original genius in the person of a Mr M'Leod, who, at a meeting last week, propounded a theory of his own to the effect that in the Town Council "the chair should not descend among pots and pans, and allow her ladyship, the scullery-maid, to move the adoption of the report." There is evidently more than meets the eye in this seemingly wild babblement about pots and scullery-maids and reports. The BAILIE will keep his eye on Mr M'Leod.

Pat's Weal and Woe—Taters and agitators.

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.

Megilp.

TUESDAY'S meeting of the members of the Fine Art Institute was so far satisfactory to all parties. The younger artists made their protest in favour of new members being appointed to the Council from time to time, and showed, while they did this, that they had no personal feeling in the matter, inasmuch as they agreed unanimously to the re-election of the four gentlemen whose turn it was to retire. It is more than probable that the proposal to nominate A. K. Brown, made, and subsequently withdrawn on Tuesday by R. C. Crawford—will receive, should it be again brought up next year, the support of the lay as well as the professional members of the Institute.

An interesting picture, of a kind which was more common ten or fifteen years ago than now, is at present on view in the gallery of Mr Anderson, 77 St. Vincent Street. This is "The Death of Princess Elizabeth at Carisbrook Castle," painted by Thomas Jones Barker. Its sentiment recalls that favoured by W. G. Wills in the drama of "Charles the First." Mr Barker is an experienced artist, who draws with much skill, and who has a capital notion of grouping and arrangement. The present work has attracted the favourable attention of Her Majesty the Queen.

The design has just been completed, by Messrs Adam & Small, for a three-light window for the fine old parish church of Tadcaster, near Leeds. It is illustrative of a passage from the Book of Proverbs, in which "the Preacher" describes the manifold excellencies of a virtuous woman, and was made by Mr Stephen Adam during a recent holiday in Yorkshire. On being submitted to the Archbishop of York, his Grace returned it with his signed approval of the scheme of colour, and the style in which the subject had been treated by Mr Adam.

Intimation has already been made in this column as to the sending-in and the opening days for the coming Exhibition of the Scottish Society of Water Colour Painters, and to this it may now be added that there are at present vacancies for seven Associates of the society, and that intending candidates must lodge their applications with the Secretary, Mr William Smith, 61 West Regent Street, on or before the 30th of next month.

While the society consists of Members, Associates, and Honorary Members, it is provided by the rules that there shall not be more than forty Members and twenty Associates—ladies, moreover, are eligible for election as Associates.

It is needless, after the '78 and '79 Exhibitions of the Society, to say a word as to the high standing it takes in the world of Art. While there is a greater measure of prettiness, and the flights, especially in figure subjects, are more ambitious in the annual shows of the two London water colour societies, our Scottish work has an air of nature and an earnestness of purpose which seem denied to the majority, at least, of London artists.

One of the places which, of recent years at least, has been strangely overlooked by our artist friends, is Inverarnan, at the head of Loch Lomond. For years, indeed, had it not been for Fraser, the district would have been a mere *terra incognita* to the world of pigments and canvas. And yet Inverarnan is set in the very centre of some of the most picturesque—and what is more, the most paintable scenery in all Scotland.

This autumn W. Hall-Maxwell has fixed on it for his headquarters. In a recent letter descriptive of the place and its surroundings he says that "glorious" is the only word which describes it. Both time and trouble, he admits, are needed to reach the Inn, but there is one great compensation for both, and that is that when you are once there you really can't get away again. "I ought to know the district," he says, "as I once had 40,000 acres of shooting in Glenfalloch, but I never saw such colour in hillside and wood as has been visible in this present month of October. Why, as I write, a mass of rowans meets my gaze, so perfect in colour that even the Cardinals of Lockhart seem dim by contrast.

"For the present," he adds, "the chief exports of the district are wool and pictures, while the only local manufactures are ham and eggs and chops, and the main imported article of commerce is—whisky."

Bothering the Vets.

SHERIFF CLARK is really quite too awfully learned. Having been called upon—it is hard to say why—to address our youthful "vets" the other day, he treated them to a harangue about *tumuli*, lake-dwellings, the Aryan race, Greeks, Celts, Goths, Slavs, Hindoos, Persians, Terentius Varro, and goodness knows what besides, while the budding horse-doctors "stared and gaped" in silence. They were brought back to their senses only by a compliment to their Principle, at which they caught like the proverbial drowning man at the straw, and applauded vigorously. The worthy Sheriff should learn to accommodate himself to his audience. His oration of Wednesday last must have been quite as painful to most of the listeners as any operation they may hereafter be called upon to perform will be to its subject.

T H E G A I E T Y.
Proprietor and Director, Mr C. BERNARD.
TO-NIGHT (TUESDAY).
H A M L E T.

Hamlet (Prince of Denmark), Mr WALTER BENTLEY.
Ophelia..... Miss MARIE DE GREY.
WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY,
T H E B E L L S.
Box Office Open Daily from 10 till 4.
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.
LAST FIVE NIGHTS
Of the Distinguished American Artistes,
MR AND MRS M'KEE RANKIN,
Supported by their American Company.
This Evening (TUESDAY), 26th October, at 7-30,
JOAQUIN MILLER'S Famous Play,
"T H E D A N I T E S,"
Alexander M'Gee, Mr M'KEE RANKIN.
Nancy Williams, Mrs M'KEE RANKIN.
Seats can be secured at the Theatre from 11 till 3.

T H E A T R E - R O Y A L.
(Under Royal Letters-Patent from *The Crown*.)
Manager, Miss LITON (Mrs W. Robertson).
Before the Performance on the Opening Night
The NATIONAL ANTHEM will be Sung, Solo by
MDME. GERALDINE WARDEN.
An ADDRESS by W. G. BAYNHAM, Esq.
Written specially for the occasion,
Will be Spoken by MISS LITON.
Doors Open at 6-30. Commence at 7-15 precisely.
The Box Office will be Open from 10 to 4.
WILL OPEN TO-NIGHT (TUESDAY), OCTOBER 26,
On which occasion HER MAJESTY'S SERVANTS will have the
honour of appearing in Shakespeare's Comedy,
A S Y O U L I K E I T.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—In order to prevent disappointment to those unable to secure Seats for the Opening, the National Anthem will be Sung and the Opening Address Read by Miss LITON both on Wednesday and Thursday.

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Each Artist having Represented his Chosen Type of Beauty.
Admission, 9 till 6.....One Shilling.
" 7 till 10.....Sixpence.
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Season Tickets, admitting at all times, including Musical Promenades and Conversazione, Family, 15s; Double, 10s 6d; Single, 7s 6d.

GLASGOW SCIENCE LECTURES.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL.

ST. ANDREW'S HALLS, TO-NIGHT (TUESDAY).
Subject — "On Complementary and Subjective Colours."
THE HONOURABLE THE LORD PROVOST in the Chair.

NOTICE.—In order to prevent overcrowding, Single Admission Tickets cannot be sold at the Hall until 7-45 P.M., by which time Ticket-holders are expected to be seated.

CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING
CONCERTS.

SATURDAY, 30th OCTOBER.

Great Night. New Entertainment! Sir WALTER SCOTT'S
LADY OF THE LAKE,

In Scene and Character, with Incidental Music, selected from
MACFARREN'S CANTATA (LADY OF THE LAKE),
By Mr W. M. MILLER'S SELECT CHOIR.

Mr MILLER, Conductor.
This Work was Composed by Mr Macfarren on the Opening of
the New Halls, and Dedicated to T. L. Stellie, Esq.

Characters—

Ellen, Lady of the Lake, Miss ELIZABETH HUNTER.
Blanche of Devan, Miss NELSON RAMSAY.
Fitzjames, Mr W. S. VALLANCE.
Roderick Dhu, Mr THOMAS WALKER.
Earl of Douglas, Mr WM. GOURLAY.
Malcolm Graeme, Mr J. C. HOWARD.
Allan Bane, Mr ALF. WILSON.
Maidens, Clansmen, &c., ... Mr W. M. MILLER'S SELECT CHOIR.
Pianist, Mr F. W. BRIDGMAN. Organist, Mr THOS. BERRY.
Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats 2s; at Office, 58
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o'clock. JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

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Excepting Saturday Evenings, when the
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Saturday, November 6.

THE NEXT MORNING PERFORMANCE,
AND LAST BUT ONE,

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Prices from 6d to 3s. Box Office Open at Circus Daily, from
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SATURDAY, the 13th.

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SHARE LIST WILL SHORTLY CLOSE.

The Oban Hills Hydropathic Sanatorium

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OBAN, ARGYLLSHIRE.

(Incorporated under the Companies' Acts, 1862 to 1877, by which the liability of the Shareholders is limited to the amount of their Shares.) Capital £75,000, in 7,500 Shares of £10 each. £1 per Share payable on application, £2 on allotment, and the remainder in sums not exceeding £3 per Share, as may be required, at intervals of not less than Three Months. Fully paid-up Shares will be entitled to £5 per cent. per annum on calls paid in advance. If no allotment is made, the deposit will be returned in full.

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Bankers—NATIONAL BANK OF SCOTLAND, Glasgow, and Branches in Scotland and London.
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ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

THIS COMPANY is Established for the purpose of erecting at Oban a Hydropathic Sanatorium of a first-class character, to meet the wants of the numerous visitors to that favourite district. With this object, land has been provisionally secured on the rising ground immediately overlooking the town and Bay of Oban, as a site for the proposed Establishment, and as extensive ornamental pleasure and recreation grounds and gardens.

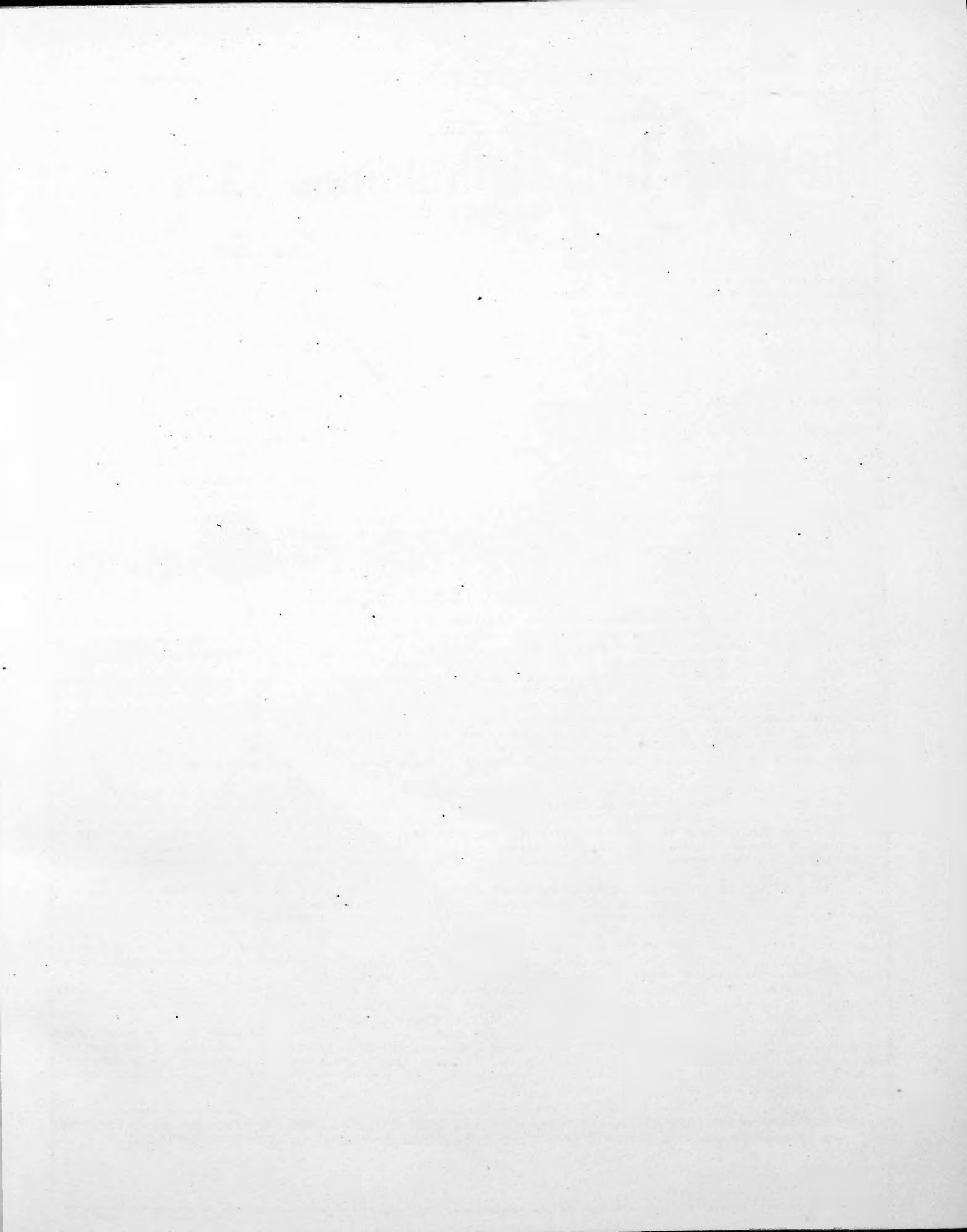
The building from its commanding situation, will be one of the leading landmarks of the town and district, and be visible from the piers, the railway station, the surrounding hills, the Bay of Oban, and from the numerous islands and waters beyond, and will be within easy distance of the ancient castles of Dunolly, Dunstaffnage, Gylen, Barcaldine, Duart, Ardtornish, and other feudal keeps, the Rapids of Connel, the islands of Kerara, Lismore, Mull, Staffa, Iona, &c., the cloud-capped peaks of Ben Cruachan and Glencoe, the hills of Morven and Appin, and the famous waters of Loch Evive, Loch Linnhe, Loch Feochan, and Loch Awe. From the windows of the Establishment there will be a bright and magnificent prospect all the year round, extending over the island of Kerara and a wide stretch of sea beyond, and embracing within the same view the mountain ranges of Mull.

Since the opening of the railway, the increase of tourists and visitors to Oban has been beyond all calculation. The hotels and lodging-houses have been crowded to excess, and the accommodation usually available has been altogether short of the demand, so much so. that even the steamers and other vessels in the harbour have had to be frequently called into requisition to furnish shelter for those who could not obtain sleeping accommodation on shore. These facts give the Directors of this Company great confidence in bringing their scheme before the public; and they would urge upon all intending investors the propriety of making early application for shares, so as to enable them to complete arrangements for the immediate erection of the Establishment.

The building will have a magnificent dining saloon where tables can be spread for upwards of 200 visitors, luxurious upper and lower drawing-rooms, reading and correspondence rooms, ladies' rooms, billiard room, chess room, recreation and concert hall, gymnasium, grand winter garden, fernery, a host of private parlours commanding extensive sea and land views, suites of rooms, numerous bed rooms, noble staircases, and invalid's lift, wide internal corridors, and a long range of verandahs for out-door promenading; together with first-class kitchen accommodation. Provision has also been made for the thorough warming and ventilating of the entire Establishment upon approved principles; in fact, everything that can conduce to the comfort of visitors, and the success of the Company, will be arranged for and provided.

Undertakings of a similar character, less favourably circumstanced, have proved, and still continue to be, highly remunerative to investors, and it is confidently believed that this scheme—without speculating on the peculiar advantages of the situation—should realise a profit to the Shareholders of from 12 to 16 per cent. per annum on the called-up capital.

The only contract entered into is the provisional agreement for the purchase of the site, dated the 25th August, 1880, between William Gillies, Esq., of the one part, and J. Ford Mackenzie, for and on behalf of the Company, of the other part. This agreement, together with the plans of the building and the memorandum and articles of association, can be seen at the offices of the Company, No 58 Bath Street, Glasgow, where Prospectuses, with forms of application for shares, may be obtained; or from the Company's Bankers, Stockbrokers, or Solicitor.





The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 420. Glasgow, Wednesday, November 3rd, 1880. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 420.

THE BAILIE remarked a fortnight ago that the two leading topics of interest in the city were the proceedings in our ecclesiastical courts and the Municipal Buildings competition. And when giving his friends the benefit of his wisdom in regard to the former subject, he hinted that he might have something to say before long on the latter as well. Acres of paper and oceans of ink have been expended already in discussing this subject, and the general result is dissatisfaction all round. All the parties concerned in the recent competition have blundered. The Town Council, who framed the "conditions," the architects who competed when they found they couldn't act up to them, and the arbiter who might have decided in accordance with them, but who did nothing of the kind, have each made something very like fools of themselves. One benefit which has flowed from the considerably expensive transaction is the experience gained by our civic rulers, and the influence of this, let us hope, will be seen in the proceedings of the Town Council elected to-day. The recent competition has shown, besides, that there are architects within the four corners of St. Mungo able to rise to a great occasion like the present, so that we have no need to go outside of our own boundaries to find the taste and skill to design and carry out the work connected with a Town Hall worthy in all respects of the Second City. Glasgow, indeed, has many men perfectly qualified to grapple with such a task, and the BAILIE has selected the counterfeit presentment of one of these to adorn his pages for the present week. This is Mr JAMES SELLARS, Jun., of the well-known firm of Messrs. Campbell Douglas and Sellars. Mr SELLARS, who is Glasgow born and bred, is still in early

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middle life. His introduction to the profession was gained in the office of Messrs Barclay and Watt, and up till the year 1870 he pursued the ordinary humdrum existence of an architect's assistant. It was as the successful competitor for the Stewart memorial fountain, in the West-End Park, that the Man you Know first became known to the public. Unlike what has occurred in connection with the competition which is the *raison d'être* of the present article, the sum set aside at the outset by the Town Council for the fountain was too extravagant, and after Mr SELLARS' design had been premiated it was thrown overboard, and a new competition was invited, the cost of the fountain in this case being fixed at one-half of the amount originally named. Happily for himself, our friend was successful in the second as he had been in the first competition, and the construction of the memorial was accordingly entrusted to his care. About this time Mr SELLARS became a member of the firm to which he still belongs. Associated with his partner, Mr Douglas, he has helped to design and direct many of the most important edifices erected in Glasgow during the last ten years. Among these are the offices for the Scottish Amicable Insurance Company, the Bank of Scotland Buildings in George Square, the building in Glassford Street intended for the City of Glasgow Bank, the New Club, St. Andrew's Halls, and the *Herald* office in Buchanan Street, together with numerous churches and piles of building in our leading thoroughfares. In everything done by Mr SELLARS there is a marked degree of individuality and even distinction. His thought is always his own. Whether we approve of his designs or not, it is impossible not to recognise in them an abundant force of character, and an ample appreciation of the possibilities of his site and his material. All round, indeed, the Man you Know is an able

and judicious architect. He cannot only design well, but he understands how much the success of a building depends on every detail in its progress towards completion, and how outward harmony and interior comfort can only be secured by constant and careful supervision. Although devoted, both by natural inclination and business training, to architecture, Mr SELLARS is sufficiently wide in his sympathies to take an eager interest as well in the art of the painter and the art of the sculptor as in the art of the architect. His figure is a familiar one in all literary and artistic circles in the city. Of a determined nature, and possessed of a temper of his own, he is yet genial and pleasant in his proper person. Those who know him best, like him best.

A MATTER OF DEGREE.

'Twere fitting, methinks, our new College "degree"
Should not be "L.A.," but instead "L.S.D."

ERIN-GO-BRAGH.

(Conversation between Pat and Sandy at a Public Work.)

Pat—Good morning, Sandy; you're looking very down in the mouth. What's the matter?

Sandy—Weel, ye see, Pat, next week's the rent day, and I'm not quite prepared for it. I doot I'll need tae "shoot the moon."

Pat—"Shoot the moon," bedad. Do as they do in my counthry, Sandy—shoot the landlord!

ANOTHER WAY OF LOOKING AT IT.—In opening the University medical session last Tuesday, Professor Cleland delivered a lecture on no less tremendous a subject than "The Evolutions of Organisation," which he began by observing that "the study of medicine presented to him who viewed it properly two great aspects." These aspects he proceeded to enlarge upon; but there is a third aspect in which the study of medicine presents itself to those who view it in Glasgow—and, to tell the truth, it is rather a rowdy aspect.

WORTH POWDER AND SHOT.—Asinus, who must be always flying at high game, says, that if he was going in for the sport of landlord-shooting, he would like much to begin with Mr Parnell. [*Query*—To shoot *with* him, or *at* him?]

The Turkey Question—Roast or boiled?

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.

My Son, Sir.

"Of little body, but of lofty mind,
Round belly'd, for a dignity designed,
And much a dunce, as Martins are by kind."
—Dryden's *Hind and Panther*.

TO vote alone there's little use,
At Council meetings I'm but one, sir;
And so I beg to introduce
My son, sir.

You know my style; you know my phiz;
You know the goodly work I've done, sir;
You know I'm more than wise—so is
My son, sir.

A tailor well can grace a Board—
Ah, twiggez-vous? d'ye see the pun, sir?
To whom d'ye think it should be scored?—
My son, sir.

In our good ward my seat is fixed—
The polling known ere 'twas begun, sir;
But while I'm first, I hope comes next
My son, sir.

Then let the public wipe their eyes!
Then there will be the jolly fun, sir!
When I sit down—then up will rise
My son, sir.

Then will your wants be all supplied,
Till grievances there will be none, sir;
Sure things will change—when by my side,
My son, sir.

Electric clocks! yes, by the score,
To tell you when to eat your bun, sir;
I'll get you some—if you need more,
My son, sir.

Should there be any wrongs you know,
I'll have them righted, sure's a gun, sir;
When I'm not by—the same just show
My son, sir.

Whatever goes not to your mind
Write, though your letters weigh a ton, sir;
The same address, you know, will find
My son, sir.

A' UP A CLOSSIE.

(Scene—A Sheriff Small Debt Court; Pursuer, a Lowlander, sues a man named M'Intosh for an account.)

Pursuer—I'v witnesses here, my Lord, to prove ma case.

The Sheriff—But the account is prescribed, being more than three years due, and I cannot therefore hear your witnesses. You must refer the matter to the defender's oath.

Pursuer—Gin it comes to a Hiellanman's oath, ma Lord, ma case is a' up a clossie.

Cause and Effect—Arrest Parnell and a rest for Ireland.

Much Paton'd Engine-uity—The Exhibition in the MacLellan Galleries.

A "Reel" Luxury—A Gillies' ball.

The Complete Letter-Writer—Mr Ruskin.

A Flaw in the Bench.

WE have heard of late, from Mr William Collins and others, a good deal about the hocus pocus said to be practised in connection with County Licensing Courts; but, if we are to believe one of themselves, our City Magistrates are infinitely worse than their county brethren, and are subject to ocular beams where the others suffer merely from motes. Mr Collins's worst accusations dealt with champagne luncheons and so on—bribes which are, after all, limited in their application—whereas Bailie Farquhar declares that his colleagues are swayed by "social influences, trade connections, and even clerical influences" in the granting or refusing of licences. This is a very serious charge and could hardly have been made without, at least, some semblance of foundation. Perhaps Mr Farquhar, like Mr Bret Harte's friend, will "rise to explain."

MIXED.

(Scene—Oban Shore.)

Boat Hirer (who has just concluded a bargain with some Glasgow excursionists for his boat, to assistant)—Here, Duncan, tid I'll not tell you to be more careless with this boat. You have shust tied her that everybody else could loose her but yersel'!

SOMETHING NEW IN "ADOPTION."—Somebody is asked by advertisement in the *Herald* "to adopt one or two children, male or female, of highly respectable parentage, now deceased." It is doubtless satisfactory that one has a choice of sex, and that the children are of highly respectable parentage, but what's the use of "adopting" them if they are "now deceased?" The guardians of the poor little creatures would do much better, under the circumstances, to apply to an undertaker.

A PROFESSORIAL HURDY-GURDY.—Professor Blackie says that languages may be looked at "just as one would look at a first-rate hurdy-gurdy." He might have added that Professor Blackie may be listened to just as one would listen to a third-rate hurdy-gurdy.

An English Consort to Lochlomond — Mr Kinglake.

The Sewage—Muddled.

The Election Expenses—Addled.

Occasional "trip" Expenses—Fuddled!

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.

A Feminine Fizzle.

WHAT ribald followers of the ex-Member for Cambridge would call a Hen Convention took place in Glasgow last week. The BAILIE was not displeased to see that only one of the shrieking sisters was set down as belonging to our city, though two or three hailed from such suburban districts as Pollokshields and Paisley. Native talent was, however, rather "out of it" on the occasion, Boanerges being represented by excited females from "furrin parts" like London and Retford, loose in their logic and shaky in their "facts," while Dr Cameron was blandly facetious in the chair, and Mr James Moir was terribly severe on those "inconsistent monsters" who are depraved enough to possess a University education—rather a slap in the face, by the way, to the chairman. Altogether it was not much of a show. If the ladies can't display better "form" than this, there won't be any fun in letting them into Parliament.

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

(Scene—A public street; Publican meets an Irishman who owes him a trifle.)

Publican—What's come ower ye?

Pat—Oi hav'nt baen your way for some time, besides I've taken the pledge.

Publican—But taking the pledge shood nae hae prevented ye frae comin' and payin' yer debt.

Pat—Bedad, there's Father Murphy coming, and if he see'd me spaking to you he'd think I'd broken it. (With that he bolts down the nearest close.)

JOHN AMONG THE DUKES.—"White and Gold"—the *Herald's* own "White and Gold, late Tam o' Shanter"—should really write a Book—an Autobiography. His anecdotes of the aristocracy would quite cut out Grantley Berkeley and put Lord William Lennox in the shade. His latest reminiscence is of how he tossed for sovereigns with a duke and lost—of course Which was it, John—Duke Humphrey or Duke Hildebrod?

AN IRRELEVANT DETAIL.—A 'commercial,' advertising for a commission, describes himself as "engaged." What in the name of goodness would it matter to anybody if he were not only "engaged" but married and the father of a family? Domestic details are quite out of place in matters of business.

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

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—Everybody—save a few croakers—is in raptures with the new Theatre Royal. It is comfortable—always the first necessity in a place of amusement, it is excellently lighted, and the acoustic properties are first-rate. So much for the house in front of the curtain.

As for the stage and all transacted thereon the opinion may be hazarded that, while Mr Brough is inclined to err, ever so little, on the side of modern fun in his presentation of *Touchstone*, and Mr Vezin hardly acts up to the part of *Jacques*, charming is the only word which describes the *Rosalind* of Miss Litton, and Mr Stephens' *Orlando* is exceedingly easy and intelligent. The manner in which "As You Like It" is put on the stage is quite worthy of the play.

Miss Rose Leclercq appears to-night and to-morrow, and Wednesday and Thursday nights at the Gaiety, in Charles Reade's drama of "Masks and Faces." On Friday she will support the part of *Galatea* in "Pygmalion and Galatea," and on Saturday that of the Princess in "The Palace of Truth." Miss Leclercq's *Peg Woffington* is new to Glasgow; she ought to make a hit in the part.

The comedy of "School," Tom Robertson's clever Cinderella play—which he "took" from the German and improved in the taking, will be put up this evening by Mr Knapp at the Royalty. "School" belongs to the "cup and saucer" style piece, but it is none the less agreeable for all that. "Ours" and "Caste" will follow "School" later in the week.

On Monday next a version of "Rip Van Winkle" will be presented at the Royalty, and on the week following Mr Knapp promises us a visit from Miss Wallis, who brings Mr Wills's "Ninon," a drama of intensely tragic interest, and the scene of which is cast in Paris during the revolution of '93. "Ninon" was a great success at the London Adelphi, where it was produced early last summer.

Mr Cecil Beryl is still drawing crowds with "New Babylon," which must, however, be withdrawn on Friday next. The parts of *Bel Lorimer* and *Eunice*, which have hitherto been "doubled" by the same actress, will be played to-night and till the close of the run by Misses Amy and Louise Lionel—two sisters who bear a startling resemblance to one another even in private life.

That curious phenomenon, "Miaco the Boneless," is the star for the present week at Mr Newsome's popular Cirque in Ingram Street. Miaco, is however, only an adjunct to the usual series of performances, which include "daring feats of horsemanship," "funny scenes in the circle," &c.

The closing performances of Hague's niggers are announced. It seems that the dark uns will positively wind up their season in Hengler's Cirque on Saturday first. Note should be taken that Thursday evening has been set apart for the benefit of that veteran minstrel, Mr George J. Wisom, when ever so many old songs, comic and sentimental, will be revived. Among these will be "Hard Times," "Mary Blanc," "My old Kentucky home," "Sally come up," "We're coming, sister Mary," and other tuneful ditties that used to be all the rage when "Christies" were a novelty.

Mr Airlie has brought together a "Great London Company" for Saturday night's City Hall concert. It includes such well-known and esteemed artists as Mdme. Edith Wynne, Miss Damian, Mr Egbert Roberts, and Mr Alfred Gallrein—the last-named of whom is a clever violincellist, and who, to be strictly correct, is hardly a London man by this time, since he made up his mind, some time ago, to settle permanently in Glasgow.

Is Johnny Neil the richest man in the Town Council? And if he be, is there any necessity for him to inform his brother councillors at Finance dinners, or elsewhere, of the circumstance?

What does the "Great Conservative Demonstration" announced for Friday evening in the City Hall mean? Has the "Secretary," Mr "Townsend Sadlier," another name, and is it "Harris?" Anxious inquirers can find no Mr "Townsend Sadlier" in the Glasgow Post Office Directory.

They say that the favourite candidates for the vacant magistracies are Ex-Bailie Wilson, and Councillors Watson, Reid, and Dickson. Councillor Finlay, like Councillor Neil, thinks his turn for the Bailie-ship has come round, but the knowing ones, purse-up their lips and give an ominous shake of the head when his name comes up—even as if they would say "he isn't in it."

Among the members of the company engaged by the Messrs Gatti for the Christmas pantomime at Covent Garden are Miss Bessie Sanson and Mr J. G. Taylor.

Evidently there is to be no end to the erection of hotels in Glasgow. Prompted, probably, by the success which has attended the one in St Enoch Square, the Caledonian Company intend forming the entire building now in course of erection in Gordon and Hope Streets into a hotel; and the old Queen's Hotel in George Square is shortly to be rebuilt from the foundations, and started anew by the Directors of the North British Railway.

How the "old familiar faces" are drifting into the darkness, BAILIE! It seems but yesterday that I devoted a few lines to the memory of Dr Monro, of Campsie, and now, in the departure of Dr Jamieson, the grave has closed over one who was his close friend, and who had many points of character in common with him. This fine old school of Scottish ministers is rapidly dying out, and to the few that are left—to use the striking language of a friend of mine—"the other side of the curtain must be growing very attractive."

Another death falls to be mentioned. It is that of Mrs John Forrester—the mother of Mr Alexander Forrester and Mr John Forrester—who died at Porton Cottage, Helensburgh, her own house, on the morning of Monday last. To those of the older generation, Mrs Forrester's was a familiar presence. She was mistress of the Gordon Street shop, now so well-known as "John's," for upwards of thirty years. Her blythe, kindly, handsome face, and her pleasant, motherly ways, made her universally liked, and she was esteemed as much as she was liked. Twenty years have gone bye since Mrs Forrester left Gordon Street, but her memory is still green among the folk of her own generation, and the news of her death, last week, must have cast a shadow over not a few of the people who made up what was the Glasgow of the 'forties and 'fifties. Mrs Forrester had completed her seventy-eighth year in August last, and out of a family of eleven children—all born during her stay in Gordon Street—four sons and two daughters survive her.

NO GREAT SHAKES.

Peter—I say, Bauldy, hoo is it thit that dog's stump o' a tail is sae funny?

Bauldy—Becuz it's "a bit of a wag," of coorse.

HER AIN.

(Scene—Somewhere in the Highlands; *Dramatis personæ*, English tourist and Highland drover.)

English Tourist—I say, dwova! is that dwag you-ahs?

Highland Drover—What for would that dog be Ure's? she doesn't know if Ure has got heny dog at all at all; that dog belongs to her ain-sell, whatever!

Signs of the Times.

GREENOCK has been suffering from such a lack of rain that public works were obliged last week to cease operations. This is a truly startling "sign of the times," and should not be lost upon thoughtful minds. Who knows but the whisky supply may next give out? In that case we may look in the papers for such items as the following:—

"The supply of bad language at recent meetings of the Pittenweem Town Council has fallen off to an alarming extent. Measures are being taken to prevent a total drouth."

"There has been no earthquake at Comrie for three calendar months. Geologists and others attribute the phenomenon either to vast subterranean changes or to the imaginative powers of the inhabitants."

"No scandal has been talked at Bridge-of-Allan this season. Lodging-house keepers are at their wits' end, and purpose advertising for contract supplies of this chief attraction for visitors."

"The poet-crop in Paisley is again a failure. The celebrated Mr Close has been invited to establish a School of the Muses on the banks of the Cart."

"Owing to the falling-off in the number and quality of Highland (colloquial) bulls which has been observed of late, the Duke of Argyll has given instructions for the importation of several fine specimens of the Irish breed."

And then the deluge!

Rhymes for the Times.

COME a' ye honest voters that dwell in this toon en',
 An' I'll tell ye o' a secret that electors a' should ken.
 What is the greatest evil that oor Cooncil could befa' ?
 'Tis tae hae auld Jeemsie Martin an' his laddie in an' a' ;
 An' his laddie in an' a', an' his laddie in an' a'—
 'Tis tae hae auld Jeemsie Martin an' his laddie in an' a'.

That baker chiel, aul' Johnnie Neil,
 A Bailie'd like tae be, man ;
 An' though at law he's unco raw,
 He's plenty jaw tae gie, man.
 But na, aul' Neil, ye'll dae as weel
 If ye bide whaur ye are, man ;
 Gang ye're ain gate, its no ye're fate
 Tae wear a Bailie's chain, man.

A FACT—OF COURSE.

(Scene—Uddingston Station, the train for Motherwell and Wishaw is fifteen minutes late of starting.)

Ticket Collector (calmly promenading along the carriages)—All Wish-away.

Irate Old Boy (in corner of first class compartment)—Rather!

On 'Change.

DURING last week a surprising desire was developed to obtain possession of North British stock. People seemed to cherish the belief that North British was essential to happiness, and so many were actuated by the same desire that the stock naturally rose in price. An eminent stockbroker told me that it had "risen in value." That was a mistake, but the decent man firmly believed all he said. He did not distinguish between value and price, which are totally different things. North British has advanced in price, but its value has not been augmented by a shilling.

The value of a thing is said to be what it will fetch. That is hardly true of North British at 95. A man who would buy at that rate must have more cash than wit. Perhaps he has more confidence than either. On the average of a year North British has yielded to its holders exactly ten shillings per cent. Not very long ago it failed to pay interest on some of its preferences. The expectation is, of course, that an ample harvest will bring increased traffics, and that better traffics mean a larger dividend. Suppose North British to yield 4 per cent. next year, and 4½ per cent. the year after, that would make 9 per cent. for three years, taking into account the ½ per cent. The return would thus be only 3 per cent. per annum. Three per cent. does not entitle a stock to stand at 95, and the dividends I mention will not be reached. Therefore the price at which the stock stands is preposterous, and it ought to be sold without delay.

For my own liking I would rather buy iron. Croakers say the country is done, and that iron will never be wanted any more. That is all nonsense. The country is as hearty as ever. It got a severe slap in the face, but it is recovering. Iron will be wanted again, just as before, and at present prices it will pay more than 5 per cent. if held for a year.

Promoters of gold companies continued to flourish. Green bay trees were nothing to them. The only merit I can see in companies like the "Colar" is that they will "collar" somebody's money. The cash will be "collared" in a double sense. It will be "collard and collard," as Mr Macgregor says in "Robbing Roy."

These unhappy people who wanted to sell the State Steamship Co. must feel ashamed of themselves. If they do not, they ought to, but men do not always what they ought. The shares bring £12 5s to £12 10s in the market, and the holders have a chance of something better. That is surely an improvement upon the project of parting with the shares altogether for £12 10s. Unless something unexpected should happen these shares ought to be bought rather than sold. The unexpected always happens, it is said, but even in that event the shares are good value.

SCRUTATOR.

A MODEL CLERGYMAN.

(Scene—A parlour; 3-30 p.m.)

Mrs Watt (a visitor)—Ye've had a veesit frae yer new minister already.

Mrs M'Bride (proudly)—Aye, that a' had.

Mrs Watt—And hoo did ye like him?

Mrs M'Bride—Uncommon! He geid's nae lang screed o' a prayer, and losh, wummun, he took a gless o' whusky—oot, tae, and when he was gaun awa he clapped me warmly on the shoother, and said he would sin' be back again.

Household Suffrage and Ballot Voting—Now no elections worthy noting; few to poll, as few now stand, no interest now throughout the Land.

"There's the respect (re-ward, rather) that makes calamity of so long (Municipal) life"—Neglecting to nominate Mr Moir.

Quavers.

THE seventh series of choral and orchestral concerts promises to be of exceptional excellence. The orchestral selections, at least, are remarkably attractive, the instrumental talent engaged showing no falling off, either individually or generally. Above all, a great advance has been made in respect of vocal solo talent, the engagement of Mesdames Albani and Trebelli, artists of the very first rank, alone giving a special distinction to the new season.

The leading features of the orchestral programmes are—the Symphony by Berlioz, "Harold in Italy," first time of performance in Scotland; Mendelssohn's Reformation Symphony, not hitherto heard at these concerts, and new it may almost be said to Glasgow; Schubert's C Symphony; Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony; and a selection from Wagner (from "Tannhauser" to "The Ride of the Valkyrie," a specimen of his latest development); and a Beethoven night, containing examples of his famous "three styles." Next week we will refer to other important selections in the orchestral part of the concerts.

The choral works are "Moses in Egypt," music that draws, if it is not of the very highest class; "The Creation," in which both orchestra and chorus will shine to the utmost; "The Messiah" (the inevitable); and, chief choral distinction of the series, Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri," which has been some little while now in the Union part of the general scheme. The choruses in Schumann's masterly cantata are now in course of study, under the tuition of Mr Macbeth. The engagement of Madame Albani and Madame Trebelli respectively for "The Creation" and "Paradise and the Peri," secures vocal completeness to the performance of these works, and will add immensely to their attraction.

Our tried friend, Mr August W. Manns, resumes his post, and will be heartily welcomed to it. The orchestra is much the same as before in *personnel*, so that conductor and conducted do not require to become acquainted—an advantage of some importance.

One word to the public. Encourage the hearts of the gentlemen who labour so assiduously in the cause of music on our behalf by sending in applications for places without delay.

Mr Reid's pianoforte performances at his concert at the Queen's Rooms on Friday evening last, proved him to be a decided acquisition to the number of the professors of that instrument in Glasgow—for, as we learn, Mr Reid intends residing here. He had the much-coveted advantage of tuition from Reinecke, the distinguished professor of pianoforte at Leipsic. Mr W. H. Cole covered himself with distinction at the concert referred to, his tone and technique being admirable—what probably Glasgow musical people have not hitherto had so good an opportunity of judging of.

The St. George's Choral Union give their first concert for the season on Tuesday the 9th inst. They have engaged Madame Lemmens Sherrington, her last appearance in Glasgow, and first for some time; Madame Enriquez, a favourite at these concerts; Mr Redfern Hollins, a new and promising tenor; and Mr Bridson, whose ability is well known. Mr F. Cliffe, who is highly spoken of, will be solo pianist and accompanist. The St. George's Union will sing a selection of choral glees and part songs, among which may be mentioned Bishop's dramatic "Daughter of Error," but little known to societies, the soprano solo to be taken by Madame Sherrington—who by the way goes shortly to the Verlin Conservatoire to fill the post of vocal professor, the first occasion, probably, in which the appointment has been given to an English artist.

Pollok Street U. P. Church Choir (led by Mr J. Howell), are practising Stainer's "Daughter of Jairus."

The Uddingston Musical Association (conductor Mr James Allan) have selected Henry Farmer's Mass in B flat—a capital choice. The society is some fifty strong, and promises to be a success.

A concert given by the Rutherglen Philharmonic Union last week showed that progress was being made. Tunefulness and precision were marked features of the singing. Good music is evidently appreciated in Rutherglen, for the concert room (the Burgh Hall) was quite full on the occasion referred to.

It is to be hoped that the endeavour now being made to form a new West End Choral Society in Glasgow will succeed. There is really room for one. Of late the artistic ability one might naturally look for in that quarter of the city has been conspicuous by its absence, from whatever cause. A much higher aim, too, than usual should mark the new society, if, as we hope it will do, it succeeds in making a start.

The Paisley Philharmonic Society began their practising for the season some time ago. They are studying the overtures "Mirella" (Gounod), "Rosamunde" (Schubert), and "Il Barbiere" (Rossini), and notably a Suite No. 1., in D minor, by F. Lachner, a remarkably able composition, and Mendelssohn's Capriccio in B minor, for pianoforte and orchestra. They have also some smaller pieces, one of which will be an orchestral arrangement by Mr Hoeck, the clever young conductor of the society, of a piano duet of Volkmann's, entitled "On the Lake." The membership is still more numerous than last year, and it is hoped that the new Good Templars' Hall will be ready in time for the first concert of the season.

The Paisley St. Cecilia Society, also conducted by Mr Hoeck, is now resuming its meetings. The members will practise Sullivan's "The Sorcerer," a class of musical composition which is somewhat of a variety on the usual run of Choir music. There is some good concerted and choral work in "The Sorcerer," an opera considered by musicians, by the way, much finer than either the "Pinafore" or "The Pirates of Penzance."

ONLY THE DIFFERENCE OF THE PREFIX.

First Fond Wife—War ye at the meetin' yestreen?

Second do.—No, my guidman was there. He tell't me your guidman was speakin'.

First do.—Dod aye! I was there mysel'. I never keut oor Guy cud speak like yon afore, in fact I thocht he was fairly inspired.

Second do.—My guidman said it wad hae been far better gin he had expired.

A PRODIGIOUS LUMINARY.

In light, and might, and right, and fight;
Transcending every orb o'er earth:
Where height, and weight wax big in state,
And culminate in great *Sol's* girth.

"SIX MONTHS' WORK AND SIX MONTHS' PLAY."—Our poor over-worked Professors! Some one having suggested that there might be a summer session in Arts as well as in Medicine, they are all aghast at the idea of having to work for more than "the six long winter months." How would it do if other trades and professions were to follow the Professorial example, and go in for a "half-year movement" too? What a jolly set of lotos-eaters we should be—and how jolly glad we should be to give up the "half-year movement" after one trial!

Victory of the Teetotallers—Public spirit's dead.

A "Striking" Scene—Donnybrook Fair.

"Hard Lines"—Tramway rails.

The Witness "Box"—A black eye.

The One Thing Needful.

IN opening the winter session of the Royal Infirmary Medical School last week, Dr Clark chose for the subject of his introductory lecture the highly suggestive one of "Adulteration." In the course of his remarks he horrified the listening students by pointing out, among other facts, that in the United Kingdom the average percentage of adulteration is 19'12 against 54 in Glasgow; that "castor-oil pills" are made of rhubarb, aloes, myrrh, soap, peppermint, and treacle; and that much of our "wine" consists of alcohol, tartaric acid, tannin, sugar, glycerine, ether, and water. In order, however, to counteract the effect of these awful revelations, the Doctor assured his auditors that their whisky is comparatively pure; that it no longer contains, if it ever contained, such pleasant ingredients as wood-naphtha, fusel-oil, oil of vitriol, turpentine, and chlorine water, once attributed to it; and that it is not as a rule adulterated with "anything more serious" than water, wine, or a little burnt sugar. Whereat the audience gave a unanimous sigh of relief, and applauded lustily. Whisky forming the chief aliment of a medical student, he need not, so long as *that* is all right, trouble himself about the sophistication of such minor articles as bread, butter, castor-oil pills, or even wine.

A PLUMPER.

(Pudzeoch Harbour; Harbour-master to watch-man on board smack "Excelsior.")

H. M.—Excelcezer ahoy! Are y' there, Wullie Gauly?

W. G.—Yes, harbour-master.

H. M.—Heave aff the neb line, Wullie Gauly.

W. G.—I canna, it's firm.

H. M.—Cut it then an' let it doon wi' a plump

THE MEAN-ING OF IT.—"Peter," inquired Asinus, looking up from a "weather report" the other day, "what's a 'mean temperature?'" "Why," rejoined Peter with a shiver, "temperature that makes a fellow feel mean, of course—like this." "Ah," observed his Asininity, "I see. Let's liquor." And they did.

Father and Son—Chatham and Pitt, Edmund Kean and Charles, the two Dumas', and the two Martins.

A Kilbarchism—An old motto for a new Mann, "Let well alone."

Clyde Tweeds { Manufactured specially for Wear-resistance. Wholesale price, 3/ per yard. Any length cut.—THE CLOTH HALL, 42 Hutcheson Street.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT there is a contest in one Ward only. That it is a long time since there was such a quiet election. That printers, billposters, and cab proprietors are in tears at the want of interest now taken in public affairs. That wee Jeems and big Jeems are running in tandem. That the young yin is determined that he shall inspect the water-works "officially," and not as a guest, at the next annual trip. That auld Jeems proposes but the Second Ward disposes. That Johnny Neil and the two Jeemses would be a dainty dish to set before Lord Provost Ure. That the friends of Bailie Moir in the Tenth Ward have let him down with a plump. That they were all so busy none of them could find time to nominate their man. That this is sorry treatment of an old friend. That the president of the G. L. A. has said out in print what he thinks of the "Hon. Secretary" of his association. That A. M'D. is not the man to be extinguished even by a Professor. That notoriety is as the breath of his nostrils. That "a' eeks helps" to keep a printing press going. That wonders will never cease. That Original Seceders have at last begun to conform to the ways of the world. That their bazaar will afford rare sport for the Philistines. That the "Blue Banner" will not be displayed on the occasion.

That the Rev. John is *not* "the real Mackie." That the rent day is upon us once again. That it is here before a good many are prepared for it. That the landlords and the poor are always with us. That Bailie Farquhar thinks himself the one honest magistrate on the Licensing Bench. That some of his brother Bailies think that, like the lady in the play, he is given to overmuch protesting. That Sir James Bain is once more about to show his face to the public. That he is to take the chair at a grand Conservative demonstration.

That there is "ay a plaister for a broken head." That Sir James scents the possibility of another election before long. That the Govan Town Clerk hasn't been very successful in his Home Rule appeal. That Sandy Macdonald, writer, has a good knowledge of the law.

That Lord Young has a better. That some of the rolling stock of the Tramway Company is in a sad state of dilapidation. That between ricketty cars and stupid guards the Company seems in the fair way of provoking opposition on certain of its routes at least.

That the Highland hotel-keepers have for a time taken their motto from Glencroe—"Rest and be thankful." That with well-lined pockets they are coming "soose" to Glasgow for the winter classes, and therefore. That the cry is, the Campbells are coming, and the M'Gregors gathering in the St. Enoch Station Hotel.

THE STORIED COLUMN.

(Scene—George Square, before Scott's monument.)

Tourist—Rather odd isn't it to put a man's statue out of sight so.

Residenter—Oh! no, the man was aye famous for his stories.

"Old Mortality"—A mummy.

FOUR GREAT DEPARTMENTS.

ACCOMMODATION FOR TWO THOUSAND CUSTOMERS.

EXTRAORDINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

A QUARTER OF A MILLION

HATS AND BONNETS

Purchased at a Large Discount from Cost Price.

STRAWS, CHIPS, VELVETS, FLUSHES.

The most wonderful Bargains in Millinery Goods ever offered.

All New Goods. Very Latest Fashions.

No old Bankrupt Stock.

Still Prices are Lower than for Rubbish offered at so-called Cheap Sales.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,
COLOSSEUM, 70 JAMAICA STREET.
Details in all papers of Friday.

Anatomical Boots & Shoes

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J. COOPER, 33 EGLINTON STREET, S.S.
NO CORNS OR BUNIONS.

Having less friction, wear longer. Wearer can walk further with less fatigue. Recommended by eminent London Physicians.

Lasts fitted for each Customer Free of Charge.

First-Class References on Application.

ON Sale, at 310 Buchanan Street, a few handsome Brazillian Parroquets, 10s each. Black-faced Weavers, Avadovts, Silverbills, Black and White Manikins, Waxbills, &c, from 5s per pair. Grey Talking Parrots and Cages from 20s.

VICTORIA RESTAURANT,

62 GORDON STREET, & 3 RENFIELD STREET

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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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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.

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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—

ROBERT BROWN, 17 HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.

"DESIDERATUM"

TROUSERS,

15/6 PER PAIR.

FORSYTH,

5 AND 7 RENFIELD STREET.

"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).

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.

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.

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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.

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.

AMERICAN FURNITURE

WAREHOUSE,

128 BOTHWELL STREET.

NOTICE TO SMOKERS!!! MELLOW SMOKING MIXTURE.—J. H. ALLISON, Wholesale and Retail Tobacconist and Cigar Importer, 463 ST. VINCENT STREET, 2 Doors from Elderslie Street. Wholesale and Retail Depot for Murray, Sons, & Co.'s Mellow Smoking Mixture. J. H. A. respectfully invites the Gentlemen of Glasgow to visit his Depot to see the "MELLOW" and judge for themselves. The following Testimonials are a few of the many which have been received :—"Known to Smokers for its Mellow Mildness in use. We saw orders and inquiries for this article fit to make any provincial house proud."—*Land and Water*. "Of the many different "Mixtures" that have come under our notice, we have no hesitation in giving the palm to this Brand. Has a most pleasing and soothing effect."—*Civil Service Gazette*. 8 oz. post free for 3s 4d. 7 Prime Cigars (rare value), 1s. Real Lunkah Cheroots, 8 for 1s. The Trade supplied with large or small quantities.

A CURIOUS CASE FOR INCURABLES.

PEOPLE who have hitherto been troubled with epileptic fits will be glad to learn that a Lady, who, for many years was subject to that dangerous illness, was instantaneously cured through quite a singular occurrence. The Lady (we are prohibited giving the name), whilst out shopping, was suddenly overcome by one of those unpleasant fits in Buchanan Street, and as several Gentlemen happened to be near they at once came to her assistance. One of them who was just smoking one of the CALEDONIAN CIGAR EMPORIUM'S "Leading" Cigars, noticed (as he thought) that the flavour of that delicious article was telling upon her with good effect; he accordingly, for the purpose of trying an experiment, gave her the full benefit of one of those now "Famous" Cigars, with the result that the Lady, within a few seconds, was totally recovered, to the surprise of everybody, and upon thanking the Gentleman, asked him where she could procure those Cigars, was informed that they were only to be had at 25 RENFIELD STREET, the price being 7 for 1s. The Lady, who has often called upon us since, tells us that she always carries these wonderful Cigars with her, so that whenever she feels the slightest indication of being troubled with these fits she hands one of them to the first Gentleman she meets and thus escapes the danger. The above mentioned "Leading" Cigars are only to be had at (note the address) 25 RENFIELD STREET, the price being 7 for 1s, or 12s 6d the 100, and nothing to equal them in Glasgow.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 3rd, 1880.

WHAT is to be the policy of the new LORD PROVOST? Will he follow in the footsteps of Mr COLLINS, or is it the example of the GALBRAITHS the STEWARTS the ORRS and the BLACKIES that he will strive to imitate? Both as a Town Councillor and a Magistrate Mr URE has been a conspicuous success. A man with a mind of his own, broad in his views and eager in his support of any and every project that had the public benefit for its end and aim, he has gained, during his municipal career, the respect and good will of every party in the community. The one possible rock ahead in Mr URE'S course as LORD PROVOST is that of personal temperament. Not even by his friends can he be de-

scribed as overflowing with geniality. Of a shy and retiring disposition, and less caring about the shows of things than about things themselves, he is too prone to neglect those little outward observances which really mean nothing, but upon which some of us—and indeed far too many of us—set so much store. As a Bailie this was all right, but as Lord Provost Mr URE must bow the knee to Baal. Conformity to what are termed the ordinary customs of society—albeit that these are sometimes foolish enough—goes a great way towards smoothing one's way through life, and this holds good in things municipal as in things of any other kind. For the rest the BAILIE is prepared to accept Mr URE'S work in the past as an earnest of his doings in the future. Various momentous questions will fall to be solved during his civic headship, and they will all, we may feel certain, receive his best and most careful attention. Let us hope that their solution will prove as successful as the wants and the wishes of the citizens would have them.

A Solsgirthian Joke.

IT really goes to the BAILIE'S heart to "disgust" Mr Wallace, of Solsgirth, by publicly mentioning his name, but if that gentleman *will* perpetrate such astounding practical jokes as that of last Wednesday he cannot expect to be permitted to blush unseen. On that day Mr Wallace got up on his hind legs, and posed before the University Council as an advocate of "broader views!" This is very excellent good, but Mr W., of S.,—perhaps the contraction may be less "disgusting" than the full name—should be careful. Some day, when he finds himself in a jesting mood, he might by mistake carry his "broader views" into the Presbytery; and only think what would become of the poor old Kirk of Scotland then!

A DIFFICULT TASK.

(Scene—A barrack square; a company of recruits at drill.)

Sergeant (who had given the word to "stand at ease" angrily)—Why are you moving your feet in that way?

Irish Recruit—Bedad, sor, it's thim bunions that won't allow me to obey yir orders.

To suit the Second Ward—A double-breech Martini.

"Play"-mates—Musicians.

The Careless Agriculturist.

IT is amazing how careless a certain class of farmers are in washing out their milk-pails and barrels. They are continually—by the merest accident, of course—letting water remain in the vessel and consequently mix with the milk which is afterwards put in, and it is on these very occasions that they are sure to be pounced on by an inquisitorial official and fined by a magistrate whose faith in his species is *nil*. Only last week an incautious agriculturist forfeited £8 to Sheriff Balfour on account of carelessness like this. Wouldn't a little attention and trouble in emptying barrels, &c., be a profitable investment? (*N.B.*—This is sarkasm)

AWFULLY HIELAN'.

(Scene—Road leading from a churchyard.)

Tongal—Far his she peen, Tonal?

Tonal—At Lauchie Grant's funeral.

Tongal—Is Lauchie deid?

Tonal—Fat a question tae ask. Did she'll thoct she wud hae peen at her funeral if she'll had peen leevin'?

A HAPPY VILLAGE.—Happy Partick! At a meeting of the Second Ward there the other day a Mr Colquhoun stated that all the expenses under the head of Parliamentary and Law Committee's work "amounted to a few shillings for presenting Parliamentary petitions. They had no items of expenses for deputations to various towns in England to look at experiments on sewage like some of their neighbours." Colquhoun, thy satire is just. But "a few shillings!" Oh, Partick, Partick, if you won't be annexed, will you—say, will you annex *us*?

A GUIDE TO THE TOMB.—Testimony is publicly borne to the virtues of a certain qu—the BAILIE begs pardon—patent medicine by a personage who describes himself as a "Guide to the Royal Tombs." Is not this designation likely to make nervous folks rather dubious regarding the remedy in question?

A COMPLIMENT TO "THE MASTER."—*On dit* that among the papers read before the Ruskin Society of Glasgow during the present session will be one on "The Art of Polite Correspondence, with thoughts on Politics, Rat-Catching, and the D-v-l," by a member of the Glasgow University Liberal Association.

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 Word to Alma Mater.

THE elaborate figure of speech in which Principal Caird recently compared the University to a commercial establishment was not, perhaps, altogether a figure of speech. There is a strong dash of the commercial element in many of the dealings of our University authorities. They decline, for instance, to institute the much-needed matriculatory examination on the scarcely veiled ground that such an examination, however it might advance the cause of learning, would diminish the incomes of the University in general and the Professor of Humanity in particular. The latest move in a similar direction is the founding of a trumpery "degree" which is to be no degree, and which owes its origin, on Principal Caird's own showing, chiefly to the fact that the degree, or title, or designation, or whatever it may be called, has already been adopted in Edinburgh, and that it is necessary for Glasgow to bait its fly-trap too. At the same time, it has been ingeniously arranged that the new title shall not interfere with the profits which accrue from existing degrees. Our Alma Mater is poor, and it is not only her right but her duty to "gather gear by every wile that's justified by honour;" but when "honour" seems to be in any way subordinated to the gear, it is equally the right and the duty of her best friends to rebuke and correct her.

MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS AND SEWAGE.

Two burning questions threaten to involve
Town Councillors in general conflagration,
And yet, if wise, the problem they may solve
Without much further wordy disputation.

Precipitate action leads them to confess
Our buildings need mature deliberation;
But, in our sewage, they will find no less
That what we want is just precipitation.

ET TU, BRUTE?—Mr J. C. Wakefield thinks that "nothing is more dangerous to the morals of the community than to grant a licence in any place within ten miles of Glasgow." This seems rather "rough" on Glasgow, and is hardly founded on fact. Surely Mr Wakefield does not intend to take a leaf out of Mr Collins's book, and begin at this time of day to libel the city of his adoption?

Feudal Right—Legal possession.

Feud all Wrong—Mob force.

"Light Weight"—Gas pressure.

American Apples, in Good Condition, 15s per Barrel.—
M. CAMPBELL, The City Fruit Warehouse, 18 Gordon Street.

Megilp.

THE Exhibition opened by the Agnews, in the Gallery of Messrs T. & R. Annan, Sauchiehall Street, is of more than passing interest, as well to our local picture-makers as to our local picture-buyers. It contains examples of what to avoid as well as what to imitate in art. That surface, commonplace school of painting, which never aimed at anything beyond mere prettiness, and in which the picture exhibitions of a score of years ago were so rife, is represented in the Exhibition by numerous clever works—those of the late G. E. Heering, for instance, while the more modern, but still uninteresting and unsatisfactory style of art adopted by men like Heywood Hardy and J. D. Watson is also seen in the Gallery, both in its strength and its weakness.

On the other hand, the specimens brought down by the Messrs Agnew of Pettie, of Riviere, of Leslie, of Sadee, of Corot, of Colin Hunter, of Marks, of Boughton, and of Israels, are exceedingly strong. They can be studied again and again, and always give increasing satisfaction to the student.

Vicat Cole's big Academy picture, "Morning Mist on the Thames," which is also in the collection, although not quite destitute of a feeling of trick, is one of the cleverest of all his works.

The large Israels, which bears the title of "The Last Breath," takes rank among the most expensive pictures ever brought to Glasgow. Its price is twelve hundred guineas.

Visitors to the Gallery must not fail to notice the etching by M. Waltner of "The Wayfarers" of Fred Walker. While the motive of the original has been reproduced with the utmost success, the etching itself is as soft and tender as a charcoal drawing.

The only local artist represented in the Exhibition is Joseph Henderson.

Our artist friends have all, or nearly all settled themselves at home for the winter. David Murray came back to town from Tarbert on Saturday; Tom Donald likewise returned on that day from the Trossachs; and A. K. Brown, Wellwood Rattray, and the rest of the Aberfoyle contingent, are now busy at work in West Regent Street. James A. Aitken, who is still at the Trossachs, is likely to turn his face Glasgow wards within the next few days.

The managers of the International Fine Art Exhibition in the Galleries of the Institute have displayed a practical knowledge of the science of optics by stretching a frame of thin calico underneath the gas jets overhead. This both subdues and distributes the light, and accordingly shows the works exhibited on the walls to very excellent advantage indeed. The distribution of the little groups of sculpture over the large room is likewise a judicious innovation on the order of things as hitherto known in Glasgow. This gives variety to the general effect, and so adds to the interest of the Exhibition as a whole.

The summer work of C. J. Lauder is surprisingly good. Always a skilful draughtsman, Mr Lauder is now manifesting an ample acquaintance with colour, and a capital notion of effect. His largest picture is a view in Greenwich, and he has various other Thames-side studies as well, together with quite a host of street and harbour scenes picked up in Greenock, of all places in the world. It must be said, however, that, looked at through Mr Lauder's eyes, the town of sugar and ships seems exceedingly picturesque. He has succeeded in investing it with the charm which art never fails to give to even the most everyday subject.

Edward Walton is working at Shere in Surrey; high expectations have been formed among his friends with regard to the success of the pictures he has painted in that most delightful of old English villages. The mention of Shere recalls the circumstance that John White, who is now a householder there, has just returned home from a stay in Devon and Cornwall, carrying with him a series of pictures, all of which are marked by that mingled tenderness and strength which have given him an important place among the younger artists of the Scottish school.

The sales in the late Black and White Exhibition amounted to nearly £1,600. This sum is all the more gratifying since it is the largest amount ever reached by a Black and White exhibition in the United Kingdom.

Not the Portrait of a Gentleman—Mr Parrell's cartoon.

The Cream of Tartar—The rebel Kurds.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF THE FINE ARTS,

IN THE GALLERIES OF THE INSTITUTE, SAUCHIEBALL ST. PAINTINGS, WATER COLOUR DRAWINGS, AND SCULPTURE, FIVE HUNDRED WORKS

From the Principal European Academies; Also the "GRAPHIC" BEAUTY PICTURES, By Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., And the Principal Royal Academicians.

Each Artist having Represented his Chosen Type of Beauty. SATURDAY NEXT, by Special Permission of the Commanding Officers of the 71st HIGHLANDERS, now stationed in Edinburgh Castle, the STRING and REED BAND (Full Dress) and the PIPERS of the Regiment will Perform a Programme of Selections from the Best Operas.

Admission, 9 till 5.....One Shilling.
" 6 till 10.....Sixpence.
Children Half-price.

Season Tickets, admitting at all times, including Musical Promenades and Conversazione, Family, 15s; Double, 10s 6d; Single, 7s 6d.

T H E G A I E T Y

Proprietor and Director,Mr C. BERNARD.
MR FRANK EMERY'S COMEDY AND BURLESQUE COMPANY,

MISS ROSE LECLERCQ,
MASKS AND FACES.

FRIDAY—BENEFIT OF MISS ROSE LECLERCQ,
THE PALACE OF TRUTH.

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.

Engagement this Week only of
THE CELEBRATED "CASTE" COMPANY,
Under the management of

Messrs T. W. ROBERTSON and H. BRUCE.

TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY, 2, 3, and 5 Nov., at 7-30,
Special Production of the Great London Success,
"SCHOOL."

THURSDAY, 4th November, at 7-30,....."OURS."

SATURDAY, 6th " 7, "CASTE."

Seats can be secured at the Theatre from 11 till 3.

T H E A T R E . R O Y A L .

(Under Royal Letters-Patent from The Crown.)

Manager,.....Miss LITTON (Mrs W. Robertson).

The Most Beautiful Theatre in Great Britain.

The Strongest United Cast ever seen out of London.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

MARVELLOUS SUCCESS.

MAGNIFICENT SCENERY.

Mr HERMAN VEZIN.

Mr F. EVERILL.

Mr J. BANNISTER.

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Mr ALLBROOK.

Mr LIONEL BROUGH.

Mr E. F. EDGAR.

Mr Y. STEPHENS.

Mr HOLMAN.

Mr GELTON.

Miss LITTON.

Miss CRESSWELL.

Miss HODSON.

Miss HARRIS.

Madrigals, Songs, and Chorus.

Increased Band—Conductor, Mr BARNARD.

Acting Manager.....Mr WALTER BAYNHAM.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE,
MAIN STREET, SOUTH SIDE, GLASGOW.

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

LAST NIGHTS OF
NEW BABYLON,

Which, notwithstanding its Enormous Success, must positively
be Withdrawn after FRIDAY First, the 5th inst.

Special Engagement of the
MISSSES AMY AND LOUISE LIONEL
(Twin Sisters), from the Olympic Theatre, London, who will
appear Each Evening as

BEL LORIMER AND EUNICE.

The Marvellous Likeness existing between these Sisters will at
once unravel the mystery of this huge Drama.

SATURDAY FIRST.—Production of W. G. WILLS'
Powerful Drama,

FORCED FROM HOME.

Every Evening at 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.

H ENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE,
WEST NILE STREET, GLASGOW.

LAST 6 NIGHTS! LAST 6 NIGHTS!

HAGUE'S MINSTRELS.

(THE ORIGINAL SLAVE TROUPE),

Acknowledged on all sides

A MARVEL OF MINSTREL ENTERPRISE.

Two distinct and entire Changes of Programme for this (the
Last) Week.

First Appearance of

THE BIG SIX.

On THURSDAY, Nov. 4th, Grand Complimentary Benefit to
Mr GEO. J. WILSON,

Stage Manager and Director of Amusements.

OLD SONGS, &c.

Vocal Quartette,

MESSRS WILSON, YOUNG, STODDART, AND ROMER.

MR AARON BANKS,

In his Celebrated Act.

THE ESSENCE OF OLE VIRGINNY,

Showing the Attempt of an Aged Darkey to resume the Activity
of his Boyhood's Days.

AND THE

MONSTRE BURLESQUE CONCERTS.

LAST MORNING PERFORMANCE,

On SATURDAY, at 3.

POSITIVELY CLOSING SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6.

Prices from 6d to 3s. Box Plan now Open at the Circus.

Sole Responsible Manager,.....Mr JAMES DILLON.

Business Manager,.....Mr T. J. WEST.

**GLASGOW NAVAL AND
MARINE ENGINEERING EXHIBITION.**

The EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN to the Public in the
CORPORATION GALLERIES, SAUCHIEHALL STREET,
and will be continued till the End of April, 1881.

The Exhibition will be open from 10 till 4, and 7 till 10
Evening.

Admission.—Family Season Ticket, 21s; Single Season
Ticket, 10s 6d. Single Admission on 2nd November, 2s 6d;
and thereafter, Day, 1s; Evening, 6d. The Family Season
Ticket will admit only Three Persons to Soirees and Lectures.

Season Tickets may be obtained at the Corporation Galleries;
the City Chamberlain's Office; and from Mr MacLehose,
Bookseller, 61 St. Vincent Street.

ST. MUNGO ART SOCIETY.

EXHIBITION of PAINTINGS at MR ANDERSON'S
GALLERY, 77 ST. VINCENT STREET.

Open Daily from 10 A.M. till 9 P.M. Admission Free.

GLASGOW CHORAL UNION.
CHORAL & ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.
ST. ANDREW'S HALL.

CHORAL CONCERTS.

TUESDAY Evening, 7th December, 1880; SATURDAY
Morning, 1st January; THURSDAY Evening 13th January;
and TUESDAY Evening, 25th January, 1881.

HAYDN'S "CREATION."

HANDEL'S "MESSIAH."

ROSSINI'S "MOSES IN EGYPT."

SCHUMANN'S "PARADISE AND THE PERI."

ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.

TUESDAY Evenings, 14th, 21st, and 28th December, 1880;
and 4th, 11th, and 18th January, 1881.

PRINCIPAL ARTISTES—MADAME ALBANI.

(First Appearance in Oratorio in Scotland, and only Appearance
in Glasgow this Season.)

MADAME TREBELLI.

(Only Appearance in Glasgow this Season.)

Mrs OSGOOD.

Mdlle. LOUISA PVK.

Mdlle. FRIEDLANDER.

Miss ELLEN A. ORRIDGE.

Miss MARIAN WILLIAMS.

Miss ANNIE MARRIOTT.

Miss J. KEMLO STEPHEN.

Miss HOPE GLEN.

MADAME BOLINGBROKE.

Mr BARTON M'GUCKIN.

Mr HARPER KEARTON.

Mr EDWARD LLOYD.

Mr THURLEY BEALE.

Mr FREDERICK KING.

Mr HENRY GUY.

Mr W. LUDWIG.

Mr A. M'CALL.

SIGNOR FOLI.

Solo ViolinMONS. E. SAURET.

Solo PianoforteHERR E. PAUER.

GRAND ORCHESTRA OF SIXTY PERFORMERS.

CHORUSTHE GLASGOW CHORAL UNION.

CONDUCTOR—MR AUGUST MANN'S.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Reserved Seats—Single Tickets (Transferable.)

Class.	Area.	Balconies.
A. Entire Series—Ten Concerts	£3 3 0	£1 15 0
B. Series of Nine Concerts—Choral and Orchestral (excluding "Messiah," New-Year's-Day)	2 18 0	1 12 6
C. Six Orchestral Concerts	1 17 6	1 1 0
D. Four Choral Concerts	1 10 6	0 18 6

The Subscription List is now open, and all applications lodged
up till Twelve Noon on Monday, 8th November, will receive
Ballot for order of Choice; after which Places will be selected
in the order of intimation of Subscription. A and B Subscribers
have priority of choice.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application may be had from the
Committee, the principal Musicians, and from Mr John Wal-
lace, 58 West Regent Street, to whom intending Subscribers will
please send their Names, with the number and class of Tickets
they wish reserved for them.

JOHN WALLACE, Acting Secy.

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92 GALLOWGATE, NEAR CROSS.

BILLIARDS, BOWLING, etc., etc.

FIRST-CLASS TABLES AND BOWLING ALLEYS.

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CIGARS AND TOBACCO OF FINEST QUALITY.

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PUBLIC AND PRIVATE ROOMS.

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FIRST GRAND CONCERT,
ST. ANDREW'S HALLS, TUESDAY, 9TH INST.,
Last Appearance in Glasgow of
MADAME LEMMENS SHERRINGTON,
Assisted by
MADAME ENRIQUEZ, CONTRALTO.
MR REDFERN HOLLINS, TENOR.
MR JOHN BRIDSON, BASS.
MR FREDERICK CLIFFE, SOLO PIANIST.
CHORUS - ST. GEORGE'S CHORAL UNION.
Conductor - Mr JAMES PATTINSON, Mus. Bac. Cantab.
Tickets, Reserved Seats, 2s 6d; Balconies and Front Area, 2s.
Area, One Shilling.
Tickets to be had from the principal Music Sellers.

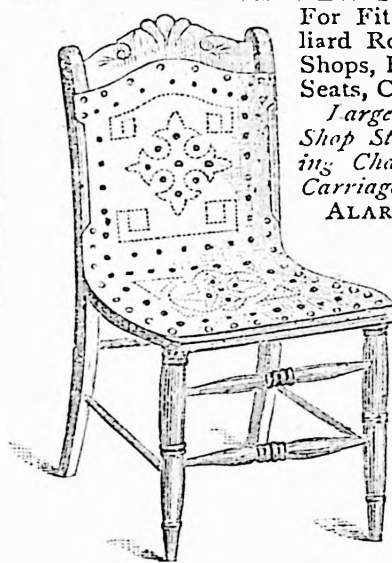
CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.

SATURDAY, 6th NOVEMBER.
GREAT LONDON COMPANY.
POPULAR BALLAD PROGRAMME,
The Celebrated
MADAME EDITH WYNNE,
Her First Appearance at these Concerts for Several Years.
MISS DAMIAN,
Eminent Contralto. First appearance in Glasgow.
MR BERNARD LANE,
Eminent Tenor. Second appearance in Glasgow.
MR EGBERT ROBERTS,
The Celebrated Bass, and Favourite at these Concerts
MR ALFRED GALLREIN,
Eminent Violincello.
MR F. W. BRIDGMAN,
Pianist and Accompanist.
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.

NEWSOME'S CIRCUS,

INGRAM STREET, GLASGOW.
FOR A LIMITED SEASON.
Doors Open Every Evening at 7 o'clock. Commencing at 7-30.
CHANGE OF PROGRAMME EACH WEEK.
First Appearance of
MIACO, THE BONELESS WONDER,
THE GREAT EQUESTRIANS,
THE BEAUTIFUL HORSES,
And the MIRTH-PROVOKING CLOWNS,
At each and every Representation.
GRAND ILLUMINATED MORNING PERFORMANCE
EVERY SATURDAY.
At 2-30. Open at 2 o'clock.
These Exhibitions are particularly recommended to Families
residing at a distance, being equal in every respect to those
of the Evening.
Prices from 6d to 3s. Box Office Open from 11 till 3.
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THE ROYAL
BILLIARD, CHESS, DRAUGHT, & READING ROOMS,
67 COWCADDENS.
BILLIARDS, - - - - - 4d per Game of 50.
READING ROOM, supplied with all the Leading Periodicals.
PRIVATE ROOM, with First-Class Billiard Table.

MONSIEUR LEON GENIN begs to inform the Ladies and Gentlemen of Hillhead and the Suburbs that he will attend them at their own residences, at very moderate charges. If three or more of one family requires M. GENIN's services, one will be charged One Shilling, and each following one Sixpence. Special terms for Daily and Weekly attendance.
203 and 205 SAUCHIEHALL ST.

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ROYAL EXCHANGE SALES-ROOMS.

Latest Specialties.
New Japanese RAISED METALLIC
Decoration on Porcelain.
ROSE BUD FLOWER VASE,
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The Most Beautiful Ceramic production
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Largest Stock in Scotland to choose from.
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In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Tuesday and Wednesday, 9th and 10th November, EXTENSIVE PUBLIC SALE OF SUPERIOR COLLECTION OF SILVER-PLATED GOODS, IVORY-HANDLED TABLE AND DESSERT CUTLERY, FINE BRONZES, MARBLE and other CLOCKS. SEVRES, BERLIN, ORIENTAL, and other CHINA, POLISHED BRASS and BENARES GOODS.

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. have been instructed by the Trustees in Liquidation to Sell the above valuable Stock, by Auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Tuesday, and Wednesday, 9th and 10th November, commencing each Day at Twelve o'clock, comprising one of the finest Collections of Electro-Silver Plate, Cutlery Bronzes, Marble and Ormolu Clocks ever submitted to Auction, including magnificent Equestrian Groups, the Celebrated Marli Horses (large size), Noble Statuettes for Entrance Halls, Single Figures, Hunting, Fishing and Historical Subjects, with many fine Castings from the Antique; Valuable China Vases, painted in the most careful and artistic manner; Japanese and Egyptian Vases, and other specimens of China; Valuable Gilt, Bronze and Marble Mantel-piece and Hall Clocks, with Vases and Candelabra *en suite*, of high-class workmanship and style, several Mounted in real Bronze, the Clocks striking and chiming on Gongs.

On View Morning of Sale.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 1st November, 1880.

BATHS! BATHS!!—J. R. MILNE begs to intimate to his Customers and the Public that he has Now OPENED the

QUEENSBERRY BATHS AND HAIR-CUTTING ROOMS, 153 NORTH STREET, WEST.

Warm Baths, Hot and Cold Spray with Shower, ... 9d.
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THE ORGUINETTE, Plays a number of tunes, Sacred Music, Overtures, and Dance—price from 3os. New and Improved Style, with 6 Tunes, 35s.—Sole Agent,

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LATEST LONDON AND PARIS STYLES.

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IMPERIAL RIESLING WINES,

From the cellars of His Imperial Highness the Archduke Albrecht of Austria.

RED WINES.

- 52. Belle Riesling Kadarka (yellow seal) 24s.
- 53. Do. do. do. (green seal) 36s.
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- 55. Belle Riesling (yellow seal) ... 24s.
- 56. Do. do. (white seal) ... 36s.

57. BELLYE 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.

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DINNERS, TEAS, COFFEES, and CIGARS.

WINES, SPIRITS, and MALT LIQUORS.

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Orchestral and Vocal Music Every Evening till 12 p.m.; also on SATURDAY from 3 till 5.

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ISLAY WHISKY.

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176 ARGYLE STREET.

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Maxwell Street), Glasgow. One of the largest Stocks in the
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Superior Finish. Quality Guaranteed.

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Old Scotch Whisky, and I am Sole Agent for Glasgow.

JEWEL COAL,
12s PER WAGGON, Delivered in any part of the
City. HUGH KEITH, 2 OSWALD ST.
NOTE.—This is a First-Class Coal.

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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."
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141 SAUCHIEHALL STREET 141

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

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WINDSOR HALL, Great Western Road. (Three
minutes' walk from St. George's Road). Holds 1000 Persons.
ALBERT HALL, 285 Bath Street. Holds 600.
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To Let for Weddings, Suppers, Soirees, Concerts,
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For terms, apply to J. C. Galloway, 115 West Nile Street
Purveyor for Suppers, Soirees, &c., &c.

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Unexcelled in Quality and Style.

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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.

CHEESE, BUTTER, HAM, AND EGGS
AT
WHOLESALE PRICES.

DON'T grumble at high prices when you can
get every article here at the very lowest possible price.

Best Fresh Butter in Glasgow, 1s 6d.
Irish Powdered Butter, 1s 4d.
New Stubble Butter, 1s to 1s 4d.

DONALDSON, BROTHERS,
9 SHAMROCK STREET,
Branch—28 St. GEORGE'S ROAD, CHARING CROSS.

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Everywhere and at once for our new High-class Subscrip-
tion Portrait in Oils with 12 Vignette Cartes 30s. Its equal to
be found nowhere. Easier terms to both Agents and Sub-
scribers than are offered elsewhere.

Call at once and inspect Specimens.

DAVID HUM & CO.,
(Late Hum & Bishopp) 5, ST. VINCENT PLACE, &c., &c.

Kilmalcolm Hydropathic Establishment.



THIS Establishment is situated on an elevated position in the immediate vicinity of the village of Kilmalcolm in the County of Renfrew.

It stands 450 feet above the sea level, and commands a view of a broad landscape of great beauty, composed of hills and an undulating valley, dotted here and there with dwellings and plantations. From the Tower are seen Ben-Lomond, Ben-Ledi, and the whole range of Cowal hills extending from the Gareloch on the Clyde to Goatfell in Arran.

The Establishment is well sheltered on the North and East, but freely exposed to the genial breezes of the West and South. It has large and well-lighted Reception Rooms with handsome and luxurious furniture, including an Organ in the Drawing-Room. There is excellent Bed-Room accomodation for 200 visitors. Two distinct suites of Bathing appliances have been introduced, and a Turkish bath, which, for size and beauty, is unsurpassed by that of any similar institution in the kingdom. Every department has been completed so as to secure the utmost comfort to visitors and to make the establishment a First Class General and Hydropathic Sanatorium.

The Grounds extend to upwards of 22 Acres and are artistically laid out with Walks, Bowling Green, Croquet and Tennis Lawns, and a large Skating Pond. The house is heated throughout by Hot-Water piping so as to keep up a uniform Temperature of 60 degrees throughout the year.

The district of Kilmalcolm has been long known as one of the most salubrious in the West of Scotland. Favoured with a considerably less rainfall than the most popular health resorts in the country, its air is remarkably dry and bracing; but an unlimited supply of the purest water is afforded by its numerous Springs.

The proverbial longevity of the inhabitants of Kilmalcolm bears the most convincing testimony in behalf of its climatic preeminence.

The village is within easy drives of several objects of natural and historical interest, and it has direct Railway communication with Greenock, Paisley, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and other important towns in Scotland, and also with the Northern and Midland Counties of England. It is only 18 miles distant from Glasgow, and 7 miles from Greenock, the great point whence Tourists start by the Iona, Columba, and other Steamers for the far famed scenery of Loch and Mountain on the Frith of Clyde and the Western Highlands. Trains run very frequently to and from Kilmalcolm, and Weekly tickets are granted at reduced rates.

The Kilmalcolm Station of the Glasgow and South-Western Railway is only a few minutes' walk from the Establishment. A commodious Omnibus for the exclusive use of Visitors awaits the arrival of the trains.

TERMS FOR VISITORS.

	PER DAY.		PER WEEK.			PER DAY.		PER WEEK.		
	s	d	£	s. d.		s. d.	£	s. d.		
For One Person,	8	6	2	12	6	4	6	1	10	0
Two in One Bedroom, ... each	7	6	2	9	0					
Two or more in Double-Bedroom, each	7	6	2	9	0					
Young Persons, above 8 and under 14.	5	0	1	12	6					
Children, under 8, each	3	0	1	0	0					
Visitors' Servants, each						4	6	1	10	0
Superior Bedrooms at extra Prices.										
Fires in Private Room, 9d. each Night or 1s. 6d. Per Day.										
Fires in Bedroom,										1s.

Baths and all Attendance included in above Charges.

THE DAYS OF ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE ARE RECKONED AS ONE DAY.

MEAL HOURS FOR VISITORS.

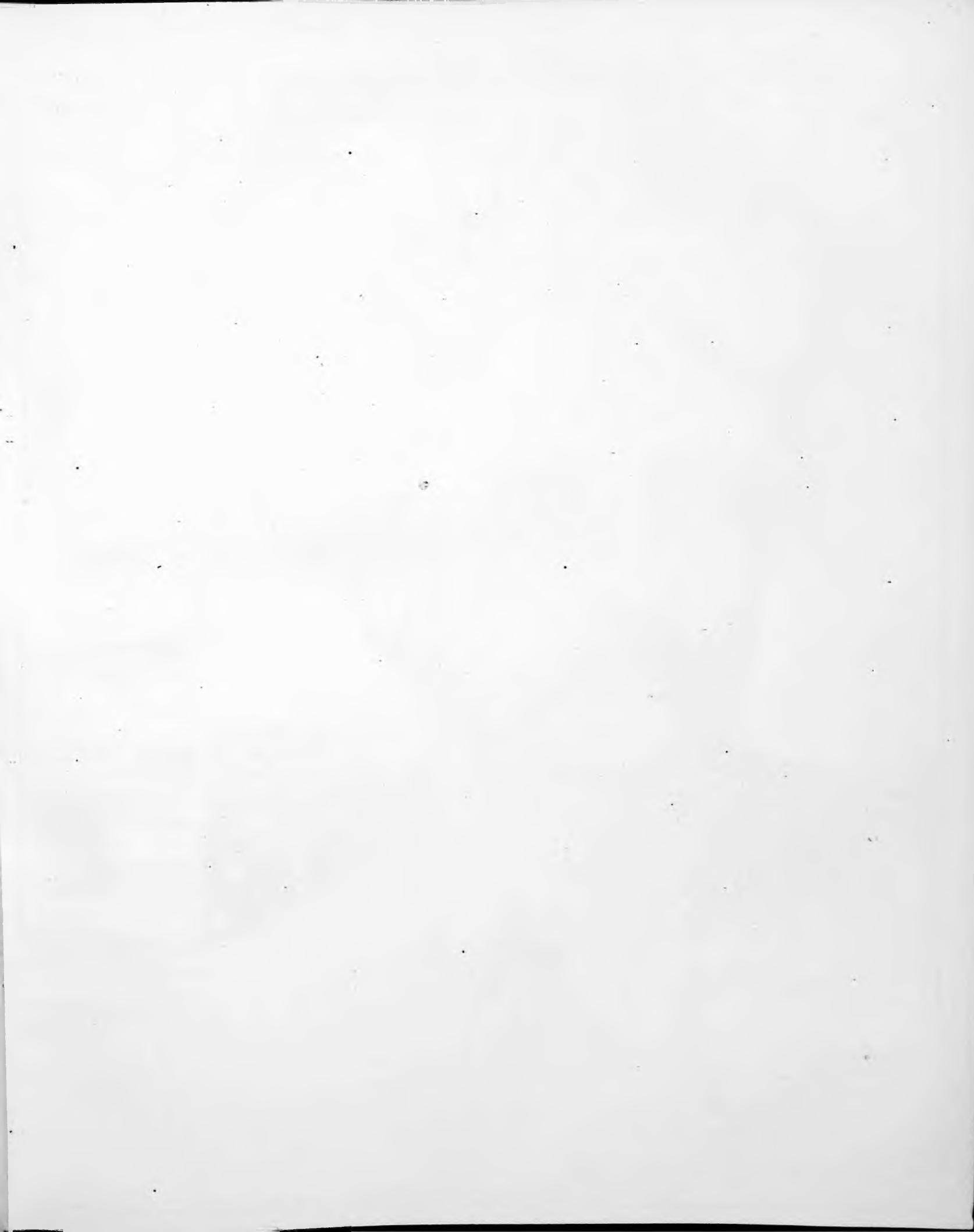
ON WEEK DAYS—Breakfast at 8-30 a.m.; Luncheon at 1-30 p.m.; and Dinner at 6-30 p.m.; Tea and Coffee thereafter, and Supper at 9-30 p.m.

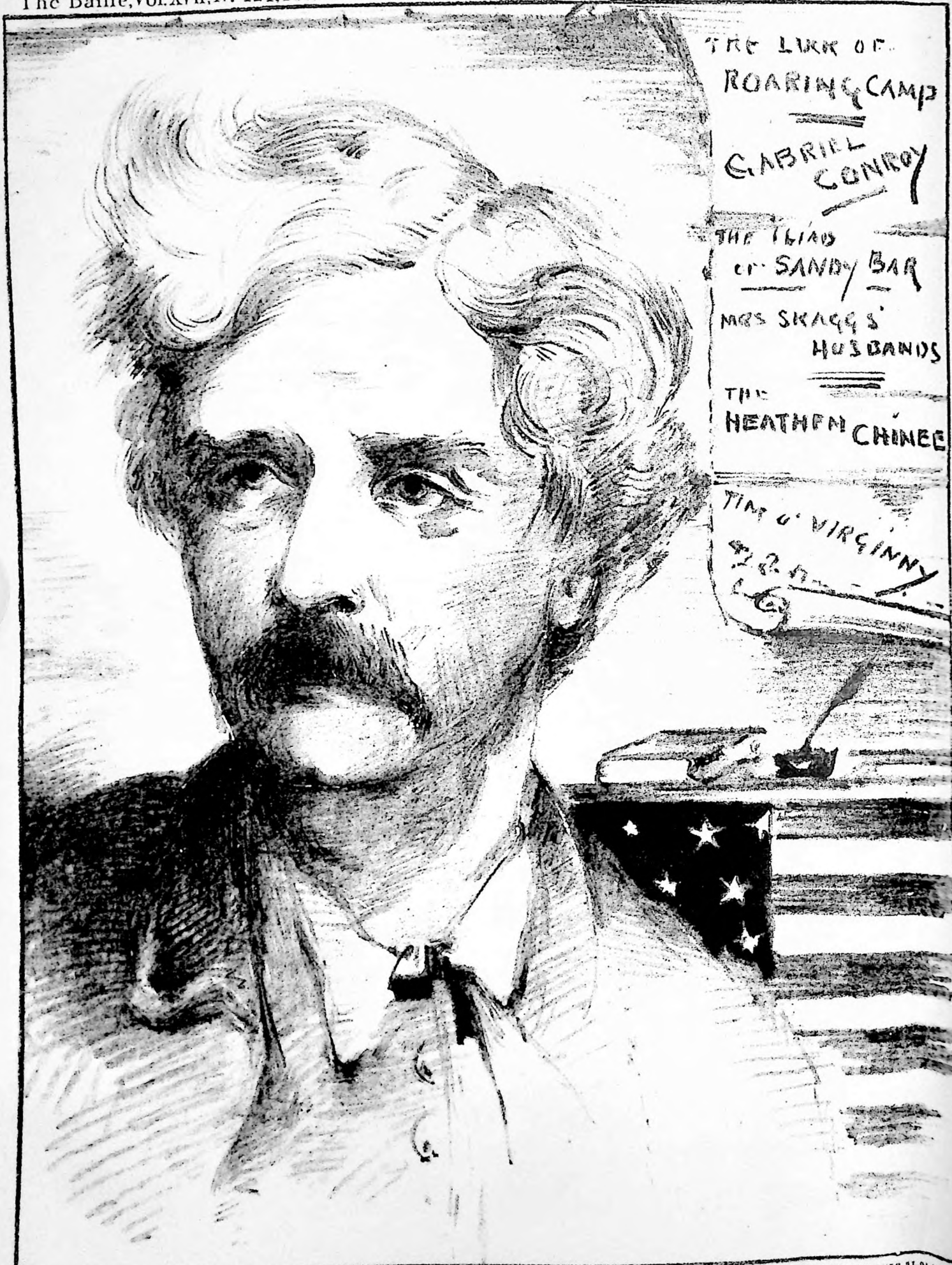
ON SUNDAYS—Breakfast at 9 a.m.; Luncheon at 1-15 p.m.; Dinner at 4-30 p.m.; and Supper at 9-0 p.m.

The Resident Physician gives Consultations in his Room every Morning, except Sunday, from Ten to Eleven o'Clock. Fee 5s. No additional Fee charged during the residence of the party, or on a return visit within Three Months,

SPECIAL TERMS FOR VISITORS STAYING A LENGTHENED PERIOD.

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THE LUCK OF
ROARING CAMP

GABRIEL
CONROY

THE TRIAD
OF SANDY BAR

MRS SKAGG'S
HUSBANDS

THE
HEATHEN CHINEE

TIM O' VIRGINNY
422-4

The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 421. Glasgow, Wednesday, November 10th, 1880. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 421.

WHEN it became known, some six months ago, that the author of "Truthful James," and "The Luck of Roaring Camp," had been appointed American Consul to Glasgow, there was quite a flutter among the dove-cots of St. Mungo. The name of BRET HARTE had been a household word in this city for over a decade. In West-End circles, indeed, a notion seemed to prevail that, after Mr Longfellow, Mr BRET HARTE was the only American who had dabbled in literature. The pair were quoted in the papers, you see; and the "Psalm of Life," and the story of the little game at euchre in which Ah Sin took part, were the two recitations mainly affected by our youthful elocutionists at tea-parties of the milder sort. Then both Longfellow and BRET HARTE could be purchased at the next news-shop for a few pence. It cost money to procure the verses of a home-grown singer—say Mr Tennyson, for example—but you could have "Evangeline," or the "East and West Poems," for next to nothing, and you therefore bought and admired them accordingly. Mr HARTE, however, has hardly, up till now at least, satisfied the expectations that had been formed regarding him in various fashionable quarters. A quiet, self-contained gentleman, he has gone to and fro among us in the pursuance of his official duties, but he has taken care that neither his goings-out nor his comings-in should attract any special attention. Though he has posed as a "lion" in certain drawing-rooms, and shaken that silver mane of his *en papilottes* in a way that "killed the girls and thrilled the boys," Glasgow, as a whole, has been not a bit the wiser for all that Mr BRET HARTE has said or done since he arrived within her borders. But this very reti-

cence will make the rush to St. Andrew's Hall on Thursday, when he will pose as a "Science Lecturer," all the more eager. It is so seldom, now-a-days, that a real, live "personage" is on view, that the curiosity with regard to him is even more than excusable. Happily in this instance, the outward man is likely to satisfy the expectations of the audience. Indeed, Mr BRET HARTE is such an one that, when you pass him on the street, it is impossible not to be struck by his appearance. He is of the middle size, is well set together, and has the gait and bearing of a man at ease with himself and all the world. Here, however, his resemblance to your comfortable, every-day citizen, comes to an end. Mr BRET HARTE'S complexion is not so much ruddy as it is red; his hair is of a silvery grey, and is worn in long and curling locks; and his eyes have that look of picturesque abandon which young ladies associate with Cecil Castlemain, Strathmore, and the other score or two of Ouida's lackadaisical impossibilities, but which is usually the indication of a sanguine temperament, and of excellent physical health. Like all Americans, Mr BRET HARTE speaks well. There is just the faintest suspicion that he is anything but overwhelmed by his audiences. This indifference, however, probably enables him to make his points with all the greater effect. A dash of good, healthy contempt for the people round about you, conduces to success in lecturing, just as it does to success in everything else. The U.S. Consul to Glasgow, who is in his forty-fifth or his forty-sixth year, has a right to be included in those books of school-prize biography which tell the stories of "Men who have risen." The son of a country school-master, and educated to the trade of a printer, his is a household name from Maine to California, and on this side of the Atlantic he is as

well-known and as popular as at home. By a happy knack, which amounted almost to genius, he struck out two types of Western society in "Ah Sin" and "Truthful James," and from that moment his position in literature was made. The influence of Dickens is abundantly evident in his best stories. Had "The Old Curiosity Shop" not been written, it is at least questionable whether we should have had "The Luck of Roaring Camp." His "Dialect Poems," however, are all his own. They are racy of Californian soil; the rough and sometimes coarse, but always bold and masculine characteristics of a race of "Argonauts" are admirably reflected in their pages. Everybody has been told by this time how Mr BRET HARTE rose from the position of a printer to that of an editor, how his work on the *Overland Monthly* brought him first money and then celebrity, and how, forsaking San Francisco, he betook himself to New York, where he spent several years following the trade of a journalist and litterateur. The same policy on the part of the Government at Washington which made Mr Lowell an ambassador made Mr BRET HARTE a consul, and it is in pursuance of his consular appointment that he is in Glasgow to-day. Whether he will write another story like "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," or a copy of verses equal to "The Society upon the Stanislaus," may well be doubted. Men seldom repeat hits of this kind, and besides, since he has exhausted the literature of the Argonauts, he has given no evidence of having discovered any other field in which he can work with an equal measure of success. As it is, however, Mr BRET HARTE'S achievements have erected him into a personage. He has learned the secret of popularity, and he has written four or five poems and half-a-dozen stories which men will not willingly let die.

♦♦♦
A CLINKER.

(Scene—Parlour of an inn; Two acquaintances are in hot discussion over the merits of their respective pastors.)

1st A.—In fact, George, yer minister's jist an auld wife.

2nd A.—Weel, so is yer grannie, Peter, an' av heard ye say ye believed there wusnae a mair sensible wummun in the world.

♦♦♦
A Gas Extinguisher—The electric light.

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.

Oor Jeems an' ta Second Ward.

OOR Jeems she'll thocht she's like ta Tuke,
Tat got her Colin in, man;
And then she'll swore py hook ant crook,
Her tailor poy tae rin, man.

Says Jeems:—"My ladt, pit doon her goose,
Ant leave her sheers ant claith, man,
Ant richt intae ta Cooncil hoose,
We'll poldly march us baith, man.

Ant then she'll gang tae a' ta sprees,
Ant sail ta rifer poat, man,
Ta lichthoose trips, ant what she'll please,
Ant never spend a groat, man.

Shust haud her faisers dada's coat,
Ant she will pull her strough, man,
Ant then she'll hear her faisier spoke
Apoot Bethesda, too, man.

Ta Leponon hills she'll hawk apoot,
Ta 'hole forse' she'll inspeck, man,
Tat scountrel, Auchray, she'll kick oot,
For she's 'forsooth' a blaick, man."

But Auchray pits her wee pit vote,
For Ure ant Miller, too, man,
For sough shell be a Heelin' stot,
She'll sink ta sing'll do, man.

Of goosey goose she'll got enuff,
Ant cackle quack an' a', man;
She'll widna' gie a sneesh o' snuff
For a' her tailor's blaw, man.

If Cairncraig was Harem Shah,
Or maype Brigham Young, man,
Her family she wid full them a',
Ta Cooncil tae ta bung, man.

But noo ta Secont Ward has cut
Her wisdom teeth richt strough, man,
Ant men of iron they'll got up,
Instead of shoddy 'oo, man.

AUCHRAY M'TAVISH, X 71.

♦♦♦
ONE FROM CRIEFF.

Decent Elder (going round parishioners introducing new minister)—Is the guidman in, Mrs Cam'ell?

Mrs Campbell (disturbed in baking operations and on the north side of friendly)—An' what'll ye be wantin' with the guidman?

Decent Elder—Ou, it's jist the new minister come to see ye a', and to pit up a bit petition for —

Mrs Campbell (interrupting) — Nae petition (partition) wull ye pit up here, the hoose is little eneuch already. [Resumes baking operations.]

AT IT AGAIN!—Granny has made another antiquarian find! This time the discovery is that of two ancient graves in Orkney. The old lady will never be satisfied till she has capped that celebrated "urn."

♦♦♦
The Clerical "Party"—An induction dinner.

DEFY (Ladies' Jacket Cloths, Beautiful Twills, Pure WEAR OR { Worsted, wholesale pricc, 5 Any length cut at TEAR. (same rate.—THE CLOTH HALL, 42 Hutcheson St.

"Put that Down."

JEEMS in his after-defeat speech says—"More blackguardly, more abominable, more trashy and more insulting and lying scribbling never appeared in the press than has been printed in the papers about the present election"—then (addressing the reporters) "Put that down." Certainly, such language should be "put down" with one's "hole fors." Why, then, indulge in it? Fie upon you, Jeems, as a member of the "brod" you ought to be more logical. May the BAILIE be allowed to point out that the Second Ward electors have anticipated your wishes, so far, at least, as the Council Board is concerned?

FEESHIN'!

(Scene — A salmon river in the Highlands; Tonal "fecshin" in the middle of the stream; Volunteers practising at range close by.)

Tugal (from the bank) — Goot tay to you, Tonal. Wull she pe seein' ony feesh rise ava, whativer?

Tonal (curtly, he has not seen the ghost of a rise) — Na!

Tugal (sympathetically) — It wull pe ta snaw proo!

Tonal (exasperated, and looking round for the first time) — It wull no pe ta snaw proo, Tugal M'Fairshon (angrily, and determined to blame something else), it wull pe ta shoots o' ta koonfounded volunteers (more savagely still, and a little confused), and ta target wull be missin' them, too, forbye!

[Comes out of the water scowling.]

NEW "LAMPS" FOR OLD ONES.

Great Mr Ruskin's Life and Work
Not light and love, but mist and murk;
"I' the Devil's name" he opens fight,
A name of neither love nor light.
"What's in a name?" although it's "Bright,"
'Tis scholarship's, not statesman's might
Should seek our College to reflect her
Rich olden light from new Lord-Rector.

SUPPORTED BY LOVE.—Jones, reading an advertisement of a pair of candelabra "supported by Cupids," observes that a candelabrum is about the only thing Cupid *does* "support," whatever sentimental folks may say about "living on love."

The Three Jeemses — Jeems Moir, Jeems Martin, and Jeems Morrison.

"Sewer" — "dook" — A bathe in the Kelvin.

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.

COMMON sense is at length being invoked to aid the counsels of the people who have bought Caledonian stock at 116 and North British at 95. Not much of it, as yet, but as people become alive to the necessity they will probably be more inclined to find guidance in the dictates of prudence. Lately the buyers have resembled a flock of sheep. One jumped and then all the others jumped also. It was the fashion to say that these stocks were going up and to act accordingly. The crowd bought. The knowing ones sold, but nobody ever said they had been knaves. "It is an honourable kind of thievery," as *Speed* says to *Valentine* in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

Benhar coal shares gave some people a fright last week. A few of them even lost their tempers over the business. Had they diligently perused the BAILIE they would not have been so surprised, far less angry. They would have cleared out long ago. The collapse of last week was clearly foreseen. Simpsonian devices are not invariably successful.

Tramway shares are not in favour just now. I have already given reasons why the shares are too dear, and I will give yet another. When walking into the city the other day I hailed a car which was not full. Neither driver nor conductor paid any attention to me. I hailed a second car with the like result. Then I walked on and meditated upon the follies of tramway authorities and their servants. If I am treated in this way it is likely that I am not an exception. In point of fact I did see another instance of the kind while I was reflecting on the subject. Probably there are thousands of similar cases every day. The Tramway Company lost 2d by not picking me up, and the same thing occurs two or three times a week. Suppose 6,000 passengers are daily lost in this way, and estimate their fare at the lowest possible point, namely 1d. That shows a net loss to the company of £25 daily or £150 per week. It seems to me that the Tramway Company suffers to this extent every week through sheer stupidity. Truthful Bob ought to see to this, or else the shareholders ought to see to him.

Gold is in demand. So I learn from a new prospectus which has appeared during the last few days. There is yet another gold company. It is in India, of course. If the same directors were to start a gold mine on Ben Lomond nobody would subscribe to it, but because the field of operations is in India the money may be found. Yet the quartz on Ben Lomond contains auriferous traces, as everybody knows, but Rowardenan is so near that the stone might be easily tested. An investor cannot take a hammer and run along to Wynaad to examine for himself. Consequently he takes the report of the Indian mine on trust and throws his bread upon the waters to find it no more after many days. It is my deliberate conviction that Ben Lomond contains as much gold as the vaunted hills and valleys of the Wynaad. If there is so much gold in India why did not the public adopt Mr Smith's suggestion? They would thereby have conferred benefit upon themselves and saved a fellow creature from the tender mercies of the Bankruptcy Court.

Next to gold, asbestos is the thing to conjure with. So think Messrs Walter Maclellan and D. S. Cargill, who are at present engaged in fabricating a new structure out of the material that never burns. They tell me that the Asbestos Company of Glasgow has for seven years paid dividends which averaged 20 per cent. per annum. It is delicious to have a financial plum like this shied at my head. According to this statement I can have my £100 back in five years and yet still have my £100. This is so like eating one's cake and still having it that I cannot sufficiently bless these two benefactors to the human race. My only wonder is that they should give a share in it at all and let even a small part of it go past themselves.

Iron brokers are not so tender hearted. Nobody knows what they mean by selling warrants so largely, but I imagine the mystery will be fully explained within the next month.

SCRUTATOR.

"Forced from Home" — The industrious and contented Irish.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—“Rip Van Winkle” isn't a very strong play, but the *role* of *Rip* is one out of which, as we all know, a great deal can be made. A new representative—to Glasgow at all events—of the easy-going, schnapps-loving Dutchman, will make his appearance this evening at the Royalty Theatre in the person of William Calder, an American actor who comes here with an excellent reputation gained both in his own country and in the English provinces. Mr Calder is accompanied, among others, by that excellent comedian Mr John Wainwright.

Mr Wills's play of “Ninon,” in which Miss Wallis will appear during her visit to the Royalty Theatre—which begins on Monday next, has a history that is quite romantic. It was written more than a dozen years ago, was offered to manager after manager, but in those days the stage was given up to the “Colleen Bawn,” the “Peep o' Day,” and other like productions, and after running the gauntlet of every theatre in the West End of London was returned to its author and tossed aside as impracticable. Time went on, and Mr Wills wrote “Charles 1st” and “Olivia,” and became famous. Then his early drama was brought out of its dusty pigeon hole, was put on the stage at the London Adelphi in February last, and was discovered to be one of the finest works of the time.

Among the company who will accompany Miss Wallis when she appears at Mr Knapp's house this day week will be Mr R. B. Mantell, Mr Frank Clements, and Messrs Pennington, and Allen Thomas, and Miss Dora French.

They are playing “Truth” this week at the Gaiety, with that clever brother and sister, Mr Horatio and Miss Laura Saker, in the leading parts. Horatio Saker hasn't played in Glasgow since he appeared as *Cabrilo* in a performance of “The Princess of Trebizonde” at the Theatre-Royal.

Mr Bronson Howard's “The Old Love and the New,” which is underlined at the Gaiety for Monday next, was originally produced on the American stage, and was adapted for this country by Mr James Albery. Its main idea, however, has been borrowed from the play of “Frou Frou.” The incidents, it is true, have been altered, and instead of a death like that of *Gilbert*, it closes with a reconciliation between the staid, middle-aged husband, and the young wife whose lover has been slain in a duel. For all this, however, “The Old Love and the New” is simply “Frou Frou” in an English dress.

As a species of *bonne bouche* wherewith to tickle the palates of his friends towards the close of his Glasgow engagement, Mr Clarence Holt produced “Forced from Home” at the Royal Princesses Theatre on Saturday night. The piece is the work of Mr W. G. Wills, but it has nothing in common with the “Man o' Airlie” or “Eugene Aram.” Its strongly spiced sentiment, and exciting situations, are exactly suited to the tastes, however, of our South Side friends. On Saturday it was received with loud applause, which rose into enthusiasm towards the close, when a live horse and a real cab were introduced to the stage.

For next Monday Mr Beryl announces the “Sardanapalus” of Lord Byron, which will be produced with the stage effects specially invented in its behalf by the late Charles Calvert. That conflagration with which “Sardanapalus” closes is the most effective stage fire I ever saw.

Among visitors who may be expected shortly in our local theatrical world is Mr John Arnold Cave, well known in London as one of the most enterprising of “popular” managers. At the Victoria in the New Cut, and in Marylebone he provided wholesome fare for pleasure-seekers for many years, and was known as a comedian of great humour and versatility. A noted trainer of young people as vocalists, and himself a musician of much distinction, he is to prepare a squad of forty youngsters for the forthcoming pantomime of “Boy Blue” at the Theatre-Royal.

Mr William Glover has agreed, at the request of Miss Marie Litton, to paint one of the chief scenes for the forthcoming Theatre Royal pantomime.

Lord Provost Ure's first official dinner takes place this week and will be given at Cairndhu, his house at Helensburgh. The members of Town Council leave Queen Street Station by the 4-50 train, and return to town on the same evening.

So the Lord Provost's farewell dinner was given on Friday, and that of the Kintyre Club took place on Thursday, and Bailie Dunlop was privileged to sit down at both. Happy Bailie Dunlop!

Next year's Kintyre Dinner, it may be noted, will *not* be under the patronage of the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and members of the Town Council generally, and it is accordingly expected that on that occasion the company who sit down to table will not be entirely composed of people who are only acquainted with Kintyre through the products of its chief town.

To a good many of us it seemed strange that the proprietors of the *Herald* should employ Mr Henry Inglis, formerly of Torsonce and subsequently of Ayr, to supply their afternoon paper, the *Evening Times*, with a comic history of the City Bank Failure. On Thursday, however, when they permitted Mr Inglis to introduce caricatures of the late Dr Norman Macleod, and of Sir Daniel Macnee, into their columns, the taste of the proceeding became, to say the least, even more than questionable. Mr Inglis, and the *Herald* as well, may play as many pliskies as they like with the magnates of the City Bank, but surely the line should be drawn at them.

Mr A. Wells, of Newton Terrace, who is so well known in Glasgow as one of the most artistic of our decorators, has lately added a very pretty little picture gallery to his premises, and intends to have an Exhibition immediately. He will show several very good cabinet pictures.

Is Councillor Jackson to be the new Convener of the Improvement Trust? He believes himself that he is the very man for the post.

Quite a crowd of well-known people attended the International Exhibition in the Galleries of the Fine Art Institute on Saturday afternoon, drawn thither, partly by the pictures, and partly by the performance of the band and pipers of the 71st Highlanders. The Church was represented, among others, by the Rev. W. W. Tulloch, Literature by Mr Bret Harte, the theatre by Miss Marie Litton—who looked even brighter and more charming when you met her on the common ground of the Galleries than when, as *Ganymede*, she trips it merrily through the glades of Arden, and Society by Mrs James Mactear.

There was a first-rate house at the City Hall concert on Saturday evening last. The standard of the programme was undoubtedly high, but were not the selections rather monotonously dull? Next Saturday night's entertainment will not be dull, we may be sure. It is to be a great competition solo-singing concert. Perhaps, who knows, some future Sherrington, Reeves, or Foli, may be revealed, but, seriously, some creditable additions to our local list of vocal artistes may be the result, and the idea, taken altogether, is not a bad one.

THE BEST LAID SCHEMES, &C.
(Scene—Road near country inn.)

Larky Old Boy (on horseback)—Here's the hauf-way hoose, but aa'll no gang in the nicht; aa'll gae 'wa hame.

Chorus of Toppers (as L. O. B. rides past)—
Ho! Ho! Stop! You've forgot yersel'.

L. O. B. (some distance on)—Good resolution!
Good resolution! Deserves a treat. Aa'll awa back and hac a hauf yin.

The New Town Council.

WITH the return of Mr Moir, on Monday, for the Tenth Ward, the Town Council of 1880 has been completed and is now in full working order. Upon the whole, the prospects of the new Lord Provost are by no means of an unpropitious character. The work cut out for him is sufficiently arduous, and he will have some difficulty in fulfilling all the expectations that have been formed with regard to his capacity for affairs, but on the other hand he may count on receiving every assistance from the Council, and the citizens at large are favourably disposed, as well to Mr Ure himself as to the line of policy he has all along pursued in his career as a public man. It is just possible that, after a time, we may come to regard the defeat of Mr Martin as a general loss. In the meantime, however, the ship of the Corporation will sail all the more smoothly on account of his having been thrown overboard. As for Mr Martin's brother irreconcilable—Mr Neil of the Sixth Ward, his position is now robbed of all its former importance. Just as "yin's no' a crood," so Mr Neil by himself is powerless to act as an obstructive. He may threaten as much as he likes, at finance dinners and elsewhere, but with no one to back him he is simply in the condition of a dog with its teeth drawn. He may bark, but biting's "abune his po'er." On the whole, therefore, the outlook for the municipal year which begins to-day is sufficiently promising. We can't expect much oratory, either of the legitimate or the illegitimate sort—Lord Provost Ure doesn't speak much himself, and dislikes empty talk in other people—but the year is likely to be one of work—to be one, indeed, in which we may expect to find one, if not more, of the pending municipal problems brought to a satisfactory solution.

A MARTINMAS ODE.

We live in an inflated *gas* age,
 Tuesday's vote's nor there nor here,
 The *Martin* is a bird of passage
 Which, be sure, will re-appear.
Wid Buffoon's "Natural History."

ALL THE ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

(Scene—Cattle Market.)

First Farmer—By the bye I never hear from your brother. How does he like sheep-farming, isn't he learning fast?

Second do.—Well, I can't exactly say whether Jamie is learning sheep-farming or not, but one thing I know, he is learning to drink an unconscionable quantity of whisky.

Cut it Short!

MR WALLACE, of Solsgirth—to whom the BAILIE once more apologises for this reference—thinks that "it is always best, if possible, when dirty linen is to wash in public, that it should be done as shortly as possible;" and he accordingly indulged in a "buck-washing" against time last week in presence of his co-Presbyters. Mr W. of S.'s object was to explain that he is not an immoral character—which the BAILIE, for one, certainly never suspected him of being. The next time Mr W. of S. thinks of going in for a similar performance he ought to reflect that the best way to go through it "as shortly as possible" is to reduce the time occupied to the vanishing point.

THE SOLVING OF THE EASTERN DIFFICULTY.
 (Scene—Argyle Street; time, Tuesday evening; two Glasgow Bailies meet.)

Bailie A. (excitedly)—Hiv ye heard the news? The Eastern difficulty's solved at last!

Bailie B. (interested)—Ye don't tell me sae? Hoo?

Bailie A. (putting his hand-encircled mouth to *Bailie B.*'s enlarging ear)—Mairtin's oot!

[With a simultaneous and hearty hee-haw they "adjourn."]

What the Greenock Folks are Saying.

THAT such a dead and alive election time has hardly ever been known.

That the harbour constituency is the only one which has shown any signs of life.

That publicly the Council appeared to be a band of brothers. That privately they were bullying and wheedling each other in the usual fashion.

That there must be some mysterious charm attached to a bailieship unknown to the general public.

That it was hu-miliating to be within measure-able distance of the prize and lose it.

That out of mutual regard the Cheeryble Brothers thought they would sit on the same bench.

That their unappreciative fellow councillors didn't see it as they saw it.

That neither did the community at large.

That the encounter between the Novice and the Veteran was an evidence of things to come.

That the times must indeed be out of joint when Greenock is praying for rain.

That Jupiter Pluvius has paid us a passing visit at last.

That we will be at home to him for a lengthy call when he sees fit to make it.

"WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE AND FOUND WANTING."

Greedy Grocer (to farmer's wife who is supplying him with butter)—This pun' o' butter is ower licht, gudewife.

Gudewife—Blame yersel, then; I weighed it wi' the pun' o' sugar I gat frae ye yestreen.

Quavers.

LOOKING over the orchestral programmes in the forthcoming Choral Union series of concerts, one finds much to arrest attention, even among the minor numbers. In that of the first instrumental night (14th December), there are, for example, a concerto for violin and orchestra by Ernst, probably the most poetic violin player of the century; next, a fantasia for violin by Paganini, on the once extremely popular "Di tanti palpiti," the soloist for these selections being Mons. Emile Sauret, whose style is said to be large and dignified. According to an established custom here, the opening piece of this concert will be the overture to Oberon, and the symphony will be Schubert's No. 9 in C. For the next night we are promised, "A little serenade" by Mozart, for strings; and an Arioso in C by Handel, arranged, like the favourite Largo, for violins, harp, organ, 'cellos, and basses; two extracts from Massenet's "La Vierge" and Liszt's Rakotzy March are the new selections, the symphony being Beethoven's "Pastoral," and the overture "William Tell;" the programme will likewise include Berlioz' charming orchestral arrangement of Weber's "Invitation to the Waltz."

Then follow, on the third orchestral night, five selections from Wagner in development order, so to speak, and ranging from 1845 to 1875—"Tannhauser" and "Lohengrin," "Die Meistersinger," and the "Ride of the Valkyrie," the latter (from the Scandinavian mythology) is a grand subject for the peculiar genius of the "Bayreuth hero." In the miscellaneous part of this evening occurs Mozart's lovely symphony in E flat, the minuet in which is very familiar to pianoforte players by the admirable "transcription" of Jules Schulhoff; and a second Scotch Rhapsody, by Mr A. C. Mackenzie, entitled "Burns," also finds a place on this evening.

Not to weary, the other three orchestral concerts will be referred to next week, some other interesting details in the arrangements being also then taken up. Subscriptions should be intimated without delay; places are secured in the order of being received.

The Greenock Choral Union gave their first concert of the session on Monday evening. "Acis and Galatea" was performed, with Madame Edith Wynne as principal soprano.

A concert of sacred and secular selections was given on Thursday evening last, in South-Side E. U. Church, Nelson Street, by the choir of the sister church in Montrose Street. The best instances of choir singing on the occasion were undoubtedly "The Shepherds' Sabbath-day," and the part-song, "There is a green hill far away"—not Gounod's. Both were excellently rendered, and the influence of our select choirs was markedly seen, in the carefulness of their preparation, and in the attention, chiefly, to expression and purity of tone. Some of the other pieces, both sacred and secular, were not so satisfactory, the tone being forced somewhat in all the parts; but the concert, including solos by the leader of the choir, Mr Herbert, by Mrs Herbert, Mr Carter, and Miss Craigie, was a pleasing one. The instrumental accompanying and leading combined on the part of the leader was a risky proceeding somewhat, but was not unsuccessful in its result. We commend his arrangement, quite unusual as yet, of having the trebles and tenors to his right, and the altos and basses to his left.

Mr Pattinson, conductor of St. George's Choral Union, has recently composed two songs, one for treble, or tenor, it may be supposed, "A Last Rose," the other for bass, "Be-calmed," the latter will be sung by Mr Bridson at to-night's concert of the society. Both songs are published—the first by Weekes & Co., and the second by Blockley. The tenor song is smooth and pleasing, the bass song is of the sailor cast, as its title indicates.

A further step has been taken in the formation of a West-end Choral Society, a pretty numerous attended meeting having been held on Friday, under the chairmanship of Mr Campbell of Tilllichewan, to consider rules, decide on the name of the society, and make a choice of conductor; also (what is of chief importance) to secure an efficient membership of ladies. Another meeting will be called immediately, probably.

Just as we feared, the children's "Messiah" is to be followed at a so-called school-song festival in Dundee next month, by

something fully as absurd. Gade's "Erl King's Daughter" and Macfarren's "Christmas" are to be performed, with the treble and alto choruses and solos, by children. A leading London musical journal has some very severe remarks on the recent "Children's Messiah" exhibition here. The writer says, "that the lovers of music could receive any pleasure from such a performance as this we can scarcely believe, and if therefore it was organised to gratify the morbidly curious, or to satisfy the ambition of the parents or guardians of the young singers, we most earnestly, not only in the name of art, but in that of common humanity, protest against it. There is plenty of music written for children; but Handel's 'Messiah' was composed for men and women; and neither the words nor the music admit of its being transformed into a travesty."

Mr William Moodie was presented, on Saturday evening, with a handsome gold watch—bearing an inscription that it was given as a mark of respect and esteem from friends he had made while acting as conductor of St. George's Choral Union. The act is a graceful one. No musician among us has worked so unselfishly in the interests of music as Mr Moodie has done.

THE BRIGHTON OF SCOTLAND AND GAS.

Stranger (to Local Luminary)—I believe you don't approve of the electric light here?

L. L.—Pshaw! It's humbug. No use.

S.—What about the sun?

L. L.—Fairish light; but don't need it unless for photography.

S.—The moon?

L. L.—Ghastly, crazy light. Only shows darkness.

S.—Gas?

L. L.—Magnificent!! And can be applied to any purpose: at public meetings, invaluable; at council meetings, a necessity; our hospital would be nowhere without it; the proposed esplanade, impossible; our town hall, in dreamland; and the Brighton of Scotland eclipsed. Leather is nowhere to be compared to gas!

UNCOMMON KNOWLEDGE OF COMMON LAW.—While pleading before Lord Young the other day Mr Asher observed, "Every Bailie cannot be supposed to have an extensive knowledge of common law"—whereupon his Lordship responded, "You may safely assume the contrary." Right you are, my Lord! There is but one BAILIE whose knowledge of common law is, like his knowledge of every other subject under the sun, not only "extensive," but universal.

"In this hour of softened splendour," as our Jeems remarked when he learned the result of the voting in the Second Ward.

The "Civil List"—Joining the Volunteer force.

"An Ill Wind that blows Nobody Good"—The breath of scandal.

American Apples, in Good Condition, 15s per Barrel.—M. CAMPBELL, The City Fruit Warehouse, 18 Gordon Street.

Turnerellius Redivivus.

MR GLADSTONE is now, it appears, to be the victim of a "national testimonial." Whether it is to take the form of a wreath does not appear; but, in any case, it is to be hoped that Glasgow will not remain in the background. If the Tracy Turnerelli of the new movement has not yet been discovered, we can offer a large choice of highly eligible candidates for the post. The BAILIE has a number of names in his eye, and has already made out a "short leet," regarding which he need say no more than that it is headed by the Premier's friend and correspondent, Mr John Ferguson, and the dauntless "A. M'D." "Further particulars on application."

THE MYSTERY UNVEILED.

Lauchie—Ah, Tougal, Tougal, no wonter so many Scotchmen will go across ta border sooth ant then gang into Eenglant ant no come pack again.

Tougal—Wherefore ant pecause why iss it such then, Lauchie?

Lauchie—It iss no marfel, I say, that Hielantmen ant Scotchmen will gang sooth ant settle doon when so muckle money is gifen for their fotes at EenGLISH elections, ass you can see by ta accounts of ta pripery commissions. Oich, but it wass her nainsel will gang sooth afore next election ant no stay here neffer no more ant get nosing for her fote. She nicht hae peen a rich ant honourable shentleman had she only gone years ago.

"THE VIRTUOUS DRAM."—Lord Young said rather a curious thing in the Justiciary Court the other day. Commenting on an appeal case which had come before him, his Lordship remarked that certain disreputable characters "required to go to a shebeen if they wanted a virtuous dram." The BAILIE cannot say he has any personal experience of the quality of "shebeen drams," but by all accounts they are nasty if not cheap. In Lord Young's opinion, then, a virtuous dram is a nasty one—which seems rather a snub to virtue. What a pity, by the way, that a former light of the bench—Lord Neaves to wit—is not alive to take up the text, and sing praises of "The Virtuous Dram!"

A "Liberal" Whip—A magistrate who, for a petty offence, sentences a boy to fifteen lashes.

CLYDE { Manufactured specially for Wear-resistance. Whole-
TWEEDS. { sale price, 3/ per yard. Any length cut.—THE
CLOTH HALL, 42 Hutcheson Street.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the landlords will require to cash up on the 11th, whether their rents be forthcoming or not.

That the bondholder must get his money, let it come from where it may.

That it's a fine thing to be a landlord now-a-days.

That Mr James Martin was the hero of last week.

That he has sacrificed himself to his parental feelings.

That the Second Ward electors could have been doing with oor Jeems, but they couldn't stand the callan'.

That oor Jeems has now bid a "long farewell to all his greatness."

That his withdrawal from the tenth ward was a graceful act towards an old opponent.

That nothing in Jeems's public life "became him like the leaving of it."

That Cairncraig and Sundrum have both discovered how fickle is the favour of the crowd.

That over their toddy the pair of cronies will be able to "rail against all the first-born of Egypt."

That Jeems is not killed, only scotched.

That Johnnie Neil is determined to become a magistrate.

That—we'll see.

That the kirk bazaar season has set in with unusual severity.

That the queerest bazaar on record was the one which took place last week, and which was conducted on strictly Biblical principles.

That enthusiasts can find a reason for everything.

That if Dr Marwick wishes to consult his own dignity, he won't reply, in future, to Letters to the Editor.

That Ferniegair is once more asserting himself.

That he treated the Highland Host to a trip to Edinburgh the other day.

That Ferniegair is never at peace unless when he is quarrelling.

That the revelations in the bankruptcy courts are growing stranger than ever.

That the way in which debtors can make away with the money of their creditors, and yet go scot free, is a public scandal.

That the reverend fathers and brethren made sport for the Philistines at last week's meeting of the Established Presbytery.

That their behaviour was that of a pack of angry students.

That for the credit of the cloth, if not for their individual reputations, they must in future conduct themselves in a more seemly manner.

That the "pastor" of Ladywell is now giving Sunday evening lectures at which "men only are admitted."

That this is a matter his co-presbyters should look into.

That the rival electioneering agents are already beginning to bestir themselves in Renfrewshire.

That party eagerness has made them forget what is due to common decency, not to speak of good feeling.

That the Livadia is at—Ferrol.

That she seems ferrol-ly settled there.

That—that's all.

HONOUR TO WHOM HONOUR IS DUE.

Canvasser (who is soliciting subscriptions for a circulating library)—We are going to have a variety of books, theology, travel, geography, and the "Waverley Novels" and other fictions and "ologies."

Old Farmer—The "Waverley Novels." They'll be written by John Bunyan, na?

Crown Solicitors—Royal suitors.

The Lord "Ordinary"—A mediocre judge.

A "Tram" Car—The police barrow.

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The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 10th, 1880.

THE humour of the end of last week was supplied by that bright and shining light of the commercial world, Mr M'GEOCH, lately of the "Bon Marche," Jamaica Street. Mr M'GEOCH is a bankrupt who can only pay ever so little in the pound. When he began business he hadn't even a penny of his own; and since he was married he has lived in a house, the furniture of which was the personal property of his wife. Under these circumstances one might have imagined that, when Mr M'GEOCH—this ex-draper's assistant who seems all his life to have constantly outrun the constable—would have endeavoured to assist the tradespeople, with whose goods and money he has played at ducks and drakes, to make the most out of the estate. Unfortunately, however, for those who trusted him, he did nothing of the kind. Subsequent to his stoppage he loaded one after another of his children with pocket money, he lightened the till of over fifteen pounds a-week for so-called household expenses, and as he felt somewhat out of sorts himself, he found it necessary to adopt a diet of "fine wines and oysters!" Happily for the credit of Glasgow and Glasgow folk, the chief result of the Bon Marche examination is, that we have now seen the last of M'GEOCH. Such stories as those that he told to Mr NAISMITH, are wonderfully amusing for outsiders, but the fun is all on the side of the public. Somehow or other, the people whose money has been squandered don't appreciate the humour of the situation. Hitherto we have regarded the meshes of our bankruptcy law as sufficient for all ordinary purposes, but the very possibility of the "statutory oath" being "administered" after an examination like that which closed on Saturday, shows that these must be drawn much tighter than they are at present.

A Well-known General—General debility.

"Such Names Mingle!"

IF Mr John Burns does not take care he will come to be regarded even as one of the wicked. At the "Naval and Marine" conversation the other evening he said, "I look upon Noah, Scott Russell, and Popoff as being great naval architects. Noah built the best cattle-boat that ever floated, Scott Russell showed that great momentum gave a certainty of speed, whilst Popoff has satisfied himself that beam is a preventive of sea-sickness." Mr Burns has hitherto been looked upon as a pillar of orthodoxy, but such flippancy as this is likely to land him in the same box as Professor Robertson Smith and the authors of "Scotch Sermons." Why, when he was at it, he might almost as well have wound up with a piquant rendering of "When Noah Hung out in the Ark!"

An Odorous Comparison.

THE BAILIE has a crow to pick with the editor of *Good Words* and candid friend of the Laird of Solgirth. Presiding at the Kintyre dinner the other evening, Dr. Donald Macleod observed that "he would have no respect for the Kintyre man who was not proud of the fact that he was not born in Timbuctoo or Camlachie." Timbuctoo or Camlachie, indeed! Such names mingled! Dr. Macleod would do well to remember that Camlachie was a flourishing and civilised region when Kintyre was a howling wilderness, the abode of robbers and savages. The contrast, indeed, is scarcely less marked to-day. So let us have no more reflections which are more "Hielan'" than well-grounded or polite.

A CONFUSION OF METAPHOR.

(Scene—Parish Kirk in Strathendrick.)

Minister (in course of his sermon)—Cheat, rob, steal, and see what will come out of it.

Old Woman (at door, as congregation is dispersing)—Wha's this Rab Steel that the minister's sae doon on?

Neighbour—Oh, that's a man that yince cheated him, an' that he disna like.

Old Woman (satisfied)—Weel, it's a great shame o' the minister tae go on like that in the pu'pit, shaerly he ough tae show a better example tae the folk!

WATERY DOMESTICS.—A local "Registry" undertakes to supply "hydro servants." Does this mean teetotal ones?

The Fate of Greenock—"Through Fire and Water."

Alec.

NOT to know Alec argues yourself unknown. Finish your pipe, and I'll tell you all about him. Not a hundred miles from the Art Institute there is a small shop, with a door that almost realises the definition of a mathematical line—length without breadth. Beside the "strait gate" aforesaid, the shop has only a very genteel slice of window, into which books, magazines, and a hundred little etceteras are fitted as tightly as the blocks in a map puzzle.

Inside, the impression conveyed is that the businesses of a bookseller, a stationer, and a librarian have been boiled down into a pungent essence, and corked up tightly to keep the flavour in.

Alec is the divinity who presides over this storehouse of wisdom, and freely gives—that he may freely receive.

The shop fits him as if it had grown around him as the shell grows round a periwinkle. There is nothing he so much reminds me of as a pet sparrow that I used to have. He is very small, very neat, with a quick, pert way, and sharp little beads of eyes. He has a bird-like trick of looking at you with his head a little on one side as he speaks, his voice sounds like a merry chirp, and he hops about behind the counter picking out papers and magazines just as a sparrow hops from crumb to crumb.

Alec looks a boy; so he did when I wore knickerbockers, so he will when I'm worn out. But from five in the morning till eleven at night he works like three men. See him off duty, and you may expect to meet a dead donkey round the corner! Immensely popular is Alec. He never forgets a face, and its owner seldom forgets him. Men of religion, law, medicine, business, leisure, and literature get from him brain-food fitted to their capacities. Celebrities, too—great actors and charming actresses—to whom you and I look up as we do at the stars, know Alec, and come and talk to him with a friendliness that makes bigger men envious.

What a favourite he is, too, with the ladies! The sweetest damsels of the gilded west smile on him, and ask his advice about novels in a quite too awfully charming way.

If you believe Alec's regretful assurance, every book in the universe would be on the shelves of his library if it were not "out" when you ask for it! Still, Ouida, Rhoda Broughton, and Miss Braddon are always there in sufficient force to charm the pennies from the pockets of the darlings. Though why so many of them should

come to Alec on Saturdays, and select delicious little feasts of sensation and wickedness—which, of course, must be put carefully aside till Monday—is one of those things that no fellow can understand.

Alec is really a good little chap; and his "*Citizen*, sir? Yes, sir!" is as cordial as if you had ordered the "*Encyclopædia Britannica*" and paid for it on the spot.

To the man that doesn't know Alec, my advice is, "Put a penny i' thy purse," and make his acquaintance forthwith.

A CALF!

(Scene—Cupar-Angus; Arrival of Aberdeen train for Glasgow and the south; Agricultural party from Perth, who has been buying a calf and wishes to escape paying excess for same, surreptitiously smuggles it under the seat of 3rd class carriage, which has for its sole occupant an English swell.)

English Swell (indignantly to A. P.)—I say, a—take your enimal out of that.

Agricultural Party—Toots, man, it's only a bit cauf.

English Swell (in a rage, to the guard who appears at this moment at the window)—I say, guard, do you allow calves to travel in passenger compartments in this country?

Guard (who has not seen the "enimal" and thinks he is being chaffed)—Na, na, we dinna, an' ye'd jist better come out. [Tableau.]

A SCOT TO BE SUE-ER!

(Scene—Cattle Market; Scotty and Pat bargaining; Scotty has no sympathy with the Irish just now.)

Scotty—Weel, Pat, I canna offer ye ony mair for the stots; times hae been very bad, ye ken.

Pat—Thin begorra, doint pay, ur sue the lanthlord fur a reduction uv the rint!

Scotty (the back of Pat's coat is as open as his countenance)—Mind yer ain business, Pat; it wad be tellin' ye, am thinking, gin ye wad shue yer coat for its "rint"—it wad then mak' a better shootin' coat at ony rate!

[No bargain is effected.]

"Rab and his Friends"—The Ladywell pastor and his congregation.

"Loves' Request"—"A new bonnet and seal-skin jacket."

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Megilp.

YESTERDAY (Monday) was sending-in day for the Exhibition, in the Fine Art Institute, of the Glasgow Art Club; to-day the hanging committee of the Club—who are Messrs Lauder, Davidson, and Black—are busy at work; and Saturday has been fixed for the formal opening of the Exhibition to the public.

The members of the Club—which was started, by the bye, thirteen years ago—have never yet done themselves so much justice as on the present occasion. There is too often a feeling of sameness it is true, in the scenes selected for reproduction—the same tree and lake and hill and fishing-boat seem to meet you on any number of canvases—but, taken as a whole, the Exhibition is exceedingly, nay, unexpectedly good.

In the works, moreover, of two or three well-known members of the Club, this sameness, to use a roundabout phrase, is conspicuous by its absence. David Murray, for example, is one of the people who think for themselves. You may either like or condemn Mr Murray's pictures, but whether you like or condemn you cannot help knowing that they are in every case his own. They don't recal what other artists have done, or are doing now, or are likely to do next month or next year. Mr Murray's contributions to the present Exhibition are "The Morning Meal"—a picture of fishing boats in which the preparation of breakfast is indicated by little columns of smoke which curl upward from the decks of the craft—and a small Norman scene painted during his sojourn in France early in the present summer.

One of Joseph Henderson's pictures in the Exhibition will be the duck pond of a farm; C. J. Lauder will be represented, among other works, a street scene; and Wellwood Rattray by a crisply painted view of a lake, the nearer waters of which are covered with reeds and tall rush-like grasses.

A. K. Brown sends to the Exhibition, several important pictures, one being an upright canvas, the chief objects in which are a pair of firs, and another a "Pastoral"—the view of a meadow dotted over with cattle and trees.

"Grace before Meat," a large and carefully painted interior, with two aged people seated at table; a finely felt single figure of an old woman, entitled "In the Gloamin'"; and a rural kitchen with figures, and into which a hen and her brood of chickens have strayed, are Tom M'Ewan's chief contributions to the collection; while Andrew Black is seen to advantage in a picture of fishing boats putting out to sea.

Colin Hunter has settled down in Helensburgh for the next few weeks. One of his large pictures of the past season is an East, and another a West Coast scene. He has executed, besides, a number of small canvases, all of which are said to be characteristically clever.

One of the happiest of Peter Buchanan's recent pictures is an upright view of the "Dhu Loch," a delightful sheet of water near Aberfoyle. He has also completed a series of little views—mostly "bits" near the clachan of Rob Roy—of rare excellence. Why is it that our Glasgow artists are so given to the painting of big canvases? These cabinet pictures of Mr Buchanan's—some of them are no bigger than "seven by ten"—are distinguished by a crispness of colour and a oneness of effect which it is almost impossible to secure in a work of, say, fifteen square feet of surface.

It is strange, indeed, to find an artist remarking, at this season of the year, "Why, I'm quite sold out." This, however, was the happy phrase employed the other day by William Carlaw. Mr Carlaw, who is living at Helensburgh, spent some time in October at Blackwater-foot, on the west coast of Arran, where he succeeded in making one or two twilight studies. He will only have one drawing in the Exhibition of the Art Club, but he is likely to be more fully represented in that of the Scottish Water Colour Society.

Our youngest Fine Art Club, which is "high" the "St Mungo," has just opened an Exhibition in the rooms of Mr Anderson in St. Vincent Street. The works on view are numerous, and in several instances, particularly in the studies exhibited by Messrs Macmaster, A. B. Docharty—nephew to the late James Docharty—Nairn, and Martin Anderson, of very considerable merit.

The Thames studies made by William Young in the course of last season are among the most interesting of all the work he has yet done.

Among the features of the coming Exhibition of the Scottish Society of Water Colour Painters, will be the contributions of Robert Anderson of Edinburgh. One or two of Mr Anderson's drawings are over five feet in length.

The members of the committee appointed to hang the pictures in the Exhibition of the Fine Art Institute in February next are Messrs James Sellars, A. K. Brown, and Robert Miller.

Miss Kate Macaulay, one of the more recently elected Associates of the Scottish Water Colour Society, was in Glasgow the other day. Her work for the present year is said to be very excellent indeed. Miss Macaulay, it may be interesting to note, comes of a distinguished family. Her father is a nephew of old Zachary Macaulay, and a cousin, accordingly, of the historian of England.

The Committee of the Liverpool Walker Art Gallery have purchased the "Sunday Morning" of J. C. Noble, which may be recollected as a prominent picture in the Edinburgh exhibition of last spring, as an addition to their permanent collection of pictures. Mr Noble is at present busy over three large figure subjects, one of which is "Adrift," another is the "Fisherman's Return," and the third, and the most important, "The Netting Lesson."

EXPLICIT—A FACT.

Employer—Well, did you leave the parcel with any of the men?

Messenger—Nane o' them were in. Neither thingumy, nor what-ye-me-ca' him, nor the ither man.

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INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF THE FINE ARTS,

IN THE GALLERIES OF THE INSTITUTE, SAUCHIEHALL ST. PAINTINGS, WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS, and SCULPTURE,

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NOTICE.—In order to prevent overcrowding, Single Admis-
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The Prices in this department are so much below the regular trade price *that they must be seen*. Call and look at them, you will not be asked to buy if the Goods themselves do not tempt you. Including the new Departments now opened, we can accommodate Two Thousand Customers in our extensive Warehouses.

These fine Imitation Chips, regularly sold at 2s 6d, only 2500 now for 1s each. Not more than Six to any single Customer.

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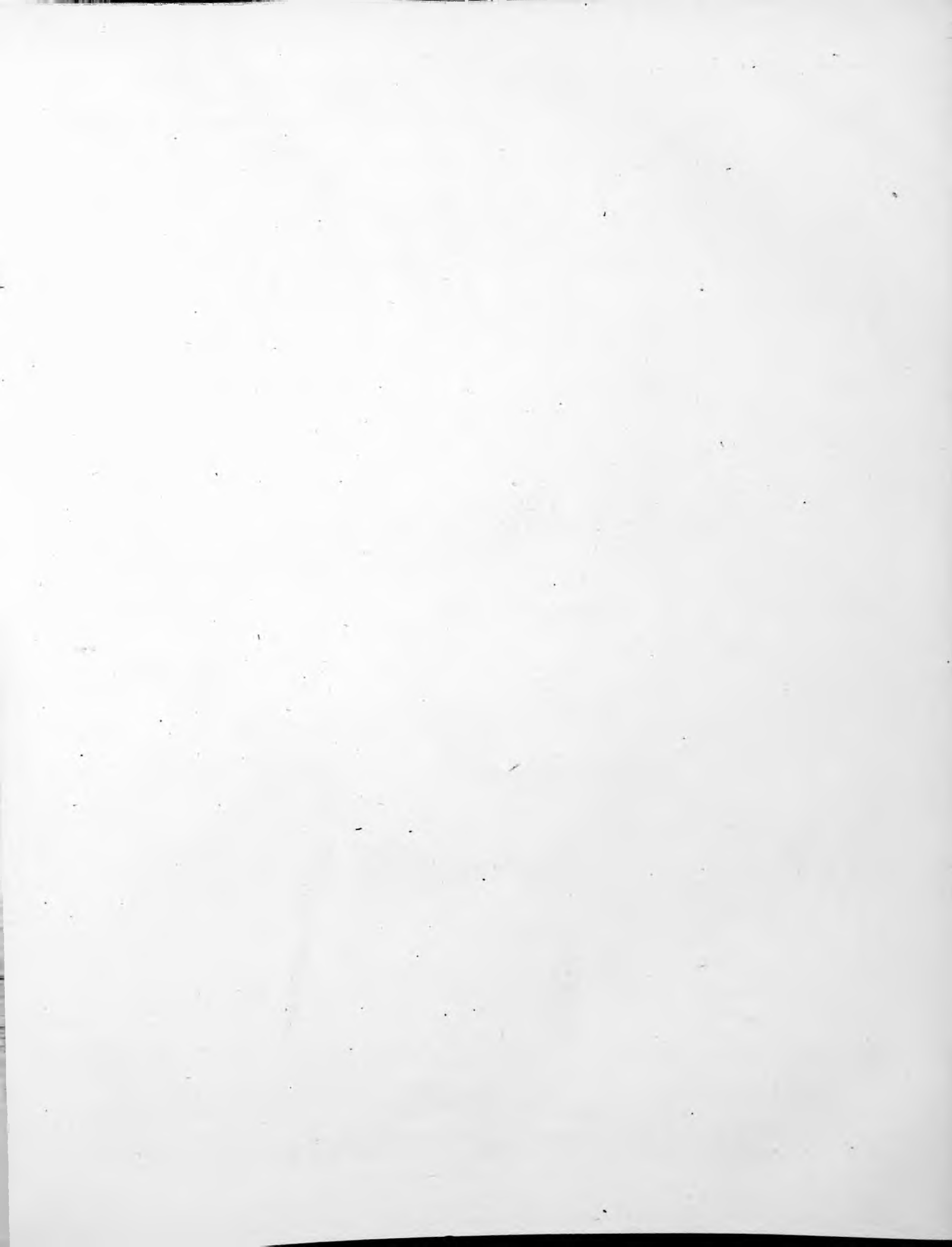
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The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 422. Glasgow, Wednesday, November 17th, 1880. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 422.

OF a verity this latter-day Conservatism, or Constitutionalism, or whatever else it pleases to be called, is often the cause of sore wonderment and perturbation of spirit to old-fashioned Tories like the BAILIE; and his Worship has been astonished by few things of late more than by the spectacle of Mr John Ruskin in the *role* of Conservative candidate. The Magisterial amazement was, however, somewhat abated by the perusal of certain speeches made last week by our University politicians. According to one of these young gentlemen, Mr BRIGHT is an "illiterate weakling who scouts the idea of cultivating the intellect or ennobling the mind," "a pusillanimous and effeminate (!) person who rides his own hobby-horse till all the tail is torn out," and an "iconoclast who raves and pants till he compasses his own end," while another denounces the same statesman as "a Radical, a sectarian, a representative of the commercial interest, a utilitarian, a demagogue, and a leader of the people," adding that "the University of Glasgow, above all others, exists as a protest against all these things"—including, of course, representation of the commercial interest and leading of the people. Such midsummer madness as this leaves small ground for wonder at the performances either of the madmen themselves or of their chosen representative. The BAILIE will not be suspected for a moment, either by his friends or his enemies, of entertaining any sympathy for the politics of Mr BRIGHT, but he is free to admit that he regards the election of the Right Hon. Gentleman to the post of Lord Rector with a certain measure of equanimity—in view, that is, of the opposing candidature of Mr Ruskin. And no one who is familiar with affairs will deny that a chair which has been

filled by Peel, the two Earls of Derby, and Lord Palmerston, will find a fitting occupant in the member for Birmingham. Mr BRIGHT already belongs to history. He has ceased to be an active influence in contemporary politics. A great parliamentary figure thirty years ago, his mind is ruled to-day by the ideas which prevailed in the decade between 1840 and 1850. But if the politician clings to the past, the orator lives as much in the present as ever. In one of his speeches on the Ten Hours Bill Mr BRIGHT informed his audience that he had "never been at school since he was fifteen years old." This lack of scholastic training notwithstanding, he stands, to-day, beyond all question, at the head of those living masters of eloquence who use the English tongue. If he seldom meddles with Latin or Greek, yet his language is purer and more exact than that of any other statesman of the time. He has evidently selected the writings of Milton as a model upon which to form his style, and Spenser and the English Bible are books which he appears to know by heart. And while in simplicity of form and nobility of speech Mr BRIGHT seems to approach these incomparable works, the severe, and even stern tone they habitually assume, is tempered in him by a happy humour, and by a tenderness and pathos which never fails to touch the hearts of his hearers. Like all great orators Mr BRIGHT is constantly master of himself. He speaks slowly, and with the utmost deliberation of manner. Even in his loftiest moments of scorn and indignation he is never carried away by mere impulse. While the eager fervour of Mr Gladstone may be accepted as typical, in some measure, of the Celtic portion of his character, and the broad views and keen insight of Lord Beaconsfield as the result of a cosmopolitan nature and training, Mr BRIGHT is pre-eminently the representative

of the Saxon element in our national life. He has been elected Lord Rector by the Liberal portion of our students, but as Lord Rector he can know neither Liberal nor Tory, and the BAILIE, when speaking of him, has accordingly left the arena of party politics out of sight altogether. Born so far back as 1811, Mr BRIGHT has already entered his seventh decade. It is just possible that the honour which was conferred on him on Monday may prove among the final incidents in his public career. Be this as it may, it is one with which it is impossible for him not to feel keenly gratified. At first sight the notion of Mr BRIGHT as Lord Rector of an old and famous University has certainly a savour of the grotesque, but this savour does not last. Surely the greatest orator of his time may be trusted to teach his constituents something of the nature of true eloquence, and some wise and adequate lessons towards the conduct of life may not be unreasonably expected from the lips of a sagacious statesman who has grown old and grey in the service of his country.

UP TO SNUFF.

Tonal—Weel, Tugal, what'll you pe thinkin' apoot ta folk in Ireland, noo that they'll pe stopit payin' their rent?

Tugal—Och! nifer fashin' ma thumb apoot them; they'll jist pe like the sneeshin' in ma mull, Tonal.

Tonal (in surprise)—Like ta sneeshin' in your mull! She'll nifer thocht ane o' them worth a sneeshin'—no nifer.

Tugal—Hoch, aye, ta pe sure, they'll jist pe Irish plackguard whatefer.

HOPE SPRINGS EXULTING ON TRIUMPHANT WING.

Three years in, and one year out!—
And Diogenes' lanthorn has found again
The Man you have lost, all a-ready to rout
And with Victory's wreath to be crown'd again.
Whatever November of change brings about,
The *Martin*-mas term 'll come round again.

TASTE'S A'.—In nominating Mr Ure for election as Lord Provost, the Senior Magistrate said that in the business of the Committee on Nuisances, Mr Ure had found something thoroughly congenial to the bent of his mind. He is a happy man who has at least a three years' prospect of thorough congeniality.

Bankrupt Stock—"Fine wines and oysters."

DEFY (Ladies' Jacket Cloths, Beautiful Twills, Pure
WEAR OR } Worsted, wholesale price, 5 Any length cut at
TRAB; } same rate.—THE CLOTH HALL, 42 Hutcheson St.

Honours Count.

"Why, ye ragamuffins, what d'ye titter at?"—*The Honeymoon*.

HONOURS! yes, heap them on him, sir; a man
That serves his ward well, well deserves reward;
A Bailie isn't much; do what you can
To help him to the Provostship—my Lord!

Why, what has he *not* done? trust me, the Trust—
The Improvement Trust—and trust's a good word, mark--
Would now have—hold! this shining light came just
In time to clear the ways he thought were dark.

Honours! bring the cocked hat! we long to see
This Jack in office; and we've oft determined
There's nothing better quiets such as he
Than just at once to have him chained and ermined.

He asks for wages; but the proper pay
For one who has at heart his country's weal
Would be for our good Queen to come and say—
"You've done your duty, sir; my Johnny—kneel!"

Timeo Danaos!

THE Glasgow Ruskin Society have offered the members of the United Trades' Council copies of a couple of numbers of "Fors Clavigera," and the united tradesmen have "accepted the generous offer." Rash united tradesmen! Are their poor brains not already sufficiently muddled by questions they don't understand, that they must undertake the study of a new science—Ruskinology—set forth in a new language—Ruskinese? Why, we shall have Bottom, Quince, Snug, and the rest jabbering "political economy"—save the mark!—till neither their workshops nor their family circles are able to contain them. Some public step should really be taken to prevent this dissemination of the would-be Lord Rector's midsummer madness before it becomes too late.

KNEEL TO THE NEW SOVEREIGN.

When first the new Town Council met,
And Council'lor Neil arose to speak,
Lord Provost Ure saw soon and sure
He needn't for his sorrows seek.

HARD ON ALBERT EDWARD.—The authorities of Penicuick were placed rather in a difficulty the other day by a stranger from the South, who called at the police station, and requested that the Prince of Wales might be immediately produced, with a view to being incontinently shot. It was, however, at length impressed upon the sanguinary visitor that, though Penicuick police office does not share with Marlborough House and Abergeldie the honour of being a royal residence, it would be well for Albert Edward's would-be executioner to fix *his* residence, for the present, in the Rosewell Asylum.

Furniture for Cash "Doon on the Nail." GARDNER & HARDIE, 42 Great Clyde Street.

Church Patronage.

WHAT is described as an "innovation" took place in connection with the recent "kirking" of the new Greenock Town Council. After attending the Mid Parish Church in the morning, according to "use and wont," the Council turned up in the afternoon at St. Thomas's Free Church. The idea is a good one, and might be carried out still further. Greenock containing about as many churches as public-houses, the "kirking" might be repeated in a different place of worship each Sunday during the official existence of the Council. Nor need the municipal patronage be confined to the Established and Free bodies. Quakers, Shakers, Mormons, and Dancing Dervishes—supposing these various sects to exist in Sugaropolis—should all have their turn. Such a plan could not fail to be attended with the happiest results to the congregations, the ministers, and the Councillors themselves. Glasgow, please copy.

A BUDDING LANDSEER.

(Old lady asks neighbour to look at picture by her son.)

Come awa' ben, Mrs Smith, and see the new pentin' din by our Jeems. It's a scene in Arran wi' a horse an' kairt in't, an' it's sae weel pentet that ye canna' tell the yin frae the tither.

NEW MILITARY ORGAN.—The *Herald* is evidently determined to cut out "Billy" Russell's military periodical. One morning last week the old lady devoted a prominent place on her fourth page to the important intelligence that "there arrived at Granton yesterday by passenger steamer from London an escort of one sergeant and a private of the Scots Guards." She omitted to mention, however, that on the same day Corporal M'Philabeg, of the Fechtin' Forty-twa, reached his home in the village of Cleishmaclaver on a brief furlough.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.—My conscience! A Greenock Bailie has just been discoursing profoundly on—what do you think? Why, the higher education of women, "no less!" We shall next have a Pittenweem Cooncillor lecturing on Positivism and blue china!

The "Miller" and his Men—The Lord Provost and his Bailies.

"The Attitude of Greece"—A pugilistic 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!

A Thundering Metaphor.

A CERTAIN Conservative Admiral is reported to have compared himself the other day to "the silver lining of a cloud." This somewhat odd simile was outdone last Tuesday by a metaphor which Mr Taylor Innes submitted to a meeting composed of "Liberal" students, Mr Stark of Duntocher, the Earl of Elgin, Mr Henry Leck, and other remarkable elements. After a tremendously eloquent description of a thunder-cloud which "tacked" until it "reached its goal," Mr Innes remarked, "Gentlemen, that is Liberalism. (Loud cheers.)" And the analogy is, after all, obvious enough. Let us put it in the form of a conundrum. Why is Liberalism like Mr Taylor Innes's thunder-cloud? Because it is nebulous; because it is given to "tacking;" because it is inseparably associated with small-beer; and because its "goal" is decidedly indefinite. Q. E. D.

A "NEAT" CHAFF.

(Scene—A public-house bar.)

1st Customer (putting in some water) — I wunner, John, ye can tak' whusky withoot water.

2nd Customer (turning to the publican)—He sharely thinks, Mr Gunn, ye dinnae ken yir trade.

THE EX-COUNCILLOR SELF-GRATULATETH.

Defeated in the Second,
I ventur'd on the Tenth,
Where the Fickle Goddess beckon'd
To a trial of my stren'th.
Once more I was defeated,
Again sent right about;
But this "put down," repeat,—it
Took "two" to keep me out.

THE SABBATH IN DANGER.—The demoralising effects of Professor Tyndall's recent speech in St. Andrew's Hall are becoming too, too apparent. Look, for instance, at the Tenth Ward election. Mr Martin's too good-natured friends canvassed for him on Sunday, Mr Moir was waited upon on Sunday, and finally Mr Morrison declared that "he would prefer Sunday to three o'clock in the morning" for an electioneering visit. Truly the Sunday Society has much to answer for.

THE UNDER-CURRENT.—The Lord Provost's is, like Lord Beaconsfield's, "a policy of sewage." We are thus likely to have more big "drains" with this government than with the last.

The "Hole Fors" Clavigera—The Ruskin totality.

American Apples, in Good Condition, 15s per Barrel.—M. CAMPBELL, The City Fruit Warehouse, 18 Gordon Street,

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—That very promising young actress, Miss Elise Maisey, will pay us another visit this evening, when she will appear at the Gaiety as *Lilian Westbrook*, the heroine of "The Old Love and the New" of Bronson Howard. This piece, as I mentioned a week ago, is an adaptation of the "Frou-Frou" of Messieurs Meilhac-Halevy, but wants the lightness and firmness of that famous play, and is weakened, besides, by the introduction of a humorous underplot, and the substitution of a happy ending for the pathetic scene upon which the curtain descends at the close of its Parisian original. Since Miss Maisey's former appearances here at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, she has fulfilled a series of engagements with Mr Wilson Barret as "leading lady" of some one or other of his provincial companies. We may expect, before long, to find her installed as a prominent member of the *corps dramatique* at the London Court Theatre.

Carl Rosa comes to the Gaiety on Monday week, bringing with him, among others, Messrs Maas and Lyall, and Miss Julia Gaylord. The operas to be performed during his visit will be "Mignon," the "Bohemian Girl," "Faust," "Maritana," and "Stradella."

The run of "As You Like It" at the Theatre Royal is unprecedented in the dramatic annals of Glasgow. We have had a month of Shakespeare before now, but never a month of a single Shakespearian Comedy. And notwithstanding the number of nights that the "pastoral" has been represented on Miss Litton's "boards," the later audiences are more numerous than were the earlier ones. Success is the best evidence of success.

Miss Wallis appears at the Royalty Theatre this evening when she will sustain the *role of Juliet*. The pieces to be performed during her stay include "As You Like It," "The Lady of Lyons," and Mr Wills's drama of "Ninon." Among the company accompanying Miss Wallis are Mr Mantell, a gentleman who, as a West of Scotland man, has the claim of a certain kinship on Glasgow folk, Mr Frank Clements, and Mr Pennington—Mr Gladstone's tragedian.

Next Monday Mr Knapp promises us a visit from Miss Jennie Lee. She will probably play *The Marchioness* as well as *Poor Jo*.

Mr Beryl's performance of "Sardanapalus" will open the eyes of our South Side friends as to what can be done in the way of theatrical spectacle. It is the most important production he has undertaken—let us hope it will be also, as it deserves, the most successful.

Mr Joseph Irving's "Book of Scotsmen" is at last completed, and will be issued from the press of Mr Gardner of Paisley—who has fairly taken his place as a Scottish publisher—within the next few days. It is not only one of those volumes "without which no gentleman's library is complete," but it is a book for every desk and book-shelf in the country. Hundreds of names have been included in its pages not hitherto noticed in any Dictionary of Scotsmen or in any book of reference whatever, and its bulk, besides, makes it peculiarly handy and come-at-able in these days when life is lived at something like railway speed.

What paper could it be, I wonder, to which Mr Bryce accused Mr George Jackson of "contributing," at last Thursday's meeting of Town Council?

What Professor Blackie has done for the Celtic language and literature the Rev. Dr. Hately Waddell would like to do for the Scotch ditto. At noon on Saturday and within one of "the City Pubs," he is to meet the dominies connected with the local branch of the Educational Institute of Scotland to try to enlist their services in the cause of the ancient doric. Your Worship and "Jeems Kaye" ought to make a note of this fixture.

It seems that almost every Board School in Edinburgh is not only able to make ends meet but can command a surplus by

means of school fees and government grants. In this case the rate levied ought to be merely nominal. The self-supporting school was one of the strong planks in the platform of our "Ratepayers' Candidates" at last election. Will Messrs Fife, Fleming, & Co. condescend on particulars as to the success—or otherwise—of the economic venture? or must we wait till another *Mail* ferret unearths the secret and unfolds another fiscal tale?

Of 78 P. T.'s who have just completed their five years servitude in our Board Schools, and who have duly passed the entrance exam. to the Normals, no less than 35 [are] left out in the cold through the crowded state of these institutions. Isn't it a pity of these poor scholastic Pariahs?

There hasn't been a cleverer imitation, my Magistrate, of the style of a famous writer, than that Ruskin-Chesterfield letter, since our friend Mr P. P. Alexander wrote a Carlylese defence of Mrs Jessie M'Lachlan of Sandyford notoriety in the columns of the now defunct *Morning Journal*. In the case of "Great Tom" of Chelsea, as in that of the shrieking author of "Fors Clavigera," the authenticity of the epistle was at once contradicted, and with not a little temper. Cau P. P. A. have had any hand in this second hoax?

Your old friend Newsome, my Magistrate, is still tickling the eyes and ears of our citizens in his cirque in Ingram Street. The "ole man" knows how to produce fresh attractions and put them in the arena in a manner to please all lovers of equine amusement. And isn't Little Meers awfully funny?

Messrs Ewing and M'Intosh's (late of the London College for the Blind) Annual Chamber Concert to be given on Friday evening first in the Queen's Rooms, is deserving of the fullest encouragement. The music selected is good, and the artists taking part are all efficient, but the special circumstances of the Concert add to its interest.

"Crammers" and "Crammers."
FOR true versatility of intellect, commend the BAILIE to his friend Ferniegair. The elephant's trunk and the steam-hammer of the school-books are nothing to him in scope and infinite variety of grasp. Not only has he in general a complete mastery of his subjects— theology, education, politics, &c., &c., &c.—but he is equally at home in details. Thus, flashing his eagle eye over the second of the departments named—education—he lights on a blot, and instantly resolves to put down "the evil commonly described as 'cramming.'" That "evil," then, is doomed; but while Mr Kidston is about the demolition of that flourishing race who live by "coaching" the rising generation, might he not find time to abolish another species of "crammers"—a species in which he himself has occasionally been known to indulge?

THE SIX GREAT POWERS.
Money, Fashion, Flattery
Cheek, Croft, and Chat-terry.

"TU QUOQUE."

Sam Green—Isn't the Chief Magistrate of Perth a Lord Provost?

Bill Smart—Ure another!

Good Bye, Mr Collins—Welcome
Provost Ure.

“YOU may have it in your power to erect municipal buildings which will carry down to generations yet unborn the evidence that you foresaw the future greatness of your city, and wisely provided for it.” These be brave words, my Lord Provost Ure, and the BAILIE congratulates your Lordship on having spoken them. The past policy of the Corporation with regard to the new municipal buildings supplies a page of Town Council history, of which not even its authors are likely to feel very proud. Conceived in innocence of the necessities of the city, and stubbornly carried out in spite of the advice of experienced officials, the result is only what was to be expected. The merest tyro in the “lime-tub” business might have known that £150,000 for a town hall and municipal offices for the Second City, with its six hundred thousand inhabitants, was an absurdity. Why, Greenock, with less than eighty thousand of a population, is at present spending £100,000 on a similar edifice, and spending it without a grudge, and Manchester erected a town hall at the cost of over a million of money. But Manchester, it is true, was extravagant, and we in Glasgow may safely draw the line a long way short of that sum, and yet secure a building which “shall carry down” the evidence of our wisdom and forethought. While Mr Collins and his supporters would not listen to advice from any quarter on this subject, they still succeeded in throwing away something like £2,500 of the public money on the competition which had such an ignominious ending. It can hardly be said, however, that the ratepayers grudge this sum. The lesson taught by its expenditure to those in authority was not without its advantages. While remarking on this subject, the BAILIE would like to express a word of sympathy with those too-confiding architects who expended so much time and money—not less money, indeed, than some five or six thousand pounds in the aggregate—in endeavouring to bring their several plans into consonance with a set of impossible regulations. In the event, moreover, of the next competition proving an open one, these unfortunates will have presented their more worldly-wise brethren who refrained from competing on the former occasion with the results of their thought and labour, and the latter will therefore be able to enter themselves for the coming event on equal terms with those who have already undergone the heat and toil of the day. Suffer-

ing, however, is one of the rules of life. The ratepayers, besides, are many, and the architects—both those who have competed and those who will compete—are few; and it stands to reason, doesn't it, that the minority must always sacrifice themselves in the interests of the majority?

On 'Change.

GOLD companies continue to multiply. “The cry is still they come,” and the latest development of the craze is the phenomenon of one gold company selling another. Not very long ago I referred to the Devala-Moyar Company as having been newly launched with a capital of £200,000. This concern was hardly floated before the directors of it rushed into a new venture. They bought 50 acres of land next door, as it were, which they affirm to be literally bursting with mineral wealth. This land they propose to sell to a second company, which will be worked by themselves. Though the profit expected be as great as 35 per cent., they magnanimously offer 50,000 shares to the public at par. The Devala-Moyar Company asks £130,000 for the land sold to the new company, taking as payment £80,000 in cash and £50,000 in fully paid shares. Some smart financier must be at the bottom of this operation. It is clearly to the benefit of the old company, and though the customary plausible statement is made about the economy of working both concerns with one staff, I cannot see the dazzling result of a 35 per cent. dividend in the immediate future.

Cambridge Street Tramways were offered last week. Somebody said that Cambridge Street was already supplied, and could not hold any more tramways; but the streets of Cambridge are not, and so the citizens of Glasgow are asked for £20,000 to lay them down. The amount is small certainly, but it is singular that the promoters, if their scheme be sound, should have travelled so far north for the money. It will naturally occur to the thoughtful reader that the people of Cambridge and its vicinity might provide the small sum themselves.

A change has come over the spirit of the dreamers who fancied there was money in Great North of Scotland and North British stocks at late prices. This week's settlement will bring some unpleasant realities home to them. There are unpleasant realities in other quarters, and the bear party in the pig-iron market came upon parlous times last week. SCRUTATOR.

What the Greenock Folk are Saying.

THAT Greenock is itself again.

That once more dirt and wet reign supreme.

That the sugar men, umbrella menders, and shoemakers, are greatly rejoiced thereat.

That even Householder No. 2 can now sleep peaceably.

That though the crisis is over, Jack Frost must be carefully watched.

That the Harbour Trust electors succeeded, by Kerr-ful efforts, in raising again their Ebenezer.

That but for the callousness of the refiner, their labour would have been in vain.

That the results showed what a personal canvass can do.

That countervailing John has returned from Aldgate a sadder though not a wiser man.

A TOUGH SUBJECT.—In the course of his luminous “Notes on Legal Reform” in the *Herald* the other day, Sheriff Spens had some remarks on the treatment of “Irish lunatics.” If his Lordship succeeds in solving *that* problem he will deserve the thanks not only of his fellow-citizens, but of the entire sane population of these islands.

Quavers.

RESUMING remarks on the next series of Choral Union Concerts, we notice that on the fourth instrumental night there are included an overture by Sterndale Bennett, "The Merry Wives of Windsor;" the symphony "Harold in Italy," by Berlioz, whose name is in the ascendant, slighted as it has been for long; an orchestral example of Hoffmann, the composer of "Melusina"—"In the sunshine"—and Mendelssohn's overture, "Fingal's Cave." In the fifth orchestral programme we find the overture to Schumann's "Manfred," Mendelssohn's "Reformation" symphony, Saint-Saens' symphonic poem, "La Rouet d'Omphale," and Mendelssohn's Concerto No. 1 in G minor for pianoforte and orchestra, the pianist for which is not, however, condescended upon, though the intimation that negotiations are pending with, among other artists, Madame Montigny Remaury, suggests that lady as the probable executant for the solo part. The noticeable, or rather the newer numbers in the programme of the sixth orchestral concert (the Beethoven night), are the "Prometheus" overture, the andante from the famous septett, the pianoforte concerto No. 5 in E flat, the No. 8 symphony, and the variations from the celebrated Kreutzer sonata for violin and pianoforte—to be played by Herr Franke and Herr Pauer, the latter distinguished artist playing also in the concerto.

The following vocalists appear in succession in five of the instrumental concerts—Miss Hope Glenn, Mdle. Louise Pyk (a Swedish soprano, with a name curiously suggestive of that of a famous singer of days gone by), next, Miss Marian Williams, Miss Anne Marriott, and Mr Henry Guy.

Among the better known names in the "casts" of the oratorios are Madame Albani (as formerly referred to), Barton M'Guckin, and Thurley Beale for the "Creation," Signor Foli for the "Messiah," Miss Orridge and Edward Lloyd for "Moses in Egypt," and Mrs Osgood, Mdle. Friedlander, and—name to conjure with—Madame Trebelli, for "Paradise and the Peri."

Looked at altogether, it may safely be said that the committee have no small credit by their arrangements for the seventh series of choral and orchestral concerts, and it is to be hoped that they will be amply compensated for all the trouble and anxiety so ungrudgingly and unselfishly incurred for the artistic advancement of the city.

—o—

An organ recital was given by Mr S. Fraser, in Queen's Park Parish Church on Thursday evening last, to a pretty numerous audience. Mr Fraser made special hits in Rink's flute concerto, Best's pastorale, and the marches from Dinorah and Le Prophete.

St. George's Choral Union made a very fair first appearance for the season last Tuesday evening, especially considering that the *materiel* given into the care of Mr Pattinson was almost altogether of the newest and crudest. By the time of their next concert—"The Crusaders," in February, the chorus will no doubt be in a more efficient state. Mr Pattinson has already secured a very fair measure of vocal accuracy, and good phrasing and expression cannot but follow.

In the Society of Arts musical examination paper for 1881 the following is set as an exercise—"Percussion, and resolution of dissolution." Is not this pedantic rather, if in fact it is clear? Then "Counterpoint—addition of a part of parts;" what on earth can this mean? Your examiners, let it be said with all respect, are nothing if not abstruse.

—o—

Next Saturday evening, the Glasgow Select Choir will make its second appearance for the season, in St. Andrew's Hall. Pinsuti's refined "In this hour of softened splendour," Leslie's "Lullaby of Life," Mendelssohn's Hunting Song ("The murmuring tree tops," &c) are among the "serious" compositions to be sung by the choir; and, by special request, "Faithless Sally Brown" will be given again. What, probably, however, gives the concert marked interest, is that it will include pieces to be performed by the choir at the concert for which they have been engaged on the evening of St. Andrew's Day at St. James's Hall, in London. Of these are a very clever arrangement by Mr Allan Macbeth of the delightful old melody,

"The Laird of Cockpen" (Lady Nairne's words) and an arrangement of "Up in the mornin's no for me," by Mr W. Hume, both specially written for the London concert.

It is, by the way, highly creditable to the city that a Glasgow choir has been chosen to supply the choral element at the Scotch national celebration in London. They will have the honour of appearing on the same platform with such distinguished artists as Sims Reeves and his son, Santley, Edward Lloyd, and Madame Patey.

The choir will sing at Dumfries on their way "up" to, and at Carlisle on their way "down" from the great metropolis.

Dr Peace will play some choice pieces at their next Saturday's St. Andrew's Hall concert, including the overture to "Semiramide." No organist we have heard can reproduce overtures on the instrument so faithfully and so clearly.

We bespeak a specially good attendance at Dr Peace's organ recital this evening, seeing that it is to be in aid of the "Henry Smart Memorial Fund." Four of the late Mr Smart's organ compositions will be played, with others by Bennett, Wesley, and Best.

The new private choral society, not yet christened evidently, but for the West End, begins its practisings on Thursday evening, the 16th, in the Pillar Hall of the Queen's Rooms—Mr Lambeth, conductor. We shall look now, under Mr Lambeth's refined tuition, for a revival of the palmy days of the St. Cecilia and the Albany, when delightful performances were given, and of trifling little cantatas, but, for example, of such a work as Spohr's "Last Judgment."

The City Hall was packed "from floor to ceiling" on Saturday evening, and with a wonderfully discriminative audience, to hear the competition solo vocalists. The circumstances were interesting enough, but had their painful side to any one of refined feeling, and care should be taken that the standard of ability is maintained, for some competitors appeared who should never have been allowed to come forward; while much of the singing was excellent, not a little only afforded sport for the Philistines.

AT THE ART CLUB EXHIBITION.

(Time, Saturday 2 p.m.; the gallery is crowded with artists.)

Country Cousin (to his city friend)—A say, Tam, a wud like tae see sum o' thae penters.

City Friend—Painters! Why there are plenty of painters round about.

Country Cousin—Roond about. (Gazes round on every side.) A don't see yin. There a' gentlemen that's here.

"WILLIE IS A WANTON WAG!"—The Prime Minister is "a-going of it." At the Guildhall Banquet he astonished all beholders by appearing in full naval uniform! No one knows whether this phenomenon was due to "Pinafore" on the brain or to a desire to "double" the part of "the Admiral"—now, alas, unseated—with those of Premier and Chancellor of the Exchequer; but there is considerable apprehension in high quarters lest, after his recent Scottish victory and still more recent tour round our coasts, the old gentleman should next "break out" in a kilt!

GENTLEMEN'S Cloth Made and Trimmed, Suits, 18s.; Overcoats, 14s.; Fit, Workmanship, Trimmings guaranteed.—EWART BAIN, 59 Bridge Street.

The Liberal Rector's Address.

(Communicated in advance by a Medium.)

I'M a Quaker frae Rochdale toon,
 Whaur mills o' my ain are rinnin',
 Wad the speerit but licht on my croon!
 Tae the students a *yarn* I'd be spinnin'.
 But the speerit will not come doon,
 Tho' I've drank sax gills o' Glenlivet;
 An' I'm dumb as the man in the moon,
 Altho' I've a seat in the Cabinet.
 I doot that last line disna scan—
 I ne'er was a classical scholar.
 But I'm glib on the "Richts o' Man,"
 An' I lo'e weel the "Almighty Dollar."
 I've been *grindin'* a' week at my Burns,
 An' learnin' tae speak in the Doric;
 But I fin' my heid rinnin' on pirms,
 An' some words o' his gi'e me a colic—
 Whilk I try tae come ower in my tongue,
 They're waur than *typtis*, or Quadratics;
 An' sae I maun leave them unsung,
 As weel's some remarks on Math'matics,
 A gran' study enablin' the mind
 Tae keep faur frae paths that's erratic,
 An' help tae distinguish frae wind
 The wit that somebody ca's "Attic."
 I've tried, tae, a fortnicht o' Greek,
 Wi' that auld new Athenian ca'd Blackie;
 But the body did naething but speak,
 O' the bagpipes an' kilt o' Socraté.
 Oh my! hae I left oot an s,
 That you chaps in the Kibble are grinnin'?
 I thoct I wad land in a mess
 When I wandert ayont cotton-spinnin'.
 Noo, Preencepul, jist speak a word!
 You're the ae man can calm they wild fallows.
 I'll luik up what tae say on beid third,
 Tho' I couldna feel waur on a gallows.
 Guidsave! is the ruif fa'in' in?
 I'll be kilt ootricht in a trice.
 I wish they'd elected Ruskin,
 I'd buy Peace, noo, at ony Price.
 Were I safe oot o' this wi' my life,
 An' back tae my mills an' my gain.
 In Saunt Stephen's I'll drap a' my strife,
 An' renounce a' the warks o' Gladstane.

"LA GRANDE CHARTREUSE!"—Among the *religieux* spared by the French Government are the Order of the Chartreux. Cunning and epicurean French Government! Were they afraid that the skilful Fathers might set up a manufactory of their famous liqueur on British soil in opposition to the native Old Tom and Long John?

LAING LIFE.—A second term, at least, seems to be intended for Lord Provost Ure. Bailie Laing, in investing him with the chain of office, "hoped he would be *long spared* to wear it."

Harte in Portraiture—Last week's cartoon.

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.

Discouraging.

THE BAILIE observes with regret that the late municipal elections, while they have in some cases introduced the much-desiderated "new blood," have not added to the "amenities" of representative bodies. At Govanhill, for instance, Bailie Smith has found himself called upon to repudiate the awful charge of having "police on the brain." If the unfortunate magistrate were indeed in that predicament, his condition would surely call for compassion rather than reproach. Such an accusation is not an encouraging symptom at the opening of the municipal year.

Mr Collins "Explains."

MR WILLIAM COLLINS last week made a somewhat lame attempt to reply to the BAILIE'S recent rebukes. Our ex-Provost denies that he has "wished to soil the fair fame of his native city." In stating "what he was reluctantly obliged to admit" he was merely, he says, acting "the part of the wise physician," who "lays bare the evil, and uses every means to excise and cast it out." This will hardly do, Mr Collins. There was no "reluctant admission" on your part, but rather an exultant cry of "Look what a shocking case I have to deal with!" and the "wisdom" of your physicianly efforts consisted in treating a scratch as if it were an ulcer. However, *qui s'excuse s'accuse*; and the BAILIE is charitable enough to believe that his wiggings have done you good, and that you are slightly ashamed of yourself. "Don't do it again," and you and his Worship may be the best of friends yet.

A CLEVER "PENCIL."—A Paisley poacher, convicted the other day of "trespassing in pursuit of game" on the Blythswood estate, made an ingenious, if not wholly original, defence. This gentleman, who is said to be "known as 'the Pencil,'" "referred to the game-keepers, or Sir Archibald himself, if ever he knew or heard of me catching a hare before." This wasn't bad; but the Sheriff had doubtless heard of the Hibernian who offered to bring fifty witnesses that *didn't* see him steal the pig, and the Pencil is consequently "penned."

The Gilmorehill Commercial Lord Rector—"Bright" without "Lamps."

A B(oyster)ous Bankrupt—"M'Geoch."

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,

“DESIDERATUM”**TROUSERS,**

15/6 PER PAIR.

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18S PER GALLON OR 36S PER DOZEN,

(Jars and Bottles Returned.)

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And 190 ST. GEORGE'S ROAD (Opposite West Princes St).**The Argyle Rubber Company,**
110 ARGYLE STREET.

Waterproofs for Ladies and Gentlemen. Overshoes.

Hot Water Bottles. Golf Clubs and Balls.

Jet and Vulcanite Jewellery.

Latest Novelty!

Waterproof Linen Collars and Cuffs. These require no dressing, but are made white by simply sponging with water. Collars, 1s 6d; Cuffs, 2s 6d.

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.

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SMOKING MIXTURE.—**J. H. ALLISON, Wholesale and Retail Tobacconist and Cigar Importer, 463 ST. VINCENT STREET, 2 Doors from Elderslie Street. Wholesale and Retail Depot for Murray, Sons, & Co.'s Mellow Smoking Mixture. J. H. A respectfully invites the Gentlemen of Glasgow to visit his Depot to see the “MELLOW” and judge for themselves. The following Testimonials are a few of the many which have been received:—“Known to Smokers for its Mellow Mildness in use. We saw orders and inquiries for this article fit to make any provincial house proud.”—*Land and Water*. “Of the many different “Mixtures” that have come under our notice, we have no hesitation in giving the palm to this Brand. Has a most pleasing and soothing effect.”—*Civil Service Gazette*. 8 oz. post free for 3s 4d. 7 Prime Cigars (rare value), 1s. Real Lunkah Cheroots, 8 for 1s. The Trade supplied with large or small quantities.**AMERICAN FURNITURE**

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EXTRAORDINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

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HATS AND BONNETS

Purchased at a Large Discount from Cost Price.

STRAW, CHIPS, VELVETS, PLUSHES.

The most wonderful Bargains in Millinery Goods ever offered.

All New Goods. Very Latest Fashions.

No old Bankrupt Stock.

Still Prices are Lower than for Rubbish offered at so-called Cheap Sales.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,

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Details in all papers of Friday.

Anatomical Boots & Shoes**MADE BY J. COOPER, 33 EGLINTON ST, S.S.**
NO CORNS OR BUNIONS.

Having less friction, wear longer. Wearer can walk further with less fatigue. Recommended by eminent London Physicians.

*Lasts fitted for each Customer Free of Charge.**First-Class References on Application.***ON Sale, at 310 Buchanan Street, a few hand-**
some Brazilian Parroquets, 10s each. Black-faced Weavers, Avadovts, Silverbills, Black and White Manikins, Waxbills, &c, from 5s per pair. Grey Talking Parrots and Cages from 20s.**MITCHELL & CO'S**

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The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 17th, 1880.

LORD PROVOST URE'S inaugural address on accepting office was eminently sensible and becoming. He showed that he had grasped the situation in our municipal politics. The various subjects of interest were discussed with an ample appreciation of the merits and the importance of each. Mr URE is no stickler for an economy which may prove as expensive in the long-run as it is unwise at the moment. He doesn't believe in the cheese-paring system of doing things. The sewage problem, and the difficulty regarding the erection of suitable municipal buildings, which are the main stumbling-blocks in the path of the Corporation, have been too long kept back by the penny wise and pound foolish policy. Now, however, we are at last in view of the beginning of an adequate attempt to deal with these troublesome and clamant subjects. The consolidation of the Trusts, and the extension of the city boundaries, can be left for another period. As it seems to the BAILIE, however, the Lord Provost would have consulted his own comfort, if not the progress of municipal business, had he elevated Mr NEIL to the magistracy. Mr NEIL'S public career has hitherto been neither very quiet nor very edifying. Still he is one of the very few people—is he not almost the only Town Councillor?—who have been personally generous to the city. Then he has been a lengthened period in the Council, and length of service, let your theories be what they may, must always count in the distribution of municipal honours. Indeed, when the materials you have to work with are of the Waddell and Farquhar order, there is really no other possible test which a Lord Provost can go by than that of priority of municipal life. But this is apart altogether from the generally admirable beginning made by the Lord Provost on Thursday. Not only did Mr URE on that occasion disappoint his critics but he more than fulfilled the expectations of his friends.

TRULY LIBERAL.—The liberality of the Junior Liberal Association is no more to be doubted than their Liberalism. In advertising a meeting last week they stated that "all Junior Liberals were invited," and did *not* add, "Children in arms not admitted."

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT Councillor Neil's exhibition on Monday was painful in the extreme.

That John's attack on Bailie Wilson showed that he had lost his head.

That his attempt to bring Dr Marwick into the scrape didn't succeed very well.

That this was the first time a Town Councillor ever sought protection from a Town Clerk.

That Mr Neil's friends must prevail upon him to put a stopper upon his tongue.

That should another "scene" like that of Monday occur before the "daft days," a policeman will have to take his seat beside Jeems Broon, the "perpetual provost."

That another term day is over and gone.

That we can breathe freely again.

That a lively stair-head battle took place in the Corn Exchange on Friday last.

That the "sliding scale," adopted by a prominent firm, was the subject of dispute.

That the presiding Magistrate admonished his erring brother.

That Matthew didn't swallow the rebuke cheerfully.

That the Deacon-Convener has at last admitted that the Trades' House Building Scheme is impracticable.

That it would be well if certain other members of the House would confess that their hobbies are also beyond their ability.

That the Clyde Trust election rather astonished Mr Nathan Dunlop.

That a good many people must have thought of Mr Dunlop when the figures were announced for "they laughed consumedly."

That the projected Conservative Demonstration has been "postponed."

That Lord Churchill found it did not suit his book to be present.

That by a remarkable coincidence Sir H. Wolf found ditto.

That Sir James was to have been in the chair.

That the secret history of the business would be interesting.

There is no truth, says Asinus, in the report which has been circulated that one of Finlay's patent lubricators has been presented to the Messrs Martin on the ground that it suits the "machine" and other "small bores."

Great Defeat of the *Kurds*—On the first of May.

No More "Junks"—A new Ure, but with the old "waters."

Megilp.

ONE of the pictures in the Exhibition of the Glasgow Art Club—which is now open to the public—particularly worthy of attention, is the "Difficult Question" of J. H. Mann. This recalls, somehow or other, the novels of Mr Hardy, so full of character is it, and so deft and striking are its tones of local colour. Tom M'Ewan's "Gloamin'" is another notable work, as are likewise "The Interrupted Proposal" and "The Maypole Inn" of Duncan M'Kellar, a cottage interior by Walter Hutcheson, C. J. Lauder's "Daffodils," and the upright lake scene of Peter Buchanan.

The water colours of James A. Aitken—particularly a Ben Venue drawing—and of William Carlaw and Tom Hunt, show all three artists to very excellent advantage indeed.

David Murray's most important contribution to the Exhibition—"The Morning Meal"—has suffered considerably on account of the place allotted to it on the walls of the gallery. Its feeling of atmosphere is wonderfully effective. Another of Mr Murray's pictures, a Normandy court-yard, is the work of the palette knife alone.

Wednesday's election of Associates to the Royal Scottish Academy can hardly be said to have improved or strengthened the position of that body. And this is altogether irrespective of the abilities of George Aikman, whom we know, or of those of R. P. Bell, of whom we are ignorant. By this fresh expression of their determination to restrict the Membership and Associateship of the Academy to a single clique, the Academicians have only assisted to intensify the provincial character of the Institution.

The Royal Academy is representative, let cavillers say what they will, of the art of the country; it includes Scotchmen and Scotch artists, as well as Londoners and artists from Devon and Yorkshire. In Edinburgh, however, the position is altogether different. Unless an artist occupies a studio in George Street or Picardy Place he need not hope to find any favour in the eyes of the R.S.A. Against Glasgow and Glasgow painters the animus is especially strong. Unmindful of the treatment accorded to Edinburgh in the Exhibitions of our Institute, wilfully blind to the fact that in some cases—that of Chalmers, for instance—abilities which have afterwards become famous were first recognised here, the authorities of the Royal Scottish Academy have all along done their best to ignore and discourage Glasgow art.

By and bye, of course, this line of action will bring its own remedy. Glasgow is rapidly developing an important school of her own, and she has claims as an art centre, and especially as an art-purchasing centre, with which Edinburgh can never hope to compete. Whenever the Council of our Institute begins to repay our Edinburgh friends in their own coin, the latter will then recognise that they have been misled all along, and may perhaps understand that the game of "beggar my neighbour" is one that can never be played with impunity, even when you hold a majority of the cards.

At present, indeed, the only body which can be really regarded as an association of Scottish artists is the Scottish Water Colour Society. The membership of the Water Colour Society is nothing less than a standing reproach to the Royal Scottish Academy. While it includes Lockhart, and M'Taggart, and Hay, and Hugh Cameron, and Robert Herdman; A. K. Brown, and Carlaw, and David Murray, and J. A. Aitken, and Henderson, and Glover are also on its rolls. It belongs neither to Edinburgh nor to Glasgow, but to the country generally.

It may be repeated, by the bye, in connection with the Water Colour Society, that Friday the 26th inst. is sending-in day for the forthcoming Exhibition, which will be held, as usual, in the rooms in West Nile Street, that the private view takes place on the 10th of December, and that the Exhibition will be opened to the public on the following day, Saturday, the 11th of December.

Those who care for very perfect art—and art which, in its own way, has something of the sublime—must not omit the opportunity of studying the lions of Briton Riviere, in the collection of the Agnews at present being exhibited in Messrs Annan's Gallery, Sauchiehall Street. Another of the Agnews' pictures of which it is difficult to say too much is "The Unsteady Mount," and this, also, is by Mr Riviere.

A Bailie—or Naething.

A T oor Cooncil a chiel
A oor Toon Cooncillor Neil
(Anither rhyme maist slippit oot there),
Sat and fided in his sate,
Till he couldna keep quate,
As the honours he saw dailt aboot there.
Then he roared oot that he
"Fient a bit mair wad be
Jist a plaything;
So here gangs, miss or hit,
As a Bailie I'll sit—
Or dae naething.

"For sae lang hae I baked
In the oven, an' caked—
My hairt's turned as teuch's a sea-biscuit;
Heth! I carena twa caps—
Tho' I'm gran' at the snaps—
Yet again at the rows will I snappit.
I'll aye pan oot in style
Till ye see't worth yer while
Tae dae ae thing—
I maun rise, like a puff,
Tae be Bailie—or huff
An' dae naething."

But oor Lord Provost Ure
Kent a lot aboot floore—
That it's feckless until its weel dampit;
Sae, wi auld-farrant wit,
Aye he clapt doon his fit—
For a' dough tae be guid maun be trampit—
Set oor *halfin* o' mark
Tae his auld 'prentice wark—
Mair than ae thing;
Wadna let the puir chiel
Be a Bailie—or squeel
He'd dae naething.

LORD ROSEBERY'S ABERDEEN ADDRESS.

(George Square, Monday.)

"Is it not to produce a man? A learned man, a cultivated man, a brilliant man, if you will; but, after all, and before all, a man, and an honest man."

Man, BAILIE! I houp you'll pit a' this in. It was me that said "They gang in stirks and come out asses," and "A man's a man for a' that."

Yours ever, RUBBERT BURNS.

THE SEVEN LUMPS OF ARCHITECTURE.—A visit to Glasgow by "the Master" would be welcome, were it in only this, that he might be asked to look up the Municipal Buildings Designs with some one of his "Lamps of Architecture." The Town Council "gas" has thrown little light, and there might be at least a steadier ray in a lamp of spare-my-city.

Something else in the new Lord Provost's Favour—He know's his "Shaksper."

Down in the Mouth—"The Tonsil."

CLYDE } Manufactured specially for Wear-resistance. Whole-
TWEEDS. } sale price, 3/ per yard. Any length cut.—THE
CLOTH HALL, 42 Hutcheson Street.

Startling Demonstration in Paisley.
AT a meeting held in Paisley the other evening a Mr Thomas Donald made the singular assertion that "when he went to the Abbey Church and saw the light streaming in through the masonry, the ladies gathered their skirts together and said, 'We are more righteous than thou.'" If this really happened it was most extraordinary and reprehensible conduct on the ladies' part; but the BAILIE would like to suspend judgment till he learns whether the feminine demonstration was a unanimous and simultaneous one, and what Mr Thomas Donald had done, or left undone, to be made the special object of it. These be questions to be sifted.

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 THURSDAY and SATURDAY, 18th and 20th Nov., NINON.
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QUEEN'S ROOMS,

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SEVEN COMPETITORS.

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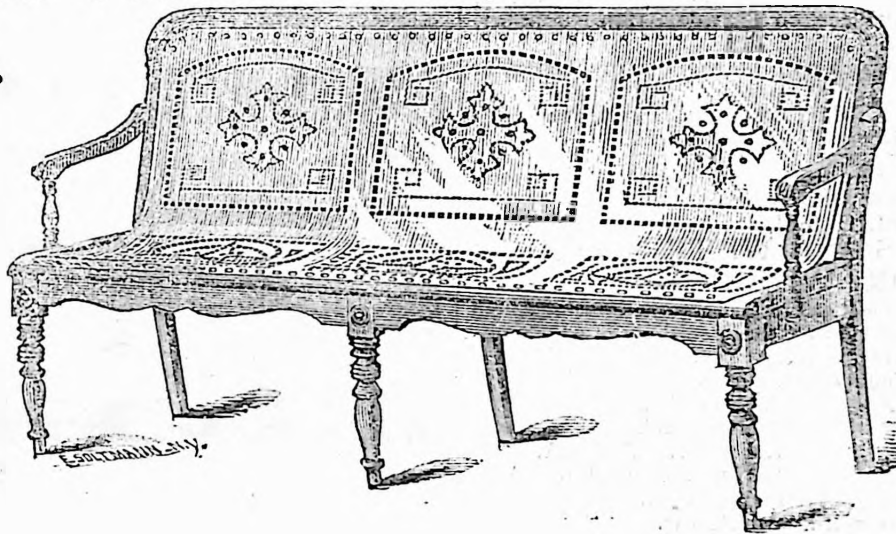
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ROYAL RESTAURANT,
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THE IMPERIAL CAFE
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D. ADAMS, Proprietor.

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AGENTS AND SUBSCRIBERS Wanted
 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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DAVID HUM & CO.,
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Extraordinary Bargains.

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TWENTY-FIVE LORRY LOADS OF HATS,

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are about to make an impression that never will be forgotten, having secured from the Best English Manufacturers nearly

A QUARTER OF A MILLION HATS AND BONNETS

At Prices that fairly astonish themselves, and will enable them to offer a good Pounds Worth for Ten Shillings, and in many instances for Five Shillings.

This enormous stock Stock is now laid out and is a sight worth seeing. We invite the Public to call and see the endless piles of Hats and Bonnets (a Stock perhaps greater than all the retail stocks in Glasgow combined) whether they think of purchasing or not.

Remember, this is not old Bankrupt Stock, but every Hat is New and Fresh from the Manufacturer, all New Shapes for this Winter, and are still much lower in price than the rubbish offered at so-called cheap sales.

During November and December the Stock will be Shown in Four Great Departments, as under:—

GENTLEMEN'S FELT AND DRESS HATS.

SELECT FRENCH AND ENGLISH MILLINERY.

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DETAILS IN THE VARIOUS DEPARTMENTS.

Gentlemen's Felt Hats, 3s 6d, 4s 6d, 5s 6d, 7s, 8s 6d; usual retail price, 5s to 14s 6d.

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Boys' Strong Tweed Tam o' Shanter, in assorted Colours, for 11½d each; also, in Cloth, 1s 1½d and 1s 3d.

Black Velvetten Tam o' Shanters, 1s 3d and 1s 9d; extremely neat little Hats.

Velvet Glengarries, less than half-price, now 9d to 2s 6d. New Knitted Woollen Glengarries, 1s 9d.

Very large assortment of Tweed Polo Caps, offered at 9d and 1s 3d each.

Rough Heather Mixture Tam o' Shanters, now 1s 4½d; ordinary price, 2s 6d.

Boys' Trimmed Felt Hats complete, 1s 3d. Boys' and Misses Imitation Beaver Hats, Fancy Bands, now for 1s 9d.

Boys' Trimmed Felt Alpines, &c., 1s.

Also, Magnificent Range of High Class Boys' and Misses Fancy Cashmere, Velvet Plush, and Beaver Hats, at Wholesale Price.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH MILLINERY DEPARTMENT.

This Department now contains the Finest Stock of High-Class Millinery in Scotland, the price of our Elegantly Trimmed Hats and Bonnets range from 10s to 60s, same Goods are charged double by West-End and credit-giving houses. Our Millinery is justly termed the finest in Scotland.

Ladies' and Misses' Beaver Hats, the very best quality, 9s 11d; also at 6s 11d and 4s 11d. Rare value.

Real Seal Hats, superb-Skins. Soft and Shaped Hats, great bargains, 10s 6d, 15s 6d, 21s, to 60s.

Rich Plush and Chenille Flowers at Makers' Prices. Exquisite Mountings in all New Dark Shades; also in Light Colours for Evening wear.

Ladies who are fond of really good Flowers are requested to examine this assortment.

STRAW AND CHIP DEPARTMENT.

This spacious Department has been Newly Opened, and is entirely filled with our Trimmed Plats and Bonnet Shapes.

The Prices in this department are so much below the regular trade price *that they must be seen*. Call and look at them, you will not be asked to buy if the Goods themselves do not tempt you. Including the new Departments now opened, we can accommodate Two Thousand Customers in our extensive Warehouses.

These fine Imitation Chips, regularly sold at 2s 6d, only 2500 now for 1s each. Not more than Six to any single Customer.

8751 Black Straw Hats for Misses—fine well-made Hats, all new shapes—4½d each. It does not pay for the straw.

1783 Black Straw Hats for Misses, one penny each. It is unnecessary to devote time in writing up the merits of this lot, only one to each Client.

107,964 Black and Brown Straw Hats and Bonnets at 6d, 9d, 1s, 1s 6d, 2s, 2s 6d, each; worth at least double. All perfect Goods. All new shapes.

79,850 Real Chip Hats and Bonnets. Lot of the new turned-up Chip Bonnets for 1s.

We never saw such a cheap lot before.

Chip Bonnets and Hats, 1s 6d, 2s 6d, 3s 6d, 4s 6d, and the very best French Chip Hats and Bonnets—selling to-day in Paris, London, and Glasgow, at from 8s to 20s—offered without reserve at 5s 11d each.

Remember these are the Best Goods manufactured, and include every New Shape. The Tam O' Shanter, Russian Prince, Portia, Livadia, &c., &c.

This is a Startling Offer; our friends should take advantage.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,

COLOSSEUM, 70 JAMAICA STREET.





The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 423. Glasgow, Wednesday, November 24th, 1880. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 423.

THE BAILIE has all his life been a stickler for local representation, by which he means the representation of a locality by some one or other of its own people. Your "carpet-bagger" may be the cleverest fellow going. As often as not he is a Cockney lawyer or an Oxford professor, and he invariably has the latest fads in foreign politics and home legislation at his fingers' ends. The carpet-bagger is great in sociology—which is a hard term for an every-day subject, he indulges in "views" on the land question, and the consolidation of nationalities according to the distinctions of races has his firmest support. Local wants and local wishes are matters far below his ken. Why, indeed, should a philosopher, who is certain to favour the notion of equal electoral districts, and who probably regards a phalanstery as the ultimate end of society, trouble his head with the little, peddling claims of this village or that burgh, or stoop to meddle with such twopenny-half-penny affairs as disputes over the supply of gas or water, or, it may be, the incidence of a poors-rate? As it so happens, however, in the majority of cases at least, the representative exists for the constituency and not the constituency for the representative. Imperial politics are probably all very well in their way, but Imperial politics—save as they mean a sixpenny income-tax, have but the scantest interest for the farmer who drives his milk-cart into town three times a week, or the grocer over the way, or the publican round the corner. The late Colonel Mure, for instance, who was in all respects a local man, was a model Member of Parliament, and the Renfrewshire folk have been specially fortunate in securing so good a candidate for the vacancy left by his death as Mr ALEXANDER CRUM.

VOL. XVII.

Mr CRUM, like Colonel Mure, is essentially a local man as compared with a carpet bagger. His has long been a familiar name in Glasgow as well as in Renfrewshire. The eldest son of the late Mr Walter Crum—a representative Scotchman in his way, and born some two-and-fifty years ago, he was educated partly at our University and partly in Germany; and his manhood has been spent in and around this city. Under his direction the works at Thornliebank, which were founded by his father, have been greatly improved and extended. They give employment to some 1300 or 1400 persons, and the village by which they are surrounded is in all respects a model one. Together with his brother, Mr William Crum, Mr CRUM has built a public hall, a reading-room, and baths, constructed a swimming-pond, and exerted himself in various other ways to promote the comfort and well-being of the villagers. And it is not only the concerns of Thornliebank, which is in a great measure his own property, in which he takes an interest. He is chairman of the heritors of Eastwood Parish and of Eastwood School Board, a Justice of the Peace for Renfrew and Lanarkshires, a Commissioner of Supply and a Deputy-Lieutenant for the former county, and Lieutenant-Colonel of the Third Battalion of Renfrewshire Volunteers. Nor does the tale of his public engagements stop here. Besides holding these numerous county and local posts, the Man you Know is a Director of the Caledonian Railway and of the Union Bank, two of the chief mercantile enterprises of the country. A neat and effective, and occasionally—as in his remarks on woman suffrage the other night at Crosshill—a humorous speaker, Mr CRUM seldom appears on a platform, or makes any attempt whatever to thrust himself upon the notice of the public. Had it been otherwise, had his merits been as well known as they de-

served to be, his return for Glasgow at the 1874 Election would have been secure. In all respects Mr CRUM is the very kind of man out of which our best legislators are made. His business qualities are of the first order. He has an intimate acquaintance with everything connected with the county of which he will be the representative, and not only is he familiar with Renfrewshire matters, but he is conversant with Scotch affairs generally. Wherever he is known he is both liked and respected, and indeed there can be no better evidence as to his general popularity than the way in which he has been accepted by every party in the county, by Tories and Radicals as well as by the members of his own persuasion—the old Whigs of the Lord John Russell type.

—♦♦—
CELTIC.

(Scene—Road in the vicinity of a fashionable suburb; Two bicyclists with lighted lamps some little distance in front.)

Tonal (newly from the north)—We'd petter tak' care.

Geordie—Tere mun shurely pe a pog aboot here, for yonder's twa spunkies.

Tonal (who has a wee drop in his e'e)—Haud yer tongue, ya fule; yon wuss only twa fain' stars.

—♦♦—

PUTTING US TO RIGHTS.—The great Ferniegair is simply irrepressible. At the Licence-Confirmation Court last week he "begged to put the Fiscal right" on a point of legal order. This is all very well; but why should he go on putting everybody right in this "one-horse" and retail manner? Why not propound a plan—he is quite equal to doing so—for putting us all right "in a lump?"

The time is out of joint—O cursed spite
That ever he was born to set it right!

MEMENTO MORI. — Among the peculiar "humours" of the late election at Gilmorchill was the employment of a hearse for canvassing purposes. The grim "joke" may have had its own significance. If the students continue to make use of their "Rectorial" privileges as they have been doing of late it is not improbable that the said privileges may before long be in a condition to require decent—or indecent—burial.

Done "Brown"—The Rev. Charles Rogers, LL.D.

DEFY { Ladies' Jacket Cloths Beautiful Twills, Pure
WEAR OR { Worsteds, wholesale price, 5 Any length cut at
TEAR. { same rate.—THE CLOTH HALL, 42 Hutcheson St.

J. F.

"Who is it that calls so coldly?—
A piece of ice."—*Taming of the Shrew.*

I'M a merry young fellow, you'll own,
And my prauks old and young have engrossed;
Some hail me with pleasure—some groan
At the sound of my name; I'm Jack Frost.

Why some folks like me not I can't tell—
But between us there's little love lost;
My good friends I keep rosy and well,
Whilst my foes feel the nip of Jack Frost.

Still I try what I can to please all—
Though some tempers are dreadfully crossed,
And anathemas fearful let fall
On the head of your humble Jack Frost.

But that's the old way of the world,
As each one must find to his cost;
For the finger of scorn and lip curled
Await all—not excepting Jack Frost.

Yet I look for a welcome more sweet—
Ah, I heard a light laugh, now—whose was't?
Come, who gave the fresh speed to your feet?
And who painted your cheeks?—'twas Jack Frost.

See your panes as if fairy be-kissed—
Finer siigree work thou ne'er saw'st;
'Twas all done by the turn of the wrist
Of the dext, dainty hand of Jack Frost.

See your lochs and your ponds, every one
With surface all hardened and glossed;
There you yell with delight—midst your fun
Prithee think of the donor—Jack Frost.

And when with the mirth wearied out,
And your hair with the wind torn and tossed,
Gaily homeward you turn you about—
Who will lull you to rest?—why, Jack Frost.

But then, when all snug and in bed,
As the curtain closer thou draw'st,
Thou must think of the poor—sky o'erhead—
And help them for my sake—Jack Frost,

Yes, give—and I'll waste all my ink
In bespeaking the good if thou dost;
But I've left not one word that will clink,
Though a master of rime is Jack Frost.

—♦♦—

JOHN AND THE AUGURS.—Mr Bright's elevation to the Rector's chair has had its effect. He is going in for classics, and on the day succeeding his election he treated an audience of Brummagem buttonmakers to a learned dissertation on the status and duties of the Roman Augurs—or "Ogres," as Granny hath it. It is to be hoped the B. B.'s appreciated it. We are told that the said Augurs used to grin in each other's faces when they met behind the scenes. They would grin still more if they could hear Mr Bright lecturing upon them.

Why, enquires Bauldy, dae late suppers tend tae lengthen life? Because, he says, they give ye a nicht-mare (mair). He-haw!

CLYDE { Manufactured specially for Wear-resistance. Whole-
TWEEDS. { sale price, 3/ per yard. Any length cut.—THE
CLOTH HALL, 42 Hutcheson Street.

A Question of the Day.

"HOW is it done?" is a problem which frequently puzzles students of what may be called, in the strictest sense, social science. Mr Percy Fitzgerald makes one of his characters—perhaps the only character that gushing novelist ever created—express himself to the effect that "a man with no visible means, and yet who keeps up a good appearance, has a good coat on his back, sees company, goes up to his dinner-party, and pays for his cab, is—is really—one of the noblest works of our Creator!" Without going quite that length the BAILIE is of opinion that such a personage, though not a great rarity, is, like Mr Jefferson Brick, a decidedly "remarkable man." No less remarkable is the gentleman who, deriving from the combined professions of house-factor and newspaper correspondent an income of "between £20 and £30 a year," contrives to keep his "house out of town" and to do business with his stock-broker in one day to the amount of £11,318. Such a phenomenon as the latter appeared in the Glasgow Bankruptcy Court last week; and once more his Worship would like to ask, in this case as in that of Mr Fitzgerald's friend, "How is it done?"

THE WRONG D.—Mr Councillor M'Gaan, of Dumbarton, writes in a great flutter to the *Herald* to protest that on a recent occasion he did *not* say that "if a licence were granted to a restaurant at the pier of Dumbarton it would go to the devil." The destination assigned by Mr M'Gaan to the pier, or the restaurant, or Dumbarton, or the licence—for it is not clear which he had in his eye—was, it seems, "'Derry," not "the other fellow." The worthy Councillor need not, however, have distressed himself about the mistake. Beelzebub's is a name quite fashionable nowadays even in the most æsthetic circles, and where a Ruskin rushes in a M'Gaan need not fear to tread.

WARNING TO PUBLIC PRISONERS.—Sheriff Balfour's smart sentence of Tuesday last ought to be a warning to vendors of "milk" who are in the habit of supplying poor neighbourhoods with a compound adulterated to the extent of 20, 36, and 62½ per cent. Even a gentleman who is in the habit of going about with "a roll of notes in his hand" will find it inconvenient to diminish that roll by £18 at a time.

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

New versus Old.

ADDRESSING a Falkirk audience the other evening Mr George Anderson, M.P., was terribly down on the old system of Scottish education, which was, he said, "classical or nothing," which moulded all our brains after one fashion—which is, by the way, exactly what it did *not*—and which was otherwise faulty. And yet, strange to say, the results of this unhappy system have been, in general, to give its victims a predominance wherever they may go. No, no, Mr Anderson. You are a very clear-sighted personage in your way, and science and art and industrial training and all the rest of it are very fine things in *their* way, but there is something to be said for the wisdom of our fathers after all. The new order of things is on its trial. It will be time to brag about it when its fruits begin to appear.

MEN'S EVIL MANNERS LIVE IN BRASS; THEIR VIRTUES WE WRITE IN WATER.

In blaze of fireworks some have closed
 Their three years' civic reign—
 Ere time when those as Provosts pos'd
 Re-warded were again.
 But now by waterworks 'tis shown
 How provosts are respected :
 Their virtues fountains no less own
 Than that they're re-elected.
 Through many a cunning, strange device
 Here "spouting" tries to treat art,
 With, in the winter, junks of ice
 "As chaste as" Hamlet's sweetheart.

AN INGENUOUS YOUNG GENTLEMAN.—May not an advertisement like the following, clipped from the *Herald*, possibly tend to explain some of the remarkable revelations of the Bankruptcy Court?—"Education.—Young Gentleman engaged in the commercial line of business wishes one Lesson per week (privately) in the Rudiments of Arithmetic." Young gentlemen embarking "in the commercial line of business"—a phrase which may cover transactions in anything from matches to sugar-cargoes—without a knowledge of "the rudiments of arithmetic" are apt to acquire that knowledge under somewhat painful and public circumstances.

INSULAR CLAIMS.—The Government have, it is said, promised to consider the claims of the Isle of Thanet to one of the new Parliamentary seats which will be going presently. It behoves Scotsmen to see that the Lesser Cumbrae, Lamash, and the Gantocks are not forgotten in the distribution.

American Apples, in Good Condition, 15s per Barrel.—M. CAMPBELL, The City Fruit Warehouse, 18 Gordon Street,

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—I expect that the $\frac{3}{4}$ of Miss Jennie Lee will draw large audiences to the Royalty to-night and during the five following nights of the present week. What a hit, to be sure, was made by Miss Lee when she first appeared as $\frac{3}{4}$ at the London Globe Theatre in the February of '76. And this hit has been repeated, not only at other London houses, but all over the provinces, month after month, and year after year ever since. Curiously enough the first part in which Miss Lee distinguished herself on the stage was that of the "crossing sweeper" in "Le Petit Faust," at the Lyceum Theatre, ten years ago.

We are to have a week of Irish drama at the Royalty with Mr Charles Sullivan and Mr Tom Nerney in the leading parts, when Miss Lee goes, and subsequent to the engagement of Mr Sullivan, Mr Knapp promises us a visit from the ever popular "Betsy"—that funniest of all Anglo-French comediettas.

While on the subject of the Royalty, may I be allowed to express my admiration for that "forest set" which was put on last Friday for the revival of "As You Like It?" Seldom, indeed, have I seen a woodland effect better conveyed than on this occasion.

"The Old Love and the New" is still running at the Gaiety, and the acting of Miss Maisey in the *role* of the heroine is fully equal to the expectations that had been formed regarding her by those who recollected the promise manifested by her performances at the Prince of Wales Theatre some two years ago.

Carl Rosa comes to Mr Bernard's house next week.

The "last nights" of "As You Like It" at the Royal are now announced. It will be followed by "Paul Pry" and "Doctor Davey"—the leading part in the former piece being sustained by Mr Brough and in the latter by Mr Vezin. "Doctor Davey" is an adaptation of the same Franco-German comedy which supplied the groundwork for "David Garrick." Mr Vezin, whose property the comedy is, produced it on the stage of the old Theatre Royal, Dunlop Street, several years ago.

Admirers of the older drama will enjoy a visit to the crush-room of the Theatre-Royal, over the walls of which Miss Litton has arranged quite a gallery of theatrical portraits. Specially noticeable among these are beautiful impressions of the engravings from Sir Thomas Lawrence's "Sarah Siddons" and "John Philip Kemble."

But it is not only the "crush-room" of the Royal—with its warm, cosy look, and Queen Anne mantelshelf, which bears witness to the taste and knowledge with which all matters relating to the "patent house" are directed. The stage itself, that is, those portions of the stage which never come in sight of the audience—it is needless to speak now of the stage proper—is a marvel of neatness and arrangement. Then the green-room of the theatre seems equal not only to that of a London play-house, but even to the descriptions of the famous *foyer* of the Français in Paris.

Disposed along the walls are drawings—some in ink and some in pencil—of George Cruickshank; in the middle of the room is a table, the centre of which is occupied by a bouquet of flowers, while books, and magazines, and newspapers are heaped here and there in admirable confusion; and round the table are chairs and sofas of the latest and most comfortable construction.

Here, of an evening, you find—let us say *Audrey*, busily engaged over her knitting, while she chats away the while to *Phoebe*, who is seated beside her, watching her nimble fingers; the *Banished Duke*, again, forgetting Arden and his troops of picturesque attendants, is occupying himself with the "latest news" in an evening paper; *Orlando* and *Jacques* are chatting together in a corner; and *Tenelstone*, who has "just popped in," looks as if he were about to tell one of these little stories—the narration of which has gained for him the reputation of being the best *raconteur* in London.

Miss Litton, in the intervals when she can be spared from the stage, is naturally the presiding influence of the room, and, pleasant as the scene is before her appearance, her entrance gives it a certain brightness and sparkle it had wanted before.

Altogether, the green room, while interesting on its own account, is still more attractive by reason of the eager, intellectual men and women who form its society, and whose conversation has all the attraction which is inseparable from good spirits, and an acquaintance with books and men.

—o—
One would be almost inclined to say, looking at Mr Beryl's unbroken run of success at the South Side Theatre, that he had lighted on some "Aladdin's Lamp," or had at least secured the aid of a Genie of the Ring. Why, everything he has brought forward has just seemed to suit the tastes of his audiences. I believe, however, that he never did better than last week, when the drama of "Sardanapalus" was placed on the stage. His theatre was filled all the six nights, and so enthusiastic were the audiences that there seems every prospect that the attendance will be as good in the six nights to come as it was in those which terminated on Saturday.

—o—
I wonder, BAILIE, whether the paragraphs in the papers last week on the discovery of a remarkably fine seam of coal at the Spittalhill Colliery, belonging to the Clyde Coal Co., have any connection with the pit the company advertised for sale until they were weary—without finding a purchaser. The paragraph, at all events, appeared just in good time—that was, immediately previous to the meeting of the shareholders.

—o—
The Renfrewshire Liberals were sorely embarrassed on the occasion of the present vacancy by a multiplicity of candidates. Among those talked about, or who talked about themselves were Mr Shaw Stewart, Sir Michael's elder son, Mr Finlayson of Johnstone, Sir Peter Coats, and Colonel Buchanan of Drumpellier. Mr Shaw Stewart, however, although a Liberal, wrought for Colonel Campbell at last Election, and therefore he wouldn't do; Mr Finlayson is popular in the Northern, but is unknown in the Southern portion of the County, and would have been defeated by Colonel Campbell; and Colonel Buchanan and Sir Peter Coats would not stand, that was, if any other candidate could be found.

The name of Mr Crum was then suggested, and little as he was disposed to come forward, still he couldn't well say "no" to the unanimous call of his friends, and on his agreeing to the proposal, so acceptable did it prove to the constituency that the Conservative leaders saw there was no use to move in the matter, and Mr Crum goes therefore in without any opposition whatever.

A little "scene" took place in the street of a Renfrewshire village the other day; the interlocutors in which were a popular politician of the military persuasion, and a local limb of the law. "Well Sir Archibald," quoth the lawyer, "I'm so glad to see you; we're all eager for the fray." "Eager for the fray," was the somewhat humorous rejoinder, "as it seems to me you're much more eager for the plunder."

—o—
The romance that used to be a leading feature in a Board of Trade inquiry has departed. Time was when Mr Douglas and Mr Gray, under the lenient eye of two local Justices, had it all their own way in the little drama, and could pursue the investigation just as they liked. In these halcyon days it didn't matter much if half of the witnesses went a-liquoring of a forenoon—the business was continued till to-morrow, or *ad infinitum*. Alas, all that is changed! Mr Rothery, with the title of Wreck Commissioner, comes down from London all the way, and brings with him the different officials, even to the Court Crier, to conduct an inquiry. He was here on Tuesday, and, certes, how he sat upon the laggard Scotch! Poor Mr Douglas, easy and genial gentleman that he is, hadn't his witnesses forward, and the august Commissioner threatened to write to his patrons—the Board of Trade. But why should we grumble? Look at the honour and glory, not to speak of the expense attending a visit from such a great man as Mr Rothery, with his satellites.

The Directors of the Kilmalcolm Hydropathic Establishment announce a concert by Mr W. M. Miller's Choir. It will be given in the establishment on Friday Evening, and will, of course, be free to visitors.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT Johnny Neil has been quiet for a whole week.

That the Lord Provost is of a sanguine temperament.

That he expects, before three years have passed, to make the waters of the Clyde as "pure as they were when he was a boy."

That a recent Provost took up the reins of office with the full determination to make Glasgow the soberest city in Her Majesty's dominions.

That he left it declaring Glasgow was the most drunken city in the kingdom.

That Glasgow doesn't take very much interest in the nefarious opium traffic.

That the great meeting to denounce the "crying evil" was attended by seven persons, including the Chairman.

That our middling medical Member presided.

That he fired off a speech as lengthy as if 700 people had been present.

That even the "very fit, though very few" audience were tired.

That the sparring match between a Board of Trade Inspector and a Custom House officer wasn't a very edifying spectacle.

That winter has set in with unusual severity.

That the farmers with flushed fields will reap a harvest of golden guineas.

That the Secretary of the Blantyre Accident Fund is rather unfortunate in his way.

That the expectations of the schemes with which he is associated are seldom realized.

That subscribers to the Fund have their choice—they may either continue to exercise the virtue of patience, or call for their money.

That Arthur may depend that this will be noted for the future.

—♦♦♦—
"Pleasurable Excitement."

IN spite of his Parliamentary disappointment and the more recent collapse of the Great Conservative Demonstration, Sir James Bain does not seem to have altogether lost that "sly and sleekit" humour for which he was noted of old. In seconding the election of Lord Provost Ure to the chairmanship of the Clyde Trust, the other day, Sir James said "he did not know that they could assure his Lordship that they could give him the pleasurable excitement of the Town Council." "Pleasurable excitement" of course means Johnny Neil; but whether Johnny is more exciting than pleasurable, or more pleasurable than exciting, may be left to Messrs Ure, Wilson, & Co. to decide.

On 'Change.

IN that cheerful poem, "The Grave," the lamented Blair exclaims—

"O cursed lust of gold! when for thy sake
The fool throws up his interest in both worlds;
First starved in this, then damned in that to come."

That last line is rather strong, but Blair was a proper man. Could he, when he penned these lines, have any prophetic instinct that in 1880 there would be an epidemic of what I may call orophobia?

There are again more gold companies, and more to follow this week, and still more next week. Gold concerns are starting up everywhere, like mushrooms, and India is now regarded as a new Ophir. The number of shares offered to the public during the past few months is something appalling to contemplate. It seems as if the whole British population had taken to chipping Indian quartz rock with geological hammers. Any glittering specs discovered in the stroke are instantly assumed to be gold, which only requires "stamps" and other mysterious agencies to convert into bullion. The specs of gold result in a spec so hazardous that the best pebble specs ever invented could not make plain the profit.

There is a delightful unanimity among these gold companies. They all want £100,000. They are equally unanimous in fixing the share at £1 sterling. That means business. Anybody may have £1 but everybody has not £10. Therefore the share is fixed at £1 to be within the reach of anybody. A mere nobody may thus become a landed proprietor in India. The South Wyand Gold Company wants £100,000, so does the Nundydroof Gold Company, so does the Devalah Central Gold Company.

The Mysore Reefs Gold Company is more ambitious. It wants £120,000, but it diplomatically asks the money in £1 shares, as its neighbours do. This is politic. Moreover, some of these companies are paying £2600 per acre for unproductive surface land in India, on the faith that the minerals will pay them. They do it on the faith of some obscure tradition that Solomon once dug a hole there and extracted gold therefrom. With all respect for Solomon, and admiration of his great wisdom, I should prefer to invest in something nearer home.

Numbers of other folks want money, and they would rather raise it in Glasgow than anywhere else. Middlesborough wants money. Why does not the thriving town on the Tees supply the cash itself. We pay it much for iron, and it ought to improve itself out of the profits. The Omnium Gatherum Company wants money to deal in land anywhere and everywhere. I wish it may get it. The Great Eastern Fresh Meat Company wants money to enable it to compete with America in the supply of beef and mutton. The title has been unlucky in the cases of the Great Eastern Railway and the Great Eastern Steamship. Then there is the Jerusalem Limited, but it wants only £50,000. If the Jerusalem requires so little, the frequenters of the old coffee house ought to be able to buy out the vendor without calling on the public to help them.

If this gold business were only solid, instead of being as hollow as a drum, it might have been a good thing for the sanguine soap-boiler and his sisters and his cousins and his aunts.
SCRUTATOR.

—♦♦♦—
THE INTERNATIONAL REGATTA.

(Scene—St. Enoch's Railway Station; Saturday morning.)

Sandy—What'll ye be thinkin' o' the great heats yesterday?

Dougal—Heats, mun! Really, I dinna ken; I canna say I felt cny.

—♦♦♦—
WHAT NEXT, AND NEXT?—The "Boy"-caught Expedition? And then, what next.

Jeems Kaye and the Deputation.

THE ither nicht, while Betty wis darnin' stockin's at the tae side o' the fire, an' auld Mr M'Cunn an' Mr Pinkerton an' me were sittin' at the t'ither side, wi' the wee table atween us, playin' at the cards for a bawbee the gemm, a ring cam tae the door, an' Betty says, "Bless me, wha's this?" "I hope," I interjected, "it's no the minister, an' us gemblin' awa' oor hard-earned siller; we wid never hear the end o't," an' turnin' towards Mr Pinkerton, "Slip a wheen o' thae cards intae your pouch," I says tae him, an' then I gathered up the siller—it's as weel aye tae look tae the maistvaluable elements. Jist at this meenit Betty ushered in twa weel-dressed men wi' bits o' pass-books in their haun. Thinks I, as they entered, "What's up noo? are they selling gas burners, or the 'Pilgrim's Progress' at a shilling the pairt in fifty numbers, or am I tae be summoned? or what?"

"Sit doon, gentlemen," I says, "sit doon. Alloo me tae put your hat on the dresser! A freen o' mine—Mr M'Cunn," an' I waved my haun gracefully o'er Mr M'Cunn's bald heid as an introduction, "an' this gentleman wi' the wudden leg is anither freen—Mr Pinkerton."

The principal stranger nodded, an' says, "Mr Kaye, I believe?"—"At your service," I replied.

"We called, Mr Kaye, with reference to the vacancy in the representation of Renfrewshire."

"Oh aye," I says, "for my vete nae doot."

"Not at all, Mr Kaye, we want you to become a candidate."

"A wha—at!"

"A candidate, Mr Kaye. You are aware that hitherto this thriving village of Strathbungo has had little or no say in electing a member, and we want to remedy that. Our last member hailed from Neilston, the one before from Renfrew, and another from Inverkip: all very worthy men, as you know, but totally unacquainted with the wants and wishes of Strathbungo."

"Very awkward," I put in at this point.

"Very awkward, indeed," he rejoined; "why, would you believe it, when anybody belonging to Strathbungo applied for their help to get into the Customs or Excise or such-like, they had no definite idea where Strathbungo was. One, indeed, remarked, 'Strathbungo, it's in Lanarkshire,' and another stroked his chin and said, 'Let me see; Strathbungo! Strathbungo! isn't that away by Kirkcaldy?' Now, we want to remedy this, and get a Strathbungo man in. Time about is fair play."

"Weel, weel," I says, "I doot it's a' true what

ye say; but megsty me!—let me see—M.P.—man, it's jist raither much—I'm no equal tae't, either in purse, speech, or position! Dod, I don't know but what I might be as guid's plenty that's in already, though. Gentlemen, I must alloo ye have surprised me—ta'en me ower quick. I wis thinkin' o' puttin' in for the Provostship, like ma freen Mr Broone, when Stra-bungo wis made a burgh tae be equal wi' its neighbours. That wid be jist in my line ye see; for if a fire broke oot I could rin wi' the reel, or if a water pipe burst I could superintend the plumbers, besides being aye on the spot tae see nae breach o' the peace took place; but M.P. wid tak' me awa' frae my business, an' the laddie wid ruin me wi' the guid wecht he wid gi'e. Man, I doot it's no practicable. Let me think a wee, tho'. Indeed, gentlemen, jist sit doon an' tak' a bit thimblefu' till I cast it ower in my mind."

So I turned my back tae them, an' fixin' my e'e on the broken haun o' the echt-day clock, I thocht: "James Kaye, Esq., M.P. of Stra-bungo!" or wid it be "James Kaye, M.P. for Renfrewshire, Esq.!!" an' then I could hae on my accounts, "Bought of James Kaye, M.P., 2 hunerwecht o' best Wishaw at 8d." Dod, I could put anither penny on the hunerwecht easy. An' when I wis comin' hame for the vacation, an' gaun oot on the tap o' the car, the crood that wid gaiter tae meet me! an' the hurrahing! An' then it wid be in the papers, "The Honourable James Kaye, Esq., M.P., took a drive tae the Shaws yesterday!" "The Right Honourable gentleman, we regret tae say, sprained his thoom on Monday, while superintending in his extensive premises, an' we understand Her Majesty has desired tae be informed by telegraph if ony change takes place." "We grieve tae inform oor numerous readers that the Right Honourable Mrs James Kaye, Esq, M.P., has the influenza, but the latest bulletins are favourable: her honourable husband, oor much respected and universally beloved M.P., is in constant attendance." Losh, a Provost wid be naethin' tae't. I'll"—but here an awfu' stramash took place, an' when I turned roon there wis Mr M'Cunn an' Mr Pinkerton an' the twa strangers an' the table an' glesses a' in a humpluck on the floor, an' them tearin' each ither like mad, while Betty wis up on the dresser flourishin' the darnin' needle. I wis perfectly dumbfounded, but having kent Mr M'Cunn an' Mr Pinkerton for mony years, I thocht they couldna be tae blame, whatever the strangers might be, so I got a jugfu' o' water, an' poured the hauf o't doon the

neck o' the tane, an' the balance doon the neck o' the tither, an' that sobered there a wee, an' then ane by ane they a' got up gey disjaskit-like; Mr M'Cunn wi' a clour on the brig o' his nose, an' Mr Pinkerton wi' ane o' his coat tails torn awa, an' the virl aff his wudden leg; as for the strangers they were mair drooned than hurt.

As they rose tae their feet, I says, sternly, "What dis a' this mean, gentlemen! a' this rippit in a Member o' Parliament's hoose? Ay, answer me!" Then Mr M'Cunn explained that he had noticed ane o' the deputation reaching over his haun tae lift my watch that wis on the mantelpiece, an' on his interfering the ither yin struck in, an' so the stramash began. I turned roon at this tae grip the twa fellows, but they made a bung oot o' the door, an' I after them, an' I daursay I micht hae grippit at least ane o' them, but as Mr Pinkerton had his wudden leg sticking out trying tae screw on the virl I trippit across't, an' gaed heids ower heels oot on the stair-heid. I could dae naething, therefore, but gather mysel' up an' come in again, so, after puttin' vinegar on Mr M'Cunn's nose, and screwin' on Mr Pinkerton's virl, we drew intae the fire, an' each mixing a gless o' toddy condoled wi' ane anither on the wickedness o' the worl', an' hoo we had been fairly humbugged by twa sconrels.

Yours, JAMES KAYE.

L. L. D.

(Scene—A Court-house somewhere in Ireland: Paddy Rogan in the Witness Box.)

Counsellor Macdonnagh (cross-examining)—Come now, Paddy, you're described in the summons as "Patrick Rogan, L.L.D." I want you therefore to tell his lordship what is the meaning of these letters—are you a Learned Law Doctor?

Paddy Rogan—Troth, I'm not, nather a lawyer nor a doctor, thank goodness.

Judge (severely)—Then what do the letters mean, Sir?

Paddy Rogan—Shure, they jist mane, me Lord, that I'm a mumber ive the Lan' Lage, Dublin.

JEE-RUSALEM!—Jones, reading the prospectus of "the Jerusalem Company (Limited), immediately conceived that it related to a scheme for buying up and Barnumising the Holy City. He was somewhat relieved to find that it was only a London coffee-house which was in question.

MASK) 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.

A MEETING of the members of the Scottish Society of Water Colour Painters was held last week, when the arrangements were completed for the forthcoming Water Colour Exhibition.

The "hanging committee" are Messrs John Smart, R.S.A., David Murray, and William Carlaw.

Thursday, the 9th of December, has been fixed for the annual dinner of the society, the chair at which will of course be filled by the President, Francis Powell, who, apart altogether from his qualities as an artist, is one of the pleasantest gentlemen and best after-dinner speakers we have in the West of Scotland.

On the following day, Friday, the 10th prox., when the private view takes place, the usual "afternoon tea," dear to the hearts of our lady friends, will be served.

One result of the recent "Black and White" Exhibition is the impetus it has given to etching. Quite a host of our local painters have "gone in"—to use a somewhat slang expression—for the exercise of this delightful art. Among these are James A. Aitken, John Guthrie, and Thomas M'Ewan.

At a meeting held in the Fine Art Institute on Friday, of the subscribers to the Milne Donald memorial fund, it was agreed that as sufficient money had now been obtained for carrying out the first portion of the proposed memorial, viz., the erection of a granite monument, with medallion portrait, over the remains of the artist at Sighthill, Mr Mossman should be instructed to proceed at once with the work. The Treasurer, Mr Stoddart, 61 West Nile Street, will continue to receive subscriptions to enable the Committee to complete their scheme by presenting a bust of Milne Donald to the Institute, where it will be preserved as a memento of one of the truest artists the West of Scotland has produced. The art loving public have surely only to learn of this proposition to become subscribers.

RES ANGSTA.

(Scene—Buchanan Street.)

1st Toper—Hullo! You're not getting along at all. Have you stuck?

2nd Toper—No (hic). Can't—for my great-coat'sh too tight for me to walk in.

1st Toper—Say; ain't you too tight for your coat? (and dig went his fingers under the ribs).

MORE SUBJECTION OF WOMEN.—The Forfarshire Justices last week refused a licence for a place called Ferryden on the ground that "the whole male population" had objected to its being granted. It is clearly high time for the Ferryden female to agitate for her "rights." Because, forsooth, her husband or her brother is a weak-kneed teetotaler she is to be deprived of what Lord Young calls her "virtuous dram." Miss Becker, Miss M'Laren, *et saurs*, will please attend to this.

A DOUBLE ROBBERY.—It seems that the vendors of the evening papers in Edinburgh have a pleasing habit of picking their customer's pockets. Members of the public have a right to complain when "the Press," not content with trying to "steal away their brains," actually makes attempts upon their purses.

GENTLEMEN'S Cloth Made and Trimmed, Suits, 18s.; Overcoats, 14s.; Fit, Workmanship, Trimmings guaranteed.—EWART BAIN, 59 Bridge Street.

FOUR GREAT DEPARTMENTS.

ACCOMMODATION FOR TWO THOUSAND CUSTOMERS.
 EXTRAORDINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.
 A QUARTER OF A MILLION
HATS AND BONNETS
 Purchased at a Large Discount from Cost Price.
 STRAWS, CHIPS, VELVETS, PLUSHES.
 The most wonderful Bargains in Millinery Goods ever offered.
 All New Goods. Very Latest Fashions.
 No old Bankrupt Stock.
 Still Prices are Lower than for Rubbish offered at so-called Cheap Sales.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,
 COLOSSEUM, 70 JAMAICA STREET.
 Details in all papers of Friday.

Anatomical Boots & Shoes
 MADE BY J. COOPER, 33 EGLINTON ST, S.S.
 NO CORNS OR BUNIONS.

Having less friction, wear longer. Wearer can walk further with less fatigue. Recommended by eminent London Physicians.
Lasts fitted for each Customer Free of Charge.
First-Class References on Application.

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 JAMES A. JARDINE,
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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.

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 And 190 ST. GEORGE'S ROAD (Opposite West Princes St).

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Waterproofs for Ladies and Gentlemen. Overshoes.
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Jet and Vulcanite Jewellery.

Latest Novelty!

Waterproof Linen Collars and Cuffs. These require no dressing, but are made white by simply sponging with water. Collars, 1s 6d; Cuffs, 2s 6d.

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CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE
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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NOTICE TO SMOKERS!!! MELLOW
SMOKING MIXTURE.—J. H. ALLISON, Wholesale

and Retail Tobacconist and Cigar Importer, 463 ST. VINCENT STREET, 2 Doors from Elderslie Street. Wholesale and Retail Depot for Murray, Sons, & Co.'s Mellow Smoking Mixture. J. H. A. respectfully invites the Gentlemen of Glasgow to visit his Depot to see the “MELLOW” and judge for themselves. The following Testimonials are a few of the many which have been received:—“Known to Smokers for its Mellow Mildness in use. We saw orders and inquiries for this article fit to make any provincial house proud.”—*Land and Water.* “Of the many different “Mixtures” that have come under our notice, we have no hesitation in giving the palm to this Brand. Has a most pleasing and soothing effect.”—*Civil Service Gazette.* 8 oz. post free for 3s 4d. 7 Prime Cigars (rare value), 1s. Real Lunkah Cheroots, 8 for 1s. The Trade supplied with large or small quantities.

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WAREHOUSE,

128 BOTHWELL STREET.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE
COUNTY OF RENFREW.

GENTLEMEN,

The deeply-lamented death of Colonel Mure, who has since 1874 been your valued and trusted representative in Parliament, renders the Election of a Member for the County now a necessary duty.

At a Meeting yesterday representing the Liberal Committees of all the Parishes it was unanimously resolved that I should be recommended to the Constituency as the Liberal Candidate.

For many reasons, personal as well as public, I had anxiously desired that the choice of the Committee should fall upon some other Gentleman better qualified to represent so important a County.

The resolution of yesterday's Meeting, however, and I may add, the consideration that my Candidature, so unanimously supported, might under present circumstances spare the Constituency a contest, have decided me to offer to you my services.

Should you return me to Parliament I shall give my support to the present Government, which has in my opinion realised the hopes entertained by the Country when Mr Gladstone assumed office.

I hope to have an early opportunity of expressing to you at Public Meetings my views on the leading topics of political interest, and

I have the honour to be,
GENTLEMEN,

Your obdt. servant,
ALEXANDER CRUM.

THORNLIBANK, 16th November, 1880.

RENFREWSHIRE ELECTION.

MR CRUM, the Liberal Candidate, regrets that the time likely to elapse prior to the Election will not permit of his Addressing the Electors in all the Districts of the County. With the view of suiting the convenience of the greatest number he proposes to deliver Addresses as under:—

NEW BURGH HALL, CROSSHILL, TO-NIGHT (TUESDAY), 23d Inst., at 8 o'clock.

PUBLIC HALL, BARRHEAD, on WEDNESDAY, 24th Inst., at 3 o'clock p.m.

U.P. CHURCH, KILBARCHAN, on THURSDAY, 25th Inst., at 8 o'clock p.m.

NEW PUBLIC HALL, JOHNSTONE, on THURSDAY, 25th Inst., at 8-15 o'clock p.m.

HALL of KINNING PARK FREE CHURCH, SCOTLAND STREET (for Pollokshields and Kinning Park), on FRIDAY, 26th Inst., at 8 o'clock p.m.

OLD SHERIFF COURT HALL, BANK STREET, GREENOCK, on SATURDAY, 27th Inst., at 4 o'clock p.m.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 24th, 1880.

WHAT has Glasgow done that she should be afflicted by JOHNNY M'LAREN as a candidate for the seat which, as we all know, will shortly become vacant? The right hon. gentleman was exactly in his place as Sheriff of Chancery, and his elevation to the post of Lord Advocate was a mere fluke, consequent on the defeat of Mr BALFOUR for North Ayrshire. That JOHNNY himself, immediately on his ele-

vation to the chief Parliamentary position in Scotland, should be reduced to the role of a carpet-bag candidate, now woin' at this and now puin' at that constituency, is surely one of the most amusing freaks ever played by Lady Fortune on a worthy if somewhat commonplace personage. As the position stands the situation of JOHNNY is certainly far from a pleasant one. Mr BALFOUR has been provided with a seat by the retirement of Mr ADAM, he is the leader of the Scotch Bar, and his father-in-law is the all-powerful Baron MONCRIEFF. In the nature of things, therefore, one might expect that JOHNNY would at once retire from his post in favour of the new Member for Kinross. But the little man seems desperately anxious to stick by what he has got. Carpet-bag in hand he knocked at the door of Renfrewshire, which was incontinently slammed in his face, and now he is visiting Glasgow, and "holding interviews with several well-known Liberals." Glasgow, however, will have none of him. She has a baker's dozen of better men within her own borders any day. All the same his presence here is a disturbing element, and the sooner he betakes himself eastward to the shadow of St. Giles's and the purlieus of the Parliament House the better for everybody concerned.

RUM SPIRITS.—The Greenock police are reported to have seized in a shebeen the other night "a quantity of beer, spirits, and rum." What must the quality of the "rum" have been when it could not be included under the head of "spirits!"

FOGGY.—Mr Ruskin says that he looks at the letters which he receives "as Ulysses at the fogs of Aeolus." Perhaps this may account for the nebulosity of the letters which our would-be Lord Rector writes.

SUCH AN HONEST CHRONICLER AS "GRIF-FITH."—As wished Queen Katharine, so also now do the Irish Land-Leaguers.

"ROGER'S" PLEASURES OF MEMORY.—Of "battles, sieges, fortunes, he had passed, the most disastrous chances."

Positively, bracing; comparatively, chasing; superlatively, embracing—on Lochburnie.

The paradoxical 'difficulty on Lochburnie, is, "to come to a stand-still."

"LOOMING" IN THE FUTURE.—The Weaver-Rector's Address.

In-fra-dig—The Boycott Orangemen,

A Feudal Mushroom.

IT is to be hoped that the Right Honourable the Earl of Zetland will benefit by the snub administered to him in the Court of Session last week by the Lord Ordinary, who told him plainly and once for all that his personal "comfort" and "amenities" could not be allowed to dominate the convenience of a community which has the misfortune to acknowledge him as "superior." The feudal and autocratic position taken up by his Lordship is rather amusing when we remember that his family was founded only some hundred years ago by a rich army contractor, the first baronet, and that the peerage is a thing of yesterday; but even when the Earl's not very remote ancestor was scraping his guineas together by supplying our troops with beef, beer, and breeches of more or less inferior quality, his Lordship's claims, even if advanced by a nobleman of ancient family, would have been something of an anachronism. He had much better stick to the Turf, which seems a field sufficiently well adapted to his mental capacity, and where he will run less risk of making himself publicly ridiculous than he does by posing as a Czar of all the Russias in a small way.

NEW READING OF AN AULD SANG.

(By C—nc—ll—r J—lm N—l.)

Nae peace o' mind, my Lord, ye'll get
If honours can't be mine,
An' I'll tak' a guid ten minutes yet,
To mak' the Cooncil pine.

NEWS FROM ABROAD.—The BAILIE is always glad to find his Southern friends displaying an intelligent interest in Scottish affairs. It therefore fills the Magisterial soul with a grateful joy when a London contemporary speaks in one column of the "Court of Sessions" and in another represents the said Court as being held in Glasgow. *En revanche*, his Worship intends to write a description of the Court of Queen's Benches the next time he visits, say, Manchester.

A CUFF TO THE CLYDE.—Ichabod! Ichabod! How is the glory of Greenock departed! Sugaropolis has, it is true, got back her accustomed rainfall, and her inhabitants have returned delightedly to the amphibious habits of yore; but what are we to think of a steamer, intended for a Greenock company, being built on the Tyne under the superintendence of an Edinburgh engineer? "Is our Clyde shipbuilding a failure, And are Scott and Caird both played out?"

Furniture for Cash "Doon on the Nail." GARDNER & HARDIE, 42 Great Clyde Street.

Father Time Speaks.

"How many things by season seasoned are
To their right praise and true perfection!"

—The Merchant of Venice.

OHO! here's a go,
And a very great show,
Christmas annuals all in a row,
Their covers o'erwhitened with ghosts and with snow!
Here! bring me an almanack—turn up the date;
November? I thought so—then Christmas must wait.
Bless my heart, where's the hurry? am I rather slow?
Can't you patiently stay for the month that's to go?—
Ah well, hang up the mistletoe, bring in the log,
On with the fat goose, and I'll be no clog!
Oaly fancy what poor Father Christmas will think,
When he calmly walks in near the glad New-Year's brink,
To find all his holiday holly lie sere,
His mistletoe mizzled, and cheerless his cheer;
His pudding not plumb on the table, past doubt,
And his fire black as midnight—the logwood dyed out!
I object; Father Time, whom you all must obey,
Says the thing isn't right—and he will have his say.
Christmas Annuals! fudge! there is no Christmas here;
That's a time that proclaims the tail-end of the year,
And the year has some time yet to run—you'll remember
Eighty-one comes not in on the 1st of December.
No, no, stay your tales of old ghost and old warlock,
Or, faith, you'll induce me to shave off my forelock.
A fine "How d'ye do," thus to steal by degrees
The cheer of old Christmas, ere bare are the trees!
I demand you, unless you can show other reason,
To keep sacred each joy to its own sacred season;
And if you persist in your go-ahead ways,
I'll be forced, 'gainst my will, just to shorten your days.

THISTLES AND GRAPES.—Here's another feather in Auld Scotia's bonnet. At an exhibition of fruit held last week in the Royal Aquarium, London, "the leading attraction" was, according to the *Daily Telegraph*, "a grand gathering of black grapes" which had come all the way from Galashiels "without the damage of a single berry, or even the disturbance of a speck of bloom." Now, if we had beaten the Southron in a display of thistles we should have no particular reason for being cockahoop over the circumstance, but when it comes to grapes the case is different. And on the eve of St. Andrew's Day, too! *Vivat Scotia!*

SLIGHTLY SUSPICIOUS.—At a goody-goody lecture on India in the Queen's Rooms the other evening a lady was, we are told, introduced "in the costume of a 'Parda Nisheen.'" The BAILIE hopes it's all right, but the thing is dreadfully suggestive of nautches and other iniquities. Had not Mr John Burns and the other ex-censors of our music-halls better satisfy themselves that the Queen's Rooms goody-goodies have not been going in for an Impropriety on the sly? And Dr Marcus Dods was in the chair, too!

A Nicht wi' Burns — Lodging in Portugal Street Model.

Quavers.

THE choir of St James' Parish Church are practising Haydn's No. 3 or Imperial Mass, music that argues skill and determination on the part of the association as well as ability on that of the leader, Mr Alexander. They will produce Haydn's brilliant composition probably in March next; also, Zingarelli's "Laudate," tenor solo and chorus, a great favourite at one time.

Last year a male voice Glee Club was formed in connection with the 1st L. R. Volunteers, under the care of Mr Hugh M'Nabb. This year a proportion of boys' voices has been added, by which the Club will be enabled to include music, of which there is much lying absolutely unused, with an alto or high tenor voice, that being the part the boys—or cadets rather, as they should be called in keeping with the surroundings—will take. No doubt the effect will be a little different with boys' voices in place of men's, but it will nevertheless be very good. Of course, music with treble parts can also now be used. The Glee Club is now about 200 strong. Gadsby's "Lord of the Isles," first produced at the Brighton Festival sometime ago, is being studied by this society, from much of the choral music in it being set for male voices and, appropriately, because of its martial character.

—o—

The concert of the Glasgow Select Choir on Saturday evening attracted a good audience, as usual. Pinsuti's "In this hour of softened splendour," was given with much refinement, the sustained pianissimo, dying to a mere thread of sound, with the successive entries of voices, being a remarkably beautiful point. On the other hand, it did seem once or twice that the forte entrances of the male voices at another part lacked sonority. This may be hypercriticism, only we look for so much from Mr Allan's carefully-trained choir. But the finest singing of the evening, all over, was undoubtedly in "When winds breathe soft." Webb's grand glee could hardly have been better given. With single voices it lacks breadth; with a large chorus, delicacy. In a body of the size of our select choirs we have the true form, evidently, for adequate interpretation of this and similar works.

Mr Macbeth's arrangement of "The Laird of Cockpen" was most warmly received, and deservedly so. The arrangement is dramatic in form rather, the effects being produced by orchestral-like distribution of the melody over the parts, and in happy combinations, instead of perhaps through special harmonic colouring. Hume's "Up in the mornin'" met with a flattering reception. This air, like "The Laird of Cockpen" ("When she can ben she bobbit") is of undoubted antiquity, both being in one of the minor modes. What a deal could be said, by the way, about the adaptability of the minor, reflective as it is of every shade of feeling—joy and sorrow, gravity and humour! Mr Moodie's "Willie Wastle" was effectively given, and "Faithless Sally Brown" was well received, as before. Miss Fyfe's contralto solo revealed a very fine quality of voice.

—o—

Some new music lies on the editorial table for notice, and may now be referred to in detail. New editions have recently been published, by Mr M'Culloch, Crieff, of "Bonnie Ochertyre," "Pibroch of Bonnie Strathearn," and "I long for May again," words and music by Mr D. Kippen, a talented native of that town, whose acquirements in the science of harmony are far beyond mediocrity. All three songs are very pleasing, and have gone through numerous editions. Mr J. Mitchell, of Coatbridge, has written and published a Theory of Music, Book I., with rules, diagrams, &c., all most ingeniously arranged to facilitate a really sound knowledge of the theory of music. It has been well said that there is no "royal road to music" any more than to any other science, but if Mr Mitchell's book does not shun difficulty it contrives to diminish it.

"The Popoff Polka" (J. B. Galbraith, publisher) is a polka, by W. H. Cole, of the good old stamp, the genuine rhythm and spirit of the once famous Polish dance being aptly caught.

Mr Donaldson, St. Vincent Street, has lately been adding to his excellent issues of new part-music. Chief of these is "The Bells," by Henry Leslie, composed for and dedicated to the

Glasgow Select Choir. It is an exceedingly clever setting of certain portions, probably the liveliest, of Edgar Poe's remarkable tintinabulatory verses. An arrangement by Mr Seligmann, ingeniously canonical in construction, of "The Braes of Balquithier," is also to be noticed, not forgetting Mr Wm. Moodie's "Kate Dalrymple," and Mr Wm. Miller's "Jessie, the Flower o' Dunblane." The arrangement of "Maggie Lauder," sung so effectively by Mr Lambeth's Choir, should also be referred to, as well as the full anthem for treble and alto voices, written for Mr M'Laren's Academy Choir. The Vandura Waltz is rather nice music—the composition of A. Montgomerie Lang. Mr Donaldson has published, we notice, orchestral parts for Burnet's "La Mandoline" and the Rob Roy and Guy Mannering overtures for large and small orchestras.

Mr Swan, Sauchiehall Street, has just published "Faithless Sally Brown," as sung by and composed for the Glasgow Select Choir, who have, by their clever rendering of it, helped to make these new musical illustrations of Hood's verses popular. It would not surprise one to see from the same pen a setting soon of the companion ballad, "Faithless Nelly Gray," known better, probably, as "Ben Battle."

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The district of Kilmalcolm has been long known as one of the most salubrious in the West of Scotland. Favoured with a considerably less rainfall than the most popular health resorts in the country, its air is remarkably dry and bracing; but an unlimited supply of the purest water is afforded by its numerous Springs.

The proverbial longevity of the inhabitants of Kilmalcolm bears the most convincing testimony in behalf of its climatic preeminence.

The village is within easy drives of several objects of natural and historical interest, and it has direct Railway communication with Greenock, Paisley, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and other important towns in Scotland, and also with the Northern and Midland Counties of England. It is only 18 miles distant from Glasgow, and 7 miles from Greenock, the great point whence Tourists start by the Iona, Columba, and other Steamers for the far famed scenery of Loch and Mountain on the Frith of Clyde and the Western Highlands. Trains run very frequently to and from Kilmalcolm, and Weekly tickets are granted at reduced rates.

The Kilmalcolm Station of the Glasgow and South-Western Railway is only a few minutes' walk from the Establishment. A commodious Omnibus for the exclusive use of Visitors awaits the arrival of the trains.

TERMS FOR VISITORS.

	PER DAY.		PER WEEK.				PER DAY.		PER WEEK.			
	s	d	£	s	d		s	d	£	s	d	
For One Person,	8	6	-	2	12	6	4	6	-	1	10	0
Two in One Bedroom, ... each	7	6	-	2	9	0	Visitors' Servants, each					
Two or more in Double-Bedroom, each	7	6	-	2	9	0	Superior Bedrooms at extra Prices.					
Young Persons, above 8 and under 14.	5	0	-	1	12	6	Fires in Private Room, 9d, each Night or 1s, 6d. Per Day.					
Children, under 8, each	3	0	-	1	0	0	Fires in Bedroom, 1s.					
<i>Baths and all Attendance included in above Charges.</i>												

THE DAYS OF ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE ARE RECKONED AS ONE DAY.

MEAL HOURS FOR VISITORS.

ON WEEK DAYS—Breakfast at 8-30 a.m.; Luncheon at 1-30 p.m.; and Dinner at 6-30 p.m.; Tea and Coffee thereafter, and Supper at 9-30 p.m.

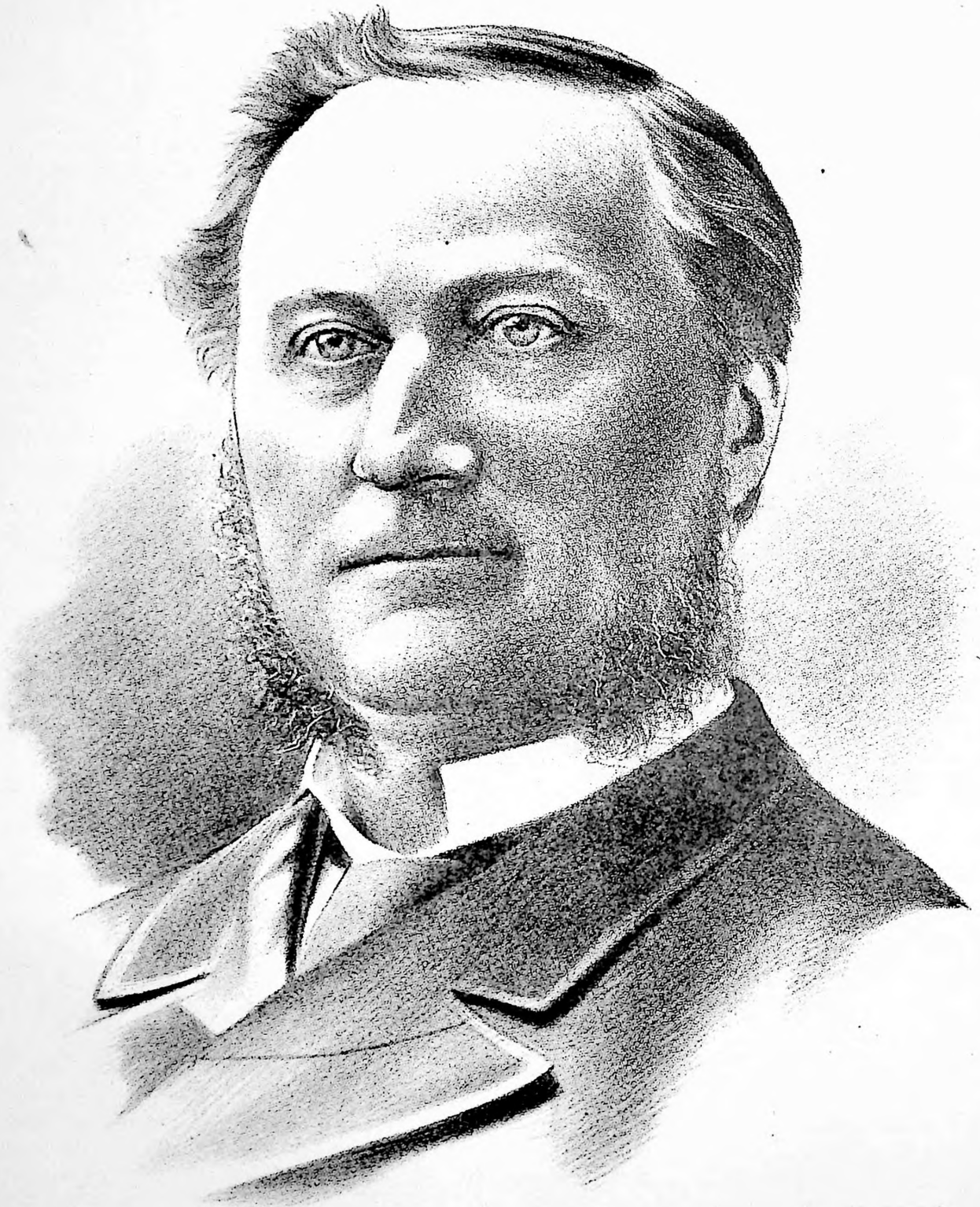
ON SUNDAYS—Breakfast at 9 a.m.; Luncheon at 1-15 p.m.; Dinner at 4-30 p.m.; and Supper at 9-0 p.m.

The Resident Physician gives Consultations in his Room every Morning, except Sunday, from Ten to Eleven o'Clock. Fee 5s. No additional Fee charged during the residence of the party, or on a return visit within Three Months,

SPECIAL TERMS FOR VISITORS STAYING A LENGTHENED PERIOD.

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The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 424. Glasgow, Wednesday, December 1st, 1880. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 424.

THE BAILIE, who is constantly impressed with a due sense of the importance of the healing art, begs this week to introduce one of its most valued professors, in the person of SAMUEL JOHNSTON MOORE, M.D., and Fellow of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons. Dr MOORE, or, as he is more familiarly known among his *clientele*, "Dr SAM," holds a distinguished position in Glasgow. Possessed of indomitable perseverance and great coolness of disposition, and quick and ready of resource, he is exactly fitted, as well by temperament as by character, for the profession he has adopted. An Irishman by birth, he is the third son of the late Mr James Moore, of Clady, County Antrim—the Man you Know may by this time be said to have become a Scotchman by training and association. For a number of years our friend, assisted by a well-chosen staff of teachers, conducted an Academy in Paisley, where his name is still deservedly popular, and he had consequently attained to what is usually known as "man's estate" before he entered on the study of medicine. His introduction to the science was made in 1859, in the old College in the High Street, and so well did he show, especially in anatomy, that Professor Allen Thomson appointed him, during his first session, to the honorary and onerous position of Class Prosecutor. At the close of his curriculum Dr MOORE graduated, it is almost needless to say, with the highest honours. It must not be supposed, however, from this, that he was a mere book-worm while at College. He could study with the best of them, as his position showed, but he could throw the hammer and toss the caber as well, and now and then he even proved that he could toss him who tossed, if the tossing,

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that is, had been done unfairly. All this time, besides, he found it possible to teach two hours in the evening, while the walking of seven miles to College in the morning was nothing more to him than a refreshing and invigorating exercise. Cheerful and blithe in his walk and conversation, and always willing to assist a weaker brother at a pinch, the Man you Know gained much popularity among his fellow-students. He was first appointed Secretary and afterwards President of their Medical Society, and on leaving College he was elected an honorary member of that body. Shortly after graduating Dr MOORE was appointed Pathologist to the Royal Infirmary, a position he occupied for eight years, and sufficient evidence is supplied with regard to the esteem in which he was held by his students in the fact that his classes presented him on two separate occasions with complimentary addresses. A glance at the Medical Directory, that *vade mecum*, to a layman, of all that concerns physic and physicians, shows that the Man you Know has also been attached to the University Lying-in Hospital and Dispensary for the Diseases of Women and Children, and to the Dispensary for Skin and Ear Diseases. The acquaintance he gained with the practical business of his profession from these various sources of knowledge was necessarily of the utmost value. It made him, so to speak, a doctor in the truest sense of the word. In 1868 when Dr G. H. B. Macleod obtained the Regius chair of Surgery in the new University, our friend was appointed to the office of Medico-Legal Examiner for the Lower Ward of Lanarkshire, in succession to the new Professor, and this appointment he still holds. As a witness he is distinguished by great coolness, and by clearness and distinctness of statement, and any attempt to subject him to needless annoyance under cross-examination usually results in the

"limb of the law" finding out that he has wakened the wrong man. For many years he has acted as medical referee for the Glasgow and South-Western Railway, and he is held in high esteem as a medical expert generally. Like all other people of good *physique* and wholesome intellect, Dr SAM likes to enjoy the good things of this life. He is a keen sportsman—"the 12th" usually finds him "called to the country," he indulges a taste for pictures, and he is an enthusiastic Freemason, being, indeed, the R.W.M. of the Prince's, a Lodge established some three years ago by Sheriff Clark and one or two other Corinthian members of the Craft. The practice enjoyed by the Man you Know is one of the most important in the West country. It has, however, been worked for. The success he has won has literally been won at the point of the sword. Dr SAM still rejoices in a state of single blessedness. His household in Blythswood Square is presided over by his venerable mother, a lady who bears a remarkable resemblance to her energetic son. When concluding his notice of Dr MOORE, the BAILIE trusts that he may long be spared to go out and in among us. The Magistrate delights to do honour to those who honour themselves, and in this category there falls to be ranked the Man you Know.

 OWER A "HALF-YIN."

1st Burgess—Wasna' you a Toon's Cooncillor?

2nd Burgess—No; but I was yince near bein' a polisman.

 ACCOMMODATION FOR CRACKED INVENTORS.

—Addressing themselves to "Manufacturers, Inventors, and Patentees," the trustees of the "Young" chair of Technical Chemistry, Anderson's College, announce that they have reserved "private laboratories for the especial use of persons who require isolation and privacy." Is "private laboratories" a polite euphuism for "padded cells?" If so, the BAILIE knows one or two "inventors and patentees" who most decidedly "require isolation and privacy," and whom their friends would gladly consign thither.

AN OPENING FOR AN ORPHAN.—An advertiser for a general servant says, oddly enough, "Irish orphan taken." Wonder if he'd "take" Parnell or Ferguson! Suppose they try.

A "Cutting" Speaker—Major "Whittle."

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 "Domestic" Experiment.

"A YOUNG man, with the best intentions, may be a hindrance rather than a help if he insists on devoting his leisure to occupations strictly domestic."—Mr James A. Campbell, M.P., at Airdrie.

"You know that my 'intentions,' dear,
 Have always been the best,
 But sometimes I'm inclined to fear—
 So much has business pressed—

"That ever since our wedding-day—
 'Tis eighteen months to-night—
 I've not 'domestic occupa-
 Tions' studied as I might.

"I'd fain 'devote my leisure' to
 Such things; and now, let's see—
 What shall I, to begin with, do?
 I have it! I'll make tea.

Do you four tablespoons, or three,
 To every cup allow?
 And should the water lukewarm be,
 Or cold? Pray, tell me how.

"P'r'aps, as you say, I'd best let you
 Perform *this* task instead;
 And while the cheering cup you brew
 I'll baby put to bed.

"Angels and min'sters! What a roar!
 (Confounded little whelp!)
 Alas, I fear that I am more
 A 'hindrance' than a 'help.'

"Stay, there's that jar of china blue
 That came from Uncle John.
 It sadly wants a dusting—Whew!
 To smithereens it's gone!

"Well, well! While you put things to rights
 I'll go and lecture Jane
 About those 'followers' o' nights—
 A pretty girl, but vain.

"It is my duty, love. But why!
 Look daggers at your 'hub'?
 And *don't*—nay, DON'T that tea-pot shy!"—
 He vanished to his club.*

* *Note.*—The MS. is a little indistinct here, and the last word may be either "club" or "pub." It seems immaterial which.

EIGHTEEN OR EIGHTY-ONE?—A "Student (18)" professes by advertisement his ability to teach "Latin, Greek, mathematics, natural philosophy, drawing, painting, phonography." My conscience! Is this all-accomplished sage quite certain he has not reversed the figures signifying his time of life?

R. I. P.—In his very latest epistolary eruption Mr Ruskin says he "must henceforward persist" in his "requiescat." It is to be hoped the community in general—including the University of Glasgow and half-cracked, whole-affected, "Ruskin Societies"—will respect "the Master's" emphatically-expressed desire, and "let him slide."

Furniture for Cash "Doon on the Nail." GARDNER & HARDIE, 42 Great Clyde Street.

On 'Change.

GOLD companies may be quoted quiet. For a whole week the market has been absolutely rid of them, which is a comfort. A negative blessing, truly, but still one for which a confiding public ought to be devoutly thankful.

Instead of gold we have glass, and people are asked to subscribe to a company formed for the purpose of reviving the defunct arts of the Parthians and Egyptians. For 2,000 years, we are told in the prospectus, these arts have lain dormant, and they are only now revived through the exceeding smartness of a nineteenth-century patentee. His ancestors, in the Darwinian principle of evolution, were possibly mosquitoes or sand-flies, which had a knowledge of these things in the days of old Egypt, derived from stinging and worrying the unhappy operatives of that bygone age. Their lineal descendant, Darwinianly speaking, is now about to sting and worry the present generation. To do so effectually it is proposed to manufacture "knife handles and other articles for architectural decorations." I never heard that knife handles were architectural decorations, but I accept the information submissively. All the capital that is wanted is a paltry £150,000, and to bring it down to the level of the meanest capacity it is divided into shares of £1 each. This is kind, for it is delicately hinted that the profits may be 60 per cent.

A mine of wealth is said to have been discovered at Lossiemouth. The find consists of lead, not gold or glass. If good it ought to be taken up in the north, if the people there have confidence enough to subscribe £50,000 in the £2 shares. The shares are offered at 10s premium. Some smart people are about that business evidently.

The London and Staffordshire Insurance Company, Limited, has appealed to the public for fresh capital in a manner which is almost unprecedented in the somewhat questionable annals of limited liability. The Company has a subscribed capital of £250,000 but the amount paid up is only £25,000, and the shares are now at a discount. The directors, however, full of confidence in their own ability, or in the faith of their shareholders and the general public, invite subscriptions for additional capital at par. The amount asked is £750,000 in £20 shares, but it is stated that only £2 per share or £75,000 will be wanted at present. It is almost inconceivable that any board of directors, possessed of ordinary reasoning powers, should ask people to pay £1 for what can be bought in the open market at 18s 6d, yet this is precisely the course adopted by the Staffordshire directors. It will occur to the reader that if the directors of the Staffordshire Company require new capital, their best course would be to make a call upon the shareholders, whose limited liability is not yet nearly exhausted. It was open for the directors to ask the shareholders to make good their subscriptions, either fully or partially, and by this means the company might have realised £225,000, or any lesser amount that might have been called up. The circumstance that the directors do not adopt this very obvious course indicates either great weakness on the part of the company or immense credulity on the part of the investing public, who could hardly be expected to pay 20s for an 18s 6d share, or over 8 per cent. more than the price at which the shares could be bought in the open market.

There are many reasons why this should not be done, for the published accounts show that the company is by no means in a very flourishing condition. It has handsome offices and a large income, but somehow or other it does not seem to be able to amass a reasonable reserve. No allowance appears to have been made for unexpired risks, and the premiums, according to the published accounts, have been treated as revenue already earned, without taking into account the responsibilities attaching to them. This is not altogether a proper mode of accounting, and until it is altered, and the shares at least touch par, the Directors can hardly hope for a ready response to their appeal.—SCRUTATOR.

CLYDE TWEEDS. { Manufactured specially for Wear-resistance. Wholesale price, 3/ per yard. Any length cut.—THE CLOTH HALL, 42 Hutcheson Street.

"Weather Bright, but Cold."

IN reply to a letter from his young Liberal friends of the University, whose "gush" almost amounts to hysterics, Mr Bright sends a note which might be expected to have the effect of a cold shower-bath were it not so painfully "dry." He "cannot reciprocate the enthusiasm" of the said young friends, he "did not aspire" to the office to which they have elected him, and so on. This is scarcely kind on Mr Bright's part, and others besides his crestfallen correspondents may be inclined to ask—since this is the manner in which he regards the honour conferred upon him—what the deuce he is doing "in that galley" at all?

THURSDAY NIGHT'S STORM.

Donald—Man, Tugalt, she was plawin' hard last night whateffer!!

Dougald—'Deed yes, Tonalt! it was 'awfie! Man, would ye believe it, there was a lairge tree plown toon near oor hoose that's never peen plown toon pefore, moreover!

A QUESTION FOR PHARISEES.—A correspondent of the *Herald* very pertinently enquires why the "dead-set" which is made against the publican in certain quarters, ecclesiastical and otherwise, should not be extended to the publican's landlord. The same question has often been asked before, not only with regard to the landlord, but also with regard to the wealthy wine-merchant, the big brewer, and the double-distiller. It is a question which, however, does not seem to admit of a convenient answer.

A ROUGH 'UN.—A Mr Rough, writing to the *Herald* on the "Robertson Smith Case," begins, "Were the correspondence in this case not likely to prove interminable, I would ask your permission to say a word or two." But, since the correspondence is likely to prove interminable, he proceeds to "say" about half a column! This is decidedly "Rough" on the reader.

DOGS AND THEIR DESTINATION.—A contemporary devotes a paragraph to "Scotch Dogs in New Zealand." Alas! The mere names of the Scotch "dogs"—"jolly," "sad," and otherwise—whom the BAILIE has known to find their way to New Zealand, or the neighbouring continent, would considerably more than fill a paragraph!

GENLEMEN'S Cloth Made and Trimmed, Suits, 18s.; Overcoats, 14s.; Fit, Workmanship, Trimmings guaranteed.—EWART BAIN, 59 Bridge Street.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—A most interesting little brochure lies on the table before me. Its contents are two letters—one on *Ophelia*, and the other on *Portia*—addressed by “Helena Faucit Martin,” the Helen Faucit of our younger years, to her dear friend, Geraldine E. Jewsbury, the authoress of “The Half Sisters”—one of the best theatrical stories in the language—who died, after a lingering illness, some six weeks ago. The letters were written to beguile Miss Jewsbury’s thoughts from the pain and weariness of a sick bed, and they have now been printed for “private circulation only.” Let us hope, however, that Lady Martin may see her way, ere long, to issue them for public as well as private perusal.

In the earlier of the two letters, that on *Ophelia*, the writer gives us a charming glimpse of her own girlhood. “In my childhood,” she says, “I was much alone—taken early away from school on account of delicate health; often sent to spend months at the sea, in the charge of kind but busy people, who, finding me happy with my books on the beach, left me there long hours by myself. I had begged from home the Shakespeare I had been used to read there, an acting edition by John Kemble. This and the Arabian Nights—how dear these books were to me! Then I had Milton’s ‘Paradise Lost.’ Satan was my great hero. I think I knew him by heart. His address to the council I have often declaimed to the waves, when sure of being unobserved. I had also a translation—I do not know whose (poor enough, but good enough for me then) of Dante’s ‘Inferno,’ some lines of which sank deep into my heart. I have not seen the book for years and years; but they are still there.

‘Up, be bold; vanquish fatigue by energy of mind!

For not on plumes or canopied in state

The soul wins fame!’

How often since, in life’s hard struggles and troubles, have these lines helped me!”

In proceeding, Lady Martin describes how she first played *Ophelia* to the *Hamlet* of Mr Macready in Paris; remarking, at the same time, “Oh how difficult it is, however much you have lived in a thing, to make real your own ideal, and give it an utterance and a form!” To add to her nervousness on the occasion, Grisi, and several other famous Italians, were seated in a stage box.

In a long analysis of the character of *Ophelia*—this Rose of May—Lady Martin constructs, as it were, the entire story of her heroine’s life—from her lonely, motherless girlhood; through her shy and yet sublimely-sweet love passages with the lord *Hamlet*; her agony of soul as she witnesses the terrible paroxysm of madness which possesses her lover in the meeting between them concerted by her father and the king; and the automaton part she sustains in the play scene; down to her last, unhappy days, when she seeks to bury the dead *Polonius*, who has taken the outward form of her “dead love,” among rosemary and rue, fennel and columbine.

One or two side glances, given by Lady Martin to the other parts in the tragedy, are of the utmost value to Shakespearian students. *Gertrude* she regards as another Helen of Troy in the subtle fascination she exercises on all who come within her influence; *Laertes* is hard and pleasure-loving by nature, and is fond of his little sister in a patronising way, but neither understands nor cares to understand her nature; while *Hamlet*, a tired, moody scholar, soldier, prince, dissatisfied with the world and all its ways, in firm in character, and involved in the meshes of a ruthless destiny, is so self-centred, so wrapped up in his own suffering, that, after the death of *Polonius*, he casts *Ophelia* from him like a worthless weed, without a word of explanation or a quiver of remorse.

“I have always looked,” says Lady Martin, “upon *Portia* as a perfect piece of Nature’s handiwork,” and in her letter on “the richly left lady of Belmont” she vindicates this opinion at considerable length, and with much keen insight into character, and grace and appropriateness of phrase. She has been “the cherished child of a noble father,” and has been surrounded from her girlhood “with all that is beautiful in art, and ennobling in study, and placed in the society of scholars, poets, soldiers,

statesmen, the picked and richest minds of her own and other lands.”

At the beginning of the trial scene Lady Martin believes that *Portia* has some sympathy with *Shylock*. She finds an excuse for the deep, hereditary animosity which the Jew indulges towards his Christian oppressor. As he turns aside, however, from the plea of mercy, withstands the temptation of the money held out to him, and will not even have a surgeon by “lest *Antonio* do bleed to death,” she recognises the “lodged hate” of the Israelite, and launches on him that Nemesis of the law by which he is overwhelmed and destroyed.

“At this point,” says Lady Martin, speaking in her own person, “I have always felt in the acting, that my sympathy for *Shylock*’s race and for himself leaves me, and my heart grows as stony as his own. I see his fiendish nature fully revealed. I have seen the knife sharpened to cut quickly through the flesh; the scales brought forward to weigh it; have watched the cruel eager eye, all strained and yearning, to see the gushing blood welling from the side ‘nearest the heart,’ and gloating over the fancied agonies and death pangs of his bitter foe. This man-monster, this pitiless savage nature, is beyond the pale of humanity; it must be made powerless to hurt. I have felt that with him the wrongs of his race are as nothing to his own remorseless hate. He is no longer the wronged and suffering man; and I long to pour down on his head the ‘justice’ he has clamoured for and will not do without.”

With this admirable passage I must take my leave of Lady Martin’s letters. I should have liked, had opportunity served, to have quoted a few of her remarks on the fifth act of the “Merchant of Venice,” and to have given some notion of the sequel she supplies to the stories of *Shylock*, of *Portia*, and of *Bassanio*. These are instinct with poetic feeling and dramatic power. When the letters are given to the world, as they surely will before long, their closing passages will be among those most highly prized, as well by students as by members of the dramatic profession.

—o—

The most notable event of the coming week in our local theatrical world is the appearance of Lionel Brough, at the Royal, in the character of *Paul Pry*. Mr Brough has already gained much celebrity in London by his assumption of this role. How he will play it has formed a fertile topic of discussion in play-going circles here during the past day or two. The *David Garrick* of Mr Vezin, which will also be presented at the Royal during the next ten nights, is already known in Glasgow.

Miss Litton will take a benefit on Friday and Saturday, the tenth and eleventh inst., on which occasion she will address a few words to the public, and will make an announcement of the preparations she has concluded for the coming season.

—o—

“Arrah-na-Pogue” and the “Colleen Bawn” will be played this week, on alternate evenings, at the Royalty, the chief characters in the different plays being sustained by Mr and Mrs Charles Sullivan, and Mr Tom Nerny.

Mr Knapp announces “Betsy” for Monday next, and when that amusing young person and her friends have taken their departure, he promises us a revival of “Guy Mannering,” with Miss Aitken—a name to conjure with in Glasgow—in the part of *Meg Merilnes*,

—o—

Among the engagements mentioned by Mr Bernard as pending at the Gaiety are those of Sarah Bernhardt and Helen Modjeska—the former of whom comes here in July and the latter in November.

—o—

“Sardanapalus” has given place, at the Royal Princess’s, to “After Dark,” the play in which Mr Boucicault utilized the “railway sensation” invented by Augustin Daly, and first introduced in “Under the Gaslight.” One of the situations in “After Dark,” in which the hero tells the story of his first love, not, as he believes, to a lady whom he is about to marry, but in reality to the wife whom he regards as dead, is among the most perfect in arrangement and dialogue of any that I know on the stage.

Madame Amandi—otherwise Mrs George Loveday—made her *debut* in Italian Opera at Her Majesty's Theatre the other day, sustaining the role of *Maffio Orsini* in "Lucrezia Borgia." She has since appeared as *Azucena* in the "Trovatore," and in both parts she has gained a large measure of applause, both from London audiences and London critics.

The theatrical business, like all others, has its ups and downs. Here, for instance, is a bankrupt described in a recent *London Gazette* as "railway porter, late theatre proprietor."

Mr Airlie has arranged that the members of the Glasgow Select Choir shall repeat their London programme in the City Hall on Saturday evening.

The members of the Glasgow St. Andrew Society celebrate the name day of their patron by dining together to-morrow (Tuesday) evening, in the Bath Hotel, under the presidency of Ex-Baillie Salmon.

Mr Newsome announces that his Farewell Benefit will take place in the Circus, Ingram Street, on Saturday evening. Saturday will likewise be the concluding evening of the season, an intimation which ought to take crowds of visitors to the house during the present week.

The last week of the International Exhibition of the Fine Arts, in the galleries of the Fine Art Institute, is now announced. On Saturday next, when the concluding musical promenade will take place, Herr Gallrein will once more perform a series of selections on the violincello. Is it necessary, my Magistrate, to say a word at this time of day as to the excellence of the Exhibition? And besides its excellence, is it so different, is it not, from the usual character of our native art? Why, a walk through the International Exhibition takes you, as it were, into a new atmosphere.

Those who like to "keep their memories green" among their friends—and who doesn't?—by the sending to and fro of Christmas cards, should make themselves acquainted with those published by Mr Herman Rothe, of King Street, Covent Garden, London. Mr Rothe has produced a wonderful variety of designs, all of which are appropriate to the Christmas and New Year season. His cards, besides, are of every size and quality, the one characteristic common to them all being neatness and taste.

THE QUIP MODEST.—Last Tuesday Mr Douglas took a quiet opportunity to partly repay Mr Rothery for the wiggling administered by that gentleman the week before. After hearing the narrative of the abandonment of the Killeena, "It is," quoth the grandiloquent Wreck Commissioner, "a most eventful history." "Yes," was Mr Douglas's dry retort, "it's a longish story." Mr Rothery said nothing, but he doubtless thought the more. Great men—especially little great men—do not, as a rule, like to have their fine phrases capped and clipped.

UNIVERSITY BON (?) MOT.—Last year Principal Caird made an awkward "double" with his lecture on Galileo, but on the present occasion he managed to save his "Bacon."

The "Defence" of the "Land Leaguers" will cost £10,000. The money might be put to a better use, but "Fools and their money are easily parted."

GRIFFITH'S VALUATION.

(Scene—Anywhere.)

Neighbour (to native who is removing his furniture)—Hullo, Pat, are you flitting again? It isn't a month since you came here.

Pat—Och, begorra, an' sure but ye're roight. But isn't it aiser to borrow a barrow than pay the rint?

A FOREIGN FIREBRAND.—As if Robertson Smith and "Scotch Sermons" were not enough, some exotic nuisances have got up a squabble in the papers over the imprisoned ritualistic parson, Mr Dale, the *fons et origo mali* being "a party by the name of" Rowson, who hails from "S."—not "St.," mind!—"S. Kiaran's, Campbeltown." Why can't the gentleman confine his lucubrations to his own "Church papers?" As Asinus pertinently remarks, we have plenty of fathers of disturbances as it is without importing any row's-sons!

HUTCHESONS' HOSPITAL.—As a patron of Hutchesons' Hospital, the BAILIE begs to draw the attention of his colleagues to the generous donation of sixty pounds sterling, which was handed to a brother Magistrate the other day by an East-End medical practitioner in grateful acknowledgment of kindness received at their hands. His Worship is under obligation not to divulge the donor's name; but he hopes, at no future day, to record it among the patrons of the Institution.

"GUTTER OVERFLOWS."—In a new U.P. Church in Paisley, we are told, "characteristic carved gurgoyles are introduced as gutter overflows." And a good thing it would be if the "gutter overflow" in connection with every church were confined to "characteristic carved gurgoyles."

"L'UNION FAIT LA FORCE."—A "University Choral Society" is, it appears, in course of formation. Let us hope it will serve some better purpose than that of merely lending the force of unison to the "choral" demonstrations by which our University youth are won't to render eve hideous.

Hurrah! the Greenock Parliamentary Debating Association has decided by 225 to 125 votes that "the present Government is worthy of the fullest confidence of the country."

"The Big Boon"—Just out. "The BIG WAVERLEY PEN."—*Argus*. 6d and 1s per Box, at all Stationers. Patentees: MACNIVEN & CAMERON, Edinburgh. (Established 1770.)

Quavers.

A CONCERT of sacred music will be given to-night (Tuesday) in Camphill U.P. Church by the congregational choir. Spohr's cantata, "The Christian's Prayer," forms the chief part of the programme. Mr Wm. Schofield, organist of the church, will conduct, and Mr T. Berry will accompany on the organ. Judging from former appearances of the choir, under Mr Schofield's training, a very good concert may be anticipated.

The visit of the Carl Rosa Opera Company to Glasgow this week is a musical event of some importance. The performances take place in the Gaiety Theatre and comprise, notably, Mignon, produced last time the troupe was here, and Stradella (Plotow) first time in Glasgow. The other operas are Balfe's Bohemian Girl, an opera which the company has made all its own, Faust, Maritana, and Carmen. Taken altogether the selection is above the average, and it is to be hoped that Mr Rosa may have every reason to be satisfied with the support accorded by Glasgow at this time to his efforts adequately to produce the highest works in operatic art. The company includes Misses Gaylord and Burns, Mr Maas, and other able artistes, all singing of course in the English vernacular. One of the special features of the Carl Rosa performances is that the libretto does not require to be consulted nearly so much as in opera in a foreign tongue, where half of the stage action is not witnessed through constant reference to the book.

It is gratifying to know that the new season of choral and orchestral concerts, beginning next Tuesday evening with the Creation is expected to be quite self-supporting—with a surplus, too, let us hope. The subscriptions have come in capitally.

The concert of the South Side Choral (formerly Tonic Sol-fa) Society, was well attended, and the performance of Van Bree's cantata, "St. Cecilia's Day," was, generally speaking, satisfactory. Mr M'Kean can hold his forces well together, and chorus and orchestra (under Mr Cole) went pretty smoothly. The cantata is showy music rather, not very profound, and, as may be observed, not without very marked reminiscences of the greater composers. The abandonment of the tonic sol-fa notation as a distinctive peculiarity of the society cannot fail to ensure better singing all over. "Pitch" seems to be a matter your letter-notionist is rather hazy on, and it is an odd fact that he is, as a rule, too, an untuneful and stiff singer, simply because he is told at every step what to do—very generally wrongly told—instead of "discovering" the "scales" (feeling the music) for himself.

Some time ago reference was made, in this column, to the work which was being done in Birmingham in the way of general musical instruction, in an institution somewhat after the model of the Conservatoires of Continental towas; and it was suggested that the example might be fittingly imitated in our own city. It would seem that the idea of a college of the kind for Glasgow has been in the mind of an esteemed resident music professor for some years, but from circumstances has not hitherto been propounded. Encouraged, however, by the settled hold which instrumental music has now upon the citizens as a recreation, our friend brings forward his plan at the present time, chiefly with regard to instrumental knowledge, hoping for the favourable consideration of it from musical amateurs.

It is proposed that pupils be drawn mainly from the working and middle classes; that the lessons be given in the evening; that a fund be raised to help to pay the teachers, to purchase instruments, &c., giving the opportunity to pupils to afterwards make the particular instrument they favour, or are found fittest for, their own property; that there be teachers for brass, wind, and strings. If these classes were successful—and any outlay not covered by fees, &c., would certainly be ultimately returned to the citizens through lessened concert expenses—others for piano, organ, and singing could be added.

Apart from the Scottish Musical Association with its wide scope, this simple scheme for creating and fostering instrumental talent in the city might be easily enough put into operation. Results would soon be apparent in good concerts of instrumental music not for a very short season only, as must now be the case, but "all the year round."

"Liberal" Magnanimity.

IT was quite a stroke of genius on the part of the Liberal students to present their ex-president last week with the works of Ruskin, showing as it did that they bear no ill-will towards a vanquished foe, and are quite ready to patronise his little establishment, in spite of differences of opinion. In accepting the gift, the ex-president described Mr Ruskin as "a true prophet of nature, who in all the departments of her activity was a radical reformer." It is somewhat doubtful whether the vanquished one regards himself as a reformer of nature; but the ex-president's dark saying is apparently intended as a compliment, and will doubtless—associated as it is with the patronage aforesaid—be accepted by its object "as sich."

QUITE AT SEA.

Highland Stranger (in Buchanan Street)—Tid you'll knew some circus where I will pehold what they tell me iss ta wonderful horseman's ship that will go wisoot sails or steam, mirover, even on try land ant sawdust?

Policeman—Ay, ay, Newsome's Circus.

Highland Stranger—Yiss, yiss, ant you knew some circus? Well, where was it?

Policeman—Newsome's Circus.

Highland Stranger—Oich, but it wass moke my goot English twangg accent you wass do. What wass ta name of ta circus you'll knew?

Policeman (angrily)—Why, don't I tell ye a' the time, ye Heelan' nowt, Newsome's Circus. Juist gang ower to that bill on the wa' yonder, an' ye'll see for yersel'.

Highland Stranger (reading the bill)—Tear me, tear me, ay, ay, Newsome's Circus to be sure, ant horsemanship, too. I must go ant see ta vesshel.

HARD ON "THE FACULTY."—The Rev. John Macleod has apparently no very high opinion of the Highland doctor of "the olden times"—a period which he defined as "within the last 21 years." According to the reverend gentleman, when the Northern physician of that day was found "probably the first work was to bring him to a state of sobriety. When that was achieved it was very likely found that he was scarcely worth the trouble." It would be interesting to learn what Mr Macleod's distinguished relative, of surgical fame, thinks of this pleasing picture.

American Apples, in Good Condition, 15s per Barrel.—M. CAMPBELL, The City Fruit Warehouse, 18 Gordon Street.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT indisposition is becoming quite the vogue among our men of light and leading.

That Bret Harte disappointed scores of his admirers a fortnight ago.

That "Wee Colin" has failed to keep his engagement with the Junior Liberal Association.

That it was the junior member of the firm of A. M'Dougall & Son who frightened his Lordship.

That A. M'Dougall & Son are a pair of dreadful bogies.

That the Lord-Advocate isn't very sanguine about his chances in Glasgow.

That if his Lordship never enters St. Stephen's until he is returned for "the Second City," he'll be an old man before he is allowed to write M.P. after his name.

That the Glasgow architects have had a mutual admiration meeting.

That they settled the "Municipal Building muddle" to their own entire satisfaction.

That it was perfectly delightful to learn the high opinion every individual I.A. expressed for the talents of his neighbour.

That not one of them cared who got the job, if it were only secured by a Glasgow architect.

That the officials in Brunswick Street have got quit of the Wreck Commissioner.

That he made things lively for them during his stay.

That Mr Douglas and our local Dogberries are already back into their usual jog trot.

That Johnnie Neil has been quiet for another week.

That he is "nursing his wrath to keep it warm."

That the 1st Lanarkshire Artillery Volunteers have their annual presentation of prizes, concert, and ball, on 17th instant.

That the "addresses" by the commandant and the chaplain are limited to "five minutes."

That the "Speaker of the Glasgow Parliamentary Debating Association" will, "on this occasion only," blend his "tell tale" clock after setting it to the "five minutes."

That Hutchesons' Grammar School is the second educational institution in the city.

That this is proved by the position taken by the boys in the recent bursary competition at Gilmorehill.

That increased accommodation and *lower fees* would help to meet the views of burgesses.

That these would afford further scope for the capacity of the rector and his staff.

That "foundationers" are not on the increase. That their claims have been too much neglected of late.

That the Rev. F. L. should take note of this fact.

That the Preceptor's reference to salaries was the unkindest cut of all.

"I am for the Air."

"The question of a flying machine was, he said, one of time and perseverance. It was simply a very complex physical problem, and the data for its solution were being slowly but surely accumulated. There could, he thought, be little doubt that into the vast abyss of air, into the thin, intangible, and practically boundless domain which involved our earthly homes, man would sooner or later find his way."

Prof. Pettigrew's Lecture, last week.

HO! for a fly!—think of it, O jim'ny!—
Seeking for quietude the house top over;
Courting the muse beside some reeking chimney—
Your Pegasus—O where?—searching for clover.

No more a needy, out-at-elbows poet
Fighting your way for bread among the crowd;
But dart you down and lift your pick, and go it—
Go it and munch in peace behind a cloud.

There view the world; there watch some tender pair
Winging their way away from common people;
Whisp'ring—just nothing—floating through the air—
Their journey's end the church—they're on the steeple!

What flutt'ring's this?—a chase!—some truant lodger
Thinking to fly him safely out of sight!
But see, his landlady has traced the dodger—
Flaps in his face her wings, and—what a flyte

But here's a sight; *mater* and *pater* fetch
Their younglings out to teach them use their wings;
Careful my little dears—still up—you wretch!
You've dropped the basket with the dinner things

See, see this reeling bacchanal; now steady;
You'll break your whalebone ribs—then, with a shock,
You'll totter to the ground; ah, look, already
He bangs against—there goes the weathercock!

Aye, but it's cold up here!—I'll wing me down;
That cutting wind goes almost through a fellow;
'Tis warmer nuch, beside a fire, down town—
And there is rain, and I've got no umbrella!

To walk is good—it warms you every bit;
You do not feel those chill internal twitches;
But flying—flying—I think I'd better leave it
To birds, and Mother Goose, and Macbeth's witches.

No, no, my good Professor, when all's done,
Let us not be (too fly) a flying nation;
'Twere pity, sir; and I, poor I, for one
Will be content with flights—flights of imagination.

"THE CENTRE OF INTELLIGENCE."—That Muscovite Grand-Ducal compliment is having its effect! Lord Beaconsfield sends the hero of his new novel to learn wisdom in Glasgow. After this we may expect "the Centre" to be the fashionable scene for the plots of "society" fiction.

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.

NOTICE.

WE Advertise that "ours is the only House in Glasgow" where the Public can purchase "a Single Hat at Wholesale Price." We have been asked how it is that our Establishment is the only one where such an advantage can be obtained.

We reply that, without exception, we are the only Glasgow Firm who Purchase all their Hats direct from the Manufacturers, and who Sell them direct to the Public. We do not buy a single Hat of any kind from Middlemen or other Wholesale Warehousemen.

The general Retail Trade are supplied by Middlemen, who obtain a profit of from 15 to 20 per cent., the Retailer, in turn, getting from 20 to 50 per cent. profit. Before our advent there was no remedy, and the Citizens had to submit. Now the matter is entirely in their own hands. We buy very extensively and sell for a small profit, looking to a large turnover to produce in the end the most satisfactory results. In thus doing away with Double Commission, the Public get the benefit to the extent shown below.

Our Felt Hats (Fashion, Colour, Quality guaranteed) at ~~the~~
 3s 6d are usually sold in the Retail Shops at 5s od.
 4s 6d " " " 6s 6d.
 5s 6d " " " 7s 6d.
 7s od " " " 10s 6d.
 8s 6d " " " 12s 6d to 14s 6d.

Our Dress Hats at 6s 6d, 8s 6d, 10s 6d, 12s 6d, and 14s 6d, are sold elsewhere at from 8s 6d to 21s; and

Our Best Dress Hats at 17s 6d are unsurpassed at any price. Extra Large and Extra Small Sizes always in Stock. No Old Stock. Always Fresh Goods on hand.

We have no Competitors.

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*Lasts fitted for each Customer Free of Charge.
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Waterproofs for Ladies and Gentlemen. Overshoes.
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 Jet and Vulcanite Jewellery.

Latest Novelty!

Waterproof Linen Collars and Cuffs. These require no dressing, but are made white by simply sponging with water. Collars, 1s 6d; Cuffs, 2s 6d.

NOTICE TO SMOKERS!!! MELLOW
 SMOKING MIXTURE.—J. H. ALLISON, Wholesale and Retail Tobacconist and Cigar Importer, 463 ST. VINCENT STREET, 2 Doors from Elderslie Street. Wholesale and Retail Depot for Murray, Sons, & Co.'s Mellow Smoking Mixture. J. H. A. respectfully invites the Gentlemen of Glasgow to visit his Depot to see the "MELLOW" and judge for themselves. The following Testimonials are a few of the many which have been received:—"Known to Smokers for its Mellow Mildness in use. We saw orders and inquiries for this article fit to make any provincial house proud."—*Land and Water*. "Of the many different "Mixtures" that have come under our notice, we have no hesitation in giving the palm to this Brand. Has a most pleasing and soothing effect."—*Civil Service Gazette*. 8 oz. post free for 3s 4d. 7 Prime Cigars (rare value), 1s. Real Lunkah Cheroots, 8 for 1s. The Trade supplied with large or small quantities.

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Foreign Birds in great variety, including Wax Bills, Silver Bills, Avadovats, in Green, very rare, Manikins, Weavers, Golden Headed Oriels, Cardinals, Tom Thumb Parroquets, a Handsome Rock Parrot (Talks), 6 Indian Parroquets (Males), 2 Tame Grey Parrots, 20s each, 20 Pairs Budgregars or Love Birds, 30 Brazilian Parroquets, 7s 6d each, 50 Canaries, in Song, from 5s each, also Plain and Ornamental Cages to suit the above.

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Full Sized with complete Fittings and Patent Improved Cushions which remain soft in all weathers,

FORTY-FIVE POUNDS.

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THOMAS DAVISON,

DISPENSING CHEMIST,

126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 1st, 1880.

THE BAILIE has ever thrown the weight of his authority in favour of open and above-board meetings of public bodies. Perpetual hole-and-corner dark seances of representatives with assessing powers are tolerable and not to be endured. His Worship is therefore pleased to learn that the wiggling he has from time to time administered to that dark directorate yclept the Juvenile Delinquency Board, has at length had the desired effect. Since its constitution in the August of '78, this body, with thirty-six members, has not condescended on a single open meeting. All along they have vetoed the press, ignored the public, shut out the light. For ways that are dark, if not for tricks that are vain, they have been quite as peculiar as the Bret Harteian hero and martyr. Now all this is changed, and not a bit too soon. Like the other rating authorities in the city, the meetings of this Board are henceforth to be open to reporters. So it was decided by a sweeping majority on Friday last on the motion of Bailie WILSON, seconded by ex-Bailie MILLAR, and supported by the other "men of light and leading" in the directorate. As being the prime mover in this laudable new departure, the BAILIE congratulateth—himself!

IRONY.—That because of a thing of Bute-y there should be a Russelling of the Glasgow Liberal camp.

Indefinite Measures—Land leagues.

A Crumb for the Bakers.

THE BAILIE is neither a farmer nor a baker, but he would be very much obliged to any representative of either of these classes, or to anybody else who "knows," for information as to the reason why, after an exceptionally bounteous harvest, the price of bread is raised all over the country. Some time ago his Worship had something to say on this same subject, and spoke his mind pretty plainly. He may have occasion to speak it more plainly still.

"CONTEMPT OF COMMISSION."— "Such transactions," observes Granny, "as those of the Free Kirk Commission and those of the late directors of the City of Glasgow Bank lie perilously near each other." Good gracious! Does the old lady want to consign Dr Wilson, Dr Begg, Dr Kennedy, Mr—the BAILIE had almost written "Dr"—Kidston, and the rest of them, to Perth Penitentiary? Fie, fie! Ancient matrons should learn not to speak evil of ecclesiastical dignities.

FRIGHTFUL DISSIPATION.—The other morning the police broke into a shebeen, and discovered in progress what is variously described as a "carousal," "a most disgraceful revel," and "most disgraceful orgies." After a "minute" search "ten empty beer bottles" were found. It should be some consolation to Mr Collins that we have become so far sober as to regard the emptying of ten beer bottles in the light of "carousing," "revelling," and "orgies."

AN ANACHRONISTIC SOLECISM.—In describing the latest addition to the University buildings a contemporary observes, "That the hall should have been erected without a means of access seems somewhat of an anachronism." At what chronological period, pray, was it customary to build halls without means of access?

After reporting the speeches of Mr Anderson M.P., Mr Tennant, M.P., and Sir David Tennant at the volunteer gathering on Friday, the *Herald* follows up its account by saying:—"Further music having been contributed by, &c." Does Granny really think the addresses of these three gentlemen were only auld wives' songs?

REMARKABLE METEOROLOGICAL FACT.—It is a singular circumstance that even when the frost was keenest last week it was quite imperceptible in the neighbourhood of any of the theatres. At least, so the managers say.

A Profitable Undertaking—A remunerative funeral.

The Highland Fling.

"LOCHIEL" DISCOURSETH AT THE SKYE SOIREE.

No pardts for nefermore coot sing
'Pout tance more praw's her Hielant fling,—
Ta prawest, pravest, ponniest tance
In Europe, 'Meerika, or France.

Trest in her kaalic tartan tress,
Ta lads will forwats took teir place,
Andt all will each in corners stoodt
On timmer floor,—inside ta croodt.

Wis ponnet, padge, and skeean-dhu,
Andt kilt, an' hose, an' puckles too,
Her sporrان pelted on pefore,
Andt plaid, miroafer, anymore.

Ta pipers poldt—like man o' war—
Will play ta ponny "Braes o' Mar:"
Two sinkle pipers! what a shame!
She'll wish tere wass a scores of them.

Noo, holdt your preaths, ta lads to see,
She'll lift her foot apove her knee,
She'll swing her roondt like fery teil,
Andt packstep too, andt toe an' heel.

She'll crack her thoom, an' hooch! she'll cry,
She'll chump, andt kick, an' fling forpye,
Like lichtnin's stroke she'll spring an' tance
Wis poth her legs an' feets at wance.

Andt roondt an' roondt she'll ko asmore,
Twice times as faster as pefore,
While pipes more lootest spokes will play
Andt thoosan people's hip, hurray!

Put Enklisch langkwich, ferse, or rhyme,
No more can match her peebroch's time,
Andt Ossian's kaalic she'll pe sing
When next she'll 'scribe her Hielant fling.

CHANGED TIMES, THESE.

(Scene—Fashionable U.P. Church in west end.)

Old Lady (who has remained in church during the interval, addressing *Jeems*, the beadle, who is attending to the fires)—Man, *Jeems*, you must have an awful trouble heating up the church.

Jeems—Ou aye, it's an unco fecht. (After a pause.) Chinged times, these. When I was a laddie the ministers used to heat the k'rk, but noo the pair beadles hae tae di't.

THE HOPE OF CAIRNCRAIG.—Undismayed by his recent defeat, "Wee *Jeems*" has rallied like one-ninth of a man, and determined to win distinction in *some* department of public life at the point of his—shears. The stronghold he has now attacked is the Barony Parochial Board, and the BAILIE, for one, would have no objection to his succeeding, just to see what manner of fraction he is.

WishyWashy—Liquidating your Debts—Paying your water rates.

A "Dale" of Bother—The Rev. Pelham.

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 Palpable Hit.

AT a "Robertson Smith" meeting in Greenock last week Bailie Erskine remarked:—

"Dr Wilson's committee, appointed to examine and report on Professor Smith's writings, presented their report to each member on entering the hall, and up till then it had been kept a secret, and yet Dr Wilson, the Clerk of the Assembly, asked the Commission to hold it as read, presuming, he supposed, that the members had read it during the prayer."

This isn't bad. Fancy the immaculate Doctor's "pheelinx" on finding himself accused of such an unorthodox proceeding by a Greenock Bailie! Why, it's making him out almost as bad as Robertson Smith himself!

THE YOUNG IDEA.

(Scene—Bucklyvie Board School.)

Pupil Teacher (to boy in No. VI. Standard)—What is the shape of a watch?

Boy—Round.

P. T.—Can you tell me anything else that is round besides a watch?

Boy—Yes.

P. T.—What?

Boy—A sugar bake!

A HAPPY FAMILY.—What a funny little meeting the excellent Liberal candidate for Renfrewshire had with his Barrhead friends last Wednesday evening! The chairman, after conferring brevet rank upon a respected lady, introduced Mr Crum, who "had been rather suddenly attacked with influenza, or something of that sort." Mr Crum, introduced, delivered himself of a rather rambling and undecided oration on the liquor laws, and then entered into conversation with various members of his audience, one of whom talked very confidently of what "John"—meaning Mr Bright—approved and did not approve of. Altogether the meeting was quite a family affair, and was doubtless prophetic of the happy relations which shall henceforth subsist between the Member and his constituents.

GO IT, IRVINE!—Irvine bids fair to succeed to the municipal honours so long and so nobly held by Pittenweem. Things in the little seaport have been remarkably lively of late, and only last Tuesday one of the Bailies obligingly offered, shaking his fist the while, to "tear the mask from this hypocrite," the hypocrite in question being the Dean of Guild. Yes, Irvine should decidedly have a try for the next prize for municipal rowdism.

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.

FRIDAY last was sending-in day for the Exhibition of the Water Colour Society, and the collection of pictures now gathered in the rooms at 108 West Nile Street is both a large and an important one. Interesting, indeed, as were the two former exhibitions of the Society, that for the winter of '80-'81 will be more interesting still.

All our Scottish Water Colourists will be represented on the walls of the Gallery. Francis Powell, the President of the Society, contributes a Loch Katrine picture and an evening sea-piece; Herdman an Arran study, "The Moorlan' Lass," and "Autumn;" and William M'Taggart three sea-pieces, all of which are as broad and delicate as is the wont of this delightful painter.

James A. Aitken's most important work is a large view of Loch Awe, with Kilchurn in the foreground; he has likewise sent two strong, crisp studies of hillsides and trees; a sketch of Loch Achray in winter; a Mountain Tarn; and three smaller drawings. Dr Blatherwick will be seen to advantage in a Gareloch picture; while Miss Lilly Blatherwick has repeated and improved upon her last year's decorative arrangements of our every-day flowers; J. G. Whyte shows once more with what deftness he can reproduce groups of asters and camellias; and Tom Donald takes us now to "Glenfinlas" and now to "Loch Achray."

The specimens of his last season's work contributed by David Murray to the Exhibition will not disappoint his friends. Always delicate and always characteristic, Mr Murray is this year more delicate and characteristic than ever. The largest drawing he has sent to the Gallery is a view of West Loch Tarbert. He is further represented by a picture of "Sunset on the Clyde;" "From Sun to Shower," a fine, imaginative work, in which an Iona cross occupies a prominent place in the foreground; two Normandy courtyard scenes; and "The Bridge of the Bruce," an ancient structure of weathered stone, under which pours a rapid, brawling stream.

Three of A. K. Brown's chief pictures are "Henley-on-Thames," "A Lowland Tarn," and a scene near Ely; William Young sends "Kelvingrove," and a series of studies from the neighbourhood of Alloway; J. O. Long, a Tarbert scene; and Pollok Nisbet two drawings in which cattle play a prominent part.

The first Art Club conversazione of the season was held on Thursday, and was attended by a very full representation of the membership. Among the guests present was Herr Gallrein—whose playing on the violoncello took everybody by surprise; together with Mr Herman Vezin, Mr Lionel Brough, and Mr Wybrow Robertson, the former of whom delivered one or two recitations, while Mr Brough sang some capital comic songs, and Mr Robertson made a tasteful little speech on the relations between pictorial and dramatic art. James A. Aitken made quite a hit in the course of the evening by his singing of a Highland Lullaby.

James E. Ewing has just completed a plaster bust of the late Mrs John Forrester, of Porton Cottage, Helensburgh, the mother of Mr Alexander and Mr John Forrester. Her likeness has been caught by Mr Ewing with singular skill, and the modelling of the features and the arrangement of accessories—such as the widow's cap which is worn on the head—are exceedingly happy. Mrs Forrester's family have commissioned Mr Ewing to reproduce the bust in marble.

Mr Tennant, M.P., and the Directors of the Blind Asylum, visited the studio of Charles Grassby, sculptor, last week, for the purpose of inspecting a figure of "Christ restoring sight to the Blind," which has just been completed by Mr Grassby in clay, and which, when finished in stone, will be placed in the empty niche in front of the Asylum overlooking the High Street. The figure will be a presentation from Mr Tennant to the Institution.

Among the pictures which have attracted considerable attention in the present Dudley Exhibition are MacWhirter's "Summer Storm at Venice," and Hamilton Macallum's "Luring a Tide-left Conger"—a West Coast scene. J. J. Bannatyne is also represented in the Dudley by a Loch Lomond picture.

TRAINING THE YOUNG IDEA.—Some sensation has been created in scholastic circles by the fact that the Glasgow University authorities have selected "Paul et Virginie" as the French text to be read by the young lady candidates for the forthcoming local examination. Following out this novel mode of elevating the minds and morals of the rising generation, the University will probably prescribe in future years choice selections from the "Confessions" of the late M. Rousseau, a lively extract or two from M. Dumas fils, and—when "miss in her teens" is sufficiently "educated"—something still more pungent from the works of the ingenious M. Paul de Kock.

T H E G A I E T Y.

Proprietor and Director,Mr C. BERNARD.

SIX NIGHTS ONLY.

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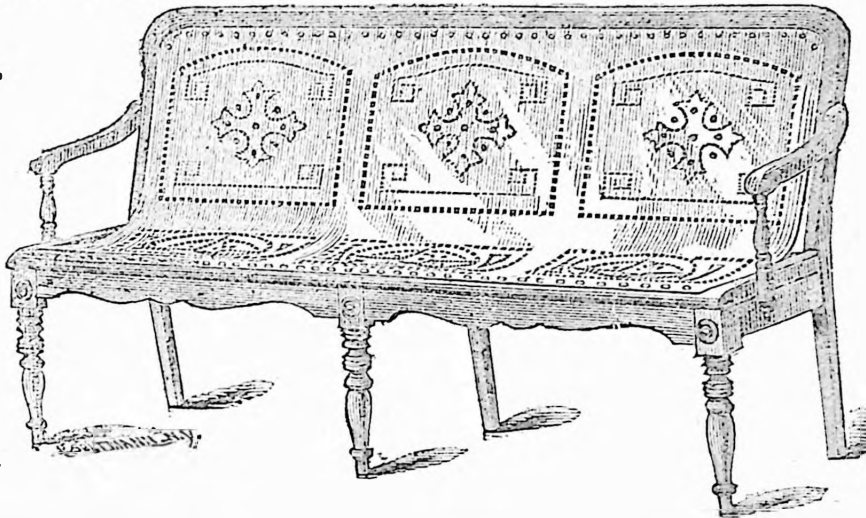
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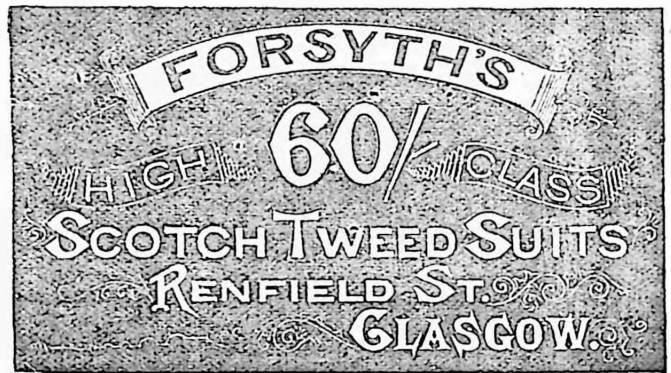
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COMMON SENSE.

As a Nation progresses in Civilisation, there must necessarily occur many Changes that, while proving beneficial to the Nation at large, means Disaster in certain individual cases. When Agricultural Machinery was first used, the Agricultural Labourers broke it up, because it reduced the number of Labourers requisite for working Farms. But the community did not regard this a Legitimate ground for forbidding the use of the Machinery. As with the Labourer, so it is with the Shopkeeper, who, to Maintain the Old High Rate of Profit, strive by every possible means to retard the efforts of their more advanced opponents.

Many Shopkeepers have made Large Profits in Retailing Small Quantities of Goods. The difference between the Wholesale and the Retail Price was Enormous, and yet their Yearly Profits were not great, because they had Large Expenses and few Customers; whilst these latter were divided into those who did not pay, and those who not only paid for themselves but others. The Old-Fashioned Shops will Fast Disappear, being Superseded by the Establishments conducted on the principle of Large Sales and Small Profits.

If a man takes a shop, and his expenses are £500 per annum, whilst his turnover is £2000, it is evident he must charge 25 per cent. profit on what he sells in order to make two ends meet, and 50 per cent. if he wants to make a profit of £500 per annum. But if his expenses are £5000 per annum, and his turnover £200,000, he would make a net gain of £5000 per annum by charging only 5 per cent. on each article sold. Retail Hatters do not seem to understand this. I do not make, says one, above a fair profit on my goods; can it therefore be expected that I sell them for less? But he *blinks the fact* that no one ever asked him to start a hatter's shop in the town. With a limited number of inhabitants, no town is bound to pay prices for its hats or bonnets in order to secure a living for an unlimited number of hatters or milliners. The great mistake made by our retailers of hats and headgear generally was to come to the conclusion that our citizens were all fools, with the exception of themselves, and that by some inscrutable providential decree they had been created to buy their goods without any regard to their intrinsic excellence. They must now, however, realise the fact—and few intelligent hatters, we should fancy, deny it—that they exist for the benefit of the community, and not the community for their benefit. For if the citizens could discover a plan whereby they might obtain all they required at less cost of time or money, the retail hatter, like the Dodo, would become extinct. The public are no more likely to support a dozen shops, where one is sufficient, because shopkeepers must live, than those same shopkeepers are likely to double the number of their salesmen because salesmen must live. Yet some people consider it their duty to pay extra for their Hats from some old style Hatter, instead of buying them of some large establishment like our own. This sentiment is rank nonsense. Any one who pays more for an article to one man, than what he can buy it equally good for of another man, does a very silly action.

In many of our streets, it is remarkable the number of Hatters that are close to each other. Each must be eating into the custom of the other; and yet it would be absurd of each to say, Hatters are useful. I am a Hatter, therefore I am useful, and consequently have a right to demand that the community shall support me, and, therefore, my limited amount of customers must pay me all the more.

It is equally absurd for them to waste their time and energies in protesting against the large trader who is satisfied with the smaller profit. The Farmer would like to sell his wheat high, by excluding foreign wheat. The Hatter would like to sell his goods high, by excluding competition. This is merely saying that every trader would be pleased to have a monopoly, as monopolies, however adverse to the purchaser, are a mine of wealth to those who hold them. But in Glasgow we have shattered the Large Profit System, and abolished it for ever; having of recent years gained a pre-eminence that is flattering to ourselves, and will ultimately be attended with unqualified success. It can be seen at a glance, however, that in selling single Hats at Wholesale Prices, and consequently Twenty-five per Cent. cheaper than the ordinary Hatter, we are not looked upon with favour by these worthy members of the Trade, and, we are sorry to say, have met with an opposition in special cases that, from the unscrupulous tactics used, has been simply disgraceful; but in a far-seeing community like our own, intelligence, enterprise, and energy in a proper direction will always be appreciated. Our Goods have now got a firm hold on the Market, because they are better and cheaper than our neighbour's. We are an established fact, and have gained the confidence of our fellow citizens, which we never have or never will abuse. Therefore effusions which have lately appeared cannot affect us, although they are evidently cunningly contrived to shake the confidence of Purchasers and Supporters of such Establishments as our own.

Why do we take the matter up so strongly? Simply because *our Hats are largely advertised at Wholesale Prices. In fact we are the only Dealers that really sell at Wholesale Prices*, and consequently cannot allow such insinuations as are contained in such an advertisement to pass unheeded.

We have no objection to any retailers advertising their wares in any form that may please them. It has been our custom to advertise the Best Value in Hats in Glasgow, and assert positively that for the past three years we have honestly been under that impression. We are willing to submit Stock or Samples to any court of arbitration in the world; and further, we offer One Hundred Pounds for any Shoddy or Old Hat that has been bought at this Establishment. Every Hat we sell we guarantee to retain shape, keep colour, and to be made with the Purest New Materials only, and by the First Manufacturers in England. We specially desire those Gentlemen who like honest dealing to give us a trial, as there never was more genuine value in Hats offered in Glasgow than by us.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,

THE LEADING HATTERS,

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The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 425. Glasgow, Wednesday, December 8th, 1880. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 425.

A QUARTER of a century has made a very marked difference on commercial Glasgow. It has made no less a difference on musical Glasgow, if indeed the stride that has been taken is not a greater one in music than in commerce. Twenty or thirty years ago, almost nothing was known in the city of high-class music, except, perhaps, as reflected in occasional Italian opera. Concerts of orchestral music were unknown. Oratorio was but seldom heard. The day of Select Choirs was not. Music in the school-room was confined to the annual dreary piano-forte exhibitions of pupils, who had as a rule no means of becoming intellectually interested in their studies. All is now very different in these respects. Opera is at a discount, except when, as was the case last week, during the visit of Mr Carl Rosa's perfectly equipped English Company, it is really properly presented. Concerts of vocal and instrumental music are indispensable constituents of the winter's relaxation, and the amateur society is an institution which is growing into amazing, if not alarming proportions. The most marked example of musical progress in Glasgow is probably found in the establishment of the annual series of Choral and Orchestral Concerts, the seventh year of which will be entered on to-night. After experiencing discouragements which would have damped the ardour of most people, the philanthropic promoters of these entertainments now find themselves in the enviable position of looking forward with well-grounded hope to a most successful season, both musically and commercially considered. Selecting, in accordance with his usual custom, a prominent name in connection with the opening of the present series, the BAILIE has pleasure in introducing to his readers

VOL. XVII.

that distinguished vocal artiste Madame ALBANI who is engaged to take the leading soprano part in Haydn's "Creation," to be performed to-night. Madame ALBANI, whose maiden name is La-jeunesse, is a French Canadian by birth. Remaining in the Dominion till of the age of 15, she removed with her family to Albany, in the United States. Madame ALBANI—is it impertinence to make the observation that the melodious name of the capital of New York State most probably suggested that of the *nom de theatre* of the future operatic artist?—joined the choir of one of the city churches, and was eventually appointed organist and teacher to the choir. When about 18 she came to Europe and studied singing, first in Paris, under Duprez, and then in Milan, with the celebrated maestro, Lamperti. ALBANI—Mademoiselle, as she was then, of course—made her *debut* at Messina, and after singing in one or two other Italian towns, was engaged for the opera in Malta, where she remained a winter. English impresarios are ever on the search for talent, and accounts of the great success of Madame ALBANI soon reached England. The lady's services were speedily secured for Covent Garden Theatre, and Madame ALBANI made her first appearance in Mr Gye's company, in the spring of 1872, in the part of *Amina* in "La Sonnambula." This and such other light parts as *Lucia* in Donizetti's opera, and *Gilda* in Verdi's "Rigoletto," were filled by our artist with a success that was instant and dazzling. But with greater maturity of voice and style, Madame ALBANI has essayed more important parts than these, among them being that of *Elsa* in Wagner's "Lohengrin," her refined rendering of which difficult operatic conception, on a visit here of Mr Gye's company, will be well remembered. Madame ALBANI has fulfilled engagements in Russia, at Paris, and Brussels, and other impor-

tant cities. While continuing to sing in London, her services are always in requisition for the chief parts in the English musical festivals, her reputation being as great in the interpretation of sacred music as in opera—a fact which may be accounted for by the lady's early training in the Cathedral choir, at the same time that it is but an example, in another school, of the highly intellectual character of Madame ALBANI'S vocal talent. Married to Mr Ernest Gye, and therefore a naturalised Englishwoman, Madame ALBANI is to be regarded now as one of our own British artists, and she is certainly the most brilliant, and at the same time the most refined soprano singer who has appeared for long in this country.

A HEELAN' COORTIN'.

Dugald—Hoo are you, Maggie?

Maggie—No weel ava, Dugald.

Dugald—Aye, aye! Will I make of you a cup of tea?

Maggie—No, no, Dugald, she'll do no coot.

Dugald—Maggie! Will I make a new porn egg?

Maggie—It's no use, Dugald. I'm no weel, whateffer.

Dugald—Maggie! Maggie! Will I marry of you?

Maggie—Oh Dugald! Dugald! You'll mak me laugh and me no weel.

A RECKLESS BANKRUPT.—The BAILIE has once more to draw attention to a case of unprincipled and unbusinesslike conduct in connection with the Glasgow Bankruptcy Court. This time the offender is a man whose state of affairs shows £6,081 of liabilities, and £9,320 of assets. What right had that surplus to exist for the benefit of anybody but the bankrupt? A fellow who goes flinging his money away upon his creditors in this fashion is worse than the wine-and-oyster-man, and deserves to be excluded from the benefits of "the Act."

"EMP'Y" IT IS.—"Mr Macdonald, M.P., on Mining Affairs," read Baldy the other morning. "And very M.P. he is," added the chartered libertine when he finished the perusal of the report.

NEXT BEST.—If Mr Neil is not to be "honoured" as a Bailie, can he not at least be dignified as a Councillor?

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.

Lays by Our Lady Laureate.

No. 1.—THE WHEREFORE OF IT.

I KNOW a little fellow,
 Whose nose is very red,
 Whose face is very yellow,
 Who'd greatly like to wed.
 He's got no end of money,
 But his age is forty-three,
 And, to make it still more funny,
 He wants to marry me!

I know a great big fellow,
 Moustached like a dragoon,
 Who's no end of a swell, oh,
 And a dear old chap to spoon.
 He's poor and proud as Luci—
 The "fer" is best cut off—
 I love him tho', so you see
 Why I t'other scoff!

ADDING FUEL TO THE FIRE.

(Scene—A kitchen.)

Wife (a perfect scold in the midst of her raging)—A mun hae been waur than mad when a took the like o' you.

Husband (quietly)—What mun a hae been then, ma wummun?

KNEEL TO A COCK'D HAT-TRIBUTE.—Councillor Neil is ambitious of a "robe" and cocked hat, as Jacques was "ambitious for a motley coat." He not merely sighs, but yells for "honour," when he might have philosophised upon it as did Falstaff. "What is honour?" asked Sir John, and answered "A word," a word also to Mr Neil, if not likewise "*Bailie*." Is there no "chain," if not a warder, for the Neil? No Bailiedom, as of Provan; no Preceptorship, as of Hutcheson's? No medal save meddling with the Improvement Trust and the Sanitary?

SLANDERING FERNIEGAIK.—A correspondent of the *Herald* more than insinuates that "the seconder of the second resolution" at the great "Sabbath Demonstration" "spent a whole Sabbath day in Spain witnessing a bull-fight." Now, "the seconder of the second resolution" was Mr William Kidston of Ferniegair. The BAILIE mentions this merely to show what scurril and ribald knaves our douce old Granny numbers among her correspondents.

THE LAW'S DELAY.—The Liberals are jubilant over the unopposed returns of Mr Balfour and Mr Crum. The Lord Advocate is, however, still "out in the cold"—ice-oiated.

Convivial Gatherings—Pimples on a toper's nose.

A Spirited Painter—Brandy.

Furniture for Cash "Doon on the Nail." GARDNER & HARDIE, 42 Great Clyde Street.

An Unhappy Demonstration.

IT is difficult to avoid a smile at the idea of Mr Orr Ewing presiding at the scantily attended "Sabbath Demonstration" in the City Hall the other evening. He clearly felt out of his element, and he was hardly successful in his laboured description of the woes and doleful plight of the Continental workman—who, by the way, contrives to get infinitely more enjoyment out of existence than his British brother. Mr Ewing professes to fear that the Derby will come to be run on Sunday if we are wicked enough to open the Mitchell Library and the Kelvingrove Museum on that day; and the speakers who followed the chairman adopted the same unfair and extravagant tone. This is to be regretted for many reasons. There is something to be said on both sides of the question under debate; but neither party can gain by misrepresentation, or by the "criticism"—save the mark!—indulged in by persons of Mr Kidston's mental calibre at the expense of men like Tyndall. The question must be fought out and decided sooner or later; but it must be with weapons different from these.

A "CURLING" PAPER.

"Pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, the bloom is shed;"
Of Pleasure this the unvarying law—
To-day if ice, to-morrow *thaw*.

AN ILLITERATE PEER.—That "rising young man" the Earl of Fife has just issued to his tenantry a circular on the subject of the Ground Game Act, in the last sentence of which he says, "The happy relations between my family and my tenantry, *and which is my pride*, are traditional." A more diabolical piece of English than the italicised clause was probably never penned. Lord Fife's intentions are decidedly better than his grammar.

'PON MY SOUL(E)!—A Mrs Soule lectured in Glasgow last week on vegetarianism. It is not stated whether the lady is any relation of her namesake, of "Hop Bitters" and aquatic fame, but her appellation is certainly appropriate. If we take to vegetarianism there will speedily be more soul(e) than body about some of us.

Does the Half Way on the Paisley Road, inquires Peter who is a stranger to the "suburb," mean a half on the way, or half on the way?

Currant Literature—Bun advertisements.

GENTLEMEN'S Cloth Made and Trimmed, Suits, 18s.; Overcoats, 14s.; Fit, Workmanship, Trimmings guaranteed.—
EWART BAIN, 59 Bridge Street.

On 'Change.

WHO would have dreamed that Moir of Aberdeen would have been turned into a limited? Marmalade and strawberry jam, tinned soups and preserved meats, have apparently gone beyond even Aberdonian ability, and so it is determined to invite contributions of foreign capital. The cold mutton and jam business has my most hearty good wishes, but it is possible that the promoters fall into the common mistake of professing too much. Seven per cent is a heavy price to pay for preferences.

Some odd reflections are suggested by the publication of a report by the directors of the Ceylon Investment Association, Limited. The Company was formed, if I remember rightly, about three years ago, under what seemed favourable enough auspices, but the sanguine anticipations of the promoters appear to have been imperfectly realised. The report is of anything but rose colour. The Company has a subscribed capital of £150,000, of which £30,000 has been paid up. It has issued debentures to the extent of £56,000 and it has borrowed £15,000. It has thus more than £100,000 to work upon, but it has only £74,000 advanced on loans over landed property in Ceylon. The balance of £26,000 must be unremunerative or nearly so. Why, then, should the directors borrow £15,000 on which they will have to pay interest? They innocently state that they "thought it best to cease issuing debentures except at considerably reduced rates." It would be more sensible to cease issuing them altogether if the money cannot be profitably employed.

This company's investments are set down as having yielded £4,567 in interest, which is somewhere about 7 per cent. on the capital. There are also some extraordinary items of income which can hardly be adjudged regular revenue. To gain this £4,567 the Company has spent £4,000. This is scarcely healthy. The directors propose to pay 5 per cent., but if they had not got the extraordinary items referred to it is clear they could not have paid this dividend. All things considered Ceylon investments are not looking very cheerful. SCRUTATOR.

A PLUMP PIGEON.

(Public market; two friends meet; go through the "how d'ye do" business.)

First Friend—I was real sorry to see your name among the City Bank shareholders.

Second do. (sadly)—Yes, it is a bad job.

First do. (sympathetically)—Have you got a settlement?

Second do.—Ou aye, I've handed over to the liquidators everything 'an' (looking knowingly) I'm no' that ill aff yet.

A NAPPY THOUGHT.—Somebody having advertised a strayed dog answering to the name of "Nap," Jones says he knows several strayed jolly dogs who are but too ready to respond at the mention of "Nap." (The BAILIE does not profess to understand this joke himself, but he believes it involves some allusion to a wicked gambling game of some kind.)

MARRY-TIME ADVENTURE.—When Venus arose from the sea, she at once entered upon a court-ship. The BAILIE saw something like it the other day at the Naval and Marine Exhibition.

American Apples, in Good Condition, 15s per Barrel.—
M. CAMPBELL, The City Fruit Warehouse, 18 Gordon Street.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—The comedy of "Betsy," which will be revived this evening at the Royalty Theatre, was received with so much favour during its former production by Mr Knapp, that we may expect the house will be crowded every evening of its present run, which terminates, by the way, on Saturday next. No more humorous piece, indeed, has seen the light in this country of recent years, than the screaming adaptation of French fun which Mr Charles Wyndham has christened by a name already familiar to the farcical stage. The company, besides, appearing in "Betsy," is in every way competent to do full justice to the intention of the author.

On Monday next, Miss Margaret Aitken will make her re-appearance on the Glasgow "boards," under the auspices of Mr Knapp; and following the engagement of Miss Aitken, the Royalty Christmas novelty will be produced in the persons of those bold, bad men, "The Pirates of Penzance."

The mention of the Royalty reminds me that Mr Clark in seconding Ex-Bailie Morrison's proposal at to-day's J. P. Court that a liquor license be not granted to Mr Knapp, showed a little inconsistency, to say the very least. At the opening he averred that he seconded Mr Morrison "with a real reluctance," while, in sitting down, he declared that he had "much pleasure in seconding the amendment that the license be granted, without a permission to sell drink." Had the contradictory affirmations come from the mouth of one of the wicked, his faculties, more likely than not, would have been described as in the condition commonly known as "mixed"

Mr Fred Vokes, together with his clever sister Miss Victoria Vokes, and the other members of their well-known company, appear this evening and during the week at the Gaiety in the Belles of the Kitchen—a piece of fantastic fooling which, however of en you have seen it, is always provocative of unbounded laughter.

The Pantomime of "Lurline" will be produced at the Gaiety early next week, and meanwhile Mrs Bernard is busy, night and day over the arrangements for its production. And it is not only the Gaiety pantomime with which this energetic lady is occupying herself. The dresses—always an important feature in a Christmas entertainment—for the Newcastle pantomime of "Siabad," and for "Cinderella"—the extravaganza with which Mr Bernard proposes to draw all South-Eastern Lancashire to the Manchester Prince's Theatre during the forthcoming holiday's—are all being prepared under Mrs Bernard's personal superintendence. As many as sixty seamstresses have been busy at work in the Gaiety Chambers for the past month.

The present season at the Theatre Royal concludes on Saturday Evening, and the pantomime is announced for the Wednesday of next week.

Following the pantomime of "Little Boy Blue" at the Theatre Royal will come a grand revival of "The Corsican Brothers," this will be succeeded by "Much Ado About Nothing," which will be produced with all that wealth of setting and mounting, and adequacy of acting which distinguished Miss Litton's performance of "As You Like It."

During the run of the pantomime the Theatre Royal Company leave Glasgow for the London Gaiety Theatre, where they appear in a round of old English Comedy.

The Prince of Wales' Theatre will once more be opened for legitimate business on Saturday night, when a "national" Pantomime, entitled "Mr Robert Roy, Hiellan' Helen his wife, and Dougal the Dodger," will be placed on the stage. Surely the inventors of this title are under some small measure of obligation to Mr F. C. Burnand. Mr Alfred Davis, Mr William Gourlay, and Maddie. Zerlina Zerbinì are of the company, as is likewise the author of the extravaganza, who is no other than our old friend Mr William Lowe.

Quite a little treat in the way of private theatricals was given

on Thursday night by one or two young ladies and gentlemen, the children of the late and much respected Mr Harcourt Beatty (Bland). The entertainment took the shape of a pantomime; and the efforts of the youthful performers were loudly applauded by the company of friends who had attended on the occasion.

Mr Beryl has closed the Royal Princess's Theatre up till Saturday next, on which evening he will produce his Christmas pantomime of "The Babes in the Wood."

When poor Peter Allan's drama of "Montrose" was produced some fourteen years ago at the old Theatre Royal in Dunlop Street, the "leading man" of what was a very strong company was a certain Mr Walter Crosby, an actor of considerable power, and very evident skill. He only, however, remained at the Royal for a few weeks, but he subsequently performed for a short season at the Prince of Wales, his position being once more that of "heavy lead." At present Mr Crosby is again in Glasgow—this time, alas! in a "penny gaff."

Tradition hath it that this unfortunate disciple of Melpomenes, being cast for *Jacques* in a performance of "As You Like It," at Birmingham, was so ill-advised, on receiving a couple of rounds of applause for "The Seven Ages," as to repeat the speech, and he learned in those matters declare that the evil fortune which has since befallen him is due to the wrath of the angry muse for this wilful violation of one of the rules she laid down of old for the direction of her followers.

The concluding Musical Promenade at the International Exhibition took place on Saturday, when a young lady, Miss Liddle by name, well-known in West-End circles, made an exceedingly favourable impression by her rendering of "Sing On" (Gounod).

The hon. the Lord Provost will be entertained at dinner tomorrow (Tuesday) Evening, in the hall of the Merchants' House by his friends of the Corn Exchange.

The arrangements for the Glasgow Assemblies of the present season have now been completed. These will be held in the St. Andrew's Halls, on the evenings of the 15th inst., the 12th of January, and the 16th of February. The purveying will be done by "F. & F."

Talking of Messrs Ferguson & Forrester reminds me that that firm, keeping level with the progress of the times, have established telephonic connection for behoof of their patrons, between their establishment in Buchanan Street, and all stations on the Bell and Edison's united telephonic system.

It is rumoured in "unprejudiced" circles that a well known member of the Town Council, whose place of business is not far from Buchanan Street, is engaged in the manufacture of a new Clock to be named the "Neil Regulator." The peculiarity of the instrument is that by an accurately adjusted mechanism—which may be set a-going at any moment—at the lapse of every ten minutes, a loud hissing noise is emitted and a voice speaks in audible tone the words "sit down Neil." The face is of pure brass: the hands are clenched: the pendulum which wags violently is tongue shaped: the whole instrument is warranted "free from prejudice" and guaranteed for three years. The present experiment is being conducted at the expense and under the immediate direction of the members of the City Improvement Trust. If it prove a success, it is proposed to present the clock to the Lord Provost enclosed in a neat tin box labelled outside "Neil's Celebrated Biscuits," in order to elude suspicion.

Mr Airlie had a crammed house on Saturday night, on the occasion of the engagement of the Glasgow Select Choir, who had a most flattering reception on their return from London. For Saturday first "The Gentle Shepherd" is the attraction.

The English Land League—Three miles.
Wise Natives—The Solomon islanders.
Rites of Translation—Induction services.

Auchray's Municipal Plans.

SOUGH ta Toon Coouncil get sousans o' taxes frae ta toon that's far ower dear, they'll no' hae a sixpence tae spend on ta Smoonicipal Building, nor gife ta force tats shifering in ta streets a wee drap ta keep oot ta cauld day. They pit up a hoose in Ingrams tat stand for a wee while, ant ta stanes ant ornaments melt aff like snuff in her sneeshin'—then say ta sings no' up to ta mark ant we'll build anoser hoose in George's monument peside ta Post Offish, ant spent all ta siller in plans ant a muddle. But if they'll no want to pe a decent building they'll shust get wan for nosing in Tuke Street tat will shin pe empty wis all ta pridewell vans in ta country jail. So ta Coouncil get sousans o' room in ta Tuke Street, ant ta citizens get a subscribe for a new white sowbackit mutch wis a gran' tirly-whirly porder for ta whole Coouncil tae set aff their praw gowns ant goold chain, ant they'll all pe praw praw. Ant they'll move this; ant call to orter; ant cry sit doon; ant can't stand ta dignity of ta hoose; ant adjourn ta roll; ant get on wis ta wark.—Yours truly,
 AUCHRAY M'TAVISII, X 71.

"FORCE."—Last week certain Greenock fishermen who had been supposed to be drowned were, on their safe arrival, "forced," according to a contemporary, "to take shelter in the nearest public-house," so embarrassing were the congratulations of their friends. They must have been very abnormal sort of fishermen if they required much "forcing."

COMING EVENTS?—Immediately after Mr Neil had distinguished himself at last meeting of Council, "Mr Stewart gave notice of a motion in regard to a site being looked out for a museum for the East-end."

A "KNOCK-'EM-DOWN" ARTIST.—A photographer advertises for an assistant who "understands club work." That means, no doubt, that he must be able to take "striking" likenesses—ones that will "knock" the public.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.—The modern precentor calls himself a "choirmaster" (see advertisements). Why does not the beadle adopt an equally high-sounding appellation? "John" should decidedly think over it, or he will be left nowhere in the race with his musical brother.

"Such stuff as dreams are made of"—Heavy suppers and bottled stout.

A "Slip Dock"—The guillotine.

Megilp.

A PICTURE illustrative of the meeting of *Macbeth* and the witches on the "blasted heath" has just been completed by William Glover. Unlike the usual conception of this famous encounter, the artist has selected an evening of "clear shining after rain" for the utterance of the prophecy with regard to the future of the ambitious *Thane of Glamis*. The sun has set behind a range of lofty hills, but the clouds which fleck the sky are still golden with his beams, while a pool in the middle distance glistens with watery, weird light reflected from the upper regions of the air. All around stretches the "blasted heath," dim and solitary, the loneliness being only made the more emphatic by a group of dark figures on the right hand of the picture, and by a solitary fir tree on the left introduced to break the long horizontal lines of the heath. The work is a commission from Mr Henry Irving.

An important picture sale, that of the gallery of Mr G. B. Simpson, of Dundee, was held in the rooms of Messrs Chapman & Son, Edinburgh, on Saturday. The gems of the collection were seven small works by William M'Taggart—some of which dated from a dozen or fifteen years back—and for which £807 was realised. Curiously enough, the picture which brought the highest price was a Trossachs scene by Alex. Fraser, a meritorious artist, some injury to whose reputation has recently been done by an ill-judged endeavour to exalt his very respectable abilities at the expense of the late Sam Bough.

The largest drawings contributed to the Water Colour Exhibition—the private view of which takes place on Friday, while the annual dinner of the Society has been fixed for Thursday evening—have come from John Smart and Robert Anderson; and these drawings are not only impressive by their size, but they are remarkable for their quality as well. Mr Smart, indeed has never shone so well as he does this year. One of his weaknesses has always been the unsatisfactory character of his local colour, but in his drawings in Glasgow, as well as in the work on which he is engaged in his Edinburgh studio, this fault has completely disappeared.

Among the other Edinburgh artists represented in the Exhibition, in addition to Messrs Smart and Anderson, and M'Taggart and Herdman, the two latter of whom were mentioned in this column last week, are Perigal, Vallance, Otto Leyde, Waller Paton, J. D. Adam, George Aikman, and youthful and clever "Jack" Lorimer.

Through an unfortunate lapse of memory on the part of the agent to whom he had entrusted his pictures—who forgot, altogether the date of "sending in" day—R. W. Allan will hardly have full justice done to his merits in the Water Colour Exhibition. His works were only delivered at the Gallery on the morning after the "hanging committee" had completed their labours, and had handed over the exhibition, so to speak, to the Council for revisal. This latter body, however, accepted four of Mr Allan's drawings, but they unfortunately found that it was quite out of their place to accept his most important picture—a large, upright work painted in Spain—without materially interfering with the plan adopted by the "hangers," and it had accordingly to be sent back.

One of the features of the water colour dinner on Thursday evening will be the menu cards, which have been painted in water colour by one of the Associates of the Society. The illustrated "toast list" for the evening is the work of Mr Stephen Adam.

EX-ASPIRATING.—The letter *h* is always awkward on the lips of a Cockney. To have spoken of peasant instead of pheasant shooting in Ireland was singularly *mal-a-propos*. To have spoken of landlord-shooting would have been safer—and yet safer the doing of it.

Features of Parliament—Ayes and noes.

What Will He Do with It?

DR KENNEDY has been presented with £30 by his Highland friends, in recognition of his manly, logical, and just attitude with reference to the Robertson Smith case. One of the said friends on the occasion waxed "eloquent in his denunciation of those who disagree with Dr Kennedy and himself in the controversy now agitating the Free Church." The reverend Doctor might make worse use of the money than by investing it in a small library from which he and his supporters might learn a few lessons—one being that "denunciation" is not argument. If the BAILIE is applied to he will be very happy to give his advice as to the selection of the books.

The Ham-Curers' Little "Game."

THE other evening the ham-curers of Glasgow held their "annual soirée," on which occasion the chairman suggested the formation of a club, one of whose attractions should be "a gaming-room," and the proposal was received with applause. This is shocking. What is the use of the efforts of a virtuous Magistracy to put a stop to the iniquitous habit on the part of young Glasgow of "backing his fancy" to the extent of half-a-crown, if these depraved ham-curers insist upon setting up a second "Monmouth Club" in our midst? A "gaming-room," indeed! Better stick to your hams, good people, and leave "Nap," "blind hookey," and their congeners alone.

A CELTIC DEFINITION.

(Scene—Greenock Harbour, 8-30 p.m.; Passengers, some of whom are smoking, loitering round the shed for the arrival of the Derry boat from Glasgow.)

Policeman—There's nae smokin' in here. (Angrily, to Irish labourer)—Tid I'll no tell ye pefore there was nae smokin' inside a here?

Irish Labourer (standing at entrance to shed)—Shure an' I'm not inside; I'm outside.

Policeman (in a rage)—Ye're what? I tell ye ye'll pe inside no matter although ye were in the whole quay, or in the water, morcover.

Eds, or Tales—And the toss-up came down a leading article.

A "Novel" Affair—"Endymion."

Late Intelligence—Final Notices.

WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.—That Manchester House for supplying Cottons, Linens, Flannels, Blankets, direct from the Mills, meets a long felt want.—Stephen's, 179 Sauchiehall St.

A Well-Deserved Snub.

THE Glasgow Liberal Association has declined to identify itself with "the British Anti-Coercion Association," in spite of the distinguished patronage extended to the latter body by Mr John Ferguson. In this the G.L.A. has done about the first sensible thing in its career. The "Anti-Coercion Association" has its habitat in Fleet Street pothouses, and has about as much right to the title of "British" as the famous trio of Tooley Street. Its emissaries have come to Glasgow "cadging for pieces"—to use an elegant form of expression which will be more intelligible to the anti-coercionites than any more refined phrase—and so far, the BAILIE is glad to learn, they have been unsuccessful. Glasgow folks have a fancy for spending their loose coppers themselves instead of devoting them to the refreshment of thirsty demagogues.

THE GLORIOUS CERTAINTIES OF THE LAW.

(Scene—Crieff Railway Station.)

Wull—Hullo, whar ye gaun, Chairley?

Chairley—Perth.

Wull—What are ye gaun to dae there the day?

Chairley—I'm to win a law-plea.

Wull—Ay, but hoo d'ye ken that?

Chairley (triumphantly)—Hoo! It's referred to ma oath.

THE EYES OF—POLLOKSHAW!—On the occasion of Mr Crum's election as Member for Renfrewshire the following portentous notice was posted in the village of Thornliebank:—"Villagers, please light up your windows during the evening, and pull up your blinds. *The eyes of Pollokshaws are upon you!*" This tremendous injunction can be likened only unto the famous signal of the late Lord Viscount Nelson at the battle of Trafalgar. Let's hope "the eyes of Pollokshaws" were not "blinded by excess of light," as the poet hath it.

AN EMPTY "CLAIM."—In the course of an article on pitmen a London contemporary remarks, "They have even been able to boast a poet, Wilson, author of 'Pitman's Pay,' who might almost claim comparison with Burns." Very good; but the BAILIE thinks he can name a collier-poet considerably more distinguished than the London gentleman's friend Wilson. He means David Wingate, who would be the last man in the world to "claim comparison with Burns."

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT Councillor Neil put his past life to the blush at last week's meeting of Council.

That he has ceased to be amusing.

That Hughie Colquhoun attempted the part of the candid friend towards Mr Neil.

That Hughie met with the fate of those who in quarrels interpose.

That something must be done towards putting Neil to silence.

That the "Correspondence" between the directors of the Maternity Hospital and their late colleague, issued on the morning of the 30th ult., produced the desired effect.

That Dr J. G. Wilson, his colleagues, and their directors, ate the leek quietly.

That Richard R. Grant is still smarting under the effects of last year's protest.

That it will be some time ere Richard is himself again.

That Donald has been badly treated from first to last.

That another "Disruption" is threatened in the Free Kirk.

That our local fathers and brethren had a couple of days speechifying over the Smith case last week.

That the lay element in the Kirk likewise demonstrated in the matter.

That at both gatherings the strait-laced party were in a minority.

That if influential and wealthy laymen decide on seceding from the Kirk on the Smith case they'll soon get a goodly following of the clergy.

That the city has lost a faithful servant in ex-Bailie Moir.

That the vacant chair at the Council Board has already been engaging the attention of two or three would-be Councillors.

That the Junior Liberals have got over their little demonstration.

That it wasn't a very brilliant affair.

That the speeches were of the "small beer" order.

That they pleased the orators and hurt no one else.

That young Jeems Martin has once more come to grief.

That the ratepayers won't have him even as a manager of the poor.

That Mr T. Russell of Ascog is going about to and fro in the face of the public.

That it isn't "all for love and nothing for reward."

That another solution of the Municipal Build-

ings muddle was attempted at last Council meeting.

That there is no saying when the beginning of the end may appear.

That meanwhile the eastern side of George Square remains an unproductive quagmire.

OLE KING COLE.

(Scene—A public house; *Dramatis personæ*, Jock Campbell and Sammy Thomson.)

Jock (reading the Stock Exchange List in the *Herald*)—Man, Sammy, whit's the meanin' o' "Benhar Coal" 19?

Sammy (astonished at Jock's ignorance)—De ye no ken that? It's jist that the Benhar coal folk is gien' nineteen hunner-wecht tae the ton.

Jock (quite satisfied)—Weel, there's cheetery in aw trades, but it's a wonner they pit it in the papers. Waiter, gees twa hafs.

We are told, in the *Moffat News and Annandale Herald*, of 3rd inst., that "at the Edinburgh show last week, Mr Denholm and Mr Warwick were each highly commended in the gander and goose class." Now, a difficulty about this, says Bauldy, is to distinguish which was the gander and which the goose—Denholm or Warwick—or *vice versa*. A clear understanding on the point might enable any enthusiastic ornithologist, on extraordinary occasions, to compliment one or other of these highly-commended creatures in appropriate phrase, such as "Ye big guiss!" or "Ye muckle gander!"

"PUBLIC" REJOICINGS.—It seems that Mr Crum's election was celebrated at Thornliebank by "social meetings of a semi-private character, at which the health of the new member was drunk." "Semi-private" doubtless means in this connection wholly "public." Let's hope "the health of the new member" was the only case of "drunk."

BUTLER OR "BUTTONS."—A "young lad" advertises in the *Herald* for a situation as butler—an office which used to be associated with years and venerable solemnity. The rising generation is certainly going ahead. We shall next find small girls offering their services as housekeepers.

A Book "Calculated" to Suit—A Ready Reckoner.

"The Big Boon"—Just out. "The BIG WAVERLEY PEN."—*Argus*. 6d and 1s per Box, at all Stationers.

Patentees: MACNIVEN & CAMERON, Edinburgh.
Beware of the party offering imitations.

NOTICE.

WE Advertise that "ours is the only House in Glasgow" where the Public can purchase "a Single Hat at Wholesale Price." We have been asked how it is that our Establishment is the only one where such an advantage can be obtained.

We reply that, *without exception*, we are the only Glasgow Firm who Purchase all their Hats direct from the Manufacturers, and who Sell them direct to the Public. We do not buy a single Hat of any kind from Middlemen or other Wholesale Warehousemen.

The general Retail Trade are supplied by Middlemen, who obtain a profit of from 15 to 20 per cent., the Retailer, in turn, getting from 20 to 50 per cent. profit. Before our advent there was no remedy, and the Citizens had to submit. Now the matter is entirely in their own hands. We buy very extensively and sell for a small profit, looking to a large turnover to produce in the end the most satisfactory results. In thus doing away with Double Commission, the Public get the benefit to the extent shown below.

Our Felt Hats (Fashion, Colour, Quality guaranteed) at		
3s 6d are usually sold in the Retail Shops at 5s od.		
4s 6d	" "	6s 6d.
5s 6d	" "	7s 6d.
7s od	" "	10s 6d.
8s 6d	" "	12s 6d to 14s 6d.

Our Dress Hats at 6s 6d, 8s 6d, 10s 6d, 12s 6d, and 14s 6d, are sold elsewhere at from 8s 6d to 21s; and

Our Best Dress Hats at 17s 6d are unsurpassed at any price. Extra Large and Extra Small Sizes always in Stock. No Old Stock. Always Fresh Goods on hand.

We have no Competitors.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,
COLOSSEUM,
70 JAMAICA STREET, GLASGOW (UPSTAIRS).

Anatomical Boots & Shoes
MADE BY J. COOPER, 33 EGLINTON ST, S.S.
NO CORNS OR BUNIONS.

Having less friction, wear longer. Wearer can walk further with less fatigue. Recommended by eminent London Physicians.
Lasts fitted for each Customer Free of Charge.
First-Class References on Application.

OLD HIGHLAND WHISKY,
18s PER GALLON.
JAMES A. JARDINE,
(Late C. Cruickshank),
86 WEST NILE STREET.

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.

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.

"DESIDERATUM"
TROUSERS,
15/6 PER PAIR.
FORSYTH,
5 AND 7 RENFIELD STREET.

"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).

The Argyle Rubber Company,
110 ARGYLE STREET.
CHRISTMAS PRESENTS!!
India Rubber Toys. Gutta Percha Toys.
Largest Stock in the City.
Jet Jewellery. Vulcanite Jewellery. See our Windows!
THE ARGYLE RUBBER COMPANY,
110 ARGYLE STREET,
(Five Doors West of Arcade).

NOTICE TO SMOKERS!!! MELLOW
SMOKING MIXTURE.—J. H. ALLISON, Wholesale and Retail Tobacconist and Cigar Importer, 463 ST. VINCENT STREET, 2 Doors from Elderslie Street. Wholesale and Retail Depot for Murray, Sons, & Co.'s Mellow Smoking Mixture. J. H. A respectfully invites the Gentlemen of Glasgow to visit his Depot to see the "MELLOW" and judge for themselves. The following Testimonials are a few of the many which have been received:—"Known to Smokers for its Mellow Mildness in use. We saw orders and inquiries for this article fit to make any provincial house proud."—*Land and Water*. "Of the many different "Mixtures" that have come under our notice, we have no hesitation in giving the palm to this Brand. Has a most pleasing and soothing effect."—*Civil Service Gazette*. 8 oz. post free for 3s 4d. 7 Prime Cigars (rare value), 1s. Real Lunkah Cheroots, 8 for 1s. The Trade supplied with large or small quantities.

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.

FOR SALE, AT 310 BUCHANAN ST.,
Foreign Birds in great variety, including Wax Bills, Silver Bills, Avadovats, in Green, very rare, Manikins, Weavers, Golden Headed Orioles, Cardinals, Tom Thumb Parroquets, a Handsome Rock Parrot (Talks), 6 Indian Parroquets (Males), 2 Tame Grey Parrots, 20s each, 20 Pairs Budreggars or Love Birds, 30 Brazilian Parroquets, 7s 6d each, 50 Canaries, in Song, from 5s each, also Plain and Ornamental Cages to suit the above.

VENTILATORS.—Buchan's Patent Induced-Current Fixed, best and cheapest. Awarded the "Palm of Victory" at London, winning by 82,739 feet in 18 hours. Prices, &c., at 21 Renfrew Street, Glasgow.

CHARING CROSS HOSIERY WAREHOUSE.
WILLIAM DODDS, 13 and 15 ST. GEORGE'S ROAD. Gloves in all the Newest Shades. Newest Designs in Ladies' and Gentlemen's Scarfs, Ties, and Bows. Ladies' and Gentlemen's Collars and Cuffs. Silk and Linen Handkerchiefs. Underclothing in great variety.
GLOVES, HANDKERCHIEFS, SCARFS, &c.,
In Handsome Boxes, suitable for
CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR PRESENTS.

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.

COLERAINE WHISKY (from *Malt only*)
as supplied to the HOUSE OF COMMONS, GUILD-HALL, the CIVIL SERVICE ASSOCIATION, London, and all the principal CLUBS throughout England and Ireland. Sole Agent for Scotland—J. JOHNSTON, 11 KENT ROAD.

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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, DECEMBER 8th, 1880.

PROBABLY the most amusing resolution ever recorded was that come to at a meeting of Glasgow Irishmen held on Sunday. This was to the effect that they would Boycott those of us who decline to go in for PARNELL and his gang. They determined to send us all to Coventry—or, in other words, neither to borrow nor beg from us any more. If the "jintlemen from the West" could only be induced to go a step further in the same direction, and rid us of their presence altogether, what a happy deliverance it would be, to be sure. As it is, if their present resolution be carried out, the rates of the City and Barony parishes will be lightened by one-half, while, if they would only ship themselves off altogether, the police tax

would most likely disappear entirely. But it would be well not to indulge in such sanguine anticipations overmuch. Your "bhoys" is always a humorist at bottom, and there is too much reason to dread that his threat not to seek any more relief at the hands of Unemployed Committees, or otherwise, was only a "bit ov his fun."

IN MEMORIAM

JAMES MOIR,

Born, May, 1805. Died, December, 1880.

IN mart or ingle as men talk together
In after days, this story shall they tell—
How 'mid the dreary, wild December weather
Among the rest one grand old oak-tree fell.
Rugged his bark, his boughs made not for bending,
But to toss back the breeze with angry scorn,
And still at need a kindly shelter lending
'Neath his strong bulk to simple folk forlorn.
In gusty passion thou wert oft December,
But, brave old friend, we warm to thee to-day,
Rather thy natal than last month remember,
And in our hearts keep for thee a bright May.

Clerical Candour.

BEFORE a respectable audience in the City Hall last week Dr Dodds described his visit, while sojourning in New York, to "scenes of licentiousness and wild revelry." Really this is injudicious. If clergymen chose to *desipere in loco* while on their holidays it is but expedient to "keep it dark." Parsons in mufti have been seen at Mabilie, and, in the "good" old days, at Cremorne as well; but they didn't as a rule tell their congregations about it when they came home. Candour is a virtue which may be carried too far.

A Spirit-ed Protest.

MR GEORGE ANDERSON is greatly exercised in spirit—literally in spirit—over the fact that he has to pay ten shillings duty on every gallon of whisky he drinks, whereas a beer-drinker pays only twenty-pence on the same amount of alcohol. He recurred to the subject with great solemnity and emphasis at the St. Andrew Society's dinner last Wednesday evening. Perhaps if Mr Anderson were to represent his case to the Chancellor of the Exchequer he might be granted a special immunity from the objectionable impost in recognition of his services to the Liberal cause. Or there's always the alternative of taking to beer.

"After Dark"—The dawn.

"Car-men"—Tramway guards.

The "Bailie's" Welcome to Manns
and his Men.

RICHT glad am I to see ye, MANNS,
Back at your auld post for a wee,
Surrounded by sic able han's—
— A thaumaturgic company!
Come, a' ye scrapers o' the gut.
Allow me, first, then, *Firsts*, to thank'e;
I canna name ye a' lads, but
I hail you in your gaffer, FRANKE!
And, *Seconds*, there's nae fear o' ye,
Sae lang's ye've ane wha can ye direc';
Then ros'in weel your bows, and see
Your elbows jink alang wi' VIERECK!
Noo, tenors, screw your pegs in tune,
And bum awa' like bees sae drowsy,
I like to hear your cannie croon,
Sae pump your handles a' wi' KRAUSE!
I'm proud ance mair to meet ye, 'cello,
(Ye were o' o(u)ld so ably howelled
Between the knees o' ae guid fellow,
HOW-WELL you're kitted up by OULD!
And basses big, I bow my head,
While in my haun my hat I haud,
To lead ye in your hero tread,
Nae ither wa(u)d I wish than WAUD!
Hail, HUGHES! "I rage, I burn, I melt,"
In summer when I cross the ferry.
Our *azufu'* *Clyde* ye havena smei't,
For, faith, you're "ruddier than the cherry!"
Well WELLS "can play baith high and low;"
Here's to ye and your "magic flute;"
And PACKER wi' your piccolo;
And NELDRETT, lad, for ye can toot!
And oboes, led on by LEBON,
Well named—a *ricder good* alwäy;
And clarinets with CLINTON don;
And cornets with your notes so GAY!
Trombones and drums—a rousin' lot;
And bassoon, wi' your blaw-pipe curled,
You're no the first WOTTON, I wot,
Wha has made music in the world!
Here winter ken we to our cost—
A *harpie* fell and snell is he—
But come, thou gentle MRS FROST,
John aft *hails* us, but we hail thee!
Noo, cock your lugs, for three smart raps
O' baton on the staun' hae come;
Ane-twa-three—there, noo, aff my chaps,
And lap us in Elysium!

"THE LOBSHTER!"—It seems that those of Professor Blackie's fellow-creatures who hold such views as are "entertained in the extreme north-west end of Ross-shire" remind the learned gentleman of lobsters. Some of the Professor's own performances suggest to the public, if not the lobster himself, at least the effects popularly supposed to follow the consumption of that delicate shell-fish at unseasonable hours.

A Skye Association—A balloon society.

EVERY MAN TO HIS TRADE.—Manchester House, by dealing solely in Cottons, Linens, Flannels, Blankets, buy more largely and therefore cheaper than Houses that sell everything. STEPHEN'S, 179 Sauchiehall Street.

"The 'Doughty' Warrior; or, The
Council Alarmed."

A NEW operetta, entitled "A Doughty Warrior," the work of our local composer Neil whose Christian name is Johnny, has just come under the notice of the BAILIE. It belongs in character neither to the music of the past, nor (let us hope) to that of the future. In common with the latter, however, it deals largely in discord, and is written partly on a key of many sharps, and partly on that of one flat. It descends very low in parts, while in a goodly number of bars it rises to quite a shriek. It is thoroughly dramatic in treatment, requiring, as it does, for a perfect performance, a solo war dance in the centre. The accompaniment (a most original piece of writing) is vocal, and its libretto monosyllabic, on the words, "Oh, oh" (*da capo*, *ad infinitum*). This is sustained all through with a peculiarly serio-comic effect. A conspirators' (beg pardon, a Councillors') chorus, also monosyllabic, on the words, "Chair, chair," comes bursting in at the end of every *scene*, and adds much to the "go" of the piece. The BAILIE understands it has been twice publicly performed of late, and ere long, he doubts not, it will again be put upon the Board(s).

What the Greenock Folks are Saying.

THAT Cowan's baby has been taken over by its maternal relatives.
That the Provost wanted the Council to own it.
That they firmly declined to appear on its behalf.
That the odds were nine to one against doing so.
That consequently the chairman had to figure off as a dissenter.
That if the School Board has any pluck left his religious examination scheme will meet with a similar fate.
That "Victim's" letter was not a Christie-an production.
That the convener's reply tore the gross charge to Smith-ereens.
That the Parochials did not anticipate such a fierce blaze when they lighted the Wood fire.
That the Engineer in his reference to the "turning point" forgot his usual modesty.
That it was a pity those in power left him to sound his own praises.
That the people who don't know how to behave themselves at dinner like rational beings deserve to be bowled out.

THOSE WICKED YANKEES!—The Rev. Dr Dodds professes to be mightily scandalised at the idea of papers being published on Sunday in New York, and rejoices that we have not sunk to a similar depth of depravity in this country. That's all very well, Doctor; but when do you think the paper you complacently peruse on Monday morning is got up and printed?

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.

Quavers.

A CONCERT was given by the Caledonian Railway Musical Association on Friday evening last. The programme, which consisted chiefly of part-songs, included a new composition for voices, "The River," words by Longfellow and the music by one of the members of the society. The music is of the chorale character, the voice parts running smoothly, and the harmonic progressions indicating, as a rule, knowledge and feeling. We may expect to see something better yet from the same hand.

—o—

To-night (Tuesday), the seventh series of Choral and Orchestral Concerts begins, and auspiciously, with Haydn's brilliant and melodious oratorio-cantata, "The Creation." Madame Albani—whom, BAILIE, gallant as your Worship always is, you have added to your gallery this week—is chief soprano, a splendid choice; Mr Frank Boyle being tenor, in place of Mr M'Guckin, indisposed, and Mr Thurley Beale bass. Mr Manns conducts, and Dr Peace presides at the organ.

At next Tuesday's concert, Mademoiselle Louise Pyk is the vocalist, and M. Emile Sauret solo violin.

The first of the popular concerts in connection with the scheme comes off on Saturday. There will be two overtures ("Rienzi," Wagner, and "Leonore No. 2," Beethoven), a symphony (Schubert No. 8 in B minor, unfinished), a violin solo and violin concerto, with the ballet music from Rubinstein's "Feramors," the gavotte from Mignon, and a mazurka de concert by Mr Manns. M. Emile Sauret will be violinist, his first appearance in Scotland, and there will be vocal solos, though the name of the singer is not yet announced. This is a brilliant programme, speaking eloquently both for the taste of the Saturday evening audiences, and for the judgment of Mr Manns and those assisting him in making the selection.

—o—

Glasgow people cannot but have been delighted to learn of the splendid reception the Select Choir under Mr Allan met with in London on Tuesday night last. St. James's Hall was crowded to the doors, probably one-third of the large audience being in evening dress. Hundreds had to leave without obtaining admittance, many making the best of it with the nigger Scotch entertainment next door! The choir was in excellent voice, and both in the firmer and bolder music, as "Hail to the Chief," and "The Tramp Chorus," and in the tender strains of Scotch melody, as in "Wae's me for Prince Charlie" (Lambeth), and "Ye banks and braes" (Macfarren), created a genuine impression. So many choirs go up to London, it seems, only to be a disappointment, that the pleasure must have been all the greater in finding that the choir singing was so highly worthy of esteem. The London *Figaro*, a journal not slow to speak its mind if anything offends, has nothing but the highest praise for the choir. "Such admirable part-singing," it says, "particularly of humorous and other Scottish glees, has not been heard in London for some time, while the pure Scottish dialect was an agreeable change from the miserable imitations of the Northern accent attempted by our own excellent vocalists." The *Figaro* adds very flatteringly, that "under the direction of their conductor, Mr James Allan, the choir have evidently been trained as highly as Henry Leslie's choir once were."

Encores were the order of the evening, nearly every piece by the choir having to be repeated. Mr Macbeth's clever arrangement of "The Laird of Cockpen" tickled the audience immensely, and the other local arrangement ("Up in the mornin'") which the choir took up with them, not forgetting Mr Moodie's "Willie Wastle," seemed to be highly acceptable. The trio, "Willie brewed," was beautifully sung, and was encored.

The acoustics of St. James's Hall are something to be envied. The faintest whisper of sound is clearly heard in its remotest parts. It is brilliantly lighted and cheerfully decorated—two really very desirable matters in connection with concert halls.

After the concert, let it be added in a word or two, the choir were treated to supper by Mr Austin, the entrepreneur, and the most complimentary remarks were made regarding their singing.

The choir were there and then offered an engagement for the next Festival, when they will probably give one or two other concerts, with selections from their general repertory. Travelling by the Glasgow and South-Western and Midland lines, and putting up at the Midland Grand Hotel, St. Pancras, they could not have been more comfortably treated. They had, by the way, quite an ovation on leaving on Saturday evening se'night

—o—

The crowded audiences at the Carl Rosa performances last week prove the firm hold this unique and high-class operatic company have now obtained in Glasgow. "Mignon," "The Bohemian Girl," "Faust," "Maritana," "Carmen," and "Stradella" (this last very genuine music, by the way), were the operas performed. The attraction, it will thus be seen, was not in the novelty of the music, but in the evenness of the artists and completeness of the ensemble. The Carl Rosa Opera Company will return to Mr Bernard's neat, cosy theatre again in March.

—o—

Lively "Natives."

"THAE Eerish" are certainly progressing backwards in the most rapid manner. When they have succeeded in driving every honest man out of their native country, those of them who survive the subsequent internecine shindy will probably strip off their rags and take to painting their hides blue, after the fashion of the aboriginal Briton. The latest item regarding the manners and customs of "the foinest pisantry" came out last week during a Board of Trade inquiry into the loss of a Glasgow steamer which was wrecked off the Galway coast and attacked by "the natives"—such is the expression gravely used in evidence. The story, which reads like one from the South Pacific, may be recommended to the calm consideration of Mr John Ferguson and his patriotic friends.

—o—

FAIR FLORA DECKS.—While under the new Lord Provost somewhat floury oratory might be looked for, we scarcely expected to find the Council Chamber transformed into a hot-house. [We refer not to the warmth of the eloquence of Councillor Neil, but to the decoration by means of ornamental plants and shrubs.]

THEATRE ROYAL.

(Under Royal Letters-Patent from The Crown.)

Manager,.....Miss LITTON (Mrs W. Robertson).
LAST WEEK OF DRAMATIC SEASON.

TO-NIGHT, at 7-30,

DOCTOR DAVY.

MR HERMANN VEZIN as *David Garrick*.

At Quarter to 9,

PAUL PRY.

Mr LIONEL BROUGH as *Paul Pry*.

On WEDNESDAY, December 15th, will be produced, on a scale of great magnificence, the

GRAND PANTOMIME,

BO PEEP AND LITTLE BOY BLUE.

Doors Open 6-30. Commence 7-30.

Seats may be secured by telegraph, letter, or personally Addressed "BOX OFFICE, THEATRE-ROYAL."

T H E G A I E T Y.

Proprietor and Director,Mr C. BERNARD.
 Manageress.....Mrs BERNARD.

SIX NIGHTS ONLY.

THE VOKES FAMILY.

Box Office Open Daily from 10 till 4.

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.

TO-NIGHT (TUESDAY), 7th Dec., and Following Evenings.

Mr CHARLES WYNHAM'S

COMEDY COMPANY,

In the Great Criticism Success

"BETSY,"

Preceded at 7-30 by a Domestic Drama,

"MARY'S SECRET."

P R I N C E O F W A L E S T H E A T R E.

Lessee and Manager, Mr ANDREW NEILSON.

SATURDAY, 11th DECEMBER, 1880.

G R A N D C O M I C P A N T O M I M E,

MR ROBERT ROY,

HIELAN HELEN, his Wife, and DOUGAL the DODGER,

(Specially Written for this Theatre by Mr Wm. Lowe.)

Supported by a powerful cast of Glasgow Favourites, including the names of

Mr Alfred Davis, Mr Wm. Gourlay, Mr Wm. Lowe, Mr Sidney Hayes, Mr Tom Ward, Mr H. W. Monte, Andy Robertson, Mdle. Zerlina Zerbini, Miss Agnes Milnes, Miss Etty Morris, Miss Lizzie Scobie, Miss Jeanie Russell, Mdle. Jennett, and Grand Ballet.

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116 STOCKWELL STREET,

Proprietrix and Manageress,.....Mrs BAYLIS.

The most popular place of Amusement in the city. Nightly crowded with delighted audiences. Largest and best Variety Company in Scotland.

Concert at 7; Saturday, 6.

Prices to suit all classes.

A L E X A N D R A R E C R E A T I O N H A L L S,

92 GALLOWGATE, NEAR CROSS.

BILLIARDS, BOWLING, etc., etc.

FIRST-CLASS TABLES AND BOWLING ALLEYS.

Admission Free.

CIGARS AND TOBACCOS OF FINEST QUALITY.

92 GALLOWGATE.

(Few Doors East of Cross.)

C I T Y H A L L S A T U R D A Y E V E N I N G C O N C E R T S.

SATURDAY, 11th DECEMBER.

In consequence of Great Success Last Season,

Allan Ramsay's Beautiful Pastoral,

"THE GENTLE SHEPHERD,"

In scene and character, with Incidental Music; and

BURNS' "TAM O' SHANTER & SOUTER JOHNNIE."

CHARACTERS—"GENTLE SHEPHERD."

Peggy, - Miss MINNIE BELL	Bauldy, Mr WM. CRAWFORD
Jenny, - Miss AGNES BARR	Roger, Mr A. S. MARTIN
Mause, - Mrs WM. GOURLAY	Symon, Mr ALF. WILSON
Madge, - Mr JAS. HOUSTON	Claud, Mr J. W. CROSS
Patie, - Mr W. H. DARLING	Sir W. Worthy, Mr W.S. VAL-LANCE.

"TAM O' SHANTER AND SOUTER JOHNNIE."

Tam.....Mr ALF. WILSON. | Souter...Mr JAMES HOUSTON.

Mr F. W. BRIDGMAN, Pianist.

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.

G L A S G O W C H O R A L U N I O N.

GRAND CHORAL CONCERT.

ST ANDREW'S HALL,

TO-NIGHT (TUESDAY,) 7th DECEMBER.

HAYDN'S CREATION.

SOLO VOCALISTS.

MADAME ALBANI.

(First Appearance in Oratorio in Scotland, and Only Appearance this Season.)

Mr FRANK BOYLE, Mr THURLEY BEALE.

CHORUS—THE GLASGOW CHORAL UNION.

GRAND ORCHESTRA OF SIXTY PERFORMERS.

CONDUCTOR,Mr AUGUST MANN'S.

Doors Open at 7; Concert at 8.

Tickets—10s 6d, 6s 6d, 4s, 3s—from Paterson, Sons & Co., 152 Buchanan Street. No Shilling Admission.

Subscribers may still be enrolled for the Series of Concerts. Prospectuses may be had from the principal Musicsellers, and from Mr John Wallace, Secretary, 58 West Regent Street.

G L A S G O W C H O R A L U N I O N.

CREATION, 7TH DECEMBER, 1880.

Mr BARTON M GUCKIN being Seriously Ill and Unable to Fulfil his Engagement, the Committee have secured the Services of Mr FRANK BOYLE, the New Tenor.

P U B L I C H A L L, M A I N S T R E E T B R I D G E T O N.

HANDEL'S "MESSIAH."

CHRISTMAS-EVE, 24th DECEMBER, 1880.

For the BENEFIT of the DESTITUTE WIDOWS and ORPHANS in the EASTERN DISTRICT of the City.

Under the distinguished Patronage of the Hon. Lord Provost URE and Magistrates of Glasgow.

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Miss JESSIE COWAN....." "

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A N D E R S T O N P A R I S H C H U R C H

BAZAA R will be held in the

FINE-ART INSTITUTE GALLERIES,

SAUCHIEHALL STREET,

On THURSDAY, FRIDAY, AND SATURDAY, the 16TH, 17TH, and 18TH DECEMBER, 1880.

The Bazaar will be open each day at 12 Noon.

On Thursday, by the Very Rev. Principal CAIRD, D.D.

On Friday, by the Right Hon. JOHN M'LAREN, Lord-Advocate.

On Saturday, by the Rev. J. MARSHALL LANG, D.D.

The Bazaar will be Open each of these days from 12 Noon till 10 p m.

Cars from all parts of the City pass the Galleries every few minutes.

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A Special Branch of the Business, and one to which particular attention is paid, is that of CARVING, GILDING, and PICTURE FRAME MAKING by Skilled Workmen, the Prices charged for such being only a little over materials and wages. Estimates given for all kinds of Re-Gilding. Business being conducted solely on Ready-Money principles, both as regards buying and selling, every advantage will be offered to the Trade and Public
All are Invited, Free of Charge, to visit our Gallery.

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A Recital on the Organ will be given by the City Organist, MR LAMBETH, on the afternoon of SATURDAY FIRST, at FOUR o'Clock prompt.

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BRET HARTE, Esq.

ST. ANDREW'S HALL, MONDAY, 13th DECEMBER, 1880
Subject—"The Argonauts of '49."

SIR WILLIAM THOMSON in the Chair.

Tickets to be had from the Booksellers and at the Secretary's Office, 114 Bath Street.

Carriages to be ordered at 9-15.

NOTICE.—In order to prevent overcrowding, Single Admission Tickets cannot be sold at the Hall until 7-45 P.M., by which time Ticket-holders are expected to be seated.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Thursday, 9th December, at Twelve o'Clock.

EXTENSIVE PUBLIC SALE OF

900 OUNCES SOLID SILVER PLATE

(Which belonged to a Lady deceased, and removed from No. 5 Buckingham Terrace for convenience of Sale),

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell the above, by Auction, in their Rooms, North Court, St. Vincent Place, on Thursday, 9th December, at Twelve o'clock prompt.

The SOLID SILVER comprises—Tea and Coffee Sets, Hot-Water Kettle and Stand, Salvers, Hot-Water and Claret Jugs, Fruit Knives and Forks, with Mother-o'-Pearl Handles; Table and Breakfast Forks, Table, Dessert, Tea, Egg, Salt, and Mustard Spoons; Soup divider, Toddy and Cream Ladles, Cruetframes.

The SILVER-PLATED ARTICLES are of the Finest Quality and include—Soup Tureens, Entree Dishes, Epergne, 4 Dome-Shaped Dish Covers, Coffee Tray with Silver Mounts; Cake Baskets, 4 Gilt Fruit Spoons in Case, 6-Cup Egg Frame, Hot-Water Kettle, Candelabra, Pillar and Chamber Candlesticks, Toast Rack, Nut Crackers, Grape Scissors, Cise Ivory-Handled Cutlery, &c., &c.

On View Morning of Sale.

Details in Catalogues, which will be sent post free on application.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 6th Dec., 1880.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Friday, 10th December at One o'clock.

PUBLIC SALE OF

SEVENTY OF THE LATE SAM BOUGH'S SKETCHES,
All very powerful and suggestive.The Sketches were got direct from the Artist's Widow, and are signed by her as being genuine. The sale will afford his admirers an opportunity of obtaining *souvenirs* of this talented Artist, without expending the large sums which his finished Works now command.

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell the above, by Auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, North Court, St. Vincent Place, on Friday, 10th December, at One o'clock.

On View on Day Prior to Sale.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 6th December, 1880.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Friday, 10th December.
PUBLIC SALE OF

MODERN PICTURES,

Including the Private Collection of a Gentleman in Greenock.

Among the Artists represented are

Sam. Bough, R.S.A.,

A. K. Brown,

Tom Donald,

Jos. Henderson,

G. P. Chalmers, R.S.A.,

E. T. Crawford, R.S.A.,

And others equally well-known.

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On View on Day Prior to Sale.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 6th December, 1880.

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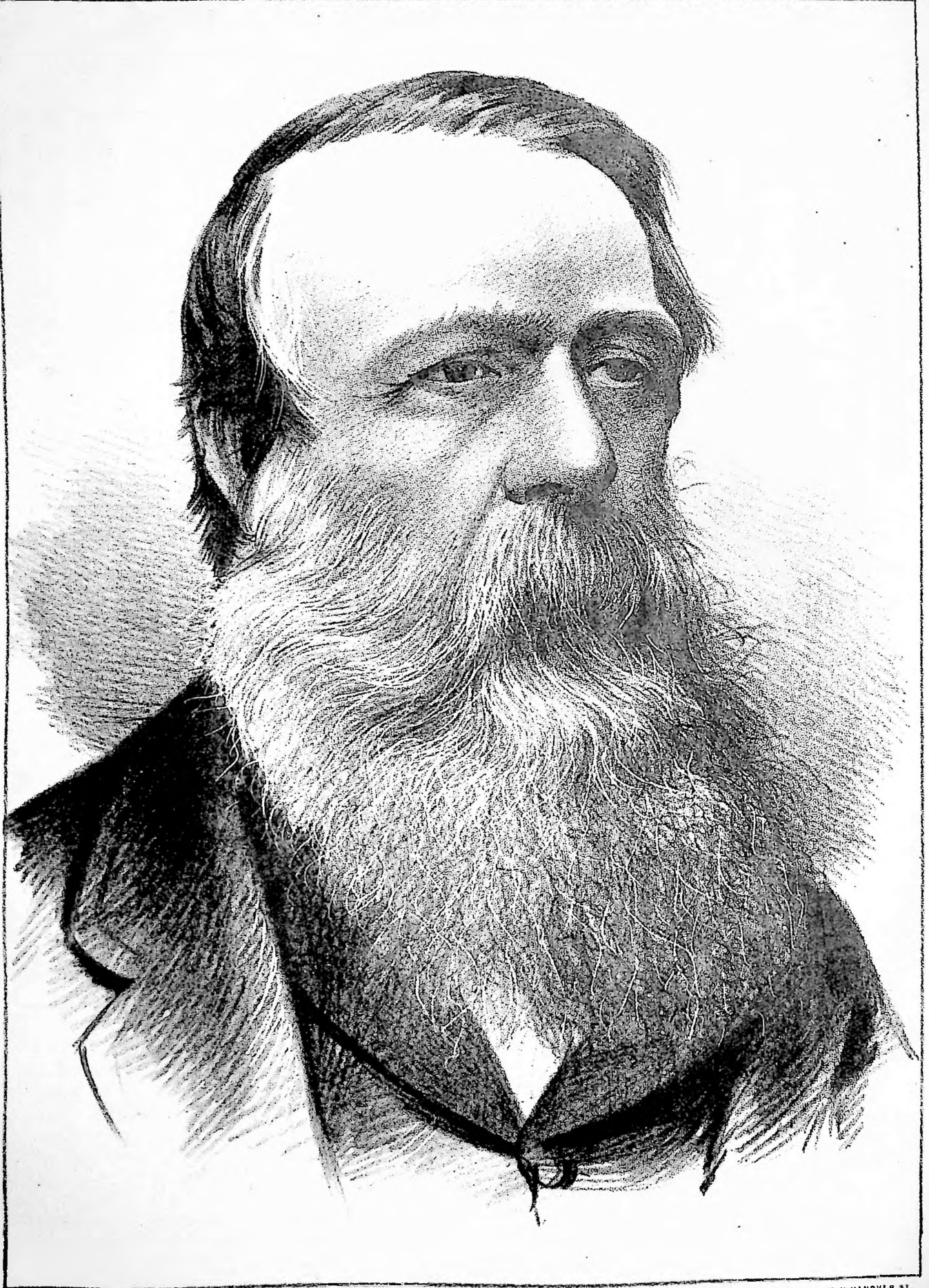
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177 TRONGATE (Next to Chalmers & Co.'s), and
42 BRIDGE STREET, S.S. (Near the Station).

Established Twenty-Five Years.





The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 426. Glasgow, Wednesday, December 15th, 1880. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 426.

WHEN the BAILIE read Dr W. G. BLACKIE'S speech at the recent meeting of "lay office-bearers of the Free Church in and around Glasgow" he could hardly refrain from rubbing his eyes and inquiring, after the manner of a certain hero of his, whether "things is what they seem?" Dr BLACKIE was pointed enough as regards persons—he dubbed Dr Kennedy "the Bishop of Dingwall," a cognomen which must be as gall and wormwood to that lineal descendant of Habakkuk Mucklewrath, and, having a wholesome sense of the terrors of kirk discipline before him, he termed Mr William Kidston "the Presbyter of Helensburgh." But it was not with regard to the personal matters referred to by our friend that the BAILIE felt anxious. His entire speech was an indictment against the fathers and brethren of the Free Kirk. Dr BLACKIE smote them, so to speak, hip and thigh, till it at last seemed that the "majority of the Assembly," or rather of the Commission of the Assembly, were quite as "peculiar" as that gentleman sung of by Mr Bret Harte, "whose ways they were dark and whose tricks they were vain." This quick contemner of Bishops and Presbyters is a notable rather than a known figure in Glasgow. We are all familiar with the publishing firm of Blackie & Son, but W. G. BLACKIE, Ph.D.—which latter phrase, being interpreted, means Doctor of Philosophy, stands towards the majority of the present generation in something of the relation of an unknown quantity. Dr BLACKIE, however, albeit that he has overpassed his grand climacteric by some four, or it may be five years, and that he seldom lets his voice be heard on any matter of parochial import, is of those whose salt gives savour to our entire city. He

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is at once a scholar and a man of affairs. Of an eminently judicial turn of mind, as his speech already alluded to is a sufficient indication, Dr BLACKIE has yet a keen appreciation of poetry, and he is himself the author of various lyrics, some of which are tender and affectionate in their tone, while others are informed with the very spirit of liveliness and good humour. And it is not by right of his lyrics alone that the Man you Know has gained the position he occupies. Dr BLACKIE, after studying as a boy at Glasgow University, went, or rather he was sent to the University of Leipzig, and all his life he has kept up a close connection with Germany. From the time he quitted College Dr BLACKIE became a voluminous contributor to magazines and reviews. He wrote much on Geography, and as an outcome of his geographical studies we have had the "Imperial Gazetteer" and the "Imperial Atlas," two works which are still among the very best and most reliable in the language. He early founded the printing business of W. G. Blackie & Co., as an adjunct to that of Blackie & Son—the respected founder of which, Mr John Blackie, sen., died only the other day, as it seems—a firm which, as regards capital typography and general style in everything issued from its presses, takes a foremost place in printing and publishing ranks. Much of this success is directly due to the efforts of the Man you Know, who is a practical printer, and who has long taken a personal superintendence of all the work of the firm. Dr BLACKIE may be said to have issued the first daily sheet ever published in Glasgow, this having been a leaflet sent out every day in connection with the famous Industrial Exhibition held four-and-thirty years ago in the City Hall. The old Dilettante Society, the forerunner of our Fine Art Institute, numbered Dr BLACKIE among its promoters; at the Social Science

meeting in Glasgow twenty years ago he acted as a local Secretary; and he was likewise a local Secretary at the Glasgow meeting of the British Association in 1876. Perhaps, however, the main services rendered by Dr BLACKIE to the city have been rendered in connection with education. He was clerk to the General Council of the University for the long space of fourteen years, and he has constantly interested himself in the promotion of secondary education amongst us. The greater number of our local benevolent societies number him among their supporters, and there are few charitable projects, indeed, to which the firm of Blackie & Son are not subscribers. Coming back at the close to the Robertson-Smith case, the BAILIE would point out that it seems somewhat ominous for the prosperity of the Kirk when people like the Man you Know, Dr Anderson Kirkwood, and Professor M'Kendrick, protest publicly, and with the vigour all three have shown, against the action of the party headed by Drs Begg and Kennedy. Dr BLACKIE is an elder in Kelvinside Free Church, and it was mainly through his influence that the meeting of the Free Assembly was held in this city in 1878. To-day, however, he is declaring that "justice must be done, even though the theory of the church as interpreted by the orthodox, must go to the wall." What result will flow from the present dispute does not yet appear. Neither faction seems inclined to resile from the position it has adopted, and there are not wanting those, both outside and inside the Free Church fold, who are already prophesying that the religious life of the country will ere long be stirred to its depths by another Disruption.

THE GOLD "CRAZE."—In the case of the "Potosi Gold Mining Company (Limited)," advertised in the local papers, an agreement is said to exist with one "Martin Craze." That arch-cynic, "Scrutator," would say that the name is significant and appropriate.

EQUINE TEMPERANCE. — A "temperate" hunter is advertised for sale. The expression means, no doubt, that he "takes water" well.

A MATTER OF DISTINCTION.—At the Theatre Royal it's "Her Majesty's Servants," but at the Prince of Wales it's "*Ich Dien*," the Prince himself that serves.

A Sharp Point—Freezing point.

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.

Here We are Again.

"A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year."—*Marmion*.

NOW to mirth we must resign us,
Christmas time is all but here;
Care and business-bustle minus—
What have they to do with cheer?—
We will laugh out eighteen-eighty,
And await the new-year's chime;
Then again to matters weighty—
Meantime, welcome Pantomime!

Welcome in that mirth provoker—
Who likes can it childish call—
Something's wrong if clown and pocker
Can't bring out a laugh from all;
Something's wrong if, in our hurry,
We can't spare some little time
Just to sink our wordly-worry
In a yell at Pantomime.

Surely something would be wrong if
We such pleantry could miss;
No time e'er was meant for song if
'Twas not such a time as this;
Such a time as this then, willing
Could I dole my every rhyme
Into callous hearts instilling
All the joys of Pantomime.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

(Scene—Bill-poster's station, last Thursday evening; two knowing ones reading Theatre-Royal play-bill.)

First Knowing One (reads)—At 7-30, No. 1 Round the Corner.

Second ditto (looking lower down)—At 9-45, Man is Not Perfect.

(Both "corner men" can supply the connecting link.)

"HIGH ENGLISH."—The BAILIE has often given expression to the keen delight with which he is surprised by the sayings and doings of his friend the reporter, and he cannot resist the temptation of reproducing a couple of samples of "fine English" which he met with the other day in paragraphs side by side. In one a bird-show is called an "ornithological exhibition," and in the other a fellow who had taken to drinking is said to have "given way to an excessive employment of alcoholic stimulants." What a pity De Quincy isn't alive to-day! These "elegant extracts" would have given him truer pleasure than the finest sample of opium.

A Wasteful and Ridiculous Excess—To paint the "Lilley."

"Pen and Pencil"—Mr Honeyman and "the plans."

The chain of office—The watchdog's.

WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.—That Manchester House for supplying Cottons, Linens, Flannels, Blankets, direct from the Mills, meets a long felt want.—Stephen's, 179 Sauchiehall St.

An Ideal Idea.

MESSRS STRAHAN & CO. include in their programme for next year's *Day of Rest* a series of sketches of "Ideal Men and Women," from the pens of Messrs Reade, Trollope, Black, Hardy, Buchanan, Blackmore, and other writers more or less known to fame. The various authors are to give their "ideals," but the sketches are to be unsigned, leaving the reader to exercise his ingenuity in their identification. This isn't a bad notion, and the BAILIE has half a mind to indulge, for once, in the sincerest form of flattery, and go in for an opposition series. What do his readers say? The worst of it is, however, that the "ideals" of the Ass, Bauldy, Peter, and the rest, would be nothing more nor less than attempts at self-portraiture; and his Worship is not sure that this remark will not apply to the *Day of Rest* series as well. The "ideal" of Charles Reade, for instance, or Robert Buchanan, is easily sketched in two words.

"A FINE PLACE GLASCA."
(Scene—Street in Oban.)

Archie (to Lauchie who has been to Glasgow, and has just returned home)—And how tid you'll like to see Glasca in ta train, Lauchie. Is't as fine a place as Oban?"

Lauchie—Oh yess, it'll pe a *fine* place inteed. When she got there she shust got hersel' fined thirty days, or twenty shillin's prisonment for forget to buy her ticket from ta station.

FRANCE AND—GREENOCK!—An eccentric Greenockian, who signs himself vaguely "Henry Coleridge, Secretary," has been "fraternally saluting" the new regicide party in France, and has been accordingly taken to the arms of that "mildest mannered man," M. Felix Pyat, who predicts, in the *Marseillaise*, the coming of "the Great Republic of France, the World, and Greenock!" Coleridge must be an amooisin' cuss, whoever he is; but why should he and his regicidal chum leave Gourrock, Kilmalcolm, and Port-Glasgow out in the cold? The BAILIE says nothing of his own good city, which has, he fears, been scarcely educated up to the regicidal, or even republican, mark.

The great Christmas Number—The number of people expecting "boxes."

A "Shoor" Defence—An umbrella.

EVERY MAN TO HIS TRADE.—Manchester House, by dealing solely in Cottons, Linens, Flannels, Blankets, buy more largely and therefore cheaper than Houses that sell everything. STEPHEN'S, 179 Sauchiehall Street.

To Dealers in Small-Pox.

MR G. O. TREVELYAN, M.P., Secretary to the Admiralty, and "nephew of his uncle," thinks that "parties" (*sic*) who object to vaccination should be fined once for all, and never troubled again. This singular idea has already been propounded by greater "Liberal" lights than Mr Trevelyan; but how would it strike him and his douce constituents of Hawick and Galashiels if it were put thus:—"To Idiots and Fanatics.—Licences to spread small-pox for sale. Apply to the nearest Magistrate?" The same principle, if once admitted, might well be extended to other sins against society. "Liberal" politicians, when fishing for support, sometimes say things that are very much worse than foolish.

HOW SHE GOT OUT OF IT.

(Scene—Shop in country town.)

Affable Grocer (to smart slavey purchasing washing-soda)—Do you wash weekly, bi-weekly, or tri-weekly?

Smart Slavey—We wesh yinst a fortnicht.
[Collapse of affable grocer.]

A STAND-UP A(U)CTION,
At meeting of th' Improvement Trust,
The sword that long has lain in rust
Shall find a foeman worth its steel,
If Morrison's opposed to Neil.

WATERY ATTRACTIONS.—Mr Bright is, it seems, about to visit a certain hydropathic establishment on the Gareloch. This is sure to be a "draw" with certain classes of the community, and other houses would do well to go in for some counter-attraction. It would pay to engage Mr Ruskin, or, if he is not available, there is Mr John Ferguson, or either of the Jeemses, who have now "got no work to do."

"IT'S AN ILL WIND," &C.—Mr J. Dick Peddie, M.P., was last week prevented by illness from addressing his constituents. The BAILIE sympathises with the honourable gentleman in his affliction; but the magisterial regret is somewhat chastened by the consideration that Mr Peddie's indisposition probably obviated several attacks of still more acute indisposition on the part of his prospective hearers.

"Painting the Lilleys"—The rev. gentleman's and his lady's—disclosed—opinions of one another.

Both cause and effect in Ireland—Rent.'

Furniture for Cash "Doon on the Nail." GARDNER & HARDIE, 42 Great Clyde Street.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—The event for to-night in theatrical circles is the reappearance of Miss Margaret Aitken. This takes place at the Royalty, and ought to attract large audiences, not only to-night, but every night of the present week, to Mr Knapp's theatre. Miss Aitken, as an artist, belongs to an older school of art than that at present in our midst. It does not follow, however, that the older style of art was less legitimate or less perfect than the style which now obtains, not only in Glasgow, but over the country generally. Certainly the modern "cuff-shooter"—the young man of Society who goes on the stage—is a very different personage from Gustavus Brooke.

During her visit to the Royalty, Miss Aitken will sustain the parts of *Madge Wildfire* and *Iolanthe*.

Mr Knapp has just concluded an engagement with Mr J. L. Toole, who will come down to Glasgow early in the summer of next year.

The pantomime of "Little Boy Blue" at the Theatre-Royal has already been rehearsed some two or three times, and promises exceedingly well. A farm-yard scene, in which a cow—a real "Crummie," mind you, not a "property" one—and quite a swarm of cocks, and hens, and such small deer, play an important part, is certain to "fetch" the public. Miss Litton, moreover, has engaged quite an army of youngsters, who warble a series of rhymes expressive of the charms of a country life, and the leaders of whom will be a number of trained choisters selected from the leading London church choirs.

The scenery, which is mainly by Mr William Glover and Mr Perkins, is peculiarly bright and attractive. "Little Boy Blue" will be produced on Wednesday evening.

Mr Bernard's pantomime of "Lurline" will be represented for the first time on Thursday. Every new pantomime at the Gaiety seems more successful than its predecessor, and judging of the future by the past we may expect that "Lurline" will draw not only "the town" but "the country" as well.

"The Babes in the Wood" was played on Saturday by Mr Beryl at the Royal Princesses, before a packed house. There was a certain roughness about the performance, but this will probably disappear after one or two representations. No question need be asked about the popularity of the piece.

"They say" that the Rev. Joseph Cook, of Boston, who has come specially "over" to warn us against the peculiar evils of our ways, exacts £30 for each public appearance he makes—only he throws in the Sunday evening services, "free gratis, for nothing."

What a falling off there will be in the coming Educational Congress, or dominies' Trades' Union, as compared with the last! Then the "new profession" posed *in excelsis*. What with the St. Andrew's Hall conversazione, the St. Enoch Hotel dinner, the personal attentions of a real live Lord Provost, the patronage of Gilmorehill savants and Schule Brod potentates, our dominies were fooled to the top of their bent. Now the scene is changed. Their sittings in "congress" on the 3rd and 4th prox., yea even the conversazione itself, are all to be held in the humble Smith Institute of ancient Stirling, with not a Man you know to do them reverence! Verily this is a drop quite too dreadfully "Prodigious!"

The members of the local branch of the Educational Institute of Scotland are promised a treat on Saturday at noon. Professor Jack, whilom School Inspector, Editor, &c., lectures in one of the "City Pubs," of course, on "The Ober-Ammergau Passion-Play." "The play's the thing" to draw.

I hear that not a third of the Normal students, who are this week in the agonies of their "big go" for a certificate, have any immediate prospect of securing a "crib," now that their seven years' grinding are over. There is a glut in the education market, especially on the other side of the Border; the reason thereof is not far to seek.

I told you some months ago that the *Mail* cry for next School Board election would be "Free Education!" You may have noticed that to-morrow night in the City Hall, and under the auspices of the Liberal Workmen's Electoral Union, Dr Cameron, M.P., holds forth on this very subject.

Out of the £25,000 which the proprietors of the Botanic Gardens propose to borrow from the Corporation, their notion is to pay £10,000 to Mr Maxton on account of that terrible "white elephant" the Kibble Palace.

How charmed our friend "the working man"—the greatest nuisance going, according to Commissioner Ker, of London, and a good many other people as well—must be to find that, from and after the First of May next, the City Registrars must work six hours longer per week for his special behoof! The "Working Man," forsooth.

I am reminded in this connection that, when that bright and shining light, Mr Henry Broadhurst, came to lecture our industrial classes, it was discovered that he couldn't exactly fill the City Hall which had been engaged for him, and that so poor was the turn-out of his supporters he and they had to vacate it in favour of the Lesser Hall, and that even then there was a beggarly account of empty benches in front of the M P.

Some time ago I mentioned that Mr Hengler would not be with us this year, but that a visit might be expected from Mr Myers of hippodromic fame. You will see by an announcement in another place that this big show opens on Saturday night in Newsome's Circus. An old friend, Harry Montague, who was for a long time Mr Hengler's business agent for the West Nile Street house, holds a similar post in Mr Myers's establishment.

There has just been placed in Paisley Cemetery a statue by the late Mr Fillans, which has been put into marble by Mr Mossman. It is designed in a sitting attitude, and represents Grief—"Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted."

A REASON FOR EVERYTHING.

(Scene—Board School in the south of Scotland.)
Pupil Teacher (to Standard III. on the eve of H. M. Inspector's examination)—Now, remember to write bold half-text for the Inspector to-morrow.

Thoughtful Small Boy—Is the Inspector blin'?
[Collapse of pupil teacher.]

SPINNING IT OUT.—Those commercial reports in the papers often display a singular waste of words. What, for instance, was the use of telling us the other day that "spinners" were "somewhat unsettled." If a fellow's a spinner—in other words, "on the spin"—of course he's unsettled.

One who will not "bless the priest of Aberbrothock"—Mrs Lilley.

"Boycotting" in Glasgow—Boycotting the Irish out of it.

The Real want of Ireland—Another Saint Patrick to banish the residue of the varmint.

"Well" Worth a Visit—A healing spring.

A "Manual" of Music—A hurdy-gurdy.

Lays by Our Lady Laureate.

No. 2.—A SOUP-GON.
 I'M very fond of munching
 Up trifles light and sweet;
 You'll often find me lunching
 At "John's," in Gordon Street.
 Alone? dear Mab, how silly!
 That isn't quite my way;
 I take *my* brother Willie—
 Or, better, *yours*—to pay!

"PREVIOUS PEFORE."

(Scene—Mrs Burnes' Hotel, Dornoch.)

Commercial Traveller (to John, the Highland postboy)—You have been a good while in Mrs Burnes' service now, John.

John (after some consideration)—Och, yes, sir. You'll see I was with her previous pefore, and it is now two years since I didn't come back.

"THE MODEL VILLAGE."—According to a gentleman who "orated" at a dinner given the other evening in celebration of Mr Crum's return to Parliament, Thornliebank is "the model village of Scotland." It is to be hoped that this gentleman fully weighed his words before giving them utterance. They come on the average Glasgow mind with the force of heretical revelation. What has Gourcock done to be deposed from the proud position of *the* model village—supreme in "pubs" and "doukin'?" Thornliebank must be prepared to show more than a Crum(b) of reason before we can admit its claim.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—If familiarity doesn't breed contempt, at all events it breeds brevity. Take, for instance, those appalling letters in the *Herald* on the subject of a famous Aberdeen professor, encyclopædist, and heretic. Granny used at first to head those terrible columns, "The Professor Robertson Smith Case." After a little the title came down to "The Robertson Smith Case." And one day last week the ancient dame went in for brevity with a vengeance, and simply printed "The Smith Case!" After all, what *is* in a name—or a "heading?"

NEW READING OF AN' OLD SAW.
 "Cucullus non facit monachum"—
 "Hood can't make a gentleman."

The "Sweets" of Matrimony.—Mr and Mrs Lil(ie)y.

The "Bos(s)" of the Show—Mr Calman's Bullock.

Played out—"The European Concert."
 Played in—Our Orchestral Concerts,

On 'Change.

THERE has been a kind of lull in business for a week. As the Stock Exchange settlement approached, people showed increasing disinclination to do anything. The consequence was that prices declined. They ought never to have gone up. London advices are to the effect that the rise in North British was due to the anxiety to buy here. I am at a loss to discover why anybody should have shown anxiety to buy, but there is no doubt that some folks did. The settlement will very likely enable them to realise the fact that they made a slight mistake.

Since last week numerous appeals have been made to the investing public on behalf of various companies. None of them seem to be able to raise the necessary funds in their own districts so they come to Glasgow for as much as they can get out of it. Somebody wants to buy out an estate at Newcastle. Another wants to lay down tramways in Surrey. A third desires to provide a water-works company for Antwerp. A fourth wishes to rehabilitate Peru in the confidence of capitalists. A fifth has implicit confidence in the mines of Colorado, where the beetles come from, and insists upon the desirable nature of investments there. Investors might just as well see that Newcastle, Surrey, Antwerp, Peru, and Colorado should look to themselves. In any case they ought to provide the ordinary stock, and capitalists in the district ought to insist upon having securities which conveyed a preferential claim. With the example of Benhar close to their own doors, it is difficult to see how anything else should be done.

The advance in the Bank rate occasioned no surprise. It consequently did not cause any inconvenience. Business men would just as soon work under a 3 per cent. dispensation as under one at 2½. They might possibly prefer the higher rate as indicating that more business was to be done.

I learn from the daily papers that the Staffordshire Insurance directors had applications for three times the capital they wanted. As the paragraph is the same in all the papers, I conclude that it must have been supplied by the directors themselves. It ought therefore to be accepted as authentic, and it proves to my mind that there are three times more fools in the world than I had any notion of.

SCRUTATOR.

THE NEWS-BOYS' PARADISE.

(Scene—Stirling Railway Station.)

Irate Stirling Gent. (who cannot find a news-boy, to porter at some distance)—Hie, Wullie! where are all the newsboys?

Porter—I'll turn some of them out, sir.

[Porter appears shortly pushing a newsboy before him.]

I. S. G. (to porter)—Now, Wullie, it's just the same every morning. Where do these boys go to?

Porter—Oh, the refreshment rooms, sir.

I. S. G.—The refreshment rooms! What do they do in the refreshment rooms?

Porter—A' weel ye see, sir, the lasses o' the rooms feed the boy's wi' cookies tae let them look at the picters, and they sit and chow there a' morning.

Lex Pace v. Lex Talionis.—The Ass thinks the Rev. J. P. Lilley might have been more fortunately—Mr Lilley, J.P.

Mot for May-o—Now is the winter of our discontent made hot as summer by Chief-Justice May.

Quavers.

IT would seem to be the correct thing, BAILIE, to write slightly of Haydn—a good old soul, you know, but a very elementary musician, and so on; and generally, with our new series of concerts, we are treated once more to the old depreciation of the past and laudation of the present. We are in, too, for the usual pedantically written, lengthy concert notices, to wade through which in these busy times it is really too much to expect of us. By the way, our old friend "Otto Jahn" comes to the front again as an authority. It looks well, of course, to trot him out, or others of his sort, equally unknown to the newspaper public. You know better, BAILIE, than to allow your readers to be troubled with such long-winded pedantry.

An auspicious beginning was made, last Tuesday, of the Choral and Orchestral season. The performance of Haydn's "Creation" was in nearly all respects as satisfactory as could be desired. In regard to Madame Albani, it may be said that her singing would come almost as a novelty and a surprise to most of the audience, the average of oratorio soprano solo singing having been for some time but low enough. What strikes one particularly in Madame Albani is the purity of her fortes, never but musical and unstrained. Remark on the chorus may be reserved till Saturday next, when the "Creation" is again to be performed, at "popular prices," with the solos by members of the Choral Union—the tenor part by the gentleman who made so satisfactory an appearance at the recent production of the oratorio at Ayr. Mr A. Macbeth will conduct on the occasion.

To-night (Tuesday) the first orchestral concert takes place. The chief item in the programme is, of course, Schubert's great Symphony in C, No. 9, and his last. It is not unlikely, it seems, from a legend existing as to Schubert's intention in the impetuous Finale to the Symphony, that that movement may be illustrative of the story of Phaeton and the Coursers of the Sun. The seemingly uncontrolled dash of the music may fittingly, whether intentional or not, be adopted as a musical illustration of the famous but unfortunate chariot race.

Another interesting orchestral item at this concert is a set of three Slavonian Dances, by the Czeck composer, Anton Dvorzak. Mademoiselle Louise Pyk, the vocalist of the evening, will sing the famous scena from "Der Freyschutz," "Softly sighs," the cavatina "Ernani involami," from Verdi's opera, and a couple of Swedish songs in the vernacular. Mons. Sauret will play a concerto by Ernst, and a ballade and polonaise by Vieuxtemps.

There was a capital attendance at the first of the "Saturday pops," last Saturday evening, and the character of the selections is now not a whit under that of the subscription nights. The Rienzi overture was splendidly played. It is a palpable imitation of Meyerbeer for the most part, but Wagner in embryo unmistakably for all that. A very charming interpretation was given of Schubert's No. 8 Symphony (unfinished)—music which touches. Bizet's Scherzo is remarkably clever, and scholarly too. It pleased exceedingly. Mons. Sauret's style is broad and energetic, yet piquant and graceful, but Max Brach's concerto, in which he first appeared, is on the whole uninteresting. Like that writer's music generally, the concerto is laboured, affected, and unsympathetic. Miss Lilly Martin was unfortunate in her first song, "Arise and follow me," by Blumenthal. It is really an exceedingly commonplace composition, the ever-recurring "follow me" reminding in the character of the music much more of a merry glee than of a religious song.

A friend asks whether we think Sarasate or Sauret the better artist. We are Sauret (sorry) we cannot answer the question.

The new West End Choral Society, Mr Lambeth, conductor, have decided on studying Barnett's new cantata, "The Building of the Ship," written for the recent Leeds festival. It is melodious music, as may well be expected, and the society is taking to it with a will. A chorus for female voices is particularly admired. The reading power of the society is very good.

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"A Rat! A Rat!"

MARYHILL is, it seems, troubled with an unconquerable plague of rats. That anything in Maryhill should be unconquerable is hardly credible to the BAILIE'S mind. Have we not "the army" there, including the famous sergeant-major, and have we not also—more than the whole army and navy put together—the renowned Captain of Police, ever memorable from his gallant and sagacious rescue of the city of Glasgow from sack and pillage at the hands of a host of bloodthirsty Irish rioters? If Captain Anderson confesses himself beaten by anything—"let alone" a rat—then the sooner we look to ourselves the better.

MR FORSTER CALCULATETH.

Multiplication (of steadings) is my vexation,

Division (of the land) is twice as bad,

The rule of three (Leagues, Parish-Priests, and Landlords) puzzles me,

And their practice'll put me mad.

A STUDY IN NATURAL HISTORY.

(Scene—Anywhere; a parrot at shop door.)

Fenny—Oh, Jock! Come and see this whustling doo.

Jock—Whustling doo? You daft blockhead! That's a green blackburd.

CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.—The schoolmaster must surely have been very much abroad in the youthful days of the Tarbert penny-a-liner for the *Mail*. Here is a choice sentence in a choice paragraph descriptive of marriage rejoicings in the famous fishing head-centre, last week:—"A splendid display of fireworks were displayed from the yachts in the bay, which were greatly appreciated, being a sight seldom seen in this district." A "splendid display" of ignorance of the Queen's English, and no mistake.

TRUSTING TO A SHAM ROCK.—At the general election there was much jubilation in the Liberal ranks when it was deemed that the then coming Government would be comfortably independent of the Irish vote. And the Government now know; whether it be either comfortable or independent.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.—The BAILIE has waited in vain for a reply to a letter to the papers in which a gentleman complained the other day that the police had half-throttled his horse in taking it—and the carter—into custody. The gentleman in question suggested that the S. P. C. A. should take up the case; and the BAILIE now begs to second the motion.

To Lord Provost Ure.

"As man lives by bread, the buzzards hae mista'en my friend the Baillie for his Excellency.—*Rob Roy.*

"The higher title of 'Your Lordship' does not come so kindly as 'Baillie,' and therefore, in all matters connected with your business and mine, I much prefer to omit it."—*The Hon. John Ure's speech in the Merchants' House last week*

MAN, yon was a fine speech—I liked it; d'ye ken, I've aften mysel' said—(you ask Saunders Wylie)—
"The provostship's no wor h that scart o' my pen—
There's nae sound sae grand as the title o' 'Baillie!'"

Aye, a Baillie's a Baillie; and—tuts, haud your tongue—
I could hae been Provost lang syne had I cared;
But the honour, your honour, frae aff me I flung
To wha liked to tak' it—I wasna prepared.

I'll tell ye a story:—ye've heard it afore,
For I ken Wattie Scott was a chi ld that weel kent it,
And whatever he heard o', he couldna weel snore
Till he clappit it down, and, what's mair, he maun prent it.

Weel, ae day I was fa'rmer than usual frae hame—
Aberfoil was the name o' the clachan—and 'faith,
Being starving o' hunger I maun fill my wame,
Sae I into the inn—and met Major Galbraith.

That loon an' twa ithers sat drinking, and thocht
That s'rangers had nae richt to order their pewter,
But oot wi' their hats, wi' "forgie and forget"—
Grip't the first thing at han'—just a red-het pleugh cutter.

And at them wi' fury—they did get it het!
Od, I riddled their plaidies—what mair cou'd a man dae?—
Till they aff wi' their hats, wi' "forgie and forget"—
And I down wi' my cutter, and up wi' my brandy.

"Eneugh!" says Galbraith, and your swords, lads, aff-grups!
A Baillie!" says he "and they'd ettle to starve ye?
Here's the Baillie's guid health!—and, ance mair fill your cups—
Here's wishing he'll sune be oor Lord Provost Jarvie!"

When I heard it I grued—but kept a calm sough,
Nor heeded their haverin' tongues slee and oily;
For Provost or Lordship, there's this sure enough,
That ance ye're a Baillie, ye're ever a Baillie!

Sae that's the auld story I wanted to tell ye;
The moral's—a' titles, but ane, are sheer nonsense;
Baillie Jarvie's my name, sir; and, just like yersel', ye
Can see I wad nane o' "Your Lordship"—my conscience!

"REFRESHING" PREACHING.

(Church emptying after forenoon service on a very cold Sunday.)

Mr Smith—Man, Mr Broom, that wis an awfu sermon about Aul' Nick an' his fires.

Mr Brown—Hoots, it wis as guid as a stiff gless o' toddy on a caul' day like this.

Mattie, in indignation, says that the rev. gentleman suing so persistently in the Divorce Court is a perfect Lilley-pushy-un.

COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE.—Mr Gladstone is looking forward with zest to his Christmas dinner—Irish stew and Turkey.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT ex-Baillie Morrison is about to enter the Council again.

That he will be an acquisition to the Corporation.

That various people outside of the Council are far from happy at the acquisition.

That two or three people inside the Council would rather that the ex-Baillie had remained in the seclusion of private life.

That the Hillhead Tramway Extension Petition isn't meeting with much success.

That the signatures appended to it are neither numerous nor influential.

That the agitators for the new departure are a few shop-keepers.

That Dr. Charles Cameron, LL.D. and M.P., presided, last week, at the opening of a bazaar.

That he came to bless and remained to ban.

That no such speech was ever delivered at a bazaar before.

That the maters and paters of marriageable daughters are in ecstasies with the address.

That the amount of chaffing they have received since it was delivered has been quite too exhilarating.

That they never refuse to supply "no end of money" for scraps, wool, &c., for such husband-catching institutions.

That if the female voice divine can influence votes, our middling Member may be our junior Member when next election has taken place.

That the friends of the Doctor maintain that the speech was a huge joke.

That if this be so, it was one of perfectly elephantine proportions.

That the proprietors of the Botanic Gardens are seeking to borrow more money from the Corporation.

That they are likely to get it.

That the money will never be repaid till the ground has been feued.

That the four-lb. loaf has been reduced in price.

That the grain millers and bakers had the fear of the BAILIE before their eyes.

That the good harvest wasn't exactly given for the benefit of the grain and the bakery trades.

Land League Bulletin—Bulleting continues.

The "Pink" of Perfection—Saint Marceaux

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Our Dress Hats at 6s 6d, 8s 6d, 10s 6d, 12s 6d, and 14s 6d, are sold elsewhere at from 8s 6d to 21s; and

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SOUTH Ayrshire.

COLONEL ALEXANDER, M.P., requests that the ELECTORS will do him the honour of meeting him in the BUTTER MARKET, AYR, on TUESDAY, the 21st Inst., at Two o'Clock Afternoon.
Ballochmyle, 6th December, 1880.

VENTILATORS.—Buchan's Patent Induced-Current Fixed, best and cheapest. Awarded the "Palm of Victory" at Hellyer's Ventilator Tournament, London, winning by 82,739 ft. in 18 hours. Prices, &c, at 21 Renfrew St., Glasgow.

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The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 15th, 1880.

'ARRY HALFRED, in the course of his Transatlantic peregrinations—there! he couldn't beat that phrase himself—has reached New York, whence he writes to remind his and our venerable Grandmamma that he had "promised, or threatened, as the case may be viewed," to favour her with further lucubrations on the educational position of America. 'ARRY, who is, of course, a thoroughly competent judge—is he not a member of the Brod, and a colleague of the equally erudite Jeems?—is still in raptures

over everything schoolastic which comes under his notice. The latest circumstance which has awakened his awestruck admiration is the discovery of a "professor" "doing the work of a primary teacher." If our friend took any interest in matters military, he would doubtless be equally edified by finding a "colonel" "running a dry-goods store"—an interesting spectacle which may also be witnessed by the visitor to the glorious Republic of the West. High-sounding titles are considerably more common than valuable in America, as Mr LONG might have discovered by this time if he had kept his eyes open. Why, there's nothing to prevent his coming back a professor—or a colonel—himself!

WITH MADGE-STY.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown,"
(Thus Shakespeare wrote for Bolinbroke the part),
Not so with "Royalty" in this our town—
Its *Wildfire* burning from an Aitken art (aching heart).

THE BAR SINISTER.

(Scene—Office in town.)

Employer (to Clerk, who has been out of town on business)—Dear me, John! why have you put so much down for tolls? (Regards clerk suspiciously.)

Clerk (falteringly)—I—I assure you, sir, I paid it all.

Employer—Weel, John, maybe ye peyed it at a bar, but it wasna' at a toll bar.

[Collapse of John.]

THE CRIMINAL PROPAGANDA.—There have been several attempts within the last few days to upset trains on the Highland Railway. This is a kind of dastardly crime which has hitherto been almost unknown in Scotland. Is its introduction, then, a pleasing result of the Hibernian principles which have been so industriously circulated among us of late?

Whatever may be the *force* of "staying power" in sporting, Herr Emil Behnke maintains that, in the fashionable circles, *stays* are a mental and physiological *weakness*.

The Three F's—Finishing landlords, famishing (Boycotting) Anti-Land Leaguers, and firing farmsteads.

New advice to those about to marry—"Consider the Lilleys."

Low(e) Comedy—The comic pantomime of Mr Robert Roy.

The Valley of Death—The Rhondda.

"The Saloon."

THE BAILIE'S friend who gossips of a Monday had something to say last week about the discussion over Mr Knapp's licence; but the Magistrate himself desires to make a remark or two on the same subject. What was said in opposition to the licence was—Messrs Kidston and Gray being absent—perfectly friendly and gentlemanly, but both Mr Morrison and Mr Clark founded their observations upon a perfectly wrong basis. According to these gentlemen, refreshment-rooms in theatres "pander to drinking customs" and are provided for certain mysterious and strangely-constituted persons who cannot sit out a play without alcoholic stimulant. To those who "know" the refutation of this idea may seem supererogatory and absurd, but when a person of Mr Morrison's intelligence and good sense gives currency to such mistaken notions, a word or two seems almost necessary. What, in point of fact, is a theatre "box-saloon?" Is it not a miniature club where friends, who have espied one another during the performance, may meet, shake hands, and discuss the act upon which the curtain has just dropped? The glass of beer or sherry is merely a friendly accompaniment. Let us, then, hear no more of such silly and ill-informed talk as that of Monday week, which represents that pleasant meeting-place as a sort of refined "Assommoir," and its frequenters as so many Coupeaus and Lantiers.

MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE.

I take you for better or worse,
To love, or to leave, or divorce.

A "DOUBLE."—The BAILIE has a strong desire to know the young gentleman who superintends the literary department—save the mark!—of the *Herald*. His idea of criticism is to devote two separate notices to the same wretched book, which in one he calls "poor" and in the other "a feeblest (*sic*) production." It is to be supposed he means this for double-shotted criticism.

The modern "Reign of *Terre-o'er*"—The Land League violence o'er Ireland.

Of Fish all—The supporters of the civic scutcheon.

"Axes" of the Earth—Geographical questions

"The Big Boon"—Just out. "The BIG WAVERLEY PEN."—*Angus*. 6d and 1s per Box, at all Stationers.

Patentees: MACNIVEN & CAMERON, Edinburgh
Beware of the party offering imitations.

The Hon. Member for Metaltown.

(A Sketch from Life in Black and White)

I DO not know whether it is that gaunt and bony men have a natural tendency to become Liberals, or that Liberal opinions have a natural tendency to make their victims gaunt and bony; but from one or other of these causes the majority of our Liberal Cabinet in the Hillburgh Parliament are decidedly of that physical configuration. Of course it is not always right to judge by appearances, but still one can hardly survey the lean and hungry-looking occupants of the Treasury bench without feeling convinced that these men are equal to any enormity, from disestablishing the church in Scotland to establishing a Parnellian republic in Ireland.

Conspicuous for gauntness and abnormal development of bone, even among this gaunt and bony crew, towers the haggard form of the hon. member for Metaltown, Chief Secretary of the Rice and Chutney Office. During his brief and inglorious career the hon. member has succeeded in becoming the most unpopular man in the house. Even on his own side he has few friends and, I should hope, no admirers. Everything about him is irritating and aggressive in the highest degree. His general appearance reminds me strongly of Edward Terry's Captain Ginger, only the tints are not quite so warm; and his voice is precisely like Punch's squeak in a travelling Punch and Judy show. In everything he says and does he displays the vulgar self-sufficiency and dogmatic omniscience that are characteristic of the lower order of Radicals.

Even the hon. member's best friends—if he has any—will admit that he does not shine as an orator. When he wishes to dissipate the gross clouds of ignorance in which the opposition benches are enshrouded on every subject, he reads his remarks with the utmost deliberation, losing his place frequently, and finding it again after lengthened and careful research.

Very probably the hon. member for Metaltown may be a most admirable man in some of the relations of life, since there is a place in the economy of nature for even the meanest intelligences; but most assuredly he was never designed for a Cabinet Minister.

THE MEMBER FOR SOMEWHERE.

Discard cardplaying, it's all *trumpery*, *trickery*, and *knavery*.

Matter of (f)Act folks—M.Ps.

Megilp.

THE Water Colour Exhibition in the rooms in West Nile Street is beyond all question the best of the three yet held under the auspices of the Scottish Society of Water Colour Painters. This, by the bye, is the last Exhibition which will take place in the present rooms of the Society, and the question arises whether it would not be possible to hold the Exhibition of 1881 in Edinburgh? The Society is neither a Glasgow Society nor an Edinburgh Society, and it stands to reason that the Exhibitions should not be confined to any one centre, but might be held in Dundee and Dumfries as well as in Glasgow and Edinburgh. Glasgow, of course, and the Glasgow Fine Art Institute, will always be regarded as the head-quarters of the Society, but the notion that the Exhibitions might be held now here and now there in the various great Scottish centres is one over which the Council of the Society might spend some consideration.

"Sweetness and light," those "two noblest things," according to Dean Swift, have no better apostle than William M'Taggart. "It is impossible," said a distinguished artist-architect the other day, when looking at M'Taggart's water colours, "not to feel that these are their prevailing qualities." Mr M'Taggart's broad washes of colour, so loose and flowing, and yet so full of subtleness and delicacy; his delightful figures—what artist has made known to the world of men and women so much of the tenderness, so much of the naive, simple grace of childhood as he; the manner in which he floods his pictures with the clear, keen light of early morning, or the yellow, misty glow shed by the sun as it sinks below the distant line of mountains, are the characteristics which have made his work so prized among those who prize pictures the most. Just as Spenser has been called "the poets' poet," so M'Taggart may be termed the painter best beloved of painters. His pictures in the present Water Colour Exhibition of "West Haven," and of "Sunrise," and that termed "On the Shore," possess all the more distinguishing qualities of Mr M'Taggart. They may not appeal to the hurried passer-by, but you understand and appreciate them the longer they are studied, until to know them may at last be said to be an education in art.

Pollok Nisbet, one of the later Associates of the Water Colour Society, shows a quite new side of his art in the present Exhibition. Hitherto we have associated Mr Nisbet, for the most part, with the white, blinding light of Spain, or the picturesque nooks and brilliant colours of modern Venice, but he takes us to-day to the quiet woodlands of southern England, and steep us, as it were, in the placid, serene air with which they are suffused. His contributions to the Exhibition are "A Summer Evening, Surrey," and "After the day's work."

Probably the "surprise" of the Exhibition will be found in the drawings of J. Denovan Adam. Mr Adam has now taken his rank, not only with the best Scotch, but with the leading English painters of cattle. Indeed, it would take some searching out to find any English-speaking artist who could equal his "Highland Cattle," or his large and striking sketch entitled "On the Shore," in the water colour gallery.

William Young is another artist who has made large strides of late. His "Auld Kirkyard," and his "Kelvingrove," in the Water Colour Exhibition, and his series of drawings of Thames-side scenery—views of Cookham and Great Marlowe for the most part—at present in his studio, are wonderfully fine. The English scenes, especially, have all the simplicity and all the charm of nature. Mr Young does not understand the "landscape of passion." He paints the visible beauty that he sees, and paints it so that his pictures can be returned to again and again with an ever-renewed delight.

Messrs Goupil & Co., the famous picture-sellers of Paris, have just commissioned five pictures from Hall Maxwell, and have arranged with him for at least one contribution to the coming exhibition of the Salon. Usually French artists send their work to Scotland, but this is an instance of a Scotch artist sending his work to Paris—and selling it too.

A Land Agitation—The recent earthquake.

The Doctor and the Bobby.

THE *Herald* in a leading article advocates our adoption of a Parisian system whereby "any person wishing to obtain medical attendance applies at the nearest police station, a policeman goes with him to the doctor, attends them to the patient's house, and after the visit sees the doctor home." The only objection to this truly paternal arrangement seems to be that our medical men have, as a rule, had so much experience of police attentions in their student days that they will hardly be inclined to go in for a renewal of them.

"WE'RE NO SAE FOU."

(Scene—Tramway car platform on a wet night.)

Conductor—A' fou inside. You'll need tae go tae the tap.

'Shaws Weaver (wet inside and out)—Fou! 'Ave been preety often tae the tap already, 'am fou enuch.

Conductor—Full I mean, sir. Must go on top.

Weaver—No, I musn't. If 'am fou 'am no fool.

The Latest Exhibition in "Black and White"
—The tile pavement in Renfield Street.

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Or HARLEQUIN ROB ROY,

THE MERRIE MEN OF BORDERLAND,

VIRTUOUS VESTA, AND VULCAN THE VENOMOUS,
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Mr WILLIAM GLOVER.The MUSIC Selected and Arranged from the Works of
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by Mr JOHN BARNARD.The whole Arranged and Produced under the Personal
Superintendance of Mr J. A. CAVE.

The following Artistes will have the honour of Appearing :—

Miss Marie Compton.	Mr John Bannister.
Miss Amy Grundy.	Mr Milroy Cooper.
Miss Eugenie Allnutt.	Mr Hal Ford.
Miss Jessie Mayland.	Mr Traynor.
Miss Theresa Stirling.	Mr Wheatley.
Les Petite Clarettes.	Mr Albert Le Fre.
Miss Madge Curtis.	Mr William Le Fre.
Miss Rosa Roy.	Mr Henry Le Fre.
Miss Florence Launcette.	Mr Sydney Harcourt.
Miss Madge Bruce.	Mr Harry Paulo.
Miss May Curtis.	Mr Erne Banks.
Miss Nina Louis.	Mr Garfield.
Miss Amy Yanson.	Mr Black.
Miss Ellen Bartlett.	Mr Wrexham.

T W O G R A N D B A L L E T S .**F O R T Y B A L L E T L A D I E S**(From Her Majesty's Opera-House, Theatre-Royal Covent
Garden, and Drury Lane).**P R E M I E R E D A N S E U S E S —****M A D E M O I S E L L E M A R I E S H A R M A N**

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M I S S A N G I E R U S S E L L .****1 0 0 C H I L D R E N .**Trained by J. A. CAVE, Esq., who will SING Mr JOHN
FARMER'S Celebrated NURSERY RHYMES.**F I R S T I L L U M I N A T E D M O R N I N G P E R F O R M A N C E .**

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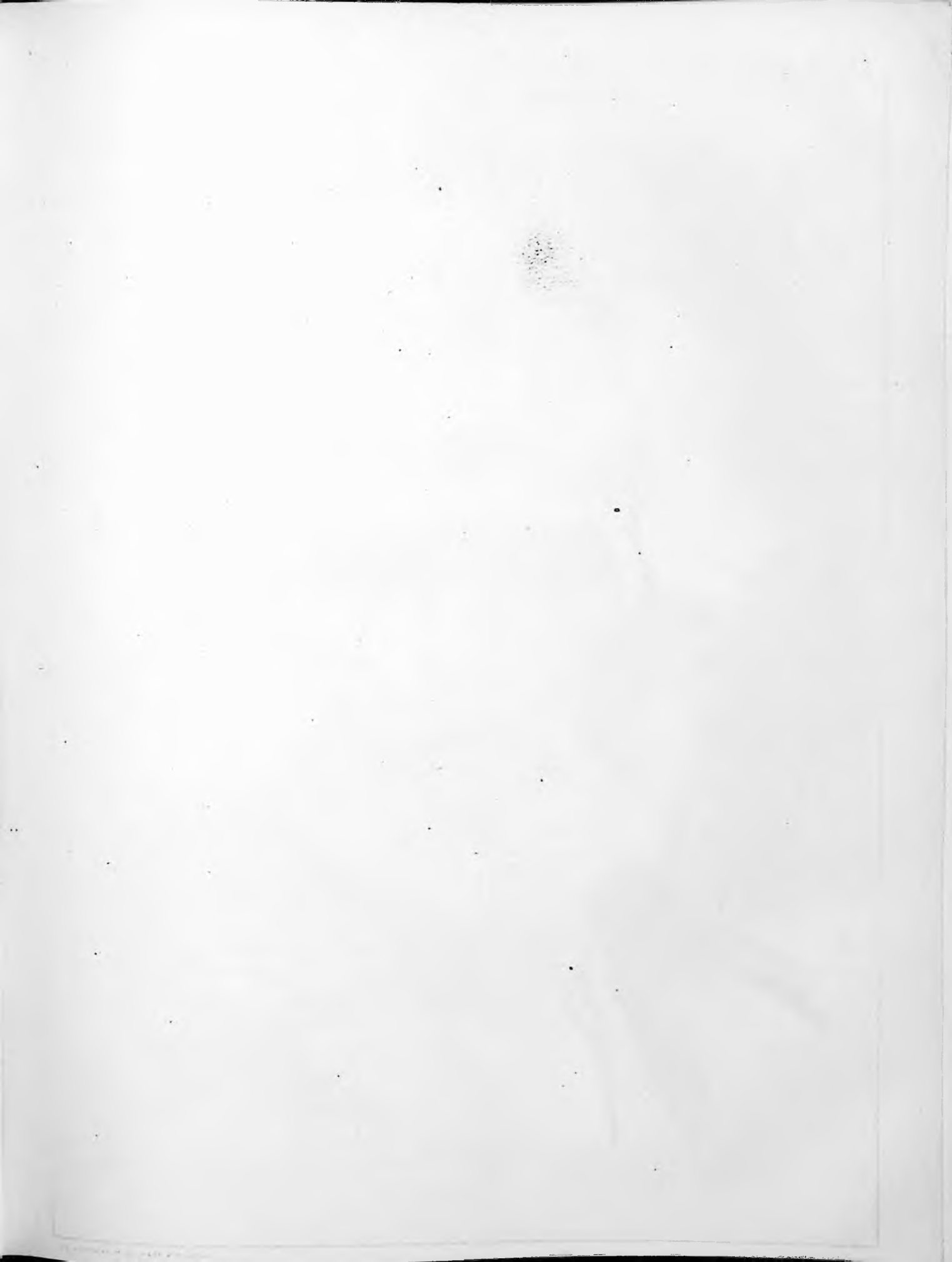
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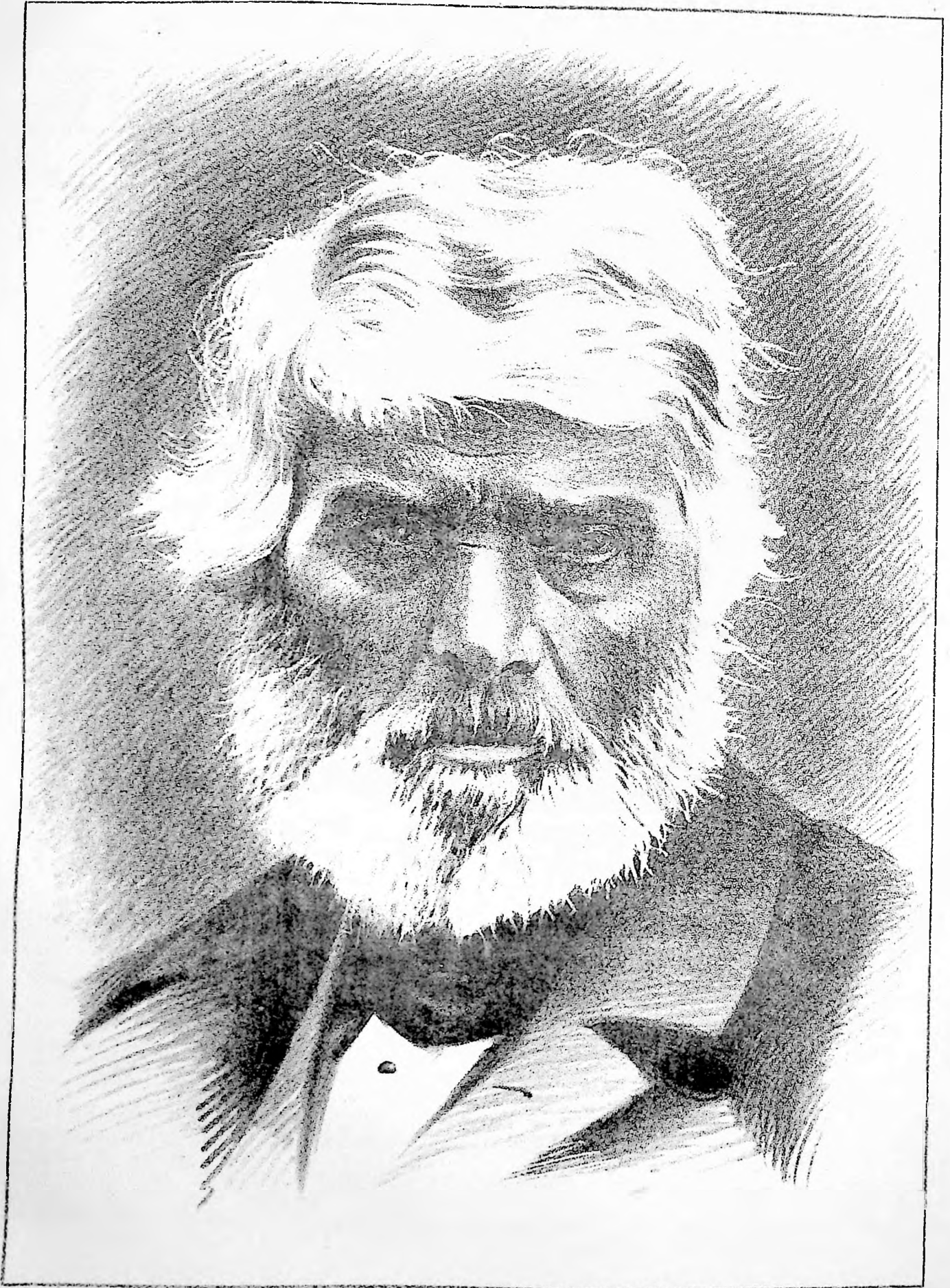
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The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 427. Glasgow, Wednesday, December 22nd, 1880. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 427.

THE most famous man of letters of the time is a Scotchman. Emerson tells us when he first visited Europe fifty years ago, that he would have gone, if Goethe had still been living, to Germany; but the sage of Weimar was dead, and he accordingly turned his steps to a farm in Nithsdale, in the parish of Dunscore, called Craigenputtock. He found it a forbidding little house, situated amid desolate, heathery hills. It was "the loneliest nook in Britain, fifteen miles northwest of Dumfries, among the granite mountains and the black morasses which stretch westward through Galloway almost to the Irish Sea." Here a lonely scholar nourished his mighty heart. And just as, a half-a-century ago, the greatest thinker of America made a pilgrimage to the house of THOMAS CARLYLE, so to-day the house of CARLYLE—albeit that his address is now Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, instead of Craigenputtock, Dumfries-shire, is still a shrine to which men make journeys from all the ends of the earth. The BAILIE has no need to tell the story of CARLYLE'S life. Is it not written in the records of every Young Men's Society? Have not his triumphs formed the theme of unnumbered essays, and lectures, and sermons? But to the mind of the Magistrate, the THOMAS CARLYLE of the multitude seems rather a something to be avoided than an example to be followed. To CARLYLE is to be traced, and traced directly, much of the conceit, and vain-glory, and intellectual blindness which distinguish the present generation. We have assimilated, so to speak, the more vulgar portions of his nature. His overflowing humour—he takes rank with Sterne, and Cervantes, and Rabelais, the splendid poetry he has written—and he has written the highest poetry notwith-

standing that his works invariably take a prose form, and his unequalled power of painting the portraits of men and women, a power which makes them live and move before us as we read his pages, are all in a great measure forgotten in favour of the dreary lengths of cant he pours forth in so-called condemnation of canting. CARLYLE the man, has always, moreover, seemed much greater to the BAILIE than CARLYLE the bookmaker. The richest joke ever attempted by my Lord Beaconsfield—that prince of *farceurs*—richer, even, than his "education" of the Tory party into introducing "household suffrage," with its attendant political benefits, was the proposal to elevate—save the mark—the author of "The History of the French Revolution" into a knight. Simple in his habits, and not altogether devoid of that penuriousness which enabled him, while he was yet a struggling tutor at Dysart, to "lay by" a little store of hard cash, Mr CARLYLE has invariably refused to either be patronised himself, or to patronise other people. Like all Scotchmen he is full of angularities. He loves much, and therefore he is a capital hater. As might be expected from the more humorous portions of his writings, the Man you Know is careful not to be all things to all men. His heart is not worn upon his sleeve. Did any daw ever dare to peck at him, the unfortunate creature would be at once transfixed on the unerring lance of his sharp and angry wit. Of late the bulletins regarding the health of this greatest of living writers have been studied with an eagerness which no news of a royal or an imperial illness could possibly create. And notwithstanding this eagerness the men of the next generation will probably wonder at the apathy with which we regarded the goings out and comings in of so illustrious a personage. He will be reckoned by them among the half-dozen original minds

in literature. When his ravings against a "pig's philosophy," and his definition of the "whole duty of pigs," shall have taken their way, together with the gibberings of the "Devil's Dirt" cynic, into that limbo of forgetfulness where all unworthy things have an end, the Life of Schiller; the essays on Diderot, on Voltaire, and on Heyne; the Sterling; and chief and greatest of all, the French Revolution, will be carefully preserved as among the noblest treasures of the English-speaking race. The BAILIE has long wished to present his friends with a portrait of CARLYLE. To have now been enabled to do so has satisfied not the least unworthy of his aims and ambitions.

TAVERN EVICTION.
Scene — Broomielaw.

Policeman (to native of the Green Isle, who is staggering along)—What's wrong with you? Where are you going?

N. O. T. G. I.—Och, sure, sur, oim wan of them unfortunate bhoys as has just been evicted, and, bedad, by the landlord himself; bad luck to him.

[The Bobby gets him into other quarters.]

CURES FOR FOUL MOUTHS.—A cigar-merchant advertises that those who smoke his "weeds" will have "no more foul tongues." 'Twere a benevolent act to present a few boxes to the various public bodies of the city—not forgetting the new "Land League."

RELYING ON "LETTERS."—Mr Bright has, it seems, appointed Dr Cameron his assessor in the University Court. The Lord Rector's novel association with anything academical has evidently rendered him a little nervous, and he therefore selects, for his support, the "most graduatedest" personage he can lay hands on.

AFFIDAVIT?—A local bird-dealer advertises for sale "avadovats"—which is, no doubt, a corruption of [a familiar legal term. Now, parrots have been known to swear, but just fancy possessing a pet which is a living and breathing—affidavit!

Underground Work—An earthquake.

Pretty Far Gone—1880.

A Bottle Stopper—Sir Wilfred Lawson.

For a Good Dinner go to the Merchant's Restaurant, 58 Mitchell Street.

SAFES. { Fire and Thief Proof for Merchants, &c. Fifty by Milner, Phillips, Perry, from £4 upwards. Inspection Invited. Jennings, 101 Mitchell Street.

Christmas.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS, when it comes—
And Saturday will bring it!
The bright, wee robins wait your crumbs,
Its advent blythe to sing it.
The beckoning bells will joyous ring
For all to come and list mass;
And peace from every peal will wing
Its way to hearts on Christmas.
Now deck your walls with mistletoe,
And trim your lamps with holly;
To mirth is given the power to show
The door to melancholy.
The season claims its songs from us;
The season claims its dances;
And youth must up to claim its buss—
And take or miss as chances.
With eyes all bright, and cheeks that vie
In colour with the red lips—
With laughter ever lurking shy
In corners of the said lips—
The bashful maids will covered run,
The eager lads will after;
And sober age at such pure fun
Will buttons burst with laughter.
Now jolly joints will be hewn down—
The while the poor consider—
And gaucy geese the board will crown
And flap their feet in mid-air.
Now healths will round, and yours and mine
We'll pledge we will in glasses;
And friendship in a closer twine
Will bind us as time passes.
Then here's to Christmas, when it comes—
Here's pies and puddings sappy!—
And here's to routh of jolly chums
To make our Christmas happy!

THAT'S THE QUESTION!—At a teetotal "feed" the other evening, Bailie Wilson related, apropos of the "wersh" liquor before him, the story of the beadle who remarked of "the wild ass that snuffeth up the wind at her pleasure," "I dinna think she'd grow fat ower't." Now, the wind was on this occasion doubtless represented by the lemonade and ginger-beer; but the question that has been agitating the public mind ever since is, "Who were the wild asses?" Perhaps it is not too late for Bailie Wilson to oblige with a reply.

"PARTS OF SPEECH"—VARIOUS.—Syntax consists of Concord and Government; the Gladstone Cabinet doesn't.

The Irish "Pistol"—Base is the slave who pays.—*Henry V.*

Season Tickets—Christmas Cards.

Ornamented Seed, Sultana, and Bride Cakes, &c. Thornton's (late Duncan's) Restaurant, corner of Buchanan Street and Royal Bank Place.

The Best Place to Dine.—The Merchant's Restaurant, 58 Mitchell Street.

Fiat Experimentum!

THE latest Yankee luminary who has burst upon our gloom—the successor of Moody, Sankey, Uncle Tom, Talmage, J. B. Gough, Washington Irving Bishop, &c., &c., &c.—the Rev. Joseph Cook to wit—is reported to have delivered in the City Hall last Friday evening a lecture on “‘Alcohol and the Human Brain,’ illustrated by experiments and diagrams.” Now, the diagrams are all very well; but is it quite *comme il faut* for a “Reverend”—albeit only a Yankee “Reverend”—to publicly experiment either upon his own “grey matter,” or upon that of other folks, with such a dangerous agent as alcohol? Mr Cook is doubtless—like Bishop, Talmage, and the rest—actuated by pure philanthropy, but he really ought to be more cautious in his methods. Some of us are already too much given to such “experiments” without being clerically incited thereto.

Chariot-Racing Extraordinary.

THE latest amiable weakness on the part of the gentlemen who take charge of our tramway cars was illustrated last week in the Central Police Court, where two drivers were accused of racing into Trongate, with the natural result of a collision. This novel chariot-race was evidently the result of pure, generous rivalry and love of “sport,” since the charioteers—unlike the zealous steamboat captains who endanger hundreds of lives for the sake of a smaller number of shillings—had obviously nothing material to gain by their exploit. At the same time, the Glasgow public may naturally object to run the risk of being butchered to make a car-drivers’ holiday; and, under the circumstances, Mr Gemmel’s fine of two guineas each was not excessive.

IRISH BULLS AND GOLDEN HORNS.

Enough a Ministry to bother,
A Sister Isle with Fo(r)ster-brother;
But should the Premier need more work, he
Can get it out in broiling Turkey,
His work, ’tis true, may gain a loss for us—
The gain that’s due, a better Boss-for-us.

“BREACHES” OR “BREECHES?”—Professor Smith has, according to Granny, been hesitating whether or not he should “abide in his breaches.” The expression is, of course, historical; but a careless reader, not noticing the spelling of the last word, would be rather apt to be startled by it.

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.

BENIHAR coal has been very much in the public eye during the past week. The papers have been full of it, and all the gossips in the Exchange were hard at work discussing its demerits. None of them, I observed, discoursed upon its advantages as an investment. They were full of admiration for Mr Thomas Clavering, that redoubtable champion of the afflicted shareholders. It must have been as good as a play to see Honest Tom squaring up to poor little Romanes, who assuredly belied his name and could not be called “the noblest Roman of them all.” In the meantime the shares are down to a nominal price, and in view of other claims upon the company it seems doubtful if the shares are worth anything. Amid all the admiration I did not notice any expression of sympathy for Honest Tom.

Glasgow Tramway shares have advanced lately. Somebody has discovered that they are worth buying and they have gone up half-a-crown in consequence. The rise is not much, but it represents public feeling. It is incomprehensible how people can afford to pay £14 for a £9 paid share in a company with a terminable lease and no adequate reserve. They are dazzled by the dividend, I suppose, but a dividend is not a reserve. It is the bird in the hand, no doubt, which is proverbially worth two birds in the bush, but the tramway directors ought really to leave some game on the land. Shooting the ground hare is not the way to improve the property.

Somebody else has discovered that Great North of Scotland stock is worth more than 70. Figures go to prove that the stock is not worth anything like that figure, but figures go for nothing when several nobodies combine to exercise the functions of a capitalist and influence a stock. Liverpool has a good deal to answer for.

Impecuniosity is a prevalent complaint, and several people want money this week. They want a good deal of it, too, and sometimes upon slender security. Portugal is in need of ready cash. That impoverished but still cheerful state owes £33,000,000 on which it is supposed to pay 3 per cent. The securities are worth in the market, say 52½. A few millions more are wanted and Portugal is willing to issue the documents at 50½. If productive Portugal would only revise its tariff, and so stimulate its trade, it might be able to raise the funds at home instead of coming to comparatively barren Scotland for them.

Brazil, not to be behind its ancestor, also wants money. Brazil is another benighted country with a stupid tariff and a most uncomfortable way of levying duties. It will take £300,000 from us, or any less sum, if it can get it. The sum is small so it may be got, especially as the money is wanted to make a railway and the securities are preference shares guaranteed 7 per cent. by the Government. Glasgow loves railways, for they mean contracts for iron. Glasgow loved the Rio Waterworks because they made iron pipes a necessity and Glasgow made the pipes. So our citizens may cast their bread upon Brazilian waters and hope to find it return after many days.

The Standard Bank of London wants money. A couple of millions some day, but it will take a small instalment of—say a million in the meantime. All sorts of inducements are held out to tempt capitalists. To which I say—“Get the money in London.” A Cockney enterprise ought to be worked by Cockneys, who should get the benefit of the profits. Glasgow capitalists would find better employment in trying to disestablish Peel’s Bank Act of 1844, which is converting what was once free banking into a gigantic monopoly.

The Last Chance Mining Co. wants money. It is silver this time, and in Utah, too—which is, of course, a recommendation. Emma is remembered with gratitude and affection. The “Opulent” Mine is near at hand it appears. Here is another recommendation. A “last chance” might fail, but an “opulent” never. These are splendid and suggestive names for mines. They want a mere nothing—only £100,000. So make your games, gentlemen, while the ball rolls. If not “opulent,” why miss the “last chance?”

SCRUTATOR.

A Christmas Tree—The mistletoe.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE—Pantomime time is round again, bringing with it the snows of another winter, and making the brightness within all the more bright by reason of the gloom and darkness without. Of course, my Magistrate, you will go early and go often to the Pantomimes. At all events, whether you do so or not your friends will, aye, and they will be all the better for going.

The verdict of "the general" concerning the "Boy Blue and Little Bo-Peep" of Miss Litton at the Royal is one of unqualified admiration. Everybody is pleased with it. The traditions of the old house with regard to its Christmas Entertainments have been worthily maintained—so runs the public voice—by the new management.

Those regiments of little children who have been so skilfully trained by Mr Joe Cave are the special delight of the "younger sort;" adolescence finds its objects of admiration in Miss Marie Compton and the other leading members of the company; while you and I, my Magistrate, who are in the "sere and yellow," discover ourselves waxing enthusiastic over the scenery of Mr Glover and Mr Perkins, and coming away delighted with the feeling of brightness and taste which characterises the entire production.

Talking of scenery reminds me that those who care for capital stage painting must pay a visit to the Royal Princesses Theatre. Mr Beryl introduces a panorama into the "Babes in the Wood," the greater portion of which, if not, indeed, the whole, is the work of that famous artist, Mr William Telbin. And this is not the only claim to attention possessed by "The Babes." The piece is excellently mounted, is dressed in bright, vivid colours, and is acted with abundant liveliness and humour.

It goes without telling that the Gaiety will be thronged throughout the approaching holiday season. Mr Bernard's pantomimes always draw. And in good truth the company he has brought together on the present occasion—Mr Wainwright, Miss Logan, Miss Browning, Miss Muntz, and the rest of them—is so strong that it would be quite possible to run not one but several pantomimes, and that simultaneously, with their assistance.

We have all of us heard of the "Pirates of Penzance," that latest and most captivating of the works of Messrs Sullivan and Gilbert. Well, Mr Knapp has selected, and I think wisely, the "Pirates of Penzance" for his Christmas and New Year piece. The company who will appear at the Royalty in this "new and melo-dramatic opera" has been organised by Mr D'Oyly Carte, that prince of *entrepreneurs*, and is under the superintendence of Mr F. Stanislau, who acts, of course, as conductor. Mr Knapp announces the first afternoon performance of "The Pirates" for Saturday at 2 o'clock, when, I've no doubt, the theatre will be filled in every corner by our cousins, our sisters, and our aunts from the country. "The Pirates" will be produced for the first time this evening.

Those of us whose memories extend over the last fifteen years, must recollect how Glasgow was startled by the performances, early in the 'sixties, of that wonder-working necromancer Dr. Lynn. Well, Dr. Lynn, since then, has been all over the world and home again, and is once more about to appear in Glasgow make us gape wider than ever. He opens on Monday next in the New Windsor Halls, Great Western Road, the chief feature of his programme being "Kisef," which will, on the occasion, be exhibited for the first time out of London.

Since Newsome's was a circus there has never been seen within its wooden walls such a crammed and enthusiastic house as that which assembled on Saturday night to greet the advent of Myers's elephantine, leonine, and equestrian show. Why, the numbers turned away would have filled the Ingram Street cirque over again! I was under the impression that Myers's was a sort of one horse affair. A greater mistake could not have been

made. There is a splendid turn out of horses, a grand array of elephants, and a magnificent sextette of lions. Mr Cooper, a man of fine physique, shows up the elephants and lions to perfection. This new departure in circus business created quite a sensation, and made it safe to predict that the season will be one of the most successful on record.

Apart from the lions and elephants, equestrianism proper has some splendid exponents. Mrs Myers puts into the shade anything that has ever been seen here in the way of "taking timber;" while Herr Blennow and others show ever so many novelties in horse-breaking and "equitation." Mr Myers's former visit to Glasgow was some twenty-three years ago, when he filled the role of clown and double-somersault thrower in the tenting concern of Howes & Cushings.

Always up to the time of day—it happens to be year on this occasion—Mr Airlie has engaged Mr Lambeth's Choir to appear in the City Hall on Saturday evening and sing a selection of Christmas carols. On Saturday last two old favourites—Mr Murray and Miss Louisa Gordon—occupied the City Hall platform, and were accorded an enthusiastic reception.

Did Mr Tennant, M.P., wish to heap further coals of fire on the devoted head of the Secretary of the G. L. A., when he thanked him on Thursday for assisting to secure his (Mr Tennant's) return at the bye-election last year, consequent on the death of Mr Whitelaw. To us outsiders, at all events, the fact was patent that on that occasion "A. M'D." wrought tooth and nail for the interests of Mr Middleton, and that the selection of Mr Tennant was only due to the influence of the members of the Liberal Workmen's Electoral Union.

The Kirk's Alarm.

THE BAILIE has been led to understand that considerable consternation has been caused in ecclesiastical circles by his statement last week that certain juvenile vocalists in Miss Litton's pantomime were led by members of London church choirs. Taken in conjunction with Professor Tyndall's invasion, and the fact that not very long ago a performance of "H.M.S. Pinafore" was given in a South-Side church, it is feared this may portend the appearance among us of a branch of the "Church and Stage Guild." And "what for no?" The BAILIE hopes yet to see Principal Caird hob-nobbing with Johnny Toole—to whom, by the way, some folks consider he bears a slight resemblance, facially and otherwise.

QUE DIABLE ALLAIT-IL FAIRE, &C.—At a recent public dinner, we are told, a Captain Chalmers replied to "the customary loyal and patriotic toasts." Now, though the BAILIE has not the honour of Captain Chalmers's acquaintance, he does not doubt either the loyalty or the patriotism of that gentleman; but if, as seems probable, the "loyal toasts" included that of "The Queen and Royal Family," it would be interesting to know the worthy Captain's authority for his "reply."

The First "Gem" of the Sea—The "per'l" of the "natives."

Shakespeare on Some Men and Affairs.

OUR Diamond Argonauts—"Go, clear thy crystals." *Henry V.*, act ii., sc. 3.

The Great Unpaid—"We are established the people's magistrates." *Coriolanus*, act iii., sc. 1.

Griffith's Valuation—"Such an honest chronicler as Griffith." *Henry VIII.*, act iv., sc. 2.

Theatrical "gods"—"We'll withdraw into the gallery." *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, act ii., sc. 2.

Land Leaguers' Indictment—"What an intricate impeach is this!" *Comedy of Errors*, act v., sc. 1.

"Scrutator"—Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold." *Troilus and Cressida*, act iii., sc. 3.

"The Perpetual Provost"—"This is his lordship's man." *Measure for Measure*, act iv., sc. 2.

Municipal Buildings Economists—"Such may rail against great buildings." *Timon of Athens*, act iii., sc. 4.

Millais' John Bright—"The painting is almost the natural man." *Timon of Athens*, act i., sc. 1.

Pantomime Purveyors—"Go, get us properties, and tricking for our fairies." *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act iv., sc. 4.

The Animile—"The very best at a beast that e'er I saw." *Midsummer Night's Dream*, act v., sc. 1.

"Bailie" Ure—"There is written in your brow, Provost, honesty and constancy." *Measure for Measure*, act iv., sc. 2.

Under the Mistletoe—"A pastime passing excellent, if it be husbanded in modesty." *Taming of the Shrew*, act iii., sc. 2.

Gilmorehill Medicals—"Young gentlemen, your spirits are too bold for your years." *As You Like It*, act i., sc. 2.

Mann's Men—"Ears were never better fed with such delightful pleasing harmony." *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, act ii., sc. 5.

The Writer of "Quavers"—"Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now." *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act ii., sc. 1.

Robert the Devil—"It is the best horse of Europe, a most absolute and excellent horse." *Henry V.*, act iii., sc. 7.

Anglo-Irish "Apparitions"—"I think it is the weakness of their eyes that shapes these monstrous apparitions." *Julius Cæsar*, act iv., sc. 3.

Paisley Abbey Minister—"O most Gentle Jupiter! what tedious homily have you wearied your parishioners withal." *As You Like It*, act iii., sc. 2.

Anti-rent Parnell—"You have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give

your followers; for it appears by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words." *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, act ii., sc. 4.

Mr Forster, at last week's Cabinet Council (*log.*)—"From Ireland am I come amain to signify that rebels there are up. Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime, before the wound do grow incurable. Provide me soldiers, lords. I'll ship them all for Ireland." *2 Henry VI.*, act iii., sc. 1.

Councillor N-1—"He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I like not such fanatical phantasms, such insociable companions; such rackers of orthography as to pronounce calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour *vocatur* neebour; prejudice, preju-dism." *Love's Labour's Lost*, act v., sc. 1.

A Manaiical Musical Monody.

(After Campbell—a great way.)

ST. ANDREW'S HALL, with lights aglow—
In pleasant contrast to the snow!
Outside, and strains both loud and low,
Of music, rolling rapidly.

St. Andrew's saw a sorry sight,
Just about nine o'clock at night,
When Sauret, sawing left and right,
Played Ernst's concerto piteously.

He wandered up and down the middle,
He drew such notes out of his fiddle,
That every bar became a riddle
Of undisguised obscurity.

Harmonics deepen, double stops,
Staccato notes, like acid drops,
On Tuesdays and at evening pops,
Ascend the plaster canopy.

Then shrieked the strings by digits riven,
Then rushed the scales with fury driven,
Much weaker than the bolts of heaven,
Resolved in curious harmony.

Trombone and trumpet fast arrayed
Each player puffed his cheeks and brayed,
And fervently the listeners prayed
They soon would end their devilry.

Some that were there will never meet,
No more they'll come through snow and sleet,
To find for art a winding sheet,
St. Andrew's Hall a sepulchre.

A "Miner" Science Lecture—The author of "The Luck of Roaring Camp." "Argonauts!"—These pe prave 'orts, my Harte.

Comparative "Fizz"-iology—Old Veuve Clicquot *v.* Young Saint Marceaux.

"Boycotting" for Glasgow—"No Irish need apply."

Christmas Waits—Waiting to be helped to pie and pudding.

Seasonable—Storm predictions by "Yule."

Quavers.

COMPLAINT is being made of the undue length of the Orchestral Concerts. Last Tuesday evening, for instance, the programme was not finished till fully half-past ten, a late enough hour for a weekly, or as it is with many, a bi-weekly concert, to conclude at. In this particular case, however, the symphony was an unusually long one—it lasted fifty minutes—and keeping in view variety and contrast, the committee would probably have difficulty in shortening the concert. As a rule, however, all should be over by at latest a quarter past 10 (10 itself if possible), but it is evident that there are difficulties in the way, in connection with the Tuesday evening concerts at least, which are not to be overlooked.

A capital arrangement has been made, however, regarding the Saturday evening orchestrals. These are, from next night—the 25th—to begin at half-past seven, the hall opening as usual an hour before. The new hour cannot but suit everybody, and it is intended, of course, that the whole will be over by 10.

For Saturday evening next, a special programme has been prepared. The instrumental movements from Mendelssohn's Hymn of Praise, and, odd conjunction, Romberg's Toy Symphony, are to be played—the latter, of course, for the special benefit of the juveniles. A selection from Felicien David's descriptive piece, "Le Desert," and excerpts from Tannhauser, are also included; and Dr Peace plays an organ concerto.

The symphony for this evening (Tuesday) is Beethoven's "Pastorale," one of the most familiar of the set. A Serenade by Mozart for stringed orchestra is a delightful item in the programme. No one has written so attractively for strings as Mozart has, and there is evidently much that is characteristic of the master in this little serenade-symphony. The arrangement for orchestra by Berlioz of Weber's Invitation to the Waltz is another attractive number. Miss Hope Glenn is the vocalist of the evening. She sings one of Dinorah's songs in that opera, and a setting by Cowen of Mrs Hemans' lines, "I hear thee speak of a better land."

—o—

The repetition of Haydn's "Creation" on Saturday evening, at popular prices, drew together a gratifyingly numerous audience. The performance, which brought to the front Mr Allan Macbeth as conductor for the first time, was on the whole a satisfactory one. The soloists, Miss Irvine, Mr Howell, and Mr Riddell, filled their several important positions most respectably. "With verdure clad" was sung with taste and most promising ability. "In native worth" was probably the most effectively executed in Mr Howell's share of the tenor solos; it is, indeed, almost the only aria in the oratorio which is purely for tenor—the earlier numbers lying better, as it seems to one, to the baritone voice. Mr Riddell was particularly successful in the chief solos for bass, "Rolling in foaming billows," and "Now heaven in fullest glory shone."

The chorus showed very careful training on the part of Mr Macbeth. Expression was admirably observed, and there was an entire absence of shouting and coarseness. The voices are unfortunately not so well balanced as is desirable, the sopranos, altos, and tenors being somewhat light, the bass, on the other hand, was sonorous and full—and this has, as a rule, been characteristic of that part in the history of the Union. Mr Macbeth made an excellent impression in his first appearance as conductor of the society. He has the *technique* of the baton quite at command, and all that is yet wanted is, naturally, a little more ease in the position. He was not at all well supported by the orchestra, however, which played harshly, and often very carelessly.

—o—

A performance of "The Messiah" is to be given in the Public Hall, Main Street, Bridgeton, on Friday evening next, for the benefit of the destitute widows and orphans in the Eastern district. The chorus will number 120 voices, and the soloists include such skilful artists as Mrs Smith, Miss Young, and Mr Alexander. Mr Blair conducts. The object speaks for itself, and the oratorio will doubtless be well presented.

The Hillhead Musical Association gave their first concert for the season on Thursday evening. The society is singing very

well this year, but Cumming's "Fairy Ring," though good enough music, should be, and is, under its capacity. Another season, no doubt, a work more worthy of the members will be taken up.

The Musical Association of Govanhill U.P. Church give a concert on Friday evening next in the new church, Daisy Street, in behalf of the building fund. The choir, numbering some forty or fifty, sings remarkably well, the voices, if light, being fresh and agreeable. They will perform, besides some sacred part-songs, Ward's Christmas cantata, "Nativity," a sacred musical melange—the latter with accompaniments by a small orchestra. Mr Stobbs, who has for some years taken charge of the choir, will conduct.

Lays by our Lady Laureate.

No. 3.—TO MR BRET HARTE.

I DON'T like science *very* much,It's sometimes *rather* dry;

And wise men aren't always such

As please the female eye;

Yet with papa I have to go

Each "science lecture" to;

The dear old daddy doesn't know

I dread the name of "blue."

I very nearly danced with glee

When on the list I found

One honoured name, that had to me

A kind, familiar sound—

Brave chronicler of deeds and men,

Rough, common, but sublime,

That saving for your honest pen,

Had passed unmarked through time!

Of course, when on the stage you came,

Instinctively I knew

Bret Harte—the others looked so tame,

Romance was writ on you!

Dull science soon lay far behind;

'Mid pathos, mirth, and scorn,

Your good ship *Ago* bore my mind

Out through the Golden Horn!

THE CAIRD-ING O'T.—In opening the Anderson Church Bazaar, Principal Caird not only "allowed for the pardonable inconsistency of human nature," but did not hesitate to illustrate wherein example is better than precept. In the beginning of his address he said that he was "in a state of blank ignorance as to what a man should say who undertook the office of opening a 'bazaar,'" and at the close he referred to "advice that he had given some years ago on a similar occasion to the present."

"A Bill of Suspension"—Professor W. Robertson Smith.

"Christmas Sweetme(a)ets"—Kisses under the mistletoe.

"Christmas Cheer"—A gless a' guid whusky.

Merchants' Dinners from 12 to 5 p.m. Merchants' Restaurant, 58 Mitchell Street.

American Apples, in Good Condition, 15s per Barrel.—M. CAMPBELL, The City Fruit Warehouse, 18 Gordon Street.

EVERY MAN TO HIS TRADE.—Manchester House, by dealing solely in Cottons, Linens, Flannels, Blankets, buy more largely and therefore Cheaper than Houses that sell everything. STEPHEN'S, 179 Sauchiehall Street.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT a municipal meeting has passed and Johnnie Neil has remained silent.

That Johnnie has "ta'en a thocht an' mended."

That the subject under discussion at the said meeting was the operations of the City Improvement Trust.

That this used to be Johnnie's strong point.

That he just "jowked an' let the jaw gae by."

That surely Johnnie has been "promised something nice if he be a good boy till next November."

That Johnnie is now determined to show that while he is the richest man in the Council he is also the wisest.

That A. M'D. got the result of the "hat" on Thursday.

That didn't he feel a big man over it?

That this is a different answer from what might have been expected after the election expenses *fiasco*.

That certain agitators who wrought as hard in the Liberal cause as A. M'D. are not at all pleased that all the eggs should go into the one basket.

That D. F. thinks he should have got the presentation.

That the Liberals don't see it.

That so does Burt.

That A. M'D. ignores them both.

That the young "M'D." intends coming to the front.

That there *won't* be another hat.

That the flood of oratory poured out during the past week at Church Bazaars has been something fearful.

That the dreariest speech was the speech of the Lord Advocate.

That the audience were unanimous in pronouncing it the dullest sermon ever delivered.

That it is a long time since an Edinburgh lawyer took an equal interest in the social and domestic affairs of Glasgow with that displayed by his Lordship.

That the Glasgow contingent of Benhar shareholders rather astonished their Edinburgh friends.

That they showed that they were neither to be pooh-poohed nor put down.

That even an Edinburgh Professor was compelled to apologise.

That they may be good lawyers in the East, but we are better men of business in the West.

That "oor Jeems" has appeared once more on the stump.

That on this occasion Jeems was as amusing as ever.

That he had his name printed as Town Councillor on the programmes and tickets of the Free Gardener's soiree.

That Jeems's claim to be ranked as a representative of the Tenth Ward is making everybody laugh.

That Jeems has got his teeth drawn.

That it was by the dentist.

That Jeems considers "that nothing but insult and abuse can be expected from the Parochial Boards so long as they were elected as at present."

That young Jeems has just been rejected by the ratepayers.

That the ambition of that laddie has been a sair drawback to the "heid o' the hoose."

That—a merry Christmas to everybody.

LILLEYACEOUS.

When man and wife *will* pose in life
In mutual defiance,
Hauteur and strife wax rank and rife
To *miss* and *mess* alliance.

Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform.

TRULY there is peace at last in the Liberal camp, at least so far as the Liberal Association is concerned. There have been no rowdy meetings of executive lately, and it now remains to be seen how long this state of matters will continue. No doubt the committee of the G. L. A. are retrenching as speedily as they can, especially as the time of the annual meeting is drawing near, bringing with it the election of office-bearers, including, of course, the Hon. Secretary. They are also reforming, as judge by their answer to John Ferguson on anti-coercion, the only sensible thing they have done for many a day. It seems, moreover, that that worthy foreman, D. F., has been thrown overboard by our local Liberals. Even the Hon. Secretary has washed his hands of this noble specimen of teetotal intoxication, whose efforts after notoriety have at last become tolerable and not to be endured even by the members of the G. L. A.

Patient Musicians—The "Waits."

"The Big Boon"—Just out. "THE BIG WAVERLEY PEN."—*Argus*. 6d and 1s per Box, at all Stationers.

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We reply that, *without exception*, we are the *only* Glasgow Firm who Purchase all their Hats *direct from the Manufacturers*, and who Sell them direct to the Public. We do not buy a single Hat of any kind from Middlemen or other Wholesale Warehousemen.

The general Retail Trade are supplied by Middlemen, who obtain a profit of from 15 to 20 per cent., the Retailer, in turn, getting from 20 to 50 per cent. profit. Before our advent there was no remedy, and the Citizens had to submit. *Now* the matter is entirely in their own hands. We buy very extensively and sell for a small profit, looking to a large turnover to produce in the end the most satisfactory results. In thus doing away with Double Commission, the Public get the benefit to the extent shown below.

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Our Dress Hats at 6s 6d, 8s 6d, 10s 6d, 12s 6d, and 14s 6d, are sold elsewhere at from 8s 6d to 21s; and

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THE SECOND ANNUAL ENGLISH CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL, BANQUET, AND ASSEMBLY

Will be held in the COAL EXCHANGE HALL, On MONDAY, DECEMBER 27th 1880.
 WILLIAM PEARCE, Esqr. (John Elder & Co.), in the Chair,
 Joseph C. Wakefield, Esqr., Vice-Chairman.
 Banquet at 7-30 p.m. prompt. Single Tickets, 10s 6d; Double Tickets, 18s; Tickets admitting 1 Gentleman and 2 Ladies, 25s 6d.
 Tickets can be obtained at all the Principal Musicsellers; at Thornton's (late Duncan's) Restaurant, Victoria Hotel; William Love, News-Agent, 226 Argyle Street; A. F. Sharp & Co., 14 Exchange Square; and from Members of Committee.
 BY ORDER OF THE COMMITTEE.
 Glasgow, December 13th, 1880.

SOUTH AYRSHIRE.

COLONEL ALEXANDER, M.P., requests that the ELECTORS will do him the honour of meeting him in the BUTTER MARKET, AYR, on TUESDAY, the 21st Inst., at Two o'Clock Afternoon.
 Ballochmyle, 6th December, 1880.

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WILLIAM DODS, 13 and 15 ST. GEORGE'S ROAD. Gloves in all the Newest Shades. Newest Designs in Ladies' and Gentlemen's Scarfs, Ties, and Bows. Ladies' and Gentlemen's Collars and Cuffs. Silk and Linen Handkerchiefs. Underclothing in great variety.
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 126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 22nd 1880.

THOSE sheeps' eyes cast by the LORD-ADVOCATE upon the constituency of Glasgow are gradually producing their effect,

Not only in one direction, but over the city generally, the whisper is heard that Mr M'LAREN is to be "the new Member." The woin' and and puin' of his Lordship have been too much for our local wire-pullers. "JOHNNY" is neither the bonniest man nor the most learned man going, but, in spite of his inches and his dullness, it seems that we must toss our caps before long, and hail him as one of the representatives of the city. And it can't be said that he has used any unlawful practices in his efforts to secure the seat. Your aspirant after parliamentary honours usually dines the people whom he wishes to form his tail. In this instance, however, unless Lady Rumour be more than usually at fault, the very opposite has been the case. Why, no further gone than Friday last, his Lordship was compelled to lunch with one editor and to dine with another. Fearing, evidently, that he might be coerced into supping with a third, he incontinently made his escape by an evening train, pleading, as his excuse, that he was due at a festive gathering in an Edinburgh hotel. Political matters apart, there is no question that Mr M'LAREN, so long, at all events, as he continues LORD-ADVOCATE, might make an indifferently good Member for the city. His influence, as regarded local measures, would certainly count for something, and at present the interests of Glasgow, *qua* Glasgow, are at ebb tide in the Commons House of Parliament. Looked at in this way, the appearance of His Lordship on our political horizon—did he not open a bazaar last week, and is he not to go through his paces in the City Hall this (Tuesday) evening—may even turn out something not unlike a blessing in disguise. At all events, if the Liberal wire-pullers, those people who, hating the light work habitually in the darkness, have passed the word that Mr M'LAREN is to be the new member, the new member he probably will be. As for the Constitutional minority, those who abjure M'DOUGALL, JACKSON, BATTERSBY, and all their works—among whose ranks the BAILIE delights to enrol himself—this event is only another of the many troubles which, as haters of Democracy, they must grin and bear.

The Gentle Shepherd—"Little Boy Blue."

The Very Pyk—Louise of that ilk.

A Nymph of the Rhino—Baroness Burdett Coutts.

In Search of the Rhino—Mr Ashmead Bartlett,

Two Can Play at "Boycotting."
WHAT about this Irish business? The "Boycotting" proposal has proved too rich a morsel for even the not over-delicate stomach of Mr John Ferguson, who does not quite see his way to excommunicating persons whose alms he is "politely" soliciting; but the ludicrous impudent suggestion has had at least one good effect. It has aroused the indignant scorn of the community, and has been the immediate cause of two or three vigorous letters in the local press—including one from the redoubtable "J. N."—on the whole "Irish Question." Paddy and Murphy would do well to "ca' canny." We have borne with their disorders—we have endured the burden of their pauperism with much long-suffering and good humour; but they are fast becoming simply intolerable, and the present "movement," absurd as it is, bids fair to awaken among us a feeling similar to, but much more justifiable than, the anti-Chinese agitation in America and the German crusade against the Jew. "Ireland for the Irish" may then come to be a phrase with a new significance; but before that time arrives the BAILIE trusts that the intelligent and honourable Irishmen of the city—among whom he is happy to number more than one friend—will use their influence successfully with their miserable countrymen.

BORDER ARITHMETIC.—The BAILIE seldom troubles himself with the affairs of Berwick; but, since that abnormal burgh belongs as much to Scotland as to England, his Worship may be permitted to congratulate it upon its possession of a municipal dignitary—a Guardian of the Poor—who, when an annual payment of £158 18s 7d was mentioned, sagely inquired, "How many guineas a-day is that?" This arithmetical genius deserves to occupy a front seat along with Johnny Neil.

AN AMATEUR LEGISLATOR.—Not satisfied with the multifarious duties of his office, Sheriff Spens has given his mind to the concoction of an Act of Parliament—so he terms it—which he laid before the readers of the *Herald* the other morning. Mr Anderson and Dr Cameron, who have both done something in the legislative line, must look to their laurels if we are to have much more of this amateur poaching on their preserves.

WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.—That Manchester House for supplying Cottons, Linens, Flannels, Blankets, direct from the Mills, meets a long felt want.—Stephen's, 179 Sauchiehall St.

The Glutton's Carol.

"**H**AIL! Christmas hail!" loud sang the glutton,
 The day of feasting's close at hand,
 Roast, boil and stew, rich sauce and mutton,
 When one may "pack" till one can't stand.
 Plum puddings rare like little mountains,
 Grace each friend's table in the land,
 And champagne runs like fizzing fountains
 And one may "Swig" till one can't stand.
 Lo, what a prospect greets my eyes!
 My stomach leaps with perfect joy,
Blanc Mange and jellies chase mince pies
 Adown the gulph they cannot cloy.
 From early morn till evening tide,
 I'll unto thee full homage pay,
 Nor seek my duties to divide
 With others on sweet Christmas day.
 This day we'll worship gastronomy,
 Dyspepsia?—bah! let fear go hang.
 Each face expressing brisk *bonhomie*,
 Awaits the dinner bell's loud clang.
 Come! lift the covers—Oh ye gods!
 Saliva flows from every gland.
 Now let's to work, magician rods
 Ne'er conjured up a scene so grand.

MAKE A BISCUIT OF HIM!—Is no official notice to be taken of the gross Breach of Privilege committed by Mr Alexander Davie, President of the Weavers' Society of Anderston, who, at the society's anniversary dinner the other evening remarked, amid "roars of laughter," that "Lord Provosts now-a-days had their 'Bubbly Jocks'?" This irreverent weaver decidedly deserves a basting—or a baking

EDUCATE! EDUCATE! EDUCATE!—Dr Cameron lectured the other evening to the "Glasgow Liberal Workmen's Electoral Union"—a "liberal" mouthful of a name certainly—and Mr William Collins on the subject of "Free Education." Some folks are ill-natured enough to suggest that a little education, whether free or not, would greatly benefit a considerable proportion of the "middling" Member's hearers.

"It Frights the Isle from its Propriety"—The Land League.

A Christmas "Hamper"—The crush of boxes at a railway station.

A Pantomime "Cave"—The stage manager at the Royal.

"Cabinet" Pictures—Millais's portraits of Bright and Gladstone.

Furniture for Cash "Doon on the Nail." GARDNER & HARDIE, 42 Great Clyde Street.

See Christmas and New Year Cakes. Thornton's (late Duncan's) Restaurant, corner of Buchanan St. and Royal Bank Pl.

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 Exhibition of the Glasgow Art Club, in the rooms of the Fine Art Institute, which closes on the Tuesday of next week, is out of all sight the best yet held by its members. When the club was started in 1867, art—that is, local art—was at a very low ebb indeed. What Glasgow art is to-day can best be seen by a visit to the present Exhibition. Why, the “Meadow Land” of A. K. Brown, Mann’s “Difficult Question,” the water colour drawings of James A. Aitken, Guthrie’s “French Revolutionist,” David Murray’s “Mill Race,” the Loch scene of Wellwood Rattray, Tom M’Ewan’s “Gloamin’,” the “Summer Time” picture of John Miller, and the contributions of Macmaster, Davidson, M’Kellar, Lauder, Whyte, Taylor, and Tom Donald, not to speak of Joseph Henderson’s fine “Harbour Bar,” and the figure pieces of R. C. Crawford, belong to the class of pictures usually produced in Edinburgh and London, and in Edinburgh and London alone.

The “black and white” studies which formed a feature of the issue of *Good Words* for the past twelve months, are likely to be continued during the year which begins on the 1st of January, and among the contributors to the pages of Dr Macleod’s popular serial will be one, and perhaps more, of our local artists. Indeed, the first of these contributions appears in the January number of the magazine, and is a view of “Loch Coruisk” from the skilful hand of Dr. Charles Blatherwick. Those who have admired Dr. Blatherwick’s drawing of the famous Skye loch in the Water Colour Exhibition ought to possess themselves of the “study” in *Good Words*.

Those who know anything of the history of art in Glasgow must be familiar with the name of A. D. Robertson, at one time of the School of Design, and long and favourably known as a teacher of drawing eminently successful in his day and generation in communicating to his pupils a taste and admiration for art. Mr Robertson is now far advanced in years, and the “troops of friends” by which his old age has been “accompanied” have resolved upon presenting him with such a testimonial as will mark their high esteem for his personal worth, his literary talents, and his distinguished artistic ability. Subscriptions towards the testimonial will be received by Mr Sandeman, 11 John Street, the chairman; Mr William Young, 2 West Regent Street, the secretary; and Mr W. D. Main, Royal Bank of Scotland, Charing Cross, the treasurer of the committee.

James A. Ewing has presented the committee with some half-a-dozen copies of an admirable likeness of Mr Robertson he recently executed in clay, and these it is proposed to sell at two guineas each, and add the proceeds to the testimonial fund.

The largest picture painted by John Miller during the past season is a Skye scene—a view near Kyleakin. Prominent on the canvas is a group of birch trees. An arm of the sea slumbers peacefully between walls of perpendicular mountain, and overhead is an autumn sky flecked with sunny clouds. The handling of the work is broad, and there is ample evidence of power, as well in its conception as in the notes of colour and the scheme of light and shadow adopted by the artist. Another of Mr Miller’s pictures is one in which the piece of cannon placed on the Island of Kerrera for the use of the Oban volunteers forms a striking object; and a third is a picturesque view of Gylen Castle.

Among the visitors to the city on Friday was Sir Daniel Macnee. The old gentleman looked wonderfully well, and seemed in excellent spirits. He paid a visit, during his stay, to the Water Colour Exhibition, in West Nile Street, with the contents of which he expressed himself as highly delighted. To the mind of the President of the Royal Scottish Academy, the indifference shown by our art-loving public towards the Exhibitions of the Scottish Society of Water Colour Painters is fairly inexplicable.

The International Exhibition of Messrs Gammon & Vaughan, in the Galleries of the Fine Art Institute, which has now closed, hardly met with all the success it deserved. At the same time, its promoters have the satisfaction of knowing that they left no stone unturned to secure the suffrages of the public.

Waits.

SALMON for visiting the Broomielaw.
 Ireland for a suspension of *Habeas Corpus*.
 Councillor Neil for a “gown” and cock’d hat.
 Jeems for November next.
 The designs for the Municipal Buildings for being disposed of.
 The Ministry for “a happy new year.”
 Sundry “Gold” companies for a dividend.
 Mr Tennyson upon Mr Irving.
 The unemployed for a turn of the trade-mill.
 Bill Sykes for “the Lords.”
 The printer’s devil for “copy.”

TO OUR ER(R)IN’ NEIGHBOURS.—Pat should take care unless he should be himself the “Bhoy-caught.” There are games at which two can play.

ROYAL PRINCESS’S THEATRE.
 MAIN STREET, SOUTH SIDE, GLASGOW.

Sole Lessee and Manager,.....Mr H. CECIL BERYL.
 THE PEOPLE’S PANTOMIME!

THE CHILDREN’S PANTOMIME!!
 SUCCESS OF THE SEASON!!!

Glasgow Herald:—“One of the strongest casts we have seen in Pantomimes for some time.”

TO-NIGHT (TUESDAY), DECEMBER 21st, at Seven,
 And Every Evening until further notice,
 THE GEORGEIOUS CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME,
 Entitled

THE BABES IN THE WOOD;
 Or HARLEQUIN ROB ROY,
 THE MERRIE MEN OF BORDERLAND,
 VIRTUOUS VESTA, AND VULCAN THE VENOMOUS.
 LEGITIMATE SUCCESS OF THE LITTLE
 SISTERS JOSEPHINE AND EUGENIE WILLS
 AS “THE BABES.”

BRAUTIFUL SCENERY! COSTLY DRESSES!!
 POWERFUL COMPANY! GRAND BALLET!!
 FULL CHORUS OF 70 VOICES!!!
 AUGMENTED ORCHESTRA!!!

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 SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25th, (CHRISTMAS-DAY).

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 Box Plan at Donaldson’s Rooms, 91 St. Vincent Street.
 Tramway Cars to all parts after the Performance.

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 ANNUAL EXTRAVAGANZA AND PANTOMIME
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GRAND PANTOMIME,

P R E T T Y B O . P E E P ,

or HARLEQUIN

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The MUSIC Selected and Arranged from the Works of Gounod, Offenbach, Bizet, Herve, Jacobi, J. Farmer, &c., by Mr JOHN BARNARD.

The COSTUMES from Special Designs by Messrs FORREST & GILDERS, executed by Madame LEON, of the Theatre-Royal, and Mr STINCHCOMBE, of London. PERRUQUIER, Mr Fox. COMIC MASKS by Mr CLARKSON. MACHINERY by Mr CHAPMAN. GAS and ELECTRIC LIGHTS by Mr BARBER. PROPERTIES and APPOINTMENTS by Mr LEE.

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Petersburg, and Her Majesty's Opera, London), and

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100 CHILDREN.

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GRAND POPULAR CHRISTMAS PROGRAMME.

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Glasgow, December, 1880.

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And a CHORUS Numbering 120 VOICES.

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This Society will begin Rehearsals early in January.

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CONDUCTOR,Mr AUGUST MANNS. Symphony No. 6 in F "Pastorale" (*Beethoven*), and Selections.

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MESSIAH.

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Subject—"Arabia."

Tickets, 2s 6d, 2s, 1s 6d, 1s, and 6d; also, Tickets for remainder of Course at reduced prices, to be had at the Secretary's Office, 114 Bath Street.

NOTICE.—In order to prevent overcrowding, Single Admission Tickets cannot be sold at the Hall until 7-45 P.M., by which time Ticket-holders are expected to be seated.

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CHEESE, BUTTER, HAM, AND EGGS AT
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DON'T grumble at high prices when you can
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Best Fresh Butter in Glasgow, 1s 6d. Irish Powdered Butter,
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BREAKFASTS, DINNERS, TEAS.
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SCOTCH WHISKY to be had only from JOHN
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JEWEL COAL,
12s PER WAGGON, Delivered in any part of the
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FOREIGN and ENGLISH BOOKS of All Kinds.
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Plays a number of tunes, Sacred Music, Overtures, and
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35s.—Sole Agent,

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91 ST. VINCENT STREET.

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MILL STORE, 24 MAXWELL STREET, for Re-manufacture

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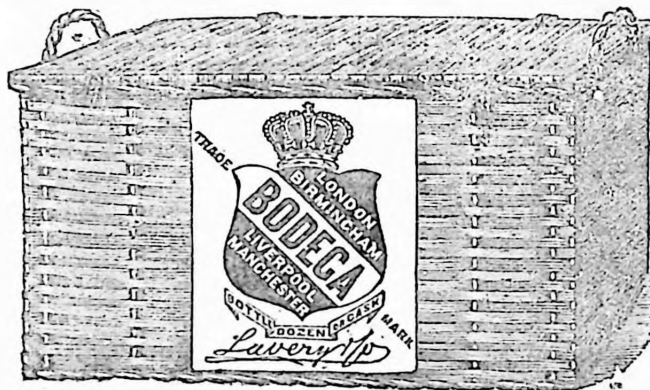


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Three Years Old.

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21/ per gall. (jars extra).

36/

39/

42/ per doz. (cases included).

Only the Finest Whiskies made are used by us in blending, and these having been matured in our best Sherry Casks are exceptionally mellow and fine. Carriage Paid on two doz. and upwards to any Station in Great Britain.

CHAMPAGNES, all the most noted Brands in Single Cases, at Wholesale Prices.

Orders for Wines received and paid for at the Glasgow "Bodega," may be sent out from any of the Branches in London, Paris, Manchester, Birmingham, Brighton, Bristol, Portsmouth, Plymouth, &c. &c.

J. H. ROGER, Manager.



The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 428. Glasgow, Wednesday, December 29th, 1880. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 428.

AT this gladsome period, in common with all genial souls, the BAILIE is inclined to be more than usually "gay and festive." It is in this spirit that he takes the utmost delight in remembering those who have helped by their exertions to swell the supply of good things characteristic of the prevailing season. When we partake of the insidiously concocted loving cups which on every hand are pressed to our lips—hear it not, shade of an ex-Lord Provost—when, after the solid and exhausting hospitalities which the heart delights in, we feel re-invigorated by the glowing colours and the unspeakable refreshingness of a good desert, what can be more natural than, in contemplating such beautiful productions, we should remember the influence which conjures them in such profusion from all corners of the globe to our very doors? Why, a good desert now-a-days is a geographical study. There are the oranges of Spain and Brazil, the tropical pines, bananas from the Indies, pears from California, apples from Canada, together with the figs of Turkey reposing peacefully alongside the products of Greece. Who is it that daily encumbers our streets with endless waggon-loads of those seductive delights, a glimpse of which, as we catch it *en passant*, tempts us to forget the difference between *meum* and *tuum*? The answer is—BENJAMIN SIMONS, of the firm of Simons, Jacob, & Co., the largest house in the Scotch fruit trade, and one of the largest to be found anywhere. Born in London sixty-three years ago, Mr SIMONS has been for the last thirty-five years a denizen of the Second City. On leaving his native place in search of fortune, Mr SIMONS made his first halt in Edinburgh, but he wasted no time in Auld Reekie, determining to leave as soon almost as he had

entered it. And why, forsooth? *Because grass grew in the market place!* "No, no," said sagacious BENJAMIN, "the grass sha'n't grow under my feet;" and he has certainly kept his word. Arriving in Glasgow immediately thereafter, the same rapidity of determination which caused his abandonment of Edinburgh settled his conviction that Glasgow offered a favourable field for the employment of the knowledge of his business. As time went on, and things prospered with our friend, the Glasgow fruit trade assumed new directions. Under these new directions the great railways—French and English—were induced to lower their rates, so that Glasgow, instead of being fed from Metropolitan sources as a small outport, became a competing market with London itself. Steamers were built expressly for carrying perishable cargoes, and an impetus was given to the construction of that handy class of fruit-carrying vessels which abound in Glasgow beyond any other port. Colossal warehouses grew apace, to be crammed and emptied with the greatest rapidity of toothsome merchandise. Fruit now is no longer a luxury to our city—it is a daily article of food within the reach of all, and it is to Mr SIMONS we are indebted for this. These are a few of the things which have been accomplished by a gentleman who, living unobtrusively among us, has fought his fight, and now relinquishes his command to those of his own name, in whose hands there is little fear of any falling off in this industry, which gives a new means of livelihood to thousands. Mr SIMONS, in making his pile, has invested it where it was made, and through both proceedings his conduct has invariably been of the most honourable description. Possessed of unflagging energy, an unusual flow of good humour, and a keenly sympathetic disposition, he is fully entitled to be ranked among the "Men you Know."

New Year Wishes.

WISH the Irish would give us the use of our own newspapers.

Wish the "Governor" would raise my "screw."

Wish my tailor would stop sending in his account.

Wish a pieman could make the acquaintance of that cat which keeps me awake o' nights.

Wish the bazaar season were over.

Wish congregations would erect their own churches and support their own ministers.

Wish that old aunt of mine may remember me in her will.

Wish tramway conductors would stop when asked.

Wish that all the pantomimes may be successful.

Wish Johnny Neil may get a seat on the Bench.

Wish "oor Jeems" may be sent back to the Toon Council.

Wish—a happy New Year to everybody.

ALL THERE?

(Scene—Corner of Jamaica Street on a foggy evening.)

Tuncan—Hey, Tougal M'Allister, iss that you or your prother Murdo?

Tougal—Yiss, Tuncan M'Corkindale, it's shust her ain sel"; but if you had speired ta question at me last night it wouldn't have been me, for I wass awa in Paisley whateffer.

GORGEOUS QUEER.—Under the new Town Council the designs for the new Municipal Buildings have apparently made progress. Drawings having given little satisfaction, the idea of a wooden all-round model upon the magnificent site is likely to commend itself to those of the public who can appreciate architecture as a Fine Art.

"Ireland for the Irish."—If they "Boycott" in Glasgow, Boycott in return—return them to their Er(r)in' Isle, that Erin that's their home.

Popular Educators—Board school-masters.

A Christmas Carl(e)—John Frost.

A Round of Festivity—A round of beef.

A Round of Gaiety—The dress-circle.

A Round of Merriment—A merry-go-round.

"This weary mortal round"—The wheel of life.

Furniture for Cash "Doon on the Nail." GARDNER & HARDIE, 42 Great Clyde Street.

See Christmas and New Year Cakes. Thornton's (late Duncan's) Restaurant, corner of Buchanan St. and Royal Bank Pl.

Vale, 1880.

"Time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,
And with his arm outstretched, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer."—*Troilus and Cressida*.

THE year has but a breath or two to go,
And then—well, then comes Eighty-one, and smiling;
Time's ladder long-like looks at first, but know
Each round's beguiling.

It seems but no time since the last New Year
Came bobbing forth and jostled out his brother:
It looks like yesterday we hailed him in, and here—
Why, here's another!

'Tis hard to know which best to do—rejoice,
Or not; alas, the day! but our alasing
Is cheap enough—not any croaking voice
Keeps time from passing.

Nor croak we shall—but we'll be merry, very;
And our one enemy you'll help me throttle—
And that's old Care? I thought so; pass the sherry—
Yes, that's the bottle.

Here's to ourselves; and may the yald young year
Have but a trifling load of griefs to vex it;
And may the joys that glad the year that's here
Not with it exit.

And that's a goodly wish—you'll drink it, friend?
Content with that who dares dare call us grumblers?
The less we have, the less we need to spend—
Fill, and clink tumblers!

The years are flying—fast and surely flying—
And one may slip in sly and be our last one;
But that's no cheer—let's quaff the year that's dying,
Ere it's a past one.

And may whatever years are yet in store
For you, for me—whatever matters weighty
Await our lives—may all as bright pass o'er
As Eighteen-eighty!

A FAIR EXCHANGE.

(Scene—Port-Glasgow Station; Wemyss Bay train has been detained for several minutes awaiting return of the single line traffic-baton.)

Irate Passenger (to station-master on platform)—When does this train resume its journey?

Station-master (apologetically)—We are waiting on the staff.

Irate Passenger—Go on, man, never mind the staff, I'll lend you an umbrella.

I'D AS LIEF.

For the Season how think you how this'll do,
Putting Folly 'neath holly and mistletoe?—
If it's merely their leaves, then it this is,
Where not trees-on the leave's to take kisses.

"A Bold Bad Man"—The wicked uncle in the "Babes in the Wood."

The best of the Christmas tree—The Yule log.

A Christmas Carle—Father Christmas.

SAFES. { Fire and Thief Proof for Merchants, &c. Fifty by Milner, Phillips, Perry, from £4 upwards. Inspection Invited. Jennings, 101 Mitchell Street.

Wanted, "Zephyrs."

SOMEbody advertises for a young man "who has had experience in getting up zephyrs." For a long time the BAILIE puzzled over this novel demand, but it at last struck him that "getting up zephyrs" must be the latest polite phrase for "raising the wind." The advertiser in this case seems modest in his requirements; but, by analogy, we may some day find an exorbitant fellow desiring assistance in causing hurricanes, or bringing on simoons. Certain northern witches used to do a good trade in that line; but, should they not prove available, there are always lots of personages of the Jeremy Diddler "persuasion" to be found, who have had long and successful experience in raising every variety of breeze from the gentlest of "zephyrs" upward.

IMPROVE THE TIME.

Now Leap year, Ladies, must go quickly hence, as
A new year comes, to bring you to your Census;
Your privilege this to *offer* and *engage* is—
You're shielded now, and no one knows your *agis*,
But next will tell how stealthy Time advances,
P'rhaps hear you sigh o'er Leap-year's vanish'd chances.

SEASONABLE.

Customer—A good sort of winter day, this.
Bookseller—A what, do you say?
Customer—Well, there's frost, snow, fog, hail,
wind, and rain—what more would ye have?
There seems to be really no pleasing some folk.
Bookseller—Look at this man (holding up the
new book "Tea and Toddy")
Customer—And I intend to have that, too,
before I go to bed. Good night.
Bookseller—"Good," is't ye're saying?
[Exit customer.]

A NEW EPITHET.—Certain remarks at a workmen's meeting the other day are reported to have been received with "cries of 'Boo,' and other epithets." Can any antiquary tell us if this elegant "epitaph" was included in Mrs Malaprop's "nice derangement?"

What Mr Beryl's "Babes" said when they heard who had ordered that they should be slain—"Oh! my prophetic soul, my uncle."

"Much ado about Nothing"—The speeches made by Mr Neil at the Town Council meetings.

GENTLEMEN'S Cloth Made and Trimmed, Suits, 18s; Overcoats, 14s.; Fit, Workmanship, Trimmings guaranteed.—EWART BAIN, 59 Bridge Street.

For a Good Dinner go to the Merchant's Restaurant, 58 Mitchel Street.

On 'Change.

CHRISTMAS is not a season when much is done in the way of business. As a rule men are more inclined to go about and enjoy themselves, to flit towards fresh fields and pastures new, or to subside into downright laziness. This year has been an exception, and for some days back things have been uncommonly brisk on the Stock Exchange. Old stagers, whom I would never have thought guilty of such antics, have been calmly laying their wise heads together, and the result of their cogitations was that they operated for a rise. More wisely still, they selected good stocks to work in, and the result will probably be that they will reap a fair harvest. Glasgow and South-Western stock has been particularly in favour. Readers of the BATTLE may chance to remember that I have all along recommended this stock as an eligible field for investment. It seemed reasonable that this should be the case. Some people say that you can prove anything by figures, and if figures proved anything they showed distinctly that South-Western stock was below its legitimate place in the market. Caledonian, as I pointed out, was too high. The barometers are coming more nearly right now, for the one stock has gone up, as it ought, and the other has receded from a position it had no business to occupy.

Steam and the telegraph have brought us nearer the end of the earth than heretofore, but I fail to appreciate that as a reason why British capitalists should fling their money to the other side of the globe. If a profit can be secured, with requisite safety, so much the better for the investor, but it strikes me that the money might be more usefully employed at home. No doubt the steamer, the locomotive, and the telegraph exert a sort of levelling influence, through which the rates of interest in the world will presently be at least partly equalised. The mere possibility of such an occurrence ought to act as a warning. Men with money will doubtless say they are all right. They will argue that if interest abroad becomes lower they can have their money back again, and invest it at home. So they can, if the investments abroad prove prosperous enough to enable them to repay the principal. Sometimes that is not the case, but supposing the money to be recovered and ordered back to this country there is an almost inevitable loss in exchange. Everybody wants to do the same thing at the same time, and the consequence is a fall in exchange which seriously prejudices the investor. Little is thought of this matter by the public generally, but it is a most important factor in business. I know a man who had £10,000 invested in India. He sent the money out at an exchange of 2s per rupee, and for many years he drew £5:0 to £5:50 a year out of the transaction. Presently exchange went down, and his income from this source diminished to about £420. Then he took fright, sold out, and ordered his money home. It came home at an exchange of 1s 7d, and he received something like £8 000 in place of the £10,000 he had sent away.

My mind runs in this direction because, as I formerly pointed out, so much money is being asked at present for objects entirely foreign to the interests of this country. India gold mines. Nevada and Utah silver swindles, and other queer contrivances for appropriating money are daily offered to the public. The latest development of the fever is a scheme to convert Manitoba into a remunerative territory. I would here advise my readers that Manitoba is a word of four syllables with the accent very strong upon the last. I mention this fact because everybody I know accents the word on the penultimate syllable. Manitoba, I find, wants about half a million sterling. I suppose the farmers are to get it, and that through the influence of this capital the territory is to blossom like the rose, while the happy participators in the business will receive 8 to 15 per cent. If a man got 15 per cent. always he could afford to lose by the fall in exchange. But if a man got 15 per cent. he would not want his money home, and so the exchange would not fall at all. I recommend this reflection to my numerous friends, who have perhaps found me right enough on some other points.

SCRUTATOR.

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.

Monday Gossip.

THE Christmas entertainments are now in full swing. Go where you will, the one question you invariably hear asked by young and old is, "What pantomimes have you seen?" Christmas and the New Year, indeed, would not be Christmas and the New Year without the bright burlesques and the merry harlequinades provided by our managerial friends.

Popular report speaks most of the richness and completeness of "Little Bo-Peep" at the Royal, with its troops of youngsters—so admirably drilled and trained by Mr Cave, its gaily-dressed ladies, its graceful ballet, its beautiful scenery, and its clever acting.

Mr Beryl's "Babes in the Wood" is the funny pantomime *par excellence*. The antics of Mr Ramsay Danvers on the stage of the South-side Theatre are themselves worth taking a journey to see. The "Babes" is Mr Beryl's first Glasgow pantomime, but it has even surpassed the expectations that had been formed regarding it.

Never was there seen, even at the Gaiety, such a wealth of gay and glittering dresses as those provided by Mr Bernard for "Lurline." The fearful word-twisting of the libretto, the amusing ponderosity of Mr Wainwright, and the graceful playing and delightful singing of the chief ladies of the company, are the other features of Mr Bernard's pantomime.

There is a proverb which some-one has quoted about "always partridge," and I can't help thinking Mr Knapp recollected the saying when he arranged to produce "The Pirates of Penzance" at the Royalty during the present holiday season. "Always pantomime," as it seems to me, must be almost as bad as "always partridge." To have a house open where one of Gilbert and Sullivan's comic operas is being performed, is a lucky event indeed for the regular playgoer when his eyes shall have become wearied with the sparkling of Dutch metal as seen under the glare of blue and red lights, and his ears accustomed to the laugh of Mr Clown, and the squeaking of Sir Timothy Harlequin.

Sullivan's burlesque music, even if it should be but an imitation of many styles, is generally so artistic and scholarly as to command the respect of the most severely critical. In "The Pirates of Penzance"—his latest and perhaps his best comic production—the care of the conscientious artist is amply manifested, and the music appeals accordingly as much almost to the cultured as to the unskilled. The harmonies are so charming, the symphonies so graceful, and the orchestration so bright and piquant, that this operatic absurdity is really very attractive, even musically alone. The unaccompanied chorale in the first act is one of the many little bits of true musicianship scattered throughout that might be instanced.

The company is, for the demands of the music, a very good one. Our friend Mr George Walker (G. W. Marnock) performs his part of the *Pirate King* most effectively, both vocally and histrionically, while Mr Coventry sings very nicely as *Frederick*, and Miss Laura Clement very sweetly as *Mabel*. The chorus is tuneful and well-trained.

A week or two ago I gave an account of Helen Faucit's essays on *Ophelia* and *Portia* which had been printed for private circulation, and I ventured to express a hope that they would ere long be given to the world at large. This hope has now been realised. Those who care to make themselves acquainted with the essay on *Ophelia* will find it reproduced in the pages of *Blackwood* for January.

A great Scotch Festival is announced for Saturday evening, the 1st of the New-Year, in the City Hall. The company will include reel and strathspey players, Highland dancers and pipers, and an adequate company of vocalists. It goes without telling that the programme for the night is Scotch from beginning to end.

The January number of the *Contemporary Review* contains a poem by Mr William Canton, of the *Glasgow Herald*, entitled "The Death of Anaxagoras." It is in blank verse, and recalls the epistles contained in Mr Browning's volume of "Men and Women."

The portrait of the late Mr Whitslaw, M.P., painted by Mr Norman Macbeth R.S.A., will be presented to the municipality on Wednesday, in the Corporation Galleries, by Mr White of Overton, chairman of the subscribers to the work.

Myers's big variety show is doing great business in the Ingram Street Circus. Saturday night was one of those occasions that are as gall and wormwood to the managerial palate—refusing money for want of room. Mr Cooper with his performing pets—elephants and lions—is out of sight the boss artiste. His part in the programme is of itself worth all the money charged for entrée. Go, my Magistrate, and, as the programme puts it in the case of the lions, behold "the power of human intellect over brute ferocity!"

I hear that Mr Myers, who is one of the cutest Yankees around, and always on the hunt for some new thing, has just arranged for a first appearance here and in this country of a Prussian star of the first magnitude, professionally known as "Katerionadar," and presently doing wonders in Hamburg. This is a lady gymnast and high flier of great renown on the continent, and is said to out Zazel any of Farinis little female fakes. *Nous verrons.*

Those in search of one or two pleasant evenings, and who is not at this festive season, couldn't do better than betake themselves to the "Hydropathic" at Kilmalcolm towards the weekend. Indeed the directors of the establishment, eager that their friends and guests should enjoy themselves to the full, have arranged an entertaining programme for every night, save Wednesday, of the present week. On Saturday evening last a variety of amusements were given, which pleased the visitors so much, that something over a five pound note was collected, and is to be handed over to the well known institution in the neighbourhood.

Our Paisley freens are in luck. Their new water reservoir—water is the chief want of the Town—on the Braes of Gleniffer, has just been completed by Mr Quin, the contractor, in half the space of time allowed for its construction. Mr Quin, may I add, is at present engaged on an extensive undertaking of a similar character for the Corporation of Belfast. The situation selected for the Belfast reservoir is among the hills of Carrickfergus, and is at least ten miles distant from the flax-spinning borough. It is to be finished in three years.

I have seen the bill of fare to be served up at the educational banquet—congress, I mean—in Stirling, on Monday and Tuesday next. The menu is of the shop, shoppy. Four "papers" have to be read, marked, and inwardly digested the first day, and seven the second! This is surely too much for even the most pedantic pedagogic palate. (There's alliteration for you, BAILIE.) What a relief must it be for the poor dominies to sit down at the hospitable board of mine host of "The Royal" of that ilk, and shunt the play of "School" to a siding. The conversation in the Smith Institute is to be a milk-and-water affair. What a killing frost for members of the "new profession," than whom there are no better judges of a good dram going.

The anniversary of the opening of the Royalty Theatre, which event took place on the 22nd of December, 1879, was celebrated on Wednesday last, when a circle of personal friends congratulated Mr Knapp on the success which had attended his career, during the twelve months, as a lessee and manager.

New-Year's Cheer—A rise of wages.
"A Morning Performance"—First-fitting.

A Rising Gael.

(Scene — The Shielan' of Angus M'Tavish ; Little Anguses, unpolled, are playing about ; the parish "meenister" approaches.)

Parish Minister (to Angus, who is chopping wood)—Well, Angus ; busy I see ; all well to-day ?

Angus—Hoch aye, sir, she'll pe awl ferry well, and she'll tank you, moreover.

Parish Minister—The bairns look sturdy, Angus. Is that little fellow over at the river's side your's, too ?

Angus—Aye, sir, tat wull pe Shonny ; he'll pe a ferry coot, opedient, and a ferry nice poy, Shonny. (By way of showing off, calls to him.) Shonny, my son, come tull your faather like a coot poy.

Shonny (rebelliously)—Nach !

Angus (persuasively, but a little put out)—Shonny ! come tull your faather, and pe opedient poy, and not a paad, evil poy. Maister Smaa wull pe wauntin' tull see you awlso, too !

Shonny (who does not seem to see it)—Nach !

Angus (floored and forgetting himself)—Och ! you lettle rascal poy ! She'll taucht you tae took your faather's feeshin' rod tae fish in ta Gaarry for ta tucks wi' worms pait, and tae poot torns in ta pig's preakfass tis mornin' and makin' her grumph and squeel wi' her nose awl pleedin', too, forpye !

["Obedient" Shonny does not surrender in the meantime.]

A SPOONEY AFFAIR.—An Edinburgh domestic the other day made preparation for her wedding by "conveying" from the house of her employer a number of articles, including a spoon. By way of impressing upon her that a state of "spoons" did not justify her in confusing her own feelings with her mistress's property, the misguided damsel was sent to spend her honeymoon in jail.

Boy-co(a)ttin' —Ordering ulsters for the boys—
"The Boy Blue"—The Bobby on the beat.

A "Spirited" Speech—"Other three halves."

Not the "Rightful Heir"—A wig.

Law Suits—Police Uniforms.

Merchants' Dinners from 12 to 5 p.m. Merchants' Restaurant, 58 Mitchell Street.

American Apples, in Good Condition, 15s per Barrel.—
M. CAMPBELL, The City Fruit Warehouse, 18 Gordon Street.

EVERY MAN TO HIS TRADE.—Manchester House, by dealing solely in Cottons, Linens, Flannels, Blankets, buy more largely and therefore Cheaper than Houses that sell everything.
STEPHEN'S, 179 Sauchiehall Street.

Maniacal Musical Monodies.

No. 2.—(After Campbell—several miles.)

SOME critics, to a concert bound,
Cried "Cabman, do not tarry,
We'll give the twentieth of a pound
To take us in a hurry."

"Now, who would to St. Andrew's Hall
With snow and sleet about us?"

"Oh ! we're the press folks, chief of all,
Manns can't get on without us."

"Racotsky's March" is to be played,
From Berlioz' "La Damnation,"
Beethoven's "Pastoral," 'tis said,
And Weber's "L'Invitation."

"Of these we well know two, of course,
But it has been our fate aye,
To miss the learned Berlioz
When he comments on Goethe.

"Gounod's our man, and then we feel
That we cannot discover
How any other man could deal
With Marguerite and her lover.

"Then ride thee swift my merry men
For this is not a hot sky,
The hour is fast approaching when
We'll hear the Marche Racotsky."

Out spoke that hardy cabman old—
"You seem to be a wary 'un,
But mention of Racotsky bold
Reminds me—he's Hungarian.

"And if they play that March this night
Unwillingness I'll bury,
For though the sleet and snow are white
I'll drive you in a hurry."

By this the noise grew loud apace,
Both strings and winds were shrieking,
And on each ledger line and space
The piccolo was squeaking.

They listened to that stormy tune,
They criticised it gravely,
They said that Berlioz had done
His duty very bravely.

But Berlioz was never heard
Save in the "Invitation,"
For some one must have greatly erred
By leaving out "Damnation."

Liszt's score was doubtless quite as good,
But then, the curious fact is
That critics have not understood
Its theory or practice.

There is a kind of awkwardness,
In fact a sort of bother,
In getting things into a mess
And taking one for t'other.

'Tis vain. The thing's been done before,
But it is worth preventing,
And critics think it is a bore
They should be left lamenting.

Waiting for an "Anser"—Entering a "sweep"
for a Christmas goose.

Holly Days—Christmas and New Year's Day.

A Bit of a "Poser"—A diminutive ballet girl.

Come to Grief—Tears.

Quavers.

THE Orchestral Concerts, both on Tuesdays and Saturdays, continue to be excellently attended. On Saturday (Christmas night) there was not, for an obvious reason, quite so full a house as usual. The Toy Symphony of Romberg was perhaps the chief attraction of the evening, and amused very much. Mr Frederic King made a favourable impression, but his "Nazareth" solo was spoiled for want of a chorus, and because of a too loud accompaniment.

The programme for to-night (Tuesday) includes the overture to Cherubini's "Anacreon;" music which is little known, but undeservedly so. The symphony of the evening, Mozart's in E flat, is, per contra, well known, the minuet, as has been before noted, being familiar to all piano players. The andante is especially fine. This symphony has not been performed at these concerts since the 1875 season. An important selection from Schubert's Rosamunde, and Mackenzie's Rhapsodie Ecosaise No. 2, are two of the lighter numbers in the programme.

Part second (strong contrast) is devoted to Wagner. First, the favourite Tannhauser overture, then the prelude and first scene of the second act of that somewhat sensuous operatic illustration of mediæval times, in which the vocal solo, "O hafl of song," will be sustained by Mademoiselle Louise Pyk, whom all will be glad to hear again. The prelude to Lohengrin follows—remarkable music which seeks to pourtray the miraculous descent and delivery of the "Holy Grail;" next a song from "The Master-singer of Nurnberg" (1868), arranged as a violin solo, to be played by Herr Franke with orchestral accompaniment; and last, The Walkyrie's Ride, from the "Walkyrie" (1876), prepared for concert purposes by Wagner himself, and stirring music, as may well be supposed.

The Messiah will be given as usual on New Year's Day. Miss Williams, Madame Bolingbroke, Mr Frank Boyle, and Signor Foli will be the soloists, the latter by the way is to be regularly identified, it appears, with our "New Year" music.

A humorous programme is announced for the evening of that day. There is the laughable blundering symphony of Mozart "The Village Musicians;" a new polka by Mr Manns, specially composed for this concert, and called after "O. P. Q. Philander Smiff" of the *Figaro*; the Drum Concerto (March and Polonaise) by our esteemed friend Herr Tausch, in which Mr M'Innes will again perform the solo, with numerous other "comic selections," to be varied, no doubt, by a more solid piece or two.

The writer of the *Mail* critique on last Tuesday's orchestral concert, speaking of Mozart's Serenade for strings, feels (we read) that loveliness is possible only to the youth of musical art! What a prospect of ugliness would be before us if the view were correct! But fortunately all musicians are not of the advanced, unmelodious school that this writer seems so fond of, and so we need not be very sore afraid for the future.

A new choral society is to be started in the Bridgeton district. Practising will be commenced early in January, the oratorios "Messiah" and "Samson" having been selected for study.} Mr C. M. Blair will conduct. There is a want of some such society in the East End.

The choir of Cathcart Road Wesleyan Church give a concert this evening (Tuesday) of sacred selections, one or two organ solos being included.

A concert was given by the musical association of Queen's Park Established Church on Friday evening, when Sterndale Bennett's "May Queen" was produced. The tone and style of the choir were everything that could be desired, but, unfortunately, through the cantata being conducted from the piano—accompaniment and conducting in one, the points were not so promptly taken up as they should have been; it said, indeed, a great deal for the choir that the time was so well kept as it was. With an anthem or similar bread music this style of conducting may do; with a cantata it is surely out of the question.

The Ayr Choral Union gave a specially good concert of sacred and secular selections in the Queen's Rooms there on Thursday evening last. Mr M'Nabb conducting. The solos in course of the programme were as a rule most artistically sung, and the chorus was in good form. It is not much to the credit of those

concerned, however, that there is as yet no proper hall for oratorio and concerts in Ayr; the new hall it seems will not be ready till next Christmas. By the bye, the programme not distinguishing very clearly between composers and solo performers, an innocent "local" reporting for his paper is said to have asked to have Mr Henry Smart pointed out to him. He took the name of the late distinguished composer to be that of a soloist.

The North British Railway Musical Association had their concert last Wednesday evening. The programme comprised some choice part-songs and glees, and a new part-song composed for the association, not to be behind its rival, of course, the C. R. M. A. Locke's music for Macbeth was also sung. A good programme, without doubt. Mr A. Thomson conducted.

GRIFFITH'S VALUATION.

(Scene—Public-house, Cork; a thirsty party entering calls for "A glass of whuskey," which the landlord supplies at once, and the thirsty party tumbling off said glass of poteen, deposits "tuppence" in payment. "Three half-pence more if you please, sur," says the landlord.)

Tipsy Party—Why, sure hav'n't I paid you Griffith's valuation.

Hang your Banners!

OUR street architecture is in nowise dignified, and year after year is robbing it of its picturesqueness. Each "jutty, frieze, and coigne of vantage" is rapidly disappearing, and were it not for the projecting signs of the shop-keepers, the suspended lamb, or the bracketed unicorn, our long lines of streets would be flat, stale, unprofitable, and melancholily monotonous. Even the inscribed flag of the stony footpath or of the waving air gives a trifle of interest, and rescues our great business thoroughfares from a dull, dead level of uniformity. The marble slab or silken banner may "give us pause"—they would have given to Addison themes for at least half-a-dozen of *Spectators*.

NEWLY LIT(T) ON.

The "Peep of Day" brought bright daylight (delight),
But "Little Bo" 's the "Peep" o' night,
A night new "stars" e'en "gods" may view,
So blow up your horn, you "Little Boy Blue."

The Irish Revolution—Bhoy-cottars into peasant-proprietors.

A "Blue" Book—The Theatre Royal Pantomime pamphlet.

The "Knell" of Ireland—Par-nell.

Ornamented Seed, Sultana, and Bride Cakes, &c. Thornton's (late Duncan's) Restaurant, corner of Buchanan Street and Royal Bank Place.

The Best Place to Dine.—The Merchants' Restaurant, 58 Mitchell Street.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the daft days are upon us once more.
That trade prospects are brighter than they were at the close of 1879.

That 1881 may turn out a year of great prosperity.

That Church Bazaars are as numerous as blackberries in autumn.

That the cry is "still they come."

That they have fairly ousted football matches from the field of popularity.

That Dr Marshall Lang has threatened us with an awful appeal for funds towards the erection of a new Barony Church.

That the heritors of the parish have kept their purse strings drawn pretty tight for some considerable period.

That it is high time they were "looking to their house."

That wee Johnnie M'Laren has delivered his last speech in Glasgow for the present.

That it was a tickler for the ears of the groundlings.

That Johnnie isn't much of a politician.

That the Imperial Government have come to the aid of our local Parliament.

That the I. G., have shown the Corporation how to utilise the site of the new Municipal Buildings.

That the erection thereon is a sight for sair een.

That it's an ornament to the Square.

That it's from the design of an eminent city architect.

That, like Aladdin's palace or Jonah's gourd, it arose in a night.

That the style is sure to satisfy the most rigid economist.

That Glesca folk ought to be quite prood about it.

That the Cabman's Rest over the way had better look to its laurels.

That George Square is now complete.

That the Toon Coouncil may rest and be thankfu'.

That D. F. is disgusted with the BAILIE.

That he nearly went into fits last Tuesday.

That he has resolved to give up politics in the meantime.

That he is a wise man.

That the city will be a gainer by the resolution.

That D. F. says he is a "manager" not a "foreman."

That the educational endowments of the city are in danger.

That the Trustees have much need to be alive to the interests of those for whom they act.

That the "draft outline of a Provisional Order" will require mature and deliberate reconsideration.

That Preceptor Matheson is in a hurry and would like it adopted right off.

That "seasonable suggestions" during the holidays might secure the object he has in view.

That the report of the National Security Savings Bank shows that working folk are not so improvident as some people would like to make them out.

That there is plenty of room for improvement for all that.

That Lord Young thinks crime is decreasing in Glasgow.

That everybody was of opinion that the calendar at the Winter Circuit Court was an unusually heavy one.

That if such lenient sentences as Lord Young awarded become the order of the day crime will increase fast enough.

That some of the prisoners were equally astonished and gratified at the slight punishments meted out.

That "Here's a happy New Year, and mony o' them."

That "the same to you."

That "your health in a dram."

Lays by our Lady Laureate.

No. 4.—THE AMENDE HONORABLE.

O H, Milly, just see what a lot I have got !
My basket is filled to the brim ;
And the nicest of all by a boy was brought,
Along with this bouquet, from *him*.

I thought he'd forgotten to send me one,
And felt most uncommonly blue,
Till Mary came in, with her face full of fun,
And said—"Miss, a bouquet for you !"

My spirits came back, my soul turned once more,
To sweetmeats, to cake and to bun ;
I took up the cards I had loathed before
And kissed them all—one after one !

PUNCH'S PILOT.—Bribery seems to be not inconsistent with Mr Punch's idea of a Utopia. In his Almanac's Utopia cartoon there is bribe offering, if not taking.

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.

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NOTICE TO THE TRADE AND THE PUBLIC.

"THE BAILIE" will be published on MONDAY next at the usual hour, on occasion of the New-Year Holidays. It will contain a Seasonable Story by "Jeems Kaye."

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 29th, 1880.

THE feature of the present winter season has been the amazing number of kirk bazaars, or perhaps it would be more correct to say bazaars promoted by parsons and the ladies—young and otherwise, of their Congregations. If the kirk wants a steeple, why, a bazaar is at once organised; is it an organ, then the "mcenister" falls back on a bazaar; for a session house, a room-and-kitchen for the beadle, the white-wash wherewith to beautify the doorstep, or the kettle to boil hot-water in the vestry on winter Sundays, recourse is at

once had to this same source of golden gains. "And what for no" it may well be asked? If the clerics, and their lady friends, and the gentlemen who delight to make themselves agreeable to the aforesaid ladies, choose to get up and to patronise bazaars, who has the right to say them nay? Middle-class life in Glasgow—especially that life of that middle-class whose horizons are hemmed-in by the safe-guards of what have been termed "the respectabilities"—is usually so dull and decorous that even the very mild dissipation of a bazaar comes like a ray of blinding sunshine into the dull monotony of its days. The gentiles may scoff and sneer as they will, but to the usual clergyman, and the usual West-End or East-End lady to whom the theatre is "taboo," the bazaar is a very important matter indeed. It supplies them both with excitement, and to the schemes of the first-named it usually brings in a very acceptable store of good hard cash. The BAILIE is therefore inclined to say, "Long live the bazaar"—its clergymen; the unfortunates who, in a moment of mental aberration, have agreed to "speak at the opening;" its stall-holders; and last, and most important of all, its pretty, piquant stall-keepers and saleswomen.

"Going to Hong-Kong."

WHY should a posse of our best policemen be drafted, every now and then, out to China? It may suit the Crown-Agent for the Colonies to come to Glasgow for eight or ten stalwart, intelligent fellows, but is it quite fair to the citizens, in the constant dearth of trained, intelligent policemen, to part with these eight or ten? The implied compliment to "the force" in their selection is somewhat stale by this time, and mayhap it would be well, when another application is made, for Chief-Constable M'Call to look at the other side of the question, and consider for a moment whether the game be worth the candle. "Going to Hong-Kong" is all very well in the old song, but we mustn't send thither people who would be of much more use at home.

"The Finishing Stroke"—The last of twelve on Friday night.

A Christmas Carol—A Robin Redbreast's warble.

"A Spirit Medium"—A moderate quantity of aqua.

Fighting B's—Boers and Basutos.

Jeems Kaye and the Pipe Carriage.

THE ither day, BAILIE, I wis takin' a walk wi' Betty in Queen Street, when I heard an unco sharp whistle, an' I cocked my ears an' says, "Woman, here's an awfu' habble." Jist as I wis speakin', every ane got on the alert—the newspaper laddies jumped oot intae the middle o' the street, the women ran intae the closes, the polisman at Lang's lifted his heid twa inches higher an' drew his gloves on a bit tichter, while the carters flew like mad, an' grippin' their horses pulled them intae the pavement. Anither whistle wis then borne on the win', looder an' sharper an' nearer, an' in a meenute roon' the corner cam' tearin' a red machine wi' a dizzen o' stoot, respectable faithers o' families on the tap o't, helmets on their heids an' axes in their hauns.

"Gor," I remarks tae Betty, "this maun be the horse artillery gaein' doon tae meet the Derry boat. They'll hae heard that the Land League were comin' ower, I suppose."

The horses raced along, scatterin' the carters like chaff afore the win', an' a' wis excitement. Anither whistle, an' anither machine comes roon' the corner: this ane had a funnel an' a fire, an' I heard a man say it wis the steamer—although it wisna like ony steamer ever I wis in—an' I cries tae Betty, "Come awa' through this close intae Buchanan Street, an' get the train hame afore ony bluid's spilt;" but afore we could move, tearin' doon the street comes a third machine, different shaped frae the ithers, and labelled, "Salvage corps"—I suppose it wis for pickin' up the deid bodies. A' three were evidently tryin' a race tae see wha wid be doon at the boat first. The last ane wid win, I think, if it didna rin intae a tramway car in Argyle Street, for it wis a lighter vehicle than the ithers. But sich horses as were in them a'! Man, it wis grand! My bluid got up sae that I grippit my umbrella; an' if I hadna been sae stiff, I wid hae jumpit on the hin' en, an' got a hurl doon tae help them tae resist the invader. As it was, I let them go, an', a' things considered, maybe it wis as safe.

A' wis ower, an' the excitement wis coolin' doon, when anither raither melancholy whistle was heard! It somehow hadna the fine "burl" o' the ither anes; there wis a something different—no vera easy tae explain what—still there wis a something—an' I says tae Betty, "Here's mair o' them;" an' in a wee roon the corner comes anither affair. This ane didna mak' yer bluid boil—it was what the Americans ca' a "one-

horse machine," an' wis labelled "Pipe carriage"—dootless for carryin' the pipes an' tobacco an' refreshments. I heard a laddie say it wis the "reel carriage," although the puir horse evidently thocht it wis a gey sair reel it had tae dance; but it did its best—it had nae help—it had a' the glory tae itsel', while a laddie wi' a gey black face—as if he had been cartin' coals a' day—wis drivin' it, an' a solitary horse artilleryman wi' his helmet sat on the tap—I suppose he wis there tae be ready tae come aff an' shove when the horse got bate. The laddie that wis drivin' had evidently never read his Bible diligently, or he paid vera little heed tae Solomon when he says, "A merciful man is merciful tae his beast," for there he sat an' thrashed awa', wi' the puir thing tryin' tae gallop a' the time. Some were laughin' at the turn-oot; but, my certy, it wis nae laughin' maiter for the horse. Tae begin wi', it had neither the breedin' nor the feedin' o' the ithers; it had its ither reg'lar wark tae dae—this, I suppose, wis thocht amusement for it—it had nae ither tae help it, an' yet it wis expectit tae keep up wi' them.

Then somebody speert, "Where's the fire?"

My! I saw't at ance. This wis the fire engines! I breathed freely ance mair. I had often heard o' the engines, an' I must alloo they were a gran'—an excitin' sicht—a' except the last.

There were the horses, an' the red vehicles, an' the reekin' lum, an' the whustles, an' the fine fellows goin' tae fecht the flames, an' save property an', if need be, lives; but, oh me! wha wis responsible for the "pipe carriage?"

If the City o' Glasgow can buy six or seven gran' horses for the engines, surely they micht afford ane extra for the "pipe carriage!" £40, or £50, or £60, ye wid think widna ruin them. Besides, the ootlay wid gi'e the hale turn-oot a respectable appearance. Jist fancy a stranger in time tae see the last o' the affair, an' tae come awa' wi' the notion that THAT wis oor fire engines—oors! the second city in the empire! it mak's me ashamed tae think o't.

My great curiosity in the maitter is aboot the faur-seein' chiel in the Cooncil that decided on this queer arrangement. Why, it's much the same as if they didna supply the polismen on the Sooth Side wi' troosers, or causewayed Buchanan Street an' didna causeway Jamaica Street; or, an' I'll gi'e ye a better simile yet—it's jist like what the annual inspection o' Loch Katrine Water Works 'll be next simmer, wi' nae Jeems Martin tae lecture his brither Cooncillors, an' nae "wee Jeems" tae keep him in order.

Megilp.

THURSDAY, the 6th of January, is "sending-in" day for the coming Exhibition of the Institute of the Fine Arts. The question so often asked of late, regarding an opening dinner of the Institute, must now be answered in the negative. It is hoped, however, that next year the members of Council will see their way to rescind the resolution they recently arrived at on this subject, and adopt the practice of the Royal Academy and the Royal Scottish Academy.

The Exhibition will be opened on Tuesday, the 1st of February, the evening of Monday, the 31st prox., being set aside for the usual Conversazione.

In a notice of the recently-opened Exhibition of the Society of British Artists, in the Suffolk Street Gallery, London, the critic of the *St. James's Gazette* takes some pains with the work of J. R. Reid and John White. In the pictures of the former he finds "the more careful drawing, and the greater ability in preserving a significant connection between his methods and his aims," while the art of Mr White is described as more "impressionist" than that of his friend. It has force and spontaneity, according to the critic, but it wants gradation. We in Scotland have hitherto regarded Mr Reid as the more spontaneous and Mr White as the more careful artist. Londoners, however, seem to look at art with other eyes than those in vogue north of the Tweed.

The mention of J. R. Reid recalls the circumstance that his Royal Academy picture of last year, "Mary the Maid of the Inn," will be among those included in the coming Exhibition in the Institute of the Fine Arts. His most important work of the current season is a figure piece—a scene from the "Vicar of Wakefield." It is intended for the May show in Burlington House. Miss Flora Reid, Mr Reid's sister, who is rapidly coming into prominence as an artist, will also be represented in the Institute Exhibition.

R. P. Bell, of Edinburgh, is engaged on three portraits, the colour of which will, it is said, amply vindicate his recent election to an Associateship of the Royal Scottish Academy.

"The Port of Leith" is W. F. Vallance's chief work of the year. It is intended, of course, for the Edinburgh Exhibition. Mr Vallance will send his last season's picture of "The Busy Clyde" to our own Institute.

Mr John Smart's principal work this year is the finest picture he has yet painted. It represents the "Decay of Nature," and in it we have a grand rendering of bare, leafless tree stems, confusedly piled together. The modelling and colour of these stems are worthy of the highest praise. The whole scene is a very impressive one, and has been composed with great skill and judgment. Mr Smart's water-colours are also exceedingly fine. The greater part of his work during last summer and autumn was done in the neighbourhood of Doune. It was there he found the scene of his water-colour in the present Water Colour Exhibition, "In the Track of the Storm," which, by the way, the comic art critic of one contemporary terms "a sea piece."

Marcus Stone has been laid up for some time, seriously ill, in Venice. He is now recovering, but his illness has interfered with his work.

Venice is at present a popular place of residence with English artists. Miss Clara and Miss Hilda Montalba, and Mr Henry Woods, brother-in-law of Luke Fildes, and one of the "rising artists" of the day, are all working there.

Mr J. Forbes Robertson's portrait of Mrs Kendal will probably be one of the attractions of our next Institute Exhibition. Mr Forbes Robertson—painter as well as actor—is engaged just now on a portrait of Madame Modjeska.

It's just possible that an important example of Munkæsy, the famous Hungarian painter, will be included in the Exhibition of the Institute.

A Fine Art Exhibition is promised to the douce folk of "auld Killie." It is promoted by Mr Little, carver and gilder there, and the opening has been fixed for the last day of the year. If the Exhibition prove a success, there is every probability that it will be repeated annually.

Of Coorse, to pe Surely Whateffer.

COME, Tugal' an' Lachie, an' Tonal' an a',
Come took up ta pagpipes ant gife her a plaw,
Ta Heelan' must pe ta first lads of tem a',
Of coorse, to pe surely, whateffer.

"Ta best for her workshop," ta Sheriff did spoke,
"Ta cream of ta citizens—best for her poat,"
Ta Queen's Prize frae Wimbeldon altho she'll cot,
Of coorse, to be surely, whateffer.

For why is ta Coouncil spend all her pawpees
On Mooncipal sketches tat nefer woot please?
Ta Tuke pe ta best, architect referees,
Of coorse, to be surely, whateffer.

Just sink what she'll spoke at Bal' hulish pefore,
At Honeyman's kirk; ant forbye more ant more;
Ant Blackie tat crushes ta Oban moose sore,
Of coorse, to pe surely, whateffer.

Hoorah for ta Heelants, noo plaw ta pipes loud,
Ant hooch for Kintyre and its club ant MacLeod,
Dunlop, tat fain pedy—och! she'll pe sae proud,
Of coorse, to pe surely, whateffer.

Don't talk to ta Heelant of Sanitar' law,
Shust gie her a snuff mull ant goot "Islay" raw,
Ant death rates ant trouble'll flee tae ta wa'
Of coorse, to pe surely, whateffer.

Christmas Fare—A cheap return ticket.

Something one ad-Myers—The big show in Newsome's.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

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VIRTUOUS VESTA, AND VULCAN THE VENOMOUS.

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SATURDAY }
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TUESDAY, ...JANUARY 4th, at 2.

SATURDAY, ...JANUARY 8th, at 2.

Children under 12 at Reduced Rates to all parts except the Gallery at the Morning Performances.

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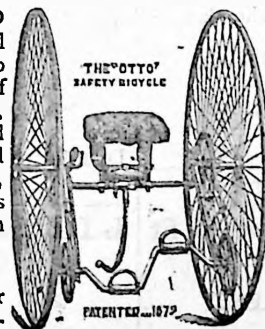
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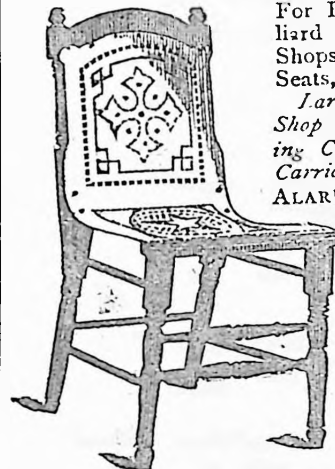
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The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 429. Glasgow, Wednesday, January 5th, 1881. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 429.

ONE of the folk in whose success we are all interested is the manager of the South-Side Theatre. Mr HARCOURT CECIL BERYL has been an educator in the best sense of the term. He has fought a good fight, and in winning it has overcome more than his enemies. The semi-Bohemian air which, rightly or wrongly, is usually associated with play-houses and players, has no place in Mr BERYL'S economy. He has set himself to be a successful manager, and as a successful manager is invariably a good man of business, a good man of business Mr BERYL is and has always been. The son of a well-known Norwich solicitor, Mr BERYL was educated with the view that he would follow the parental calling, and as a first step to the law desk he was placed, on leaving school, in the Norwich branch of the National Provincial Bank of England. Even at this early age, however, a taste for the drama had already developed itself. Just as other boys hunger after the sea, so our friend hungered after the stage. He would be an actor or he would be nothing. Eventually, seeing that it would be vain to oppose his natural bent any further, his "parents and guardians" acceded to his wishes, and he entered "the profession." His earliest stage experience was gained in Opera Bouffe. Possessed of a telling baritone voice, and of a handsome presence, it seemed, in those days, that his *metier* was Offenbachian burlesque. And it was in one of the works of the famous "Maitre Jacques" that he made his *debut* here—in no other, indeed, than the "Princess of Trebizonde," what time her wax-work Highness fretted her hour upon the stage of the Theatre Royal. By-and-bye his early business experience enabled him to undertake the duties of

acting management, and it was as acting manager that his next two visits were paid to this city. The earlier of these took place in connection with Mr Alfred Davis's lessee-ship of the Prince of Wales Theatre in 1874, and the second when Mr Goddard Whyatt assumed the reins of power at the Globe Theatre in the following year. His next engagement was with Mr and Mrs Billington, with whom he appeared both at the London Globe and in a lengthened tour through the provinces. He afterwards managed the well-remembered tours of Mr H. M. Pitt's company in Albery's comedies, and then, settling down in Lincoln, became lessee of the Masonic Theatre there. Mr BERYL still continues his connection with that city, and it is on record that he has been instrumental in introducing the inhabitants thereof to some of the best actors and actresses of the day. The original tours of "Diplomacy" and "Peril" were organised by our friend. And indeed it may be fairly said that it was to the "Peril" tour we are indebted for his present sojourn amongst us. While he was in Glasgow with the Strathmore company in 1879, a suggestion was made that he should undertake the management of the South-Side Theatre, and the project having recommended itself to his mind he at once took it up, with what success all those interested in theatrical affairs are already familiar. He opened the theatre on the 20th of December, 1879, and it remained open consecutively for twelve months, with the exception of five nights which were devoted to the rehearsal of the pantomime of the "Babes in the Wood." As has already been said Mr BERYL has no Bohemian blood in his veins. His career has been eminently meritorious from first to last. He has made his own position, but he has made it by sheer, downright hard work, and by the constant, earnest application of means to ends.

Mr BERYL is pleasant and courteous in his disposition; he possesses a capital knowledge of stage affairs; he has made a theatre pay which never paid before; and last, and not least, he is a Man We Know.

ALL IN GOOD TIME.

Old Lady—(an enthusiastic admirer of "The Minister," who is visiting her)—Eh, Mr Tamson, wad you no preach yon gran' sermon again ye gied us last Sunday?

Mr Thomson (patting old lady affectionately on shoulder)—Jist bide your time, Mrs Smith, an' you'll hear them a' ower again together.

AN ARTIST OF THE DARK AGES.—The proprietor of one of our *omnium gatherum* warehouses, in his New Year announcement, advertises dolls in "Queen Mary, Gainsboro', and other mediæval styles, to suit the most aesthetic." The BAILIE fancies it would make the ghost of good Thomas Gainsborough "gasp and stare" to know he was regarded as a "mediæval" artist by the "most aesthetic" of the Empire's Second City.

"NASCITUR, NON FIT."—Somebody advertises in a morning contemporary for a "Nigger Outfit, suitable for acting with." It is to be feared this young man has mistaken his vocation. If nature had intended him for the *role* he has in view, he would not have found it necessary to advertise. The principal portions of a stage "nigger's" outfit are unlimited cheek and general incompetency, which are strictly native endowments.

MISCA'IN' THE BRIDEGROOM.—Describing the dress of a fashionable bride, a local contemporary says that the trimmings were "skunk," with "mantle, bonnet, and muff *en suite*." Asinus wants to know if the "muff *en suite*" was the bridegroom. He has met several bridegrooms, he says, who are decided muffs, but it's too bad to call a fellow a skunk in print.

Ringin' the Changes—The old year out, and the new year in.

A Family "Jar"—A half-gallon "greybeard."

American Apples, in Good Condition, 15s per Barrel.—M. CAMPBELL, The City Fruit Warehouse, 18 Gordon Street.

Ornamented Seed, Sultana, and Bride Cakes, &c. Thornton's (late Duncan's) Restaurant, corner of Buchanan Street and Royal Bank Place.

EVERY MAN TO HIS TRADE.—Manchester House, by dealing solely in Cottons, Linens, Flannels, Blankets, buy more largely and therefore cheaper than Houses that sell everything. STEPHEN'S, 179 Sauchiehall Street.

1881.

The Bailie's New Year.

BAILIE.

A NITHER New Year, Mattie, Guid keep us a'! Hoo the milestones o' time seem closer tae draw Tae ilkither, ilk year, as we constantly plod, An' we ken ilk New Year, Mattie, shortens the road. But there lass, I'm grumblin', ye ken that's no richt, Though I'm auld I'm as brisk as a young ane the night; Bring the bun an' the bottle, we'll hae a bit crack Owre the toon and the times for the last twal months back. What think ye o' trade, Mattie, business looks brisk, I think ye may prophecy rowth, without risk.

MATTIE.

Tweel-a-wat, BAILIE, nane can ca' ye a grumbler, But afore we begin let me fill up your tumbler; Here's sugar, an' water, an' for fear o' mistake Fill the whisky yersel', whiles ye say it's owre weak. About Trade, BAILIE! weel I hae this much tae say That we've nae had sic briskness for mony a day; I suppose ye wad see the newspaper report O' the shipbuilders' wark for the year—it's no short. By my sang! Willie Pearce has been stappin' this year, Thirty-twa thoosan tons 'll make some folks look queer; I'm afraid that oor shipbuilders over the borders Are nae up to the mark, when huntin' up orders, Though Willie should only mak' ae pound a ton, His profits this year will be second to none.

BAILIE.

'Deed aye, Mattie, I'd be content for my share Tae tak' the bit present he got frae the Bear, It can hardly be said that a business is loosin' When the firm in a *present* gets hale forty thoosan'.

MATTIE.

Tweel-a-wat, BAILIE, then about iron and coals An' the craters that dig them, thae puir human moles, I am prood, prood tae see that the maisters hae granted A bit rise in their wages, for sairly 'twas wanted; There are fortunes a-makin' enoo. I am tauld— Let's gie some tae the colliers wha keep oot the cauld. Sae muckle for business, but, BAILIE, hoo fares The works o' the Council an' ceety affairs?

BAILIE.

Ay, weel ye see, Mattie, we've had big changes there, We've a bran new Lord Provost tae fill the big chair, An' faith he seems earnest tae hae a' things richt, As witness the way he selects men o' micht To hae at his richt hand fulfillin' his plans— Frae Municipal Buildings tae new prison vans. Do ye ken I miss "Jeems," Mattie, no ane can fill His place for a laugh, when a body gets dull. John Neil's very guid, but his style is his ain, An' "Jeems" is a far better man i' the main. But there's ane gane awa', Mattie, during the year Wha's word in the Council we a' did revere, Nae babbler o' words, nae rantin' annoyer, But a man o' the people, leal-hearted James Moir, I think this New Year, Mattie, looks fou' o' hope, An' for honest endeavour there's plenty o' scope; May demand meet supply, wherever it's made, An' may ilk Glesca merchant stick fairly to "trade," Fecht shy o' a' "specs," only work whaur it's clear, And success will attend us this incomin' year. Gie's my candle noo, Mattie, I'll slip up the stairs An' sleep awa' a' the auld year an' its cares; If we finish next year as it's shaer tae begin, We'll hae cause tae be prood o' achteen achty-yin.

The Best Place to Dine.—The Merchants' Restaurant, 58 Mitchell Street.

See Christmas and New Year Cakes. Thornton's (late Duncan's) Restaurant, corner of Buchanan St. and Royal Bank Pl.

No Fool.

THE following advertisement appears in the *Herald*:—"Wanted, board with respectable party in any small town in Scotland, for young lady (not imbecile)" Now, the only inference to be drawn from the singular parenthesis is that, in the advertiser's eyes, most young ladies *are* imbecile, and that it is therefore necessary to state that this particular specimen is not—an imputation which the BAILIE most emphatically denies on behalf of young-lady-hood in general. Some of the dears may be "pretty fools," but others are very "smart" indeed—witness those columns of the newspaper devoted to breach-of-promise cases. It is just possible, however, that what is meant is that the young lady in question is "not such a fool as she looks," and that it therefore behaves the "respectable party" to "mind his eye."

A Guid New Year to ane an' a'.

PEACE to the year whose round of work is done;
All Hail the year whose future's but begun
With presents, pastimes, harmless folly, fun,
Bread, cheese, and whisky, short bread, currant-bun.
Bright be the threads Lachesis has it spun;
Bright roll its circling course beneath the sun
Along the Seasons till its race be run—
A year of grace, this EIGHTEEN-EIGHTY-ONE.

TUGALT AGAIN.

(Scene—Highland Concert in Paisley.)

Young Lady (innocently to Celtic beau during the singing of a Gaelic song)—Can you tell me why the piano doesn't accompany the Gaelic singers?

Celtic Beau (indignantly)—Where did she ever see a piano tat could speak ta Gaalic.

A Picture (not for the Institute Exhibition)
—The Charge of the Highland Brigade *after*
Robertson Sr.ith.

Raræ Aves (in Ireland)—Police who apprehend and juries who commit.

New-Year Gifts—Disordered stomachs and sore heads.

A Loan-sum Place—A pawnbroker's office.

The Compliment of the Season-ing—Nutmeg, ginger, cloves, mace, cinnamon, allspice.

The Cave of Elephanta—Mr Myers's Circus.

Merchants' Dinners from 12 to 5 p.m. Merchants' Restaurant, 58 Mitchell Street.

WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.—That Manchester House for supplying Cottons, Linens, Flannels, Blankets, direct from the Mills, meets a long felt want.—Stephen's, 179 Sauchiehall St.

On 'Change.

NEW-YEAR holidays are as bad for business as Christmas. In some respects they are even worse, for while Christmas is in a way common to England and Scotland, the New Year, by some freak or other, is more regarded north of the Tweed than south of it. Cockneys industriously wire to Glasgow on the 1st of January expecting to do business. They would have a better chance on the Fast-Day.

John Neil, ex-baker, and present Bombastes of the Glasgow Town Council, is not the John Neil who is trying to manufacture a new bank in London. The latter is known in some financial circles as the associate of Abbott, a familiar name on the Stock Exchange—or rather out of it. But he is assuredly not our Johnny, who brags so much of his yachting hospitalities, and the pleasure he gives to successive provosts and magistrates. The explanation is due to the promoter of the "Standard" Bank. I have not taken shares in that concern, nor have I asked my friends to do so.

Every year at this time some particular trades issue comic papers. These publications are very funny. Some of them are almost as good reading as the BAILIE, which is saying a great deal. The iron brokers are the chief comedians. Many of them could set the table in a roar, as did Yorick the King's jester. The best man at this kind of game has been thirty-six years at it. His circular says so, at least, and that must be believed. It was he who patted the Prince of Wales on the back when H. R. H. went to India. Thomas, in one of his iron trade circulars, said that he highly approved of the Prince going to India. And the Prince went, like a bird, and got those magnificent presents we all admired so much in the Corporation Galleries lately.

What the Prince's visit to India had to do with pig iron, was a mystery. But the memory of that famous visit haunts our Thomas still, and he cannot get rid of the glittering recollection even at this distance of time. His tropes and metaphors are drawn from India. He says, "the fluctuations in price varied according to the moods and opinions of those operating on our iron Durbar." Fluctuations in price generally do vary, according to the moods and opinions of those operating. But why Durbar? This is a word used in India to describe an assembly of great chiefs, a gorgeous display of power and force, not a crowd of humourists willing to buy or sell pig iron warrants at a difference in their favour of three half-pence per ton. The long-nosed Damocles of the iron ring must have wrestled severely with that Durbar.

Thomas tells me that "the dawn of 1881, though sheathed in a cloud, has its silver lining turned towards a prosperity which it is to be hoped nothing will occur to frustrate." The logic is not quite clear but I sincerely endorse the hope and wish my numerous readers a happy and prosperous New Year.

SCRUTATOR.

ON THE PICCADILLY WONDER-WORKER.

(From the Irish.)

If 'cute Dr. Lynn had no breeches to wear,
He'd need no sheepskin for to make him a pair;
With a wave of his hand, and a jerk of his chin,
They'd come at his bidding to 'cute Dr. Lynn!

"Hobson's Choice."—Working double tides, or disappointing the public. (And he chose the former—of course.)

A Period of { Folly. —The Festive Season.
 { Holly.

An Unlimited Lie-ability Company—The Land League.

MAR(K) 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.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—Surely Glasgow was never more fully supplied with the means for enjoyment than now. What with Theatres and Concerts, the Hippodrome of friend Myers and the magic of Dr Lynn, those who are anxious to forget the flight of time have every opportunity of losing sight of the old fellow and his scythe in a constant whirl of amusement.

It is needless, at this time of day, to enumerate, once more, the glories of the Theatre Royal pantomime. These are already patent to all the world—that is, all the Glasgow world. So well, indeed, are they known, that those country cousins who are flocking into the city to share in the joys of the season, must take care to “be in time” when they propose to visit Miss Litton’s house, otherwise their chance of finding a seat in the interior will be reduced to a vanishing point. Why, at the forenoon performance on Wednesday last—an off day, too—over two hundred pounds were taken by the management.

Miss Litton begins her series of old English revivals on Saturday next at the London Gaiety *matinees*, when the famous comedy entitled “The Country Girl,” a piece which was originally written by William Wycherley, and was subsequently revised by David Garrick, will be produced. The *Miss Pegg* of the cast will of course be Miss Litton, while Mr William Farren will appear as *Moody*, Mr Everill as *Sparkish*, and Mr Stephens as *Belville*. Misses Cresswell and Harris will also be in the cast.

The Gaiety has always been a popular house for pantomime and burlesque, and as *Lurline* is a combination of the two, there is no chance that it will be overlooked by holiday makers. Mr Bernard’s transformation scene this year is really a sight to see. It certainly is far more ingenious and effective than were any of its predecessors. The groupings are especially clever.

“The Babes in the Wood,” at the South Side Theatre, is drawing crowds across the river. To the attractions of the piece, Mr Beryl now adds another source of general interest. He is a “Man You Know,” a position he has gained for himself by his able management and courteous disposition.

All those who delight—and who doesn’t?—in bright, melodious music, wedded to appropriate words, and illustrated by clever acting, must see “The Pirates of Penzance.” For my part I don’t think I’ve enjoyed any previous entertainment set by Mr Knapp before his friends so much as this melo-dramatic opera. The sharp piquancy of Mr Gilbert’s libretto is simply charming. As a mere spectacle, moreover, the “Pirates,” as produced at the Royalty, is amazingly fine. The dresses offer a series of admirable contrasts in vivid, telling colours, and in the scenery which has been painted specially for the piece Mr Robert Smyth has out-done all his former scenic efforts.

Dr Lynn, may I whisper, BAILIE, is working wonders in the Windsor Hall, Great Western Road. Go and see him, my Magistrate, and get your faculty for amazement excited to the uttermost. The feats of Dr. Lynn, I may add, are not more astonishing in their character, than his style of performance is graceful and adroit.

That satirical rogue, the author of “Gleanings from Gladstone” and “The Liberal Mis-Leaders,” has committed another *brochure*. “More Gleanings from Gladstone,” as this new work is termed, is even cleverer and more virulent than were its two predecessors. What between pen and pencil this “new writer” has given a zest to political controversy to which our mim-mouthed generation are practically strangers. To find a parallel to his productions we must go back half-a-century to the writings of Lockhart. The two people, indeed, have not a little in common. There is the same delicacy of taste, the same direct incisiveness of style, and the same intimacy with the out of the way nooks and corners of literature in the productions of both. May I add, my Magistrate—and this is a point which will go to your own heart—that the later is even a more pronounced Tory than was the earlier writer.

A Cautious Witness.

(Scene—A Sheriff Court in the North of Scotland; Donald, a Highland shepherd, is being examined relative to the value of pasture grass.)

Lawyer—Now, Donald, you have some experience as to the value of grass for the pasture of sheep during the winter season.

Donald (cautiously) — Well, perhaps she’ll haaf.

Lawyer—Would grass have cost more last year than this year?

Donald (slowly)—Well, you see, that woot tepend upon how much there wass of it.

Lawyer—Of course, but supposing the quantities to be equal.

Donald (after a pause)—It might tepend upon the quaality, too.

Lawyer (sharply)—Now, look here, I want to know definitely whether, in your experience, pasture grass was dearer last year than this, taking a comparative view of both years?

Donald (looking puzzled)—I tont understandt.

Lawyer (sharply)—The question is quite plain, sir. Was grass dearer or cheaper last year than it has been during the present year?

Donald—Well, sometimes it woot pe teerer, ant sometimes cheaper, too. (Much laughter.)

Lawyer (angrily)—I insist upon a direct answer, sir. Was it dearer or cheaper?

Donald (getting excited)—Well, I can’t say exact, whatefer. It woot aal tependt upon how you made your pargain, forbye. (Renewed laughter.)

Sheriff—In short, my man, you don’t know anything about it: Is that so?

Donald—Well, no more than that, whatefer. [Donald was asked to step down from the box, and the lawyer sat down highly enlightened no doubt, by Donald’s evidence.]

THE FINE ARTS.

Always on the *canvass*—The painter.
Always *fining* and *refining* somebody—The poet.

Always *chisselling* somebody—The sculptor.
Always *on* the house—The architect.
Always running *up* and *down*—The composer.

In the Anker Line—Dealing in 10-gallon casks of Cognac.

Out-of-Door Exercise — “Polishing up the handle of the big front door.”

A Counter Attraction—A pretty barmaid.

Maniacal Musical Monodies.

No. 3—(AFTER SCOTT).

A MID much labour, Manns has wound
His baton swiftly round and round,
Until, at length, unwilling ears
Are so attuned that no one fears
To face Mozart in E flat major,
Or Wagner in his direct rage, or
Cherubini, grave and good,
Or Schubert, in most sportive mood.

But sweet, melodious, close, and near,
Louise Pyk's voice is in our ear,
And, of the numerous songs she sings,
That "Ah! perfido" ever rings
As if some one of us were he
Whom she abjures so solemnly.

The row, that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering made one pale,

And "Wagner" was the cry.

A smile o'er every visage spread,
And fired each sleepy eye.

With feeble hand above each head,
They rushed to Granville Street, and said,
"Coachman, come here—we're done.

Eleven o'clock, it's getting late;
Such vicious hours as these I hate,"

Were the last words of every one.

A "Capital" Joke.

A MELBOURNE correspondent of the *Herald*, after praising certain Sugaropolitan products, rapturously exclaims, "Greenock surely should be the capital of Scotland at least, if not of the kingdom, or rather of the world." Now, this sort of thing must be put a stop to, or our friends "doun the watter," already "cocky" enough, will become simply past bearing. We can look on complacently while they claim a pre-eminent reputation for excess of rain, for want of rain, for big fires, for regicidal principles, and for goodness knows what beside, but we must really draw the line at this quite too awfully "capital" and antipodean suggestion. Another whisper of the kind, and the BAILIE will perhaps be heard to growl, "Greenock be—annexed!" *Verb. sap.*

FOREIGN TALES.

(A native is driving a few unruly cattle along the road from Fort-William to Banavie.)

Friend—Shoorly thaes foreign peasties yev got the tay, Angus?

Angus—Och the prutes is tancin' apoot an snuffin' the air wi' their tails as if aal Lochaber pelong to theirsels.

THREE DEGREES OF MINING SPECULATION—

Positive—Mine.

Comparitive—Miner.

Superlative—Minus.

Megilp.

DAVID MURRAY'S chief picture of the year is a view of Castle Galliard, a middle-age ruin which occupies a commanding position on the banks of the Seine. In the matter of mere *technique*, this is probably the most skillful work that has yet left Mr Murray's easel. It is instinct with both delicacy and power. There is a feeling of balance, besides, about the composition, which appeals to the trained eye, just as the perfect rhythm of, say, Mr Tennyson, appeals to the cultivated ear. But while *technique* is much it is not everything, any more in the art of painting than in the art of poetry or the art of music. And it is this something which is more than *technique* that Mr Murray has given to his "Castle Galliard." The notes of an old ballad seem to ring in your ear, you feel as if your cheek were fanned by some subtle air from the shadowy land of romance, while you gaze at the picture. The artist has steeped the landscape, so to speak, in the hues of his own vivid imagination. There is nothing common or every-day about the work, and it will be most esteemed by those who judge it by the keenest and most crucial standards of criticism.

The "Notes" on the Exhibition of the Fine Art Institute will be issued, as before, early in February, and will also, as before, be edited by Mr G. R. Halket.

A recently painted and important picture will be contributed by John Pettie, R.A., to the Exhibition of the Institute. It will represent a single figure in an attitude apprehensive of attack, and will be called, "Who comes?"

The seventh annual exhibition of the Glasgow Art Club closed on Wednesday last. A fair success in a monetary point of view, the Exhibition, as has already been said in this column, more than maintained the reputation previously gained by the society. Perhaps the "surprise" of the collection was Mr Mann's large figure piece, which was not only clever itself, but which gave ample promise of a successful future for the painter. The contributions of Mr Guthrie—who is, by the way, a son of the late Rev. Mr Guthrie, M.A., of East Howard Street E. U. congregation—and of Mr Macmaster, were clever, interesting works. All three artists are among the most recently elected members of the Club.

"Sending-in" day for the Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy is Tuesday, the 1st of February.

It may be interesting to note, in connection with the recent death of "George Eliot," that only two portraits of the great authoress are extant. These are chalk drawings by Samuel Lawrence, the one of which was executed for George Henry Lewes, and is consequently in the possession of Mr Cross, "George Eliot's" second husband, while the other is the property of Mr Blackwood, publisher, Edinburgh, whose intimate business relations with "George Eliot," during the greater portion of her literary career, are known to all the world.

Whistler has returned from Venice to London. He has brought with him a little white Venetian dog, which he leads about with a blue ribbon round its neck—and—what is of more importance—a very beautiful set of etchings of Venetian subjects. Some of the etchings are on view at present in the Gallery of the Fine Art Society, New Bond Street, London. They are remarkable for their delicacy and fine suggestiveness.

Friday, the 28th of January, has been fixed as varnishing day for the Exhibition of the Fine Art Institute.

The opening meeting for the season of the Paisley Art Club took place on Monday evening.

AN EXPLANATION.

Tam—I say, John, what way dae ye aye order twa glass o' whuskey fur yersell?

John—Weel, when I tak wan glass am anither man, and the ither man, dae ye see, gets the second yin.

Growing Evils—Weeds.

Quavers.

SOME fresh names will be found among those of the composers drawn from, for the Tuesday Orchestral Concert of this week. For example, those of Hoffman—almost unknown in this country till quite recently, and Giuseppe Verdi, whom one hardly ever looks for in a programme of strictly orchestral pieces. The former is represented by three characteristic pieces, "In the sunshine," and the latter by a suite of ballet airs from his opera, "The Sicilian Vespers." The overtures are Stern-dale Bennett's "Merry Wives of Windsor," written when he was eighteen, and Mendelssohn's "The Hebrides." The softer instrumental selections are the larghetto from Spohr's "Power of Sound" symphony, and the largo in G from Handel, orchestrally arranged for organ, &c.

But the chief distinction of the evening will be the production, for the first time at these concerts, of the symphony "Harold in Italy," by Berlioz, the tenor violin playing a prominent solo part. The viola is an instrument but little regarded by the ordinary concert hearer, yet it occupies a now indispensable and important place in the orchestra, while in solo it can hardly be surpassed for expressiveness; its upper notes, as Berlioz himself says of it, being distinguished by their mournfully passionate accent, and its quality of tone, which is altogether of a profound melancholy, differing from that of other instruments played with a bow. The "tenor," then, is the dreamy *Harold* of the symphony, as it were. Herr Krause, of the orchestra, will take this solo part.

Miss Marian Williams, the vocalist of the evening, will sing the elegant Tyrolean-like romance, "Oh lonely wood," in "William Tell," and Haydn's evergreen setting of Mrs Hunter's graceful verses, "My mother bids me bind my hair."

Last Tuesday's concert reached the highest tide of lateness that has probably ever been recorded with a purely instrumental programme; but it must simply not happen again.

Next Saturday's "popular concert" will be of a somewhat lightish cast. An overture, "Raymond," by Ambroise Thomas, the gavotte from the same composer's "Mignon," the famous septett by Beethoven, with the three single reed and wind instruments as proper to the piece, but all the strings for the other four as not so proper, but being an arrangement Mr Manns has had the courage to initiate, and has found effective enough with his well-drilled violins, violas, and celli. Sullivan's showy "Di Ballo," and a flute fantasia on the "Carnival of Venice," are other items in what is decidedly a holiday programme.

The Glasgow Select Choir give a popular concert this evening (Tuesday) in the National Halls, Main Street, Gorbals. The programme includes their London pieces, nine in number, with "Faithless Sally Brown," and other selections from their rapidly growing repertory. The choir are practising some fresh Scotch arrangements for their annual Burns concert, which promises to be a very attractive one.

A concert in Cathcart Road Wesleyan Church the other evening was highly creditable indeed, alike to the intelligence of the choir and the taste of the leader. One fault may be referred to. The alto voices are rather "pronounced." The organ solos were marked by crispness of touch and clearness. The solos "Nazareth" and "In Native Worth," for bass and tenor respectively, were rendered with skill and artistic taste.

Apropos of "Toy Symphonies," it may be mentioned that that by Haydn was performed the other day at a musical matinee in the Alfred Terrace School (Mr Seligmann's), and, what is chiefly noteworthy, with a choral part, with which it has been recently published, the key being lowered a fourth, as necessary, of course.

The Bellahouston Musical Association gave a concert on Wednesday last in Bellahouston Parish Church. The selections were, for the first time in the existence of the Society, of a Sacred character, viz., Gounod's Messe Solennelle, and Mendelssohn's Lauda Sion. The tone of the Society is still keeping up, but the choristers were as badly placed for effective singing as could well be conceived. The soprano solos in "Lauda Sion" were very well executed. Mr Moodie conducted in his usual

effective style, and Miss Emily Rae accompanied most acceptably on the organ. The church was well filled.

Remarks on the concert of the Pollokshields Association are deferred till next week.

IMPROVING THE OCCASION.

(Scene—A breakfast-table.)

Paterfamilias (reading morning paper)—"Last night the cold was intense—the thermometer registering 22 degrees below freezing point.' Now, children, I suppose you are taught all about that at school. Which of you can tell me what the freezing point is?"

Charlie (aged 6)—"The point of my nose, papa."

[*Paterfamilias* gives up the endeavour to improve the occasion.]

THE LAST O' THE TANE THE FIRST O' THE TITHER.

We strength through the length of the twelvemonth may seek
Sin' Newy'rday begins with the end o' the weak (week).

"A HORSE! A HORSE!"—During the recent fire on the Duke of Hamilton's Suffolk estate, the Duchess is reported to have rendered material aid with her own fair hands in the rescue of the horses from the burning stables. This gallant conduct must seem all the more magnanimous on her Grace's part when it is remembered that the equine race have not always displayed similar solicitude for her noble husband's welfare.

LEGAL AMENDMENT.—A friend of the BAILIE, having suffered much at the hands of lawyers, suggests that Ancient Pistol's synonym should be amended, and that the quotation should in future stand, not "convey," but "*conveyance* the wise it call!"

DESERVES A PUNCHING.—Mr Irving has, it seems, written an essay entitled, "Does Punch Feel?" Asinus hasn't read the essay and so can't say, but he can assure his friend Harry that if he had gone through the asinine experience of last week *he* would feel punch—not to speak of sundry other fluids.

THE HAIRLY BIRD.—The Cockney who in the Trongate was "taking a hairing" at twelve o'clock on Friday night said he was "taking Time by the forelock."

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.

SAFES. { Fire and Thief Proof for Merchants, &c. Fifty by Milner, Phillips, Perry, from £4 upwards. Inspection Invited. Jennings, 101 Mitchell Street.

Furniture for Cash "Doon on the Nail." GARDNER & HARDIE, 42 Great Clyde Street.

"A New-Year's Card."

A PRETTY card? It ought to be,
For so, sir, is the sender.
An awful little flirt is she,
In years—not heart—quite tender.
If Cupid 'gainst her brought a case,
The judge, I'm sure, would send her
To prison in a close embrace—
Sad "juvenile offender!"

Read what? The name!—of course you can:
Writ by small dimpled fingers,
Whereof, upon the hand of man,
The c'asp coquettish lingers.

A pretty name? And short and neat,
Just like the tiny lisper;
And when she grows 'twill sound as sweet
As sugar—in love's whisper!

!/? Bosh!—I'll be a foggy then,
Fat, forty, and bald-headed;
Or vanished from the ranks of men,
Or—worse—I may be wedded:
But best not raise it—we might find,
(Aye, even pretty Mises),
Fates curtain up, the scene behind
Would only draw our hisses!

A BLIN' YIN.

(Scene—Curling Match).

Skip (to curler who has played a stone very wide of the mark)—Hoot, Saunders, ye surely shut the wrang ee that time.

Saunders—I'm thinkin' I had *baith* een shut.

A BRAZEN AFFAIR.—When the Birmingham Liberal Club was broken into the other night, we are told, "the electro-plate was overhauled." Guess if the G.L.A. were "overhauled" there would be more brass found than even such a Brummagen imposition as electro-plate!

ABUSING THE MERCIES.—Lord Gifford remarked in Edinburgh the other day that it was not "possible that a pitcher of soup could be abused." If that be his Lordship's experience he is to be congratulated. The BAILIE has often known soup to be abused—first by the cook and afterwards by the consumer.

"THE FESTIVE SEASON."—A certain teetotal beverage is advertised "for the festive season." Next year we shall probably be introduced to "Black Draughts for the festive season," "Antibilious Pills for the festive season," and "Coffins for the festive season."

Seeking the Bubble reputation in the Lion's mouth—Cooper at Myers's.

An Organ Accompanyist—A monkey generally.

GENTLEMEN'S Cloth Made and Trimmed, Suits, 18s; Overcoats, 14s.; Fit, Workmanship, T rimmings guaranteed.—EWART BAIN, 59 Bridge Street.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the New Year has begun.
That there was a good deal of new whisky consumed on Saturday.

That the number of sair heads on Sunday was something enormous.

That currant bun and shortbread canna quench a drouth.

That the Good Templar Lodges are busy preparing new tokens and bibs for the backsliding brethren.

That the quarrel between the Caledonian Railway and the Wemyss Bay people is a "very pretty one as it stands."

That it couldn't have occurred at the height of the season.

That the Bute and Cumbrae folk are in "sair tribulation."

That the "heather is on fire."

That Professor Blackie has been in the West.

That he has stirred us up on the land question.

That sometimes Blackie doesn't mean all he says.

That his anti-factor crusade won't be as successful as were his stumping speeches over the Gaelic chair.

That the Glasgow Police Band is lang lang in makin' its appearance.

That if ta forse don't hurry up it will be left behind by the Edinburgh "blue boys."

That Dr Cameron's Imprisonment for Debt Act came into operation on Saturday.

That it ought to be called "No Imprisonment for Debt Act."

That bankrupts will now be able to "cut and come again" as often as they please.

THE FLYTE OF TIME.

Tempus fugit; ever moving,
As I'm passing, be improving.

A BAN ON BANNERS.—Mr Stipendiary Gemmel's decision in the case of Watson & Gray may probably eventuate ("eventuate's" good) in an unflagging insurrection of the Poles. An immediate descent seems imminent.

A Leading Orange-man—Last week's "Man you Know."

A-tense-shun!—In Dublin "May" has dropped out of the *potential* mood. A "*verb.*" *sap.*

First Foot—The right;—the other "left."

Shakespearian Line for Impecunious Student
—"He hath an *uncle.*"

For a Good Dinner go to the Merchant' Restaurant, 58 Mitchel Street.

NOTICE.

WE Advertise that "ours is the only House in Glasgow" where the Public can purchase "a Single Hat at Wholesale Price." We have been asked how it is that our Establishment is the only one where such an advantage can be obtained.

We reply that, without exception, we are the only Glasgow Firm who Purchase all their Hats direct from the Manufacturers, and who Sell them direct to the Public. We do not buy a single Hat of any kind from Middlemen or other Wholesale Warehousemen.

The general Retail Trade are supplied by Middlemen, who obtain a profit of from 15 to 20 per cent., the Retailer, in turn, getting from 20 to 50 per cent. profit. Before our advent there was no remedy, and the Citizens had to submit. Now the matter is entirely in their own hands. We buy very extensively and sell for a small profit, looking to a large turnover to produce in the end the most satisfactory results. In thus doing away with Double Commission, the Public get the benefit to the extent shown below.

Our Felt Hats (Fashion, Colour, Quality guaranteed) at

3s 6d are usually sold in the Retail Shops at 5s 0d.

4s 6d " " 6s 6d.

5s 6d " " 7s 6d.

7s 0d " " 10s 6d.

8s 6d " " 12s 6d to 14s 6d.

Our Dress Hats at 6s 6d, 8s 6d, 10s 6d, 12s 6d, and 14s 6d, are sold elsewhere at from 8s 6d to 21s; and

Our Best Dress Hats at 17s 6d are unsurpassed at any price.

Extra Large and Extra Small Sizes always in Stock.

No Old Stock. Always Fresh Goods on hand.

We have no Competitors.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,
COLOSSEUM,
70 JAMAICA STREET, GLASGOW (UPSTAIRS).

Anatomical Boots & Shoes
MADE BY J. COOPER, 33 EGLINTON ST, S.S.
NO CORNS OR BUNIONS.

Having less friction, wear longer. Wearer can walk further with less fatigue. Recommended by eminent London Physicians.

Lasts fitted for each Customer Free of Charge.

First-Class References on Application.

OLD HIGHLAND WHISKY,
18s PER GALLON,
JAMES A. JARDINE,
(Late C. Cruickshank),
86 WEST NILE STREET.

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.

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.

"DESIDERATUM"

TROUSERS,
15/6 PER PAIR.

FORSYTH,
5 AND 7 RENFIELD STREET.

"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).

The Argyle Rubber Company,
110 ARGYLE STREET.

NEW-YEAR PRESENTS!!

India Rubber Toys. Gutta Percha Toys.

Largest Stock in the City.

Jet Jewellery. Vulcanite Jewellery. See our Windows!

THE ARGYLE RUBBER COMPANY,

110 ARGYLE STREET,

(Five Doors West of Arcade).

NOTICE TO SMOKERS!!! MELLOW SMOKING MIXTURE.—J. H. ALLISON, Wholesale and Retail Tobacconist and Cigar Importer, 463 ST. VINCENT STREET, 2 Doors from Elderslie Street. Wholesale and Retail Depot for Murray, Sons, & Co.'s Mellow Smoking Mixture. J. H. A respectfully invites the Gentlemen of Glasgow to visit his Depot to see the "MELLOW" and judge for themselves. The following Testimonials are a few of the many which have been received:—"Known to Smokers for its Mellow Mildness in use. We saw orders and inquiries for this article fit to make any provincial house proud."—*Land and Water*. "Of the many different "Mixtures" that have come under our notice, we have no hesitation in giving the palm to this Brand. Has a most pleasing and soothing effect."—*Civil Service Gazette*. 8 oz. post free for 3s 4d. 7 Prime Cigars (rare value), 1s. Real Lunkah Cheroots, 8 for 1s. The Trade supplied with large or small quantities.

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.

FOR SALE, AT 310 BUCHANAN ST.,
Foreign Birds in great variety, including Wax Bills, Silver Bills, Avadovats, in Green, very rare, Manikins, Weavers, Golden Headed Oriels, Cardinals, Tom Thumb Parroquets, a Handsome Rock Parrot (Talks), 6 Indian Parroquets (Males), 2 Tame Grey Parrots, 2s each, 20 Pairs Budgeregars or Love Birds, 30 Brazilian Parroquets, 7s 6d each, 50 Canaries, in Song, from 5s each, also Plain and Ornamental Cages to suit the above.

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS
WEIGHT of BUTTERINE are brought into
 Glasgow weekly. How much of it is sold for what it is?
 Why Pay Enormous Prices to dishonest Dealers, when a
 Superior Article can be got at Sixpence per lb less, from
THE ORIGINAL BUTTERINE CO.,
 14 WEST HOWARD STREET, GLASGOW.

CHARING CROSS HOSIERY WAREHOUSE.
WILLIAM DODS, 13 and 15 ST. GEORGE'S
 ROAD. Gloves in all the Newest Shades. Newest
 Designs in Ladies' and Gentlemen's Scarfs, Ties, and Bows.
 Ladies' and Gentlemen's Collars and Cuffs. Silk and Linen
 Handkerchiefs. Underclothing in great variety.
GLOVES, HANDKERCHIEFS, SCARFS, &c.,
 In Handsome Boxes, suitable for
CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR PRESENTS.

COLERAINE WHISKY (*from Malt only*)
 as supplied to the House of Commons, Guildhall, the Civil
 Service Association, London, and all the principal Clubs through-
 out England and Ireland. Sole Agent for Scotland—**J. JOHN-**
STON, 11 KENT ROAD.

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.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.
 The following are the Rates of Subscription to the BAILIE—
 One Year, 4s 4d; posted, 6s 6d,
 Six Months, 2s 2d; " 3s 3d.
 Payable in advance—Orders made payable to **A. F. SHARP**
 & Co., 14 Royal Exchange Square, Glasgow. Postage for
 abroad extra.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 5th, 1881.

THERE are some people among us whose
 itch for notoriety is so powerful that the
 greater portion of their time is occupied by the
 eager search for means to gratify it. Among
 these Mr **DAVID FORTUNE** holds a prominent
 place. Every pathway to a dubious fame—
 broad or narrow—is trodden in turn by this
 personage's restless foot. Now he appears
 in public as the humble henchman and ad-
 mirer of Mr Councillor **COLLINS**, anon he figures
 as a teetotaller on his own hook, and yet again
 he poses as—save the mark!—a politician.
 The other evening he presided at a "vegetarian
 Christmas supper"—awful conjunction of ideas!
 and conjured us by the examples of Orpheus (!),
 Franklin, Plato, Shakespeare, Mr Isaac Pit-
 man, Pythagoras, Newton, Numa—why not

Aegeria as well?—the Rev. W. Collins, Milton,
 Zeno, Howard, Socrates, and Mr Gibson
 Ward, to abandon the roast beef of Old Eng-
 land and browse on grass like unto the beasts
 of the field. If it were worth one's while
 to argue with such people, Mr **FORTUNE** and
 his gramivorous friends might be recommended
 a slight study of human physiology, while, in
 order to exemplify the "gentle and humane
 spirit" said to characterise the vegetarian, one
 needs but to point to "the mild Hindoo," who
 is practically a vegetarian, and whose "mild-
 ness," humanity, and gentleness have been con-
 spicuous on various occasions—notably in the
 year 1857.

BAKE AND TAKE.

Two seasons—one, a season with spice.
 The other Season's, a "junktet of ice."

Granny on the Sonnet.

GRANNY, Granny, why *won't* you let
 "literature" alone? The old lady's latest
 achievement is to complain solemnly that the
 late Mr Tennyson Turner did not "fulfil the
 ordinary requirements of the sonnet—namely,
 of expressing only one idea or sentiment within
 the compass of fourteen lines, *ending with a*
rhymed couplet." The italics are his Worship's
 own, and he would affectionately point out to
 his aged relative that the "rhymed couplet" of
 which she is apparently enamoured, so far from
 being a "requirement," is completely foreign to
 the true sonnet. Babes and sucklings in
 literature are quite aware of this, but grand-
 mammas, it seems, are not. They should stick
 to bonnets—or mutches—and leave sonnets
 alone.

Tasks for 1881.

- L**ORD PROVOST URE—To keep the
 Council in order.
 - Councillor Jackson—To get into as many
 influential committees as possible.
 - Councillor W. R. W. Smith—To talk at large.
 - Preceptor Mathieson—To appear as the
 superior person of the Town Council.
 - Councillor Morrison—To go into training for
 the Provostship.
 - Ex-Bailie Torrens—To cry "Hear, hear" when
 the Chief Magistrate speaks.
 - Councillor Neil—To live in charity with all
 men—even Bailie Watson.
 - The BAILIE—To make us laugh and grow fat
-
- A Crying Nuisance—"Coals, coals!"

Jeems Kaye's New Year's Party.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—We had anither party this year, and, as usual, it had an unfortunate finish, and I really must say I think I'll hae tae gie them up for a bad job.

Last Thursday a few freens met in oor paurlour and we sat doon tae tea. We had finnan haddies, cookies, and shortbreed—everything o' the best. Tea being done, I, as previously instructed, got up and says, "Excuse me, leddie and gentlemen, leeing ye for a meenent while I gie Betty a haun tae remove the tea things. Sit still, Mrs Pinkerton, ye're no in my road the least; if ye wad remove Mr M'Faurlan's spune oot the jeely I wid be obliged. Thankye, mem. Tak' a wee bit mair o' the short-breed, Mr M'Cunn, afore I tak' it awa'." And I got up wi' the tray o' empty dishes and set aff tae the kitchen after Betty, wha had the teapot in the tae haun' and the jug o' biling water in the ither. In goin' oot I felt a wee put about, it wis sae undignified for an elder tae be carrying awa' a tray fu' o' dishes like a bit servant lassie, and it must hae been this feeling that made me rin the edge o' the tray against Betty's mutch and knock it doon about her een.

As she encoonterd the mishap she turned and cried, "Bless me, Jeems, what are ye shoving at?" As she did sae her foot trippit in the sheepskin door mat and doon she went, and I being close ahint, fell richt ower the tap o' her!

The crash o' broken cheenie was like an earthquake, and the biling water made baith Betty and me roar oot. Ye may weel believe that the catastrophe made everybody jump. Ben they a' cam' rinnin', and up we were lifted wi' carefu' hauns. It was a mercy tho' that it wis nae waur. We were a wee scalded, tae be sure, but, by guid chance, the water wisna vera hot. Betty's thoom wis cut wi' the stroop o' the teapot, and she got her mutch torn, but naething mair happened tae me than the drenching o' my shirt front wi' tea, and the spatterin' o' a patch o' strawberry jeelie in my left lug.

Risin' tae my feet, I surveyed the scene. Mr Pettigrew wis gathering up the fragments and putting them in his hat, while Mrs M'Gregor oxtered Betty oot. As a man I wid hae liked tae hae said a few words, but as an elder I forbore, particularly as it was but the beginning o' the party, so I merely remarked as calmly as I could, "I'm afraid some o' that fine auld cheenie's gone, particularly that sugar bowl that's been sae lang in oor family," and then I retired tae wash my face and put on a clean shirt, leaving

the visitors tae clear awa' the damage. In a wee Betty and me had recovered oor usual serenity, and I says—

"Sit in tae the fire, freens, and hae a bit curran' bun, and mak' oorsels happy. Tak' anither epple, Mr Pinkerton. Did ye ever remark, Mr M'Gregor, what great strides we're making in advertising? it's extror'nar. In my opinion we're gaa'in' ower the score. The folk in the Trongate are a' takin' tae hanging oot a lot o' dirty auld flags frae the tap windows, and really as ye look along ye wid think that the street wis taen up for the time being wi' a lot o' penny shows. My certie, if ye're rinning tae catch a train it's no possible tae see a clock for them; it's hardly decent like, I say. Then there a' sort o' machines noo, going up one street and doon anither covered a' ower wi' bells, some drawn by a cuddie and some by horses, while a regiment o' sort o' militiamen walk on the pavement haunin' oot bills. Then there's yon man on the horse wi' the coat o' mail and it polished up by somebody's blacknin', and a' the rest behin' wi' the helmets shining. Naa, bit I saw a new dodge the ither day, nae less than six elephants paraudin' thro' the street, ane extror'nar big yin. It was the day o' the awfu' sleet, and I pitied the puir things; natives o' a warm country are they na, Mr Pinkerton? The West Indies or Jamaica, or someway there awa', and them waudin' thro' the sleet and rain o' Glasca. But I jalouse, frae what I saw, that their skin's gie'n thick. Hoo'ever, it wis a sma' grain o' satisfaction tae think that I had seen the elephants without paying my sixpence tae get intae the circus. There's aye something tae be thankfu' for, ye see. Tak' a bit curran' bun, Mr Lamont. Ye're unco dull the nicht; thae haena 'boycotted' ye, hiv thae?"

Puir Mr Lamont wis sitting back frae the fire, looking unco glum, and he says, "No, but I hae the toothache, and ye maun excuse me if I don't tak' ony interest in elephants at this meenent."

"Deed aye," says Mrs Lamont; "puir John has been unco ill wi't this while back. I'm sure he hisna boood an e'e for maist a week."

"Man," says I, "that's bad, ye maunna tak' ony curran bun, or shortbreed, or sweeties, or anything like that; but I'm thinking a gless or twa o' strong toddy 'll dae ye guid: I'll mak' ye up a double strong yin—but ye hae some skill o' teeth, Mr M'Cunn?"

"A little, vera little," says Mr M'Cunn.

"Ye nicht manage tae gie Mr Lamont advice gratis, or pu't oot maybe! Come ower here and

tak' a look, for it's an awfu' thing that the harmony o' the evening—and it's jist beginning—should be spoiled by yin o' the guests haeing the toothache."

We a' stood up, and Mr M'Cunn made an examination, and then he says, "It's gey-an'-bad—faur decayed—and it wid be better oot—and bein' a wee shoogly I think I micht manage't if I had a pair o' pliers."

"Pliers," says I; "I hae twa-three pair, and ye'll get the len' o' the best pair I hae for Mr Lamont's sake. Mr Lamont, I ask ye solemnly on this second last nicht o' echteen-echty, in presence o' a' thae witnesses, will ye alloo Mr M'Cunn tae act tae the best o' his judgment in the matter?"

Mr Lamont, wi' a tear in his e'e, said he wid, and I got the pliers, and Mr M'Cunn put him doon on the floor, and made him open his mouth, and afore ye cood say "Jeck Robinson" the tooth wis oot. "Man," I says, "that wis gran'; ye baith need a gless tae steady yer nerves;" and while I wis getting it Mrs Lamont says tae Mr M'Cunn,

"Jist feel if there's no anither ane. Sit still, John, it's a the one job."

Mr M'Cunn declared he thocht there wis anither, and he set tae. But this wis mair difficult. It wisna shoogly, Mr M'Cunn said; and he had tae get Mr Lamont's heid between his legs and draw like onything. He drew him three times aff the floor, and Mr Pinkerton and me had tae haud him back.

"Michty me," Mr Lamont says, "ye'll hae my jaw broken, this is awfu'," but we held him, and Mr M'Cunn, wha's a determined, crabbit auld body, drew awa', and wi' ane or twa guid shakes, first tae the tae side, and then tae the tither, and a screw roon, he drew it oot.

Mr Lamont, puir man, wis for risin', thinking he had got enough o't; but his wife says,

"Man, Mr M'Cunn, yer haun's getting in fine! I'm sure there's anither yet—he's suffered sae much—jist tak' anither look and see!"

I gied them baith anither gless o' toddy, and says, "Mr Lamont, if there's anither, oot wi't, and begin the New Year afresh—better an empty hoose than an ill tenant—thole awee—it's a' for yer ain guid—it goes tae my heart tae see ye sufferin', but we've a' oor trials; open yer mouth!"

Mr Lamont, being a peaceable body, opened his month, and Mr M'Cunn got a haud o' anither tooth and drew awa' at it, while Mr Lamont roared oot. On thinking ower't noo, I believe Mr M'Cunn had got nervous a wee, or had ta'en ower muckle toddy. He tried first ae tooth, and then anither, gieing each a draw turn aboot,

and pulling awa' like a sailor at a rope, an' consoling Mr Lamont wi' "Bear a wee, Mr Lamont—noo I hae't—another pull and it's awa' for certain;" an' a' the time we held on by Mr Lamont. It wis kittle work yon, but at last it got by tholeing. Mr Lamont's quiet spirit wis roused, and he made a determined jump up, caa'in' Mr Pinkerton and me ower a chair an' strikin' at Mr M'Cunn, who clammered on tae the dresser. Mr Lamont next grippit him by the legs and drew him doon, bit the ither yin gied him a rap ower the pow wi' the teeth o' the pliers. Dod, I thocht his heid was split; and so the twa at it. They flew intae grips. Mr M'Cunn hisna much hair on his head but what he had Mr Lamont got a haud o' and held on and the twa rocked back and forrit dinging ower the table, and upsetting the whusky bottle and the jeelie ower Mrs Pettigrew's best goon, till at last they landed in the coal bakie, where they continued tae batter awa at ane anither, and a' this time the ladies were squealing like mad.

Mr M'Fauran, being vera bald, wears a wig, and it had got drawn aff in the fecht and wis kicking about the floor, whaur Mr Pettigrew, searching for something tae wipe the jeelie aff his wife's goon, got a haud o't, and withoot thinkin' began wi't on the jeelie. Mrs M'Fauran, seeing this, cam' ower him wi' the spurtle which she had lifted tae defend hersel', and for a wee the fecht wis really like tae become serious.

Hooever, Mr Pinkerton and me got a haud o' the principals and separated them ane by ane, and while he conveyed Mr Lamont ben tae the paurlor, I took Mr M'Cunn ower tae the jawbox, and put the key o' the ootside door doon his back tae stop the bleeding at his nose. But, a' the same, oor pairty was finished.

Of course there could be nae harmony after that stramash. The one haulf o' us sat in the kitchen whaur Mr M'Cunn, wi' the pliers in his haun, wis the centre o' a group; the ither hauf sat in the paurlor roon Mr Lamont, wha had a stocking rowed about his heid. It was, as the Scripture says, "a hoose divided," and the natural result wis a breaking up.

Gieing each o' the kitchen folk a gless o' toddy and a bit curran' bun, big or sma' jist as it could be gaithered up after the fecht, we got them awa'; and then we gied the parlour folk a gless o' toddy and a bit o' shortbreed, and got them oot, and then wi' a sair heart Betty and me gaithered up the fragments, and putting them carefully intae the bakie, we screwed oot the gas and went tae bed.—Yours, JEEMS KAYE.

HOW DOTTH THE LITTLE BUSY BEE, ETC.
(Scene—Dundas Street, Saturday evening. An itinerant musician is performing on the bag-pipes.)

Tam (who has been listening to the music) Man, Sandy, div ye hear an awfu' bizzin' about that maesic? It soun's as if there was a swarm o' bees in the pipes. Listen.

Sandy (a wag) Ecod, yer richt, Tam, yer richt. Maybe that accounts for the drones.
[He chuckles idiotically, and calls for "two halves" at the nearest public.]

Foot and Mouth Disease in Ireland—Kicking to death and spouting sedition.

"Small Royalties"—Young princes.

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(Under Royal Letters-Patent from The Crown.)

Manager,.....Miss LITTON (Mrs W. Robertson).
GRAND PANTOMIME,

P R E T T Y B O - P E E P .

EVERY EVENING at 7-30. Doors Open at 6-30.

SPECIAL ILLUMINATED MORNING PERFORMANCES,

MONDAY, 3rd, at 12 and 3.
TUESDAY, 4th, at 12 and 3.
WEDNESDAY, 5th, at 12 and 3.
THURSDAY, 6th, FRIDAY, 7th, SATURDAY, 8th, at 2.
Doors Open each Day One Hour previously.

BO-BEEP AND LITTLE BOY BLUE,
THE GREAT SUCCESS THIS YEAR.

The Baillie says:—"The verdict of 'the general' concerning 'Little Bo-Peep and Boy Blue' of Miss Litton at the Royal is one of unqualified praise. One comes away delighted with the feeling of taste and brightness which characterises the entire production."

BO-PEEP AND LITTLE BOY BLUE,
THE GREAT SUCCESS THIS YEAR.

THE NEW AND MAGNIFICENT SCENERY

By Mr W. PERKINS, Mr BAKER, Mr BIRCH, and Mr WILLIAM GLOVER.

The whole Arranged and Produced under the Personal Superintendance of Mr J. A. CAVE.

TWO GRAND BALLETS.
FORTY BALLETT LADIES

(From Her Majesty's Opera-House, Theatre-Royal, Covent Garden, and Drury Lane).

100 CHILDREN,

Trained by J. A. CAVE, Esq., who will SING MR JOHN FARMER'S Celebrated NURSERY RHYMES.

CLOWN.....The Famous PAULO.
Doors Open at 6-30. Extra Price till 7. Commence, 7-30.

Box Office NOW OPEN Daily, from 10 to 4.

Seats may also be secured at Messrs Muir Wood's, Buchanan Street.

T H E G A I E T Y .

Proprietor and Director,Mr C. BERNARD.
Manageress.....Mrs BERNARD.

TO-NIGHT, and Every Evening till further notice, the
ANNUAL EXTRAVAGANZA AND PANTOMIME
L U R L I N E ,

Box Office Open Daily from 10 till 4.

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.

NEW-YEAR HOLIDAYS.

SPECIAL DAY PERFORMANCES,
And Every Evening during the Week.

D'OYLY CARTE'S OPERA COMPANY,
"THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE,"

By Messrs W. S. GILBERT and ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

MONDAY, 3rd JANUARY, 12, 3, and 7-30.
TUESDAY, 4th " 2 and 7-30.
WEDNESDAY, 5th " 2 and 7-30.
SATURDAY, 8th " 2 and 7.

R O Y A L P R I N C E S S ' S T H E A T R E .
MAIN STREET, SOUTH SIDE, GLASGOW.

Sole Lessee and Manager.....Mr H. CECIL BERYL,
THE PEOPLE'S PANTOMIME!

THE CHILDREN'S PANTOMIME!!

THE FUNNIEST PANTOMIME!!!

THE POPULAR PANTOMIME!!!!

THE PUBLIC VOICE PROCLAIMS IT

THE GREATEST SUCCESS OF THE SEASON!!!!

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TO-NIGHT, and Every Evening until further notice, at 7-30;

SATURDAY, at 7,

THE HIGHLY-SUCCESSFUL PANTOMIME,

THE BABES IN THE WOOD;

Or HARLEQUIN ROB ROY,

THE MERRIE MEN OF BORDERLAND,

VIRTUOUS VESTA, AND VULCAN THE VENOMOUS.

BEAUTIFUL SCENERY! COSTLY DRESSES!!

POWERFUL COMPANY! GRAND BALLETT!!

HAND-BELL RINGERS!!!

FULL CHORUS OF 70 VOICES!!!

AUGMENTED ORCHESTRA!!!

MORNING PERFORMANCES.

MONDAY, JANUARY, 3rd, at 12 and 3.

TUESDAY, ...JANUARY 4th, at 2.

SATURDAY,...JANUARY 8th, at 2.

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NOTICE.—No extra Sixpence for early admission. For the convenience of the Public, the Doors will Open for each Performance a Quarter of an Hour Earlier than the usual time, to avoid the crush.

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A R T S .

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SOLO VIOLINHERR KRAUSE.
VOCALIST.....MISS MARIAN WILLIAMS.
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Doors Open at 7; Concert at 8.

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The Beautiful Performing Horses. The wonderful Elephants.
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SPECIAL HOLIDAY PERFORMANCES—
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Five Performances, at 11 a.m.; 1, 3, 5, and 7-30 p.m.
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VOCALIST—Miss ANNE MARRIOTT.
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TUESDAY, " 4TH, at 2-30, 5, and 8.
WEDNESDAY, " 5TH, at 2-30, and 8.

Doors Open Half-an-Hour previous.
Prices—3s, 2s, 1s. Back Seats—6d.
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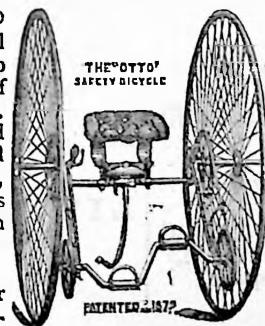
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THE PREMISES.

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J. MARSHALL & SONS beg to intimate that they have opened these central premises, No. 1 RENFIELD STREET and 60 GORDON STREET, with an Assortment of GOLD, SILVER, and BRONZE MEDALS, CUPS, &c., also, Clocks, Musical Boxes, and Musical Mechanical Moving Figures in Shades and Glass Cases. Model Engines and Moving Animals, Birds and Fishes, in Great Variety, the Animals forming an imitation of a Zoological Collection marvellously lifelike.



cultural Societies, Academies, and all parties requiring Competition or Presentation Prizes, thinking that the time has arrived for making this a special business; and have, therefore, decided to devote their attention specially to it, so as to be able to furnish promptly and cheaply the Best and Newest Productions suited for the purpose indicated.

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The Young Robber, Puss in Boots, The Story of the Little
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of King Robert the Bruce, a Historical Catechism of Ancient
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Warm Baths, Hot and Cold Spray with Shower, ...9d.
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Plays a number of tunes, Sacred Music, Overtures, and
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voir un choix de petits articles, de prix très modérés; tel
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présentable pour les présents de Noël et du jour de l'an.
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THE WINE FLAGON SYSTEM.

Two Gallons of Fine Old Matured
CARLOWITZ for 15s. Delivered Free
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in Four Half-Gallon Flagons (as per en-
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required. 5s (returnable) is charged as
a deposit for the Flagon on the first order.

Terms—Cash.

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By Special Appointment, Wine Merchants
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RALSTON & SONS,
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VISITING CARDS,
Unexcelled in Quality and Style.

Printed in a Few Minutes by the New Process.
50 IVORY CARDS, 1/6; 100, 1/6. ADDRESS 6D EXTRA.
ADAM M'KIM, 102 TRONGATE, and HELENSBURGH.

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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.

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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 be found nowhere. Easier terms to both Agents and Subscribers than are offered elsewhere.
Call at once and inspect Specimens.
DAVID HUM & CO.,
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DON'T grumble at high prices when you can get every article here at the very lowest possible price.
Best Fresh Butter in Glasgow, 1s 6d. Irish Powdered Butter, 1s 4d. New Stubble Butter, 1s to 1s 4d.
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AVOID DRAUGHTS.—A very fine variety of Screens at present on view at remarkably Low Prices. Call and see the Stock.



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BREAKFASTS, DINNERS, TEAS.
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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.

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January, 1881.

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EXTENSIVE ALTERATIONS AT THE COLOSSEUM.

SEE DETAILS IN ALL FRIDAY'S PAPERS.

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GENTLEMEN'S DRESS HATS. GENTLEMEN'S FELT HATS.
TRAVELLING CAPS, &c., &c.
BOYS' and YOUTHS' FELT HATS.
BOYS' VELVET and FANCY HATS.

Most ASTONISHING BARGAINS.

French Pattern Bonnets and Hats. Coloured and Mourning Millinery
LADIE'S HEAD-DRESSES and CAPS.

PLUSHES, all Colours, 2s 11d, 3s 11d, 4s 11d per Yard.

PLUSH RIBBONS. FANCY RIBBONS.

Never before were such bargains offered.

Thousands of SEAL HATS from 11½d to 60s.

Hundreds of Thousands of STRAW, CHIP, TUSCAN, LACE, PLUSH,
BEAVER, and FELT HATS.

LADIES' and MISSES' FELT HATS, all New Shapes and Colours,
for 4½d, 7½d, and 11½d.

REAL BEAVERS, 2s 11d, also in Best Quality made, now 4s 11d.

This is really astonishing.

INFANTS' HATS and HOODS, Silk and Cashmere.

FLOWERS, FEATHERS, BIRDS, ORNAMENTS.

Everything Must be Sold.

Ladies wishing their Beaver or Felt Hats retrimmed, can have them
altered for nothing, (this month only.)

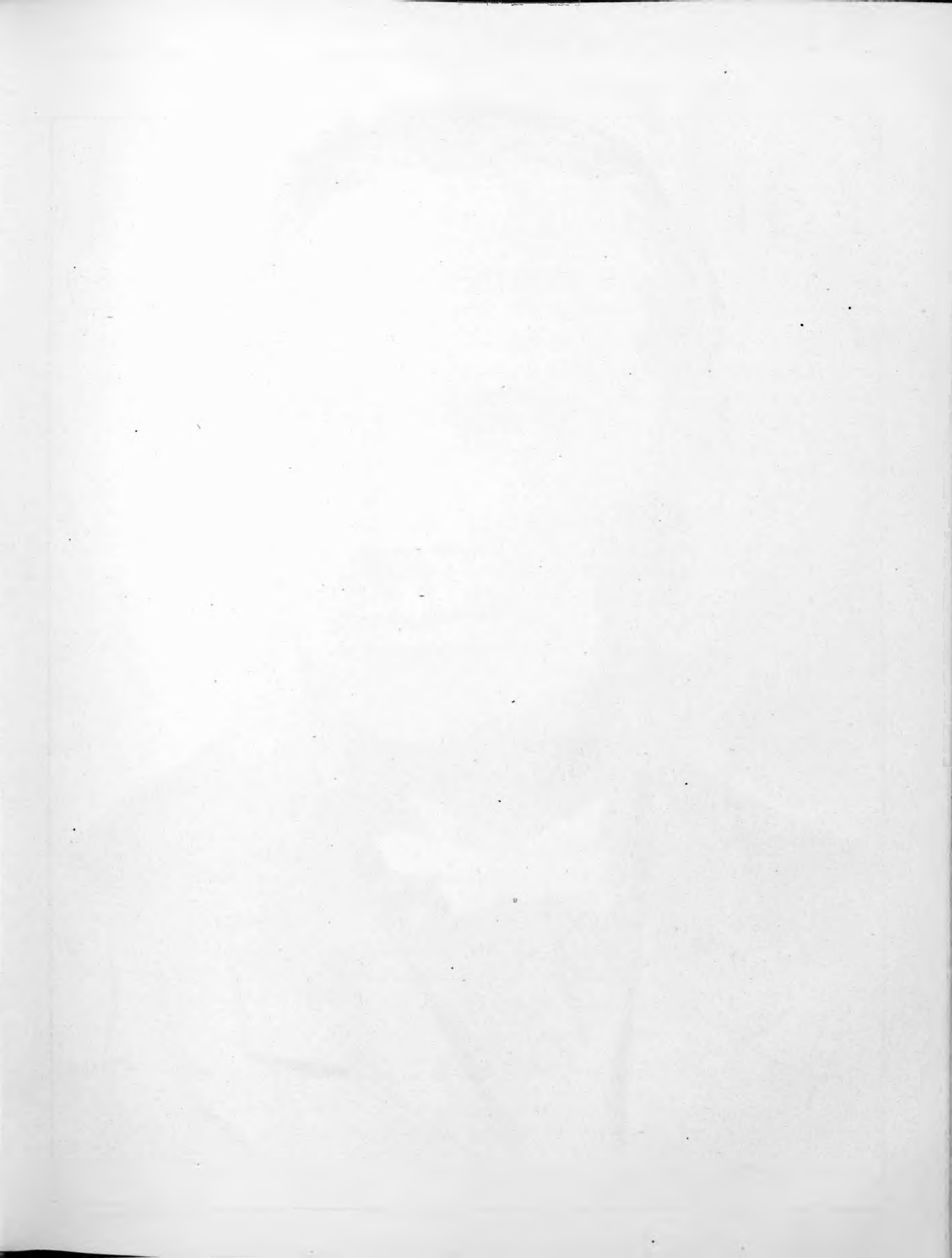
This Month we give a Lot for Nothing.

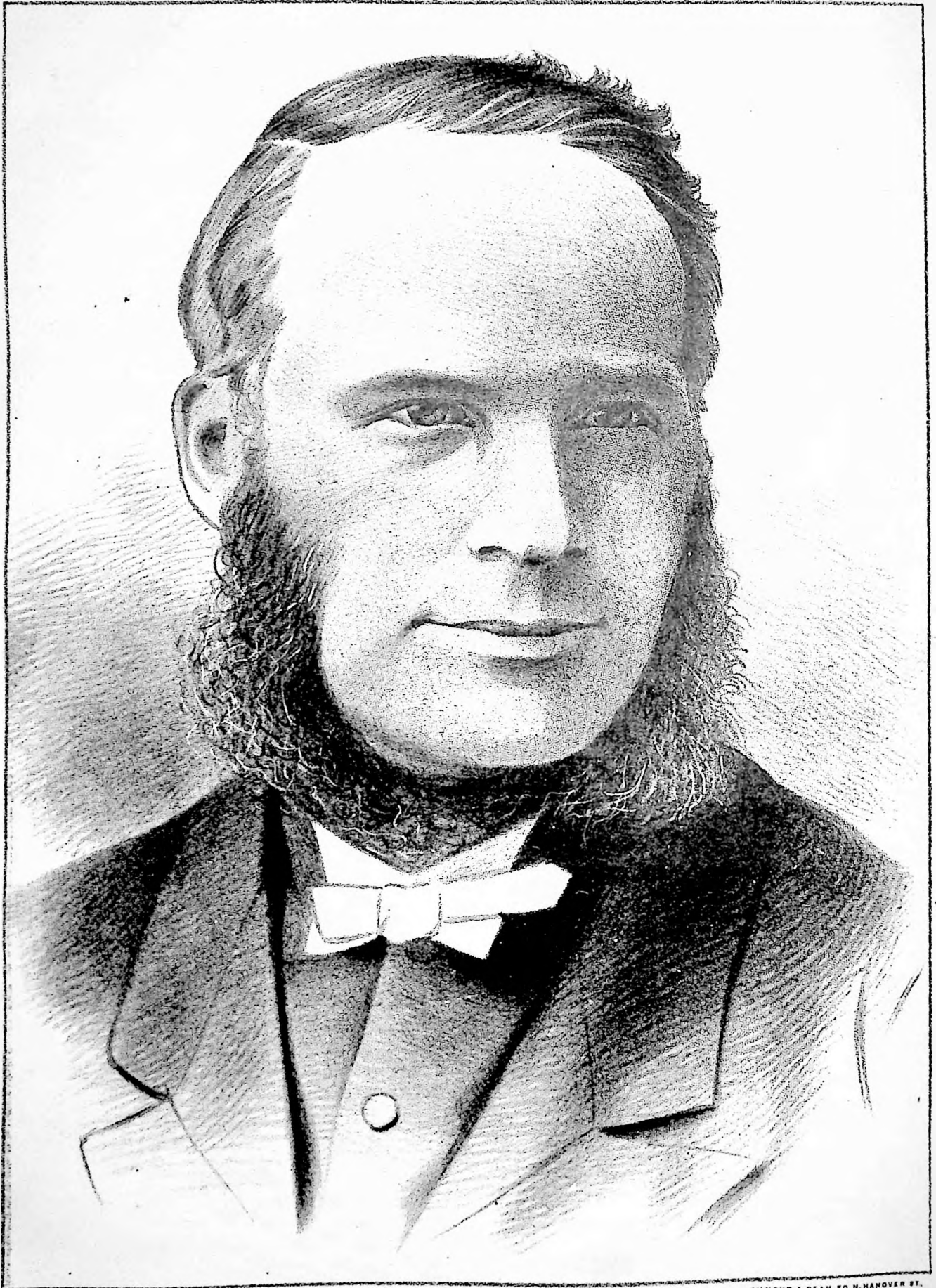
The Premises must be Cleared.

WALTER WILSON & Co.,

70 JAMAICA STREET,

THE LEADING HATTERS. THE LEADING MILLINERS.





The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 430. Glasgow, Wednesday, January 12th, 1881. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 430.

THE BAILIE sometimes wonders whether the efforts of our Evangelical clergy are duly estimated by the citizens at large. Narrow in view, and impatient of opposition, the usual evangelical parson, oftener than not, presents the world with the less attractive side of his character. He seems disposed to wrangle over matters of outward form; charity is one of the virtues which he invariably puts aside from his path. But if the Evangelical is narrow he is earnest, if he will not endure opposition he is so filled with the importance of his mission that whatever impedes or hinders it seems to him wholly and entirely evil. And in his own way, and among his own people, the Evangelical exercises an influence of paramount importance. He is a living and a moving force. In season and out of season he is constantly at his task, and this task is "to call men unto righteousness." The Rev. JAMES WELLS, M.A., of Pollokshields Free Church, supplies an excellent example of all that is best in the evangelical parson of the period. Mr WELLS is one of the most energetic of men. His zeal may seldom be tempered by prudence, but when did prudence and zeal work amicably together? Your Laodicean is neither given to conquering nor converting the world. Mr WELLS, who is still in middle life, is a native of Collin, in the parish of Torthwald, Dumfriesshire, where his father was a small farmer. He was educated at Edinburgh University, was licensed as a preacher in 1862—in which year he became missionary to the Rev. Mr Howie of the Wynd Church—and was ordained to the ministry in 1864. Shortly after his ordination, Mr Howie "swarmed" off to Trinity Free Church, carrying all, or almost all the Wynd people with him, and Mr WELLS, who succeeded to the

Wynd pulpit, was left to gather a congregation for himself. This he did before many months were over, the church, during his ministry, having become one of the most crowded in the city. After labouring in the Wynds for five years Mr WELLS removed to the new Free Barony—or "Free Burny," as it was facetiously termed by the late Dr Norman Macleod on account of the munificence shown towards it by Mr Burns of Kilmahew—where his success was not less distinguished than it had been in his former charge. He spent fully eight years in the Townhead district, and all this time it was his practice to hold three services every Sabbath—one of which, for six months out of the twelve, took place in the open air. In addition to these weekly services, he attended to the "Band of Hope" and to the Sabbath Schools, he had an almost nightly meeting in some portion or other of the Townhead district, he organised a Mission Church at Blochairn, and he carried out otherwise the work of evangelising the "black" quarter of the city. So prominent did his labours make the Man you Know about this time that he was offered the position of colleague and successor to the late Dr Guthrie, in Free St. John's, Edinburgh. The "call" naturally created some stir, and Mr Howie, it may be noted, when arguing against it in the Glasgow Presbytery, reminded his old missionary of the text, "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not"—a rather flattering application of the passage, surely. Eventually Mr WELLS elected to remain in Glasgow, a resolve which gave the utmost satisfaction, not only to his own congregation, but over the entire Free Church body in the city. Several years afterwards, in 1875, indeed, the Man you Know removed to Pollokshields Free Church, a new charge at the time, and here he still remains. It is questionable whether Mr WELLS has the same scope for his activity in Pollokshields that

he had in the Townhead or the Wynd, although in some degree he makes up for that in a mission district in Kinning Park upon which he expends all his spare energy. He is a "rousing" preacher, but the genteelity of Pollokshields likes rather to be calmed than roused any day. Apart from his pulpit work the Man you Know fulfils all the duties which belong to the pastorate with earnestness and vigour. He is the author of two volumes of sermons to children, of numerous tracts, and of two articles in the *Catholic Presbyterian* on Home Mission work, and in this connection it should be mentioned that, some years ago, he was appointed joint convener with the Rev. Dr Adam of the Home Mission Committee of the Free Church. He seldom uplifts his tongue in Presbytery meetings, a circumstance which made his somewhat awkward appearance in connection with the Robertson Smith dispute at the December meeting of the Glasgow Presbytery all the more noticeable and all the more to be regretted. In closing, the BAILIE would point to this life of varied and active energy as one typical of the modern evangelist. It may be destitute of both the light and the sweetness of culture—Mr WELLS has been too busy to acquire the one, and is too much in earnest to care for the other, but it is none the less valuable on this account. Blocks are hewed with a mallet and a chisel and not cut with a razor.

A PRIMROSE.

Bauldy (reading from the birth notices in the *Mail*)—"PRIMROSE.—At The Durdans, Epsom, on the 1st inst., Lady Rosebery, of a daughter."

Asinus (thoughtfully)—The first primrose of the year.

Bauldy—Which is?

Asinus—Haven't you just read it—Dame Durdan's.

AN ARTISTIC *Hat*-TRIBUTE.—A contemporary, improving on my Lord Macaulay, suggests in the course of a review that "fragmentary heads of the statues in George Square may find their way to the Melbourne Museum some two or three thousand years hence." Let's hope, for the sake of our artistic reputation and the colonists' feelings, that the *hats* will not turn up as well as the heads—though, indeed, some folks consider there are more hideous objects in the George Square toy-box than even the celebrated Oswaldian *chapeau* itself.

THE "ZOEDONE" AGENCY, 47 Waterloo Street, Glasgow.

The New Year.

WHO sp aks d'ye think—come, guess away?
One who has had a week to run
And make his friends; you know me—eh?

Young Eighteen-eighty-one.

I'm here, all fresh as paint, and gay;
Bright as a beam of morning sun;
I've come at Father Time's obey—

I'm Eighteen-eighty-one.

I've had the warmest welcome—yea,
A routh of rounds of cake and bun—
And such good things should smoo'th the way

Of Eighteen-eighty-one.

I'll promise you while I've to stay,
A wealth of work, a feast of fun,
With double rest and double pay—

Will Eighteen-eighty-one.

I'll silver-line the cloudlets grey—
Unravel webs you've badly spun;
I'll aid you all to make your hay—

Will Eighteen-eighty-one.

I'll help you up, or down, life's brae—
You and your troubles—though a ton;
And some their burdens off may lay

With Eighteen-eighty-one.

With worry little, much of play,
I'll cheer you till my days are done;
I'll fondle mirth—old care I'll slay—

Will Eighteen-eighty-one.

But I'll sing small, lest you may say—
"He's promise all, performance none;"
We'll see when comes the latter day

Of Eighteen-eighty-one.

"HAST THOU FORGOTTEN?"—The *News* says that "Dr Lynn proves himself to be the greatest of living conjurers." It grieves the BAILIE to think that his contemporary should so soon have forgotten its old friend the "philanthropic" juggler from across the Atlantic. But such is life!

Tangye-ble Munificence—The Birmingham engineers' gift to their city. (Glasgow, please copy.)

The Grandest of all the Holiday Sights—The streets so densely crowded with sober and well-conducted people—men, with their wives and families, and "A Happy New Year" beaming from their faces.

"They come as a boon and a blessing to men,
The PICKWICK, the OWL, and the WAVERLEY PEN."
Also the HINDOO Pens, Nos. 1, 2, and 3—diagonal points.

"They are a treasure."—Standard.

Sold at 6d and 1s per Box, at all Stationers:
Beware of the party offering imitations.

Libeling Auld Ayrshire.

TIME was when "auld Ayr" was declared on good authority to be unsurpassed for, among other products still more interesting, "ho est men;" but if we are to believe a Mr Kennedy who spoke at a meeting in the old town last week, the descendants of the honest men in question are neither manly nor honest. This gentleman declares that the electors of Ayrshire, while professing Toryism, are "Liberal at heart," that they do not "vote in accordance with their conscience," and that they are under a system of "terrorism." On the whole, however, the BAILIE is inclined to accept the old verdict of Burns rather than the modern one of Kennedy. He knows "a good few" Ayrshire chieftains, and they are by no means of the flabby-conscienced order, or likely to be "terrorised" over by any man who ever wore shoe-leather. It is rather the other way, in fact. By-the-bye, what a curious thing it is that your average Liberal is always so anxious to make out that his principles are shared by a crew of mean-spirited skunks, who would vote for him if they were not afraid!

JUST HIS WAY.

(Scene—Bridgeton; Mrs M'Glashan meets Mrs M'Iquham, whose husband has been lying ill for some time.)

Mrs M'G. *log.*—An' hoo's the guidman, Mrs M'Iquham? I houp he's comin' roun' again a' richt.

Mrs M'I. (sobbing)—Na, na, Mrs M'Glashan, Sandy's nae better, he'll dee, I'm quite shure, I ken his way sae weel!

[They shake hands and part in tears.]

THE PUBLISHER AND THE PEDAGOGUES.—Mr R. M. Cameron, publisher, of Edinburgh, is a bold, not to say an audacious man. At the recent meeting of the Educational Congress at Stirling he defied "the whole bench of pedagogues present, or in fact in Europe," and roundly accused the said "pedagogues" of being no more nor less than systematic torturers of infancy. Bearding "the lion in his den, the Douglas in his hall" was a joke to this; but the outraged dominies appear to have let their assailant off very easily. It is highly doubtful whether an assemblage of publishers—composed of Camerons, with, say, a dash of the John Ferguson element—would submit so good-humouredly to a castigation at the hands of a "pedagogue."

On 'Change.

EVERY crow, according to an old proverb, thinks its own bird the whitest. I never knew till now that the adage, respectable from its antiquity, also applied to swans. From a biped to a quadruped is but two steps. I ought, perhaps, rather to say two legs. So it may be that the proverb includes graminiverous animals. Hence bulls may be included in the genus that thinks its own kind the fairest ever created. And so the words "Swan" and "Bull" would become synonymous terms. There would thus be bulls which were bipeds, if there were not swans that were actually quadrupeds. A swan, in short, might be a bull, just as a bull might be a swan. I commend the solution of this problem to any students of natural history who may chance to have a local habitation and a name in the iron ring.

My speculations on this head are suggested by a remarkable iron circular sent to me the other day. The iron circular was made of paper. It stated that swans were limited. Why the swans should be limited I really cannot say. They seem to have unlimited legs, inasmuch as each swan must have at least four legs, and there are many swans. They also seem to be possessed of unlimited cheek. Swans' cheek is not uninteresting. Bulls' cheek is perhaps better, though it is hard to deal with. Only a few days ago I commented upon the circular of Thomas, who patted the Prince of Wales on the back, and assured him that he was a right good fellow, which nobody can deny. Thomas certified me that the cloud had a silver lining. Quadruped swans go further, and assert that the cloud is lined with gold.

This is interesting. It supports my theory that swans enjoy the luxury of having four legs. How else could the world account for the blazing prospect held out to people with a few pounds to spend in margins? Or, it may be, as a Sixteenth Century cynic remarked, that "more geese than swans now live, more fools than wise."

That reminds me that there is another Indian gold field in the market. It is called the Needlerock. A hundred thousand or so, more or less, is of no consequence when millions are in question. Millions have actually been subscribed to make India a second Ophir. It is not clear where the returns are to come from.

Calcutta wants tramways. It has a perfect right to want tramways, and get them if it can, but it occurs to me as being odd that the people on the spot should not find the money. The amount required is not large, and, with an Ophir not so far to the south, worked by British capital, the Calcutta tramways need not surely come to Glasgow for the money.

People have been buying North British within the past day or two. I am at a loss to discover why. If a fair return be any index, North British stock ought not to stand where it does.

State Steamship shares have been creeping quietly up lately. There is some reason for this movement. If a great company can afford to offer 25 per cent. premium for these shares, or £12 10s each, it follows that the intending buyer must have looked for a profit on the transaction. The shares are only worth £12 15s in the market. They are being steadily bought whenever there is a seller. If worth £12 15s, or anything over the amount offered, they ought to be worth at least £15 per share, and this is probably what they will go to.—SCRUTATOR.

PROMOTION ON CRUTCHES.

Highland Gamekeeper (who has been appointed to watch the Forth at Aberfoyle during the spawning season, to poacher, on crutches, who is busy pulling a trout from the river)—Who was gave you promotion to fushes?

Ornamented Seed, Sultana, and Bride Cakes, &c. Thornton's (late Duncan's) Restaurant, corner of Buchanan Street and Royal Bank Place.

Merchants' Dinners from 12 to 5 p.m. Merchants' Restaurant, 58 Mitchell Street.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—Pantomime is still the order of the day. Indeed, to judge from the crowds who flock nightly to the Royal, to the Princesses, and to the Gaiety, one might suppose that the Christmas entertainments were in their first youth, instead, as is the case, of having attained the glories, not to say the staidness of middle life.

A diversion will be made at the Gaiety to-night, and up till the withdrawal of "Lurline," by the appearance of M. Bruet and Mille. Riviere, two vivacious people of Latetia—which, being interpreted, meaneth Paris. Mr James Houston, moreover, will in future assume the part of *Waverlet*, hitherto filled by Mr Danvers.

The Hanlon Lees and Mons. Agoust are the latest additions to Mr Bernard's list of announcements for the present season.

The days of "The Pirates of Penzance," my magistrate, are numbered at the Royalty, and it therefore behoveth all who enjoy graceful and humorous music, and brilliant, and somewhat cynical wit, to betake themselves thither, and not to stand upon the order of their going but go at once. Saturday night, indeed, is the last night on which it can be represented on the present occasion on Mr Knapp's stage.

Next Monday, the Chippendale Comedy Company make their re-appearance at the Royalty.

Miss Litton, if metropolitan critics are to be trusted, has made quite a hit, at the London Gaiety, in the part of *Peggy*, the heroine of "The Country Girl." The mention of this accomplished lady reminds me that whispers have been heard of the appearance of Mr Edwin Booth, at the Theatre-Royal, early in the coming autumn.

"Ye Cronies" promise us another operetta in the course of the present season. The libretto will be written, as before, by Mr James Muir, the President of the club, while Mr Montague Smith will be responsible for the music.

"The Debtors' Lament," the clever copy of humorous verses which appeared in Thursday's *Herald*, and in which one of the "inso" drops a tear over the vanished comforts of the debtors' ward in "Duke Street," was the work of the editor, Mr J. S. Stoddart.

Was there ever a finer autobiographic stroke than that supplied in the recently published letter—recently published, but written one and twenty years ago—from "George Eliot" to her friend Sara Hennell, anent the original of *Dinah Morris* in "Adam Bede." I mean that passage in which she says, "How curious it seems to me that people should think *Dinah's* sermon, prayers, and speeches were copied—when they were written with hot tears, as they surged up in my own mind." With "hot tears;" did Shakespeare, I wonder, write the first scene of the third act of "Hamlet," or the closing lines of "Lear," in this wise?

Mr Joseph Irving's "Book of Eminent Scotsmen," which was published in the closing days of 1880, by Mr Gardner of Paisley, was the most important Scottish volume of all the year. It is "bairdly" in form, is elegant and yet substantial in binding, and its uncut edges give it that archaic look so dear to the heart of the bibliolatrist. But shapely as is the outside of "The Book," as Mr Irving affectionately terms it, its interior is more attractive still. Its 600 pages are fairly "panged wi' knowledge." Mention what Scotchman or Scotchwoman of note you may, from the time of Malcolm I. downwards, and you will find a concise biography of him or her within the boards of Mr Irving's "book." Not to be named by this ablest of compilers argues yourself to be unknown indeed. The "Book of Eminent Scotsmen" is not only a volume for the library; the lawyer and the merchant will find it equally valuable with the scholar or the divine.

The members of "The Corner," a cosy little afternoon club, at the meetings of which many cups of coffee are imbibed, and

much tobacco is smoked, held their annual supper on Friday, in the restaurant of Messrs Watson & Blaine, West George Street. Mr James Sellars, Jun, occupied the chair, and the general company was made up of architects and artists, with a sprinkling of accountants and men of law. When the cloth had been removed, the chairman recited the history of "The Corner," in a series of neatly-turned rhymed couplets, many of which were pointed with strokes of clever and telling humour. Various toasts were proposed—among them being that of "The Members," by Mr Lindsay Miller, which, like the speech of the chairman, was in rhyme, and which displayed quite a wealth of pleasant and telling wit on the part of its author—numerous songs were also sung in the course of the evening, and altogether the meeting went "merry as a marriage bell."

Mr Airlie, eager, as usual, to give the Saturday evening audiences a diversity of fare, has engaged Mr Walter Bentley to give three readings in the City Hall, on Saturday next. Mr Bentley ought to draw an audience himself, but he is not the only artist who will appear on Saturday, Miss Damien, the new contralto, being also engaged for that evening.

Those of the younger sort who delight in panoramic representations of moving events by flood and field will find plenty to amuse them in Hengler's Cirque, West Nile Street, where Mr Harry Hamilton's "Afghanistan" and "Zulu" war pictures are nightly on exhibition.

The holiday houses at Myers' Hippodrome—what a misnomer for Newsome's Circus—have been, as I guessed, the biggest on record. Refusing money for want of room has been the rule at all the shows since 1880 was "telescoped" into 1881. The grist thus brought to the Ingram Street mill must have made a proper pile. Apart from the menagerie business, Mr Myers presents ever so many novelties in the equestrian art. By frequent exchanges with his Manchester establishment he is enabled to provide a succession of new artistes, human and equine, so that there is always something fresh and original on the programme. For bare-back riding, hurdle jumping, and horse training generally, Myers' could scarcely be beat.

The other night I noticed "The Heathen Chinese" in the stalls, *Hartely* enjoying the sawdust business. The literary lion was courteously taken behind the scenes by our friend "Monty" and expressed himself as muchly delighted with the closer survey of the noble savages &c. I am hugely taken up with these same lions. With Mr Cooper in front I would almost venture to "beard the lion in his den."

If you want to be most thoroughly and hopelessly mystified, look in, my Magistrate, to the cosy Windsor Halls of Mr Galloway, and behold that arch-necromancer, and modern miracle-worker, Dr. Lynn, in his wondrous feats. As to "how it's done," I say with *Viola* in *Twelfth Night*, that some one else "may untangle this, not I; it is too hard a knot for me to untie." Dr Lynn's persiflage and happy thoughts keep the audience in merriest trim.

You will be pleased to learn, BAILIE, that, contrary to what was his intention some time ago, Mr Hengler is, after all, to open his season in the West Nile Street Cirque "in a few weeks." May I whisper that the opening is not likely to be before Saturday, March 5th, and that Maunday Thursday will see the wind-up here, with Dublin and Bristol to follow. Since he left here last Easter, his companies have appeared in Chester, Birmingham, Dublin, Scarborough, Sheffield and Hull, and are presently bisected in London and Liverpool. With the exception of Hull, the financial atmosphere was somewhat "frosty" throughout. Mr Hengler will produce a grand spectacle during his short stay, and, among the novelties, will trot out that famous bull—not Irish—named "Ligero," *alias* "Toro," lately exhibiting in the law courts. Mr Hengler's return will be pleasantly looked forward to by his Glasgow friends, whose name is legion,

Publicans and Sinners.

THE recurrence of "the festive season" naturally directs one's thoughts to that large class of truly "public" benefactors who minister to the season's festivities.

In Glasgow the publican division is a strong one, and includes many and varied types. A survey of the congregated "Bungs" at a Licensing Court or elsewhere will well repay the student of human nature. There is the M'Whisky type, to begin with. M'Whisky is from the very far North, and has not quite got over his difficulties with the English language, in spite of a long and successful career in the city of his adoption. He has begun at the bottom of the tree, and worked his way gradually up till now he finds himself a man of substance and something of a power in the state—"a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and everything handsome about him." He is of florid complexion and fiery temper, neither temper nor complexion being improved by the nature of his business and the somewhat excessive patronage which he extends to his own wares. At bottom, however, M'Whisky is a very good fellow, and is capable of splendid generosity upon occasion. Were he less generous and confiding in disposition he would have had fewer "losses" and would be a richer fellow than he is—which is saying a good deal.

"Next to M'Whisky, but in nought allied" — *pace* Crabbe—comes Crawler. Crawler assumes to be a "gentleman"—save the mark!—and affects airs of easy familiarity with the better class of his customers. In this he is encouraged by certain obsequious loafers who "Mister" him deferentially in the hope—never realised, by the way—of eelemsynary drams or credit; but he occasionally makes mistakes, and has been known to pour forth abject apologies when he has happened to "waken the wrong man." He is cold-hearted and purse-proud — by turns servile and insolent. He would not move a finger to help his own brother out of the ditch, but he can scatter his money freely enough when he desires to indulge his fond dream of "gentility." Once he paid a visit, *en prince*, to Paris, where he narrowly escaped being sadly fleeced by a "gentlemanly" blackleg — all through poor Crawler's hankering after the society of his betters. Altogether he is a rather repulsive specimen of humanity, and may be described as more sinner than publican, just as M'Whisky is more publican than sinner.

Between these two come many types upon whom there is not space here to dwell. There is the ex-policeman, who generally has all M'Whisky's added to all Crawler's faults without any of the virtues of the former; the dandy publican who patronises a fashionable tailor and belongs to the Yeomanry; the sporting publican; and so on. "The trade" may, however, be roughly divided into Crawlers and M'Whiskys; and, fortunately for "the trade's" reputation, the M'Whiskys are considerably more numerous than the Crawlers.

—♦♦♦—
"OUT OF HIS COURSE."

(Scene — Public house, Kilmarnock; an old toper enters, singing "Steer my barque to Erin's Isle.")

Old Topper (after finishing first verse)—Gie'sh a glash o' whusky, Tam.

Tam (the waiter)—Na, na, mister; just steer yer barque oot o' this as quick as ye like, and ye'll get *airin'* outside.

—♦♦♦—
A Fact.

UP till the other evening, when it had to give place to the pantomime, the lessee of Drury Lane Theatre had such a strong belief in the Celtic desire to see "The World," that the advertisement of that piece, giving the hour of performance and prices of admission, appeared regularly in the *Oban Times*. And which is more too—any Obanite having another evening to spend in "town," while he was at it, was invited in the same columns, and with the same regularity, to spend it in looking up the *Drum-Major's Daughter* at the Alhambra in Leicester Square. Mirofer, he was similarly advised that on either of these evenings, or any other, the correct thing to do was to wind up at "Evans's"—so that he might not leave London without seeing "nossing at aal;" but, on the contrary, might qualify for being an authority on the gay and festive aspects of the metropolis during the remainder of his natural life.

—♦♦♦—
LONG THE LUCKY.—'Arry Halfred has returned from his American trip, and has been favouring his fellow-citizens with his views on, among other things, "the Chinese Question." In the course of his lucubrations the learned gentleman informs us that, in Mongolian, "'Long' means 'prosperity,' 'luck,' 'good fortune.'" Some of the fellow-citizens aforesaid are of opinion that it occasionally means much the same in Glasgow.

Quavers.

THE "Reformation" symphony of Mendelssohn, to be played at the orchestral concert of to-night (Tuesday), is a prominent item for more than one reason. It has been only once or twice heard in Glasgow, and only now at these concerts. Its scope is (naturally) of a religious cast, the church phrases, both of the Old Church and the New, are employed with the celebrated Lutheran chorale, "Ein feste burg," as a prominent theme, differently noted, however, from the common form of the melody. First through mishaps, and latterly through some misapprehension of its importance, the "Reformation" symphony, written in 1830, has been but seldom heard, and it was produced in London for the first time so recently as 1867.

Schumann's "Manfred" overture, an important and striking composition, illustrative of Byron's remarkable poem, is included in the concert; also Saint-Saens' symphonic poem, "The Wheel of Omphale," depictive of the effeminacy of Hercules, and his bondage in the toils of the Lydian Delilah. Miss Hopekirk will play Mendelssohn's pianoforte concerto in G minor, also a trio of short solos from Schumann, Chopin, and Scharwenka; and Miss Annie Marriott the vocalist of the evening, will sing the grand scena from Oberon, "Ocean, thou mighty monster," and Ganz's "Sing, birdie, sing." Sullivan's "Merchant of Venice" music, including a "Serenata" by Miss Marriott, closes the programme in the apparently approved "last galop" fashion.

Is not the orchestra yet inclined to play too prominently in accompaniment? The viola solo part was often completely drowned in the Berlioz symphony, not always excusably, we thought, if difficult generally to avoid from the soft unpenetrating character of the tones of the "tenor."

At the Sixth Saturday Popular Concert, on the 15th, the habits will be treated to an entire symphony, no mere experiment now, it is something to say. Beethoven's No. 7 in A is the selected one—that, with the weird allegretto in A minor. The overture and the ballet music of Mr Allan Macbeth's operetta, "The Duke's Doctor," are also to be played. The latter number is in court minuet form, and will give Glasgow a better idea than has been had yet, if such indeed be necessary, of the musicianly knowledge and ability of the new conductor of the chief local choral society. Mr Ould, whose tone and taste are much admired in occasional solo orchestral passages, will play a violoncello solo, as will also Mr Hughes on his huge yet melodious instrument. Mr Henry Guy will contribute the vocal solos. The plebiscite of votes for the music of the last concert will be taken at this concert, and at that of the 18th.

Jackson's cantata, "The Year," produced at the concert of the Pollokshields Musical Association lately, is not what may fairly be considered of a high order of art. The melodies are pleasant enough and varied, but seldom rise above commonplace. The busy and skilfully written instrumentation is, perhaps, the best part of the cantata. The concert in question, through the acoustical defects of the hall and the comparative weakness of the music, hardly showed the society to the same advantage as on former occasions, but still the entertainment was a pleasing one, the skill of the soloists (members) contributing greatly to this result.

The little stringed orchestra under Mr Heron, at the concert referred to, deserves mention, if chiefly to prove what has now been attained in Glasgow in instrumental skill, both amateur and professional.

A concert of sacred music was given the other week in Dunblane Cathedral, by the Dunblane Musical Association, Mr J. L. Graham, formerly of Glasgow, conducting, and Mr Channon Cornwall accompanying on the organ.

The Glasgow Select Choir sing at Dundee and Arbroath this week. In his opening address as president of the Tonic Sol Fa College, which held some meetings here lately, Mr Spencer Curwen said he was glad to notice a movement in favour of "select choirs." He thought he saw behind that movement a protest of quality against quantity—words, one feels, of critical judgment and truth.

Mr Sinclair Dunn, of the Royal Academy of Music, London, has sent us his prospectus of entertainments of national song—a la

Wilson and Kennedy. From what one hears, Mr Dunn, who hails originally from Glasgow, sings with taste, and promises to be a genuine acquisition to our Scottish vocalists.

The Lawyers' Way.

IN the case of a fraudulent bankrupt tried before the Sheriff in Glasgow last week, Mr C. S. Dickson, advocate, who appeared for the accused, commented upon the fact of more than £600 worth of the claims on his clients' estate being made up by lawyers' fees—a class of men who (according to the *Herald*) he said, "were supposed never to *lose* anything." As a lawyer himself, Mr Dickson may be credited with having a knowledge of the habits and peculiarities of the tribe; and there are outsiders, the BAILIE fancies, who could corroborate from their own experience the supposition that lawyers do not usually relax their hold upon anything or any one so long as any benefit accrues to themselves from holding fast.

A SYMPHONY.

(Scene—St. Andrew's Halls; Time, Tuesday evening, the first half of the programme has just been brought to a close by a grand performance of Berlioz's symphony.)

Enthusiastic Amateur (to old friend from the country, whom he has taken to the concert for a New Year's treat)—Well, John, what do you think of the music?

O. F. (most seriously)—Weel, tae tell ye the truth, Tam, it's gie ill tae thole!

[They adjourn not to reappear.]

ICI ON PARLE FRANCAIS.—"Lessons in French wanted by a Frenchman." So runs an advertisement in the *Herald*. What an eccentric sort of Mossoo he must be, to be sure, to come to Glasgow in order to learn his own language! And why doesn't he go to Stratford-atte-Bowe?

DUCKS AND GEESE.—The geese who allowed themselves to be frightened by the story of a torpedo besetting the Forth guardship, will be relieved to find that the alarming object was another sort of "wild fowl" altogether—namely a *canard*.

THE AUL' NEW YEAR.

A happy new year tae ye, Tam, an' lots o' them.

Is that lots o' years, or lots o' happy?

Baith, Tam—baith's best.

WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.—That Manchester House for supplying Cottons, Linens, Flannels, Blankets, direct from the Mills, meets a long felt want.—Stephen's, 179 Sauchiehall St.

The Bells.

(New Poe-try.)

HEAR the last of the old bells—old Cross bells!
 Hear a spring of ancient memories their mentioning upwells,
 How they'd tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
 Pretty well on in the night,
 When the man with periwinkle
 And oyster basket might
 Be seen his bivalves sprinkle
 With the pepper, while a twinkle of the most intense delight
 Would irradiate each wrinkle of the dissipated wight
 As he'd throw aside the shells—oyster shells,
 And listen to the music of the bells!

Hear the last of the old bells—old Cross bells!
 How they youth bring back with necromantic spells!
 How they'd jingle, jingle, jingle,
 And the tunes would intermingle,
 While the crowds would dingle-dangle left and right,
 And you easily could single out, above the middle height,
 The recruiting sergeant there,
 With his nose high up in air,
 And his measured step that tells
 Of the inches to the ells,
 Keeping time, time, time,
 (His tunic white with lime

Off his belts); while his ro y breast it swells
 As some rustic he compels
 To serve his Queen and clime—
 And above there, all the time,

Goes the coaxing, martial music of the bells!

Hear the last of the old bells—old Cross bells!
 How memory on your sweetest chiming dwells!

But down you now must get,
 For we've got another set

Of merry bells and better, out of sight,
 Than your old out-of-tunes,
 That have seen so many moons,
 And whose breaking-up so soon's to bring delight:
 You have had your day, of course,
 For you've rung yourself quite hoarse,

And Time's an onward force that compels
 Us to part with such as you,
 And to get a set that's new,

And listen to the music of the bells—new Cross bells,
 The bright, light, sprightly music of the bells!

PITIFUL-HEARTED SHERIFF!—Sheriff Smith, of Greenock, appears to be softer-hearted than most gentlemen of his profession. The Sheriff having sentenced an obstreperous ex-skipper to twenty-one days' imprisonment last week, Mrs ex-Skipper, who was in court, incontinently fainted, whereupon the erring mariner was immediately granted the option of a fine. This little episode will not be lost upon the female relatives of the criminal classes.

THE "BILE."

(The 3-50 train for Balloch has unexpectedly been brought to a stand halfway to Dum-barton.)

Third-class Passenger (who has popped his head out at the door, to driver)—Has yer water gaen aff the bile?

For a Good Dinner go to the Merchant' Restaurant, 58 Mitchel Street.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT Councillor Neil's latter state is worse than his first.

That his tongue's nae scandal.

That the proximity of the festive season was no excuse for his exhibition of Thursday.

That Lord Provost Ure is beginning to wonder if he wouldn't have been better after all to have given Councillor Neil a cocked hat and a medal.

That if Johnnie had been made a baillie he'd have been as "mim as a May puddock."

That Sheriff Spens is taking a cue from Lord Young.

That he is as tender with the prisoners sent to him for trial as if they were made of glass.

That his juries seem to take their cue from the Sheriff in the matter of verdicts.

That Sheriff Spens is a capital—chess-player.

That it's a good thing the new year comes only once a twelvemonth.

That the new year of 1881 will be long remembered for the deaths it caused.

That never did a festive season bring so many fatalities in its train.

That certain of our bankrupts seem overly anxious to pay everybody twenty shillings in the pound.

That it isn't "aye lost what a friend gets."

That the architect of the new Maternity Hospital had a puff on Thursday last.

That new officials as well as a new building might add to the value of the Institution.

That the Municipal Buildings Scheme is once more afoot.

That Collins' Folly is the vacant ground at the East side of George Square.

That we are paying through the nose for the eagerness of Mr Collins to get the foundation stone laid during his term of office.

That we are to be subjected to another open competition for plans for the new buildings.

That it seems hard on the architects who took part in the last competition that the coming one should be open.

That Bailie Dunlop doesn't like to be called the "ornamental member" of the Town Council.

That it's at least something to be ornamental.

That certain scurrilous knaves would deny that Bailie Dunlop was even ornamental.

The Grecian Bend—The inclination to fight Turkey.

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.

1881. JANUARY, 1881.

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Mr Binnie has Classed the whole Stock in this Department into great Lots at 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ d, 1s 9d, 2s 5d, 2s 11d, and 3s 11d each.

Lot No. 1 at 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ d, is a very large assortment of Boys' Tweed and Velvet Tam o'Shanters, Boys' Tweed Polo Caps, and Boys' Trimmcd Felts. These are very strong and durable; worth double.

LOT 2, at 1s 9d. Large Assortment of BOYS' FANCY CLOTH and VELVET-EMBROIDERED CAPS. Also, Fine VELVET and TWEED TAM O'SHANTERS. Regular Price from 2s 6d to 3s 6d.

LOT 3, at 2s 11d, include all our best FANCY VELVET and CLOTH CAPS, which we sold at from 3s 6d to 6s 6d. See them.

LOT 4, at 1s 9d.—A Magnificent Lot of BOYS' TRIMMED FELTS, CAMEL HAIR, and MOTTLED HATS, suitable for Boys. from two to nine years of age. Our Regular Prices are from 2s 9d to 3s 9d.

LOT 6, at 2s 11d, are our BOYS' and MISSES' GALATEAS, JACK TARS, UNDINES, and PRINCES SHAPES in Felt; worth from 5s to 6s 6d.

LOT 7, at 3s 11d.—All our FINE FRENCH FELTS and BEAVERS for BOYS trimmed with the best Bands and Bindings, Silk Lined. These Lots are the most Fashionable Goods. Parents and Heads of Families should call at once, and secure a portion of these Bargains.

GENTLEMEN'S AND YOUTH'S HATS.
25 per Cent Less than Usual Retail Prices.

OUR FELT HATS
At 3s 6d, 4s 6d, 5s 6d, 7s, 8s 6d are sold elsewhere at from 5s to 14s 6d. Purity, Style, Durability unexcelled.

OUR DRESS HATS
At 6s 6d, 8s 6d, 10s 6d, 12s 6d, 14s 6d, and 17s 6d are the Best Value in Scotland.

We guarantee all hats sold by us to be made of the best Materials, by the best makers only, and they are warranted to retain Shade and Colour.

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*Extra-Large and Extra-Small Sizes always in Stock.
Gentlemen who have had Difficulty in getting Fitted should Favours us with a Visit.*

Opera Hats, College Caps, Livery Hats, Pith Helmets, Sun-proof Hats, Leghorn Hats, Clerical Hats, Fishing and Shooting Hats, Hunting Hats, &c., &c.

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ROBERT BROWN, 17 HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.

NOTICE TO SMOKERS!!! MELLOW SMOKING MIXTURE.—J. H. ALLISON, Wholesale and Retail Tobacconist and Cigar Importer, 463 ST. VINCENT STREET, 2 Doors from Elderslie Street. Wholesale and Retail Depot for Murray, Sons, & Co.'s Mellow Smoking Mixture. J. H. A respectfully invites the Gentlemen of Glasgow to visit his Depot to see the "MELLOW" and judge for themselves. The following Testimonials are a few of the many which have been received:—"Known to Smokers for its Mellow Mildness in use. We saw orders and inquiries for this article fit to make any provincial house proud."—*Land and Water.* "Of the many different "Mixtures" that have come under our notice, we have no hesitation in giving the palm to this Brand. Has a most pleasing and soothing effect."—*Civil Service Gazette.* 8 oz. post free for 3s 4d. 7 Prime Cigars (rare value), 1s. Real Lunkah Cheroots, 8 for 1s. The Trade supplied with large or small quantities.

CHARING CROSS HOSIERY WAREHOUSE.
WILLIAM DODS, 13 and 15 ST. GEORGE'S ROAD. Gloves in all the Newest Shades. Newest Designs in Ladies' and Gentlemen's Scarfs, Ties, and Bows. Ladies' and Gentlemen's Collars and Cuffs. Silk and Linen Handkerchiefs. Underclothing in great variety.
GLOVES, HANDKERCHIEFS, SCARFS, &c.,
In Handsome Boxes, suitable for
CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR PRESENTS.

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS

WEIGHT of BUTTERINE are brought into Glasgow weekly. How much of it is sold for what it is? Why Pay Enormous Prices to dishonest Dealers, when a Superior Article can be got at Sixpence per lb. less, from
THE ORIGINAL BUTTERINE CO.,
14 WEST HOWARD STREET, GLASGOW.

COLERAINE WHISKY (from Malt only) as supplied to the House of Commons, Guildhall, the Civil Service Association, London, and all the principal Clubs throughout England and Ireland. Sole Agent for Scotland—J. JOHNSTON, 11 KENT ROAD.

**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, JANUARY 12th, 1881.

THE BAILIE wonders when the question is to come up as to the responsibility for the gas explosion in Henderson Street. That some one is responsible is a fact which need not be insisted upon. The accident may have been caused by the inefficient nature of the piping laid down in the street, or it may have been due to the sinking of the ground on which the pipes were laid, but whatever was its origin it is the duty of the authorities to see that this is properly investigated and that the blame be placed in the proper quarter. Not only is this necessary on account of the sufferers by the catastrophe, but it is demanded in the interests of the citizens at large. We have no guarantee against the recurrence of a similar explosion to-morrow, and the only way to lessen the possibility of such a disaster is to fix upon those whose sins of omission or of commission have brought about the present one. One other word the BAILIE would like to say, and that is that it seems to him to be the business of the gas officials to be constantly at the call of the consumers to investigate into any escape or alleged escape of gas. This is not, it seems, a portion of their existing duties, but the sooner it is made so the better for everybody concerned.

"To Persons about to Marry" Parsons—Consider the Lilleys.

A Soup Tureen for a Broth of a Boy
MR NORTH DE COIGNY DALRYMPLE was last week consoled for his defeat in South Ayrshire by the gift of a soup tureen. The required sum—towards which, by the way, Master Dalrymple's papa was careful to explain he had *not* subscribed—was, says a contemporary, "speedily raised in a quiet, unostentatious manner"—which means, no doubt, that each contributor did not immediately proclaim his benevolence in the nearest market-place. The soup tureen was probably intended to be in some way emblematic of the mess into which the house of Dalrymple got over the last election; but organisers of future presentations to such youthful and aristocratic Radicals as overran the country a few months ago, would find a golden pap-dish a more appropriate gift than even a silver tureen.

A Light Fantastic Matter.

THE Ass is exercised over an advertisement in the Glasgow newspapers just now, emanating from some one who wants pupils to be taught waltzing, "natural and reverse." *Natural* waltzing puzzles the beastie, to begin with. If waltzing, he argues, be a form of exercise or recreation that "comes by nature"—as, according to Dogberry, to read and to write do—whence arises the necessity for teachers at all? As to the "reverse" method, if that means the reverse of the natural, it must mean *unnatural* waltzing; and he dubitates whether that would be a desirable accomplishment for any lady or gentleman to possess or to exercise. It bothers him altogether.

Time Out of Mind.

IT is not without effort that the serpent, and some other less symbolic animals, change their skins, nor is it without being somewhat put out that certain of the public clocks in changing from hour to hour change also from year to year. They then "lose and neglect the creeping hours of time," bringing their hands to a standstill, as if for such idleness Satan could find nowadays no mischief—journeyists missing trains, or lovers breaking trysts. Is it the honoured custom of these clocks, these public servants, to bring in the new year by "taking no note of time?" Do they take "a run down" on the chap o' twal, and forget to be wound up again?

A Spent Gale—The champion "walkist."
Evolution—The transformation-scene,

Scoto-Hibernian Humour.

WITH the exception of her "literary" columns, the funniest reading purveyed by Granny is undoubtedly contained in that liberal portion of her space which she almost daily allots to "Letters to the Editor." Communications, two columns long, on the "Robertson Smith" and similar "cases" belong, indeed, rather to the ponderous order of humour, and are consequently caviare to the general; but even these have their "bits of fat," while a national drollery that is simply delicious pervades the epistles of those Irish "gentlemen" who have of late been protesting so eloquently against the idea that murder, robbery, and torture of men, women, children, and dumb animals are objectionable things when practised by other Irish "gentlemen." This humorous view of the situation is, it is well known, strongly supported in the Cabinet, and now Granny opens her columns to a fresh ally in the shape of a queer mongrel calling himself "An Ulster Scotchman." This funny "messen," after a good deal of rhodomontade that smacks more of Galway or Mayo than of either Scotland or Ulster, solemnly "cautions the Scotch people against Boycotting the Glasgow, or any other Irish, as it would surprise the citizens of St. Mungo to awake some fine morning and find that no Clyde-built ships or cargoes were allowed to enter American (*sic*) or Irish ports." "This," adds our amusing hybrid, "could be done by a stroke of the pen from the Land League." The "Ulster Scotchman" must certainly be allowed the credit of perpetrating the biggest joke yet at the expense of his stay-at home and "unmixed" brethren.

 What the Govanhill "People" are Saying.

THAT we had a fire here the other night.
 That it was bad enough.
 That it might hae been waur.
 That the man with the reel was there.
 That the muzzle was looking for the hose.
 That the hose was up a close looking for the muzzle.
 That before the one could find the other the fire was going to "blazes."
 That Bailie Smith was all there.
 That he might as well have stayed at home.
 That Walter was seen next day bleaching his hose and scorin' his muzzle.
 That there is to be a Bachelor's Ball on the 28th inst.
 That the whole neighbourhood and his young 'oman were at the last B. B.
 That this one is to be much more select.

SAFES. { Fire and Thief Proof for Merchants, &c. Fifty by
 Milner, Phillips, Perry, from £4 upwards. In-
 spection Invited. Jennings, 101 Mitchell Street.

Maniacal Musical Monodies.

No. 4.—AFTER BYRON.

THERE was a sound of harmony by night,
 Our western capital had gathered then
 Her money and snobocracy. And bright
 The gas blazed o'er prim women and dull men;
 Two thousand hearts beat dearly; and when
 Herr August Manns turned in his heavy swell,
 Dull eyes looked blank at eyes that glared again,
 And all went sadly as a funeral knell;
 When, hark! a deep sound strikes like to a hideous yell.
 Was it the Walkyrie? Yes, it was the wind
 Of the trombone, wailing through ten feet
 Of brazen pipe. Let drums be unc confined,
 No rest till midnight, when through moody street,
 We home betake ourselves with step so fleet.
 But hush! that dreadful sound breaks in once more,
 As if St. Andrew's Hall would oft repeat
 The crash that nearer, noisier, than before,
 Approached, and showed wild Wagner's awful roar.
 Then there was instant hurrying to and fro,
 Old Midas swears, his wife tucks up her dress,
 His daughters scream, who, not an hour ago,
 Smirked when young Spooner praised their comeliness.
 And there were jumps and startings, that confess
 A mind but ill at ease, as, I surmise,
 Each must have felt. Indeed I guess
 That none could smother multitudes of sighs
 When in the dead of night such fearful storm could rise.
 That day beheld folks full of cheerful life,
 That night they sought for music blithe and gay;
 But ten o'clock brought Wagner's fearful strife,
 And then they fled in downright haste away,
 Never again to face Walkyrie's fray,
 The thunder of the brass, the drum that rent
 The ear, as if twere made of brittle clay
 Attuned to listen, till, all tired and spent,
 The audience forth, alarmed, with fiercest headaches went.

 Erratum.

IN announcing last week that the new offices of the *Herald* in Buchanan Street are forthwith to be lighted up by electricity, the *Evening Times*, by an annoying typographical error, stated that the "Grammie" machines are those to be used. To be sure it was only the substitution of an *m* for an *n* in the centre of the name; but all the same it was a pity that, at the very outset, the young chick should thus have marred the fond familiar cognomen by which its "auld respeckit mither" is so dear to us all—and which doubtless was bestowed on the machines in question by way of sincere compliment to the venerable dame.

A Dog with the Mange—The dog in the manger.

A Good Line of Entertainment—Lur-line.

Furniture for Cash "Doon on the Nail." GARDNER & HARDIE, 42 Great Clyde Street.

GENTLEMEN'S Cloth Made and Trimmed, Suits, 18s; Overcoats, 14s.; Fit, Workmanship, Trimmings guaranteed—EWART BAIN, 59 Bridge Street.

Megilp.

"SENDING-IN day" for the coming Exhibition of the Fine Art Institute was Thursday last, and by this time the Selecting Committee of the Council are busy at work. Rumour hath it that their duties on the present occasion are unusually arduous. Sending-in day, it is true, was Thursday, but pictures arrived in shoals long before Thursday, and on that day the traffic along the lane at the rear of 271 Sauchiehall Street was a sight to see. By this time the canvases received at the Galleries are over 1600 in number. Many of the works are very large, a canvas of eight, and even ten feet being by no means uncommon.

Certain of the London contributors have already been announced in this column, and to the names already mentioned may now be added those of Hubert Herkomer, Ernest Crofts, Andrew Gow, and F. W. Topham. The Herkomer is a large and powerful Bavarian landscape, while Mr Crofts will be represented by "Marlborough after the Battle of Ramilies," his Royal Academy picture of last May.

The two chief pictures sent to the Institute by Jas. A. Aitken are a "Highland Cottage" and a woodland scene. A carefully painted birch tree is the leading feature of the latter. The time is late autumn, the ferns and underwood are growing yellow, and the air is filled with the sweet, grateful feeling of our Indian summer. Mr Aitken's "Highland Cottage" is handled with unusual crispness and effect. The picturesque streets and lanes of "Old Greenock" and "Old Greenwich" have found a competent chronicler in Charles Lauder, who will be represented in the Exhibition by vivid transcripts of both, together with a flower piece after the style of the "Daffodils" of his which attracted so much attention in the recent exhibition of the Art Club.

"The Gate of the Highlands," which is Wellwood Rattray's chief picture, is also the best he has yet painted. Alike in method and design this work is one of distinction. It is handled with much vigour, and with an admirable feeling for pictorial effect. "The Pathless Woods," a striking Arran landscape, "Autumn on Loch-Ard-side," and "Bleak December," are Mr Rattray's other contributions to the Exhibition of the Fine Art Institute.

The results of Peter Buchanan's stay in the Aberfoyle district will be amply displayed in the Fine Art Institute. He will be represented in the exhibition by two Loch Ard scenes, both of which are of excellent quality, by a view of a mountain torrent, and by an upright Spring picture.

Miss Georginia Greenlees, who has hitherto been known for her work in landscape, has of late made quite a hit as a portrait painter. She has not only succeeded in reproducing excellent likenesses of her sitters, but has shown an admirable appreciation of character as well.

Two local artists, John Guthrie and Edward Calvert, are spending the winter months in Paris.

Those who recollect the amusement created some quarter of a century ago by the presentation to the city of the McLellan Gallery—with its "Raphael's, Corregios, and stuff"—are devoutly glad that Glasgow has been spared the infliction of the North Park collection. North Park House is rich in "old masters." Lionardo, Michael Angelo, and Albert Durer are among the names appended to the canvases on its walls! A run on Friday through the picture gallery, or rather galleries, for the late Mr Bell hung his frames everywhere, furnished another illustration of the fact that your collector—who usually knows something about everything but pictures—is comparatively safe when he invests in Dutchmen, Teniers and his fellows have been left practically alone by the copyists. Let everybody, however, who meditates spending money on canvas and pigments, avoid such names as Titian, and Velasquez, and Salvator, not to speak of Reynolds or Turner.

We're Guid Weans Come Oot to "Play"—
"The Babes in the Wood."

The Best Place to Dine.—The Merchants' Restaurant, 58 Mitchell Street.

"The Fenian Scare."

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A GLASGOW VOLUNTEER.

MONDAY.—Read in the *Herald* this morning that the War Office, apprehensive of Fenian designs, has instructed Volunteer authorities in various parts of the country to take extra care of the weapons under their charge. Got my rifle home from the armoury in the evening, determined to guard it with my life.

Tuesday.—Met Mr John Ferguson in West Nile Street this afternoon, and noticed that he looked at me in a peculiar and significant manner. *Mem.*—To have a Chubb lock put on the press where I keep my rifle.

Wednesday.—As I returned from drill this evening a boy called after me, "Dinna shoot us!" Am confident that he was a Fenian emissary, and that his words were a preconcerted signal; but my resolute aspect prevented the meditated attack.

Thursday.—My landlady has engaged a new servant—an *Irish Roman Catholic!* This is getting serious; but so far all is well.

Friday.—This evening, as I was examining my rifle, the new servant entered my room without knocking. When she saw me she started, seemed confused, and left the room hurriedly. Some plot is evidently on foot.

Saturday.—The plot thickens. On my return from business this afternoon, I found the new servant at the door in confidential talk with an *Irishman*, disguised as an old clothes man. As I passed he accosted me in a wheedling tone, asking if I had any cast-off clothes or *uniforms* to dispose of. Answered him with a look, and immediately telegraphed to the War Office. Am awaiting result.

"HURRAY-ED."

(Scene—Football match, Vale of Leven v. Old Etonians; "Time's up!" Great cheering.)

Young Gent (to sympathetic young London lady)—What tremendous cheering.

S. Y. L.—Oh! fearful. I'm sure Solomon in all his glory wasn't "hurrayed" like one of these.

Y. G.—Was *he* a half back?

NOW FOR THE NEW MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS!!!

"No penny trumpet," said Lord Provost Ure;
Another hundred thousand pounds made sure,
Asks now of ev'ry square-and-compass knight
To show the skill that's worthy of the site.

EVERY MAN TO HIS TRADE.—Manchester House, by dealing solely in Cottons, Linens, Flannels, Blankets, buy more largely and therefore cheaper than Houses that sell everything. STEPHEN'S, 179 Sauchiehall Street.

The Puff Direct.

A CERTAIN hydropathic institution, not a hundred miles from the Gareloch, ought to be a success, if zealous puffing be a means to that end. The other day it was announced that Mr John Bright was about to seek rest and recreation within its walls, and now Mr Dick Peddie writes to his constituents that his residence in the same quarter has "proved so beneficial that he hopes to be quite fit for Parliamentary duty next week." If an Irish M.P. were to do this sort of thing he would be accused of mercenary motives; but an Edinburgh chiel' a Radical, and an iconoclast is, of course beyond suspicion.

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

LAST FIVE NIGHTS.

THIS EVENING (TUESDAY), 11TH JANUARY, AT 7-30,
DO'YLY CARTE'S OPERA COMPANY,
"THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE,"
By Messrs W. S. GILBERT and ARTHUR SULLIVAN.
LAST MORNING PERFORMANCE—

SATURDAY, 15TH JANUARY AT 2; DOORS OPEN AT 1.
Box Plan at Messrs Muir Wood & Co., or at the Theatre, from 11 till 3.

THE GAIE TY.

Proprietor and Director,Mr C. BERNARD.
Manager.....Mrs BERNARD.

TO-NIGHT, and Every Evening till further notice, the
ANNUAL EXTRAVAGANZA AND PANTOMIME
LURLINE,

Box Office Open Daily from 10 till 4.
Genera Manager and Secretary.....Mr SAM. H. S. AUSTIN.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.
MAIN STREET, SOUTH SIDE, GLASGOW.

So'e Lessee and Manager,.....Mr H. CECIL BERYL.

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BRILLIANT AND UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS.
CROWDED AUDIENCES NIGHTLY.

THE PEOPLE'S PANTOMIME!
THE CHILDREN'S PANTOMIME!!
THE FUNNIEST PANTOMIME!!!
THE POPULAR PANTOMIME!!!!
THE PUBLIC VOICE PROCLAIMS IT
THE GREATEST SUCCESS OF THE SEASON!!!!

Glasgow Herald:—"One of the strongest casts we have seen in Pantomimes for some time."
THIS, and EVERY EVENING until further Notice, at 7-30;

SATURDAY, at 7,
THE HIGHLY-SUCCESSFUL PANTOMIME,
THE BABES IN THE WOOD;

Or HARLEQUIN ROB ROY,
THE MERRIE MEN OF BORDERLAND,
VIRTUOUS VESTA, and VULCAN THE VENOMOUS.

No extra Sixpence for Early Admission.
Box Plan at Donaldson's Rooms, 91 St. Vincent Street.

NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR BOOKING.
Tramway Cars to and from all parts of the City.

THE BABES IN THE WOOD,
THE UNDOUBTED SUCCESS OF THE SEASON.

THEATRE ROYAL.

(Under Royal Letters-Patent from The Crown.)

Manager,.....Miss LITTON (Mrs W. Robertson).

GRAND PANTOMIME,

PRETTY BO-PEEP.

SUCCESS OF THE YEAR.

Miss LITTON has great pleasure in announcing, consequent on the VERY GREAT SUCCESS of the PANTOMIME BO-PEEP, it will be Played EVERY EVENING at 7-30. SATURDAYS, at 7, and Every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCES Exactly the same as at Night.

BO-PEEP AND LITTLE BOY BLUE,
THE GREAT SUCCESS THIS YEAR.

Written by Mr JOHN BANNISTER.

THE NEW AND MAGNIFICENT SCENERY

TWO GRAND BALLETS.

FORTY BALLET LADIES.

100 CHILDREN.

Trained by J. A. CAVE, Esq., who will SING Mr JOHN FARMER'S Celebrated NURSERY RHYMES.

CLOWN.....The Famous PAULO.

Doors Open at 6-30. Extra Price till 7. Commence, 7-30.

Box Office NOW OPEN Daily, from 10 to 4.

Seats may be secured at Messrs Muir Wood's, Buchanan Street. Seats may also be Booked by Telephone from the various communications, the Wires having been laid on to the Theatre-Royal. No Charge for Booking Seats.

GLASGOW CHORAL UNION.

FIFTH ORCHESTRAL CONCERT,
ST. ANDREW'S HALL,

TO-MORROW (TUESDAY), 11TH JANUARY, 1881.

GRAND ORCHESTRA, 60 PERFORMERS,
CONDUCTOR,.....Mr AUGUST MANN'S.

Symphony "Reformation" (Mendelssohn), and Selections.

VOCALIST.....Miss ANNIE MARRIOTT.

SOLO PIANOFORTE.....Miss HELEN HOPEKIRK

Tickets—7s 6d, 4s, 2s—from Paterson, Sons & Co., 152 Buchanan Street. Admission—One Shilling.

Doors Open at 7; Concert at 8.

GLASGOW CHORAL UNION.

ST. ANDREW'S HALL, THURSDAY, 13th JAN., 1881.

ROSSINI'S ORATORIO,

"MOSES IN EGYPT."

Solo Vocalists—

Miss ANNE MARRIOTT. | Mr EDWARD LLOYD.
Miss J. KEMLO STEPHEN. | Mr HENRY GUY.
Miss ORRIDGE. | Mr FREDERICK KING.

Mr W. LUDWIG.

FULL CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA.

CONDUCTOR—MR AUGUST MANN'S.

Tickets—8s 6d, 5s, 3s, 2s—at Paterson's, 152 Buchanan Street.

Doors Open at 7. Concert at 8.

SCOTIA MUSIC HALL.

116 STOCKWELL STREET,

Proprietrix and Manageress,.....Mrs BAYLIS.

The most popular place of Amusement in the city. Nightly crowded with delighted audiences. Largest and best Variety Company in Scotland.

Concert at 7; Saturday, 6.

Prices to suit all classes.

MYERS'S GRAND AMERICAN HIPPODROME.
NEWSOME'S CIRCUS, INGRAM STREET.

The TALENTED ARTISTES, the Beautiful PERFORMING HORSES, the SAGACIOUS ELEPHANTS, and DEN of SIX MALE LIONS, Performed by JOHN COOPER, the Greatest Animal Trainer in the World.

THIS DAY at 7-30.

Doors Open Half-an-Hour Earlier.

Prices from 6d to 3s. Box Office open from 11 to 3. DAY PERFORMANCES EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.

General Manager.....HARRY MONTAGUE.
Sole Proprietor and Director.....JAS. WASHINGTON MYERS.

GLASGOW INSTITUTE OF THE FINE ARTS.

TWENTIETH ANNUAL EXHIBITION

Will Open 1st FEBY., 1881.—SEASON TICKETS Now Ready, Admitting to OPENING CONVERSAZIONE

ON EVENING OF MONDAY, 31ST JANUARY.

Family, £1 1s; Single, 7s 6d.

ROBT. WALKER, Acting Secretary.

Galleries of the Institute Sauchiehall Street.

HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE
WEST NILE STREET, GLASGOW.

THE BRILLIANT HOLIDAY PROGRAMME will be repeated at every representation. AFGHANISTAN and ZULULAND. The original O.I.C.M. Minstrels. Song, Jest, and Story. Full Band. GRAND FASHIONABLE VOLUNTEER NIGHT, FRIDAY NEXT, Jan. 14th, under the special patronage of Lieut.-Col. REID and Officers of the 10th L.R.V. By kind permission, the Splendid BAND of the Regiment will attend and play Selections during the evening. Every Evening at 7-30. Wednesday and Saturday at 3 and 7-30.

Prices of Admission—First Class, 2s; Second Class, 1s Third Class, 6d.

Children Half-Price to 2s and 1s Seats only.

CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.

SATURDAY, 15TH JANUARY,
THREE SPECIAL FEATURES.

The Celebrated Tragedian—

Mr WALTER BENTLEY,

Who will Read "The Dream of Eugene Aram," "Becalmed," and "David Copperfield and the Waiter;"

The Celebrated New Contralto—

Miss DAMIAN;

And the FIVE PRIZE TAKERS of the Recent Competition of Solo Vocalists:—

Miss MAGGIE DANIEL. Mr ROBERT ARROLL.
Miss JESSIE CRAIGIE. Mr D. A. CROALL.

Mr JOHN PURDIE.

Mr F. W. BRIDGMAN,.....Pianist.

Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats 2s; at Office, 58 Bath Street. Doors open at 7; Concert at 7-45 o'clock.

JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

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OPEN DAILY, 9 a.m. to 3 p.m.

Ballot or Introduction not required.

1st January, 1881.

By Order.

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NAVAL AND MARINE
ENGINEERING EXHIBITION.

Open from 10 till 4 and 7 till 10.

Saturdays, 10 till 10.

ADMISSION.....SIXPENCE.

Artisans' Tickets—20 for 5s, or 80 for £1. Post free.

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IN CITY HALL.

A Recital on the Organ will be given by the City Organist, MR LAMBETH, on the afternoon of SATURDAY FIRST, at FOUR o'Clock prompt.

Members of Mr Lambeth's Choir will attend and render some Pieces of Vocal Music.

Doors Open at 3-30. Admission and Programmes Free.

W I N D S O R H A L L S,
GREAT WESTERN ROAD, ST. GEORGE'S CROSS,

Fifty Tram Cars pass the Hall every Hour.

The Hall is Comfortably Heated.

D R . L Y N N,

THE PICCADILLY WONDER-WORKER.

Every Evening at 8. Wednesday and Saturday, at 3 and 8. Doors Open Half-an-hour previous.

KISEF at every Performance. Novel and Startling Wonders nowhere else to be seen.

The Glasgow News of Saturday says:—"Dr Lynn proves himself to be the greatest of living Conjurers,"

To prevent disappointment Patrons are invited to Book Reserved Seats at Messrs ADAMS', 83 Buchanan Street.

Prices—3s, 2s, 1s, and Back Seats—6d.

**A NEW YEAR REQUIRES A
NEW PHOTOGRAPH,**

SO VISIT PATERSON'S NEW STUDIO,

GRECIAN BUILDINGS, 346 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, Where you will find the Purest Light, the Finest Lenses, the Newest Accessories, and the most Fashionable Styles in Glasgow. Show Saloon, No. 344.—Mr HORATIO PATERSON, Late Manager with Ovinus Davis.

R E G E N T H O T E L,
SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

SUPPER ROOMS NOW OPENED.

Fish, Tripe, and Oysters from 7 p.m.

Latest Specialties.

New Japanese RAISED METALLIC
Decoration on Porcelain.

ROSE BUD FLOWER VASE,
In Biscuit China.

The Most Beautiful Ceramic production
yet introduced.

INSPECTION INVITED.

FREE PROMENADE.

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Largest Stock in Scotland to choose from.

Novelties Arriving Daily.

Tea, Table, Dessert, Toilet, and
Afternoon Sets.

Table Glass and Ornamental Goods in
endless variety.

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PAINTING**

By Artist from Minton's.

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GLASS ENGRAVING DONE ON
THE PREMISES.

THE "BELL COLLECTION," GLASGOW.
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EXTENSIVE AND VARIED GALLERY
OF ABOUT

800 RARE OIL PAINTINGS,
BY THE OLD MASTERS,

Principally VALUABLE PICTURES OF THE FLEMISH,
ITALIAN, and SPANISH SCHOOLS,

By the most Eminent Artists of the 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th,
and 18th Centuries.

Being the Greater Portion of the Valuable Collection formed
by the late John Bell, Esq., North Park, Glasgow, at an
estimated cost of about £200,000, for the purpose of dedica-
tion to the Corporation of Glasgow for a Public Museum,
and now Sold in consequence of his decease before carrying
out this intention.

(Realised without Reserve, by order of Alex Moore, Esq.,
Chartered Accountant, 128 Hope Street, Glasgow, Trustee
on the Estate of the late John Bell, Esq.)

MORRISON, DICK, & M'CUCCLOCH are
instructed by the Trustee to Sell, by Auction, without
Reserve, in North Park Picture Galleries, Hillhead Glasgow, on
TUESDAY, 1ST; WEDNESDAY, 2ND;
THURSDAY, 3RD; FRIDAY, 4TH; AND SATURDAY
5TH FEBRUARY, 1881.

Comencing each Day at Twelve o'clock exact, as above.
Principally Valuable Pictures of the Flemish, Italian, and
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Catalogues (Price Two Shillings each) from Christie, Manson
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By which a Child can play any Music.

Just Arrived a large consignment direct from America ex S.S.
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New Style, with Small Box, and 24 feet of Music, 35s. - Sole
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MONSIEUR LÉON GENIN viens de rece-
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A MERICAN PERFORATED 3-PLY
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Shops, Bar Parlours, Restaurants, Hall
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Unexcelled in Quality and Style.
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LIGHT LUNCHEONS, SANDWICHES, &c., Ready from
10 A.M. DINNERS from 12 Noon.
Commodious Smoking Room.
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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
be found nowhere. Easier terms to both Agents and Sub-
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Call at once and inspect Specimens.
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DON'T grumble at high prices when you can
get every article here at the very lowest possible price.
Best Fresh Butter in Glasgow, 1s 6d. Irish Powdered Butter,
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ST.—Dining-room, Drawing-room, Library, and Office Fur-
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AVOID DRAUGHTS.—A very fine variety of Screens at present
on view at remarkably Low Prices. Call and see the Stock.

JAMES MEWAN, RESTAURATEUR,
26 & 28 MAIN STREET, ANDERSTON.
BREAKFASTS, DINNERS, TEAS.
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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.

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

WASTE PAPER, Ledgers, Letters, Books,
Ropes, Bagging, Tailors' Clips—bought at PAPER
WELL STREET 28 Maxwell Street for Re-manufacture

TOYS (British and Foreign).—Jumeau's
Famed Paris Dolls, Fans, Jet and Jewellery, Purses, Christmas
Tree Ornaments, New Year Fancy Goods.—JOHN Y. MOYES,
41 Argyle Arcade. Brush and Basket Warehouse, 49 St. Vin-
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BATHS! BATHS!!—J. R. MILNE
begs to intimate to his Customers and the Public that he
has Now OPENED the
QUEENSBERRY BATHS AND HAIR-CUTTING ROOMS,
153 NORTH STREET, WEST.
Warm Baths, Hot and Cold Spray with Shower, ... 9d.
Warm Bath, with Shower, 6d.
Hair Cut and Shampooed, 6d.

IRON WINE BINS.
IN Stock, or made to any size or shape to fit
Cellars, Recesses, &c.
Recommended for Coolness.
WILLIAM HUME, 195 BUCHANAN STREET.

ADVERTISEMENTS received for Home and
Foreign Papers, London and Edinburgh Gazettes, &c.
A. F. SHARP & CO., 14 Royal Exchange Square.

1881.

JANUARY

1881.

EXTRAORDINARY ANNOUNCEMENTS.

EXTENSIVE ALTERATIONS AT THE

COLOSSEUM.

SWEEPING REDUCTIONS IN HATS, CAPS, &c., &c.
 TWENTY THOUSAND POUNDS' WORTH AT GIVING AWAY PRICES. THE MOST VALUABLE STOCK OF
 HIGH-CLASS MILLINERY, HATS, BONNETS, AND CAPS IN SCOTLAND.

Now offered at Nominal Prices. Come Early in the day and avoid the Crush.

To meet the wants of our vast and rapidly-growing Business, we have decided to RE-CONSTRUCT and EXTEND our
 WAREHOUSE. The GENTLEMEN'S and BOYS' HAT DEPARTMENTS will be REMOVED to ADJOINING BUILDING,
 thus enabling us to concentrate the *WHOLE* of our LADIES' DEPARTMENTS in Centre Building. We intend having the
 Alterations completed before our Great Spring Show, which takes place early in March. The Entrances to the various
 Departments will then be as follows:—

GENTLEMEN'S HAT DEPARTMENTS,
 BOYS' HAT DEPARTMENTS,
 WHOLESALE DEPARTMENTS,
 FRENCH MILLINERY DEPARTMENTS,
 LADIES' AND MISSES' HAT DEPARTMENTS,
 FLOWER AND FEATHER DEPARTMENTS,

By No. 62
 JAMAICA STREET,
 Opposite Howard Street.

By No. 70
 JAMAICA STREET,
 Opposite Howard Street.

ENTRANCE No. 74 JAMAICA STREET is exclusively for Employés.

GOODS ENTRANCE—RAILWAY ARCH, No. 65 (Off ANN STREET).

In order to facilitate the REMOVAL and RE-ARRANGEMENT of the various DEPARTMENTS we must CLEAR
 OUT the *WHOLE* STOCK, as it is enormously great. To insure an ENTIRE CLEARANCE, we will offer such BARGAINS
 as WALTER WILSON & CO. alone can give. Many of the articles offered this month are from *fifty to ninety per cent. under*
the prices at present charged in Glasgow for same Goods.

DETAILS OF BARGAINS—

REAL BEAVER HATS.

ALL COLOURS AND SHAPES, 1s 11d each; worth 7s 6d. Not more than three to one Customer. REAL BEAVER
 HATS, Picked, 4s 11d. Ladies of Glasgow, please Note that this Lot of Three Thousand Beaver Hats are the very
 best that money can buy. They are the finest French Beavers, very Soft, very long Silky Nap, in the very largest Stylish
 Shapes, in Black, Navy, Grenat, Cardinal, Myrtle, Fawn, Grey, Brown, Olive, and every New Colour. There are also
 a pile of these Fine French Velvet Beavers in this Lot; in fact, the greater part are worth a guinea. A more Stylish Lot
 of Hats has never been shown before. We cannot guarantee a full range of Shapes and Colours after the first few days.
 4s 11d is not half the cost of the material. We never saw a greater Bargain. We guarantee that there are hundreds of
 the 4s 11d Lot worth 20s to-day, and could not be bought in Paris even at that price. Very large Gainsborough Vandyke,
 and Scarborough Shapes.

CAMEL HAIR FELT HATS, Long Pile, Every Shape and Colour, now 1s 9d.

LADIES' and MISSES' FELT HATS, Black, Blue, Brown, Green, Bronze, and Fawn. Three Great Lots, 4½d, 7½d, and
 11½d. Everything we offer is of the Latest Fashion. No old Rubbish. No old Shapes. Ladies, fancy a Full-Sized
 Felt, Newest Fashion, for 11½d. We only hope our friends will take an early opportunity of calling, as such Genuine
 Bargains are not to be had on every occasion. This effort will secure us many Customers, we have every reason to hope.
 Another boon we offer This Month in the shape of ALTERING LADIES' OWN FELT or BEAVER HATS to the
 NEWEST SHAPES FREE of CHARGE when left to be TRIMMED.

SEAL HATS! SEAL HATS!! SEAL HATS!!!

REAL SEAL, Soft Rink Shapes, for 3s 11d. Always Fashionable. Very Profitable. Our immense stock of LADIES' and
 MISSES' SEAL HATS must be sold, 5s 11d, 7s 11d, 10s 6d, 15s 6d, 21s, 25s, 35s. These will Wear for Years. The
 Most Economical Hat. Every Shape—Portia, Livadia, Princess, &c.

SEAL, CLOTH, RABBIT, and MUSQUASH HATS, now for 4d, 11½d, 1s 11d, 2s 11d, and 3s 9d. Half Regular Retail Price.

STRAW HATS. STRAW BONNETS.

The Very Latest Shapes in BLACK, BROWN, GREY, &c., for 4½d, 6½d, 9½d, 11½d. *This is Alarming.*

These Wonderful MOHAIR HATS and BONNETS are Sold Daily Wholesale at 16s 6d per Dozen. Our Price is now 11½d.

All Fresh; all Perfect; all New Shapes.

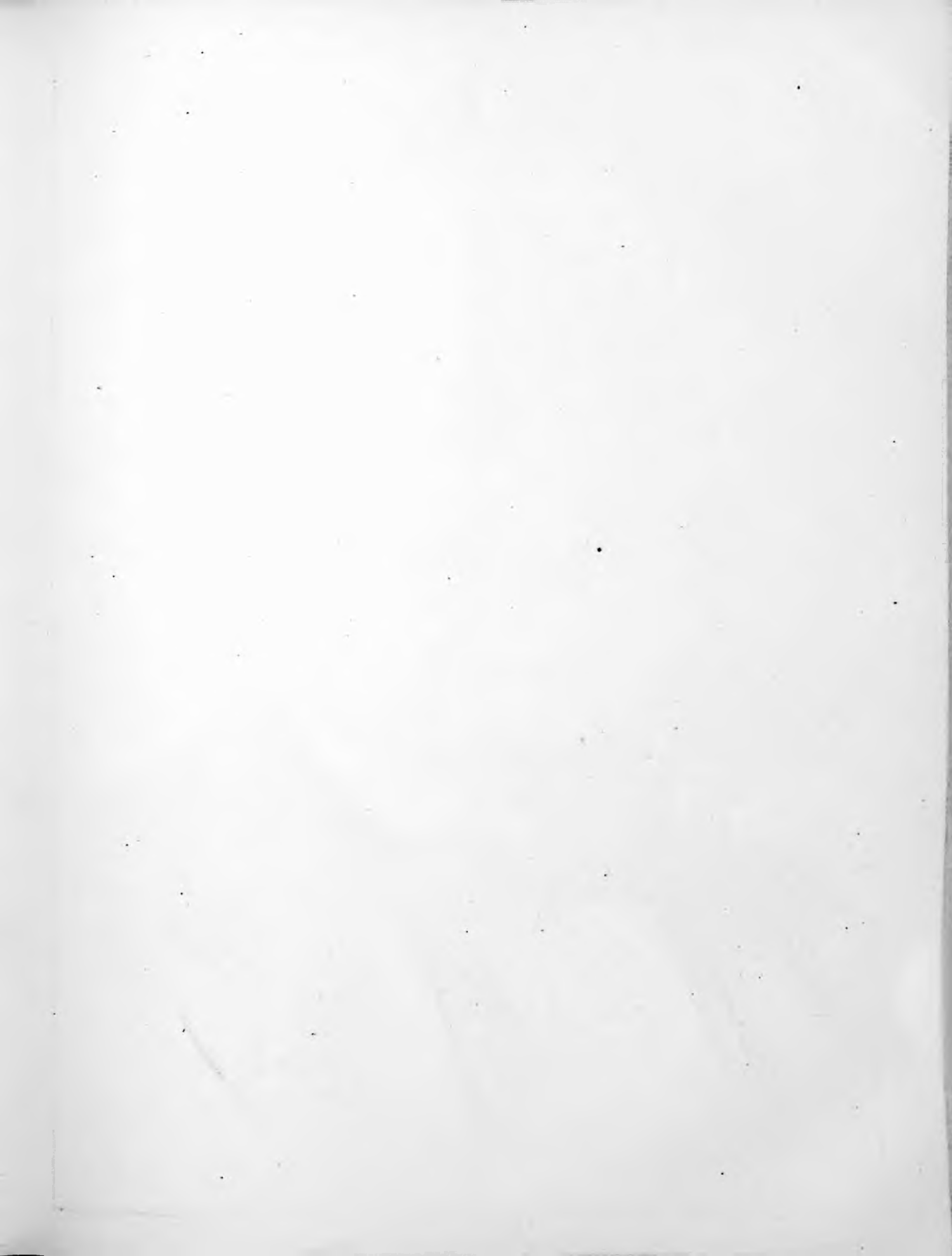
We feel it is necessary to repeat here again that all our Goods are Fresh. These Lines are not Old Bankrupt Stocks, but Direct
 from the Makers.

REAL CHIP HATS and BONNETS, Newest Shapes, for 9d each. Also at 1s 6d, 2s 6d, 3s 6d, 4s 6d; and the *Very Best*
Quality of CHIP HATS and BONNETS we offer—to effect an Instantaneous Clearance—at 4s 11d (*Four and Eleven*).
 Better Qualities, Greater Variety of Shapes and Colours, cannot be had at any House or at any Price.

At no other Wholesale or Retail House in Scotland can such a Large Stock of HATS and BONNETS be seen.

TAILS, SNAKES, and CLAWS for trimming Seal Hats, &c.

WALTER WILSON & Co.,
 70 JAMAICA STREET,
 THE LEADING HATTERS. THE LEADING MILLINERS.





The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 431. Glasgow, Wednesday, January 19th, 1881. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 431.

NONE of our great city charities possesses a stronger claim on the attention of the public than the Royal Infirmary. Its doors stand open night and day for the alleviation of suffering and the curing of disease. To the poor and the needy, to those who are friendless or whose friends find it out of their power to lend them succour in their day of trouble, the Infirmary is at hand, not only as a shelter, but as a home where they will be cared for, where their pains will be relieved, and where the lamp of life, which was flickering, it may be, in its socket, will be tended and replenished, and made to burn once more with a bright and steady flame. Does an accident occur in our busy streets, is a workman injured in one of the factories which crowd the east end of the city, has an unfortunate miner suffered from a fall of stone while engaged in his cheerless and dangerous employment, the result in every case is the same—"the wounded man," we are told, "was sent to the Royal Infirmary." It can easily be seen that the work accomplished by this public institution must always be on the increase. Just as the Glasgow of to-day is a totally different city from the Glasgow of thirty years ago, so the present claims on the Royal Infirmary are infinitely more numerous than they were—say, in the 'forties, what time Lord Provost Lumsden presided over its fortunes. But the value of the Infirmary is a familiar subject to the readers of the BAILIE. Far and near the fame of its excellence has been spread. The people who endeavoured to injure it some three or four years ago were altogether ignorant of the feelings with which it was regarded by the community at large. Careless, in their craving after notoriety, of how they damaged the Infirmary,

they took no reckoning of the mine they endeavoured to spring on the institution blowing themselves into the air. It turned out, happily, to be another version of the old story of the engineer who was "hoist on his own petard." The position previously held by the two chief movers in the matter has not yet been recovered, and it seems a highly problematical question whether they will ever take the same place in the estimation of the public they occupied before the scandal was propagated. Among those who have assisted, of recent years, to maintain the Infirmary in proper working order, no one has exerted himself more earnestly than Mr WILLIAM M'EWEN, chairman of the Chamber of Commerce and ex-Lord Dean of Guild. Mr M'EWEN has been connected with the Infirmary for over a couple of decades, and all this time he has been noted as a "working" manager. Keen and eager in his business transactions, aspiring to a larger share of Knowledge than that possessed by his neighbours, Mr M'EWEN, at the same time, has occupied a prominent place in city affairs, and he has done this for more years than either he or the BAILIE—who is his contemporary—cares to count. Not only is he a manager of the Infirmary, but he holds the same office towards the Savings Bank, he is treasurer to the Old Man's Friend Society—in connection with which he has been instrumental in establishing an Aged Woman's Home, and he has taken an active share in administering the City Bank Relief Fund. Mr M'EWEN'S tenure of office as Lord Dean of Guild extended from 1868 to 1870, and it was only last week that he was elected to the chairmanship of the Chamber of Commerce in succession to Mr Stephen Mason. The son of an Anti-Burgher clergyman near Edinburgh, the Man you Know came to Glasgow half a century ago, and served his apprenticeship to business in the office of his

maternal uncle, the late Mr John Henderson of Park. Ten years afterwards he hived off—setting up in the world on his own account, and so well did he prosper that, on Mr Henderson's death, in 1867, he was selected to carry on the extensive drysalting concern of Messrs R. and J. Henderson, a position which he still occupies. Mr M'EWEN, however, will be best known in the future for his exertions in favour of the Infirmary. He has been instant, at all times and seasons, in support of this great institution. When the history of the Glasgow Infirmary comes to be written, it will be necessary for the chronicler to tell the story of the Man you Know as well.

Highland Statistics.

MR MACKINTOSH, M.P., is inconsolable because the Home Secretary cannot see the force of spending money on the attempt to discover how many people in Scotland speak Gaelic; but he should "wire in" and make another effort. Though unable to obtain the particular statistics which he desires, he may still be in time to have some other information of an equally interesting and important nature included in this year's census—such as, for instance, the number of his constituents who have red hair, the number of pairs of bagpipes to be found north of the Grampians, or the number of tons of sulphur annually consumed in Inverness-shire. Thus may the Mackintosh earn a nation's gratitude, and descend to after ages as a distinguished contributor to our stores of exact knowledge.

HIGHLAND.

(Scene—Blair Athole; early morning; arrival of train from the south; Highland farmer wakes up, rubs his eyes, and gazes dreamily at the train from the north moving off.)

Highland Farmer (suddenly inspired, to fellow passengers)—Tere wull pe a goot many peoples in toes empty ca-arrriages, too!

AN AYR-Y CLIMAX.—The powers-that-be in Ayr decided the other day that "the large stained-glass windows in the new Town Hall should contain representations of the heads of Shakespeare, Burns, Scott, Bruce, Wallace, and John Welsh." The climax is delightful.

The Irish Grievance—"Ance?" It's always.

EVERY MAN TO HIS TRADE.—Manchester House, by dealing solely in Cottons, Linens, Flannels, Blankets, buy more largely and therefore Cheaper than Houses that sell everything. STEPHEN'S, 179 Sauchiehall Street.

A Dirge of Buchanan Street.

○ PROMENADE beloved of old
In sunshine and in shade,
In thee the years, as on they've roll'd,
A chilling change have made.
When thy familiar stones I tread
What ghosts I seem to meet
That mutter "Married!" "Ruined!" "Dead!"
O grim Buchanan Street!

"Grim" did I say? Ah, well-a-day!
Thou once wert bright enough,
What time the year was one long May,
And skies were never rough.
And still, for eyes not waxen dim,
For hearts that freshly beat,
The brightness lasts. 'Tis I grow grim,
And not Buchanan Street.

I feel a patriarch, and still
But yesterday it seems
That Frank and Charlie, Dick and Will—
Names that are now but dreams—
With many a half-forgotten chum,
Across at Lang's I'd greet
At one o'clock with—"Now, boys, come!
Let's do Buchanan Street."

What irresistibles were we—
At least in our own eyes—
With coats from Hood cut to a T,
And nice in gloves and ties!
From patent boots to "button-hole"
Dick deemed himself complete,
And equal to his chosen rôle—
Beau of Buchanan Street!

His was the languid step and slow
That marks your thorough "swell"—
He might have ridden in "the Row,"
Passed muster in Pall Mall.
While Charlie, of the golden curls
And smile serene and sweet,
Would "thrill the boys and kill the girls"
Adown Buchanan Street.

There is a sequel to the tale
I hardly care to quote;
For Dick is in a debtors' jail,
And Charlie cut his throat.
The rest are scattered, here and there,
From Kandahar to Crete.—
Did I not say that ghosts there were
In gay Buchanan Street?

So much for them; and, for myself,
My salad-days are flown,
My fopperies are on the shelf,
My last wild-oats are sown.
Instead of "kids" upon each hand
I've "kids" about my feet,
And, save when "shopping" by command,
I shun Buchanan Street.

A TAMED SPECIMEN.—A young lady, advertising for a situation, describes herself as "domesticated." It will no doubt be satisfactory to her employer, when she finds one, to know that, even if she is *fera natura*, art has stepped in and "softened her manners, nor permitted her to be ferocious," as we used to say in the classics.

The Best Place to Dine.—The Merchants' Restaurant, 5 Mitchell Street.

"Of all the Pangs that Harass the
'Distressed'—I"

THE BAILIE has no hesitation in introducing—free, gratis, and for nothing—the following remarkable advertisement to a wider and more appreciative circle of readers than it could find in the columns of the *Herald*, whence it is culled:—

"To Gentlewomen in Distressed Circumstances.—Keep only, and a peaceful Country Home, offered in return for some useful Services in the Open Air. Activity and love of animals alone required; not accomplishments or housewifery.—Full explanation on application by letter to Miss Arnold, Lanceland Wood, Brookwood, Guildford."

The explanation is, it will be admitted, required; but, whatever may be the nature of the services to be rendered, it is evident that the spinster with the high-sounding address has made what our Americanised leader-writers are so fond of calling a "new departure" in the employment of female labour. Not being a distressed gentlewoman, his Worship does not feel justified in writing for particulars, and the office is curtly declined by Mattie, who, though she claims gentle blood—*vide* Sir Walter—is never distressed save on those rare occasions when the Magistrate transgresses elder's hours over t'other tumbler. Recourse must therefore be had to conjecture as to what the distressed gentlewomen will be expected to do in return for their "keep"—distressingly ungentlewomanly expression! Are they to be ratcatchers—by the way, was the "pretty little ratcatcher's daughter" a distressed gentlewoman?—or shepherdesses, or gamekeepers, or whippers-in, or what? The terms of the advertisement seem applicable to any one of the occupations named; but the BAILIE is bound to say that if he were a distressed gentlewoman—which, he begs to repeat, he is not—he would require to be very distressed indeed, and would then think once, twice, or even thrice before accepting the post of unpaid outdoor servant in either a peaceful or a warlike home. This is without prejudice to the claims of Miss Arnold, Lanceland Wood, Brookwood, Guildford, to be the friend of distressed gentlewomen who are active but not accomplished, fond of animals but averse to housewifery.

A NIHILIST.—A certain Rev. H. D. Nihil is reported to have acted as "chorus" to a religious "mystery" performed in London the other Sunday. Asinus says this is the latest illustration of "Vox et praeterea—Nihil!"

WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.—That Manchester House for supplying Cottons, Linens, Flannels, Blankets, direct from the Mills, meets a long felt want.—Stephen's, 179 Sauchiehall St.

On 'Change.

DIVIDENDS have occupied attention during the past week. Dividends are pleasant things, and this year they have begun agreeably. They are usually up to expectation. Sometimes they are a little beyond. The Metropolitan is 5 against 5 last year; Brighton Deferred, 7 against 6; South Eastern, 8 against 7½; and Sheffield 4 against 3½. Yet railway stock has been going down. My affectionate friends will remember that I said railway stocks were too high. It is the fashion now-a-days not to wait till the event happens. Everybody buys in anticipation, and so they buy too dear. That is what has happened, and the buying fraternity enjoy the satisfaction of not only paying a smart contango, but facing a fall.

Glasgow Tramways are in the field with a dividend. The return of 8/3 per share will be equal to 9½ per cent. It is not bad, especially after laying past £1,200 for horses and £3,600 for lease. I feel gratified to find that the directors have found it in their hearts to lay aside anything for lease. The accounts, when published, will show whether they have laid past enough. Greater prudence might have been shown had the company paid only 5 or 6 per cent., and carried a still larger sum to lease account. I have always contended that the lease account would some day trouble the company, and I still doubt it will. Too much faith ought not to be pinned to the expected generosity of future Town Councils. That is what's the matter with the Glasgow Tramways. Truthful Bob ought to see to it.

State Steamship shares realised the expectations I had formed of them. They were good at 12½; they are still good at 13. Some people say that the measures taken to liquidate the old company will prejudice the new. I do not think so at all. Should there be any prejudice it will only be temporary. The shares are too solidly held for anything else.

More gold companies. This time the region is Canada. I once saw a play where one of the actors said he was exceedingly obliged to somebody. Presently there came a new character to whom the speaker was also obliged, until, at length, realising the absurdity of the situation, he suddenly exclaimed, "It seems to me that I'm exceedingly obliged to everybody." The investing public is in the position of that gentleman. It is exceedingly obliged to everybody for providing gold mines in India, Canada, or elsewhere. So long as the investor professes himself obliged, he will always get plenty of people willing to provide him with a gold mine.

Every gold mine has an official who reports most favourably as to the capacity of the mine for giving a good return. If my memory serves me rightly, the Emma Mine prospectus was furnished with a similar report.

SCRUTATOR.

"STARVED BUT."

(Scene—A public street.)

Sympathising Passerby (to Irish beggar crying)—What's the matter with you, Pat?

Pat—Bedad oim "Boycotted," no one 'ill give me a boite.

THE THREE (DIS)GRACES.—Dear old Granny grows more ingenious every day. In a recent leader she contrives to institute a comparison between the electioneering "Man in the Moon," of whom we have heard so much of late—"drunken Captain Costigan," and "Justice Jeffreys!" Those curious to learn how the old lady manages to bracket these three worthies will be rewarded by searching her file for the last few days.

For a Good Dinner go to the Merchant's Restaurant, 58 Mitchell Street.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—Those two French people, Madlle. Riviere and Mons. Bruet, who have been engaged by Mr Bernard for the Gaiety pantomime, are really capable artists. Their performance has "quality," that peculiar characteristic so often possessed by the French, and so seldom exhibited by our native performers. Indeed, the "jodel" of Madlle. Riviere is worthy of a visit to the Gaiety on its own account.

The Royal Pantomime of "Little Bo-Peep" is now reaching its last nights—a fact which ought to be duly noted by those who delight in a bright, graceful performance, enriched by appropriate music, and illustrated by vivid and artistic scenery. The more distinctly humorous portion of the entertainment is now emphasized by the skating feats of the Brothers Le Fre, and by the funny duets of that comical pair, Messrs Wheatley and Traynor.

Miss Litton's arrangements for her coming season of promenade concerts at the Theatre Royal are now fully completed.

Miss Litton's *Peggy* is "full of art and subtlety; it is studied much, yet studied so delicately that the elaboration is quite hidden"—this is the opinion expressed by Frederick Wedmore, the well-known writer on art, with regard to the performance of the accomplished manageress of our Theatre Royal at the London Gaiety.

Mr D'Oyly Carte's "Pirates of Penzance" company, who gave their 102nd performance on Saturday night at the Royalty, appear this evening in Edinburgh, where they remain for a month. Thence they go to York, Leeds, and Sheffield, subsequently to Dublin, where they appear on Easter Monday. The company will come back to the Gaiety here in August.

That wonderful pair, Mr and Mrs Chippendale, begin a short engagement this evening at the Royalty. "The School for Scandal" is promised for to-night, and Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday nights, and "The Rivals" for Friday and Saturday.

Mr E. L. Knapp announces that his annual benefit will take place at the Royalty Theatre on the Wednesday of next week—the 26th inst. The annual benefits of Mr Knapp have long been "events" in the theatrical world of our city, and the coming benefit, I feel sure, will be equally popular with those that have gone before it. Certainly Mr Knapp deserves a big house. Known in private circles as a courteous gentleman, he is indefatigable, in his managerial capacity, in his efforts to secure the entertainment and comfort of the public.

Miss Carlotta Addison, who is the *Lady Teazle* of the "School or Scandal," was the original *Bella* of "School" when it was produced a dozen years ago at the London Prince of Wales Theatre. She also created the part of *Ethel Grainger* in "Married in Haste," at the London Haymarket, in the autumn of 1875.

What crowded audiences, to be sure, Mr Beryl is continuing to draw at the South Side Theatre. Turning in to other night I found the house fairly packed from floor to ceiling. Two lines of the libretto seemed to be specially appreciated by the inhabitants of the gallery. They were spoken by Mr Moxon, who appears as *Sir Rupert*, and were these—

"Till Gladstone, with his silver axe,
Cuts down that most annoying income tax."

Our friends in the upper regions allowed the local allusions to pass comparatively unnoticed—"Jemmie Martin," and the "Cathcart Railway," didn't seem to hit them very hard—but the reference to the income tax, and the hint that it would soon be lowered, roused their most sweet voices to the echo.

A metropolitan correspondent points out that "The Debtor's Lament" was not written by the editor of the *Herald*. It is the work, he adds, of our clever friend Mr Tom Dykes, whilome of Glasgow but now of London.

"The Cup," Mr Tennyson's Lyceum tragedy—which is al-

ready known in Fleet Street circles as "The Pewter"—has not found much favour in the eyes of the more experienced metropolitan critics. Mr Dutton Cook, writing in the *World*, describes its story as "painful and even rather revolting," while the verdict expressed by Mr Burnand in *Punch* is to the effect that "The Cup" certainly does not cheer, and lacks that one touch of human nature which has given life to worse plays, and without which the most poetic drama ever written must be doomed to oblivion."

They are playing "A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing" at the London St. James's, with Mr Wenman as *Colonel Kirke*, a part he first essayed in Glasgow over a dozen years ago.

The publishers of that inane ditty, "Over the Garden Wall," describe it as "the best and most successful comic song of the nineteenth century!" Ain't you sorry for the nineteenth century, BAILIE?

I hear that on Monday next the already varied programme at Myers' Hippodrome, in the Ingram Street Cirque, will be further diversified by the introduction of a grand spectacle, cyclopean "A Japanese Fete." Please take note, BAILIE, that any day about high noon you may drop into Newsome's, with as many friends as you choose to invite, when Mr Cooper,—the mildest and most gentlemanly showman you have ever met—will feed his sestette of leonine pets, and then put them through their post-prandial movements. The treat is entirely free—no "tips" or gratuities in any form or shape.

Burns' birthday will be musically celebrated on Saturday night in the City Hall, the Glasgow Select Choir having been engaged for the occasion. Several new arrangements of the Burns melodies will be sung.

What a reception, to be sure, my Magistrate, was that accorded to our friend Mr Walter Bentley at the City Hall concert on Saturday evening. The oldest—inhabitant I had almost said, but I will say the oldest frequenter of these entertainments, can hardly remember such an ovation as that received by Mr Bentley when he stepped on the platform.

Apropos of my remarks on the successful brochure, "More Gleanings from Gladstone," a word in your private ear, BAILIE. It is well known in literary circles that the author—bearing a name somewhat familiar in Glasgow history—is Mr George Stronach, M.A., the second in command at the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh, where doubtless he has cultivated that acquaintance with "the out of the way nooks and corners of literature" of which I made mention. Mr Stronach is a young litterateur who has produced a large amount of anonymous work, both in prose and verse, in *Temple Bar*, the *Argosy*, and other journals, and his contributions—especially the famous "Sigma" letters—used to be the mainstay of the now defunct *Hornet* in its palmy days, when Stephen Fiske and Joseph Hutton were at the helm. Mr Stronach is responsible for the verses and quotations in the work, while the illustrations were supplied by Mr George R. Halkett, the editor of the Royal Scottish Academy and Glasgow Institute "Notes." The collaborators must have made a "pot" of money over their three "squibs," which have had a sale of something like 120,000. Now that the secret's out, BAILIE, say nothing about it to Messrs Blackwood & Sons, and "Don't tell it to any one else."

Does any one desire to know all about the Scottish peerage, the Scottish baronetage, the Scottish clergy, or the Scottish law courts, then let him get Paterson's Scottish Almanac for the current year. In like manner, if he be interested in our Universities, in our banks, in our railways, or in our county government, he must still make himself possessor of the almanac. Should he wish, moreover, to make himself acquainted with matters of Imperial interest such as the army, the parliament, the great offices of state, or the administration of the colonies, it is still this invaluable *vade mecum* to which he must turn.

"Auld Reekie"—Peat-reek whisky,

“O, Sic a Parish!”

THE old English saying that “For every Jack there is a Gill” is a dead letter in a well-known district in Renfrewshire if the *Mail* says soothly in its announcement on Wednesday last that “the marriage register for the parish of Inchinnan for the year 1880 is a blank.” My conscience! Emphatically would the BAILIE on this occasion ask—why is this thus? Which side is to blame? Are the men all misogynists, or is the motto of the maids universally—“I’ll be no submissive wife,” that thus between them they do dishonour to “Hymen, good of every town”—as the divine Williams calls him in “As You Like It?” The Magistrate can fancy how his dear old friend Dr Gillan would have improved such a mournful condition of matters matrimonial in his own parish at a “re-union of natives of the district.”

ESCAPE FROM SOW-ICIDE.

Old Lady (who has just stepped off a Tramway-Car and espies advertisement on outside)—Good Gracious!—Bound for Lipton’s—What a narrow escape I’ve had! Thank a merciful Providence for bringing me out in time!
[Hobbles off mentally vowing to put tuppence extra in the plate on Sunday]

Wanted to Know.

WHY the new Maternity Hospital was opened privately by circular and not, as is usual in such cases publicly by advertisement? Why the invitations were sent out to a select circle of friends and not to the subscribers generally?

If the “sweet child Arthur” received a special vote of thanks for his extra services in framing and posting the invitations to the select circle?

Why the Lord Provost and the friends present were not entertained to cake and wine or at least “a cup of tea” on the occasion?

Why there was *no* expression of regret for the loss sustained by the “resignation” of the late matron?

Why Deacon Munro was conspicuous by his absence?

AS COLD AS CHARITY.—In cold weather it is not becoming for well-to-do people to keep their hands in their pockets, although in taking them out they might take out also their purses—not ostentatiously, of course, but as if they couldn’t help it.

Beard Lectures—Barbers’ gossip.

“Caller Oysters.”

ELEVEN at night had come at last,
When through a Glasgow suburb passed
A man, who bore mid snow and ice,
A basket, with some awful nice,

“Caller Oysters.”

His feet were tired, his boots beneath,
Were covered with a snowy wreath,
And still some gates half open swung,
As through the frosty air he sung,

“Caller Oysters.”

“Try not to pass,” the bobby said,
“The people all are off to bed;”
“I will awake them,” he replied,
And down the Maxwell Road he cried,

“Caller Oysters.”

“O stay,” a servant said, “At least,
Until thine oysters I do taste.”
A snowball struck him on the eye,
But still he shouted, “Will you buy
My Caller Oysters?”

“Beware of thieves,” the girl said,
“Beware of colds caught in the head;”
This was the maiden’s last farewell,
A voice replied “I hope I’ll sell
My Caller Oysters.”

Upon a stone the salesman tripped,
And to the ground at once he slipped.
There in the morning he was found,
And scattered in the snow around
His “Caller Oysters.”

AN OBSTRUCTIONIST.

(Scene—Cowlairst Station, on Saturday, with *late* passenger train.)

Guard (who is assisting ticket collector)—Tickets, please!—*Tickets, please!* (to tipsy excursionist who has been “seeing his freens,” and can’t find his ticket)—Confound it, sir, look quick; give us your ticket.

T. E.—I’ll report you! That’s no’ Parliamentary language.

Guard—Oh, but this isn’t a Parliamentary train.

RATHER MIXED.—The *Army and Navy Gazette* of 1st inst. contains the following lucid paragraph—“Captain Gildea, 20 Stafford Terrace, Kensington, W., will be glad to receive the names of all women and children (officers as well as men) who have lost their husbands in Afghanistan since the commencement of the war in 1878, and who have not already communicated with him. The names and ages of the children should be stated.”

AN ICE AFFAIR.—A correspondent of a contemporary complains of the “salting of the streets.” How then are the slides to be removed?

Old “Chippendale” Art—The Old Comedies at “The Royalty.”

Quavers.

TO-NIGHT, the Tuesday orchestral demonstration will be in honour of Beethoven, "the noblest Roman of them all," and will consist exclusively of choice excerpts from his works. The overtures "Prometheus" and "Leonore" No. 3 will be performed, together with the andante with variations from "The Septet"—probably the best known part of it—the variations in the Kreutzer sonata, No. 8 Symphony in whole, and the Scherzo from the No. 9, with the pianoforte concerto No. 5. Herr Pauer will be solo pianist, and Herr Franke will take the solo violin part in the Kreutzer sonata.

Now that the "Moses in Egypt" night has gone, the remark may be made that the music was unworthy of the high aims and the artistic reputation of the society. What is "Mosó" but a dressed-up *parvenu*, without grace, dignity, or breeding—a figure, indeed, which is altogether out of place in the "upper circles" of art? The Union can hardly be said to have improved the time they spent in studying the choruses of this hybrid work. We hope to hear no more of it.

Sullivan's "Prodigal Son," his first and best oratorio, was successfully produced by the Partick Musical Association on Wednesday night last. The society is numerically strong, and if a rather fuller tone might have been expected from its numbers, the acoustics of the hall are probably to be blamed for the deficiency. Certainly there was no lack of earnestness on the part of the choristers. The cathedral-like "O that men would praise the Lord," was the best executed chorus in the oratorio; but, generally speaking, the choral music, much of which is by no means easy to vocalise, was presented in a highly satisfactory manner—testifying to the specially eminent qualities of Mr M'Nabb (conductor of the society) as a choir trainer. The orchestra, chiefly amateurs, as far as could be judged, played very well indeed, barring occasional passages in trying and unusual keys. The treble and alto solos were satisfactorily sung. So much, however, can hardly be said with regard to the tenor and bass, the first of the two latter important parts being marred by affectation, while the latter was somewhat defective in style. A short miscellaneous programme followed the oratorio.

The Glasgow Catholic Choral Society give their fourth annual concert to-night, in the City Hall. They will produce Haydn's brilliant No. 3, or Imperial Mass, with secular selections. Judging from former occasions of the kind, a model performance may be looked for, especially of the Mass music; who ought to know its spirit and scope better than those accustomed to associate religious feeling with the grand compositions of which it is an example.

A recital of sacred music will be given by the musical association of St. Mary's Free Church, Govan, in that church, on Friday evening first. The programme includes Macfarren's "The Lord is my Shepherd," Stainer's "What are these?" and Barnby's "O Lord, how manifold," three excellently selected examples of the modern anthem. Mr Alexander M. Milln (a member of the Glasgow Select Choir) is the conductor.

Mr Senior, organist of Govan Parish Church, will give a lecture in the Burgh Hall, Govan, to-night, Tuesday, on Handel and Mozart, with vocal illustrations from Rinaldo, Flavio, Acis and Galatea, Il Seraglio, and Le Nozze. Some pianoforte solos will also be played.

A series of six lectures by Herr Pauer, on the "standard works of the most celebrated composers for the clavécin and pianoforte," to quote from the prospectus, are to be delivered in St. Andrews Hall, in connection with the Glasgow Association for the Higher Education of Women. The first of the series will be given this afternoon (Tuesday) at 3-30. The composers descanted upon are to range from Purcell to Liszt. Herr Pauer's lectures and practical illustrations are now so well known and appreciated here that the mere announcement of the new series must be sufficient. To the pianoforte student his discourses are of the highest value.

Queen's Park U.P. Church have at last got an organ. They have not, for a congregation with somewhat of a musical reputation, been in a hurry for instrumental accompaniments to the psalmody. The new organ was used in public worship for the first

time on Sunday the 9th inst., but it will be better exhibited at a concert to be given shortly. Mr W. T. Hoeck of Paisley has been unanimously appointed organist.

A piano, organ, or harp recital is common enough, but a violin recital is something quite new. Mr J. T. Carrodus announces one such in London, to consist of solos from leading composers for the violin.

Treacle for Turncoats.

SIR ALEXANDER GORDON, M.P., has written to the Inland Revenue Department anxiously inquiring whether he is at liberty to brew "treacle beer," and has received a polite reply, not only giving him the desired permission, but also supplying him with a receipt for the manufacture of what seems to be his favourite beverage. The gallant General is instructed by the authorities of Somerset House to "dissolve one pound of treacle in about six quarts of water, adding ginger and cream-of-tartar, and, before bottling, a little yeast." No wonder Sir Alexander turned his coat. He might have waited long enough before getting such useful information out of the minions of a Tory Government, but under the mild sway of the People's William each haughty functionary becomes as communicative as the editor of the *Weekly Mail*.

A MATTER OF CALCULATION.

(Scene—A tailor's shop.)

Customer—Mun, George, ye've made this waistcoat o' mine far ower wide.

Tailor—Weel, Tammas, efter the denner a' saw ye tak' tither day a' thocht ye wud sin require it a'.

A SPIRITUAL WARRIOR.—A Glasgow paper speaks of Mr Archibald Forbes as having cultivated his "fertility of resource" "in fields other than those of worldly warfare." This is surely the first time anybody has thought of depicting friend Archie as the hero of a new "Holy War." But perhaps the intelligent compositor has been at work again, and the scribe meant "wordy warfare."

AN ELASTIC VOCABULARY.—An india-rubber manufacturer advertises for a "smart young fellow" as traveller. If this offhand style gains a footing in business circles we may some day encounter a demand for the services of a "cute old cuss."

Fit Name for a French Cook—Grevy.

Furniture for Cash "Doon on the Nail." GARDNER & HARDIE, 42 Great Clyde Street.

GENTLEMEN'S Cloth Made and Trimmed, Suits, 18s; Overcoats, 14s; Fit, Workmanship, Trimmings guaranteed.—EWART BAIN, 59 Bridge Street.

Maniacal Musical Monodies.

No. 5.—AFTER LONGFELLOW.

WE are in the dreary winter,
In the freezing, snowing winter—
Sometimes damp and sometimes foggy—
Like Macblether, after dinner,
As he mixes whisky toddy
And talks thickly of his boyhood.
But young people bear it bravely—
They go out to dancing parties,
They go skating on Lochburnie,
And to all the choral concerts,
And they justly think that Manns is
A most excellent conductor.
Through much strenuous attention,
And abundant regularity
At the instrumental concerts,
They have come to know a little
About Handel and Beethoven.
And last Tuesday they met Berlioz
With his polyphonic music,
And that symphony of Harold—
That magnificent tone picture
Which our lively Gaelic neighbours
Once thought tiresome and ridiculous.
That was forty years ago, and
It is said that we are wiser
In our day and generation
Than the connoisseurs of Paris
When they heard the wonderous music
Of that monomaniac Hector.
And this incident reminds me
That there is some chance in Glasgow
For the best and grandest music.
For if people could but hear it
Not once only, but a few times,
They would quickly come to like it,
And would get out of their darkness—
And the task would be accomplished
Of the musical committee,
Who have laboured at much hazard
To inoculate their fellows
With a love for art that's musical.

A REMINDER.

(Scene—A country road ; Jocky has snatched a kiss.)

Jenny (blushing)—Can ye no' behave yersel' ; see hoo thae folk are lookin'.

Jocky—Weel, if ye'd been lookin' at me as ye ocht tae hae been, they cooldna hae noticed.

Commenting upon the fire at a Board School in Bridgeton, the gushing reporter of a contemporary speaks thusly :—"Considerable inconvenience will be occasioned to the children of the district by the closing of the school." Never you fear, my noble liner ! If all the schools in Glasgow were burned down the school children would not feel the slightest inconvenience.

Agram-vating Affairs—Earthquakes.

A Gem of the First Water—Mr Beryl.

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

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the last meeting of Council was a remarkably quiet one.

That Johnnie Neil was absent.

That the proceedings were hardly worth reporting.

That the amount of work got through was something unprecedented.

That the next meeting mayn't be such a "wersh" one.

That the northern and eastern districts are the favoured quarters of the city.

That the former has a park and a swimming pond all to itself.

That it is soon to be gifted with handsome and expensive baths.

That there is nothing like having nagging, plodding representatives at the Council Board.

That the Water Commissioners are having money thrust upon them.

That they could float £100,000 instead of £52,000.

That certain other of the Council schemes wouldn't command so much confidence.

That our water pipes are frozen.

That we know the value of water when the well is dry.

That the quality of our gas is depressing.

That the 25 candle power is a superb joke.

That it would be well in these days of electric competition if the Gas Trust were to "see to their house."

That what we want is light—more light.

That young Glasgow is much given to fooling around with a catapult.

That the games with a catapult are occasionally diversified by a little snowballing.

That both diversions ought to be seen to by the police.

A SMOKING NUISANCE.—It is gratifying to find that the Clyde Pilot Board have seriously taken up the smoke nuisance caused by our river steamers. This nuisance, which is of a flagrant and utterly unnecessary nature, has lasted too long unchecked, and it is to be hoped that some effectual action will follow the remarks made on Tuesday by Mr Leitch and Lord Provost Ure.

THE SCOT LOT.—On the Irish Question we hear of a deal of dread of the English Radicals—the Scottish, of course, being of no account. O happy and sagacious "canny" Scotland.

An eminent "Home" Ruler—William Quarrier.

Merchants' Dinners from 12 to 5 p.m. Merchants' Restaurant, 58 Mitchell Street.

1881. JANUARY, 1881.

EXTRAORDINARY ANNOUNCEMENTS**EXTENSIVE ALTERATIONS
AT THE COLLOSSEUM.****BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S FANCY HATS.**

Mr Binnie has Classed the whole Stock in this Department into great Lots at 11½d, 1s 9d, 2s 5d, 2s 11d, and 3s 11d each.

Lot No. 1 at 11½d, is a very large assortment of Boys' Tweed and Velvet Tam o'Shanters, Boys' Tweed Polo Caps, and Boys' Trimmed Felts. These are very strong and durable; worth double.

LOT 2, at 1s 9d. Large Assortment of BOYS' FANCY CLOTH and VELVET-EMBROIDERED CAPS. Also, Fine VELVET and TWEED TAM O'SHANTERS. Regular Price from 2s 6d to 3s 6d.

LOT 3, at 2s 11d, include all our best FANCY VELVET and CLOTH CAPS, which we sold at from 3s 6d to 6s 6d. See them.

LOT 4, at 1s 9d.—A Magnificent Lot of BOYS' TRIMMED FELTS, CAMEL HAIR, and MOTTLED HATS, suitable for Boys, from two to nine years of age. Our Regular Prices are from 2s 9d to 3s 9d.

LOT 6, at 2s 11d, are our BOYS' and MISSES' GALATEAS, JACK TARS, UNDINES, and PRINCES SHAPES in Felt; worth from 5s to 6s 6d.

LOT 7, at 3s 11d.—All our FINE FRENCH FELTS and BEAVERS for BOYS, trimmed with the best Bands and Bindings, Silk Lined. These Lots are the most Fashionable Goods. Parents and Heads of Families should call at once, and secure a portion of these Bargains.

GENTLEMEN'S AND YOUTH'S HATS.
25 per Cent Less than Usual Retail Prices.**OUR FELT HATS**

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OUR DRESS HATS

At 6s 6d, 8s 6d, 10s 6d, 12s 6d, 14s 6d, and 17s 6d are the Best Value in Scotland.

We guarantee all hats sold by us to be made of the best Materials, by the best makers only, and they are warranted to retain Shade and Colour.

SPECIALITIES.*Extra-Large and Extra-Small Sizes always in Stock.
Gentlemen who have had Difficulty in getting Fitted should Favour us with a Visit.*

Opera Hats, College Caps, Livery Hats, Pith Helmets, Sun-proof Hats, Leghora Hats, Clerical Hats, Fishing and Shooting Hats, Hunting Hats, &c., &c.

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HOUSES ARE UP STAIRS.****SINGLE HATS AT WHOLESALE PRICES.****"DESIDERATUM"
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*NO CORNS OR BUNIONS.*Having less friction, wear longer. Wearer can walk further with less fatigue. Recommended by eminent London Physicians.
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SMOKING MIXTURE.—J. H. ALLISON, Wholesale and Retail Tobacconist and Cigar Importer, 463 ST. VINCENT STREET, 2 Doors from Elderslie Street. Wholesale and Retail Depot for Murray, Sons, & Co.'s Mellow Smoking Mixture. J. H. A. respectfully invites the Gentlemen of Glasgow to visit his Depot to see the "MELLOW" and judge for themselves. The following Testimonials are a few of the many which have been received:—"Known to Smokers for its Mellow Mildness in use. We saw orders and inquiries for this article fit to make any provincial house proud."—*Land and Water.* "Of the many different "Mixtures" that have come under our notice, we have no hesitation in giving the palm to this Brand. Has a most pleasing and soothing effect."—*Civil Service Gazette.* 8 oz. post free for 3s 4d. 7 Prime Cigars (rare value), 1s. Real Lunkah Cheroots, 8 for 1s. The Trade supplied with large or small quantities.**CHARING CROSS HOSIERY WAREHOUSE.**
WILLIAM DODS, 13 and 15 ST. GEORGE'S ROAD. Gloves in all the Newest Shades. Newest Designs in Ladies' and Gentlemen's Scarfs, Ties, and Bows. Ladies' and Gentlemen's Collars and Cuffs. Silk and Linen Handkerchiefs. Underclothing in great variety.
GLOVES, HANDKERCHIEFS, SCARFS, &c.,
In Handsome Boxes, suitable for
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 SUPPER ROOMS NOW OPENED.
 Fish, Tripe, and Oysters from 7 p.m.

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WEIGHT of BUTTERINE are brought into
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 Why Pay Enormous Prices to dishonest Dealers, when a
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THOMAS DAVISON,
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The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 19th, 1881.

"THE poor," as we are told in Holy Writ,
 "are always with us," and this familiarity
 has bred, if not exactly contempt, at least in-
 difference to their claims and necessities. At
 the present season, however, it would be well
 were the easy and well-to-do to lay aside for a
 time the feeling of carelessness with which they
 habitually regard the needs of those who are
 poor and ailing. Life can be supported under
 a summer sky upon as diminutive a portion of
 oatmeal as that on which Francis Jeffrey and his
 friends cultivated literature, but with the mercury
 down to 34 degrees below freezing point a
 'little oatmeal' forms a very indifferent staff in-
 deed wherewith to assist the wayfarer along the
 path of living. In good truth the sufferings, during
 the last few days of bitter cold, of those who are in
 want of proper food and of proper firing must have
 been sore indeed. The frost, in this instance,
 has not been "tempered to the shorn lamb."
 Would it not be well, therefore, if the purse-
 strings of the people who "have" were relaxed a
 little in favour of their brothers and sisters who
 "have not"? Whatever is done, moreover,
 ought to be done at once. The "fell sergeant
 death is quick in his arrest," and we can only
 hope to cope with him by forestalling his

appearance. "Clothing and Coals for the
 Poor," is a cry which should find liberal response
 were it once raised. Private benevolence can
 do much, but public benevolence can do more.
 Let us hope, before the present distress grows
 more aggravated, that some adequate pro-
 vision may be made, and that under official
 auspices, for the wants of the distressed.

THE THREE F's.

Pat (last Saturday night)—Sure, Barney, we've
 got the three F's in Glasgow anyhow.

Barney—An' how div ye make that out, Pat?

Pat—Sure, now, hav'nt we got frost and fog
 and frightful cold.

Auchray ant ta Trackshun Engine.
HER cousin was stop ta Han'sel Monday at
 her hoose in Glesca', ant no peing ack-
 want wis ta rites ant privileges of ta ceety got
 a teuse of a fricht, when she'll pe sleeping ta
 sma' hours, wi ta trackshun engine. Ta dishes
 was chattering their teeth on ta shelf, ant ta bed
 shake like a culprit, ant ta trackshun come
 nearer ant near on ta street when Tugalt cotch
 ma hair by ta head ant cry—"Rise, Auchray,
 for anysing, in one meenit; for if she'll no pe ta
 last day ta aersquake 'll swallow ta hoose in bits.
 No wonder ta Tuke saw ta walls at Inveraray
 was visible to ta naked eye." "Canna man,
 Tugalt," says I, "ant keep doon yer hair ant no
 pe like ta Tugalt in ta Sousth Side pantomime;
 for ta sing'll pe all rite in a wee, whatefer." Ta
 engine go by soon pefore; ant Tugalt ant her-
 sel' rise ant got a wee drap in ta press to sooze
 her nerves; ant ta day pefore she go off to ta
 "Clansman" in ta Heelants ant say she'll no pe
 a Glesca ant suffer what she'll do so she was
 King Agrippa. Wishing you ta happy com-
 plumps of ta season, I am, yours fery much,
AUCHRAY M'TAVISH, X 71.

A STUDIO NOTE.

Three hangers hie daily out into the West
 To their ca(u)l'-craffy work, with their heads hanging down,
 Each thinks of the pictures that please him the best,
 And the artists sit fearing them all o'er the town.
 For hangers can't shirk, though daubers curse deep,
 And the sooner it's over the soulder we'll sleep,
 Though harboured far up from the flooring.

LET SHAKSPERE LOOK TO HIS LAURELS.—
 The Laureate having at length shown "cup"-
 ability for the stage, may now bind his brow
 with a wreath of hemlock. 'Twas hemlock that
 gave the finishing touch to even a greater im-
 mortal.

Nothing Like "Birth!"

THE following is clipped from a local daily:—
 "French and German Lessons wanted by Two Young Gentlemen just returned from the Continent. None but French and German masters by birth need reply." There is a suggestion of "superiority" about this advertisement which pleases the BAILIE much; but its principal charm lies in the concluding sentence. The "two young gentlemen" who have "just returned from the Continent," after discovering, to their amazement, that there are other languages besides their own—are evidently of opinion that the teaching of French and German, like Dogberry's reading and writing, "comes by nature," and that the teacher *nascitur, non fit*. Let's hope they will succeed in securing instructors who are masters "by birth" and not merely by manufacture.

THE FROZEN-OUT MINISTER.

Seats oft contested, never one yet won,
 His uncle's nephew, and his father's son,
 One other chance into the House of getting
 May have, if further he pursues coquetting
 With Glasgow Lib'rals, lecturing and bazaaring,
 On platform stumping, and 'mong stalls it starring.

SOMETHING NEW.

Barman (to customer already well refreshed)
 —What for you, sir?
Customer—Glass of whisky.
Barman—You can't have any whisky. Had enough. Give you a bottle of soda water.
Customer—Soda water! What's that?
Barman—A teetotal drink.
Customer—None of your new-fangled mineral water for me. I don't want my head muddled.

EMERALD RULE OF THREE; OR, ALLITERATIVE PROPORTION.—The Animile would not only concede the much-talked of "Three F's" to the Milesian malcontent; but, for a quiet life, might throw in as largesse an essentially Irish group of "Three P's"—pigs, praties, and "potheen" galore! If the bhoys didn't mind their *p's* he would forthwith give them choice of "Three Q's"—quell, "quod," or quietus! The Animile hath spoken.

Ornamented Seed, Sultana, and Bride Cakes, &c. Thornton's (late Duncan's) Restaurant, corner of Buchanan Street and Royal Bank Place.

"They come as a boon and a blessing to men,
 The PICKWICK, the OWL, and the WAVERLEY PEN."
 Also the HINDOO Pens, Nos. 1, 2, and 3—diagonal points.

"They are a treasure."—*Standard*.
 Sold at 6d and 1s per Box, at all Stationers:
 Beware of the party offering imitations.

A Speculative Commissioner.

GOVANHILL is a most amoosin' little cuss in the way of burghs. Its Police Commission seldom meets without affording the lieges more or less innocent entertainment. Thus, at the latest assembling of that august body, one of its members complained of the state of the street-lamps, which were, he said, "mere specs (*sic*) in the firmament." The Commissioner, the reporter, and the compositor must be left to settle among them whether the first-named personage meant "specks," "spectacles," or "speculations;" but, in any case, a street-lamp regarded as a firmamental "spec" is decidedly what a Yankee would call "considerable pumpkins" in the novelty line, and should afford matter for deep and solemn reflection.

"THE FACULTY" IN CLOVER.—Who would not be a doctor? After years of study and the expenditure of hundreds of pounds the modern Galen can, as at Govanhill, earn £12 per annum, his

"Duties to be as stated, viz., that he should consult with the Magistrates and officers of the burgh in all matters requiring a medical opinion, make examinations, submit reports, and attend courts when required, the engagement to be terminable on a month's notice on either side."

Or, as at the more munificent Ballantrae, he can make four times that amount—"to include medicines and professional work under Public Health Act." Once more, who would not be a doctor?

CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE.

(Scene — Square, Greenock, 8-30 a.m.; two farmers meeting.)

First Farmer—Man, Saunders, am rael gled tae see ye; come awa' an' hae a hauf yin.

Second do.—Na na, Jimmy, it's our early.

First do.—Tuts, man, ye're wrang, the shops are a' open. [They adjourn.]

"THE GRACE THAT LIES IN HERBS."—In a note upon nettles the *Globe* says—"In this common stinging plant there is no beauty that we should desire it. If it has useful nutritive or medicinal qualities they have to be discovered." Bauldy's comment thereon is—"That's a' the Englisher's notion. His mither never kent the guid o' nettle kail to clear the bairns' bluid in the spring-time, as mine's did."

THE "ZOEDONE" AGENCY, 47 Waterloo Street, Glasgow
 { Fire and Thief Proof for Merchants, &c. Fifty by
 SAFES. } Milner, Phillips, Perry, from 4 upwards. In-
 spection Invited. Jennings, £101 Mitchell Street.

Megilp.

NEVER, since the institution of the Fine Art Institute, had any Selecting Committee of the Council such a task set to them as that placed before the Committee of the present year. As already mentioned, considerably over 1600 works have been sent in for exhibition. The trouble this involves will be understood when it is recollected that the pictures and drawings in the 1880 Exhibition only footed up to a total of 748, and that this year the large canvases are much more numerous than they have ever been before. Something like 1000 of the "exhibits" come from Glasgow alone. Our professional artists have availed themselves to the utmost of their "sending-in" privileges; young ladies—some of them bearing names that are justly respected in civic circles—eager to submit their works to public criticism, have become contributors for the first time; and learned University professors, tradesmen who are skilful at cutting a coat, joiners, clerks, and lawyers, are among the other classes whose artistic ambition has induced them to seek a place on the walls of the Institute.

The selecting committee began their labours on Tuesday last, and these continued over Wednesday and part of Thursday. Next day (Friday) the hanging committee set busily to work. They are still engaged at their task, and it is a question whether this will be completed before Saturday next.

The "Spring" of Ernest Waterlow, and the "Imprisoned Spring" of F. W. Lawson, are among the more important of the pictures contributed from London to the Exhibition of the Fine Art Institute. Mr Waterlow's "Spring"—which was in last year's Royal Academy—is a pleasant English landscape. A brook winds through a copse which occupies the right of the picture, while the incident of the scene is supplied by a group of children who are playing with a lamb. The "Imprisoned Spring" of Mr Lawson—who is a brother, by the bye, of Cecil Lawson—shows us a tree blossoming in a city square, while two little arabs, a boy and girl, survey it with longing eyes through the iron rails with which it is closely surrounded.

John Grey, who was so successful with his east country pictures of last year, contributes another scene from the wild Dorsetshire coast to the present collection. This is "Red head Cliff," a bold headland, dusky red in colour, and with the green waters of the German Ocean lapping its base. "The Little Cumbræe from the shore of the Great Cumbræe," and two river "bits," one on the Devon, and the second on the Kelvin near Maryhill, are Mr Grey's other Institute pictures.

"The Little Messenger," "Faggot Gathering—Lochlomond," "Prestwick from the Moor," and "The Hay Cart," are the four works which Walter Hutcheson has sent to the Institute. Mr Hutcheson, who is one of the few painters who can combine figure with landscape, has caught the feeling which pervades homely Scottish life with much skill. His "Little Messenger," which shows us the interior of a village shop, with an ancient dame reading a note which she has received from a tiny mite of a girl, is remarkably good indeed.

The exhibition of the Scottish Society of Water Colour Painters, which closes on Saturday week, the 29th inst., is the most successful, in a monetary point of view, yet held by the society. Up till now 29 drawings, the aggregate price of which is £687 4s, have been sold, as against 13 drawings, of the value of £366 5s, for the whole of last year. At the annual meeting of the society, held in Edinburgh on Thursday, Francis Powell and William M Taggart, R.S.A., were re-elected president and vice-president respectively; Robert Anderson, A.R.S.A., and Wm. Young were appointed auditors; Charles Blatherwick treasurer; and William Smith secretary. The members of Council selected for the present year are Robert Herdman, R.S.A., Joseph Henderson, John Smart, R.S.A., George Aikman, and J. G. Whyte.

A meeting for the election of members and associates of the Society will be held in Glasgow on Friday, the 28th inst.

An exceedingly forcible little etching has just been executed by James A. Aitken. It represents a couple of stranded fishing boats, and is remarkable as well for the strength of the shadows as for the fine feeling of evening light with which the artist has suffused the sky.

In spite of the fearful and wonderful notices in the daily papers of the "North Park pictures," the proposal that the "collection" should be purchased on behalf of the City has happily fallen through.

"A Storm in the Fen Country" is the title of A. K. Brown's largest work of the year. The picture is remarkable for a wonderful rain-cloud which trails across the centre of the landscape; away on the low line of the horizon the setting sun lights up the watery atmosphere with red, stormy light, while in the immediate right a rain-storm is rapidly passing off. The features of the fen country have been caught by Mr Brown with marked skill, and altogether the work is one which, when in its place in the forthcoming Exhibition, will prove a feature of the collection. Tom M'Ewan is likely to show to excellent advantage on the walls of the Institute. He contributes one large figure piece, illustrative of a Highland "gossip" entering a cottage with "Good day" on her lips; a second entitled "An Hour with the Past;" and a third, an upright burn scene, fresh and spring-like in feeling.

The Messrs Cassells are about to publish, in 24 monthly parts, a book of "British Ballads." The chief feature of the volume will be the illustrations, all of which have been specially executed in its behalf. Among the artists who have been engaged to contribute to its pages are Ernest Crofts, A.R.A., J. E. Christie, the two Ralstons—W. and J. M'L.—and R. W. Macbeth.

Francis Powell, the president of the Scottish Water Colour Society, will be among the contributors to the new series of the *Art Journal*, the first number of which appeared on the 1st inst.

ANOTHER "FACT."

(Scene—Street in Paisley. Twa cronies meet.)

First Cronic—Hae ye heard that Wullie Tamson has turned an Atheist?

Second Do. (earnestly)—A what! An Atheist! It's a lee. I've kent him this mony's a year He's a joiner.

(The twa adjourn to the nearest "counter" to discuss the matter.)

T H E G A I E T Y.

Proprietor and Director,Mr C. BERNARD.
Manageress.....Mrs BERNARD.

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ANNUAL EXTRAVAGANZA AND PANTOMIME
L U R L I N E,

Box Office Open Daily from 10 till 4.

General Manager and Secretary.....Mr SAM. H. S. AUSTIN.

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Special Engagement of
M I S S C A R L O T T A A D D I S O N.

TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, & THURSDAY, Jan. 18, 19, 20, at 7-30,
"THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL;"

FRIDAY and SATURDAY, "THE RIVALS."

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Concert at 7; Saturday, 6.
Prices to suit all classes.

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Manager,.....Miss LITTON (Mrs W. Robertson).

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P R E T T Y B O - P E E P .
SUCCESS OF THE YEAR,
LAST NIGHTS.

FRESH NOVELTIES.
SKATING EVERY NIGHT.
ROARS OF LAUGHTER AT
EVERY NIGHT, THE LE FRE BROTHERS.
THE TWO COMICAL HARVESTMEN.
THUNDERS OF APPLAUSE.

WHEATLEY & TRAYNOR.
Miss LITTON, in announcing the above NOVELTIES, received every night with deafening applause, has at the same time to announce THE LAST NIGHTS of the PANTOMIME, ARRANGEMENTS having been made for a Series of GRAND OPERATIC and POPULAR CONCERTS on a Vast Scale early in February.

THE TWO LAST MORNING PERFORMANCES,
WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY NEXT, at 2,
On which occasion CHILDREN will be admitted HALF-
PRICE to the Boxes, Dress Circle, and Stalls.
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FRESH NOVELTIES.
The whole Arranged and Produced under the Personal
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CLOWN.....The Famous PAULO.
Doors Open at 6-30. Extra Price till 7. Commence, 7-30.
Box Office NOW OPEN Daily, from 10 to 4.

Seats may be secured at Messrs Muir Wood's, Buchanan
Street. Seats may also be Booked by Telephone from the
various communications, the Wires having been laid on to the
Theatre-Royal. No Charge for Booking Seats.

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VIRTUOUS VESTA, AND VULCAN THE VENOMOUS.
Produced under the joint Direction and Personal Supervision
of Mr Thos. W. Charles, of the Theatre Royal, Nottingham,
and Mr H. Cecil Beryl.

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NOTICE.—in order to avoid disappointment, Seats should
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Ballot or Introduction not required.
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ST. ANDREW'S HALL,
TO-MORROW (TUESDAY), 18th JANUARY, 1881.
GRAND ORCHESTRA, 60 PERFORMERS.
CONDUCTOR,.....Mr AUGUST MANN.
PLEBISCITE TAKEN AT THIS CONCERT.
B E E T H O V E N P R O G R A M M E ,
Including Variations for Pianoforte and Violin from "Kreutzer
Sonata." Pianoforte Concerto No. 5 in E Flat, Symphony
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VOCALIST.....Mr HENRY GUY.
S O . O P I A N O F O R T E.....HERR PAUER.
SOLO VIOLIN.....HERR FRANKE.
Tickets—7s 6d, 4s, 2s—from Paterson, Sons & Co., 152 Buch-
anan Street. Admission—One Shilling.
Doors Open at 7; Concert at 8.

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GRAND CHORAL CONCERT.
SCHUMANN'S
"PARADISE AND THE PERI."
ST. ANDREW'S HALL, TUESDAY, 25th JANUARY,
MADAME TREBELLI,
AND OTHER ARTISTES.
FULL CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA.
Tickets, 10s 6d, 6s 6d (Reserved), 4s, 3s, at Paterson's, 152
Buchanan Street.

G L A S G O W C H O R A L U N I O N

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.
ST. ANDREW'S HALL,
SATURDAY, 22ND JANUARY, 1881.
GRAND ORCHESTRA of 60 PERFORMERS.
CONDUCTOR—MR AUGUST MANN.
PROGRAMME—SUFFRAGE UNIVERSAL.
SOLO VOCALIST.....Miss LIDDELL.
SOLO PIANOFORTE.....Herr E. PAUER.
Tickets, 2s 6d (Reserved), 2s, 1s, at Paterson's, 152 Buchanan
Street. Doors Open at 6-30. Concert at 7-30.

**G L A S G O W C A T H O L I C C H O R A L
S O C I E T Y .**

FOURTH GRAND ANNUAL CONCERT,
CITY HALL, WEDNESDAY, 19th JANUARY, 1881.
HAYDN'S "IMPERIAL MASS"
(No. 3 in D),
AND SECULAR SELECTIONS.
Mrs FROST will Perform (by kind Permission of the Glas-
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HARP.

Doors Open at 7-30. Concert at 8.
Tickets at Paterson, Sons & Co., and at Hall on Evening of
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In Celebration of BURNS' BIRTH-DAY.
GRAND ANNUAL BURNS' CONCERT
By the Celebrated
GLASGOW SELECT CHOIR,
MR JAMES ALLAN, CONDUCTOR.
Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats 2s; at Office, 58
Bath Street. Doors open at 7; Concert at 7-45 o'clock.
JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

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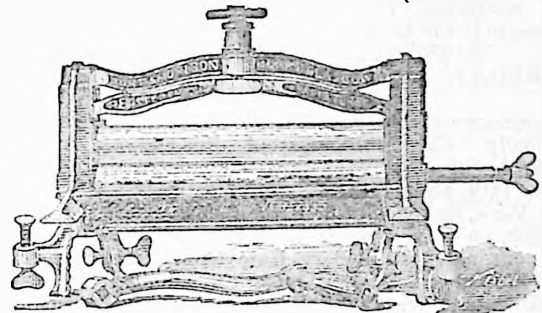
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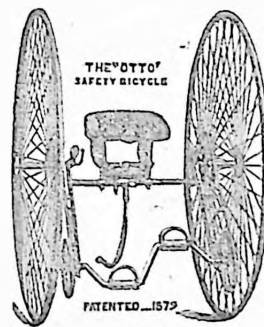
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Being the Greater Portion of the Valuable Collection formed
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(Realised without Reserve, by order of Alex Moore, Esq.,
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On View in the North Park Picture Galleries, Hillhead,
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The Concluding Sale of this Collection will take place early in
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1881. JANUARY 1881.
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To meet the wants of our vast and rapidly-growing Business, we have decided to RE-CONSTRUCT and EXTEND our
WAREHOUSE. The GENTLEMEN'S and BOYS' HAT DEPARTMENTS will be REMOVED to ADJOINING BUILDING,
thus enabling us to concentrate the *WHOLE* of our LADIES' DEPARTMENTS in Centre Building. We intend having the
Alterations completed before our Great Spring Show, which takes place early in March. The Entrances to the various
Departments will then be as follows:—

GENTLEMEN'S HAT DEPARTMENTS,	}	By No. 62
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GOODS ENTRANCE—RAILWAY ARCH, No. 65 (Off ANN STREET).

In order to facilitate the REMOVAL and RE-ARRANGEMENT of the various DEPARTMENTS we must CLEAR
OUT the *WHOLE* STOCK, as it is enormously great. To insure an ENTIRE CLEARANCE, we will offer such BARGAINS
as WALTER WILSON & CO. *alone* can give. Many of the articles offered this month are from *fifty to ninety per cent.* under
the prices at present charged in Glasgow for same Goods

DETAILS OF BARGAINS—

REAL BEAVER HATS.

ALL COLOURS AND SHAPES, 1s 11d each; worth 7s 6d. Not more than three to one Customer. REAL BEAVER
HATS, Picked, 4s 11d. Ladies of Glasgow, please Note that this Lot of Three Thousand Beaver Hats are the very
best that money can buy. They are the finest French B-avers, very Soft, very long Silky Nap, in the very largest Stylish
Shapes, in Black, Navy, Grenat, Cardinal, Myrtle, Fawn, Grey, Brown, Olive, and every New Colour. There are also
a pile of these Fine French Velvet Beavers in this Lot; in fact, the greater part are worth a guinea. A more Stylish Lot
of Hats has never been shown before. We cannot guarantee a full range of Shapes and Colours after the first few days.
4s 11d is not half the cost of the material. We never saw a greater Bargain. We guarantee that there are hundreds of
the 4s 11d Lot worth 20s to-day, and could not be bought in Paris even at that price. Very large Gainsborough Vandyke,
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CAMEL HAIR FELT HATS, Long Pile, Every Shape and Colour, now 1s 9d.

LADIES' and MISSES' FELT HATS, Black, Blue, Brown, Green, Bronze, and Fawn. Three Great Lots, 4½d, 7½d, and
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Felt, Newest Fashion, for 11½d. We only hope our friends will take an early opportunity of calling, as such Genuine
Bargains are not to be had on every occasion. This effort will secure us many Customers, we have every reason to hope.
Another boon we offer This Month in the shape of ALTERING LADIES' OWN FELT or BEAVER HATS to the
NEWEST SHAPES FREE OF CHARGE when left to be TRIMMED.

SEAL HATS! SEAL HATS!! SEAL HATS!!!

REAL SEAL. Soft Rink Shapes, for 3s 11d. Always Fashionable. Very Profitable. Our immense stock of LADIES' and
MISSES' SEAL HATS must be sold, 5s 11d, 7s 11d, 10s 6d, 15s 6d, 21s, 25s, 35s. These will Wear for Years. The
Most Economical Hat. Every Shape—Portia, Livadia, Princess, &c.

SEAL, CLOTH, RABBIT, and MUSQUASH HATS, now for 4d, 11½d, 1s 11d, 2s 11d, and 3s 9d. Half Regular Retail Price.

STRAW HATS. STRAW BONNETS.

The Very Latest Shapes in BLACK, BROWN, GRENAT, &c., for 4½d, 6½d, 9½d, 11½d. *This is Alarming.*

These Wonderful MOHAIR HATS and BONNETS are Sold Daily Wholesale at 16s 6d per Dozen. Our Price is now 11½d.

All Fresh; all Perfect; all New Shapes.

We feel it is necessary to repeat here again that all our Goods are Fresh. These Lines are not Old Bankrupt Stocks, but Direct
from the Makers.

REAL CHIP HATS and BONNETS, Newest Shapes, for 9d each. Also at 1s 6d, 2s 6d, 3s 6d, 4s 6d; and the *Very Best*

Quality of CHIP HATS and BONNETS we offer—to effect an Instantaneous Clearance—at 4s 11d (*Four and Eleven*).

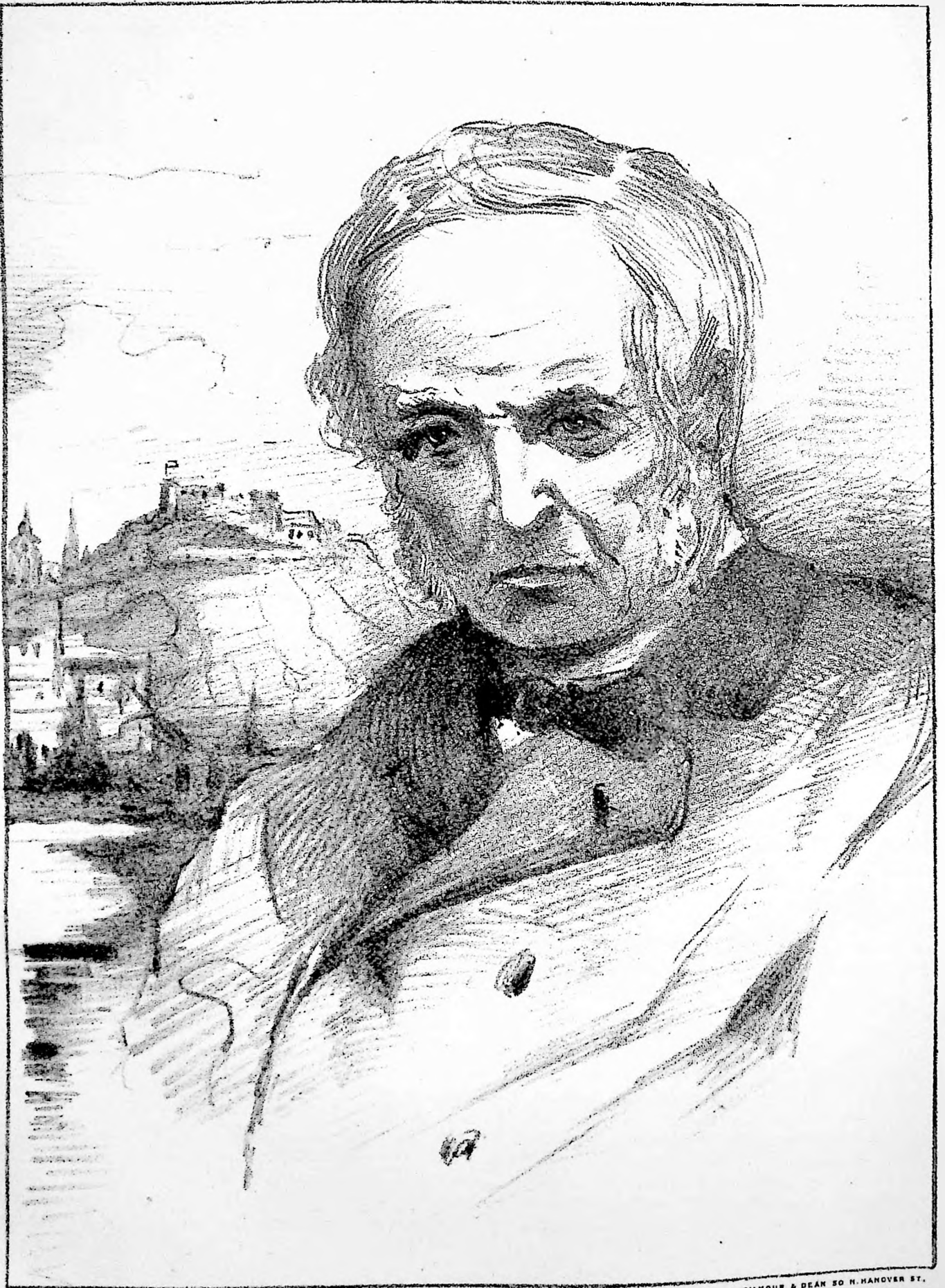
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The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 432. Glasgow, Wednesday, January 26th, 1881. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 432.

FOR fifteen years the most Scottish of all the Scottish members of Parliament was Mr DUNCAN M'LAREN. Narrow, or rather provincial in his views, intense in his antagonisms, of no account as an orator, and limited as to his range of information, Mr M'LAREN yet succeeded in commanding the respect of members of every party in the House of Commons. What he knew he knew thoroughly. If his views were narrow they were intense. He never took up a subject without probing it to the bottom. Men who had distinguished themselves in affairs, fluent, and even convincing speakers, and sharp and clever debaters, seldom tried a fall with the old Scotchman with any prospect of success. His clear, logical intellect, and the ability with which he could marshal long columns of figures in line of attack, delivering them against his antagonist after something of the manner in which the Iron Duke hurled his regiments at the French on the field of Salamanca, usually enabled him to come off victorious in any single-handed encounter. DUNCAN, moreover, was peculiarly a man of convictions. Earlier in life, perhaps, that pawky common-sense peculiar to the Scottish character—a quality which is not very unlike what our Gallic neighbours term *opportunisme*, may have constrained him to bow the knee to the Baal of worldly success, but for many years his sayings and doings were alike dictated by his simple sense of right and wrong. Both the people who agreed with him and the people who disagreed with him knew that he was in even-down earnest in whatever line of policy he adopted. They might be annoyed at his unsparing treatment of his opponents, or irritated at the blindness he exhibited towards any side of a subject save the one he had adop-

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ted, but they never questioned his good faith. An Edinburgh draper, Mr M'LAREN has cut a prominent figure in "Auld Reekie" for over fifty years. His voice was early lifted up in Parochial Board meetings and elsewhere while the century was yet young, and the influence he succeeded in acquiring in the Town Council so long ago as 1850—which resulted in his election as Lord Provost in 1851—prompted him to oppose Macaulay at the Parliamentary election of 1852, when happily he was defeated by the great historian. Four years afterwards, however, he again "ran" for Parliament, this time against the venerable Adam Black, and although the latter received the enthusiastic support of the entire Whig party, headed by the *Scotsman*, DUNCAN, who had played the Radical ticket, won in a canter, and not only came in first at the poll, but took £400 of damages off the *Scotsman* in the law courts for the manner in which he had been assailed in its columns during the contest. His subsequent history has already been indicated. Small of stature, but of a strongly marked countenance, and with hair as white as snow, his face and form have been long familiar to all *habitues* of the Commons House of Parliament. Here, however, he will henceforth be known no more. By an act which has a savour at once of Stoic heroism and of parental weakness he brought his political career to a close on Monday week by accepting the Chiltern Hundreds. The act, as we all know, was the result of outer pressure brought to bear, not on DUNCAN, but on the Lord Advocate, intimation having been made to his lordship, by the powers that be, that the existing situation had become "tolerable and not to be endured." "Johnny" can step into a Lordship of Session whenever it pleases him, but like other little men he is animated by a big spirit; and eager to leave his name on contemporary politics he

means to stick to his present post as long as he can. Willing to serve him to the best of his power, his father has withdrawn from Edinburgh in order that he may secure a seat in the House of Commons, and this seat he will take on Thursday, Jenkins and Job Bone notwithstanding. Whatever the Edinburgh folk may think of "Johnny's" position in either politics or law, no one will question the graceful and paternal act of his father. Active and honourable as has been DUNCAN M'LAREN'S Parliamentary career, no single event of its course has been more becoming than that which has marked its close.

Philanthropy Gone to the Dogs.

THE good folks of Edinburgh have been holding a bazaar "in aid of the funds of the Scottish Society for the Total Suppression of Vivisection." It may occur to some of us that the present season, when so many of our human brothers and sisters are so terribly in want of a helping hand, is not the best or most appropriate time to dip into our pockets for the benefit of the brute; but the selection of the season is quite worthy of the same anti-vivisectionists who the other week howled down an unfortunate Town Councillor, and prayed "God forgive" him for a "wicked man," because he had ventured mildly to suggest that men and women were, on the whole, more suitable objects of benevolent effort than cats and dogs. The BAILIE sympathises with the kindly feelings which animate the old ladies of both sexes concerned in this bazaar; but would they love their animal pets the less if they contrived to love humanity a little more?

"A NOD'S AS GOOD'S A WINK."

(Scene — Distillery in Banffshire).

Distiller (to drouthy neighbour, after handing him a large glass of prime Glenlivet)—What do you think o' the whisky, Tammas?

Tammas—I canna say that I was ever a judge o' the *first* gless, maister.

A SURE-FOOTED FUNCTIONARY. — Captain M'Call says he can get up and down the George Street "braes" quite easily even when they are in their glassiest state. It is to be hoped no one will be so rude as to quote, "in this connection," that text which deals with a certain class of the community and "slippery places."

EVERY MAN TO HIS TRADE.—Manchester House, by dealing solely in Cottons, Linens, Flannels, Blankets, buy more largely and therefore Cheaper than Houses that sell everything. STEPHEN'S, 179 Sauchiehall Street.

Next to Nothing.

"Considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold."
—*The Taming of the Shrew.*

Tune—"The tight, little island."

'TIS hard, sir, to sing,
But these verses I bring
In hopes that the same will appear, O—
For you very well know
That the glass has gone low,
And tells some degrees below zero.
O, but 'tis cold below zero—
Sharp, biting, cold below zero;
'Tis hard to keep warm
'Neath a pelting snow storm,
With the glass pointing down below zero.

The point of my nose
And the tips of my toes
Are as cold as if no blood were near, O;
And my fingers they shake
As these letters I make—
That's what comes when it comes below zero.
O, but 'tis cold, &c.

Both the water and gas
Now have left me, alas!
And I sit by the candlelight drear, O;
But its pale yellow light
Makes still colder the night—
And 'tis cold enough when below zero.
O, but 'tis cold, &c.

'Tis all very well
For young bloods, with a swell
Of that something that makes up the hero,
To Burnside or Lochburnie
To take up their journey—
But I feel it nips below zero.
O, but 'tis cold, &c.

Then think, neighbours, think
Of the poor with no "chink"
But that chink where their skin 'gins to peer, O;
Think your old cast-off clothes
Will be welcomed by those,
And bring warmth when 'tis cold below zero.
O, but 'tis cold, &c.

And good deeds, recollect,
Get reward—not direct,
Perhaps in the matter of gear, O—
But unseen, unsuspected,
And when seeming neglected—
Then think, friends, the cold's below zero.
O, but 'tis cold, &c.

AWFU' HIELAN'.—The reporter of a recent social gathering of Highlanders in the city gives a truly Celtic flavour to his description by adding, at the tale of other delights, "there was pipe-music, too." Why not have gone the whole hog, and made a perfect climax when he was at it? "An' reels, also—and whusky, mirofer—ay, an' fechtin', forpye!" That would have been "something like."

A TWISTER.—Somebody advertises for "a twister." Why not try "Gladstone" claret—or, for that matter, "Gladstone's Gleanings."

For a Good Dinner go to the Merchants' Restaurant, 58 Mitchell Street.

Giving 'Em It Hot.

THE other evening the heating apparatus of the Greenock Temperance Institute "burst with a loud noise," "filling the hall with steam." Such conduct on the part of the heating apparatus was of course highly reprehensible, but, after all, it was not more than might have been expected. The heating apparatus had so frequently assisted—*auditor tantum*—at explosions of teetotal "gas" that it was not unnatural it should desire to go in for a vaporous "burst" on its own account. Whether the demonstration was intended by way of approval or of protest the BAILIE will not undertake to decide.

OH LUD-OVIC!

(Airdrie Cross, Thursday morning; two cronies meet).

Jock—Did ye hear the news this mornin', Tam?

Tam—No. What is't? Speek oot, man.

Jock—Man a' see frae the papers that Her most Gracious Majesty the Queen is gaun to gie mair salary to oor bit Shirra.

Tam—Oh, Ludovic! is that a fact ye tell me?

Jock—There's nae doot about it; a' saw't wi' ma ain een.

Tam—Weel, Jock, come awa' and I'll stau ye a "nip" ower the heid o't, as the lucky chap hails, like mysel', frae historic Paisley.

[They adjourn.]

RIVALRY IN HIGH PLACES. — Members of Parliament having taken to accusing the Government of "cheek" and bidding each other "shut up," one awaits with some anxiety new developments of debate in those local bodies which always claim superiority over the Imperial assemblage in the use of what our U. S. Consul calls "sabre-cuts of Saxon speech." It is clear, for one thing, that if Mr John Neil desires to maintain the proud position he has reached he must devote an even longer period of preparation to his next outbreak than he did to the last.

NASCITUR, NON FIT. — The Union Street oracle in a leader of last week speaks of the "machine-wrought nailmakers of Birmingham." How these nailmakers or any other craftsmen can be manufactured by machinery is one of those things which, as the late Lord Dundreary would have said, "no fellow can find out."

"Hop Bitters"—The morning reaction after a ball.

SAFES. { Fire and Thief Proof for Merchants, &c. Fifty by Milner, Phillips, Perry, from £4 upwards. Inspection Invited. Jennings, 101 Mitchell Street.

On 'Change.

STREET is ubiquitous. In every large town Street is always before you. Go to Calcutta, and you will find Street. Take a trip to Australia, New Zealand, or Hong Kong, and it will be discovered that Street has been there before you. I allude of course to the publisher of the Indian and Colonia' Mercantile Directory, which has just been issued for the present year. It would be too much to say that every merchant ought to carry it about with him. He could not possibly do so, unless with the aid of a small caravan, for Street covers a deal of ground. A convenient shelf in the counting-house would be the proper place for Street. If a merchant wants to find a correspondent in Kurrachee, or Fiji, or Yeddo, or Rio Grande do Sul, or any better known place, he has only to consult Street, and he will be perfectly certain to get all the information he desires. Street, in short, is a compendium of the most useful commercial information, in which he who seeks intelligently will be certain to find something to his advantage.

More than two millions sterling, as I stated some time ago, have been recently embarked in gold companies all over the world. To day the amount must be nearer three millions than two. "The cry is still, they come," and the enthusiasm is so lively that I should not be astonished to see a fourth million put on before many weeks are over. The convenience of investors is carefully consulted. These gentry may have their mines in India, or Canada, or the United States of America. Take the great trans-Atlantic Republic and the investor will find a Hoover Company ready to absorb all his spare capital and as much more as can be got. Go to India and he will discover that the Cherambadi Company wants £100,000. In all cases the prospect is most alluring. The pill is gilt all over. Nobody could possibly detect any disagreeable compound underneath the magic coating. India is especially favoured in this way. Solomon in all his glory never discovered anything half so brilliant. The road from Cotacamund to Calicut literally bristles with gold mines, and if prospectuses are to be believed we have only to take shares in one of these mines and our fortunes are made at once.

Railways have not maintained their position in the market. They have gone down, in short, and with a degree of rapidity which some people did not expect. My friends will recollect that I gave numerous "straight tips" on this point. As a rule "straight tips" are very crooked. Mine have been disagreeably straight, according to the "bears," who went on paying at the rate of eight or nine per cent. per annum for continuation until they could pay no longer. When a stock goes up, and remains up, there must be a valid reason for the proceeding. If the movement is purely speculative it will sink to its required level whenever the artificial support is withdrawn. That is what has happened now, and no rumours of fusion, or absorption, or leasing, or division of stock, will have any permanent effect. A meeting of a great railway company at the head of a stair, with half-a-dozen shareholders and a dozen reporters, is not the *modus operandi* by which a scheme can be worked. It is rather a clumsy expedient, especially when the shut door is considered.

SCRUTATOR.

A DEADLY WANT.—Somebody advertises for "lessons in the art of dying from a practical dier." Wouldn't that young man, who is decapitated and otherwise badly cut up *de die in diem* by Dr Lynn, be fully qualified to impart instruction in the rare art referred to, seeing he is a "practical dier" of some experience?

"'Tis Gone, and will not *Auser*"—Ye Christmas Goose.

WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.—That Manchester House for supplying Cottons, Linens, Flannels, Blankets, direct from the Mills, meets a long felt want.—Stephen's, 179 Sauchiehall St.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—The Royal Pantomime brings its career to a close on Saturday. This week, therefore, crowded houses are sure to be the rule. Inside the theatre, may I whisper to you, the air is remarkably genial. Every attention is paid by the management to the well-being of the audience, Miss Litton rightly believing that before you can be amused you must first be made comfortable.

Advise your friends, my Magistrate, to pay another visit to the pantomime—I assume they have all seen it at least once already—to study the dancing. This, to me, is one of the pleasantest portions of the entertainment. The two ballets, I may mention, were arranged by Miss Rose Beckett, and the graceful *premiere danseuses* in each are Misses Angie Russell and Beazley. A third ballet, by the bye, which has just been added, is presided over by Madlle. Marie Schumann—a young *artiste* not yet out of her teens, but whose piquant grace, and airiness of manner recall the art of Taglioni or Fanny Elssler.

The Royal remains closed next week, but a series of twenty-four operatic concerts is announced by Miss Litton, the first of which will be given on the 7th prox. There will be a band of sixty performers, a chorus of fifty, and solo vocalists not a few, among whom will be our old friend Signor Foli. Signor Tito Mattei, the well-known song-writer, will conduct, and the pit will be turned into a promenade—an attraction in its way to many.

“Lurline” is still running its course at the Gaiety, and is giving abundant entertainment to Mr Bernard’s friends and patrons. Before long, however, it, like “Bo-Peep,” will take its place among the things that were.

Those wonderful old people, Mr and Mrs Chippendale, are still at the Royalty, and are drawing good houses. To me their art is something altogether delightful. So perfect are they, so sure and correct is every touch and detail of their work, that to watch them is to gain an education in acting. To-night they appear, along with Miss Carlotta Addison, in “She Stoops to Conquer,” and other “old comedies” will be given during the week.

Mr Knapp’s benefit on Wednesday promises well. He owns hosts of friends, and if even a moiety of these put in an appearance the theatre will be filled on the occasion.

Among the many engaging features of Mr Beryl’s South-side pantomime, the performance of the six little Nottingham bell-ringers—the tiny little chaps, by-the-bye, who are afterwards responsible for the Children’s Harlequinade scene—is one of the most engaging. The sextet were entertained at dinner the other day, in Mr Wilson’s Royal Restaurant, by Mr Robert Donaldson of St. Vincent Street, and they proved themselves to be as gently mannered, and as bright and intelligent, off the stage, as they are clever and sprightly on it.

After dinner, Master Tom Fryett—the *Harlequin* of the comic scene—proposed a vote of thanks to Mr Donaldson, couched in graceful and appropriate terms; and in acknowledging the compliment that gentleman expressed the pleasure he had experienced in witnessing the performances of the little troupe, and how charmed he was to see them round about him, laughing and enjoying themselves. Altogether, the meeting was an exceedingly agreeable one, and it is a question whether it afforded more delight to the little bell-ringers, to the genial host, or to two or three musical friends whom he had likewise asked to be his guests on the occasion.

Madlle. Ilma de Murska “the brilliant contatrice” to revive a once favourite phrase, is announced to appear in conjunction with the sprightly Madame Simico, Signor Campbello, and other artistes, on the 8th February, in St. Andrew’s Hall. This engagement ought to draw a crowded house.

For divers reasons, the “last nights” of Myers’ big variety show have come round before the time originally fixed. As the company open in “canny Newcastle” on Monday next, Saturday

must, of course, see the wind-up here. Mr Myers has had a good time throughout, and is so well pleased with the outcome of his first visit that he intends to return before many months are gone. “They say,” that he will then appear with his full forces in a vast establishment of his own, when he will show us what is meant by hippodromic business, Colosseum sports, and Ishmian games. Benefits are the order of the evening this week. Amongst others, please make a note, BAILIE, of Mrs Myers—the most accomplished horsewoman has ever been seen in these parts—and those of our good friends “Monty” and Cooper, who ought to have bumpers.

There is simply no end to the mysteries and marvels placed before his patrons by that *facile princeps* of facetious “prestidigitateurs” Dr Lynn, erst of Egyptian Hall and now of Windsor Hall renown. What with the “ornithological inexplicability,” the warring “Kisef,” the vivisection lesson, the blood-writing on the arm, and the thousand-and-one tricks with trinkets, Dr Lynn proves himself to be out of sight the smartest wonder-worker going. He will shortly make a move to the Town Hall, Greenock, and will show the wise acres there exactly “how it’s done.”

The next Science Lecture will be delivered on Thursday, by Dr. C. W. Siemens, F.R.S. His subject is “Gas and Electricity as heating agents.”

“They say” that the coming dinner to Mr “Joe” Wakefield won’t be so successful as had at one time been anticipated. Of recent years Mr Wakefield has moulted a deal of his former popularity—at least among the moneyed classes, the reason why “no fellah can understand.”

That stormy petrel of mining affairs, Mr Daniel Brown, is once more moving among the colliers of the Bailieston and other districts, and ominous whispers of an impending strike have been heard of late in more quarters than one. Were the colliers to “lift their graith” at the present juncture iron would naturally go up, and those speculators who had bought warrants at 52s 5d would consequently sell them at a considerable profit.

The burly figure of Sir James Bain was noticeable on the floor of the Royal Exchange one day last week. He looked wonderfully well in his Highland cloak, and seemed on the best of terms with himself and all the rest of the world.

When you introduced Mr Pearce of Fairfield Shipbuilding Yard to the public my Magistrate, as a “Man you Know,” he was dubbed by your honour, and rightly too, the greatest ship-builder in the world. Those who were present at the lecture he delivered on Wednesday evening last, in the Corporation Galleries, remarked, in corroboration of your opinion, that none of those present, not even Bailie MacBean, could “haud a cannie tae him.” Mr Pearce absolutely blew out three candles in the course of the evening, and ultimately proceeded with his discourse holding a candle in the one hand and his M.S. in the other.

The old saying that the world knows nothing of its greatest men, received another illustration t’other day. At the annual meeting of the Directors of the Sailors’ Home, held last week in the Underwriters’ Room in the Exchange, the people had met, and if the feast wasn’t exactly set, at least the table was there, and everybody looked in expectation for the Lord Provost, who, it had been arranged, was to take the chair. At last, after some uncomfortable waiting, a “member of the press”—a *Mail* reporter, in fact—rose to the occasion by bringing forward a shy-looking, middle-aged gentleman, who had been lingering near the door while the rest of those present were busy speculating upon what had occasioned the delay, and introduced him as “the Lord Provost!” The mystery, then, was out. None of the Sailors’ Home Directors had known his lordship even by sight, while on his part Mr Ure had felt somewhat diffident about announcing his personality in a gathering of total strangers.

A man’s house is his castle. A man’s club is his house, there

fore a man's club is his castle. It is not pleasant when the castle is taken by storm, as was the case the other day in one of our fashionable clubs. There is something disagreeable in the reflection that a fellow may leave his bedroom to go to his bath, and on his return find himself minus his watch, money, and jewellery.

A "Celebrity" who will shortly figure in the *World* is Professor Robertson Smith.

The old adage anent "what's bred in the bone" has received another illustration. In a paper I received the other day from Grahamstown, Cape Colony, I find an account of a "Grand Amateur Dramatic Entertainment" given there at the end of October, the pieces performed being "The Weavers," and "The Two Polts." To a certain circle in Glasgow it will be interesting, although it mayn't be very surprising to learn that the *Simmons* and *Brown* of the first named piece were Mr W. C. Thomson and Mr MacLachlan, and that the same pair of friends appeared in the second "number" of the programme as *Tom* and *Peter Polt*. The entertainment was given in aid of the War Relief Fund, and was under the patronage of the Mayor of the town and the other local magnates, all of whom were present on the occasion.

An Ant-Idote to Science.

AN Edinburgh Professor has been telling us, on Sir John Lubbock's authority, that the ant ranks next to man in the scale of intelligence, one of the proofs of this assertion being that Mistress Formica has been known to "work from six in the morning to ten at night" for the good of her family. Now, this sort of thing may go down in Edinburgh; but we in Glasgow know that anybody who works more than eight hours a day at the outside, on any consideration whatever, is both a traitor to humanity and an idiot, and consequently Sir John's criminally industrious little friend must be placed very low down indeed on "the scale of intelligence"—much lower, in fact, than those superior animals, such as the lapdog and the pig, who *never* work. So much for scientific bankers and Edinburgh Professors.

A GRECIAN BEND-SINISTER.

Was't Just-in MacCarthy to rile
Old William on c'assical lore,
To Homer comparing h'im, while
Home rule is his positive bore?
On *old* Greece's grandeur and grace
Was't Just-in MacCarthy to speak,
The man of all others to face
Who'd speak of the Greek by the week?
All aims and all claims of the race—
The *modern* much more than antique.

CON. BY OUR OWN COBBLER. — Why is a shoemaker who goes in for india-rubber "fixings" more likely than one who does not to carry out the injunction of the maxim "Ne sutor," &c.? Because he believes in e-last-stick! (Hee-haw! Hee-haw!)

Merchants' Dinners from 12 to 5 p.m. Merchants' Restaurant
58 Mitchell Street.

The Tramway Freezing Mixture.
THE BAILIE is glad to notice that attention has been called in the correspondence columns of the daily papers to our Tramway Company's diabolical practice of clearing their rails in snowy weather by scattering salt over them. This practice has its origin in a poor economy, and the villainous freezing mixture produced finds its way everywhere, causing discomfort to the well-shod, and untold misery and disease to those whose "understandings" are insufficiently provided for. It would not be tolerated elsewhere, and the sooner the Company is shown that it can be as little tolerated in the Second City the better.

WHISKY AND RELIGION.

(Scene—River Bailie Court, Monday last; the Senior Magistrate on the Bench. A Quay labourer has been found guilty of the theft of a bottle of whisky.)

The Bailie (to the panel, and with becoming dignity)—This is a very serious case of "sacrilege" indeed, and I cannot sentence you to less than 21 days' imprisonment!

[The labourer, who has collapsed on learning the terrible nature of his crime, is led to the cells in a state of utter bewilderment.]

"Marry, Come Up!"

HERE'S a pretty state of things. Last week Mr Gladstone presented a petition from no fewer than 1700 of his constituents, "praying for the legalisation of marriage with a deceased wife's sister." What's this you've been doing, Willie? Fancy a sedate old gentleman like you inspiring 1700 douce bodies frae Mid-Lothian with a frantic desire, unheard of before your advent, to marry the sisters of their deceased—or non-deceased—wives! Why, they'll be turning Mormons next! This is "Liberal" reaction with a vengeance.

A Pearce-ing Light—The candle held up by Mr Pearce in the Corporation Galleries on Wednesday evening.

IN A HOLE. — Apropos of the "retiring" Peruvian bondholder, Asinus says he can't make up his mind whether it's a case of "cave in" or Cave out.

Place for "A Free Coup"—A pavement slide.
A Pauer-ful Musician—Herr Ernst.
"The Mystic Tie"—A clandestine marriage.
A Risk-y Liquor—Provanmill Whisky.

Quavers.

THE fourth Choral Concert, and the last of the Subscription series, takes place to-night (Tuesday), when Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri" is to be performed. The setting of Moore's poem by J. F. Barnett is not unknown in Glasgow, but the music of this cantata may be said to be altogether unfamiliar to us. True, the chorus of Houris, "Twine ye the wreath" (for female voices), has been heard not unfrequently at private concerts here, but virtually the composition is quite new to us. Schumann, by the way, has not the reputation of being a very attractive writer for voices, and, with the exception of the chorus of Houris, above referred to—which is written, one may say, more after the Mendelssohnian model—the vocal part-writing in "Paradise and the Peri" is, in truth, but dull enough. The instrumentation, however, for the most part, is elegance itself; and it is no doubt in that that the strength of the work lies.

The appearance of Madame Trebelli in the contralto solo part in Schumann's cantata may be said to be the musical event of the week. If, however, the music assigned to that voice is of rather plainer character than is best fitted to display the exceptionally great skill of Madame Trebelli in vocalisation, we may at least count on an interpretation of the part—that of the angel guarding the door of paradise—marked by the highest artistic intelligence and refinement. Mrs Osgood takes the very suitable role of the Peri. The other "characters" are represented by Madlle. Friedländer, Mr Harper Kearton, and Mr A. M'Gall.

The result of the voting for the repetition of orchestral pieces is on the whole creditable to the intelligence and taste of the Glasgow public. The Pastoral and "Harold in Italy," highest among the symphonies; "Tannhauser" and "William Tell," highest of the overtures; the "Nero" and the "Sicilian Vespers" ballet music, and the "Rosamunde" incidental music, among the dance and miscellaneous pieces, tell a very creditable tale. At the same time, and if only in the interest of the fiddlers of the orchestra, on whom Wagner has but little mercy, "Tannhauser" might have been foregone for once. The "Walkyrie's Ride" had a claim, too, to be included in last Saturday's concert by reason of votes, but it was considerably kept out.

How Verdi's music came to be redemanded one is at a loss to think. The dance music division generally obtained some high numbers. Among the miscellaneous pieces Mozart's Serenade, the "Sersé" Largo (Handel), Mr Macbeth's Minuet de la Cour, and the Turkish Patrol (in Saturday's programme), were well voted for. It is curious that the result of the voting corresponds as nearly as possible in particulars with that on the occasion of Mr Mann's benefit concert last Spring at the Sydenham Crystal Palace.

A performance of "The Messiah" will be given next Saturday at popular prices, and Mr Allan Macbeth will conduct. This will be the last appearance of the orchestra this season.

A concert was given in St. Peter's Free Church a few evenings ago, by a choir composed of members of the church classes. The singing was very good indeed, considering the short time the choir has been under training. Mr Anderson conducted.

The musical association in connection with Free St Enoch's Church announce a concert of sacred and secular music for Tuesday, 1st Feb., in the hall adjoining the church. Selections in the first category will be given from Smith, Bennett, Haydn, and Handel, and in the second from Pearsall, Sullivan, and Edwards. The lithographed programme is rather artistically got up.

The choir of St. James' Parish Church (Mr Alexander, conductor) gave a concert in Faulahouse a few evenings ago, for a charitable purpose.

The concert by the Catholic Musical Association was a fairly successful display. We have heard the choir in better form, but the severe weather had doubtless something to do with the fact. Mrs Clark gave a very excellent interpretation of Gounod's "Meditation."

There was a very crowded attendance on Saturday night at the City Hall. Among the fresh arrangements of Scotch melodies brought forward at this concert by the accomplished choir

under Mr Allan's baton were "Afton Water" (the new air) and "Scots Wha Hae," both by Mr A. Patterson, a member of the choir; also, "O' a' the airts," by Mr A. Macbeth, and all three were particularly well received.

A concert took place lately in Shettleston Parish Church, under the leadership of Mr John Bogue. The choir on the occasion consisted of selected voices from Glasgow, and the music, sacred and secular, was for the most part very finely sung. The event was quite a novelty in the district.

Cowley v. Blackie.

PROFESSOR BLACKIE'S rather startling advocacy of pool, Napoleon, and the drama as suitable recreations for the first day of the week has naturally evoked a warm response from those persons whom he invited to "try their tusks" on his theories. Among those who have taken up the gauntlet is a certain Mr Cowley, who offers, for a consideration "in copper," to demolish the Edinburgh Professor, and prove that his views 'are mainly held by ethereal and erratic nebulists and semi-infidel scientists.' Bravo, Cowley! The BAILIE, for one, is ready to table his "copper" if only for the sake of learning "what kin' o' beast" an "ethereal and erratic nebulist" may be.

A "BOY-CAUGHT."

(Pat, trespassing, has just landed a fish when)
Landlord (sharply)—Come out o' that!
Pat (coolly)—I'm not in it!
Landlord (getting angry)—I won't have it.
Pat (innocently)—Shure, it's not for you!
Landlord (in a passion)—But I tell you I won't have it *done*!
Pat (throwing the fish at him)—Be jabbers! an' ye can take it *raw* if ye loike! [Runs]

BY ANY OTHER NAME.—A winter tourist in Skye states in Tuesday's *Mail* that on coming to a certain village and asking the name thereof he was answered "in pretty good English, but of strong Gaelic accent, 'Achnahenaidachan.'" If this is "pretty good English" the BAILIE wonders what hideous form or shape the clachan would assume in the Skye vernacular.

A DRUG IN THE MARKET.—A "common school teacher" notifies in the *Herald* that he wants to assist in a school for two hours in the afternoon. As "common" schulemaisters, though common enough, are seldom if ever sought after, the chances are that this uncommonly candid dominie will require to bide a wee ere he drop into the crib wanted.

Ornamented Seed, Sultana, and Bride Cakes, &c. Thorn-ton's (late Duncan's) Restaurant, corner of Buchanan Street and Royal Bank Place.

A. Manns's the Man for a' That.

IS there for German symphony
 Wha hang's the head and a' that?
 The timmer-tuned we pass him by
 We dare to list for a' that,
 For a' that and a' that,
 His toils obscure and a' that,
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp
 A. Manns's the gowd for a' that!

Ye see yon merchant wi' his hoard,
 Wha laughs and sneers at a' that
 Wi' open mouth at groanin' board,
 His ears are shut for a' that.
 For a' that and a' that,
 His vulgar show and a' that,
 The seeing eye, the hearing ear
 Are better far than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
 As come it will for a that,
 That music's worth here in the north
 We yet may see and a' that.
 For a' that and a' that,
 It's come to this for a' that,
 That men to Manns Sanct Mungo o'er
 Neo flock in crowds for a' that.

THE BROOM-MEN.

(Scene—Gordon Street, 9 a.m., Thursday morning last; a posse of curlers are hurrying to catch a train, each with his broomstick in hand).

Frenchman (to friend)—Are these convicts going to sweep the streets? In my country they'd be chained together.

A PLAYFUL PONY.—Read this advertisement from a Glasgow daily, and then marvel at the spread of education:—"Pony for Sale, very handsome, winner of races; plays polo." To the ordinary pony polo is anything rather than "play," but this accomplished animal, having mastered the Oriental pastime, no doubt enjoys it. We may next hear of cats and rabbits playing at vivisection, or of bullocks indulging in the sports of the slaughter-house.

A BIG THING.—An enterprising and world-renowned firm of Edinburgh stationers—Messrs Macniven & Cameron—announce as "just out" "the Big 'J' Pen." The BAILIE has not tried the article, but often has he, when desirous of denouncing some outrage on sense or humanity, felt the want of a "big, big D," pen!

Synonymous—"The Power of Sound" and the Sound of Pauer.

THE "ZOEDONE" AGENCY, 47 Waterloo Street, Glasgow.

"They come as a boon and a blessing to men,
 The PICKWICK, the OWL, and the WAVERLEY PEN."
 Also the HINDOO Pens, Nos. 1, 2, and 3—diagonal points.
 "They are a treasure."—*Standard*.
 Sold at 6d and 1s per Box, at all Stationers:
 Beware of the party offering imitations.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT it has been too cold to talk about anything.

That the plumbers and gasfitters have been in great demand.

That their charges have risen to the height of the occasion.

That a frost like this doesn't occur twice a year.

That the votaries of the "roaring game" are having a high old time of it.

That the "roaring" usually continues long after the curlers have left the ice.

That a flooded field is about as valuable just now as a corner public-house, or a coal-pit.

That the farmers ken the crap that pays best.

That the Glasgow Liberals have been relieved of all anxiety regarding the Lord Advocate.

That his Lordship will attend no more raffles and tea-and-cookie shines in the metropolis of the West.

That the "Hon. Secretary" has been deprived of the glory of seating a member of Her Majesty's Government.

That "Thos. Russell of Ascog" is quite reconciled to the prospect of the Lord Advocate getting the Edinburgh seat.

That the Collins' memorial is making progress.

That it will be a cold water affair.

That the landlords took an opportunity last week to ventilate their grievances.

That the chief landlord's grievance for the moment is want of tenants.

That we are threatened with another parasite burgh.

That the proprietor of Kelvinside estate thinks his bit "plottie" should have a Provost and Bailies all to itself.

That Kelvinside has as good a right to a Provost as any other place.

That our detectives have a chance for distinguishing themselves at last.

That to "lay salt" on the thief who stole the nine thousand pounds worth of jewellery would be the making of any "polis" in the force.

That we won't be too sanguine about the catching of the thieves till we hear of "Messrs Henry C. Green & Co," of Hatton Gardens, London, paying over their £500 reward.

A "Bell" Collection—The chimes at the Cross.

"Rejected Addresses"—The Right Honourable the Lord Advocate's.

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

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10s 6d, 15s 6d, 21s, to 30s. Special Mourning Orders finished
in a few hours if required. A saving of from 25 to 50 per cent.
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Beautiful TRIMMED CHIP and TUSCAN HATS for
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REAL BEAVER HATS.

Magnificent Large Beaver Hats—Black, Brown, Olive, Navy,
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now for 4s 11d; these are the very best quality ever sold in this
country. Latest Shapes only. Also, all Colours and Shapes,
second quality, for 1s 11d.

FELT, CAMEL HAIR, ESQUIMAUX HATS for
Ladies or Misses—

All Colours, all Shapes, 4½d each.
All Colours, all Shapes, 7½d "
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See Details in last Friday's Papers.

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Depot for Murray, Sons, & Co.'s Mellow Smoking Mixture.
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his Depot to see the "MELLOW" and judge for themselves.
The following Testimonials are a few of the many which have
been received:—"Known to Smokers for its Mellow Mildness
in use. We saw orders and inquiries for this article fit to make
any provincial house proud."—*Land and Water*. "Of the many
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no hesitation in giving the palm to this Brand. Has a most
pleasing and soothing effect."—*Civil Service Gazette*. 8 oz. post
free for 3s 4d. 7 Prime Cigars (rare value), 1s. Real Lunkah
Cheroots, 8 for 1s. The Trade supplied with large or small
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The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 26th, 1881.

THE BAILIE congratulates the proprietors of property along the line of York and West Streets on the good fortune likely to accrue to them should the scheme for erecting a swing bridge over the river be carried out. At all events, if these gentlemen be not benefited by the erection of a swing bridge connecting the two streets named, it is difficult to see what other party could be a gainer. The general public would certainly be in no way bettered by the raising of the structure. York and West Streets lie far away from the great lines of city traffic. The portion of the harbour above the proposed monstrosity would be deserted by all but vessels of the lighter class, or the smaller coasting steamers. What a swing bridge would cost is a matter which no one seems able to calculate, but that it would be a very large sum indeed is at once admitted by the busy, speculative gentlemen who are eagerly urging forward the scheme. Of one thing, however, the tax-payers may be sure, and that is that the Corporation would have to pay through the nose to the Clyde Trustees were the erection proceeded with. Report hath it that the Caledonian Railway had to "stump up" to the Trust—to use an expressive vulgarism—to the tune of £25,000 for liberty to construct their bridge at Jamaica Street; and as the injury caused to the harbour by the swing bridge would be incalculably larger than that done by the railway one, the payment would have to be so much the greater in proportion. As the BAILIE has said, the only people who are likely to be benefited by the scheme are the proprietors of property in the neighbourhood, and he therefore trusts that Mr DEAS will return the plans he has been maturing for seven years to their former pigeon-hole, and will allow them to rest there till they are really wanted—which will be about the era of the Greek Kalends.

"PLEASE DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH!"—A Glasgow clergyman lectured last week on "Laughter." The BAILIE is unacquainted with the reverend gentleman's claim to speak with authority on the subject, but he can testify that many of his brethren are highly successful in producing cachinnatory demonstrations even when they least intend it.

A Mere En-Cumbræ-ance!
SPEAKING at the annual dinner of the Glasgow Stirlingshire and Sons of the Rock Society the other evening, Sir James Alexander expressed the hope that "before long we should see the Little Cumbræ fortified, and two or three 38-ton guns mounted, so as to secure the safety of this river, which was at present greatly neglected. (Applause.)" The inhabitants of the Little Cumbræ are much obliged to Sir James for his well-meant suggestion; but they consider themselves sufficiently "fortified" by their native whisky, and already possess "great guns" enough to terrify any foreign foe. They would therefore respectfully propose that, if any addition should be deemed necessary to the frowning fortress yclept Matilda, the new "strong place of arms" should be Ailsa Craig—or "the Gantocks."

A BIRD FED'S WORTH TWO DEAD.

O say some words for the poor wee birds,
Not words, but deed; the sparrow feeds;
Then give him bread, or crumbs, or grain,
And when he's fed, say "Come again."

A "Social" Phenomenon.

DOES dear old Granny aspire to be a "society" paper, or what? In a recent leader she advocates the establishment of "a social test," as well as moral and physical ones, in the case of candidates for commissions in the navy. In the good old days this social test might have dealt with the aspirant's ability to mix rum-punch and carry a full cargo of that seductive beverage without too decided a "list to port" or starboard; but things are different now-a-days. Perhaps grandmamma's newly-developed aristocratic notions would be satisfied, and she would consider a young fellow "socially" qualified to dance at seaport balls and burn nigger villages if he could prove that his cousin's wife's uncle was an "Honourable" or that he himself had shaken hands with a Lord. But take care, old lady. The paths of "society" and fashion are devious and steep for aged and unaccustomed limbs to travel.

AT GORBALS CROSS THERMOMETER.

"Now is the winter of our discontent."
Down by degrees so zero-us a descent
Ne'er was till now by marking Mercury kent.

"Frighted with False Fire"—The pantaloons by the red poker.

Bold Bad Boers (bores)—Transvaal Dutchmen.

Protestantism Run Rabid.

THE BAILIE respects the motives which actuate the members of such associations as the Glasgow Protestant Missionary Society, but his respect would be increased if they could infuse a little more common sense and common charity into their words and works. As an instance of what is objected to, take the G. P. M. S.'s annual report, just published, which speaks of "a new danger" arising

"From the arrival on our shores of a large number of Jesuits, who have been expelled, under a law of self-preservation, from Popish France. These Jesuits are pests of society, and will leave no stone unturned to carry on their hateful and God-dishonouring work."

If, instead of indulging in such ignorant and rancorous denunciations as this, the directors of the G. P. M. S. would endeavour to copy the laborious and self-denying charity which usually distinguishes these same "hateful pests of society," they would better serve that Protestantism of which his Worship is as staunch a champion as any blatant platform-spouter of them all.

THE "POWERFUL" GOVERNMENT.

Run your rig, an' think of Wigan!
Now reaction 'gainst your faction
And inaction on infraction
Of the laws; certain straws
Show how there blows the wind, and grows
A discontent from time misspent
In petty wrangling, 'stead of strangling
The snaky lot Saint Pat forgot,
And left—to twine a Gordian knot.

A STATESMAN.

(Scene—Mrs Macarthur's "bar;" Several genial spirits discussing "spirits" and the Irish question).

Canny Scot—But Parnell is no statesman.

Home Ruler (excitedly)—Begorra an' you're wrong there, my friend. I know for a fact he has three estates in Oireland.

"'R' IS FOR THE DOG."—*Romeo and Juliet*.
—In an advertisement for a strayed Scotch terrier which appears in the *London Echo*, it is mentioned that the animal's name is—"Peppah!" Shade of Dandie Dinmont! Fancy a douce Scotch beastie being forced by the Southron loon its master to answer to—"Peppah!"

"The Gracious Dunca"—To resign in favour of Sonny.

A Frost, a Killing Frost—Last week's.

The Best Place to Dine.—The Merchants' Restaurant, 58 Mitchell Street.

Furniture for Cash "Doon on the Nail." GARDNER & HARDIE, 42 Great Clyde Street.

Homeliness, Goodness, and—Whisky!

SOMEBODY advertising for a barman says that the successful candidate must have a "homely but good address," the word "address" evidently referring here to manner rather than to place of abode. The condition stated, raises a somewhat nice question. The barman must not, it is clear, cultivate a "high English" style or adopt the language of euphuism in informing his customers that "it's a fine night" or that they have "had plenty." He is to be "homely," but then he is also to be "good," and the difficulty will be to combine the goodness and the homeliness in the due proportions. The best way to be at once good and homely would be, perhaps, to mingle moral precepts with his "bitter" and philosophic truths with his "halves," truths and precepts being couched in popular and colloquial terms. He would thus, while meeting his employer's views, become at the same time an important educational agent and an active auxiliary in the battle to which Messrs Kidston, Long, & Co. have devoted their mighty powers. The idea is as "good" as it is novel, and as "homely" as it is great, and it will, the BAILIE trusts, be duly carried out.

A BARBAROUS JOKE.

(Scene—Schoolroom).

Teacher—Well, I am astonished none of you know what shampoo means.

[Silence from the scholars.]

Teacher—What does the barber say after he cuts your hair?

Youngster (newly from the hair-dresser)—Please, sir, he says "Next."

[Collapse of teacher.]

PAULTRY SACRILEGE. — That was rather a good modern instance of an ancient saw at Greenock the other day, when a Mr Paul coolly requisitioned the contents of a "Peter's Pence" box in an R. C. chapel of that ilk, and was forthwith sent to pris'n for taking that which wasn't his'n. This "robbing Peter to pay Paul" is a custom more honoured in the breach than in the observance. If the culprit had been up in his "Horæ Paulinæ" he surely wouldn't have "gone for" Peter.

The M'Laren Comedy—Ministerial Chorus—
"We'll all feel gay when *Johnnie* comes marching home!"

GENTLEMEN'S Cloth Made and Trimmed, Suits, 18s; Overcoats, 14s.; Fit, Workmanship, Trimmings guaranteed—
EWART BAIN, 59 Bridge Street.

Megilp.

THE Hanging Committee of the Fine Art Institute—which opens to the public on Tuesday next—are still busy at work, but they are likely to bring their labours to a close by Wednesday night at furthest. So numerous are the pictures for which they are anxious to find a place, that it is proposed to utilise the walls of the Sculpture Gallery for hanging purposes—a notion which, if carried out, will necessitate the distribution of the sculpture exhibits over the galleries generally. The large Gallery, the hanging of which was completed on Saturday, has an exceedingly interesting look. A prominent place has been found on the walls for a finished sketch by Holman Hunt—a name which “the general” are likely to bend down and worship—and for two remarkable portraits, one by William M’Taggart, and the other by George Reid. A Troyon, a “Landscape and Cattle,” which seems to have been in the Institute before—is it in 1861?—is also in the large gallery.

The sculpture department of the Exhibition will be enriched by three marble busts from the skilful chisel of James E. Fwing. They are likenesses of Dr Cameron, M.P., of the late Sheriff Galbraith, and of the late Mrs John Forrester.

William Glover has sent a Holy Loch, or rather an Echaig picture to the Institute. In the foreground are the pebbly banks of the river, the middle distance is occupied by the flat meadows which were at one time covered by the waters of the loch, while beyond the meadows are the noble forms of the Glen Lean mountains. The other contributions sent to the galleries by Mr Glover are small in size but good in quality—one of them, a little harbour on the West Highland coast, being remarkably fine.

“The Covenanters” of J. E. Christie, and H. H. Le Thangue’s “Christ at the Pool of Bethesda”—the work which gained the Royal Academy gold medal in the autumn of 1879—are also among the Institute pictures.

Tom Donald’s largest contribution to the Institute—which is probably the best picture he has yet painted—is a Loch Katrine scene. A road fringed by silver birches occupies the left of the canvas, in front are the waters of the loch, while the grand masses of Ben Venue fill up the background. Mr Donald’s second picture is an upright termed “The Old Ford”—a “bit” from the Brig o’ Turk district, and his other two are “The Moorland Road” and “On the Gareluch.”

“The Arrest of Geoffrey Peveril,” “A Sleeping Monk,” “A Cavalier of the Olden Time,” and a clever portrait of Miss Muir Wood, are Duncan M Kellar’s Institute pictures; while of those sent in by his friend Alex. Davidson, two are entitled respectively “Memories” and “Paddy’s Dinner.” Another is a small, carefully handled canvas representing a girl in the costume of the last century seated at a window, and the last is a finely-touched water-colour, a bit in the garden at Woolston Hall.

A large, sunny picture, which he has termed “A Summer’s Day,” “At Anchor”—a group of fishing boats lying off a rocky foreground, and a capital little snow piece, are John Taylor’s Institute works.

Joseph Henderson’s likeness of Mr John Forrester will be among the portraits exhibited on the walls of the Institute. A picture of “Whins,” painted at the Maidens—a large and important canvas, vivid in colour and strong in handling—“The Horse-Pond at Garrochty,” and a quiet little sea piece, are the other pictures sent by Mr Henderson to the Exhibition.

“Fermain Bay, Jersey—Evening Effect,” “Cainant Mawr, North Wales,” and a view on the river Wye, Monmouthshire, are the contributions of Charles N. Woolnoth. They are one and all distinguished by excellent judgment in selection, by fine balance, and by much beauty of composition.

The election of Frank Dick-see to an Associateship of the Royal Academy on Thursday last was a foregone conclusion, but people—in Scotland at least—are opening their eyes at the elevation of Hamo Thornycroft into an A.R.A. If a sculptor were wanted by the Academicians, why pass over, it is asked, George A. Lawson? Other three Associates are to be elected on Friday, and two of them, if we may judge by Thursday’s voting, are likely to be A. C. Gow and Albert Moore. Hopes are entertained by the London Scottish—artists, that is—that

the third may be Colin Hunter. At all events if Mr Hunter doesn’t get an A.R.A.-ship on Thursday, we may console ourselves with the fact that he deserves it as well if not better than any one of the three on whom the dignity has been conferred.

“The Road to Ruin,” the Hogarthian series of pictures painted in 1878 by Frith. R.A., will be placed on exhibition by Mr Marsden, the well-known dealer, in the rooms of the Water Colour Society next month.

DESERVING OBJECTS.—Somebody writes to a contemporary suggesting the establishment in Glasgow of a “bazaar for necessitous gentlewomen.” The BAILIE begs to second the motion, and to propose in addition a bazaar for necessitous gentlemen, who have been spoiled of their substance at bazaars of the ordinary type.

AN ICE STATE OF THINGS.—Granny and some of her correspondents have had a good deal to say of late about “The Isolation of Greenock,” a condition of matters to which they seem to object. This is very unreasonable. As if anything but ice-olation could be expected in the weather we have had!

GLASGOW FLESHERS’ BALL.—The Silvery Duck that glided so gently under the wings of one of our favourite Birds of Passage, in the First Set of Quadrilles, was not, in my opinion, the Belle of the Ball.—JOSEPH.

ROYALTY THEATRE.
Lessee and Manager.....Mr E. L. KNAPP.
MR AND MRS CHIPPENDALE
AND
Miss CARLOTTA ADDISON.
TUESDAY and THURSDAY, 25rd and 27th January, at 7-30,
“SHE SPOOPS TO CONQUER.”
Concluding with the Popular Farce,
“A REGULAR FIX.”

ROYALTY THEATRE.
ANNUAL BENEFIT OF
MR E. L. KNAPP.
WEDNESDAY EVENING, 26TH JANUARY.
The Performance will Commence with FALCONER’S Celebrated
Play,
“EXTREMES.”
To Conclude with (by Desire) the Celebrated SCREEN SCENE
from “THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.”

THE GAILETY.
Proprietor and Director,Mr C. BERNARD.
Manageress.....Mrs BERNARD.
TO-NIGHT, and Every Evening till further notice, the
ANNUAL EXTRAVAGANZA AND PANTOMIME
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Box Office Open Daily from 10 till 4.
General Manager and Secretary.....Mr SAM. H. S. AUSTIN.

SCOTIA MUSIC HALL.
116 STOCKWELL STREET,
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The most popular place of Amusement in the city. Nightly
crowded with delighted audiences. Largest and best Variety
Company in Scotland.
Concert at 7; Saturday, 6.
Prices to suit all classes.

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(Under Royal Letters-Patent from The Crown.)

Manager,.....Miss LITTON (Mrs W. Robertson).

LAST WEEK.

SATURDAY NEXT, Special Extra Grand Illuminated
MORNING PERFORMANCE, at 2 p.m.

(Performance same as in the Evening.)

Seats can be secured at once. CHILDREN HALF-PRICE.

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SUCCESS OF THE YEAR.

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FRESH ATTRACTIONS. NEW NOVELTIES.

SKATING—LIME LIGHT. NO SNOW.

ROARS OF LAUGHTER AT THE

COMICAL SKATING LESSON,

THE LE FRE BROTHERS.

THE TWO COMICAL HARVESTMEN.

DIALOGUE, DANCE, AND SONGS.

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APPLAUSE.

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TWO GRAND BALLETS.

100 CHILDREN,

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FARMER'S Celebrated NURSERY RHYMES.

CLOWN.....The Famous PAULO.

Doors Open at 6-30. Extra Price till 7. Commence, 7-30.

Box Office NOW OPEN Daily, from 10 to 4.

Seats may be secured at Messrs Muir Wood's, Buchanan
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C O N C E R T S .**

SATURDAY, 29TH JANUARY,

In Celebration of the BIRTH-DAY of ROBERT BURNS, another

GREAT POPULAR BURNS' NIGHT.

BURNS' JOLLY BEGGARS,

BURNS' SONGS AND PART-SONGS,

ARTISTES:

BURNS' POEMS.

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Mr W. H. DARLING.

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And Mr W. M. MILLER'S CHOIR.

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"PARADISE AND THE PERI."

ST. ANDREW'S HALL, TUESDAY, 25th JANUARY,

SOLO VOCALISTS—

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Mdlle. FRIEDLANDER.

MADAME TREBELLI.

Mr HARPER KEARTON.

Mr A. M'CALL.

FULL CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA.

Conductor,Mr AUGUST MANNS.

Tickets, 10s 6d, 6s 6d, 4s, 3s, 2s (NO SHILLING ADMIS-
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Doors Open at 7. Concert at 8.

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ST. ANDREW'S HALL,

SATURDAY, 29TH JANUARY, 1881.

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FULL CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA.

CONDUCTOR—MR ALLAN MACBETH.

Tickets, 2s 6d (Reserved); Admission, 1s, at Paterson's, 152
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TUESDAY (Last Night but Four),

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Prices as usual.

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ST. ANDREW'S HALL, THURSDAY, 27th JAN., AT 8 P.M.
Subject—"Gas and Electricity as Heating Agents."
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SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT.
GEMS FROM THE ORATORIOS.

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WEDNESDAY, 9TH FEBRUARY.
PRINCIPALS—
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Mdme. SINICO,
Mdlle. VOGRI, CONTRALTO,
SIGNOR VIDAL, TENOR,
AND
Signor CAMPOBELLO.

The Ballot for Places will take place on SATURDAY, 29th, and Subscribers may be Enrolled till the 28th, at Muir Wood's, 42 Buchanan Street.

Rates per Seat, 5s, 3s, and 2s 6d.

SATURDAY, 5TH FEBRUARY.

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KENNEDY'S
NIGHT WITH BURNS.

SATURDAY, 5TH FEBRUARY.

Commence at 7-45.

Admission—Balcony, 2s; Body of Hall, 1s.

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Members of Mr Lambeth's Choir will attend and render some Pieces of Vocal Music.

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The Concluding Sale of this Collection will take place early in March. Details hereafter.

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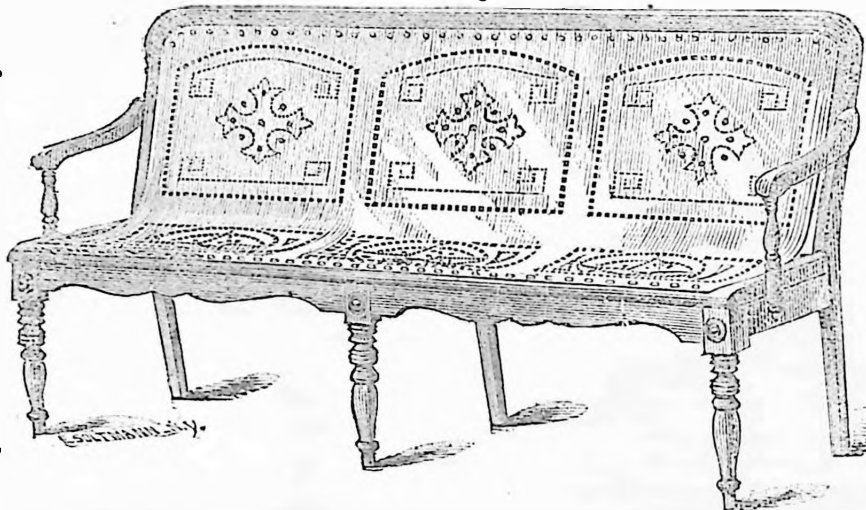
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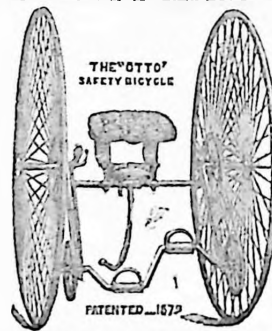
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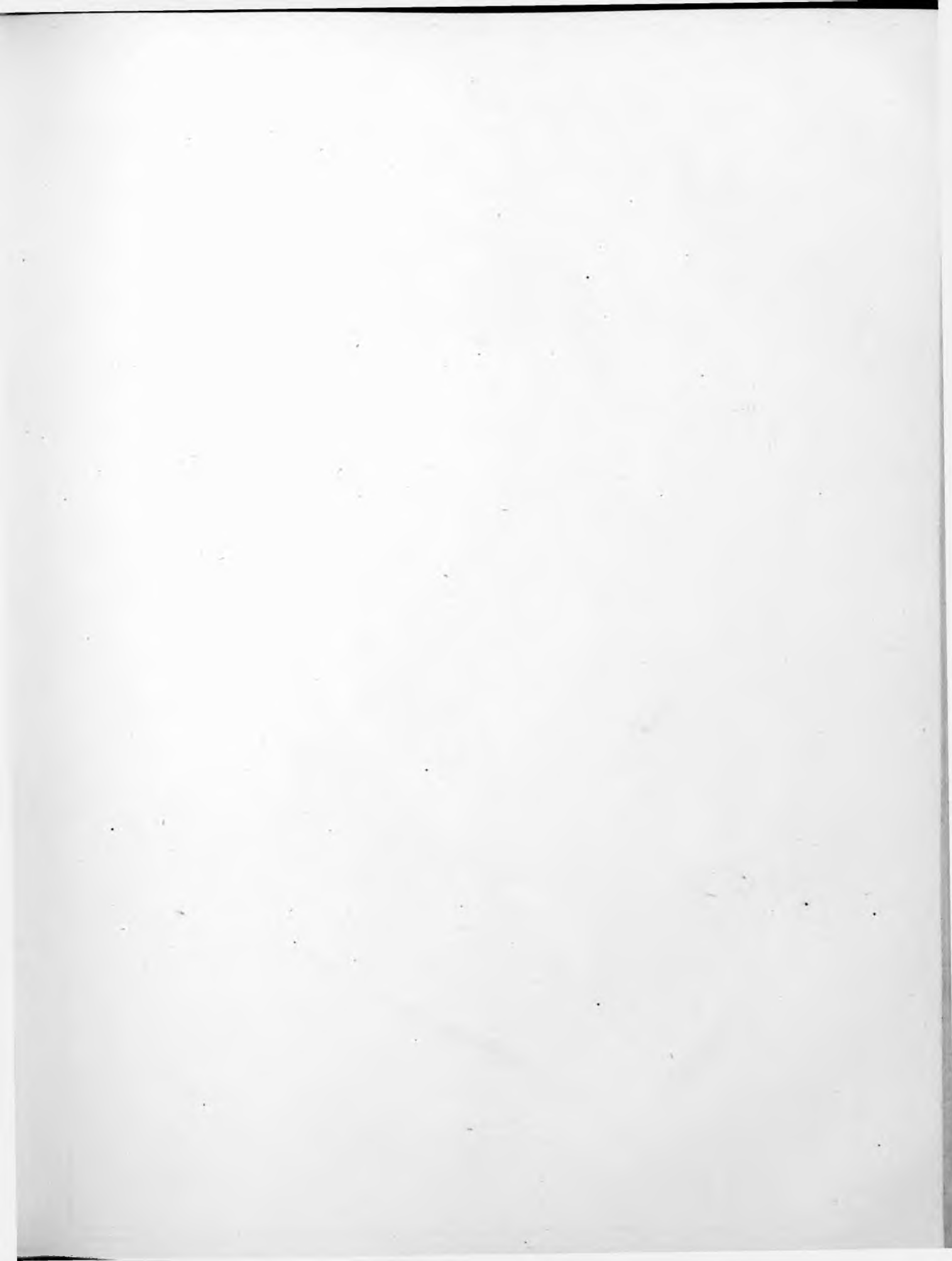
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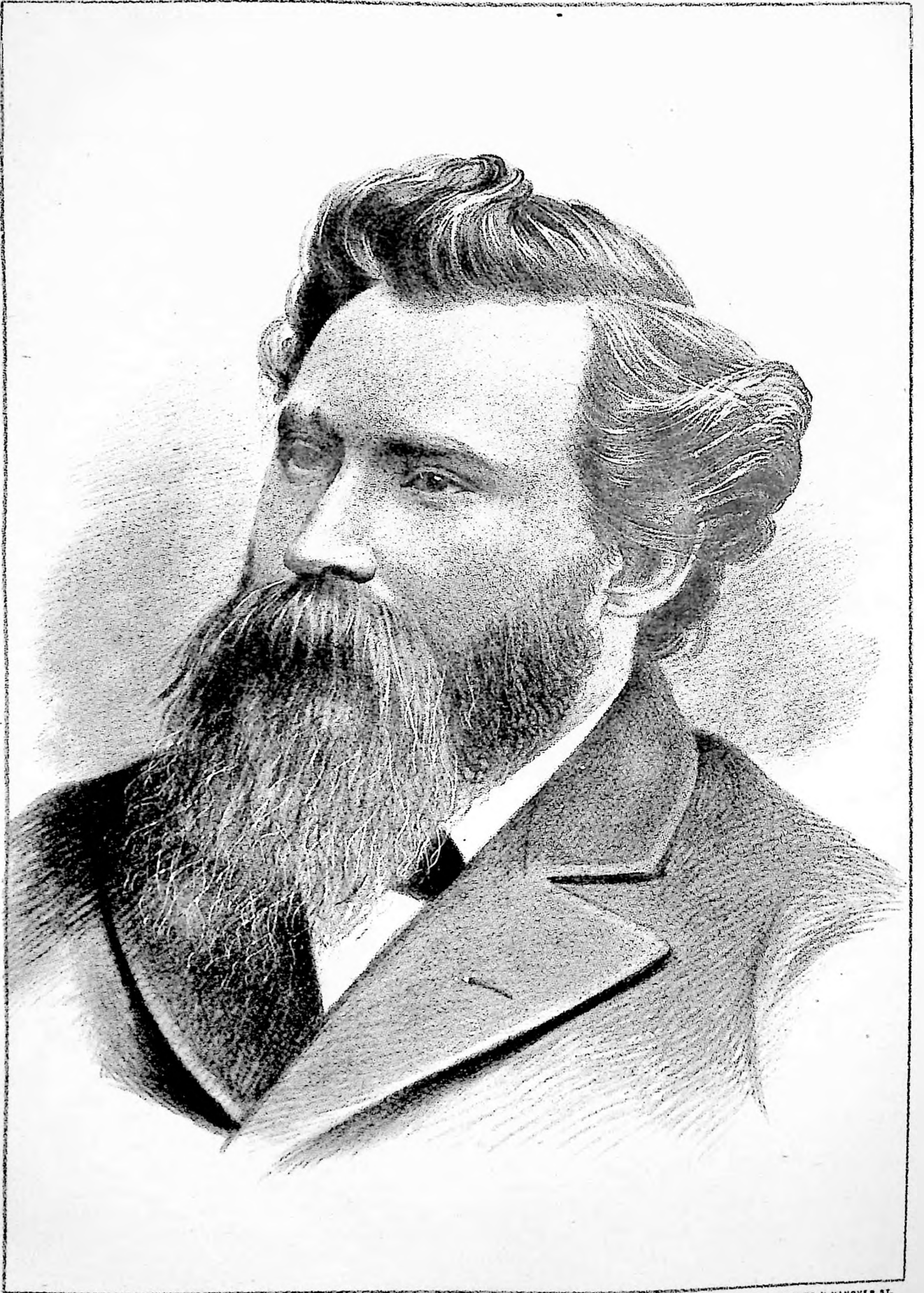
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The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 433. Glasgow, Wednesday, February 2nd, 1881. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 433.

SURELY of all known professions that of the landscape painter is the most to be desired. His is a holiday life from month to month and from year to year. Other men have their seasons of work and their seasons of play, but with the landscapeist work and play are convertible terms. His days are passed in the presence of the gracious or the moving aspects of nature. The procession of the seasons—Spring with its tenderness, the blinding sunlight of Summer, golden, glorious Autumn, and Winter, grey with rain or white with snow—supplies him with material for the exercise of his skill. But if the artist is happy in the pursuit of his art, that art is in turn the source of abundant delight to those less favoured who, in populous city pent, have still a longing regard for blue breadths of air, for heaped masses of cloud, for the mountains or the forest or the sea. His familiarity with nature becomes theirs. He invests them, so to speak, with his own possessions. And he not only brings them face to face with the Great Mother, but he enables them to understand, in some fashion, her varying moods—from the brooding quiet of an October wood, to the terror of a mighty wave as it breaks in foam on a rockbound coast. This week, in consonance with his usual custom at the opening of the Fine Art Institute, the BAILIE has selected the portrait of an artist wherewith to grace his pages. WILLIAM CARLAW is Glasgow born and bred, and any enumeration of West Country art which took no note of his work would be woefully incomplete. One of the gentlest of men, he is also one of the most earnest and enthusiastic of artists. His likeness, indeed, was limned in anticipation by the great master of the English novel, when he drew the "J. J." of

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"The Newcomes." Like that most charming of all the creations of Thackeray, Mr CARLAW began to draw almost as soon as he began to speak. As a boy a pencil was seldom out of his hand. He was early sent to the School of Art, and when school days were over he entered the lithographic establishment of Messrs Maclure & Macdonald as a draughtsman, and here he remained for the considerable space of eleven years. It must not be supposed, however, that the years spent at the lithographic desk were years thrown away. It was really during them that Mr CARLAW gained not only his mastery over form but that accurate knowledge of black and white which stands him now in such excellent stead. His daily work, moreover, assisted to preserve, and if possible increase his native devotion to art. Water-colour, especially, became with him a passion. Every spare hour was given to its study. By and bye this constancy found a reward in increased skill in the practice of the medium. At that time Water-colour was by no means so popular as it is now, but so delicate and yet so correct were some drawings sent by Mr CARLAW to the Institute and the Royal Scottish Academy, that they were not only hung, but they found ready and even eager purchasers. A like success attended his contributions to the excellent Water-colour Exhibitions continued over two or three seasons by Messrs M'Clure & Sons, and stimulated by this encouragement our friend ultimately saw his way to abandon lithography and enter the lists as a professional artist. Those who are familiar with Mr CARLAW'S work know that, while appreciating every species of subject, he is most in love with the sea and sea-side effects. He likes, as he says himself, to hear the sound of the waves. Hitherto his sketching ground has been mainly on our east and west coasts—about St. Monance and Ballintrae—but in 1877

he made a short tour in the south of Ireland with Mr Colin Hunter. While supplying him with some fresh material this excursion also deepened the hold which our own native landscape had already acquired over his feelings. When coming up the Clyde on his return it seemed to him that he had never truly understood the magnificence of our noble river till then. "Why is it," he asked himself, "that our painters go so far afield for their subjects, with such magnificent scenes lying close to their own doors," and he mentally registered a vow that he would strive to make himself, above all things, a Scottish artist, and that in the most direct sense of the term. One of the distinguishing characteristics of Mr CARLAW'S art is the closeness with which he studies nature and natural effects. His work is mainly done in the open air. It must not be supposed, however, that he has any anxiety to emulate the minuteness which belongs to photography. The spirit of a scene, and not the little, uninteresting bits of detail, is what our friend, like all true artists, endeavours to catch. Mr CARLAW'S contributions to the present Exhibition of the Institute are four in number, and one of them, a twilight effect bearing the title of "The Day that glides by amidst unfinished toil," is four feet in length, and is consequently the most important work which has yet left his easel. Of the others, two are East Coast pictures, and present a happy combination of figures and fishing-boats, while the third is a snow piece, the most prominent object in which is a group of fir trees. Coming back for a moment to the general subject of art and artists, the BAILIE would like to say in a word how much he delights in pictures, and what value he attaches to them as means towards lending grace and sweetness to the lives of toiling men :

Mute orators! well skilled to plead,
And send conviction without phrase,
They can succor and remede,
The weakness of our days.

GIVING 'EM THE BAG.—A foreman is wanted for a bakery "doing about 45 sacks weekly." My conscience! If it's a case of "sack" 45 times a-week, how many new foremen will be wanted every day?

To Our Tramway Servants—"Mair" pow'r to ye!

EVERY MAN TO HIS TRADE.—Manchester House, by dealing solely in Cottons, Linens, Flannels, Blankets, buy more largely and therefore Cheaper than Houses that sell everything. STEPHEN'S, 179 Sauchiehall Street.

The Driver's Ditty.

"Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud."—
Romeo and Juliet.

FROM the stable to the stable—
What a day's work lies between!—
Ye who sit at cosy table

Cannot think what this may mean

Late and early
Working, barely

With the horses on a par ;
Sleeping hours excepted, rarely
Off the rack or off the car.

Horses have their rests between-times—
Must be cared for, must be fed ;
But we men know few blest bean-times—
Horses cost so much ahead :

You're a man, sir !

Where's your car, sir ?

Snatch your meal just where you are—
Where you are, or get for answer,
Someone else must drive the car.

O the cold, cold winter's weather !
Cold as ice the iron break ;
Cold the reins frost-glued together ;
Cold the very breaths I make ;

Fingers deadened,
Face all reddened

With the wind ; release afar ;
Head and heart alike beleadened—
Weary me !—I drive the car.

O the tiresome all day standing,
Feet benumbed in icy boots !

O the weary wish of landing
For a run beside the brutes !

Bell and whistle
Jag like thistle

All day long, till every star
Peeps pitying down—then, bone and gristle
Racked, I walk from off the car.

Surely when in death I slumber,
And my badge my masters claim
Surely I'll make up that number.

And be known at length by name,
Where the tired ones—
Weary hired ones

Here on earth—find heaven ajar ;
Where the Master seeks inspired ones
E'en in those who drove a car.

ALL HANDS TO THE PUMPS.

(Scene—*En route* to "South Albion Street.")

Tam—Hey, Jock, 'ull ye "bail" us oot?

Jock—I'd need ta ken first hoo muckle's int'l ye.

A CURE FOR TIGHTNESS.—A certain quack medicine being recommended as a remedy for "a sense of tightness," Asinus intends to provide himself with a supply the next time he purposes going "on the scoop."

When is a Bill in Parliament like the "Banns" of Marriage?—When it's read three times to be sure.

"Obstructives"—Fog, snow, and wind.

THE "ZOEDONE" AGENCY, 47 Waterloo Street, Glasgow.

Some Words of Weight.

THE other morning there appeared in the daily papers a paragraph of a kind which is but too common. It was to the effect that on the preceding day "a large number of parties" were fined by the Stipendiary for "having had in their possession unjust and unstamped weights and measures, and incorrect beams and scales," and concluded with the suggestion that "all parties" "should satisfy themselves as to the correctness" of their weights and measures by having them examined and stamped. Now this whole proceeding strikes the BAILIE as nothing short of a highly objectionable kind of farce. The paltry fines imposed at wide intervals on these wretched defrauders of the poor are very speedily made up by their systematic "stealings," while any unpleasant decrease of custom is prevented by the reporters' considerate suppression of names and addresses. A few smart sentences of imprisonment, with the public identification of the criminals, would soon cause a diminution in this meanest of all kinds of theft. As long as the offence is treated as a simple oversight, or at the worst an indiscretion, so long will it continue to flourish and to spread, and so long will offending "parties" chuckle over their unrighteous gains.

"SINGLE AGAIN."

(Scene—A barber's shop; An old customer enters to get his hair cut.)

Barber (to old customer)—Hullo, Edward, what a stranger you are, you haven't been in here since you were married.

Old Customer—Man, I've had scarcely any hair on my head since then, and had nae need tae come here.

Barber—Ah, I see. Well, I presume you and "her" are agreeable now, seeing you have ventured giving us a visit again.

Old Customer (gleefully)—Oh aye, man, she's deid noo!

"HIGH ENGLISH."—In reporting a case of cruelty to animals, a local "liner" speaks of a lame horse being vainly "ordered to proceed." Perhaps if it had been merely told to go on it might have obeyed.

The "Block" System—Parnellism.

Gentlemen-at-Arms—Duellists.

"They come as a boon and a blessing to men,
The PICKWICK, the OWL, and the WAVERLEY PEN."
Also the HINDOO Pens, Nos. 1, 2, and 3—diagonal points.

"They are a treasure."—Standard.

Sold at 6d and 1s per Box, at all Stationers:

Beware of the party offering imitations.

On 'Change.

ONCE more do I find myself inclined to shout, "Make your games, gentlemen, while the ball rolls." The ball is rolling with a vengeance, and this week there are a few more gold companies. There is another one to be called the Madras. It is called the Madras because it is not near Madras. In fact, it is 160 miles up country; but when profits are fabulous, what does it matter about a few hundreds of miles more or less?

In one of the prospectuses of a gold company (in Canada this time), I observe the name of the Duke of Montrose. He is described as living in "Buchanan Castle, Glasgow." That almost sounds as if his Grace had a palatial residence in Buchanan St., not in Buchanan Parish.

Berliner Grundbesitz-Actien-Gesellschaft wants money from Scottish capitalists. Berliner, &c., wants £200,000, and will give 5 per cent. for it. Why should not Berliner, &c., raise the money at home?

There is more sense in an appeal from Egypt for £396,000. Egypt offers 6 per cent., and gives all kinds of ingenious promises regarding the security. There is a large quantity of British money in Egypt now which will never come back again. If the Delta could be made into another land of Goshen, there might be some hope, but there is not much Goshen to be had now.

SCRUTATOR.

AN INCIDENT OF THE ICE!

(Scene—Lochlomond; Crowd getting over an iron fence on their way to the ice.)

Highland Gamekeeper—Hullo you there! What you'll do sklimmin' over the airn dyke in hunners—wan by wan—can you'll no go at wance an' no bend the airn hedge that way?

"Gemmy's" Assistant (looking indignant and pointing towards the loch)—The fact o' the matter's this; I'll get something to pit a stop tae that loch a' thegither. (*Sotto voce*)—It's no verra likely we're gan tae stan here and let folk ow'r for naething.

EDINBURGH "CULTURE."—Certain enlightened citizens of Edinburgh are at present engaged in "demonstrating" against the Free Libraries Act. Some of their "arguments" are, as usual, peculiar. Thus, one gentleman—a Councillor, "by the same token"—made a point of the fact that the Free Library movement was revived "now that they had a bookseller in the civic chair." This can only mean that the speaker suspects his municipal chief of a deep-laid scheme to line his own pockets by contracting for the lining of the prospective library's shelves! The BAILIE has pleasure in leaving the Councillor to settle the matter with the Lord Provost.

A Tee-totaller—A "summer" of the "roaring game."

The Cider-Sea of Teetotallers—Loch Drunkie

A Place of "Note"—The reporters' gallery.

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.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—The last nights of "Lurline" at the Gaiety are now announced, Mr Bernard having arranged to produce the Imperial success of "Little Billee" on Monday next. Of course the house will be filled every evening up till Saturday. The vocal part of "Lurline" is so good that the audiences ought to have been crowded ones from the outset.

"Little Billee" has the merit that both the music and the libretto have been written by Englishmen.

"Betsy" has replaced the Chippendale's at the Royalty Theatre. It will be supported by the same admirable company who have already appeared in it on Mr Knapp's boards.

We are promised a visit next week, at the Royalty, from George Rignold, when the "Henry V." of Shakespeare will be produced. The last occasion on which "handsome George" appeared on the Glasgow stage was when he sustained the part of *Clancarty* at the Gaiety.

When Mr Compton who, as it seems, was only yesterday playing little parts at the Theatre Royal—comes to the Royalty, he will essay, among other characters, that of *Malvolio*. Our last *Malvolio* in Glasgow was Mr Chippendale, and well he played the part. The *Sir Toby* of that cast was Rogers, the *Sir Andrew* old Compton, and the *Maria* Mrs Fitzwilliam—all of whom have now "gone over to the majority."

The Theatre Royal remains closed this week, the workmen being busy re-arranging the interior in view of the coming series of promenade concerts. These begin on Monday next, and already public expectation regarding them is waxing wondrous eager. Were it nothing else, indeed, than to view the fine house from the platform erected over the pit the sight ought to draw the public to the theatre.

The vocal company who will appear next week will include Signor Foli, who will appear every night of the six.

What a wonderful knowledge of verse has our chairman of the Chamber of Commerce unfolded within the past day or two! At Mr Readman's dinner he began with Scott and closed with—somebody else, and when making the presentation to Principal Caird, so proud had he been of the Readman display that he again burst into poetry—and this time he succeeded, with an effort, in including the quotation.

Is the "swing bridge" over the river to be gone on with? Surely our pastors and masters will think once, twice, or even thrice before agreeing to the project. Only think of the expense, if of nothing else. The little swing bridge at Kingston Dock cost over £10,000—what an enormous sum, then, would the proposed structure involve.

I hear it bruited that Glasgow will ere long possess its Agricultural Hall, *a la* London and Birmingham, in the latter, however, called Bingley. I have been told in confidence the site may not be many removes from the Corporation Galleries.

Your friend Provost Browne, my Magistrate, has been deputated by two separate bands of Englishmen within the past few days. And what do you think they came for? It seems that the news of the beating he gave the city, which was spread far and wide at the time, is bearing fruit in the neighbourhood of both Manchester and Liverpool. Some of the dwellers on the outskirts of these municipalities, apprehensive that they might, before long, be absorbed in the corporations which supply their respective *raisons d'être* "came through" last week to learn from him "how it was done." Mr Browne, so the story goes, was at first inclined to regard the affair in the light of a joke, but on the Englishmen showing him their credentials he entered with great spirit into the subject, and we may accordingly expect, in the course of the present session, to reap some amusement by seeing the Crosshill struggle fought over again—his time, however, on English ground.

Had Burns been about last Wednesday night he'd have enjoyed himself to the top of his bent among "Ye Cronies" in the Bath Hotel. Through the good influence of Mrs Robertson's excellent "Tripe and haggis, and tripe and red herring," "Tam O' Shanter," an' the "Deil's Awa," fairly set the table in a roar. The Cronies have always been famed for their Scotch nights, but never were the Cronies more Scotch, nor was ever their chairman happier or more effective than on Wednesday.

The racy, graphic "Curling" article, which appeared the other day in the columns of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, was by Mr Tom Dykes, who is now an established member of the press brigade in Fleet Street.

Our local branch of the Educational Institute of Scotland, which meets on the dominies' *dies non*—Saturday, and of course in one of the "City Pubs."—not the Arcadian Café—is to be lectured on the 19th February by Mr Moir, classical master in the Glasgow Academy, on "Comparative Philology as applied to the teaching of Languages, Ancient and Modern." An Airdrie pedagogue afterwards changes the scene from this Max Muller specialty to the Iberian climes, and gives a sketch of a recent run through Spain, with special reference to Andalusian manners and customs. Our "educationists" are still under the genial sway of Mr M'Millan of the Alexander Charity, Duke Street.

Messrs Robert M'Tear & Co. announce an important Fine Art Sale at the Royal Exchange Sale Rooms on Friday next. Among the works to be disposed of are examples of Colin Hunter and J. B. Burgess—the latter of whom is the real successor of Philip of Spain. And these are not the only artists whose pictures will be disposed of by the Messrs M'Tear. A large and important water-colour by Sam Bough—a view of his favourite Ullswater, will also be included in the sale.

Lovers of Scotch music have a treat in store for them. The famous vocalist and traveller, Mr Kennedy, accompanied by his musical family, appear in St. Andrew's Hall, on Saturday first. "Kennedy's Nicht wi' Burns" ought to fill the house.

A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME.

(Scene—Small curling pond in Nithsdale. Characters—Parish Minister, Humorous Squire, and Keen Curler; An eager alteration is going on over choosing "hands" for a speil.)

Humorous Squire—Noo, Cairney, ye're my man.

Keen Curler—Ye can't get him, he's my man.

H. S.—Well, Tom, we'll tak' you.

K. C.—Stop, squire! Tom's one o' my picked men.

H. S.—What the deevil dae ye want wi' Tom?

Parish Minister (addressing keen curler)—I fine you, Purser, for using strong language.

K. C.—I deny the chairge, sir.

H. S.—Minister! dae ye ca' deevil sweerin'?

P. M.—Certainly I do.

H. S. (to group of curlers)—Than, freens, we'll ca' him "Sautan" after this!

Lot-o' Addison's *Spectators*—in numbers—
At "The Royalty."

A Candlemass Offering—Light to the wick-ed.

Two Points of View.

A MARYHILL farmer, who visited Manitoba last autumn on behalf of his brother-agriculturists of Lanarkshire, has now issued his report on that variously-described region. To judge from newspaper summaries, the report in question seems a somewhat hazy document, the views of the delegate himself being apparently summed up in the opinion that a Manitoban settler and his wife might, if they chose, "be as well off as Adam and Eve." An intending emigrant might feel disposed, on reading this, to pack up his kit at once, and hurry off to a land which is described, seemingly, as a new Eden. He would do well, however, to recollect that the sojourn of Adam and Eve in that delectable spot was but temporary, and that the cautious reporter may mean to point at the primeval couple's condition after their migration.

Simple but not Gentle.

AT their open meeting on Friday the Juvenile Delinquency Board took up the case of a bold bad boy, named Joseph Semple, the obliquity of whose moral and physical vision seems rather pronounced. Dr Burns of the Cathedral objected to the youth being foisted on the Blind Asylum from their Mossbank School, on the ground that he was a "peculiar" boy, and subject to "paroxysms of profane swearing." Of course the line must be drawn somewhere. But if Dr. Burns will shut the doors of public institutions against all juvenile offenders found swearing at lairge, the BAILIE, who knows young Glasgow pretty well, is rather afraid that this would lead to a general "cloture" of these houses of refuge. If the Blind Asylum is "not for Joseph," *que le diable allait-il faire* in an Industrial School "Gallery"

"CORPORATE IMMORTALITY"—Millais' two portraits of the Very Rev. Principal Caird.

Seasonable—Coughy-stands on Loch Lomond and "tee" at Lochwinnoch.

The Senior Wrangler—Charles Stuart Parnell, M.P.

Our Great Annual "Gathering"—The collection of the taxes.

Lynn-ch Law—When the Doctor takes a man to pieces in the Windsor Halls.

The "Mair" the merrier, as the Airdrie Sheriff said when his salary was raised.

Not for—Jenkins—The Edinburgh M.P. ship,

The Provost and the Volunteers.

THE Lord Provost broke out in quite a fresh place at last Wednesday evening's social meeting of the 5th L.R.V. He was as gay and debonair as his predecessor, J. B., of gallant memory, saying polite things about the ladies, and suggesting that if Colonel Forrester wanted to impress the Town Council into the ranks of the auxiliary forces "the drill-sergeant would have a little more to do in the future than he (the Provost) had had in the past." Some exception must, however, be taken to his Lordship's statement that "the citizens of Glasgow sleep the sounder on their pillows at night because they have the Volunteers to fall back upon in the morning." In the first place, it is exceedingly doubtful whether the existence of the Volunteers affects the sleeping capacity of any considerable section of the citizens of Glasgow, and in the second it is still more doubtful whether even that inconsiderable section experiences a desire to "fall back upon" the Volunteers either in the morning or at any other period of the twenty-four hours.

FROST AND THAW.

(Scene—Loch Lomond near Inchmurren, one day last week).

Vale Youth (to itinerant "All Hot"—Hey, man, what's the price o' the coffee?

"All Hot"—Three bawbees.

Vale Youth—Poor out a cup, then. Yer scones are unco hard. Gie me yin that's thawed.

[The order is promptly attended to.]

A DIRE PUNISHMENT.—A labourer who was convicted of perjury in a poaching case, has been sent 12 months to prison, and to mark the enormity of his crime, he was "declared infamous and incapable of holding any office of public trust, or passing on any assize in all time coming." The first portion of this sentence the labourer may survive; but the latter will be a "sair, sair hair in his neck" for the rest of his life.

HE COULDN'T "BEER" IT.

Music Teacher—Now ring out your tenners and I'll supply the bass.

Voice from the Class—Make it a quart-ette, please.

A Merry-flats Institution—The Stock Exchange.

A Coercion Bill—Mr W. E. Gladstone.

An "Erin" Country—Ireland.

Quavers.

THE highly-skilled Orchestra which has been, for the last five or six weeks, discoursing the choicest of music to delighted audiences, is now dispersed. Thanks to the untiring zeal of Mr Manns there came to be a wonderful measure of homogeneity in this temporary gathering of instrumentalists, and the band is to be congratulated on the great artistic success of its performances as a whole. One fault may be referred to. The members could not always be brought to play subduedly enough in accompanying either instrumental solos (in a concerto for example) or singing. This should be given attention to. We shall hope to see Mr Manns back again next season, with the band in general as before. We could not be better served.

The choral concerts of the past series were not equal in importance to the instrumental ones. Leaving out the "Messiah," the "Creation" was really the only great work brought forward in immediate connection with the Union. Next year we may reasonably hope for something all through of a higher and more fitting character. Depressing, long-spun-out music like Schuman's "Paradise and the Peri" (the libretto of which, by the way, is a gross insult to Moore), and meretricious inanities like Rossini's opera-oratorio "Moses in Egypt," should alike be avoided, and solid choral work be the sole consideration in selecting.

A good deal of disappointment was felt in regard to Madame Trebelli's share in the performance of "Paradise and the Peri." People naturally associated the engagement of probably our greatest living contralto with something very fine, whereas the music falling to Madame Trebelli's part was but very subsidiary and ordinary. In justice, however, to the Committee it ought to be known that Madame Trebelli was engaged simply because she was the only singer with the necessary range of voice (some two octaves) for the alto solos in the cantata. The fact says much for the artiste, but very little for the composer, who no more than Beethoven seems to have troubled himself much about voices. In this cantata, the tenor part, it will be remembered, is often so ridiculously low, that every now and then the singer has, as at the late performance, to leap an octave to enable him to emit intelligible sounds.

At the annual social meeting of the Union held at the close of last Thursday's concert, Mr Campbell of Tillichewan, chairman of the executive committee, in a few complimentary remarks on the success of this season, threw out the suggestion that the choral concerts should not be confined to the few weeks in winter, but that some should also be given during other suitable parts of the year. With this view we most cordially agree, but in place of, or at least along with, such music as Beethoven's Mass in C, thrown out as a suggestion by Mr Campbell, as a variety in the oratorios, would not a revival of some of the anthem singing and choral part-song concerts of past years be worth consideration for these intermediate meetings.

An excellent performance of Handel's "Messiah," conducted by Mr Macbeth, was given by the Choral Union on Saturday evening, the hall being crowded to the utmost. The chorus sang with great taste and expression. There was plenty of tone when needed, but no shouting, such as had been long a point of emulation, apparently, in the chorus. The genuine quality of Mr Macbeth's teaching was seen throughout. Misses Johnstone, Irvine, and Boyle, and Messrs Howell and Riddell, sustained the solos most creditably indeed.

Mr Manns was present, and made a little speech (in the artists' room) in the interval, to the members of the orchestra, thanking them for their attention during the now concluded season, and bidding them good-bye. He has now gone south, like most of the orchestra.

The stringed quartet is one of the most delightful arrangements in the domain of instrumental music. It is of course the basis of mostly all orchestral work, with the separate parts increased for power, but for a quartet of single instruments, which is now particularly referred to (two violins, a viola, and violoncello), music has been written by all the great masters since Haydn's time. Herr Franke's concert to-night in St. Andrew's (North) Hall, gives the rather rare opportunity of hearing

selections from this class of music. Some solos will also be played. Herr Franke will be assisted by Mr Eayres, Herr Krause, and Mr Ould of the late orchestra. The occasion sufficiently commends itself to every one of musical taste.

Our Paisley friends will have a somewhat similar opportunity of hearing classical music of the kind just alluded to in Mr Max Klein's chamber concert in the Museum Hall there, on Wednesday evening, 2nd inst. There will be two quartets and a trio for piano and strings—in which Mr Klein, who comes north with the reputation of being a skilled violinist, will be assisted by Middle Lipmann, Mr Bailey, and Herr Gallrein—also solos, vocal and instrumental.

Herr Mahr, of the Choral Union Orchestra, and party gave a chamber concert on Saturday afternoon in Signor Patalano's studio.

A chamber concert one has some idea of, but what is a drawing-room concert? Some refined being of a specialising turn gives this title to a musical entertainment which took place recently in the neighbourhood. If, however, a drawing-room concert, why not a dining-room one, even—for homely people—a parlour service, or still better, a kitchen recital, in which latter the accompaniment of "instruments of percussion" might be conveniently made a feature?

The members of Rutherglen U.P. Church Musical Association gave a concert in the Burgh Hall there on Friday evening. Sacred and secular selections were sung. Among the former were Jackson's Church Service—that from which the familiar Te Deum is taken—and Dr Clarke Whitfield's "In Jewry is God known," an anthem that has been rather neglected of late. The secular portion of the programme contained some part-songs, chiefly Scotch. An orchestral party was present, and played the andante from Haydn's Surprise symphony, Foster's Rob Roy overture, and other pieces. Mr James Stirling conducted, and the concert was on the whole a good one.

The Glasgow South-Side Choral Society (under Mr James McKean's conductorship) give a concert of secular music to-night (Wednesday) in the National Hall, Main Street. The programme contains nothing specially new, yet the selections are undoubtedly good. The Society has now commenced the study of Handel's "Messiah."

Messrs Lewis & Son have been commissioned to supply the new organ for Ayr Town Hall. The instrument is expected to be ready in August.

THE NIMBLE NINEPENNY.

(Scene—Butcher's shop.)

Boy—A pun' o' beef aff the "nineholes."
Hoo much is't?

Butcher—Just nine pennies, ma man, a penny for each hole.

TAKING HIM DOWN A PEG.

As education forms the common mind,
So Biggar "bhoys" to bumptiousness inclin'd
Should less'n'd be; a lesson they may find
Of use when next to Speaker deaf or blind.

CONFESSING IT'S "EPITAPHS."—A recent "juvenile assembly" held in Paisley is described by an ingenious reporter as "somewhat gigantic." This young man's idea of style is slightly immense.

"Love Laughs at Locksmiths"—When the lovers "bolt."

WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.—That Manchester House for supplying Cottons, Linens, Flannels, Blankets, direct from the Mills, meets a long felt want.—Stephen's, 179 Sauchiehall St.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the frost is away.
 That it was very severe while it lasted.
 That next to a hard frost, a rapid thaw is the plumbers' chief delight.
 That Sheriff Mair has been pretty severe upon the Tramway Company.
 That he has been Mair plain than pleasant.
 That Bailie Mowat's speech at the Tramway shareholders' meeting was a step in the right direction.
 That Mr Robert Young was a sharp, practical man of business when he entered public life.
 That his speeches were brief, pithy, and interesting.
 That everybody read and admired them.
 That now his addresses are long, dull, and prosy.
 That it is a weariness of the flesh to wade through them.
 That all the same he has increased the Tramway dividends.
 That the "hole forse" was inspected last week.
 That the Hon. Charles Carnegie complimented the bobbies on their fine appearance.
 That Lord Provost Ure called them "gentlemen!"
 That Merryflats is becoming as notorious as the Town Council.
 That it seems to be a house very much divided against itself.
 That the managers give occasional entertainments to the inmates.
 That each manager is allowed a certain number of tickets for his friends.
 That these are distributed so judiciously that there are generally three visitors to every inmate.
 That this is a matter that ought to be seen to.
 That the West of Scotland Rifle Association seems to be in a "parlous state."
 That it possesses an astounding faculty for getting into debt.
 That the money for the Henderson Street Relief Fund is not coming in so expeditiously as Lord Provost Ure would like.
 That it's a fine thing to be a Barony Board official in these hard times.
 That an increase of £150 a-year to one's salary would make anybody happy.
 That St. Enoch's Church clock is once more stationary.
 That Bailie Dunlop's friend will have a good excuse for again missing the train.
 That he will require to invest in a watch of his own.

That the Municipal Buildings scheme is now receiving the anxious consideration of the Council Committee.

That an official residence is to be provided for the Lord Provost.

That buildings are to be erected for the Mitchell Library, Art Galleries, and Sanitary Department.

That Mr Carrick is engaged preparing sketch plans.

That—now we're busy.

Maniacal Musical Monodies.

No. 6.—AFTER BYRON.

AUGUST MANN'S had come down from the Sydenham fold,
 And his brasses were gleaming and burnished like gold;
 And the sheen of the trombones blazed out like a star,
 While the fiddles were well led by Franke and Mahr.
 Charlie Ould led the 'celli, and then there was Waud,
 Who as first double-bass I exceedingly laud.
 And the woods, when the players had powerfully blown,
 Were as perfect as any that ever were known.
 But the horns were uneasy, and when the wild blast
 Of their dreadful fortissimo had quite blown past,
 Critics said that they "gurgled," and some that they "bubbled,"
 Till Naldrett & Co. became shockingly troubled.
 And there sat the audience, trembling with fear, O,
 As Manns introduced to them Rubinstein's "Nero,"
 A portion of which was like wildest galops
 Brought in to give interest to "Saturday Pops."
 Then Rubinstein had to give place to a new man,
 Whose first name was Robert, his second was Schumann;
 And of all compositions to worry and weary,
 Recommend me to his "Paradise and the Peri."
 But Manns is an excellent chief and conductor;
 Nay, more, an accomplished and genial instructor;
 And while he a Beethoven symphony carries on,
 No other conductor can come in comparison

FOUR FEET.

(Scene—Corner of St. Vincent Street and Renfield Street. Two street arabs are looking at a tramway tracing-horse)

1st Street Arab—How mony legs has that horse, Jimmy?

2nd do.—Four, of coorse.

1st do.—No, he has six; fore legs in front and two ahint.

2nd do.—No, he's only four. Look, here's fore legs (pointing to them.) He aye leaves the ither twa ahint.

"REAL JAM!"—That distinguished literary authority, the *Greenock Telegraph*, thinks that Mr Blackmore's new story in *Good Words* is "simply delicious." It is to be hoped that the novelist will duly appreciate the singular discrimination displayed in the choice of the epithet.

SAFES. { Fire and Thief Proof for Merchants, &c. Fifty by Milner, Phillips, Perry, from £4 upwards. Inspection Invited. Jennings, 101 Mitchell Street.

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HATS, BONNETS, and CAPS, BEAVER, SEAL, VELVET,
STRAW and CHIP HATS and BONNETS.
The WHOLE WINTER STOCK OFFERED at GREAT
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NEW SPRING FASHIONS NOW TO HAND.
The New Spring Styles in Millinery, New shades, New
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Millinery.
GENTLEMEN'S ENTRANCE—No. 62, Up Stairs.
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Established Favourite, and Thousands of our Customers pro-
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Handkerchiefs. Underclothing in great variety.
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Depot for Murray, Sons, & Co.'s Mellow Smoking Mixture.
J. H. A respectfully invites the Gentlemen of Glasgow to visit
his Depot to see the "MELLOW" and judge for themselves.
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OPEN DAILY, 9 a.m. to 3 p.m.

Ballot or Introduction not required.
1st January, 1881. By Order.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 2nd, 1881.

THINGS seem getting rather mixed in the
Parochial establishment at Merryflats.
The officials do not live together in that state of
brotherly love and regard for one another which
prevails in the best regulated families—and
institutions; a recent report hints at "much
confusion, and, it may be, improprieties," among
a certain section of the inmates; and at present
two of the assistants in the lunatic side of the
house are in custody in connection with an
alleged murder committed within its walls.
There need be no wonder that the authorities
in Edinburgh are bestirring themselves over this
state of matters. The people here have plainly
shown themselves unable to cope with the situa-
tion—if, indeed, they are at all alive to the con-
dition into which they have allowed the house
and its affairs to drift. Local self-government

is all very well, but when local self-government produces such a rough and tumble medley of confusion, if nothing worse, as that which apparently prevails at Merryflats, the sooner a higher power steps in to set matters right the better for everybody concerned.

Stands Scotland where it Did?

GLANCING over the report of a Volunteer meeting held in Glasgow the other day, the BAILIE'S eye fell upon a remark made by the chairman to the effect that he was "loath to see the West of Scotland become a thing of the past." "My conscience," exclaimed the Magistrate, "what does the body mean? Are there more earthquakes 'around,' or have our high and mighty cousins in the East succeeded at last in abolishing us without our being aware of the painful fact?" Relief, however, came with the discovery that by "the West of Scotland" the chairman meant the West of Scotland Rifle Association. But neither Volunteers nor any other folks have a right to be so strikingly elliptic.

THE MODEL VILLAGE AGAIN.

(Scene—Outside door of corner pub.; Time, Forbes Mackenzie; Exit two worthies from "No. 4" arm in arm.)

No. 1 (who smokes a pipe, the stem of which fits somewhat loosely into the bowl, suddenly discovering a want of connection between his mouth and the pipe-head, the "missing link" having meantime fallen into the hand of No. 2, exclaims)—Man, a've lost ma pipe.

[Both perform considerable gyrations in unsuccessfully groping for the pipe.]

No. 2—I canna find it. What kinna head was't?

No. 1—A hae the head in ma haun; I hinna lost it.

No. 2—Ye nicht hae telt's that, for I hae had the shank in mine aw' the time.

[Tableau—Mutual congratulations and unanimous determination to "stand anither hauf."]

A(p)parently—It can scarcely be said of the South-Side "Babes in the Wood" that they have not a "Pa"-nor-a-"ma."

Justice to "Britain"—Confoond thae Eerish; we canna get the use o' oor ain Parliament for them!

Weather "Profits"—Those of the plumbers during the frost.

An African Sir Wilfrid.

AT a teetotal meeting in the Queen's Rooms the other evening some very melancholy statistics were given as to our bibulous propensities. Among these was Mr John M'Gavin's statement that "the people of Glasgow spent one penny upon religion and eightpence upon drink"—which seems almost a worse case than Falstaff's bread and sack. The gloom was, however, somewhat relieved by such pieces of information as that furnished by the Rev John Douglas, who told us of "an African chief"—place of abode not stated—having made use of his autocratic powers to pass a Maine Liquor Law. The relation of this remarkable case seems to have afforded considerable satisfaction both to narrator and auditors. Might it not give them and others still greater gratification if they were to migrate in a body to the realm of this shadowy, but undeniably noble, savage?

OUR HEELANT FREENS AGAIN.

Duncan (just from country post office)—Hey, Tonal, can 'e tell what wey they tak tippence fur a plue stamp an' only a penny fur a rid een?

Donald (ashamed of his friend's ignorance)—Ach I, Tuncan, man, of coorse pecuss ta plue paaint's tearer nor ta rid.

[Duncan hadn't thought of that.]

"Please Accept this Intimation."

A LADY is open to engagements for going out to evening parties." So runs an advertisement in a morning paper, and the BAILIE is prompted to exclaim "How kind!" The lady has doubtless found her invitations less numerous than she considers she has a right to look for, and she takes this business-like method of signifying the fact to the party-giving public. We may expect presently to find other unappreciated ones following the ingenious example. Thus:—"An elderly gentleman is prepared to partake of seven dinners per week at the houses of persons in possession of a good cook and ditto cellar." Or, "A young man, of sporting tastes but limited means, will accept of an invitation to shoot for a fortnight over any well-stocked moor within reasonable distance of Glasgow." It is unnecessary to add that replies to such announcements would be certain to come in shoals.

Motto for the Lord Advocate—Nil desperandum.

The Two F's.—F. & F.

Ode to the Institute.

WHERE shun the sleet, the slush, the snow,
The treacherous slide that lays us low,
The frost, the fog?—let's westward, ho!
To the Institute.

Where breathe once more the summer air,
By twilight streams in meadows fair,
Or bask amid the gay noon's glare?
In the Institute.

Where wander by the shimmering sea
Where gleaming gulls float far and free,
Or trip it lightly o'er the lea?
At the Institute.

Where see young "Haw-haw's" killing glance
Shot silly "Dolly" to entrance,
While chattering of last evening's dance?
At the Institute.

Where listen while to fawning clique
Young Snipper Snap doth glibly speak
Of *breadth, tone, feeling, and technique?*
At the Institute.

Where see the brothers of the brush
Around the rooms so eager rush
To catch a buyer 'mid the crush?
At the Institute.

Where pity poor dejected wight
Straining dim eyes to catch a sight
Of 's picture hung at such a height?
At the Institute.

Where get the scales slipt from the eyes,
Where learn earth's loveliness to prize
And feel that beauty never dies?
At the Institute.

"THE CHWY AND PECAUSE."
(Scene—Mr M'Dougal's bar.)

Tonal—Tere's nae whusky she gets like Mrs M'Tavish's.

Tougal—Och ay, Tonal, if Mrs M'Tavish wuss nae a widdy her whusky wud pe nae petter tan ony ither pody's.

CALLED TO THE BAR.—Somebody advertises for a "bar inspector," who is to "state experience and pay." Ever ready to turn his talents to profitable employment, Asinus proposes to go in for the vacant post. His experience is simply universal, but the amount of "pay" required would depend greatly on the number of bars to be "inspected" *per diem*, and their class. He himself owns to a preference for bars of a "gentcel" description, but he points out that these establishments "come more expensive" than those of the humbler sort. Particulars to "Asinus, c/o. the BAILIE," will meet with prompt attention.

A Low Pursuit—A diver's occupation.

A Sharp-shooter—The gatling gun.

GENTLEMEN'S Cloth Made and Trimmed, Suits, 18s.;
O vercoats, 14s.; Fit, Workmanship, Trimmings guaranteed—
EWART BAIN, 59 Bridge Street.

Auchray on ta Inspection.

TA reason I would wrote sooner pefore because I was fery busy giving her puttons ta gran' shine ant rubbing her leggins on ta skurvier grease for ta 'nspection of ta Kilties' Trill Hall wis ta polis force on Sursday. It was a praw turn oot of ta 1st division to see ta ladts, ant if ta weathser no pe sa frost ta 'nspector would see ta force to ta pest advantage. But ter nose was caul standing, ant nopody would tell whethser it was ta freeze tat was red or her wee drap whusky tat was ta effect; but nefer mind, ta Lord Provost put a goodt word for ta ladts. Ter was 162 Scotch, 43 of ta Land League, 4 Englishers, ant 1 foreigner jine ta force pefore ta time after ta last inspection whateffer. Whethser ta foreigner pe a Chinese, or a Kalafore, or maype an Antedeluvian, or a Mosquitovite is ta sing for ta public to find oot; because ter no use me telling tail oot ta force. But if a plack man whateffer catch anypody in ta dark some day they'll know ta sings no sham if she'll wear ta coat ant paton. So long as ter praw ladts in ta Heelants whateffer's ta use of importing anysing else into ta ranks; for ta strangers shust make ta death-rate wan big. Who could stand ta weathser petter wis ta sair-momentener standing at 28 disgrace of frost pelow ta imperial pint? Nopody put ta Heelant tat was train ta hill ant glen, of coorse! Tats ta ladts to fill ta ranks, and no pe a lot o' shifferin' shanks tat nefer saw a Heelant poat pefore, or nosing put a pig.—Your fery troutly,
AUCHRAY M'TAVISH X 71.

What the Greenock Folks are Saying.

THAT the clerks paid snartly for their pane-ful indiscretion.
That the Provost's live Lord drew but a very Begg-arly audience.

That to find B & S. on the platform was nothing unusual.

That for John the Joker, however, to be found in Irish company was something extraordinary.

That the local Parliament has uncarthed a lot of debating talent.

That the psalms of David have been too frequently heard in the house.

That the sou-nding of the key note of "Bonnie Dundee" by the Premier was heartily welcomed.

That he will get a strong chorus to the line "The hoose would be weel rid o' that deil o' Dundee."

That the Board of Supervision have had enough of the "Clang o' the Wood-en Shoon."

That the ra'es showed what he spent in litigation to gratify the temper of any official.

That there are wheels within wheels in the municipal machine.

An Eager and a "Nip"-ing Air—"Just a drappie in our e'e."

Furniture for Cash "Doon on the Nail." GARDNER & HARDIE, 42 Great Clyde Street.

Megilp.

THE one subject of interest this week is of course the Exhibition of the Institute. So far the general verdict has been altogether in its favour. We are usually given to regard every new thing with partiality, but there seems little doubt, even when the newness has worn off the present collection, that it will still hold its place as one of the best ever gathered together under the auspices of the Society.

Much tact has been shown in the general hanging of the pictures, but one or two of their number have been accorded places to which they have no claim, while others that ought to have been on the line are—somewhere else. Among the works that have fared hardest at the hands of the hangers is the "Roses" of George Reid, R.S.A., the finest flower-piece of recent years. Let us hope, when the walls are re-arranged, that some better position may be found for this admirable work than the one it at present occupies.

Daring is the word which describes the Institute work of A. K. Brown. That "Storm in the Fen Land," so full of vigorous handling and strong purpose, shows that he has burst away from the conventional trammels which have too often swaddled, and, shall we say suffocated all originality and inspiration among our younger artists. The advocate of legitimate schemes of colour may certainly hint that the prominent blue grey and orange red of Mr Brown's setting sun are hardly in balance—and this, it may be, for the very want of orange in the red—but the colour, withal, is such as only a painter of distinctive originality could have brought to bear on a Lincolnshire landscape.

Two landscapes on the south wall of Number One Gallery bear the name of Diaz. It was cruel to place them together. Even the merest tyro in pictorial lore can see that the artist who painted the one wasn't likely to perpetrate the other.

Hasn't Tom Graham re-asserted himself in his "Salute" picture, and to capital purpose, too? Together with that Scotch feeling for colour which comes to him by nature, he gives us, in this canvas, the swish and wash of the sea in a way it has seldom been given before. You seem even to feel the "salt sea air on your lips" as you gaze at the work.

What a wonderful eleven hundred and fifty five pounds worth of canvas is that which bears the title of "The Plain of Esdraelon from the Heights above Nazareth." Its price is double that of any other picture in the Exhibition. And why? Is not its colour that of a Paisley shawl? Could beaten brass be harder than its handling! If this be Palestine there need be no more astonishment at the Jews having avoided it so carefully for the last eighteen hundred years.

How weak and how pretty is the "Rose Leaves" of Albert Moore. It is perfect in its own effeminate way, but how effeminate that "way" is, those who have studied the picture most carefully know best. Pink and white and white and pink cannot be otherwise than insipid. The face is certainly delightful, but the weak, loose limbs that wander aimlessly through the drapery manifest a lack of power and intention on the part of the artist.

Robert M Gregor, our northern Edouard Frere, was never represented so adequately in Glasgow as now. His "Mending the Clock," and "Spinning Wheel," are marvels of good drawing and safe colour. Why, it is sometimes asked, does Mr M Gregor maintain such a tentative air about his work? He is the best figure painter of the younger Scottish school, and the time has surely come when he could afford to assert himself with a much greater degree of emphasis than he employs at present.

A conversazione of the Art Club was held on Friday evening in the Club Rooms in Bothwell Street. Of course the chief topic of conversation was the Exhibition of the Institute. Everybody seemed pleased with the collection, and quite a poem of applause was chanted over the manner in which the claims of our local artists had been recognised by the hanging committee.

To-day (Tuesday) is sending-in day for the Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy. Among the Glasgow pictures which have gone eastward are "The Clyde from Darlieth Moor," "Farm Road at Cardross," "Cookham Ferry," and "Apple Blossoms" by David Murray; J. A. Aitken's "Lone Grave-

yard" and "Harbour on the East Coast;" and Joseph Henderson's "Harbour Bar" and "Fishing from the Rock."

A. K. Brown has sent a "Meadow at Ely," a river "bit" near the same old fenland city, and a ferry scene; William Carlaw "The Seabird's Home;" and Charles Lauder a view on the Thames.

James A. Ewing has just completed a clay model of the late Sheriff Steele of Dumbarton, which he is to execute in marble for the family of the deceased. Mr Ewing has reproduced the features and expression with a truthfulness and effect which are alike admirable, and has handled with artistic skill the difficulties of the accessories, these being treated in a natural rather than a severely classic style.

WHAT DOES SHE MEAN?—The *Herald* describes a speech delivered by the Earl of Rosebery in the House of Lords the other day as having been "to an unnecessary extent in the cap-and-bells, amateur, Sydney Smith vein." The old lady ought really to annotate those brilliant leaders of hers, to the end that they may be "understood of the people." At present they too frequently consist of a succession of dark sayings, with the feeblest glimmer of meaning apparent here and there. The example given above is a very fair one.

Schools of Cookery—Fraudulent accountants' offices.

A POSER.

Enthusiastic Friend (to artist)—Have you anything new in your studio? D'ye know I haven't been in it for twelve months.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.
MAIN STREET, SOUTH SIDE, GLASGOW.

Sole Lessee and Manager,.....Mr H. CECIL BERYL,
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In the Great Criterion Success,
"BETSY,"

Preceded at 7.30 by a Domestic Drama,
"MARY'S SECRET."

Box Plan at Messrs J. Muir Wood & Co., from 11 till 4, and at the Theatre from 11 till 3.

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MDLE. ALBERT (Contralto.) | Miss MARY CUMMINGS
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PRINCIPALS—

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Mdme. SINICO,MDLE. VOGRI, CONTRALTO,
SIGNOR VIDAL, TENOR,

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Promenades,..... 5/Single Season Ticket, Admitting to Exhibition, and to
Promenades,..... 7/6Family Season Ticket, Admitting all Members of the
Household to Exhibition, but Limited to Three for
Promenades and Conversazione, .. 21/

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Admission—Balcony, 2s; Body of Hall, 1s.

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Also, the following Resident STRING QUARTETTE:

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Mr J. S. KINLOCH, Viola. | Herr GALLREIN, Violoncello

Mr F. W. BRIDGMAN,.....Pianist.

Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats 2s; at Office, 58
Bath Street. Doors open at 7; Concert commences at 7-30
o'clock. JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.**S O U T H - S I D E A S S E M B L Y R O O M S**

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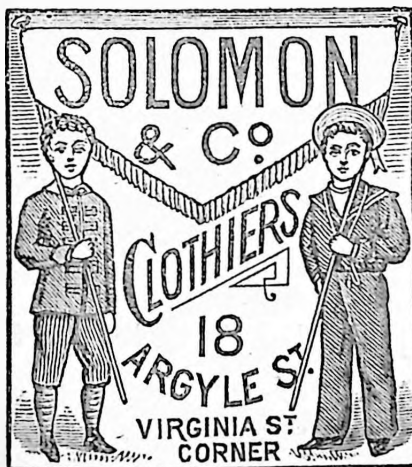
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The Auctioneers respectfully request the attention of PRIVATE
 COLLECTORS to this Sale. The Press notice having been
 strictly directed to the Important Gallery Pictures, it is not generally
 known that there are no less than SIX HUNDRED PAINT-
 INGS, all of which are suited for Private Collectors desirous of
 possessing good Pictures suited for Private Residences. The
 Cabinet Gems and Moderate-sized Pictures are really fine. The
 Auctioneers believe that in Flemish Pictures Mr Bell's taste and
 judgment was unequalled, and the large number of this class
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Being the Greater Portion of the Valuable Collection formed
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 estimated cost of about £200,000, for the purpose of dedi-
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(Realised without Reserve, by order of Alex Moore, Esq.,
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 on the Estate of the late John Bell, Esq.)

MORRISON, DICK, & M'CULLOCH are
 instructed by the Trustee to Sell, by Auction, without
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Comencing each Day at Twelve o'clock exact, as above.

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Catalogues (Price Two Shillings each) from Christie, Manson
 & Woods, 8 King Street, St. James's, London; Thomas Chap-
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 Accountants, 128 Hope Street, Glasgow; at the Auctioneers'
 Office, 98 Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow; or forwarded post free
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The Concluding Sale of this Collection will take place early in
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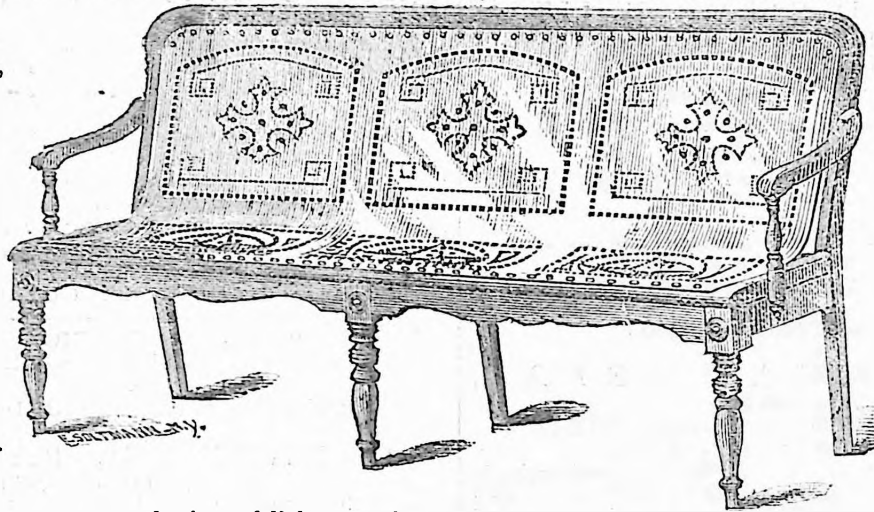
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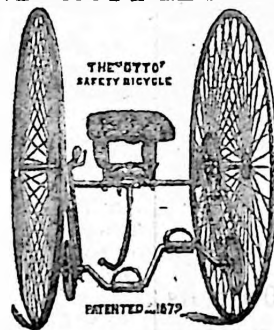
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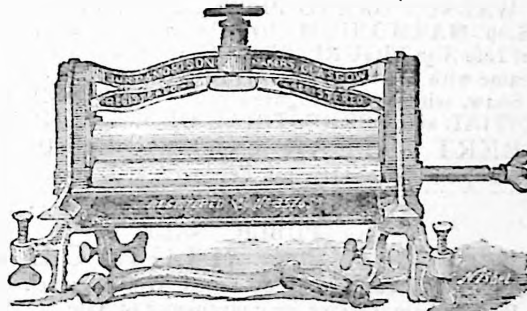
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ROBERT M'TEAR & CO.,
AUCTIONEERS AND VALUATORS,
ROYAL EXCHANGE SALE-ROOMS.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, To-day (Tuesday), 1st February, at One o'clock.
EXTENSIVE PUBLIC SALE OF WINES, In Bond and Duty Paid.

(Being the whole well-selected and fully matured Stock of an Old Established and well-known Glasgow Firm relinquishing its Family Trade.)
IN BOND.

PORTS.—3 Hhds. Graham's, 1877; 4 Hhds. O'May, Forrester & Co.'s; 2 Hhds. Fenerheerd's, 1870; 1 Hhd., 1874.
SHERRIES.—13 Hhds. J. C. Gordon's 1874 and 1875; 7 Quarter-Casks, 1875 and 1876; 7 Hhds. Robertson Brothers', 1873 and 1874; 4 Hhds. Wisdom & Waters', 1875; 1 Quarter-Cask 3 Hhds. and 1 Quarter-Cask, Haurie Nephew's, 1873 and 1875; 10 Hhds. Birnet's Sherry, 1873 and 1874; 4 Hhds. and 1 Quarter-Cask Alberto's, 1874; 1 Hhd. Tossar's.
BRANDY and GIN.—21 Cases Loopyut's Geneva Gin.

DUTY-PAID.

CHAMPAGNES.—L^a Forestier et Fils & C^o., Jules Founnier's, Moat & Chandon's.
WHISKIES AND CLARETS.—M'Nab's Special Blend, Mckenzie's Old Highland, Old Scotch, Islay, 600 Dozen Claret in Half-Pints, Pints, and Quarts, in Lots to suit Buyers. Several Four and Two Gallon Copper Measures.

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell the above, by Auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, To-day (Tuesday), 1st February, at One o'clock. Details in Catalogues. Samples Morning of Sale.
Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 31st January, 1881.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Thursday and Friday, 3rd and 4th February.

EXTENSIVE PUBLIC SALE OF ALL-WOOL TWEEDS AND COATINGS.

5 Pieces SILK VELVET, 18 Inches Broad, CORDED and FRENCH SILKS, SERGE and TWEED SUITINGS, 6-4 ULSTER TWEEDS, BLACK CASHMERE FIGURED LUSTRE, FRENCH DRESS STUFFS, ENGLISH BLANKETS, LAMBS' WOOL PANTS and SHIRTS, HONEYCOMBED MATS, 8-4 LINEN SHEETING, CHINTZ PRINTS, TOWELS, WELSH FLANNELS, SILK UMBRELLAS, NOTTINGHAM LACE CURTAINS and COUNTERPANES, LADIES' and MISSES' BLACK CLOTH JACKETS and TWEED ULSTERS, LADIES' MACKINTOSH HOODS, FUR TRIMMINGS and CAPES, 26 Pieces WOOL SHIRTINGS, THIBET SKIRTINGS, MEN'S ALL-WOOL SHIRTS, READY-MADE, BALMORALS and TAM O'SHANTERS.
(Removed for convenience of Sale.)

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell the above, by Auction, in their Rooms, on Thursday and Friday, 3rd and 4th February, commencing at Twelve o'clock each Day.
On View Morning of Sale. Details in Catalogues, which may be had on application to the Auctioneers.
Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 31st January, 1881.

At Lodging, 20 Park Terrace West, on Wednesday, 9th February, at Eleven o'clock.

EXTENSIVE PUBLIC SALE OF THE WHOLE HOUSE FURNITURE AND PLENISHING

(As made by Messrs Jack & Paterson, Richmond & S. Ruthers, and Robert Whyte, Glasgow; and J. & T. Scott, George St, Edin.)
Elegant DARK OAK and GOLD HALL PLENISHING.

WALNUT GRAND PIANOFORTE, by Collard & Collard, full Compass, Trichord, and Register Keyboard.
15-Stop HARMONIUM, by Alexandre et Fils, Paris, in Rosewood Case. ROSEWOOD PIANO STOOL.
Elegant Life-Size FIGURE BRONZES, by Micoy Freres, Paris, on Marble Pedestals. Large PIER MIRROR, 134 x 80, in Gilt Frame with Marble Step. ASTRONOMICAL MARBLE 16 DAY CLOCK, Very Elegant. MARBLE CLOCK by W. C. Shaw, with Bronze Figure above. 2 BRONZE CUPIDS, form Gas Brackets. IRON PLATE SAFE, 69 x 32 x 30. CELESTIAL and TERRESTRIAL GLOBES. MEAT SAFES. (Which belonged to a Gentleman Deceased.)

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell the above by Auction, in Lodging, No. 20 Park Terrace West, on Wednesday, 9th February, at Eleven o'clock Forenoon. On View on Tuesday, 8th Feb., from 10 till 5.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Friday, 11th February.

PUBLIC SALE OF A SMALL BUT SELECT CABINET OF
HIGH-CLASS PICTURES,

Composed nearly entirely of exhibited Works, which belonged to a Lady deceased, and which have been removed from 5 Buckingham Terrace for convenience of Sale. Including Among the

OIL PAINTINGS—"The Cottage Door," by Colin Hunter; "Smoking the Cobbler," by James Edgar; "A Spanish Coquette," and "Portio ma Domine," Two Charming Works by J. B. Burgess, A.R.A.; "Willie is Coming," by George Benavia; "Girl at a Stream," by Edward Davis; "Waterfall with Bridge," by Thomas Creswick, R.A.; and other fine Examples of Modern Art.

The WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS are very choice, and include one of the finest Works of Sam Bough, R.S.A., "Ulswater from the Fells;" "View of Inch Tavanoch," by Chas. Woolnoth; "On the Ruel, Glendaruel," by Thomas Fairbairn; Two Beautiful Coast Scenes by Jas. G. Philip, "The Estuary of Birmouth" and "Fishermen Returning;" "Old Lime Kiln, North Devon," by E. G. Muller; "City of Toledo from the Banks of the Tagus," a Fine Example of J. Dobbin, &c., &c.; also, the CABINET OF PAINTINGS formed by the late Robert Watt, Esq.; and a few important Works, belonging to an old Glasgow Family, including a few RARE ARTIST PROOF ENGRAVINGS, Artistically and Expensively Framed.

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell the above, by Auction, in the Gallery of the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, North Court, St Vincent Place, on Friday, 11th February, at One o'clock. On View day prior to Sale. Catalogues are in preparation, and may be had a week prior to Sale.
Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 31st January, 1881.

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. 434. Glasgow, Wednesday, February 9th, 1881. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 434.

NO subject has been more largely discussed of late among general circles in Glasgow society than Miss Litton's series of concerts and opera recitals at the Theatre Royal. The enterprise has the merits of both novelty and boldness. We are familiar in Glasgow with concerts—orchestral and otherwise, opera is a yearly visitor to our "boards," but orchestral concerts and operatic recitals combined have hitherto been unknown in these northern latitudes. If the enterprise, moreover, be novel, its arrangements have likewise been marked by wonderful completeness. No effort to gain the suffrages of the public has been spared by the management of the Theatre. An orchestra of 60 performers, and a company of vocalists, with Signor FOLI at its head, and every individual member of which is an artist of distinction, will appear each evening, Signor Tito Mattei, the well-known composer, has been retained to conduct, and the programmes have been carefully compiled, partly from the most popular operas, and partly from the works of the chief ballad writers of the day. One of the features of the series of entertainments will be the appearance presented by the Theatre itself. The spectacle, indeed, will be such an one as we have been accustomed to associate with Paris or Vienna. The pit has been boarded over, the new floor has been carpeted, and a special erection has been constructed for the use of the orchestra. Colour there is in abundance in the Theatre—yellow gold in the auditorium and red and olive on the stage, tones which provide an excellent background for bright costumes—and lighted by a hundred lamps the interior will be one of the bravest shows we have been treated to for many a day. Of all the company of musicians

who will appear the largest measure of interest associates itself with the name of Signor FOLI. An earnest student, a capable and hard-working artist, FOLI has always been a leading favourite in Glasgow. Indeed it may almost be said that it was by Glasgow audiences that his talents first received their due recognition. Something like a dozen years ago, when he was yet comparatively unknown, Mr Airlie engaged him for the Saturday Evening Concerts, and it was then that his splendid voice and excellent method attracted the attention, first of local critics and subsequently of those at a distance. A series of appearances at the oratorios of the Choral Union strengthened the impression made by his singing at the Abstainers' Concerts, but by this time the Signor had become famous. He was now a leading vocalist on the operatic stage, he had gained a Continental as well as an English reputation, composers wrote ballads for him to sing, and altogether he had gained such a position as only one or two bass singers in a generation attain to. And this position he still maintains. His is a name to conjure with on both sides of the Atlantic, and in Italy as well as in England. Signor FOLI, like many other well-known vocalists, comes of an English-speaking race. He is of Irish extraction, but he was born in the city of Chicago in the United States. Early in life he was intended by his parents for the profession of an architect, but the bent of his mind was musical from his boyhood, and after some time spent in the office of a man of squares and lines, he was sent to Milan to receive tuition in the art of singing. His introduction to the professional stage took place in Italy, and he passed several years singing in all the chief cities of the Peninsula. From Italy he came to England, and it was shortly after his arrival in this country that his engagement with Mr Airlie, already alluded to, was effected,

Signor FOLI, as has been hinted, is the leading member of the company engaged by Miss Litton for the Royal concerts, but in Runcio, and Thurley Beale, and Mdle. Bauermeister, and Miss Jose Sherrington, to mention no others, he has worthy and popular colleagues. The concerts began on Monday; let us hope that the season may prove sufficiently successful to reward the management of the Theatre for the enterprise shown in connection with them.

Requirements of the New House.

IT must be a through-and-through house. The situation must be airy and the view picturesque.

Our carpets and grates must fit the floors and the fireplaces.

There must be quiet neighbours and clean staircases.

The rent must be moderate.

There must be few children in the neighbourhood.

The chimneys must draw well, and there must be no back smoke.

The bathroom must be light and airy.

The walls must be newly papered and the wood-work recently painted.

There must be no damp, and mice must be unknown.

It must—I think we'll stay where we are for another year.

"UPISH."

(Scene—Cowcaddens; Time, early morning.)

Bob (who is leaning from window, to friend who is passing)—Hey, John! Whit o'clock is't, oor knock's stoppit?

John—It's aboot hauf six!

Bob—Is't though? My! A'll need tae gae 'wa in an' get up.

APROPOS OF MR F. C. BURNAND'S COMEDY OF "THE COLONEL."

The play's the thing
With which this craze æsthetic "I will sting."

Why, enquires Bauldy, is a successful violinist like Sir Pertinax Macsycophant? and the creature declares that it's because he makes his money by "bowing."

"Our Black Currant Jam"—Last week's ice block on the river.

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.

Rejected Addresses.

JACK DAW he was a nice young man,
He prospered well in trade,
And panted after club life, and
Was soon a member made.

He played at billiards and at "nap,"
At both of which he smart is,
And then, to make responsive friends,
He gave nice dancing parties.

That sort of thing soon pall'd on him,
He pined for something greater:
And, to achieve this last desire,
He took unto the theatre.

And there he saw a lovely girl,
Her acting name was Lotta,
In private life plain Smith, but that
Don't matter an iota.

Her beauty fairly frizzled him,
Just like a Yarmouth bloater,
So to his club he went at once,
And this was what he wrote her:

"Oh, will you meet me, dearest maid,
To-morrow afternoon?

Argyll Arcade—the very place—
You cannot come too soon."

But Lotta had a husband, as
I've hinted, and Jack Smith
A mighty man of valour was,
With biceps full of pith.

He went for poor Jack Daw, who fled
In hottest haste away;
But Daw resolved, though vanquished now,
To fight some other day.

That day arrived one Monday night,
When Daw, in rich array,
Lounged in to see what sort of thing
Was doing at the play.

Smitten again! But wiser through
His luckless Lotta caper,
He takes another plan, and so
He does not use club paper.

He took his card, and on it wrote
Those lines—"Miss Laura Hicks,
Look out for me, a dainty youth,
In stall that's numbered 6."

She looked for him—she saw him too,
As in his stall he wriggled;
She passed his card about, until
The audience fairly giggled.

So poor Jack Daw has failed once more,
His love-making's in vain;
Which makes him feel inglorious,
And in no end of pain.

THE IRISH TUTOR.

(Scene—A hunting field.)

Whipper-in—You don't mean to say you're going to try to take your horse over the wall?

Irish Groom—No, bedad, he's going to take me over.

Why is Mr Parnell like President Kruger?—
Because he's at the head of the bores, to be sure.

A Notice of Motion—The division bell.

THE "ZOEDONE" AGENCY, 47 Waterloo Street, Glasgow.

On 'Change.

OF all my numerous friends, the most attentive is Mr Wm. Abbott of London. He is continually giving me "straight tips," either by private circular or through the more public medium of the newspapers. This is very generous of William, for I have not the happiness of knowing him. I am likewise so ungrateful as never to have done him a good turn in my life. I did not even help him to an introduction to the chairman of the Stock Exchange; but then, on the other hand, I did not howl when he made his unwelcome and unlucky visit to the abode of bliss in Buchanan Street.

Everything he can give seems to come my way, usually in the form of a prospectus or a private circular. His latest circular informs me that he was the first to direct public attention to the shares of the Indian Gold Mining Companies. There is a magnanimity about this proceeding which commends itself to the meanest capacity. Had Mr Abbott kept all these good things to himself, instead of offering them to ungrateful strangers like myself, he might have been a capitalist on the grandest scale. It may turn out, after all, to be but a questionable benefit he has bestowed upon humanity. But such as it is, he bestows it again in the most generous fashion. This time it is the Indian Trevelyan Gold Mining Co. that occupies his attention. The capital is £150,000, divided into the usual £1 shares. The directors are an ex-judge, an ex-commissioner, a J.P. and a C.B., who is also a Lieut.-General. From the nature of their previous training, as indicated by their titles, they ought, of course, to know all about gold mines. That must be clearly understood. It would be rank heresy to think otherwise. Like prudent men, however, they do not seek to rest upon their own knowledge. They know all about the gold, so there is no need that they should themselves inspect the property at all. They employ fellows to go out and "prospect" for them. These fellows make up reports, upon which is based the shareholders' "prospect." The two "prospects" are quite distinct. The reports are sometimes delightful reading. This one is particularly good. The reporting engineer—at least I suppose him to be an engineer—says: "I have taken several samples, and, having crushed and washed them, gave splendid results." To whom did he give the results? He does not say. Of course he cannot mean that the crushing and washing gave him the results, or he would have said so. Further on he gravely comments upon the advantages offered by a reef. He states that "it runs within 200 yards of the reef, which offers great facilities for reduction works." How can the reef offer great facilities for reduction works? Unless, indeed, the facilities are for the shareholders grounding on the reef, and coming to grief thereby. The directors, when they discover this "confusion of epitaphs," ought to sing in chorus—

"When there's engineer reporting to be done,
To be done,
Wm. Abbott's lot is not a happy one,
Happy one.

But the affectionate friend and admirer of Mr Labouchere is not the only man in the field with a company to recommend. India, I am told in another prospectus, "will never be able to approach Africa for wealth." After William's golden "prospects," this is indeed a facer. An El Dorado has been discovered on the Gold Coast. It rejoices in the euphonious designation of "Akankoo," which, of itself, ought to command respect. The capital is £100,000, in the everlasting £1 shares. The directors are an "Honourable," a Rear-Admiral, two "Esquires," and a Commander, R.N. The commander is our old friend Cameron, whose exploits at the Glasgow assemblies and in Central Africa have made him famous. He and the Rear-Admiral must have worn a lot of bullion on their coats. Hence their knowledge of gold mines. If they have, as is stated, "the finest mining property in the world," they ought to go and reside at Akankoo, to look after the interests of the company. Everybody familiar with the fate of Letitia Elizabeth Landon knows what a delicious climate the place has.

One of the peculiarities of these new gold companies is that they are often named for something else. The "something" in

question has always a reputation. Thus, last week, I mentioned the "Madras" mine, which is nearly 200 miles from Madras, and this week I have the prospectus of the "California," so called because it is not in California. The mine, in fact, is in Colorado. That is where the celebrated beetle came from. The capital is £130,000, in the inevitable £1 share. The public is to have the inestimable privilege of being permitted to apply for 87,000 shares, the others are reserved for the vendor. People must not be too sure of getting shares even if they apply, so they are advised to look sharp in case of disappointment. They are assured, besides, that the company can pay £40,000 a year. That would be above 30 per cent. The price is £100,000, and the odd £30,000 is reserved for working capital. Does it not strike the reader as strange that a man with so good a property should part with it for such a small sum? Surely it would have been better for him to keep the business to himself, and raise the working expenses on mortgage. If by this means he could earn £40,000 a-year, or even the half of it, he might be enabled to pay off his mortgage in a couple of years, and have the business still.

SCRUTATOR.

A WUNNER-FUL MISTAKE.

(Scene—A grand bonspiel "somewhere.")

Tonal (northrn skip, to his player)—Tuncan, tid you'll saw ta wunner?

Tuncan (preparing to play)—Aye!

Tonal—Then she'll want it no ta pe seen again, whatever—gaird it, an' she'll gie you a sneeshin.

Tuncan (who, amid the din of the bonspiel, has not heard the last part of the sentence)—Hooch aye! (Plays and drives out the winner.)

Tonal (yelling)—Oh you pig rascal fool, you'll have tukin oot our own wunner!

Tuncan (mistaking again)—It would be a wunner if it wasna, too! (Executes a "fling" to the disgust of his skip.)

VERY PERSONAL INSTINCT. — The *Irvine Herald* in reporting a recent case in which the owner of a mastiff was sued for the dog having bitten a lawyer when he was about to call at a brother lawyer's office, says that one of the witnesses stated that a "dog of that nature would attack a tramp or a robber." Then followed "laughter" which the bitten one could hardly fail to appreciate, if he couldn't exactly join it.

CANINE COMPLEXION.—Somebody advertises for a lost dog, which is described as "brunette." How interesting! Henceforth we may expect to hear of "blonde" puppies and of kittens with tresses of an "auburn" shade!

"Sent Post Free"—Dismissed from a situation.

Airs of Reserve—Encore songs.

A Dead-set—Mummies.

A Tale-bearer—A monkey.

"Light" Literature—Lampoons and squibs.

Snow-drops—Avalanches.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—Mr Knapp promises us a treat to-night and during the week at the Royalty Theatre. This is the performance of "Henry V." by Mr George Rignold and an efficient company—the important *role* of "Chorus" being assigned to Miss Braybrooke Henderson, a lady who supported it in London with great success.

"Henry V" is, above all things, a picturesque and declamatory play, and Mr George Rignold is our most picturesque and declamatory actor. The representation at the Royalty, therefore, of this most stirring of all the historical dramas of Shakespeare, with Mr Rignold in the chief part, will naturally be one of surpassing interest. "Henry V." has not been represented in Glasgow within the memory of the oldest playgoer, so it comes to us with all the freshness of a new piece, while it has likewise all the traditional value of a great national play, written when our foremost poet and dramatist was in the strength of his meridian manhood.

Following "Henry V." at the Royalty will come the recent Vaudeville success, the farcical comedy cyclept "The Guv'nor," about the authorship of which so much dubicity still exists.

"Lurline" terminated its course at the Gaiety on Saturday evening; but through various unforeseen circumstances the promised production of "Billie Taylor" has been postponed. The Theatre remains shut for a fortnight, and on its re-opening Mr Bernard's "Madame Favart" company will occupy the stage.

Mr Cecil Beryl announces that his benefit will take place at the South-side Theatre on Friday, and that this will also be the pen-ultimate night of the pantomime of "The Babes in the Wood." Either event ought to secure a crowded audience, and when the two are combined, why the house is certain to be packed from the floor to the ceiling.

Mr Beryl has been singularly happy in the manner in which he has hit the taste of his patrons since his accession to the lesseeship of the theatre, but he never made a more successful stroke than when he produced the "Babes in the Wood." Its popularity, indeed, has been fairly "pro-di-gous"!

A Newcastle friend informs me that Mr Fred. Sidney has been gaining golden opinions from all sorts of people for his capital comic acting in the *role* of *Tinbad* in Mr Bernard's Newcastle pantomime of "Simbad."

Our friend, Mr Nathan Dunlop, clever man, is supporting the entire weight of the Allan Line business on his single pair of shoulders, his partner, Mr Alexander Allan, being off to Egypt during the cold weather. Mr Nathan, however, in the opinion of some, has shown just a little too much cleverness in his dealing with the "carrying trade" question.

So anxious, "they say," was Mr Bryce to set Mr Neil right on Thursday last with regard to the matter of his eyesight, that he waited for him outside the Council Chamber in the afternoon, with the intention of proving that his eyes were quite gleg enough for all the give and take purposes of ordinary life. Mr Neil, however, now that he had fired off his speech anent Councilors and Bailies in general, seemed to have lost all interest in either Mr Bryce or his eyes, and the interview didn't therefore come off.

There will, so the gossips say, be a vacancy, before long, in a parochial establishment on the south side of the city. By the south side I don't mean, of course, an urban parish, but one situated somewhere between Glasgow and the Border.

Hasn't Mr Deas quite plenty to do in his capacity of engineer to the Clyde Trust? He seems anxious to get his name up in connection with a "new swing bridge"—name of evil omen—but it ought always to be recollected that the erection of a "swing bridge" is a question for the Corporation, and that it is the Clyde Trustees who are Mr Deas's employers.

It behoves the owners of gas stoves to be wary in their dealings with these kittle cattle. One of them, which had been placed in the kitchen department of St. Andrew's Halls, blew up on Friday evening, burning and otherwise injuring Mr Chas. Wilson, of the Royal Restaurant, about the face and head. Mr Wilson had been engaged to supply the supper provided at the close of the dramatic performance by the members of the German Club, and it was while superintending the operations of his cooks that the accident took place.

A STOMACHER.

(Scene—Large tailoring establishment in city;
Enter stalwart farmer.)

Polite Tailor—Well, sir, what can I have the pleasure of doing for you to-day?

Stalwart Farmer—Hiv ee ony guid stoot clath for makin' coats?

P. T.—All qualities, sir. What style would you like, sir (showing pattern card.)

S. F.—Hoot toots, man, I'm no wantin' ony o' yer Frainch things, mak' it muckle in the waist for kail-suppin', an' short in the tail for doon-sittin', an' pit bane buttons on, that's the pawtrin' for me.

THAT BLIND RASCALLY BOY, THAT ABUSES EVERY ONE'S EYES, BECAUSE HIS OWN ARE OUT.—*As You Like It.*

'Tis said Love's blind; and so we find

As stupid, Cupid often taunted:—

So blind with me I did not see

That where I lov'd I was not wanted.

There came an old poor man with gold,

With him he deem'd she was enchanted;

For better, worse, she wed his purse—

The matter-o'-money-al(l) she wanted.

"THREE TIMES THREE."

Tam—D'ye ken that Parnell wis elecit for three different places, an' that he took Cork!

Bob—Took Cork, did he? Well if I'd been him I'd hae taen the bottle!

"NO SAE HIELAN'."

Town Bellman (in the capital of the West Highlands ringing his bell and speaking loudly)

—Notice! To be disposed of in way of a raffle in the George Hotel dis nicht, a splendid breech-loading gun an' case at ten pounds value. Tickets one shilling each, an' if the tickets are not aal sold, the winner will mak' up the deficiency.

The "Tramp" Chorus—"We've got no work to do."

A Loan and Not Alone—Money advanced on a joint promissory note.

A Ticket-of-Leave—A Free Pass.

Delinquent Govan.

THROUGH the BAILIE'S tutelage and influence the Juvenile Delinquency Board are at length coming to the front and getting their name up in leaded type. The last meeting of this august body was pretty fully reported in all our dailies. The *Mail* even went the length of founding a slashing leader, followed of course by "letters to the editor," on a rumpus 'twixt the Board and the Govan Commissioners. This is as it ought to be. Any corporation, especially a delinquent one, is all the better for being occasionally cut up, probed, and vivisected by the editorial scalpel. The quarrel in question is of some moment to Glasgow ratepayers. It is, or at least ought to be, well known that in August, 1878, the Protestant certified Houses of Refuge, Reformatories, and Industrial Schools were, together with their live-stock and other stock-in-trade, legally conveyed to the Town Council, who have since then mulcted the ratepayers to the extent of £6000 a year to aid in their upkeep. These houses, then, are wholly and exclusively for the benefit of the city and not the suburbs or anywhere else. By an act of grace, however, the Directors do admit outsiders—though in doing so they are going dead against the Statute—on condition that the authorities sending in their waifs and strays will guarantee a moderate payment in lieu of the Glasgow assessment. Most burghs are only too glad to get rid of their social refuse on such easy terms. Govan acts otherwise. Not only do the powers that be of that ilk continue to foist their youngsters on our institutions, but positively object to pay a copper towards their maintenance! Whence this bad eminence and burghal meanness? Are its finances at so low an ebb that eighteenpence per head per week for the board and training of their arabs would be felt as a ruinous arrangement? Perhaps the Commissioners at the meeting this week will condescend on a reply. A great ado has been made over the Board shutting its doors against any further cases from Govan. In this they are thoroughly justified in law and equity. No Glasgow ratepayer can be so blind to his own interests as not to go with the directors in this necessary new departure.

"The Forms of the House"—The ministerial and opposition benches.

"The Penny Dreadfuls"—Mock valentines.

"A Terror to Evil Doers"—The sergeant-at-arms.

Yearning.

WHEN the lusty barrow merchant
 Stirs the echoes of the streets,
 And the party bands parading
 Wake the bobbies on their beats.
 When the stalwart postman, climbing
 Stair by stair, and flight by flight,
 Should "Excelsior," replying
 To the youth far up the height.
 Then when all these things are chancing,
 Making room for more to chance,
 Comes a light upon my forehead
 And my eyeballs wildly glance.
 Deep within me burns a fever,
 Deep within me flames a fire;
 Who, when things like these are chancing,
 Will not feel a dear desire?
 Will not feel his pulses yearning
 To be in amongst the crowd,
 Try the baton's bold endeavour,
 Double knock, or shouting loud?
 Ah! we may not all be heroes
 Climbing up the mount of fame,
 Though within each manly bosom
 Blazes up the noble flame.
 Here the poem ends, and cometh
 Fitting place for moral true,
 What it is, I know not, reader,
 But it may occur to you.

SPARKLING!

(Two friends who are taking a walk in the suburbs meet Councillor Cracknel, and are invited to his house for a refresher.)

Cracknel—You'll mebbe be surprised at seeing a bottle in ma hoose, but though reckont a kinna teetotaller I'm a man o' some mind. By the bye, here's some wine I wud like ye tae taste, and gae yer opinion o'.

[Friends tast.]

Cracknel—Noo whit dae ye think o't?

1st Friend—I am not a great judge of claret, but this might be agreeable enough were it not for the flavour of burnt flannel.

2nd Friend—I think, Cracknel, without joking, that this wine shculd have been drunk when opened.

Cracknel—Whin it wis opent! Man whin it wis opent it fizzt.

"Going it" {on the "light fantastic toe"—Tripping across the puddles in George Square on a rainy day.

"The Seat of 'Government'"—The Speaker's chair.

A Marching "Order"—Parnell & Co. down the floor of the House.

Plat du Jour a l'Irlandais—Irish Stew.

Golden Bell(e)s—Heiresses,

Quavers.

UNDER the title "Gems from the Oratorios"—is the title registered one wonders—the Tonic Sol-fa Choral Society give a concert to-night (Wednesday) in St. Andrew's Hall. The selections include choruses from "Elijah," from Beethoven's "Engedi," and from "The Creation," all of which, with the anthem by Gounod "Send out thy Light," will no doubt be given a good account of by the energetic society under Mr Miller. For the solos a specially attractive party has been engaged. Mdlle. Di Murska sings "On Mighty Pens" and "With Verdure Clad," and there will be concerted pieces by the "party." Altogether this should be a very enjoyable concert.

The programme of the orchestral concert last week in St. Vincent Street Unitarian Church, showed, for one thing, that the taste for music of a quiet, refined character is growing in Glasgow, and, for another, that amateur execution has now markedly improved. Mr John B. Heron, one of our best local professional violinists, was conductor at this concert.

Chamber concerts have not, however, taken hold as yet, the two lately given here having been but poorly attended. One wonders, however, whether the right class of concert-goers has been appealed to? Why not have a concert or two at "popular" rates of admission, in a hall say of the dimensions of the Queen's Rooms? The experiment is worth trying next season.

One or two string quartets, we notice, were included in last Saturday's City Hall concert.

Mr James Mitchell, Coatbridge, has written and published a Scotch song with chorus, "The Artless Lassie." Mr Mitchell has, by the way, some metronomic improvements under development which have met with the warm approval of no less an authority than Herr Pauer.

An overture, No. 1 in E, has been written recently by Mr J. Pattinson, Mus. Bac. We hope to hear it played shortly.

Music for treble voices has come very much into use of late. Mr J. Seligmann has recently furnished a contribution to this delightful class of composition, in the form of a cantata, which is entitled "Victory," and consists of some seven or eight numbers in solo or chorus. Mr Seligmann's cantata is tuneful and brilliant, and eminently adapted for use in schools. It is published by Swan & Co.

The forthcoming Paisley Musical Festival will open with a performance of the oratorio of "Elijah," for which a chorus of some two hundred odds has been practising for some time under Mr J. A. Brown. For the second day Macfarren's "Lady of the Lake" has just been decided on, and the choruses in that ill-starred if musicianly work will be put in rehearsal in a fortnight or so.

The tenth annual concert of Mr Carl Volti's advanced violin pupils takes place to-night (Tuesday), in the National Hall, Main Street. The music to be played shows sufficiently the commendable character of Mr Volti's violin tuition. One of Haydn's symphonies will be performed, also the overture to L'italiana in Algiers, and several solos for violin and violoncello.

The concerts at the Theatre Royal are now in full swing. Opera recitals are to be a special feature; "Faust" will be so presented this (Tuesday) evening; "Trovatore," "Rigoletto," and other melodious works of their school will follow. Ballad nights, even oratorio nights, are in the scheme, which taken altogether is one deserving of encouragement, even if for no other reason than as a variety on the ordinary entertainment of the theatre.

PUNCH'S PILOT.—Our London contemporary speaks of "Force-ter in Ireland, and Force-it at the Post-Office." In this the "forced" wit or humour doubtless is, that the English people don't know how to pronounce their own language.

SAFES. { Fire and Thief Proof for Merchants, &c. Fifty by Milner, Phillips, Perry, from £4 upwards. Inspection Invited. Jennings, 101 Mitchell Street

My Picture.

NOT very wonderful, you see—
A cottage and a paling,
A purple sky, the usual tree,
A pond with ducks on't sailing!
You say the drawing's very good,
The painting, too, is fairish,
But both are just a little crude—
The whole thing amateurish?

You think the frame is rather "swell?"
It is: the *very* best, sir!

The man who made it guessed that—well,
I sha'n't say what he guessed, sir.

Look closer and you'll see, entwined
Among the foreground stubble,

A name that, to his vulgar mind,
Said plainly—"charge this double!"

That name is changed—to Snobkins, too!—
(The wretch was bald, but wealthy)

She tried to pine; it wouldn't do,
She always was so healthy.

She bowed her head to fate's decree;
They sold her into Snobdom;

Now six small Snobs suggest to me
Of what I might have robbed 'em!

My head is sprinkled o'er with snow,
Yet still, my old pipe lighting,

I love to face my picture—so!—
A dream of love inviting:

I don't see paling sky or pond,
But just—a lassie smiling!

Pale-faced, brown-eyed, yet far beyond
All other maids beguiling.

CHEE! CHEE! CHEE!

(Lodging house; Lodger has just called in his landlady.)

Lodger—I say, landlady, this is not the 4 lb. roast I left yesterday.

Landlady—I assure you, sir, no one in this house has touched *your* meat, it is there as you left it.

Lodger (puzzled)—Have you a cat in the house?

Landlady—Yes, sir.

Lodger—Oh you have! Well, mam, would you give that accomplished animal my compliments and say that I have no objections to let her have a share of my roast so long as she uses her teeth like other cats, but that I strongly object to her employing a *knife and fork* in future.

The "Maintenance" of the Law—Diets of proof.

A "Grave" Assembly—"A convocation of politic worms."

A "Tire" Woman—A talkative female.

The Income "Tax"—A family of daughters.

WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.—That Manchester House for supplying Cottons, Linens, Flannels, Blankets, direct from the Mills, meets a long felt want.—Stephen's, 179 Sauchiehall St.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the house-hunting season has begun.
That the female mind is sorely exercised.
That families in town want to try the suburbs.
That those in the suburbs want into the town.
That where the taxes are small the rent is high.
That proprietors of untenanted tenements are making judicious reductions in their rents.
That sitting is more comfortable than flitting.
That a couple of the pantomimes have closed.
That we won't be at a loss for a pantomime so long as the Toon Council continues as it is.
That last Thursday's scene was as good as a harlequinade.
That Johnny Neil was in rare form.
That he danced, pirouetted, leapt through windows, and was generally all over the shop.
That the fun commenced by Johnnie supporting the return of ex-Bailie Morrison to the Council.
That the ex-Bailie had good cause to exclaim, "Save me from my friends."
That several of the members got a touch of the hot poker.
That Bailie Laing's *debut* as Chairman wasn't a success.
That the greatest hit of the meeting was Councillor Jackson's self-appointed office of time-keeper.
That he's accustomed keeping time.
That he knows also "how to bide his time."
That he has been rehearsing how he would look with a gold chain round his neck.
That—we shall see what we shall see.
That the Hospital Sunday collections aren't very creditable to the church-going community.
That there are no more deserving institutions in the kingdom than our two infirmaries.
That their doors are always open.
That an appeal for funds to provide flannel waistcoats to the Samoan Islanders would have met with a more generous response than did that for the infirmaries.
That charity ought to begin at home.
That the rewarding of detectives for doing their duty is the latest phase of magisterial wisdom.
That the local steamboat proprietors have gained a victory over the Greenock authorities.
That they can emit as much smoke as they like from their steamers at Greenock quay, and that the Greenockians daren't say a word to them.

That the medical fraternity are up in arms against the Tramway Company.

That their certificates are useless unless they are certified upon their "soul and conscience."

That this meaningless formula is quite obsolete.

That a medical man's word is surely as good as his oath.

That the Registrars are not going to open their shops in the evening without remuneration.

That the whole system of emoluments is to be re-adjusted.

That we all know what that means.

That an increase of salary is certain to be the result of the memorial from the Registrars.

That the frost is once more with us.

That the plumbers are in ecstasies.

TWIXT MAN AND BOY.

The die he cast, and then at last
The question popp'd. She answered "No,"
And little thought the harrowing wrought
As arrow sped from bow to beau.
How different 'twas in days lang syne
As "Yes"—aye "Yes" in *Valentine*.

A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.

(Scene—Villa in the eastern district.)

Little Charlie (running into the house breathlessly)—Oh! papa, papa, come out tae ye see little Willie.

Papa (excitedly)—Why what, what's the matter?

L. C.—Oh come quick, he's crying because be—be—

Papa—Because what? Has he fell in the loch?

L. C.—No, no! But the tail's come aff his cuddy.

BINDING FOR AUTHORS.—An enterprising Glasgow tradesman advertises books "by the first writers of the day nicely bound in cloth." It should afford additional satisfaction to the reader to know that the first writers are "nicely bound in cloth" this sharp weather, and do not go, like poor Tom, "a-cold."

Folks who can "describe a circle" without the aid of Euclid—Circus riders.

A "Periodical Eccentricity"—The BAILIE'S Ass.

Weather Prophesying — Providing yourself with an umbrella.

A Training Ship—Courtship.

GENTLEMEN'S Cloth Made and Trimmed, Suits, 18s; Overcoats, 14s.; Fit, Workmanship, Trimmings guaranteed—
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EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS in MILLINERY
HATS, BONNETS, and CAPS, BEAVER, SEAL, VELVET,
STRAW and CHIP HATS and BONNETS.

The WHOLE WINTER STOCK OFFERED at GREAT
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NEW SPRING FASHIONS NOW TO HAND.

The New Spring Styles in Millinery, New shades, New
Shapes, New Materials, Magnificent New Stock of Mourning
Millinery.

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LADIES' DEPARTMENT—No 70, Up Stairs.

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3d " 6 for 1s; " " 1s 2d.

4d " 4 for 1s; " " 1s 2d.

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1st January, 1881.

By Order.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 9th, 1881.

DOESN'T it seem high time that some alter-
ation were made in the manners and cus-
toms of our local Bank agents? These gentry,
with scarcely a single exception, give themselves
the airs of the great Ram Jam himself. They
accept your money, and endeavour all the time
to make you believe that it is you and not they
who are the gainer by the transaction; while, let
your credit be never so good, let your business
be never so prosperous, the moment—if you be
a trader within certain limits—that you seek a
strictly business obligation at their hands, one
such as it is their bounden duty to grant, you
are met with sour looks and hesitating, unman-
nerly speech. This style of doing work, more-
over, which was quite sufficiently in vogue pre-
vious to the collapse of the City Bank, has since
increased with such a volume that it is fast grow-
ing past all endurance. Each of these agents,
invested as he is with a little brief authority, is
simply the employe of a business company, and
this company, in turn, is no more than a servant

of the community at large. It should never be forgotten, besides, while the Bank always makes its largest gains from its transactions with the busy, pushing members of our great middle class, that this is also the class with which it contracts the fewest number of bad or doubtful debts. Neither the Western nor the City Bank owed their downfall to money advanced to the shopkeeping classes of the community. It behoves, therefore, that our friends Messrs WENLEY, GAIRDNER, J. S. FLEMING, CUNNINGHAM, and the rest, should at once issue instructions to their underlings—"weavers, spinners, and other such mechanical persons" they have most of them been in their time—to at once adopt a more meet and courteous tone toward the customers of their respective concerns. The quality of courtesy is no more strained than that of mercy, and like the more important virtue it blesseth him that gives quite as much as him that takes.

QUITE CORRECT.

(Boy, leading terrier, meets schoolmaster.)

Schoolmaster—Well, James, you have got a dog.

Boy—Yes, but it's real veeshous.

Schoolmaster—When will you speak correctly? It isn't veeshous.

Boy—Is't no? Jist you haud it, an' a'll rin awa' an' whusle on't, an' ye'll see if its veeshous or no'.

THE NEW "POPE."

Walth makes the man, the want of it the fellow,
The rest is all but leather and prunella,
"Worth" makes the woman; 'tis Worth that takes her measure,
Designs, and cuts for, fashions at his pleasure.

"DEED AYE."

(Scene—Druggists' shop in country village ;
Enter woman to make a few purchases.)

Customer—D'ye ken if it's true that a new doctor's come tae the toon?

Druggist—Well, I believe so.

Customer—Losh, man, I'm gled o' that. I've seen the day in this same toon when ye'd a' been deed afore ye could a gane for yin o' ony kin' at a'.

"The Spirit of the Age"—Old malt.

"Extremes"—Heat and Cold.

A "Grate" benefit—Coals.

Hop Bitters—Disappointed expectations.

A Busy B—Lord Beaconsfield.

Sing-a-Song-a-Sixpence.

OUR friend, Councillor Neil, objects to one of his colleagues having been raised to the Magistracy for the singing of a song at the Corporation dinner. Surely this is somewhat unreasonable on the part of Johnny. He would have the Lord Provost elevate him to the bench, and yet, so far as we know, his chief qualities seem to be that he can call names and apologise afterwards for having done so. Between a fellow who sings a good song, and a councillor who tells his neighbours that they are "jist things in britches," the matter can only be one of "Hobson's choice."

Gone to the "Deacons."

"THE deacon's deid. Peace tae his banes"

The minister he thoct,
"The funeral screed 'll rax ma brains,
The text—'it maun be socht."

The auld man clawed and clawed his heid
An' raxed his brains su' sair,
He blawed his nose—he couldna read,
But clawed his heid the mair.

For twa lang hours the leaves turned owre
But deil a text he faund

When, a' at ance, he geid a glower ;
The buke fell out his haund.

For in Luke's Gospel there he read
A text that suits all deacons dead ;
"The verra thing," the auld man cried,
'It cam' to pass the beggar died.'

THE CHAIRMAN'S SPEECH.

Archie (just a wee bit fou', and who has a reputation as a wit, at least in Pollokshaws)—
An' noo, Mr Chairman canna ye gie us a speech?

Affable Chairman—Yes, sir. Shut up!

[The advice was taken, but as the pensive smile faded from Archie's face, the dreary thought came o'er him that, in the present state of society, suggestions from the wise were almost too eagerly adopted.

'TIS EVER So.—In the *Monthly Circular* dated 1st February, issued by Joseph Gardner & Sons, timber dealers, the following sad information appears under the heading of "Walnut Burrs." "Prime Burrs are still inquired for, but there is a very heavy stock of poor Burrs, which are quite neglected." It is evident that "poor Burrs" are no better off than "poor relations."

A "Paper Weight"—China clay.

China and its relatives—Tea, sugar, and cream.

A Bizarre Song.

COME, gentlemen, and view my wares, ere you begin to buy,
Here's articles for daily use and things to please the eye,
And bring your friends along with you, to see us as we are,
They'll find perhaps what most they need within our bright bazaar.

Then come and give an early call, with fate the moment teems,
See, here's a fancy smoking cap, a night-cap full of dreams;
The one when you enjoy the weed will make you wondrous wise,
The other when you go to bed, will shade your splendid eyes.

And here's a footstool, warmly bright, and fleecy as a nest,
With fairy slippers, too, to match, the wool is of the best;
You'll try them on when you go home, they're sure to fit you quite,
When ladies take the tape in hand, they measure men aright.

Here's socks and you will need a pair, they'll put ye aye in mind
That every kindly soul desires another of its kind,
And if you've nothing better round your neck to wear at night
You ought to buy this comforter and wear it very tight.

Here's shirts and cuffs, and dressing-gowns, and collarets and band,
And merchandise of awful worth, prepared by maiden hands,
Here's articles for ladies' use and children's outward show,
And you will be extremely wrong to let such bargains go.

But look about and see if you can find within this place,
Oh! anything you think will suit your own peculiar case;
Here's ribbons, but you need them not? then here before they're
gone,

Are needles, buttons, and the thread that sews them easy on.

We all would be so sorry, now, if you should go away
Without a lasting souvenir of this delightful day;
The fault is yours, if after this, you are not happier far,
And think the brightest day of life, the day of our bazaar.

A HIELAN' LASS.

(Scene—Gate of South-side Park; Time, five o'clock on Sunday evening).

Highlandman (gazing about as if in search of some one, to young swell)—Is this Corsehill?

Young Swell—This is Crosshill.

H. M.—D'es she'll ken whaur the Hielan' servant stays?

Y. S.—No. What's her name?

H. M.—She'll no ken her name.

Y. S.—What address did you get?

H. M.—She'll no got nane address.

Y. S.—How do you expect to find her?

H. M. (angrily)—Hooch, she'll saw her a year ago. (Looking about and pointing towards the terraces)—Is there ony servants there?

Y. S.—In every door.

H. M.—Weel, she'll go up there and look. (Lighting his pipe strolls along.)

Tangled Talk—"For he'sh a jholly good fellow."

Sitting Members—Tailors.

A Bad Sign—An Illegible Signature.

A "Fine" Man—Stipendiary Gemmel.

Mortality Returns—Ghosts.

Furniture for Cash "Doon on the Nail." GARDNER & HARDIE, 42 Great Clyde Street.

The Modern Æsop.

I.—Two MICE.

TWO mice—one young and the other old—while engaged in a friendly nibble at a wheat-ear, were surprised by a heavy shower of rain. The younger ran for shelter into an empty bottle; and turning round within it, he reappeared with his nose and ears out of the bottle-mouth. "See," said the older mouse, "you are getting very wet. Let me show you how to keep yourself dry in a thunderstorm." Out came the younger mouse; and the other quickly got inside, and remained there with his body in the bottle and his nose in the neck; and the mouse outside was soon drenched.

MORAL—Keep your own bottle for your own use.

A POST FOR A PILLAR.

(Scene—Infirmity Square; Two worthies are discussing church affairs.)

First Worthy—I say, Tammas, they want me tae staun for a pillar.

Second do.—A what?

First do.—A pillar; an elder, you ken.

Second do.—Man, you gied me a start. I was thinkin' o' them makin' a post o' you to haud up the plate maybe.

First do.—No makin' a post o' me, but gieing me a post. But I'll hae naething tae dae wi' the eldership. Elders are a twa-faced, hypocritical, oily-tongued lot. I'll staun nane.

Second do.—Man, Wullie, it's a pity you'll no staun; you wid make a graun elder. You hae a' the qualifications.

THE FU' CAUP'S ILL TA CARRY.

Some critic yet—howe'er it's mounted, drest,
Or scened, or played, albeit it be the best—
May hiss "The Cup," and shelve it with the rest.

Mattie reading in the *Herald* t'other day that the ladies of Ireland were forming a "Ladies' Land League," and thinking that they could hardly be expected to "boy"-cot people, suggests that they perhaps intend to "petticoat" them.

When is an Actor like an Earthquake?—When he brings down the house, to be sure.

An Open Examination—A *post mortem* inquiry.

Ward-robes—Prison dresses.

EVERY MAN TO HIS TRADE.—Manchester House, by dealing solely in Cottons, Linens, Flannels, Blankets, buy more largely and therefore cheaper than Houses that sell everything. STEPHEN'S, 179 Sauchiehall Street.

Megilp.

ALREADY a whisper is going round that the Galleries of the Fine Art Institute are too small, and that larger rooms may ere long become a necessity. It would be well, however, for those who adopt this view, to recollect that room has been found for no fewer than 961 pictures in the present collection, and to bethink them whether additional wall-space would be likely to command a better or a more important Exhibition.

No single work in the Exhibition has given rise to more diversity of opinion than David Murray's "Chateau Galliard." You hear on one side that its lines are detached, and that more emphasis should have been employed in the treatment of the apple blossoms, while on the other the earnest purpose of the artist, and the distinction of his style are pointed out. To readers of Scott or Dumas the picture insensibly recalls "Quentin Durward" or the "Three Musketeers." The tender tones of the twilight, as well as the picturesque ruins of the castle, lend the glamour of romance to the scene. "Chateau Galliard" is the boldest picture and also the best picture that Mr Murray has yet painted.

One of the features of the Exhibition is the number of flower pieces it contains. Flower painting, indeed, is once more becoming popular. Any one, however, who cares to understand how other times bring other styles in art, could not do better than study a flower piece by Lance—painted, say in the 'fifties, and the "Winter Bouquet" of C. J. Lauder, Little's "Full-blown Roses," or the "Pelargoniums" of Sam. Reid.

One of the most effective pieces of sculpture seen in Glasgow for some time is Onslow Ford's statuette portrait of Henry Irving, for which special sittings were given by the famous actor. Mr Ford, it may be added, is the sculptor who has been successful in the competition for the Sir Rowland Hill statue.

The proverbial "canniness" of the Scotch character received an illustration at the opening conversation in the Fine Art Institute on the evening of Monday week which was much more characteristic than agreeable. The refreshment buffet—which was opened by John Forrester—was largely patronised, but not in one but many instances the patrons "forgot" (?) to pay for the comestibles with which they were supplied. Mr Forrester withdrew from the buffet next day.

What a wonderful sale, to be sure, has that been of the North Park collection! Who could have believed that so many pictures would have found purchasers, and purchasers, too, who would pay such excellent prices? A good many of the works have gone out to Mauldslee Castle, and a number of others down to Skelmorlie. It is worth while noting the fact, by-the-by, that the modern pictures in the collection brought much better prices than did the works of the "old masters."

Frith's "Race for Wealth" is now on view in the rooms of the Water Colour Society in West Nile Street. It is one work, and is divided into five scenes or tableaux, each one of which illustrates a stage in the career of a promoter of public companies. Like everything which has come from Mr Frith's brush, "The Race for Wealth" is exceedingly dramatic in its arrangement, its drawing has more freedom than is usually the case with his pictures, and the colour is cooler and less conventional than what we have been accustomed to in the canvases of the school to which he belongs.

It is pointed out, in the descriptive notice handed to visitors to the rooms, that in picture number four the artist has introduced the portraits of several well-known lights of the legal world of London, but in various West of Scotland circles the resemblance of the Promoter to a certain mining celebrity will be recognised at once. Of course, this resemblance must be altogether accidental, but it is none the less marked for all that. Coming back for a moment to the technical excellencies of "The Race for Wealth," let us say that, looked at as the production of Mr Frith, it seems almost perfect. Time has robbed the artist of none of his old qualities, but it has still mellowed and softened them. The pictures, besides, tell a story, and this, among nine-tenths of even the art loving public, is the chief merit that a picture can possess.

Drinks.

- For a Farmer—John Barleycorn.
- For a Victual Dealer—Bran-dy.
- For an Invalid—Madeira.
- For a Musician—Bass.
- For a Washerwoman—Allsopp and soda-water.
- For a Betting Man—Sher-bet.
- For a Sailor (on arrival)—Port.
- For a Fruiterer—Lemon-ade.
- For a Termagant—(Raspberry) vinegar.
- For a Punster—Pun-ch.

GETTING OUT OF IT.
(Scene—A parlour.)

Mrs Laing (an intimate friend)—A' thocht ye said, Jeanie, whan John deid ye wad never maerry again.

Mrs Rae (recently married a second time)—A' didna ken what a' was sayin' than, a' was clean demented.

"The Chamber of Horrors"—The Commons' House last week.

Busy B's — "Bears" and "Bulls" on the Stock Exchange.

"A Bill of Suspension"—The Premier.

ROYALTY THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager.....Mr E. L. KNAPP.
Engagement of
Mr GEORGE RIGNOLD and his Full London Company.
THIS EVENING, TUESDAY, 8TH FEBRUARY, at 7-30.
SHAKESPERIAN HISTORICAL PLAY,
HENRY V.
Henry V. (King of England)..... Mr GEORGE RIGNOLD.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

MAIN STREET, SOUTH SIDE, GLASGOW.
Sole Lessee and Manager.....Mr H. CECIL BERYL.
NINTH WEEK.
LAST SIX NIGHTS.
The Only Pantomime now Playing in the City.
Every Evening at 7-30, Saturday at 7, the Highly Successful Pantomime,
THE BABES IN THE WOOD.
FRIDAY FIRST, FEBRUARY 11, SPECIAL NIGHT
FOR THE FIRST
BENEFIT OF MR H. CECIL BERYL
(Sole Lessee and Manager).
Box Plan at Donaldson's Rooms, 91 St. Vincent Street.
Positively the LAST WEEK, in consequence of Previous Arrangements.

ROYALTY BILLIARD SALOON,

48 SAUCHIEHALL STREET,
GLASGOW.
THE FINEST TABLES AND
THE MOST ELEGANT BILLIARD SALOON
IN SCOTLAND.

T H E A T R E - R O Y A L .

(Under Royal Letters-Patent from The Crown.)

Manager,.....Miss LITTON (Mrs W. Robertson).

THE ROYAL CONCERTS.

BAND OF 60 PERFORMERS,

Of Artistes from the Royal Italian Opera, Her Majesty's Opera, and the Principal Continental Opera-Houses.

Miss LITTON has great pleasure in announcing she has secured the services of the Renowned Composer, SIGNOR TITO MATTEI, as Conductor.

A Special Feature will be made of

OPERA RECITALS.

THE PROGRAMME WILL BE CHANGED EVERY NIGHT.

TO-NIGHT (TUESDAY)—FIRST OPERA RECITAL—
"FAUST;"

SECOND PART—MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT.

WEDNESDAY—GRAND BALLAD NIGHT.

Doors open 7 Commence 7-30.

Private Boxes, One to Two Guineas; Dress Circle, 5s; Boxes, 3s (both Numbered and Reserved throughout the Evening); Grand Promenade, 1s 6d; Amphitheatre, 1s; and Gallery, 6d.

Box Office Open 10 till 5. Seats may be also secured at Messrs Muir Wood's, and by Telegram or Telephone direct to the Theatre.

TO-NIGHT (TUESDAY), 8th FEB., Commencing 7-30.

VOCALISTS—

Miss JOSE SHERRINGTON,

M D M E. O S B O R N E W I L L I A M S,

SIGNOR FOLI.

SIGNOR RUNCIO, SIGNOR VERGARA.
WHO WILL SING EVERY NIGHT THIS WEEK.**T H E G A I E T Y .**

Proprietor and Director,Mr C. BERNARD.

Manageress.....Mrs BERNARD.

In consequence of unforeseen circumstances, the Production of
B I L L E E T A Y L O R

IS POSTPONED FOR THE PRESENT.

AND THE GAIETY WILL REMAIN CLOSED UNTIL
FURTHER ANNOUNCEMENT.

MONDAY, FEB. 21, MADAME FAVART.

GLASGOW AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.**STALLION SHOW.**

The ANNUAL SHOW of CLYDESDALE STALLIONS will take place in the CATTLE MARKET, GLASGOW, on TUESDAY, 22ND FEBRUARY.

Two HORSES will be selected for the GLASGOW DISTRICT at a PREMIUM of £120 each.

The Selected horses to be stationed in Glasgow during the Season.

Entry Schedules and Regulations to be had from the Secretary. Last Day for receiving Entries, SATURDAY, 12th February.

MARK MARSHALL, Secy.

145 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow, 12th January, 1881.

The PLOUGHING match will take place on NEWTON FARM on THURSDAY the 17th INST.

S C O T I A M U S I C H A L L .

116 STOCKWELL STREET,

Proprietrix and Manageress,.....Mrs BAYLIS.

The most popular place of Amusement in the city. Nightly crowded with delighted audiences. Largest and best Variety Company in Scotland.

Concert at 7; Saturday, 6.

Prices to suit all classes.

GLASGOW TONIC SOL-FA CHORAL SOCIETY.

GRAND SACRED CONCERT.

GEMS FROM THE ORATORIOS.ST. ANDREW'S HALL,
WEDNESDAY, 9TH FEBRUARY.

PRINCIPALS—

Mdle. ILMA DE MURSKA,

Mdme. SINICO,

MDLLE. VOGRI, CONTRALTO,

SIGNOR VIDAL, TENOR,

AND

Signor CAMPOBELLO.

HERR LOWENTHAL, Pianist. | DR A. L. PEACE, Organist.
FULL CHORUS.

Mr W. M. MILLER, Conductor.

Prices, 7s 6d, 5s, 4s, 2s, and 1s.

Tickets and Programmes at Muir Wood's 42 Buchanan Street.

Doors open at 7; Concert at 8.

CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.

SATURDAY, 12TH FEBRUARY,

ONE NIGHT ONLY.

The Celebrated Troupe of

C H R I S T Y M I N S T R E L S,

Well known as the only

COURT MINSTRELS.

TWENTY EMINENT PERFORMERS.

PROPRIETORS, THE LIVERMORE BROTHERS.

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.

GLASGOW INSTITUTE OF THE FINE ARTS.

TWENTIETH ANNUAL EXHIBITION

GALLERIES, SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

NOW OPEN.

Day Admission, 9 till 5-30,.....1s.

Evening " 7 till 10,.....6d.

SEASON TICKETS—

Single Season Ticket, Admitting to Exhibition, but not to Promenades,..... 5/

Single Season Ticket, Admitting to Exhibition, and to Promenades,..... 7/6

Family Season Ticket, Admitting all Members of the Household to Exhibition, but Limited to Three for Promenades and Conversazione, .. 21/

Musical Promenades every Saturday from 2 till 4.

OFFICE OF THE INSTITUTE—

GALLERIES, SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

ROBERT WALKER, Acting Secretary.

CORPORATION ORGAN RECITALS IN CITY HALL.

A Recital on the Organ will be given by the City Organist, MR LAMBETH, on the afternoon of SATURDAY FIRST, at FOUR o'clock prompt.

Members of Mr Lambeth's Choir will attend and render some Pieces of Vocal Music.

Doors Open at 3-30. Admission and Programmes Free.

NOW OPEN,

M R E D W A R D S I L V A W H I T E ' S
WINTER EXHIBITION OF OIL PAINTINGS by
BRITISH and CONTINENTAL ARTISTS.
ART GALLERIES, 161 WEST GEORGE STREET,

On Tuesday, 15th February, in the City Sale-Rooms,
41 West Nile Street.
**IMPORTANT SALE OF
FAMILY TRADE WINE AND SPIRIT STOCK,**
In Bond.

- 8 Hhds. BRANDY.
- 21 Qr. Casks Do.
- 3 Hhds. DUNVILLE'S WHISKY.
- 4 Pun. SIMPSON'S BANFF Do.
- 10 Hhds. SHERRY.
- 4 Pun. PORT.
- 1 Hhd. MASNEN.
- DUTY-PAID.
- 4 Hhds. SHERRY.
- 1 Hhd. PORT.
- 2 Qr.-Casks Do.

BY AUCTION.

(Belonging to the Estate of the late J. R. Campsie, and Sold by order of James Anderson, Esq., C.A., 179 West George Street, Judicial Factor.)

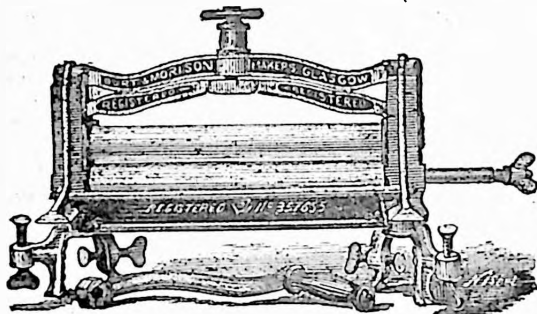
J. & R. EDMISTON will Sell the above, in the City Sale-Rooms, 41 West Nile Street, on Tuesday, 15th February, at 12 noon.

Catalogues in preparation.

J. & R. EDMISTON, Auctioneers.

The Auctioneers desire to call special attention to the high quality of this Stock, specially selected for the first-class family trade, so long and successfully carried on by the late Mr Campsie.

THE "ACME" WRINGER (REGISTERED).



THE Best in the Market. Don't purchase till you have seen it. None are Genuine unless bearing our Name and Register Number. Every Machine guaranteed to be of the Best Material and Workmanship.

Sole Manufacturers—

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(Late BURT & MORISON),
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THE ORGUINETTE.

THE MUSICAL WONDER OF THE AGE,
By which a Child can play any Music.

Just Arrived a large consignment direct from America ex S.S. "Waldensian."

New Style, with Swell Box, and 24 feet of Music, 35s.—Sole Agent,

R. DONALDSON,
Pianoforte and Music Saloon,
91 ST. VINCENT STREET.

SOUTH-SIDE ASSEMBLY ROOMS

CROWN STREET, and
BARONIAL ROOMS,

110 THISTLE STREET, S.S.,

Noted for Elegance, Comfort, and Moderate Charges.
Apply SUPERINTENDENT, 157 CROWN STREET.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Friday, 11th February
PUBLIC SALE OF A

**SMALL BUT SELECT CABINET OF
HIGH-CLASS PICTURES,**

Composed nearly entirely of exhibited Works, which belonged to a Lady deceased, and which have been removed from 5 Buckingham Terrace for convenience of Sale.

Including Among the

OIL PAINTINGS—"The Cottage Door," by Colin Hunter; "Smoking the Cobbler," by James Edgar; "A Spanish Coquette," and "Portio mea Domine," Two Charming Works by J. B. Burgess, A.R.A.; "Willie is Coming," by George Bonavia; "Girl at a Stream," by Edward Davis; "Waterfall with Bridge," by Thomas Creswick, R.A.; and other fine Examples of Modern Art.

The **WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS** are very choice, and include one of the finest Works of Sam Bough, R.S.A., "Ulswater from the Fells;" "View of Inch Tavanoch," by Chas. Woolnoth; "On the Ruel, Glendaruel," by Thos. Fairbairn; Two Beautiful Coast Scenes by Jas. G. Philip, "The Estuary of Barmouth" and "Fishermen Returning;" "Old Lime Kiln, North Devon," by E. G. Muller; "City of Toledo from the Banks of the Tagus," a Fine Example of J. Dobbin, &c., &c.; also, the

CABINET OF PAINTINGS

Formed by the late Robert Watt, Esq.; and a few important Works, belonging to an old Glasgow Family, including "A Spanish Belle," by J. Philip, R.A.; "Canterbury Meadows," a large and important Work by T. Sidney Cooper, R.A.; "John Knox Rebuking Mary Queen of Scots" (original sketch) by W. P. Frith, R.A.; Three important Examples of Horatio M'Culloch, R.S.A.; Two Sea Pieces, by Schutz; "River Scene," by Clarkson Stanfield, R.A.; "Reclining Venus," by Wm. Etby, R.A.; and Examples of Pollok S. Nisbet, Duncan M'Laren, J. B. M'Donald, R.S.A., John Chalmers, Peter M'Nab, J. C. Noble, J. Milne Donald, D. M'Kellar, and others.

Also, RARE ARTIST PROOF ENGRAVINGS.

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell the above, by Auction, in the Gallery of the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, North Court, St Vincent Place, on Friday, 11th Feb., at One o'clock.

On View day prior to Sale.

Catalogues may now be had, or will be forwarded on application.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 7th Feb., 1881.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms on Friday, 11th February, at 2 o'clock.

**PUBLIC SALE OF A
SMALL COLLECTION OF RARE
OLD FRENCH REPOUSSE WORK;**
Helmet, Urn, and Tray, and Jardinières.

Also, a Few Select Pieces of
BENARES WARE,

Collected by a Gentleman during his Residence in India.

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell the above, by Auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Friday, 11th February, at Two o'clock.

On View on Day prior to Sale.

FURNITURE.—JOHN M. SIMPSON,
60 GREAT CLYDE STREET,

Dining-Room, Drawing-Room, Library, and Office Furniture. The best selection to choose from in the city. Bedroom Furniture in Great Variety.

AVOID DRAUGHTS.—A very fine variety of Screens at present on view at remarkably Low Prices. Call and see the Stock.

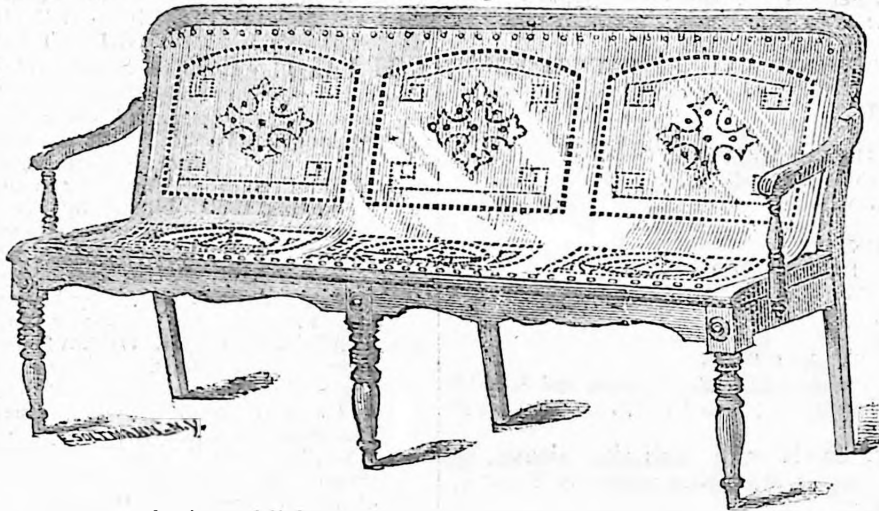
REGENT HOTEL,
SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

SUPPER ROOMS NOW OPENED.
Fish, Tripe, and Oysters from 7 p.m.

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,
Child's Carriage
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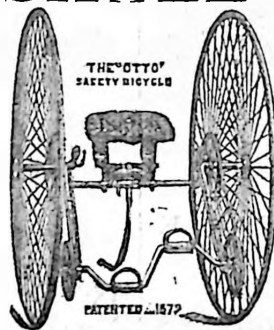
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AND RESPECTIVELY NAMED,

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"In 'The Race for Wealth,' Mr FRITH deals with one of the largest evils and strongest motives of our time. He sets before us 'The Game of Speculation,' with some of its most painful consequences, in the shape of family ruin and personal dishonour and disgrace. . . . Mr FRITH has never produced anything better, whether for conception of character or masterly execution. . . . Nothing he has produced for many years can be placed on a par with 'The Race for Wealth.'"—*The Times*, 22nd April, 1880.

"An excellent point in this work is the skill with which the artist has depicted the besotting influence of avarice upon the human intellect. The love of gold seems to have well-nigh bereft them of reason. . . . The didactic purpose of pictorial art is enforced with brilliant ability and powerful effect."—*The Morning Post*.

" . . . And so the curtain falls solemnly and impressively upon Mr FRITH'S telling drama, but after a moment's reflection mental applause follows the successful work. There can be little doubt about the interest and instruction with which the public will study this painted play."—*Daily Telegraph*.

'We know no living English painter from whom we should expect so comprehensive a theme as 'The Race for Wealth,' to be treated with so much inventive *vraisemblance*, with such skill of composition, and with such great intelligence as Mr FRITH has displayed throughout.—*Illustrated London News*.

"The fashionable things to do are to rush to the Prince of Wales' Theatre, and see Miss Genevieve Ward perform the new and very popular piece, 'Forget me Not,' and in the morning to see the new great sensation picture by FRITH, 'The Race for Wealth.' This is a serial most cleverly executed, in five separate pictures, each representing a different scene in the same lines. It is very graphic; poetry without words; and its popular success is proved by the crowds of spectators who flock to this gallery to see it. Masters of the art of painting consider this a great *coup*—indeed a rare stroke of genius."—*Vanity Fair*.

NOTE.—These Pictures must not be confounded with the former series, "The Road to Ruin," which were exhibited at the Royal Academy at London. "The Race for Wealth" were painted on commission by Mr FRITH, R.A., for their present owner, and have never been exhibited but at his private Galleries in London, and at the Royal Hotel, Scarborough.



The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 435. Glasgow, Wednesday, February 16th, 1881. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 435.

SURELY something untoward has befallen the clerk of the weather. He is either annoyed at the Yankees with their constant warnings anent storms of wind and rain, or he is letting things meteorological take their own way just to see what will come of it, or he is meditating a return to what geologists term the period of glaciers and ice-falls. Whatever may be the reason for the weather he is sending us, one thing at least is certain, and that is that we are all heartily tired of it. Jack Frost is probably a good enough fellow in his way, but we can have too much of a good fellow as well as of a good thing. No one objects, to be sure, to "seasonable weather" at Christmas. Indeed we look for snow at mid-winter just as we look for sunshine at midsummer. In the present instance, however, the "seasonable weather" began long before winter proper had come in, and now that winter proper is over and gone our days are still given up to alternate frosts and rains, with a heavy shower of snow just by way of variety. How long this season of Arctic severity is likely to last no one seems able to foretell. The earlier portion of winter was distinguished by its eager and nipping air, but as the days lengthened the cold strengthened, and now, when we are in the latter half of February, the "fair spring-tide" is as far away as ever. Meteorology is the one science in which man has yet vast realms to conquer. The "sweet influences of the Pleiades" and "the bands of Orion" are as much a mystery to him now as they were in the days of Job. "Arcturus with his sons" still refuses to be directed by his counsels. Any weather wisdom we possess is, however, derived from the teachings of astronomy. It is the quiet watchers of the stars, who, alive

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to all manner of skiey influences, are able, now and then, to warn us of the approach of a dangerous storm, or to indicate the probability of some important rise or fall in the temperature of the air. In our own district the weather notes of Professor GRANT, little as these partake of a prophetic character, are always studied with interest. Dr GRANT—he is an LL.D. of Aberdeen—is accustomed, indeed, to prophecy after the event, but for all that he never speaks—through the columns of the newspapers, that is—without finding a fitting audience. A pawky Inverness-shire man, and educated at the University of Aberdeen, the Professor is the last person in the world likely to "pit his haun far'er oot than he can draw it easily back again." In his own social circle, where he has a reputation for "crackiness" and good humour, Professor GRANT may now and then commit himself to a weather forecast, but in public he rigidly adheres to the weather of the past, and allows that of the future to look after itself. The chair of Astronomy in the University, it is interesting to note, was occupied, immediately prior to the advent of Dr GRANT, by Professor John Pringle Nichol, father of the present Professor of English Literature, and one of the most considerable Scotchmen of his time. Professor Nichol died in 1859, and Professor GRANT was appointed in his stead in the same year. His exactness, if not calculated to make him very popular, possesses a distinct merit of its own. All progress, indeed, in meteorological science, can only be secured by the exact style and careful method adopted by mathematical astronomers like Dr GRANT. In the meantime we can only hope that the existing director of the weather may see fit, before long, to introduce us to a little sunshine, and some indication of a blue sky and a southerly wind. The winter of 1880-81 will be long remembered for its

Arctic cold, and its long-continued spell of broken and blustery weather.

The Sixth Ward Catechism.

QUESTION—What is the difference between Councillor Neil and a red herring?

Answer—The one is a Glasgow magistrate and the other isn't.

Q.—Why is Councillor Neil like a once celebrated Colonel of the 10th Hussars?

A.—Because he is a retired Baker.

Q.—Why is Councillor Neil like the steamer Columba?

A.—Because he has no figurehead.

Coats.

For a Sportsman—A Shooting Coat.

For a Balloonist—An Overcoat.

For a Pedestrian—A Walking Coat.

For a Henpecked Husband—A House Coat.

For an Angler—A Tweed Coat.

For a Diminutive Party—A Short Coat.

For a Hypocrite—A "double-breasted" Coat.

For a Toper—A "tight" fitting Coat.

For a Soldier—A coat of arms.

For a Painter—A coat of many colours.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

Confidential Friend—Buried three wives, John, and gaun tae maerry a fourth time. Dis she ken ye've been thrice a widdier?

John—Aye, and when a tell't her she said it was her third widdyhood.

Confidential Friend—In that case ye'll be weel matched.

Cry "havoc" and let loose the Dogs of War—One of them—the hero of the Colley-shangie with the Boers.

A distinction with a difference—With bill-stamps it's your name; with "Bill Stumps" 'twas his "mark."

Thereby hangs a tail—In, after a dogged resistance, a Colley's retreat.

Axe-is-sorry to the act—When Mr Gladstone's at the Woods and Forests.

"The Stir(r)up Cup"—A bowl of punch.

A Musical Play—A pantomime.

"Call Boys"—Tax-collectors.

The Plumber's Weird.

A PLUMBER sat on a roll of lead,
As heavy as his heart,
His useless tools before him spread
Never a job to "start."

His pipe was out, his throat was dry,
His lips *rememberat* beer,
He thought (and heaved a heavy sigh)
He'd not been "sou" this year!

But Jack Frost set his icy claw
On river, drain, and pipe;
And then there came a mighty thaw
And loosed his vicious gripe.

Pipes burst in beauty, side by side,
And filled each home with dread:
In vain that plumber tried to hide,
They dragged him from his bed!

And day and night a crowd, six deep,
Stormed round the plumber's shop,
And would not let him eat or sleep,
Nor e'en to "liquor," stop

Till, sick of life, he swore to die,
And looked around to see
A spot where plumbing bones might lie,
From "jobbing orders" free.

He did not favour earth or sea,
Where common mortals sleep,
But dug a hole—then lightly he
Down into it did leap.

True plumber to his latest breath!—
He wriggled through a leak
Into the "main," and by his death,
He stopped that pipe a week!

AN AFTERNOON TEA.

(Company of ladies at table.)

Hostess—I hope, ladies, you are all making a good tea. Mrs Mackmeikle, help yourself to the cookies and be quite at home.

Mrs Mackmeikle (who hails from the country)—Oh! losh, I'm daeing fine. I aye tak' my tea outside wi' a relish. Ye see a body has na the care o' washing the dishes after the folks gang awa. [Titter amongst guests.]

What is the difference between a Crack Shot and a Reading Sergeant?—The one hits the mark, and the other marks the hit.

"Poor Bags"—Toom purses (at the end of the week).

The Flower of the British Army—Certainly not the Colley-flower in the Transvaal.

Rare "Old Tom"—Thomas Carlyle.

A Senior Wrangler—The lady as owns ye.

A Spirited Affair—The publicans' soiree.

"Court" Circulars—Love letters.

You will regret if you do not secure a copy of Cosmo Innes' (the historian) little Work on Scotch Surnames. Very interesting. A few copies on Sale, for 1s 3d, at 102 Queen Street.

Bicycles. { See New Patterns; Order early to avoid delay; Best Makes Supplied. Second-Hand Machines, Cheap.
JENNINGS' DEPOT,
101 MITCHELL STREET.

Valentines for 1881.

TO the Lord Provost—A quiet and orderly Council.

To Tramway Servants—New uniform and increased pay.

To Councillor Neil—A seat on the Magisterial Bench.

To Bailie Dunlop—A twopenny English grammar.

To Professor Nichol—The blessings of the "unco guid."

To our Friend The Architect—The commission for the new Municipal Buildings.

To Trade Agitators—A little common sense.

To Public Officials—Contentment with their present salaries.

To Everybody—Good health and a contented mind.

BARBER-OUS.

(Scene—A shaving shop.)

Old Customer (to barber who has given him one or two nasty cuts)—Wad ye gi'e me a tumler o' caul' watter?

Barber (anxiously)—I'll dae that. D'ye feel feent?

O. C.—Na, na, I was jist wantin' tae see if my mooth was haudin' in!

PUNCH'S PILOT.

"England's philosopher! old Chelsea's sage:"
Aye, thus 'tis writ on *Punch's* patriot page,
Punch, that at Scotland ever jeers and gibes,
Yet Scottish fame on English roll inscribes.
Sounds "Craigenputtoch" of the sunny South?
Comes "Ecclefechan" from the Cockney mouth
With "h" full-flavour'd, open, rich, and round?—
That "h" that Cockneys ne'er know how to sound.
See Scottish soil his fame to Scotland save:
Scotland's philosopher! the land that gave
To Carlyle birth, he honours with his grave.

When does a sailor in a leaky boat perform an act of heathen worship?—when he bows the knee to bail, of course.

A Lay Clerk—An Egg Merchant's book-keeper.

An Ice Freeze Design—The fairy fancy frost-work on the window-pane.

Full Moon—The honey moon.

The Detached Squadron—Divorced folks.

A Wire Blind—Telegraphing in cypher.

An empty Title—Boss.

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.

GLASGOW and South-Western ordinary stock has been frequently referred to in these columns. It was characterised as a stock that was too low for its prospects, particularly in comparison with others which were palpably too high when their own prospects were taken into consideration. The absurdity of South-Western and Caledonian standing on an equal footing was pointed out, and I am glad to say that the position has since become greatly altered. Instead of being at the same price in the market, as they were, there is now a difference of about £10 in favour of South-Western.

The reason for this is that the value of South-Western, which I pointed out long before it seemed to be publicly appreciated, has at length become manifest. Calculations as to present market value are of course now based upon the impending dividend. Various figures have been put upon the return to the shareholders. Sanguine people expect 6 per cent., and if the present price of the stock is to be maintained, the buyers would require at least 6 per cent. to recoup themselves. I doubt, however, whether these rose-coloured expectations will be realised. 6 per cent. seems a long figure to put against 4, and if the shareholders get 5½ they ought to be well satisfied.

In any case, the stock is becoming too dear at the present quotation. At 119 or 120 the buyer would require 6 per cent., which he very possibly will not get. Caledonian is still less value in the market, taking into account the relative positions of prices and probable outcome.

Pig iron is being eagerly looked at by many people. There are numbers of folks who are quite prepared to go in at 50s, notwithstanding the large make and heavy stocks. Hence the market has lately merely touched that price, and instantly recovered again to the extent of a few pence. It might be just as well if the intending investor kept his money by him instead of putting it in iron at present rates. The tremendous make both here and in America, the existing large stocks, and the comparatively small export, constitute a series of alarming facts, and "facts are chiefs that winna ding." Unless something "turns up," as Micawber used to say, iron will be at 47s 6d before many weeks are over.

SCRUTATOR.

A FOWL JOKE.

1st Funny Boy—Why do quack doctors not like geese?

2nd Do.—Give it up.

1st Do.—Because they're always making personal remarks. See it, eh?

2nd Do. (slaps him on back)—Right, old boy. Go up *dux*. [Exit cackling.]

A WORK OF IMAGINATION.—In Westminster Abbey the body of Carlyle and the statue of Prince Napoleon! Things unequal to the same thing are unequal to one another.

A Distinction with a Difference—A teetotaller, a milksop; the other animal, an All-sop.

ON DIT.—He's used to't, like a Neil to skinning. [Skinning whom?]

Cool-headed men—Those who wear Kilmarnock nightcaps.

The race for wealth—The Jewish.

The Clyde Pilot Board—The Tiller.

Joint Lines—Marriage certificates.

THE "ZOEDONE" AGENCY, 47 Waterloo Street, Glasgow.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—The Gaiety still remains closed, but it will re-open on Monday next with "Madame Favart," which will be presented by a company organised by Mr Bernard himself, and some of the members of which are not entire strangers to the Glasgow stage.

Two years have elapsed since Mr Barry Sullivan's last appearance at the Gaiety. He is announced by Mr Bernard for Monday week, the 28th inst.

That play of "Henry V.," at the Royalty, is one that ought to be seen. Why, it not only supplies you with some capital acting, but it's quite as good as a lesson in history. The dresses, the arms, and the general insignia of war, so plentifully introduced on the stage, are all strictly correct—they are exact representations of those employed by the York and Lancastrian kings.

Mr Rignold hasn't a very sympathetic part in "the warlike Harry." He looks every inch a king, but there is little scope in the role for anything beyond simple declamation. The *Fluellen* of Mr James Craig—who is, by the way, a son of our old friend Mr Craig of Middleton—is really a clever character sketch; and next in ability to the *Fluellen* is that of the *Michael Williams*.

The comedy of "The Guv'nor," which will be supported by the company under the direction of Messrs T. W. Robertson and Bruce, will be produced at the Royalty on Monday next.

When "The Guv'nor" is withdrawn from the Royalty, which it will be on Saturday, the 26th inst., it will be followed by the Compton Company, who will appear in a selection of our classical English comedies. Among these will be "Twelfth Night," "The Heir-at-Law," "The Hypocrite," and "London Assurance." During the stay of the company, besides, Mr Compton will produce a new one-act piece of his own, entitled "A Mutual Separation."

Among the novelties secured by Mr Knapp for his coming season is the "Forty Thieves" of Mr Robert Reece, the bright burlesque which is at present drawing all London to the Gaiety Theatre. The leading part in the "Forty Thieves" will be played in Glasgow, as it is being played in London, by Mr Edward Terry.

True to the traditions of his theatre, Mr Cecil Beryl has arranged to follow his wonderfully successful pantomime of "The Babes in the Wood" with a stirring sensational drama entitled "The Black Flag." This is the work of Mr Henry Pettitt, an author who is responsible for several recent pieces of a popular type, and who certainly brings an abundant acquaintance with the stage to aid him in his labours as an author. "The Black Flag" will be supported by the company of Messrs Gould and Vernon, two experienced and skilful actors.

Mr Airlie has engaged quite a dramatic company for his recital of "Guy Mannering," which will be given on Saturday in the City Hall for the first time this season. Among its members are Miss Julia Scaman, Mr William Gourlay, Mr W. S. Vallance, Mr Darling, Mr Houston, and Mrs Gourlay and Miss E. Hunter.

Miss Litton continues her career at the London Gaiety with a gratifying amount of success. Her production of the "Good-Natured Man" of Goldsmith—a piece which, with the solitary exception of a short revival by Phelps at Sadler's Wells, many years ago, had not been seen on the stage for over fifty years—is drawing still better houses than did "The Country Girl" of Wycherley, the comedy with which her series of performances opened.

The playing of *Master Ford* by Mr Herman Vezin, in an afternoon performance of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," last Wednesday, at the London Adelphi, has gained him golden opinions from the more influential organs of Metropolitan criticism.

Can it be true, I wonder, what I hear anent the impending re-

turn of Mr Myers? "They say" that at the close of his Newcastle season in a fortnight hence, the great little man means to swoop down upon us with his full force—not the fractional part that he had here lately. In addition to his former varied "stud" he will trot out the famous "Toro," that performing bull about which such an ado has been made in the law courts and elsewhere. Probably Mr T. C. Barlow will be able in a day or two to "post" the public in the details of the expected visit. With Hengler and Myers running together we ought to be the best circused city going.

You may remember that during the New Year holidays Mr Charles Hengler wrote to the papers here regretting his absence but stating that he would be with us "in a few weeks." I told you at the time that these few weeks would extend as far as the beginning of March, and that the opening would not be before the 5th. Mr Powell now writes to say that "he will positively re-appear in the West Nile Street house either on Thursday, the 10th, or Saturday, 12th prox., when he will put up a number of startling novelties."

What queer folk Highlanders are, to be sure! There is young Donald M'Mutchkin, son of the man who keeps so many public-houses throughout the town. He says that his father is chief of the clan of that name. To make the matter quite sure, the old boy bought some few acres of the clan's ancient possessions, long alienated to an obscure Sassenach through the perversity and folly of the M'Mutchkins generally. In virtue of the acquisition the papa called himself "The M'Mutchkin," and the son, not to be behind, called himself "The M'Mutchkin" likewise. Fancy the youth's amazement the other night, and the world's laughter, when, arrayed in gorgeous tissues, he gave his name to the waiter at an evening party, and heard that functionary, as he opened the drawing-room door, bawl in stentorian tones, "Wee M'Mutchkin."

THE FORCE OF—FOLI.

(Scene—outside publishing office of the BAILIE; Time, Thursday last.)

Tom—Look here, I want to know how much further Foli can go? (He points at the same time, to the BAILIE's portrait of Signor Foli.)

Jack—What do you mean?

Tom—Why, from present appearances, he seems to have reached (A?) F. Sharp!

"BOYCOTTING."

(Scene—A victual dealer's shop in Cork.)

Pat (crockery vendor)—Oi want a peck ov bran and shielings. (After a pause)—Are yiss, sorr, a member ov the Land Laigue.

Victual Dealer (frankly)—I am not.

Pat—Then, bedad, oi wudn't bhuy from yiss though ye wur to give it me for nothing.

A Distinction with a Difference—Between the battle of A-gin-court and a fight in a whisky palace.

The Modern Master of Arts—The great Æsthetic who wears his art upon his sleeve.

Storm Signals—The *New York Herald's* (weather) telegrams.

Double-Dealing—Russian diplomacy.

The Modern Æsop.

II.—TWO FROGS.

TWO frogs—one sly and the other rash—sat croaking upon some weeds, at the edge of a river, intending a swim across. Said the sly frog, suspecting the nearness of a lurking pike, "The six best beetles we catch to the one first across this little bit of water." "Agreed," replied the other, liking beetles and ignorant of pike's partiality to frogs. "Are you ready?" and the start was made. The rash frog had not, however, got many yards ahead, before he disappeared, with a croak, in the jaws of his enemy. "Caution is better than many beetles," said the other, as he reached the opposite side in peace.

MORAL.—When engaged in a "fishy" transaction, by all means take care of yourself; let who will suffer.

Catch a Ferret Asleep.

OUR "active and intelligent" officers have once more "put their foot in it." This, at all events, is what we gather from a story in Monday's *Citizen* anent the disappearance of the "Ferret." The London authorities telegraphed to Scotland last autumn, warning the people here that the vessel had been chartered by a party of Irish Americans, and, on receipt of the warning, the aforesaid "active and intelligent" at once searched Glasgow Harbour for the craft in question. Happily for her charterers, the "Ferret" was lying at the Tail-of-the-Bank at the time, and she was therefore enabled to get away without any molestation whatever. Having looked over the Broomielaw the active and intelligent made up their minds that "she wasn't there and that's all about it." Naturally the owners of the "Ferret," who seem to have been left out of everybody's calculations, have now a more exalted opinion than ever of the merits of our "active and intelligent" officials.

ACCEPTING THE INEVITABLE.

(Scene—Pub. in Coatbridge; time—Saturday night. Group of puddlers discovered "melting" their pay.) Enter

Small Boy—Haste ye, faither, an' get fou, an' come awa' hame!

I have often, remarked Asinus as he entered the sanctum the other day, heard of people being cold with the "kilt," but now I'm "kilt" with the cold.

A *Collie Dog* whose Bark is worse than his Bite—Our Transvaal general.

Megilp.

JUDGING from the numerous attendance, the present Exhibition must be set down as the most successful yet held under the auspices of the Fine Art Institute. It is true that the sales have, so far, been somewhat under those of one or two former years, but after all the *raison d'être* of the Institute is the general improvement in the artistic taste of the community, and that this is constantly on the increase, and that it is more pronounced this year than it ever was before, is a matter altogether beyond question.

Looked at in a purely artistic sense, the Exhibition possesses many features of interest. One of these is the marked improvement perceptible in the works of many of our younger artists—not the older, or should we say the patriarchal members of the Art Club, but those painters who, only a year or two ago, were regarded as mere boys, and who now are manifesting a sureness of hand and a tenderness of feeling which is perhaps wanting here and there in the works of the older and more experienced artists.

Mr W. B. C. Fyfe—one of the London Scottish Brigade of artists—is engaged in painting the portrait of the Lord Mayor. Mr Fyfe is well represented in the present Institute Exhibition.

Thursday's election of a Royal Scottish Academician was probably the best that could be made under the circumstances. This very fact, however, must surely open the eyes of members of the Academy to the necessity, when the existing vacancy in the ranks of the Associates is filled up next November, to go further a-field in their selection than they have done of recent years.

The Academy is a national institution, it has really great traditions, and we cannot, therefore, see it reducing itself to the rank of a merely provincial Fine Art Association like those of Manchester or Liverpool, without a word of protest or warning.

A characteristic specimen of L. Alma Tadema was sold last week by E. Silva White in his Art Galleries at 161 West George Street. It is entitled "The Torch Bearer," and will be engraved by the special desire of the artist. Like all Tadema's works, "The Torch Bearer" brought a large sum.

Among the other attractions of Mr Silva White's galleries is a collection of proof etchings—some of which are from plates, by that "sad, mad" man of genius Charles Meryon, while others are by Samuel Palmer, "one," according to Hamerton, "of the few really great English etchers."

Messrs Gammon & Vaughan, whose International Exhibition in the Fine Art Galleries here closed at the beginning of last November, opened an Exhibition of pictures in the Newcastle Academy of Arts on Saturday.

The members of the Art Club are busy over the arrangements for the establishment of an etching society.

"'Romberg's Toy Symphony,' by about a dozen male voices of the choir, was a pleasing part of the entertainment." So, at least, says the *Renfrewshire Independent* of Saturday, when describing an Amateur Concert given at Barrhead on the evening of Wednesday last. We usually associate the rendering of the "Toy Symphony" with one or two wooden instruments, but in this instance the wood was perhaps transferred from the music to the head of the gentleman who gave such an intelligent account of the performance.

A Trance-formation Scene—An act of mesmerism.

An "Open" Question—The Sunday one.

Hush Money—Perpetual pensions.

Dutch Bitters—The rebel Boers.

Quavers.

THERE has been no lack of support to the "Royal" series of concerts, in at least the lower-priced parts of the house. The promenade has been well filled every evening—dense'y crowded in fact on "ballad" nights. Oratorio does not draw so well apparently, and indeed cannot but be imperfectly produced in the circumstances. The chorus at the "Stabat Mater" last week was not any worse than "scratch" choruses are usually, but it was most disadvantageously placed, and Rossini's beautiful but secular strains were done but scant justice to. The male chorus in the Faust music fared not much better.

The orchestra is thoroughly skilful, but of course shines best in the lighter kinds of music, that which, indeed, should be adhered to at these concerts, as we think. Ballad concerts and operatic recitals should be the order of the night with a dash of the humoristic occasionally, and (oratorio being eschewed as not in place) there is little fear that for a season the enterprise of Miss Litton will continue to meet with good support.

You added Signor Foli to your portrait gallery last week, BAILIE. The Signor, it might be remarked here by way of supplement to what you said about him last week, is a skilful rather than an intellectual singer. His vocalisation is remarkable rather for purity of tone than for intensity or diversity of expression. His walk, so to speak, is chiefly the grandiose perhaps, but though his musical impersonations are wanting in flexibility and a little inclined to monotony, Signor Foli is nevertheless entitled to rank among the great bassi of the day, and is well worthy of the great popularity which he enjoys.

Mrs Frost, of the orchestral concerts, gives her annual concert on Monday evening next in St. Andrew's North Hall. As a harpist Mrs Frost, it need not be said, has an established reputation in the city. It is to be hoped that her usual appeal at this time will be well responded to. Mrs Frost will be assisted by Herr Gallrein, the favourite violoncellist, Miss Kemlo Stephen, and Mr Albert Adams, and the programme is diversified and interesting.

A concert is announced to be given by the Crosshill Musical Association on Tuesday next, in the Hall of Camphill U.P. Church. It is to consist of glees, part-songs, solos, &c., the selection being marked by purity of taste and variety of character. Mr Smith will conduct, and Mr Hammond, who has been accompanying for some time, will play Pauer's "La Cascade," and a couple of pieces from Sterndale Bennett and Mendelssohn.

The Glasgow Select Choir are practising some new arrangements of Irish melodies—specially written for the Abstainers' Union concert in the City Hall next month, for which they are engaged. This opens up a new and decidedly attractive field for the choir, who, as we learn, are very full of engagements—largely, no doubt, through their recent London success.

Mr Frederic Archer's absurd and ungracious action against the choir will not have been quite forgotten, perhaps. That irrepressible gentleman, it may not be known, appealed to the Sheriff-principal against the Sheriff-substitute's decision—but unsuccessfully, Sheriff Clark not only confirming the decision of Sheriff Guthrie, but finding, in regard to the conclusions for interdiction (from singing Mr Archer's compositions), which Sheriff Guthrie had not deemed it necessary to refer to, that no relevant case had been made out for the interposition of the court.

Mr James Thomson, M.R.A.M., is local examiner for Glasgow and district for the Royal Academy examinations in music. The candidates for academy honours will be tested in counterpoint and harmony, singing, piano, and organ, and playing on orchestral instruments, any one of which subjects may be chosen for examination. Musical students hereabouts may thank us, perhaps, for the information. Mr Thomson's address in Glasgow is 3 Lynedoch Street.

In the programme of the concert by the Blackfriars Musical Association of Monday evening, an item arrests attention. It is a Trio for Male Voices, "The Winds Whistle Cold" by J. McCormack (Conductor of the Society). If the name of the composer is not a mistake of the printer, one may fairly say the re-setting of the piece is an error on the part of Mr McCormack, as that is the original and best form of the ever-green glee.

"When I was Young."

(By our *hop-erratic* critic.)

"WHEN I was young; ah, woful when!
Sanz retrospective S. T. C.,
To which I sadly groan, "Amen,"
And pensive sigh, "Ah me, ah me."

"When I was young," like statue set
Upon a pedestal of stone,
I drove my quill, sans frown, sans fret,
For, for dull days gay nights atone.

"When I was young," to hop on hop,
With joy I rushed impetuous nightly,
Where plunking pizzicato pop
Of champagne cork made music sprightly.

"When I was young," bright eyes aye gleamed,
Lit up by smiles and gladdening glee;
Each happier than the other seemed,
And all was mirth and gaiety.

"When I was young," like spinning tops
We spun in airy circle-dances;
We had not then so many fops
So busy at their game of glances.

"When I was young" we had more "go,"
We flew like fire through jigs and reels,
Ours was the "light fantastic toe,"
And ours the mettle in the heels.

"When I was young," down "Petronella"
Or "Triumph" I've triumphant led
My charming queen young Isabella;
But country dances now are dead.

"When I was young," ne'er through quadrille
With sleepy snail-pace did we crawl;
Now, solemn faces freeze and chill,
As if reflecting on "the Fall."

"When I was young" we were more free,
We dealt not quite so much in starch;
We cannot yet quite clearly see
What's gained by stiffness in life's march.

"When I was young," our motions lacked
The stately calm, the still repose;
Our parties were not quite so packed
With silent belles, unbending beaux.

"When I was young"— "But let me, pray,
"Explain," says Jack, "you're in a muddle;
We dance in an *aesthetic* way."
Well, my translation is—a *cuddle*.

"When I was young," full oft I know
In sweet embrace I've locked a lass,
But not in crowded room, below
The garish flaring of the gas!

JUDGING FROM APPEARANCES.

(Scene—Parlour of an inn.)

1st Politician—Hoo dae ye think, John, this
Greek and Turkish business is gaun tae end?

2nd Politician—Weel, a' fancy in smoke—the
smoke o' battle.

Plague Spots—Ireland and South Africa.

The River Monster—Sewage.

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What the Folks are Saying.

THAT ex-Bailie Morrison has returned to the Council.

That his reception was of the warmest description.

That some of the members weren't quite so delighted as they were demonstrative at the new arrival.

That the ex-Bailie may give a check to the vaulting ambition of certain aspiring gentlemen.

That Mr Morrison wasn't long in the Council till he began to make his influence felt.

That he insists upon holding the Improvement Trust feus until the return of "good times."

That this means a large annual loss of money.

That the "good times" are a long time in coming.

That the Liberal Association had a mutual admiration meeting last week.

That the manner in which the members sung one another's praises was perfectly delightful.

That the principal spokesman was the gushing Professor of Humanity.

That the several embryo M.P.'s, who have become United Liberals, got each a motion to propose.

That each acquitted himself to his own entire satisfaction.

That the best pleased man was the "Hon. Secretary."

That the "jingling Geordies" in his pocket "chortled in their joy."

That Councillor Jackson wasn't present.

That Councillor Neil's committee have thrown him over.

That "they haven't yet subdued"—Johnnie Neil.

That if he can beard a Provost, Magistrates, and Council, he can snap his fingers at a Ward Committee.

That St. Valentine's day isn't the institution it used to be.

That Christmas and New Year cards have superseded the missives of the Saint.

That the "house hunting" season is in full swing.

That parties removing have a busy time showing their houses.

That landlords and factors are promising any quantity of alterations and repairs.

That they are promising more than they intend to perform.

That the knowing ones are bearing those ills they have rather than fly to others that they know not of.

That the efforts to secure tenants for empty properties are bold and ingenious.

That the best stroke would be to reduce the rents all round.

That the U.P. pastors are in "sair tribulation" about money.

That the clergy are grand beggars.

That the flute band nuisance has recommenced.

That Captain M'Call's criminal returns show crime is decreasing in Glasgow.

That maybe the efforts of the teetotal Provost are beginning to bear fruit—yis.

That dull trade has always the effect of lessening crime.

That the spirit dealers have been deputationising Lord Provost Ure.

That they want the man licensed and not the property.

That the Provost was wonderfully courteous to "the trade."

That the teetotal party in the Council is a pretty strong one.

That Provosts may propose but the Magistrates dispose.

That the Christian Institute is likely to prove anything but a big success.

That its management requires great improvement.

That its inhabitants are far from being a happy family.

That it cannot be said of them "behold how these Christians love one another."

That the Incorporation of Barbers is in a state of coma.

That it has been in this state since September last.

That a surgical operation will be necessary to relieve the head.

That the authorities have just put the finishing stroke to the new Municipal Buildings Scheme.

That they have converted the site into a manure depot.

That the muddle now stinks worse than ever in the nostrils of the citizens.

That we were in far too big a hurry to get rid of the east side of George Square.

That the Council might have still been drawing a tidy sum as rental.

That they have literally landed in the dirt.

That if dirt bodes luck, Glasgow ought to be happy.

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The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 16th, 1881.

FROM time immemorial Glasgow has been able to boast of a proud pre-eminence for deeds of benevolence and acts of charity. This character has grown with the ever increasing importance and wealth of our enterprising citizens. We have hospitals and institutions innumerable—societies and bequests by the score, and still there seems to be no end to our good fortune, for we are constantly learning of thoughtful donors adding to our wealth in these respects. None of all our Institutions has hitherto occupied a higher position in public estimation than the ancient and Royal Incorporation of Hutchesons' Hospital. It is therefore with great reluctance that the BAILIE feels compelled to let his magisterial voice be heard concerning the doings of the present patrons of that noble Institution. For generations after the death of the pious founders the funds of the Hospital were managed with great care and attention, and the express desires of the testators religiously and faithfully carried out, cheering and comforting many a desolate home and causing the hearts of the disconsolate to rejoice. Burgesses, their widows, sons or daughters whom the changing whims of fortune had reduced from their former position of well-to-do citizens, had merely to present the credential of their citizenship by producing the valued "Burgess Ticket" to have their needs

immediately, cheerfully, and courteously relieved by those who felt themselves to be but more highly favoured "brethren." Matters, however, have of late years been changing in these respects. The classes for whom the benefits of the Hospital were originally intended by the Brothers HUTCHESON are being more and more overlooked, till now it appears that their claims are about to be set aside altogether. The maintenance money of the boys attending the school has been considerably reduced—the substantial, warm, and comfortable clothing has been changed for reasons that need not be mentioned—the right of admission as "foundationers" exists but in name, and if not asserted with greater decision than of late will speedily vanish and be reckoned with the past. These changes have been endured with faint and unheeded murmurings from the suffering and the wronged. Additional school-rooms have been equipped, and the doors are thrown open to receive those for whom provision was never intended to be made. A fee is brought in by the children of the middle and higher classes, who are received with open arms, while those of the poor are sent empty away. The patrons may flatter themselves that in so acting they have done nothing wrong, but in the estimation of his Worship they are guilty of robbing the poor and pauperising the affluent. But the charge against them is not yet complete. For some weeks the Preceptor and his colleagues on the Pension Committee have caused the air to rend with the subdued though irrepressible groans of aged and deserving pensioners by the threatened withdrawal of that bounty on the strength of which they have for years journeyed through what to them, in many cases, would otherwise have been a cheerless wilderness. Poverty is the plea on which the patrons base the present action towards their decayed brethren! If this be so, what do they mean by the recent expenditure on the extension of the old and the furnishing and equipping of the new school, in subsidising the Mechanics' Institution, and in giving "precepts" to those who are not themselves, and whose ancestors never were, burgesses? The plea will not bear investigation. The wailing of the orphan and the widow over their dismal prospects has raised the wrath of the Magistrate to such a pitch that if it be continued he will exercise his official prerogative and call them to give an account of their stewardship. Meanwhile he warns them that "it is not meet to take the children's bread and to cast it to dogs."

Jeems Kaye at a West-end Dinner.

IT'S no often we go oot, BAILIE, and still seldomer dae we go to what ye micht ca' gran' parties; but the ither day we got an invitation frae an auld freen wha's got weel on in the worl', and we of course accepted it. Being but a common man I wis a wee nervous, but Betty said,

"Jeems, jist be carefu' and feel your way. Never dae onything first—ca' canny and watch weel the ithers, for noo-a-days fashion's every-thing. If yer neboor asks for mair soup, get you some, and sup it slowly tae. Keep behin', and above a' speak laigh—never raise your voice abin a whisper. And, Jeems, dinna put your elbows on the table, or pick your teeth, or put your knife in your mouth—aye work awa' wi' the fork—and when ye get a gless o' wine tak' it like medicine, and don't say 'your guid health mem.'"

Arriving at the door we were ushered in, and wha did I see but Sandy Kerr, oor beadle's assistant—he rings the kirkbell and keeps the fires on, and sic like—he directed Betty up stairs tae tak' aff her bonnet, and I says—

"Bless me, Sandy! are ye here? and is John the beadle here?"

"Oh! aye, he's upstairs, ye'll see him when ye go up."

"I'm gled o' that, I'll hae a crack wi' him. Man ye've an unco heap o' bottles and glesses in there," I says keeking in at the dining-room door, "we micht go in and get a bit taste, it's vera chilly hurling in thae cabs in weather like this." So in we gaed, him and me. He wis for gettin' some wine, but I looks roon and got the decanter o' whisky, and as I poured oot a wee drap, I says,

"Your guid health, Sandy, and may it no be lang till ye get a beadleship o' yer ain. I'm nae great judge o' thae kin' o' foreign drinks like champagne and zoedone and thae things; I aye like tae stick tae what I ken best—a wee drap o' the 'auld kirk.' D'ye ken I think we'd be nane the waur o' anither yin! They say it gi'es ye an appetite! We'll"—

Here the bell rung, and anither arrival coming in Sandy had to flee, so I crept awa' up the stairs. Betty wis waitin' on the landin', and we were ushered intae the drawing-room where, after shakin' hauns wi' the host and hostess, I got a card wi' the name o' a ledy I wis tae tak' doon tae dinner. Somehoo or ither, through my nervousness or something, the card got mislaid. The only thing I could dae wis tae turn back

tae Betty, but as she wis claimed by anither gentleman we had a fine rippet o'er the heed o't. Peace wis restored at last, and doon we marched tae dinner, I getting for a partner a wee, bit vera dignified lady wi' a fan, who aye kept smelling at a wee bottle. Tae mak' amends for my causing the confusion o'er Betty and the card I tried a bit joke tae mak' mysel' as plesent as possible, so I says wi' a laugh, "Is that Islay or Campbelton, mem? There canna be muckle in't, but maybe it's no reduced!"

Instead o' a smile, as I expected she would gie, her face grew red, and she glared and frowned at me.

"Hoot! toot!" says I, "I'm no gaen tae mention it tae ony body, but between you and me it wis maybe faur-seeing o' you tae bring't, for in thae teetotal days there's nae saying where ye may land; but I can assure you in this hoose there's plenty, for I saw't, aye an' tasted it tae."

She wis so ashamed at me haeing seen the bottle that she never answered me, so I sat doon between her and anither auld gentleman wi' grey whiskers and a broon wig, and seeing what I took tae be a bill of fare I lifted it and began tae read, but it was a' in Greek or Latin, I'm no sure which. Sich names, indeed, I never saw, so I says tae the auld gentlem'an,

"I'm afraid I've got the wrang bill."

He looked round and remarked wi' a laugh, "Oh no, it's all right, the dishes taste better wi' thae names, you know." So we sat still a wee, and wha does I see but John Simpson, oor beadle, comin' in tae the room and walking about behin' the folk as if he coodna get a sate, so I stood up and cries,

"Hey, John, come up and I'll mak' room for ye. We're a wee crooded, but I think ye'll can squeeze in."

John made a face at me, and then gettin' helped tae a plate o' soup he cam' back carryn't afore him.

"Here, John," I says, "come awa', an' I'll mak' room for ye."

At this my freen in the broon wig whispers tae me, "Why, that's a waiter."

"Oh no," says I, "he's a beadle—in fac' he's the beadle o' oor kirk. But he's a decent man for a' that, although I wisna aware he had been invited here till a little ago."

"Never mind him," replies the auld gentleman, and as I saw a' the folk looking at me, and as Betty wis kicking me below the table, I thocht it wid be best tae let John look oot for himsel', and I whispers tae my partner,

"Can I assist ye, mem, tae ony wine; or wid ye prefer a wee drap whisky? I aye stick tae it masel—I feel it agrees wi' me best, it's no sae heavy."

"No," she says, "I always drink claret."

"Ah!" I lauched, "soor a wee. Claret's soor, and champagne's watery, forbye being dear; port and sherry are no sae bad; but whisky is the only drink suitable for a' climates and a' seasons. In summer heat or winter cauld whusky is what I micht ca' in poetic language the 'Nil Desperandum' o' drinks. Noo I'm sure ye coodna drink claret the time o' the last hard frost? As my worthy freen Cooncillor Martin says, it wid actually mak' a slide—Ahem! Claret may dae awa' in India or whare'er it's made, but we're ower near the North Pole here, mem. Try a wee drap whisky, and I'll get ye anither bit o' this 'Fille de Bouf,' whatever that is." She wisna sociable, however, so I turned tae the auld gentleman and I says,

"They's vera fine glesses, thae red yins, are they for the toddy?"

"Oh, these are for the claret," he replied.

"Aye, jist so," I remarks, "fine feathers mak' fine birds. I've been looking ower this bill, and it seems tae me a' the things are frae abroad, and I'm quite at a loss tae think what tae ask for. In the first place I dinna ken what the dishes are; and in the second place, even though I kent, I coodna pronounce their names I managed tae seek for mull-i-go-tawny, and got a spunefu' o't, but here's yin 'Chatee municipal en Espagna,' noo, in the name o' a' that's guid, what's that? I feel I could eat mair, but what am I tae eat? In the midst o' plenty I'm starving! Here's anither, 'Merin de Tower de Babel a la Creme,' something like the Tower o' Babel, isn't it? That'll be yon tap-itoorie thing in the middle o' the table; it looks weel. Then there's 'Macaroni au Gratin;' sich nonsense! Dear me, it's an awfu' genteel worl' noo. Weel, weel, pass me a wee bit o' the Tower o' Babel, will ye?"

I got a bit o't, but although it wis nice, it wisna satisfying, so then I had a corner o' the "Municipal Buildings"—it wis like toffie, and I had tae gie't up. Hooever, as a decanter was no far frae me, I began tae be mair at hame.

Dinner wis finished at last, and when the bottom dish had been preed the waiters cam' roon wi' gold plates, and everybody dipped their towels in them, and put them to their lips and foreheads. As I, hooever, wis a wee hot I rowed up my sleeves and put in my hauns, and then gied my face a rub—it wis rael fine scented

water. Indeed, I wondered tae see it sae plentiful.

But I needna say more. It wis a grand affair tae see the table; ye wid hae thocht it wis fit for a king—silver knives and forks, and the waiters better dressed than oor minister, wi' faur whiter neckties, and aboot seeven glesses for everybody tae drink oot o', and aboot ten plates. A' that's no jist in ma line; I'm no accustomed tae't, ye see.

The vera grandeur o't took awa' my self-possession, bit next day, after some exercise o' spirit, I returned tae my auld plain ways wi' a contented mind.

JEEMS KAYE.

IF WE COULD SEE OURSELS, &C.

(Scene—Buchanan Street, 11-30 p.m.)

Policeman (who is struggling with a tipsy carter)—Now if you'll don't go quietly I'll just send for the barrow.

Inebriate Onlooker—Aye! I'll g—go for the barrow. (Goes off staggeringlly).

Chorus of Good Templars—Get one to hold two.

I. O.—What for?

G. T. Chorus—To hold you both!

LONG DRAWN OUT.

(Scene—Snowed-up Train; two drovers for-gather in the guard's van).

Tugal—Hoich, Lauchie, an' it wass masel' was klat to see you akain. An' wass the frost ferry hahrt at your home?

Lauchie—Oh ferry, ferry hahrt, Tugal; yess, yess. Put nevertheless it wass a fine frost notwithstanding. Chwhy, you see, it was so ferry hahrt that ta whusky will freeze in yer throat, ant tak' you mohr as three hoors to swallow a klassful, ant gifing you three hoors' enjoyment oot o' what woot only gife you five meenits' plesure in ordinary weather. Oh yess, it was a gran' frost.

An Agricultural Holding — Guiding the plough.

A "Notice of Removal"—Naming a Member to the House.

"Not for Joe" (Cowen)—The Coercion Bill.

"Capital" Sport—The game of speculation.

The Elect Nation—Predesti-nation.

EVERY MAN TO HIS TRADE.—Manchester House, by dealing solely in Cottons, Linens, Flannels, Blankets, buy more largely and therefore Cheaper than Houses that sell everything. STEPHEN'S, 179 Sauchiehall Street.

“Half Hours with Insects.”

HAVING observed the announcement of a new book with the above attractive title, the BAILIE obtained an early copy, and, with his usual enterprise, he hastens to present his readers with a slight synopsis of its contents. It is divided into chapters, headed respectively “Half-an-hour with the Spider,” “with the Butterfly,” “with the Earwig,” “the Gnat,” “the Locust,” “the Colorado Beetle,” &c. A brief *resume* follows of some of the more interesting sections.

Your half hour with a member of the spider family is generally rather a *mauvais demi-heure*. The most profitable—this word is used in a strictly *moral* sense—manner of spending it is to get a bill discounted by the eminent firm of Shylock, Shadrach, Meshech, & Abednego, and then to ask those children of Israel to “renew.” Or a very instructive half hour may be spent in the society of the guileless Israelite, Mr Shylock, head of the firm, discussing the terms of interest on a loan.

The special habitat of the Butterfly, of either gender, is Buchanan Street, on a fine afternoon. The male insect flutters between the Arcade and North Exchange Place, sucking honey, in the shape of “nips,” “from every opening” restaurant, and between whiles ogling the female creature, who flutters but doesn’t “nip.” This insect is harmless, and half-an-hour may be very pleasantly spent in its society, especially that of the feminine variety.

The Earwig is a noxious insect, to be avoided like the plague, but it often inflicts “half hours” on innocent members of society, whether they will or no. It makes for its victim’s ear, by the medium of which it endeavours to poison his brain.

The Gnat is also troublesome, but comparatively innocuous. Its buzzing, however, proves so distressing to some people, that temporary insanity has been known to be produced by half-an hour’s continuance of the sound.

[The BAILIE regrets that he cannot devote more space to this interesting little work, but the idea which he has given of its character will, he trusts, lead his readers to go to the fountain-head.]

A “Little Billee” that is Always Certain to Appear—The tailor’s account.

An Awfu’-Davitt—The imprisoned Land Leaguer. He-haw!

An Impartial Chairman—Dr Play-fair.

WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.—That Manchester House for supplying Cottons, Linens, Flannels, Blankets, direct from the Mills, meets a long felt want.—Stephen’s, 179 Sauchichall St;

“THE HAILL AFFAIR.”

John—But I tell ye, Tummas, that ye’re quite wrang. The *tout ensemble* o’ the scene’s fairly surprisin’.

Tummas—Whit-im-a carin’ about yer “tootin Sammler?” ‘Am wantin’ awa hame as fast’s a can.

Natural Succession—Home Rule—Petticoat Government (Mr Parnell—Miss Parnell).

A Faded Flower—Gen. Primrose.

The Real “Master of the Situation.”—Mr Speaker.

A Fresh Arrival—Just-in-M’Carthy.

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 Two HORSES will be selected for the GLASGOW DISTRICT
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 Entry Schedules and Regulations to be had from the Secretary.
 Last Day for receiving Entries, SATURDAY, 12th February.
 The PLOUGHING MATCH under the Auspices of this
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 first favourable Thursday thereafter), on THURSDAY, 17TH
 INST., on NEWTON FARM.
 Cut to be not under 7 Inches Broad by 6 Deep. Ploughs to
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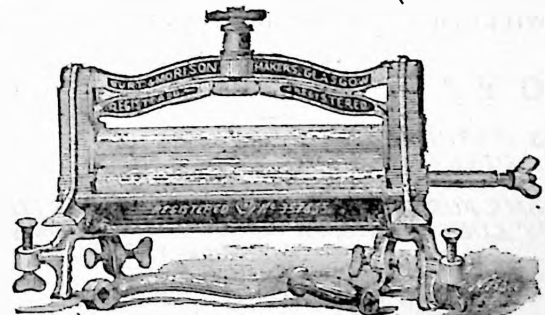
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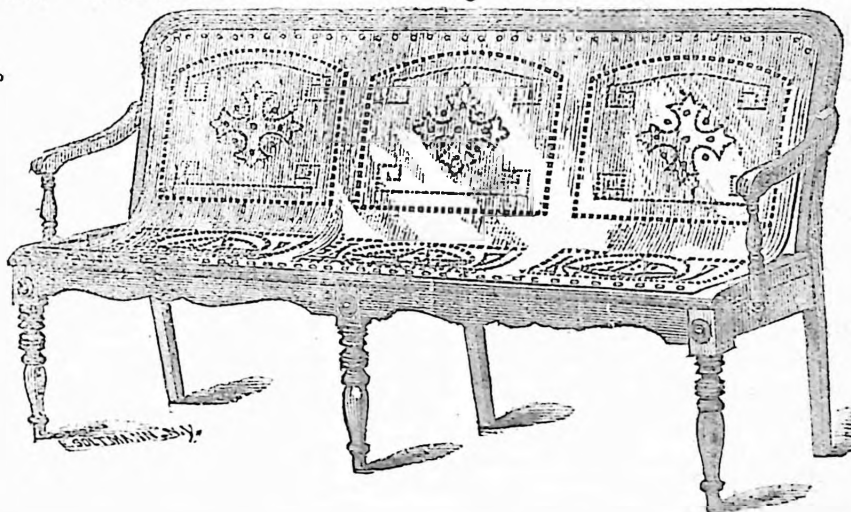
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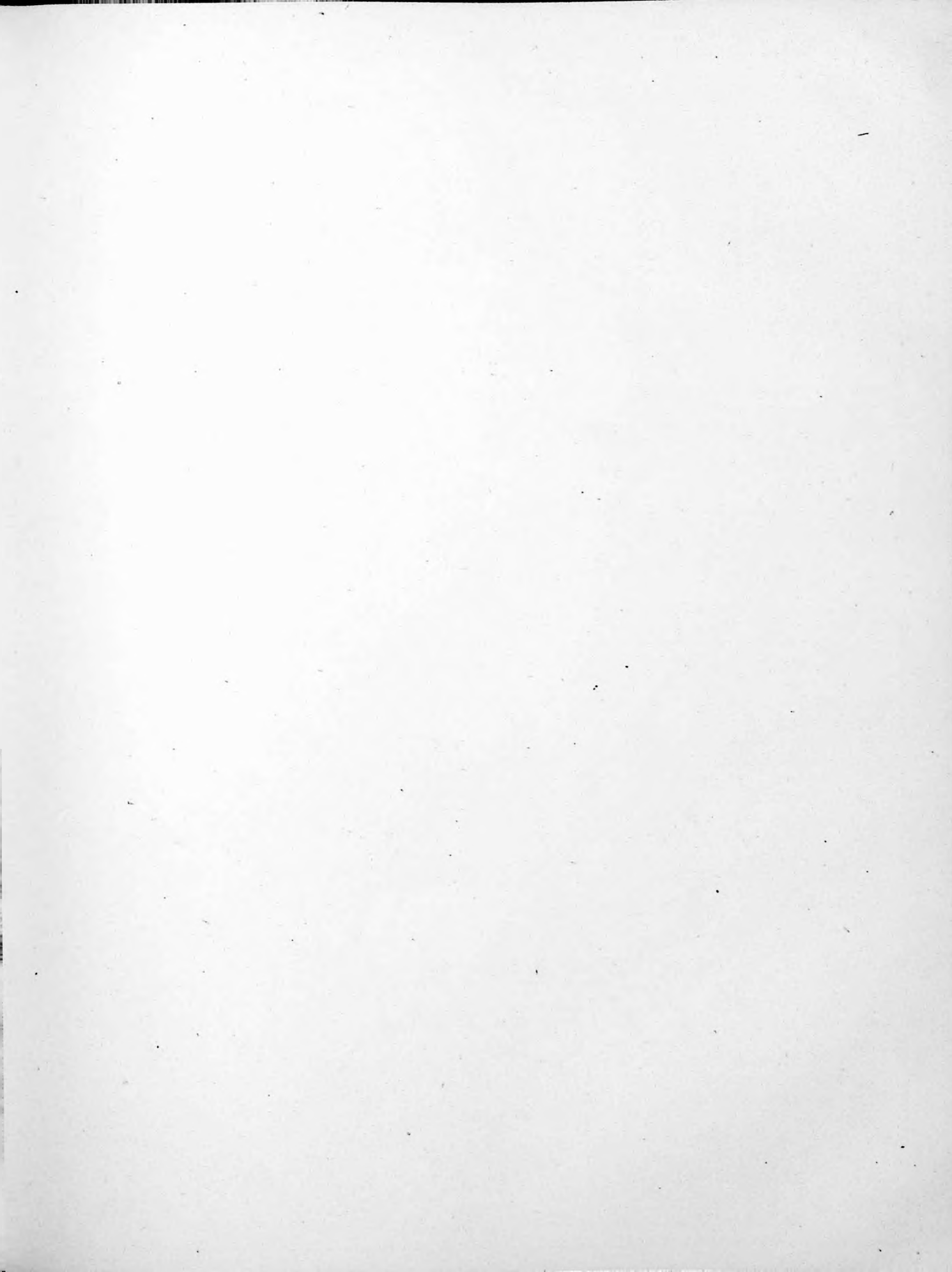
"An excellent point in this work is the skill with which the artist has depicted the besotting influence of avarice upon the human intellect. The love of gold seems to have well-nigh bereft them of reason. . . . The didactic purpose of pictorial art is enforced with brilliant ability and powerful effect."—*The Morning Post*.

" . . . And so the curtain falls solemnly and impressively upon Mr FRITH'S telling drama, but after a moment's reflection mental applause follows the successful work. There can be little doubt about the interest and instruction with which the public will study this painted play."—*Daily Telegraph*.

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NOTE.—These Pictures must not be confounded with the former series, "The Road to Ruin," which were exhibited at the Royal Academy at London. "The Race for Wealth" were painted on commission by Mr FRITH, R.A., for their present owner, and have never been exhibited but at his private Galleries in London, and at the Royal Hotel, Scarborough.





The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 436. Glasgow, Wednesday, February 23rd, 1881. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 436.

THE sensation of the past week has been supplied by the attack by the Baird Trustees on the Caledonian Railway. Into the merits of the dispute the BAILIE has no wish to enter. It may be that everything alleged in the Lamond memorial is correct. On the other hand, for ought that the Magistrate knows, Mr Lamond's allegations may be of no greater importance than his £50 of Caledonian stock. It is patent to all the world, at the same time, that the attack on the company has been productive of a good many operations on 'Change. Let who may have lost by the transactions of the last few days, the brokers, at all events, have been gainers by them, and considerable gainers too. So much, however, can hardly be said for the firm of William Baird & Co. The attack has been made by the trustees of the Bairds and of Mr Whitelaw—the latter of whom receive £2,500 per annum for a way-leave through the estate of Woodhall, a sum which is threatened by the new Caledonian policy—and the interests of these parties are by no means those of the company of "William Baird" as it is at present constituted. As it may be interesting for the outside world, in this connection, to know something of the managing member of the Bairds, the BAILIE has arranged to present them, to-day, with his *vera effigies*. This is Mr ALEXANDER FLEMING, one of the best-known men in the iron market or on the Stock Exchange. Mr FLEMING started life under many serious disadvantages. His father was the lessee of a small unprofitable farm near Campbeltown, and naturally enough poverty was a constant attendant of the Fleming household. Plain food, however, fresh air, and a naturally strong constitution, kept John Fleming's family of seven

sons and three daughters alive through all the perils of childhood. One of the youngest of the brood was our friend ALEXANDER, or rather SANDY, as he was then and still is known, in his own circle and elsewhere. On the death of his father over forty years ago, SANDY came to Glasgow, and is described as having been a big, grown laddie, speaking with a strong Highland brogue, and clad in a home-spun suit of shepherd's plaiding. A stranger in a great city was SANDY, with barely the traditional half-crown in his pocket, but he was willing, at the same time, to earn an honest penny by whatever labour his bodily strength best suited him for. Made conscious before long of the serious educational defects under which he laboured, he attended a night school, and self-reliant and wishing to get on he cultivated his mind with an assiduity which, according to those who know him now and knew him then foretold his successful money-making career. His efforts at self-improvement were rewarded by a gradual progress which may be summarised as "message boy," "office boy," "clerk," "traveller," "manager," iron broker, iron master, and now partner of the large and wealthy firm of William Baird and Co. of Gartsherrie. Of course, all this did not come in a day, or a year, or even a score of years; but such is substantially the career of one of our prominent citizens—one who is regarded by many as Sir Oracle, and whose words of wisdom are treasured as pearls of price. Mr FLEMING is pre-eminently a self-made man. He has depended all his life on his own efforts. Naturally, therefore, he is somewhat indisposed to look with favour on those who seek other aid than that which belongs to their proper selves. He is given, when opportunity offers, to inculcate self-reliance on all and sundry, and is not prone to assist either relative or merchant unless on the most solid of grounds, that of mutual

advantage. Shrewd, practical, and hard headed, his keen mother wit and honest common sense act as an excellent corrective to many of the bubble schemes of the day. Few men on 'Change have probed and exposed so many wind-bags as the Man you Know. SANDY'S success in life has been carefully thought out, and the lines he early laid down for his guidance have been pursued with undeviating directness. A dissenter in religion, on coming to Glasgow he selected the then most fashionable of the churches of that body, one to which the popularity of the preacher—Dr William Anderson—drew a crowded and influential congregation, and of John Street U.P. Church he has since remained a member. He is a Free Trader, and though by inference he might be regarded as a Radical, in politics he is claimed by Liberals and Conservatives alike. It is believed that he once when a "clerk in an office" proposed to a young lady, but being defeated by another claimant he has never tempted fate in that manner since. Now a 60 year old bachelor, his attention to dress, and important air make him look at least a decade younger. Altogether he spends a very tolerable existence. He enjoys a good dinner, smokes a good cigar, and drinks good wine. A fair conversationalist, his talk, however, is chiefly of "pigs," and indeed he usually avoids all topics that are not of a distinctly business nature. Had Mr FLEMING'S lines been cast in pleasanter places when he was young, he might probably, now that he has become the

. justice,
In fair round belly, with good capon lined,

have interested himself as much as others in works of social progress or missions of charity and mercy. As it is he feels himself too busy a man for the first, and he has too much faith in self-reliant work to have much sympathy for the second class of subjects. It should be mentioned to his credit, however, that his expenditure on the estates of Kilmaho and Langy—which he has converted from sterile rock into two of the finest properties in Kintyre—was made chiefly in the interest of the poorer class of cottars and labourers in the district, and has not been, and indeed could not be repaid by any revenue he might receive in return. As the controller, in some measure, of the Glasgow iron market, and consequently of the movements of iron all over the world—in America as well as Britain—SANDY FLEMING is pre-eminently a "Man you Know."

My Ulster.

O H rough and reel-ral outer rag—
B-grimmed and taily old rag tag,
Thy praises now my pen shall brag,
My ulster.

Wert thou not braw long since ago
And new and sleek as fresh fa'an snow,
Seen better days, like me, eh? Oh!
My ulster.

Wan, warm, and weedy when I be,
Spent and seedy—sight to see,
Oh then thou'st all in a'l to me,
My ulster.

In worldly cold thou keep'st me warm,
When luck is lacking thou canst charm,
When in the blues canst neve and arm,
My ulster.

When I have "done" my last cigar,
And "halls" are few and friends are far,
Oh, then thou art my comforter,
My ulster.

Who shields me o'er from top to toe,
Secludes me so from friend and foe,
Now haps me high now hides me low,
My ulster.

In country clear, mid city's mist,
Or wandering wheresoe'er I list,
Who is my chief confider, hist!
My ulster.

For dust or glaur I care no rush,
For wintry wet or snowy slush;
My *sensibles* who so hides them, hush!
My ulster.

Thou suits't as well as costlier gear,
Keep'st under duds from sight and tear,
And mak'st me so genteel appear,
My ulster.

With cuffs and shirtfronts I dispense—
Such starchy stuff is stark nonsense—
In place of these what does immense,
My ulster.

When buttons and their holes give way,
And pants and fancy coats betray
Their age, who then will stand the day,
My ulster.

What shapes me like unto a swell,
Makes high nobbs take me for their pæl,
A thundering dash thou cut'st so well,
My ulster.

When I go strolling through the park
I'm taken for the gayest spark,
And whence comes all my lustre, hark!
My ulster.

Or sallying forth to see the night,
And meet my chums so jolly quite,
It's right I am while's round me tight,
My ulster.

May age or time ne'er dim her lustre,
Ne'er cut her up into a duster,
For she's my favourite rag, yes, trust her,
My ulster.

—♦♦♦—
A Water Company—The Good Templars Society.

A Ship's Rite—Christening a vessel.

THE "ZOEDONE" AGENCY, 47 Waterloo Street, Glasgow.

"Our Gaelic Senses!"

THE Secretary of the Gaelic Society of Inverness has, it seems, received a telegram from Sir Kenneth Mackenzie of Gairloch to this effect:—"Have been told verbally that we shall get our Gaelic census." As is frequently the case with telegraphic messages, there has evidently been a slight error in transmission, and the last word should read "senses." We all know that the senses of our Highland friends are occasionally liable to aberration under the influence of patriotism, or Talisker, or both, and the item, as amended, will therefore give general satisfaction. The BAILIE will not speculate as to the precise agency which originally sent astray the senses of Sir Kenneth and the Gaelic Society, but he wishes he could record that one result of their recovery was the abandonment of an absurd attempt to encumber our national statistics by adding to them the number of persons who, in the year of grace 1881, were in the habit of conversing in a barbarous and moribund dialect.

RUSTIC PHILOSOPHY.

(Scene—Parlour of a country inn: two friends over a dram.)

First F.—So Leddy Coots has actually maerried that young man o' hers efter a'—a think she mun be daft.

Second F.—So dae I, Jeems, but yin needna wunner at it, secin' hoo rich she is.

CARLYLEAN "PARTIES."—The Glasgow "Ruskin Society" not being, to put it mildly, a brilliant success, certain local nobodies have taken advantage of a great man's death to set about forming a "Carlyle Club," and "parties (*sic*) interested in the formation of such a club are requested" by advertisement to send their names and addresses to one particular nobody "who is promoting same." There is significance in the choice English of this "request." A Carlyle Club composed of "parties!"

"That fierce old man—to take his name!
You bandbox! Off, and let him rest."

Quarterly Returns—Five shillings in the pound.

A Marriage "Favour"—Lady Burdett Coutts marrying her secretary.

Subjects of Examination—Witnesses.

EVERY MAN TO HIS TRADE.—Manchester House, by dealing solely in Cottons, Linens, Flannels, Blankets, buy more largely and therefore cheaper than Houses that sell everything. STEPHEN'S, 179 Sauchichall Street.

On 'Change.

"I TOLD you so," said Scrutator jauntily, as he perused the morning paper.

"What did you tell me?" replied his friend old Crocus the millionaire. Crocus had been told that a man of his name had been very rich in ancient times. He was informed that the adage, "As rich as Crocus," was quite common a few thousand years ago, so he firmly believed that he had descended in a direct line from Croesus. The difference in spelling was of no consequence—it was merely a Scotch fashion he had got into.

"What did I tell you?" exclaimed Scrutator, as he filled another glass of '34 port. The port was provided by Crocus, who kept a very good cellar of rare vintages. If Scrutator had provided the port, he would not have touched a drop of it. "What did I tell you? Did I not tell you that you were a jackass?"

"Well," responded Crocus moodily, as he scratched his bald head, "you certainly told me that I was foolish to buy Caledonian Ordinary Stock at 115, but I don't think you called me a jackass. Leave that to the BAILIE, who keeps a long-eared animal on the premises."

"The fact of the matter is," replied Scrutator with a degree of incisiveness that was positively maddening, "you asked me how you could best invest the odd £20,000 that you took out of the Verapoor Gold Company, Limited, when you began to think that the word 'Mysore' might have a significance you never dreamt of. I recommended you to put it into Glasgow and South-Western Stock. I spoke from knowledge. You preferred Caledonian, and I understand that you bought the stock."

"So I did," said Crocus with a dismal whine. "I have been wrestling ever since with an abominable white elephant. The brute has its confounded paw upon me, and I doubt it will squeeze something out of me. I can't imagine what Bolton was about when he let things drift into this confounded mess."

"No more can I," ejaculated Scrutator, as he calmly bit a cigar, and set himself down to reflect seriously upon the position. "I never thought him a very wise man," continued he with a sententious chuckle, "but I always thought he would at least look after a concern in which his credit was at stake."

"I thought so too," replied Crocus, "but it seems I have been disappointed. Now what would you advise me to do in the circumstances?"

"Sell out," said

SCRUTATOR.

MOSES IN EGYPT (ROSLN-Y!)

(Scene—Botanic Gardens Tramway car: West-ender and East-ender meet.)

W.E.—Well, John, it's seldom we see you in this neighbourhood. Have you been house-hunting?

E.E.—No, man, I jist took a stap Wast tae hae a keek at John Bell's auld maisters, an', man, I gied a bode an' got ane knocked doon tae me.

W.E.—Indeed? What may the subject be?

E.E.—Od, man, it's a rael divert o' a thing. It raepraisaints Pharaoh's dochter an' twa or three Egyptian hizzies guddlin among the seggens for Moses.

Temporary Quarters—The four divisions of an hour.

A Porter Lodge—The barrel.

Sober Research—Hunting up teetotal statistics.

A Revolution in Bookselling, a Dictionary for 3d; a Ready Reckoner for 3½d; a Letter Writer for 3d. 102 Queen Street.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—The third week of the Theatre Royal concerts begins this evening, the vocal company engaged for the six nights consisting of Madame Mary Cummings, Miss Ada Lincoln, Mr Frank Boyle, and Signor Runcio.

When the concerts come to an end, which they will on Saturday the 5th of March, the theatre will remain closed for eight days, and will re-open on the 14th, with the company of Mr F. M. Paget; and a week subsequently—on Monday, the 21st of March—"The Corsican Brothers" will be placed on the stage. This production will be one of great artistic excellence, and arrangements are already being made in connection with it. As was intimated some considerable time since, the parts of *Louis* and *Fabien dei Franchi* will be sustained by Mr Herman Vezin.

At present Mr Vezin is alternating the roles of *Macbeth* and *Macduff* with Mr Charles Warner at Sadlers' Wells, London. He will appear as *Hamlet* for a few nights immediately prior to the termination of his engagement at the "Wells."

Miss Litton's third revival at the London Gaiety took place on Saturday afternoon, when she produced "The Busybody" of Mrs Centlivre with much success. Her season at Mr Hollingshead's house terminates on the 5th of next month. Thereafter she makes a short provincial tour, appearing, among other places, at Bristol, and Birmingham, and Manchester.

"Madame Favart" will be produced this evening at the Gaiety, and like all opera-bouffes will, there can be little doubt, draw a large audience. Apart altogether from the merits of the piece, and that these are numerous we have already had ample opportunities for learning, the very fact that so popular a house has been closed for a couple of weeks, should make people flock once more to the familiar walls. The company who will appear in "Favart" is one organised by Mr Bernard himself, and this being so we may look for bright dresses, a wealth of stage appointments, and excellent mounting generally. It is announced that the run of "Madame Favart" will only last till Saturday next.

Surely one of the hardest cases on record is that prosecution of Mr Austin for his performance—a year ago—of *Thomas Pelt*, in connection with the "West of Scotland Volunteer Dramatic Association." His remarks at the close of the action—which were very like those, by way, that have been expressed from time to time in your own pages, BAILIE—were somewhat rough on the volunteers, but, all things considered, were fairly justified. Let us hope, in spite of the salutary truths spoken on Monday by Mr Austin, that the remainder members of the society may see fit to indemnify him for the expenses to which he has been put in their behalf.

"The Guv'nor," which will be produced this evening at the Royalty, was originally placed on the stage at the London Vaudeville at the end of last June. Played for the first time for the benefit of the lessees of the Vaudeville Theatre, it attracted as little attention from the press as pieces produced on benefit nights usually do. Its brightness, however, the point of its dialogue, and the abounding fun of its situations, secured audiences in spite of, or rather without reference to the press at all, and it was soon recognised as one of the chief successes of the London season.

At the Royalty, "The Guv'nor" will be played by the company of Messrs T. W. Robertson and H. Bruce—the chief parts, those of a deaf boatman and a stuttering young "swell," being taken by Mr J. F. Young and Mr Alexander respectively. Mr Robertson himself will sustain the role of a Yorkshire groom who is mistaken by "the Guv'nor"—a retired confectioner named *Butterscotch*—for the son of one of his friends, a blunder which becomes a source of abundant laughter to the audience.

I wonder, by the bye, whether the identity of the "Mr E. G. Lankester," who is announced as the author of "The Guv'nor," has yet been settled.

Mr Edward Compton comes to the Royalty on Monday next, and on this day fortnight Mr Knapp will introduce us to the

latest Criterion absurdity—that farce entitled "Where's the Cat" over which all London is holding its sides. "Where's the Cat," it may be interesting to note on behalf of play-house quid-nuncs, is *not* "taken from the French," but is of German extraction.

Mr Henry Pettitt's "Black Flag," which begins its second week at the Royal Princess's Theatre this evening, is drawing crowded houses for Mr Beryl. The piece depends on its sensational rather than on its literary merits, but it is none the less effective on this score. It furnishes, besides, a good part for one clever actor, and that is Mr Vernon, who plays an old Portland guide. The dress and general make-up of Mr Vernon are equally effective, and altogether his performance is as good a "bit" of character work as has yet been seen on Mr Beryl's stage.

Mr David Ross, M.A., B.Sc., F.E.I.S., &c., &c., is a somewhat irrepressible "educationist." The young and vain Rector of the E. C. Normal Institution is for ever tilting at some quixotic school affair. At present he seems to be mightily concerned about the recent incursion of a few disciples of Loyola, who have not yet set the Kyles on fire. On Saturday he holds forth on "The Educational System of the Jesuits" before the dominies of the Upper Ward. Said dominies are to be consoled with on the infliction.

The record has been closed of one other well-known Glasgow name. Samuel Dow was buried to-day in the church-yard of the Lochaber village in which he was born over four-score years ago. A genial, chirrupy little man, "Sammlie" had a hand as free and open as the day. To be in need, especially if the claimant were a Celt, was a sure passport to his good graces. To those of the older sort, that "cosy nook" in Maxwell Street was one of the landmarks of the City, the removal of which by the Union Railway they cannot easily forgive—certainly they will never forget it.

What a loud sounding neigh, my Magistrate, was that sounded by your ancient friend, "J. Steel," in the columns of Monday's *Mail*. The old war-horse seemed to be possessed for the time with all his former spirit. He came down on "honest Joe" with a pith which was quite refreshing, and which may help to teach that doughty warrior to be more careful in his public displays for the future.

Our good friend, the author of "Alcander," is one of those unconscious humourists who are sometimes "wiser" (?) than they know. Last Thursday, while occupying the bench in the J.P. Court, as an adjudicator in a Board of Trade inquiry, it suddenly occurred to him that he had omitted to administer the oath to the short-hand writer employed in the case. This might have proved a serious difficulty to certain sticklers for form, but Mr M'Lean was quite equal to the occasion. Stopping the evidence which was in progress, and turning to the man of pencils, he remarked, "I forgot tae swear ye; hold up yer haun. 'I swear that all I have written, and all I will write, is truth.'" The short-hand one repeated the words with mechanical precision, and the business proceeded, but to some present it seemed a question whether either the giver or the taker of the oath was aware of what the "swear" involved—whether they understood how far back, and eke to what distance forward, its conditions extended themselves.

The "Servia," the great Cunarder which is being built in the yard of Messrs Thomson at Dalmuir, will be launched on the 1st of March.

"That's an unco sicht," remarked Peter, as he passed, t'other day, a tramfull of "fat and greasy citizens," with the legend "Bound for Lipton's" exposed in gigantic letters on the side of the vehicle.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT ex-Provost Collins has shown that no great improvement was made in our morals during the reign of a teetotal Provost and a bench of cold water Bailies.

That house-hunting goes sadly on.

That a goodly number of people are taking their houses over again when they see the bargains that are in the market.

That no Highland policeman could be got to interpret a Gaelic-speaking countryman's evidence in the police court the other day.

That the Lauchies and Hughies had gone to Hong-Kong.

That the Donalds and Dugalds were at home practising the bagpipes.

That the new Municipal Buildings question is once more with us.

That the battle of the designs has to be fought all over again.

That the license has been taken from Davie Broom's.

That the magistrates should have given the new lessee a trial for one year.

That the Glasgow underwriters are in "sair tribulation" over their losses during the recent storm.

That we never hear about their gains.

That some of the Juvenile Delinquency Board Schools are a happy hunting ground for indifferent tradesmen.

That the commonest coopers and cobblers in the Duke Street house have a fixed pay of forty shillings and thirty-eight shillings per week!

That this is one of the ways the ratepayers' money goes.

That the so-called working men are much better paid than the hard-grinding dominies.

That the Finance Committee of the Board should forthwith see to this.

THE MODEL VILLAGE AGAIN.

(Scene—Co-o. Buildings, Main Street, 3 p.m., cab passes from city.)

Watty (an excitable Radical, who is hurrying for the train, stops short, peers at the cab, raises his hat, gesticulates with his arms, and exclaims)—Losh me, oor member jist arrived frae Paurliament. Whit a blissin.

[Bolts for train quite overjoyed at having done honour to the member.]

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Lays by our Lady Laureate.

No. 5.—*Un Frère comme il faut.*

NOW, there's that big stupid, our Willie,
Gone off all alone to a ball;
They're always so selfish, dear Milly,
You'd think they'd no sisters at all.

I wonder what brothers were made for,
If not to take sisters about
To things that have got to be paid for?—
Elsewhere, we can manage without!

An exception, dear Milly! Another
Is not in this town to compare
With Fred. *He's a man* and a brother—
A union as precious as rare!

He toils all the day in the city:
The money he makes there he spends
On sisters, who're not even pretty,
On whom all the night he attends.

He escorts them to balls and to dances,
And patiently by them abides,
Resisting the coyest advances,
Till partners for them he provides.

He declares till they're married, his duties
Will keep him a bachelor still.
A pity! Because, with *such* beauties
To settle, his own chance is *nil*.

Some "Royal" Concert Synonyms.

"Ruddier than the Cherry"—A toper's proboscis.

"The Toy Symphony"—The Polytechnic "Magic Cave."

"The Bedouin's Song"—Up and be-doin'.

"Carmen"—Tramway employés.

"Nobil Signor"—Signor Foli.

"The Light of Other Days"—Farthing dips.

"The Bohemian Girl"—"The Gipsy Maid."

"The Stirrup Cup"—*Deoch an dorhuis*.

"Jungherren Tanze"—Students' ball (Quartier Latin.)

"Studenten Lieder"—"Rhine Wine," "John Brown's Body," &c.

"Spirito Gentil"—Mountain Dew.

"Lucia di Lammermoor"—"Lucy Gray."

"Stab-at Mater"—Attempted matricide.

"Wedding March"—Next month.

"Invitation à la Valse"—Dancing ads.

"*Il Barbiere*"—Sturrock.

"Al Nostri Monti"—"Ye Crags and Peaks" (Tell).

"Tann-hauser"—Tan yards.

"Cloudland"—The Parterre Corridor at the interval.

THE MONEY'S-WORTH.

(Scene—Barber's shop in county town).

Barber (to schoolboy who enters to get his hair cut)—Will I take much off, sir?

Schoolboy—I waas tae get tippence worth taen aff,

Quavers.

CROSSHILL was musically active last week. The musical association specially distinguished by the name of the unconquerable southern burgh gave a concert on Thursday evening, and there was an organ recital and vocal concert in Queen's Park U.P. Church; also, a service of sacred music in Victoria Free Church on Friday evening. A few remarks on the first two events may not unprofitably be made. It may suffice to say regarding the last mentioned concert that one is pleased to observe a marked improvement in the character of the music performed.

The programme of the Crosshill Society was a capital one in selection and arrangement. The choir is not so large as in former seasons, but the tone is excellent and the parts are well balanced. The singing was marked by precision as well as by good tune, but there was rather an absence of expression all through, all the pieces being sung too uniformly loudly, and "squarely," so to speak. This fault apart, much of the music was rendered very well indeed. For example, Goss's "Her eyes the glowworm lend thee," Mendelssohn's "On the Sea" (an old friend with a new face), and Macfarren's "The Cuckoo sings," were excellently sung. The several songs, duets, and trios were acceptably rendered. The society is much indebted to Mr Smith, the honorary conductor, and the hope may be expressed that it may be rather larger ere another occasion, with good attendance at the practisings.

Mr Hammond's pianoforte solos afforded much pleasure. He plays with skill, and what is less common, grace and ease.

The immediate occasion of the musical evening in Queen's Park U.P. Church was the opening (proper) of the new organ—by Mr Hoeck, organist of the church. The organ (its case is in the Greek style, to be in keeping with the architecture of this church) is a very fine one, some of the stops, as the Voix Celestes and the stringed instrument imitation stops, being remarkably good. Mr Hoeck shone best in the arrangement for organ solo of Mendelssohn's "O, for the wings of a dove," and the cantilene pastorale of Guilment, both of which he played with much sweetness. Perhaps the selection of organ music was altogether somewhat quiet. A stirring march or two would not have been amiss.

The choir of Queen's Park U.P. Church used to be somewhat famous, if not for the highest style of singing at least for general choral ability. At this concert a subduedness of tone, inclining a little to flattening on the part of the trebles, was the noticeable feature. Under Mr Hoeck's unusually refined tuition the choir is evidently shaping into something much more artistic than formerly, and what want of brilliancy there was may fairly be attributed to acoustical hindrances. Dr Peace's "Te Deum" in D, a composition rather more for church worship than for performance, Goss's "Behold I bring glad tidings," and Sullivan's "O love the Lord," were all sung in a way that more especially showed what may yet be expected of the choir. Mr Hoeck wisely taking the baton, Miss Hoeck played, with taste and judgment, the accompaniments to the choral part of the programme.

Mr Hoeck has been elected conductor for the next Tannahill festival.

"Judas Maccabæus" is to be performed at Airdrie on the 24th inst., with soloists of repute from Glasgow.

An examination of singing classes in connection with the Glasgow Foundry Boys' Religious Society was held on Saturday week past in the Christian Institute. Nine classes were heard, in two, three, and four-part harmony. There will be a second examination ere the awards of merit are made, but it may be said that as a whole the classes showed a marked advance in reading ability and in style.

Is it desirable to employ three different languages—English, French, and German—in detailing organ specifications? French is not so objectionable, as it carries its translation with it, so far, to the ordinary reader; but how few can make anything of German? What is Geigen principal, Lieblich Gedact, or a Rohr flote, for instance? We haven't all musical or German dictionaries at hand, to refer to.

Thinker or Tinker?

SOME ingenious youth writes to the *Herald*. As follows:—"A writer in the *Times* the other day said that the late Thomas Carlyle was not an 'original thinker.' Would any of your readers oblige by stating—first, who was, or is, an original thinker; and secondly, by showing a clear example or two of what original thinking really is?" As this problem seems too deep for Granny's readers, the BAILIE recommends the ingenious one to betake himself to Gartnavel, where he will probably find the surroundings congenial, and where he will certainly encounter some of the most original thinkers going. But is he quite sure he is not in search of an "original tinker"? In that case, John Bunyan or Mr Borrow's "Flaming Tinman" ought to suit him.

"TWAL'-AN-SAXPENCE."

(Scene—Promenade of the Theatre Royal, Thursday last; Glasgow man and friend from Kelso—the latter of whom is a Free Kirk "deacon"—are passing the refreshment bar.)

Well-known Club-Man accosts the Glasgow man—Look here, my boy, have a drink.

(The G. M. "drinks.")

Friend from Kelso (who has surveyed the drinking operation with longing eyes)—Eh, man, a' didna' think ye'd a' drucken that wye.

G. M. (wiping his lips)—Why?

Kelso F. C. "Deacon"—Weel, ye ken, he wis rather shabby dressed that yin that pided for ye, wisna' e?

G. M.—That! Why, that's (whispers a well-known name.)

Kelso F. C. "Deacon"—Eh! My!! D'ye tell me sae, an' look hoo braw a'm compared tae him. Noo jist look at thae breeks! They're quite new; no twa month sin' a' got them. Aye, an' they cost me twal' an' saxpence tae.

[Yells from the bystanders, in the midst of which the Kelso deacon is led off by his Glasgow friend.]

LINES UPON "LINES."

O Caledonians, stern and wild!
To be thus Bairded sets us riled;
On Stock Exchange down down they go,
The Bairds above, the shares below.
So Mercury fell in recent cold—
But he'll get up, ere I get sold.

Hot Koffee—The bellicose king of Ashantee.
"The Guv'nor"—Mr Brand.

A Revolution in Bookselling, a 30s Book for 3s 6d; a 10s 6d Book for 3d; a 5s Book for 1s. 102 Queen Street.

Business and Pleasure.

IS this clipping from the *Herald's* advertising columns a "sign of the times?"—"Worsted Spinning.—Wanted a Young Man to take Charge of Two Combs (Lister's) and Preparing Boxes. A good football player preferred." As a weaver, the BAILIE does not profess to know anything about "combs" and "boxes;" but he is still more in the dark as to what makes a young man who is a good football player more eligible for a situation in the worsted trade than one who is a bad football player or not a football player at all. Will his Worship be pardoned if he confesses that in struggling with the problem he finds himself "worsted?" And may we look forward in the future to some such advertisements as these?—

"Wanted, a young man for a linendraper's establishment. One who can use the Indian clubs preferred."

"Milliner's Apprentice Wanted. Applicants will please state whether they are up to Zazel's trapeze business."

"Young Man Wanted for a Tea Warehouse. Preference will be given to one with a mastery of the spot-stroke."

THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS.

None than our Highland regiments
Their blood more freely spilt;
'Mong those who died to colours true
Was always found the kilt.

Mark'd also was the part was play'd
By those who 'scap'd the wreck—
Men of a-dress, who ne'er till now
Felt fear'd for wholesale check—

A check too uniform for those who sought,
And won, *distinction* from the foes they fought.

LIBERAL ECONOMICS.—Encouraged by the brilliant success which has so far attended his raid on the tartan, Mr Childers has, it is understood, advanced with fresh ardour to the execution of fresh reforms of a similar nature. His next proposal will be that one kilt may be made to serve at the same time for two soldiers, and at this moment the whole staff of the War Office, passing over the minor claims of African and Asian affairs, are engaged in struggling with the practical difficulties in the way of the scheme. It is confidently believed that these difficulties will speedily be overcome; and the reform, while affording additional gratification to the Scottish race, will very materially benefit the national exchequer.

Strange that an egotist can't see himself as others see him, when he is all I's.

An "Utter" Mistake—A lapsus linguæ.

Bicycles. { See New Patterns; Order early to avoid delay; Best Makes Supplied. Second-Hand Machines, Cheap.
JENNINGS' DEPOT,
101 MITCHELL STREET.

An Odious Comparison.

THE *World* newspaper—which the world at large will persist in calling a "society" journal, in spite of its editor's protest—refers to Sandy Macdonald, M.P., in its latest issue, in a manner which that honourable Member of the Lower House of Parliament may possibly fail to appreciate. It says:—"Of two working men's members in the House of Commons, Mr Macdonald and Mr Burt, who, we should like to know, is the more respected and esteemed—the former, who is a rich man, or the latter, who receives an annual salary from his constituents?" Perhaps, if the *World* be right in its allegation that Sandy is a "rich" man, he may take the fact as a sufficient, or at least a so-far satisfactory set-off against the implied answer to the question.

COMPARATIVELY SPEAKING.

Tonalt—Tugalt, tit you'll hear tat ta War Seckreterry will be took awa' ta tartan frae ta Plack Watch?

Tugalt—*Waur* Seckreterry! He will pe ta waurst Seckreterry for ta Hielants tat will pe refer no more since Culloten—whatefer!

TRUE BLUE PROTESTANTISM.—An Ayr fish-dealer was last week sent to prison, by Bailie Girdwood, of that place, for "shouting 'Three cheers for Parnell and Dan O'Connell.'" The offence seems scarcely so heinous as to deserve imprisonment, but the BAILIE suspects his brother-Magistrate is a bit of a Puritan. To cheer for Parnell might be forgiven, but to cheer for O'Connell had about it a Popish smack—a flavour of "prayers for the dead"—that was not to be endured. Perhaps some Ayr reader will kindly confirm or controvert his Worship's hypothesis.

A "Pettit" Dramatist—The author of "The Black Flag."

A Counter Irritant—"Anything else to-day, sir?"

When is a Horse like a Fraudulent Bankrupt?
—When he's a "bolter," to be sure.

Weather Profits—Underwriters' gains.

A "Sterling" Work—A biography by Carlyle.
"Sheer" Ali—Ally "Sloper."

GENTLEMEN'S CLOTH Made and Trimm'd—Suits, 21s; Trousers, 4s; Overcoats, 14s. Fit, Workmanship, Trimmings Guaranteed.—EWART A. BAIN, 59 Bridge Street.

WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.—That Manchester House for supplying Cottons, Linens, Flannels, Blankets, direct from the Mills, meets a long felt want.—Stephen's, 179 Sauchiehall St,

WALTER WILSON & CO.,THE LEADING HATTERS. THE LEADING
MILLINERS.EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS in MILLINERY
HATS, BONNETS, and CAPS, BEAVER, SEAL, VELVET,
STRAW and CHIP HATS and BONNETS.The WHOLE WINTER STOCK OFFERED at GREAT
REDUCTIONS.

NEW SPRING FASHIONS NOW TO HAND.

The New Spring Styles in Millinery, New shades, New
Shapes, New Materials, Magnificent New Stock of Mourning
Millinery.

GENTLEMEN'S ENTRANCE—No. 62, Up Stairs.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT—No 70, Up Stairs.

COLLOSSEUM, JAMAICA STREET.

Single Hats of all kinds, at wholesale Price.

AN OLD FRIEND WITH A NEW NAME.BUTTERINE, as BUTTERINE, has now become an
Established Favourite, and Thousands of our Customers pro-
nounce it identical to what they paid One¹/₂ more Money for
previous to the Opening ofTHE ORIGINAL BUTTERINE CO.,
14 WEST HOWARD STREET, GLASGOW.

250,000 CIGARS

FOR SALE AT GREATLY REDUCED RATES.

2d CIGARS, 8 for 1s; Post Free, 1s 2d.

3d " 6 for 1s; " " 1s 2d.

4d " 4 for 1s; " " 1s 2d.

J. H. ALLISON,

Cigar Merchant and Tobacconist,

463 ST. VINCENT STREET, (2 Doors from Elderslie Street),
Agent for Scotland.**Anatomical Boots & Shoes**MADE BY J. COOPER, 33 EGLINTON ST, S.S.
NO CORNS OR BUNIONS.Having less friction, wear longer. Wearer can walk further
with less fatigue. Recommended by eminent London Physicians.

Lasts fitted for each Customer Free of Charge.

First-Class References on Application.

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.

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.

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.**A DESIDERATUM**
FOR GENTLEMEN.**T**HERE are few things more gratifying
to a Business Man, who in his Special Depart-
ment has spared no effort to secure a widespread
measure of Public support, than to find that his exertions
have been fully appreciated. We frankly confess that
such has been our experience. The various well-con-
sidered schemes which it has been our good fortune from
time to time to announce have met with a very cordial
response at the hands of a large circle of Patrons, which
has incited us to redouble our exertions for the future.What Gentlemen Desiderate is Real Practical
Economy in the matter of Dress, along with first-rate
Quality, Style, and Fit, and this we have always made
it our careful study to supply.Our most recent effort in this direction is that of
supplying.**FIRST-CLASS WEST OF ENGLAND**
AND
SCOTCH TWEED TROUSERS

AT 15/6 PER PAIR.

So rare a boon has never before been offered in the
Trade, and we are confident it will prove an unparalleled
success.We need hardly remind our Friends that every
Garment is made on the Premises, without the inter-
vention of female or slop labour; and it is only the
assurance we have of a very large demand that has
induced us to fix a Price never before attempted.**FORSYTH,**
5 AND 7 RENFIELD STREET.**READING ROOM, NOW OPEN**
in connection with MACKENZIE'S West End Library.
Home and Foreign Magazines and Reviews added as published.
183 SAUCHIEHALL STREET (Fine Art Buildings).**OLD HIGHLAND WHISKY,**
18s PER GALLON.
JAMES A. JARDINE,
86 WEST NILE STREET.**COLERAINE WHISKY (from Malt only)**
as supplied to the House of Commons, Guildhall, the Civil
Service Association, London, and all the principal Clubs through-
out England and Ireland. Sole Agent for Scotland—J. JOHN-
STON, 11 KENT ROAD.**DANCE PROGRAMMES AND MENU**
CARDSin the
NEW SEASONS' STYLES,
Printed on the Shortest Notice.MACPIHAIL, Stationer to the Queen,
7 BUCHANAN STREET.

AMERICAN FURNITURE

WAREHOUSE,
128 BOTHWELL STREET.
BEDROOM SUITES A SPECIALTY.

NEW MADE WHEATEN MEAL,

Specially prepared for Family use.

IMPROVED OAT MEAL,
For Infants and Invalids.

FINEST EDINBURGH OAT MEAL,
Received Twice Weekly.

SELECTED CANARY AND HEMP SEEDS,
Samples and Price Lists Free.

A. SCOTT & CO.,

Grain Merchants,
231 ARGYLE STREET,
Branches:

99 MAIN STREET, Anderston; and 41 MAIN STREET, Gorbals
FAMILIES SUPPLIED AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 23rd, 1881.

IN all their arrangements towards securing the beauty and amenity of the Glasgow of the future, whether as regards the Municipal Buildings or otherwise, let us hope that the Magistrates and Town Council—not forgetting the Lord Provost—will bear the question of taxation in mind. At present we are one of the heaviest taxed communities in the Kingdom. The imposts for police, for statute labour, and for education, not to speak of such infinitesimal matters as the City Improvement tax—which promises to become perpetual—and the poor-rates, have a fairly crushing effect on the less wealthy class of tradesmen and shop-keepers. In another twelvemonths, or so, we will be saddled with a sewage cess, and there seems every probability that some of the existing levies—that for education, for instance, may grow larger instead of smaller. It surely, therefore, behoves those in power to “canny” in the matter of fresh taxation. Fine buildings are all very well in their way, but when the price of these is added to the already existing burdens, the taxpayer may well exclaim, “What has posterity done for me that I should do so much for him!” There are always two sides to every question, and the BAILIE has taken the present opportunity of urging the Town Council to give another look towards the more economical side of Corporation expenditure.

Our Municipal Libeller.

WHEN Mr William Collins demitted office—somewhat ingloriously, it must be confessed—the BAILIE offered to shake hands, and let bygones be bygones, on one condition. To that condition Mr Collins has not adhered, and it is his Worship’s painful duty to raise the rod of chastisement once more. It is difficult to understand what pleasure any man can derive from the process of elaborately slandering the people whom he is supposed—more or less accurately—to represent; but that our ex-Lord Provost does delight in the operation is, in spite of his mawkish denial, evident from the gusto with which he returned to the attack last week, and pelted us with the mud of delusive figures and false “facts.” “If there is anything on which he prides himself it is his absolute correctness in matters of figures and facts;” yet, as Mr M’Laren clearly showed, and as he himself was afterwards forced to virtually admit, his “facts” and his figures are both of the very shakiest description. The BAILIE is rather sick both of this subject and of Mr Collins, but he will not sacrifice duty to inclination when it becomes necessary to deal with either or with both. If Mr Collins has any regard for his own reputation or his own personal comfort, he will not again give rise to such a necessity.

THE FORCE OF EVIL EXAMPLE.

A warning to M.P.’s, magistrates, and men in responsible positions generally.

(Scene—Office in town.)

Junior Clerk (who has just been raised to the position, but who is nevertheless infinitely above the “general” work of the “offus,” to new boy, who is determined not to be sat upon)—Matthew, more coals for this fire; hurry up!

New Boy (defiantly)—I respectfully beg to decline unless compelled by superior force!

[Collapse of junior clerk who mends fire himself and victory of new boy. Tableau.]

DE MORTIUS.—A tablemaid who “has had four and a half years’ experience in present situation and is leaving through death” recommends herself for any similar position. Does she, indeed? The BAILIE for one would think twice before engaging a party with such dead-and-alive credentials. Shouldn’t tablemaid in this case rather read table-rapping maid?

The “Home” Secretary—W. T. M’Auslane,
“Party Spirit”—Toddy mixture.

Jeems Kaye on the Tartan.

MR M'DOUGALL, that leeves below us, is a corporal, or a cornel, or something in the Heelan' regiment o' kilties that drills doon at the Green, an' he cam' intae oor hoose the ither nicht as I wis sittin' readin' the papers an' takin' a wee drap toddy, greetin'—I wisna greetin', but he wis—the tears were trinklin' doon his weather-beaten and rugged face—he's a blacksmith—and his powerfu' frame shook wi' suppressed agony as he said tae me—

“Mr Kaye, thae Liberals are fair dingin' us upside doon. Mark my words, if Scotland disna rise in a social revolution within a fortnicht, I'm gey faur mista'en. The scoon'rels! the cheese-paring crew!” An' giein' a great sab that went tae my hert, he sat doon on an empty bandbox that I had brocht hame a new echt an' sixpenny hat in.

“Mr M'Dougall,” says I, “calm yersel'. Sit still—ye needna rise noo, as the bandbox is beyond human aid. Compose yersel'—tak' a taste o' the toddy—ye micht get palpitation at the hert, or spasms, or tic doloroo, or dropsy, if ye gang on in that way. What's wrang? What's Gladstane dune noo? Is he awa' tae jine Parnell, or what?”

“Waur—faur waur than that—him an' Childers an' the rest o' them are for daein' awa wi' the kilts o' the Heelan' regiments an'”—

“Lettin' them rin nakit,” I interjectit.

“Weel, no jist sae bad as that,” he says, “although I widna wonder but it micht come tae that in the lang run—thae Liberals are fit for onything; but in the meantime it seems they're for making a' the kiltie regiments hae the same kin' o' tartan—tae save expense, they say—an' it's alloed it's jist the first step tae daein' awa wi' the kilts a'thegither. Words canna express my indignation, Mr Kaye, I wid—I don' know what I widna do—I wid get a big drum-major wi' kilts tae catch Gladstane an' Childers by the scruff o' the neck an' ding their heids thegither till they got some practical experience o' the valour an' strength o' the brave men they are treating so ignominiously.”

“Mr M'Dougall,” I says, “I saw something o' this in the papers, but no' bein' Heelan' mysel', I canna jist enter wi' the same warmth intae your feelin's. Yet, though I'm no Heelan', I'm prood tae say I'm Scotch, an' when I think on thae stirrin' words—

‘Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled,’

it mak's me that I could grip the poker an' single-handed defy the hale jing-bang, frae the Duke o'

Cambridge doonwards. We're faur ower quiet, we Scotch—we work awa' an' say naething, an' some o' thae noisy busybodies that are aye buildin' up an' pu'in' doon, an' changin' an' reformin' get tae oor blin' side an' take advantage o' us. We should tak' a leaf oot o' the Irishmen's book—they're aye cryin' for something, an' they're aye gettin't. If a man in Ireland wants tae build a new dyke roon his garden, he applies tae Government for aid. I'm no gaun tae say that's richt, but really I think we wid be na'e the waur o' bein' roused up a wee, tae prevent us a' being turned intae Englishmen. Some day I'll gi'e a lecture in the coal ree tae a few select freens, an' expound my views on this same question, which I've studied carefully for years. In the meantime we'll come back tae the kilts. I'm but a puir man, but I don't go tae a warehouse an' get so many yards o' cloth the same pattern for my bairns, an' ha'e them a' like puirhoose weans, tae save a few shillings, an' this is what oor precious Government prop se tae dae. They want tae destroy the national emblems o' the history o' the different regiments, that everybody alloos are the finest in the service—tae crush oot the spirit o' honest rivalry between each—the ‘eau de sprite,’ I heard somebody ca'in' it—an' tae mould them anew in the same mould, like a lot o' cast-iron teapots. It's monstrous, fairly monstrous! Noo, as you're connected wi' the army, Mr M'Dougall, ye'll be aware that there are only five regiments ha'e kilts—the 42nd, 78th, 79th, 92nd, and 93rd—an' that there are some ither Heelan' regiments in name, but without the kilt. I wid propose that we should not only keep the kiltie regiments as they are, but should mak' Mr Childers provide kilts for thae ither regiments instead o' their present tartan troosers, an' so have them Heelan' in reality. If no, we'll start a Land League, an' boycott the whole lot o' the ignorant an' meddlin' Jacks-in-office. That wid teach them a lesson.”

Mr M'Dougall, gettin' anither gless o' toddy, agreed wi' me. What say you, BAILIE?—J. K.

A QUEER FISH.

Cockney Angler (to Highland shepherd)—I 'eard the gamekeeper speak about braxey, Donald. What sort of a fish is braxey?

Highland Shepherd—She's a ferry good sort. She's got horns an' woo', an' four legs pesides. We ca' her a dead sheep in the Hielans.

Furniture for Cash “Doon on the Nail.” GARDNER & HARDIE, 42 Great Clyde Street.

Megilp.

THE plaster cast of John Mossman's bust of Milne Donald has been placed, for the past day or two, in the large gallery of the Fine Art Institute, and has attracted much attention, especially from that portion of the visitors who are directly interested in art and artistic matters generally. Mr Mossman has caught the look of his dead friend with much skill, and the quality of the work is very high indeed. It is proposed to present a marble copy of the bust to the Fine Art Institute, and subscriptions toward this end may be intimated to Mr Walker, Secretary of the Institute.

William Glover is at present busy with a second picture for Henry Irving. This, like the former commission he received from Mr Irving, will be illustrative of a passage from "Macbeth," a tragedy which seems to possess special attractions for the great actor. Mr Glover is represented in the Royal Scottish Academy Exhibition by two canvases, one of which is a deep bay with a background of mountain—a scene on the west coast of Iona—and the other a view at the head of the Holy Loch.

"In the Track of the Wind" is the title of an upright picture recently completed by David Murray. It represents a wood of withered pine-trees, or rather trunks—for the branches have been stripped from the stems by the raging of the pitiless blast. Dimly seen through the spectral forms of the pines is a low, stormy sky. For tone, and colour, and unity of effect, and poetry of conception, this is probably the most perfect work Mr Murray has yet painted. It may possibly form one of his contributions to the Grosvenor Gallery in May next.

It is interesting to note, especially in connection with an article in the *Glasgow News* of Monday last, that the sculpture in the Exhibition of the Institute has been arranged this year, as it has been for a number of years past, by John Mossman. Mr Mossman's own contributions to the Exhibition are only three in number, and occupy exceedingly out-of-the-way corners, two of them, indeed, having been placed in the staircase leading up to the galleries.

The members of the "hanging committee" of the Royal Scottish Academy Exhibition were Messrs George Hay, Robert Gavin, and Norman Macbeth.

Only the scantiest consideration has been manifested this year by the Selecting Committee of the Academy towards our Glasgow artists. Their pictures have come back "not single spies but in battalions." Why, so wholesale have been the rejections that it almost looks as if the word had gone forth from headquarters to "slay and spare not." What effect this policy may have over the mutual relations of the profession in the two cities remains to be seen.

Besides, the people at the helm in Edinburgh ought never to lose sight of the fact that, while pictures like those of M'Taggart, and Lockhart, and Fraser, and M'Kay will always be eagerly sought after here as well as elsewhere, there are others connected with the Academy, both as Members and as Associates, who are by no means in the position occupied by Mr M'Taggart or Mr Lockhart, but whose pictures, when sent to Glasgow, have always received every consideration at the hands of the Council of the Institute.

Thursday was "touching up" day for the Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy—and quite an array of lengthened faces was to be met with, especially among the Glasgow artists who had "gone through," in the familiar Galleries on the Mound. "If my pictures had eye-sight," remarked one well-known West Country painter, "how they would 'look down' on everything else in the Exhibition!"

"Fair, but no' brilliant," was the general criticism passed on the exhibition. Probably the hit of the year has been made by Robert Gibb, whose "Thin Red Line" has given him a place among the recognised battle painters of the day.

Colin Hunter is grandly represented by his Academy picture of last May, in the near proximity of which, somewhat unfortunately, has been hung a sea-piece by W. F. Vallance, the last elected member of the Royal Scottish Academy.

"Fishing from the Rock" is Joseph Henderson's chief con-

tribution to the Exhibition, James A. Aitken has sent an upright picture of "Morrison's Haven," near Musselburgh, Wellwood Rattray a view of Loch Ard, William Young evening effects on the Forth and the Jed, Tom Donald a "bit" of Roseneath scenery, and C. J. Lauder one of his Thames studies of last year.

David Murray's view of the Clyde from the hills above Cardross shows what a careful student he is of cloud forms and aerial perspective; a little fen-land picture by A. K. Brown recalls the work of Constable, the painter, of all others, whom Mr Brown seems to admire most

THE SUBURBAN DOG-IN-THE-MANGER. — Paisley has asked Lord Rosebery to ask the House of Lords to disestablish and disendow the Church of Scotland. This is unkind. When did the Church of Scotland ask Lord Rosebery to ask the House of Lords to disestablish and disendow Paisley? Is there not room in the world for both Paisley and the Church of Scotland, even as there was room for both Uncle Toby and the fly? Which is the fly and which is uncle Toby? "You pays your money and you takes your choice!"

IN VINO NULLUS VERITAS.

Ye drucken Cits, tak' my advice:
Ye'll no get drunk on junks o' ice;
The drink wi' drouth that best agrees is—
Ye'll get it whan the fountain freezes;
Frae syne till Frost resigns to Thow,
An ice dry drink to sook or chow,
An' ane that winna steal your brains,
That's gif you've ony; nor that strains
Maine Liquor Law to "aff the mains,"
(As "aff the butt" ye seek yer ale—
The main law here's the law o' Gale).
To junks of fountain ice, All hail!
Let Truth, Teetotal Truth prevail!

Following up Lord Dalhousie's recent remark in the House of Lords to the effect that "the first eviction took place in Eden," Bauldy adds that the earliest case of Boycotting was carried out on Cain.

An Astronomical "Grant"—Last week's Man you Know.

"Flying Childers"—The War Secretary, when he flies in the face of national sentiment.

"German" to the Matter—The latter literary style of the Sage of Ecclefechan.

"MACNIVEN & CAMERON'S Pens are a Treasure"—*Standard*.

Just Out—Sold by all Stationers.
THE BIG 'J' PEN, } 6d and 1s
THE BIG WAVERLEY PEN, } per Box.
"Without doubt the best pens invented."—*Argis*.
1745 *Newspapers* recommend *Macniven & Cameron's Pens*.
SPECIMEN BOX BY POST, 1s 1d.
Patentees of Pens and Penholders,
MACNIVEN & CAMERON, 23 to 33 Blair Street, Edinburgh.
Pen Makers to Her Majesty's Government Offices (Estd. 1770.)
Beware of the parties offering imitations.

The Modern Æsop.

III.—Two Dogs.

TWO dogs—one black and the other white—met at the corner of a street one fine day. The black dog, though bedaubed with mire, said to the other, who had one conspicuous splash of mud on his back:—"Your appearance is disreputable. I wonder you are not ashamed to show in public with that big splash;" and he sniffed at him disdainfully. "Surely your own condition might have shamed you into a discreet silence," replied the white dog. "Oh! my daub is not noticeable; but yours can be seen from the other side of the road."

MORAL.—An ugly offence or two, added to a blackened reputation, is a matter of course; but one blemish in a fair character is magnified into a crime.

THE PUNSTER'S PUNISHMENT.

(Scene — First-class carriage at Helensburgh Station; Time, Wednesday morning last; Five passengers are already seated; Enter to them a sixth—a confirmed punster.)

Confirmed Punster (looking round for the laugh)—Wanted a ferret to ferret out the "Ferret?"

(No response. Everybody buries himself in his newspaper.)

Confirmed Punster (with added emphasis)—You see the "Ferret" was walked off with by a Mr Walker!

(This second sally confirms the general gloom, and the silence remains unbroken till Queen Street is reached.)

MUSIC HATH CHARMS!—As the BAILIE noted last week, the flute-band nuisance has recommenced. The movement has also been revived, in an aggravated form, to arm Tonalt and Tugalt, of ta force, with bagpipes and other instruments of torture. This is truly awful. The only hope in which one can indulge under the circumstances is that some day the police musicians may encounter the most noxious and powerful of flute-bands with such results as those associated with the County Kilkenny and the feline race.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—One name's as Coutt's another, as Ashmead Bartlett said when he complied with the will of the Duchess of St. Albans.

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.

Art Notes from Oban.

LET the galled jades of the "Press" wince when they learn, on no less an authority than that of a leader writer in the *Oban Times*, that "it is a great pity that any newspaper should entrust the writing of art criticisms to persons who know no more about painting than (*sic*) they do about the squaring of the circle." For the benefit, presumably, of "those whom it may concern," the same writer imparts the information that "the Highlands is particularly adapted for the study of painting"—a fact which the Dick Tintos of the BAILIE'S acquaintance will please take a note of.

A THOOSAN DOGS.

(Donald is sued for damages in consequence of his dog having worried some sheep. He denies that his dog was the depredator, and employs a lawyer to defend him.)

Lawyer—You say that other dogs were seen in the locality.

Donald (excitedly)—Yiss, there will pe a toosan dogs on ta hill that nicht.

Angus (Donald's friend)—Well, no jist so mony's that, Tonalt.

Donald—Yiss put there woot; there woot pe all ta dogs in ta country, and more, too.

Angus—Well there might be four or fiefie, whataifer.

Donald (with decision)—Yiss, their woot pe aal thaat.

DUX.—What funny "wants" one sometimes comes across in the columns of *Granny*. Take this of last Thursday:—"Wanted experienced girls for 'ducks;' a few smart girls taken to learn." How charming! When duly instructed and turned out full-fledged "ducks," it would be interesting to learn in what vocation—if any—these smart girls are to exhibit their charms. Are they to pose as professional beauties, belles of the ball, flash barmaids, or "Graphic" models? In any case, it is to be hoped there will be no quackery about these girl-graduate "ducks."

MULTITUDINOUS — INDEED! — Our friend, the Rev. Robert Thomson of Ladywell, preached at Kilsyth on Wednesday on the occasion of the induction of a minister to the parish church. Touching in the course of his sermon on the duty of church-going, he earnestly enjoined parents to attend public worship regularly and bring with them their "multitudinous families!"

"The Favourite of 'Fortune'" — W. L. Ashmead Bartlett,

T H E G A I E T Y.

Proprietor and Director,Mr C. BERNARD.
 Manageress.....Mrs BERNARD.
THE GAIETY.
 7-30 TO-NIGHT, AND EVERY EVENING 7-30,
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 BAND OF 60 PERFORMERS,
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 Production of the Latest Vaudeville Success,
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THIS EVENING, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 22ND, at 7-30.
 CASTLES IN THE AIR.
 Followed at 8 o'clock by
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MAIN STREET, SOUTH SIDE, GLASGOW.
 Sole Lessee and Manager,.....Mr H. CECIL BERYL.
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 T H E B L A C K F L A G,
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SATURDAY, 26TH FEBRUARY,
 THE CELEBRATED DR LYNN
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 Also the following Celebrated
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 Miss HELEN D'ALTON, Contralto.
 Mr HARPER KEARTON, Tenor.
 Mr ROBERT HILTON, Bass.
 Mr F. W. BRIDGMAN—Pianist.
 Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats 2s; at Office, 58
 Bath Street. Doors open at a Quarter to 7; Concert commences
 at 7-45 o'clock,
 JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

M Y E R S ' G R A N D A M E R I C A N C I R C U S

RETURN VISIT TO GASGOW.
 WILL OPEN IN
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THREE COMPANIES COMBINED IN ONE
 100 HORSES! 40 PONIES!

Mr JOHN COOPER with his Great Performing
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 Mrs ROSE and Miss IDA MYERS,
 And all the Old Glasgow Favourites, including a great
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Don't Forget the Opening Night MONDAY, FEB. 28,
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 No Advance in the Prices. Admission from 6d to 3s.
 Business Manager.....Mr HARRY MONTAGUE.
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H E N G L E R ' S G R A N D C I R Q U E,

WEST NILE STREET, GLASGOW.
 Mr CHARLES HENGLER begs respectfully to Announce
 the RE-OPENING (at an early date) of his POPULAR
 ESTABLISHMENT in GLASGOW, with an Entertainment
 of ARTISTIC VARIETIES of the Highest Order, comprising
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 TALENT UNEQUALLED, MAGNIFICENT STUD, and
 the DROLLEST of CLOWNS. In addition to which, Mr
 Hengler has arranged for the appearance of "TORO," the
 wonderfully-Trained PERFORMING BULL—First Appearance
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☞ The Opening Date will be duly Announced.
 Manager,Mr WILLIAM POWELL.
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G L A S G O W S C I E N C E L E C T U R E S.

The Rev. S. HAUGHTON, M.D., D.C.L., F.R.S.
 ST. ANDREW'S HALL, THURSDAY, 24th Feb., at 8 P.M.
 Subject—"The Perfection of the Mechanical Structure of
 Animals and its Cause."
 Tickets, 2s 6d, 2s, 1s 6d, 1s, and 6d, to be had at Hall
 Doors or at the Secretary's Office, 114 Bath Street.

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 Single Season Ticket, Admitting to Exhibition, but not to
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 Household to Exhibition, but Limited to Three for
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on view at remarkably Low Prices. Call and see the Stock.

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Descriptive Pamphlet and Price List of all kinds of Wines in
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Warm Baths, Hot and Cold Spray with Shower, ...9d.

Warm Bath, with Shower,6d.

Hair Cut and Shampooed,6d.

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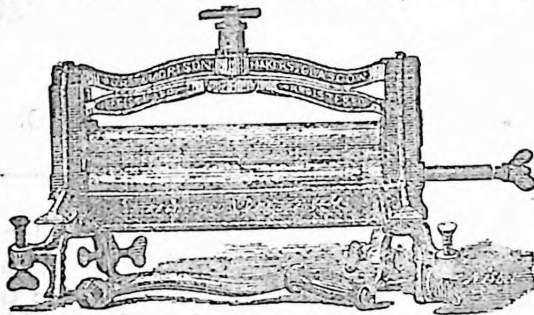
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Owing to our large Turn-over, and the Special Terms at which we are thus enabled to purchase, Customers will find our Prices very much under those usually charged.

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The Concluding Recital for the Season will be given by the City Organist, MR LAMBETH, on the afternoon of SATURDAY FIRST, at FOUR o'Clock prompt.

Members of Mr Lambeth's Choir will attend and render some Pieces of Vocal Music.

Doors Open at 3-30. Admission and Programmes Free.

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BRITISH and CONTINENTAL ARTISTS.
ART GALLERIES, 161 WEST GEORGE STREET.

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BREAKFASTS, DINNERS, TEAS.
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Large Stock of *Settees, Shop Chairs, Shop Stools, Restaurant Chairs, Folding Chairs, Reclining Chairs, Child's Carriage Chairs, Office Chairs.*

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Specialities in Teak Wood, in Flower Pots, Orchid Baskets, Fern Tubs, &c.

The "AUDIPHONE," price £2 2s.

This Wonderful Instrument enables the Deaf to Hear.

AMERICAN BARB WIRE FENCE, the Simplest, Strongest, Cheapest, and Most Efficient Wire Fence Made. Only requires to be seen to be appreciated.

Illustrated & Descriptive Pamphlet sent on receipt of 2d in Stamps.

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Fish, Tripe, and Oysters from 7 p.m.

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THE MAGNIFICENT SERIES OF
FIVE PAINTINGS

COLLECTIVELY ENTITLED

“**THE RACE FOR WEALTH,**”

AND RESPECTIVELY NAMED,

“*The Spider and the Flies,*” “*The Spider at Home,*”
 “*Victims,*” “*Judgment,*” and “*Retribution,*”

By **WILLIAM POWELL FRITH, R.A.,**
 ARE NOW ON VIEW

AT THE

SCOTTISH WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY'S GALLERY,
 108 WEST NILE STREET, GLASGOW.

DAILY—from 10 until 5.
 Admission, 1s.

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 Admission, 6d.

Brief Extracts from some of the Leading London Newspapers:—

“In ‘The Race for Wealth,’ Mr FRITH deals with one of the largest evils and strongest motives of our time. He sets before us ‘The Game of Speculation,’ with some of its most painful consequences, in the shape of family ruin and personal dishonour and disgrace. . . . Mr FRITH has never produced anything better, whether for conception of character or masterly execution. . . . Nothing he has produced for many years can be placed on a par with ‘The Race for Wealth.’”—*The Times*, 22nd April, 1880.

“An excellent point in this work is the skill with which the artist has depicted the besotting influence of avarice upon the human intellect. The love of gold seems to have well-nigh bereft them of reason. . . . The didactic purpose of pictorial art is enforced with brilliant ability and powerful effect. —*The Morning Post*.

“ . . . And so the curtain falls solemnly and impressively upon Mr FRITH's telling drama, but after a moment's reflection mental applause follows the successful work. There can be little doubt about the interest and instruction with which the public will study this painted play.” —*Daily Telegraph*.

“We know no living English painter from whom we should expect so comprehensive a theme as ‘The Race for Wealth,’ to be treated with so much inventive *vraisemblance*, with such skill of composition, and with such great intelligence as Mr FRITH has displayed throughout.—*Illustrated London News*.

“The fashionable things to do are to rush to the Prince of Wales' Theatre, and see Miss Genevieve Ward perform the new and very popular piece, ‘Forget me Not,’ and in the morning to see the new great sensation picture by FRITH, ‘The Race for Wealth.’ This is a serial most cleverly executed, in five separate pictures, each representing a different scene in the same lines. It is very graphic; poetry without words; and its popular success is proved by the crowds of spectators who flock to this gallery to see it. Masters of the art of painting consider this a great *coup*—indeed a rare stroke of genius.”—*Vanity Fair*.

NOTE.—These Pictures must not be confounded with the former series, “The Road to Ruin,” which were exhibited at the Royal Academy at London. “The Race for Wealth” were painted on commission by Mr FRITH, R.A., for their present owner, and have never been exhibited but at his private Galleries in London, and at the Royal Hotel, Scarborough.





The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 437. Glasgow, Wednesday, March 2nd, 1881. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 437.

TO-DAY (Tuesday) is an important day on the river. A great ship, the greatest ever built with the exception of the leviathan of Mr Scott Russell, is to be launched from the yard of the Thomsons at Clydebank, and the event has been everywhere recognised as one of the features of the year. The "Servia" has a gross tonnage of 8500 tons, she is 530 feet in length, 52 feet in width, and her height from her keel to her promenadé deck is something like 45 feet. Her internal arrangements will enable her to carry 450 cabin and 600 steerage passengers, besides a crew of 200 officers and men. The possibility of launching such a ship as this at our own doors is a matter in which it would be hard indeed if the BAILIE and his townfolk did not take a reasonable amount of pride. In turning over the pages of such a volume as Mr M'George's admirable "Old Glasgow," the reader, if at all endowed with the faculty of "looking before and after," may profitably revert to what the city of St Mungo was, as an industrial community, from the time when the brooklet, of Acherontic turbidity now, helped to grind the Bishop's corn, down to about a century ago, when the varied industries of the West began to assume shape and solid footing. But what a change has taken place from even the later of these times till now! Instead of a few huts clustered round a Cathedral, or a small bourg with its peddling industries, scores of huge factories, Titanic chimney stalks, miles on miles of smoke-stained houses, and, greatest change of all, the inconsiderable river deepened and widened—and on its banks hundreds of huge structures taking shape with clamour of steel and glow of furnace. This last named trade is the industry *par excellence* of Glasgow. It asso-

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ciates the city with the majestic river, and to foreign lands where Glasgow and the Clyde might otherwise be a name and "nothing more," the noble steamship speaks with "power and potency" of the craftsmanship of the men of the far north. The BAILIE fears, however, with the rush and hurry of these "advancing days" that the honoured names of the pioneers and fathers of the Clyde shipbuilding trade are hardly kept so green in the memory of "the general" as they deserve to be. They have all or nearly all passed to where "beyond those noises, there is peace." Robert Napier, David Tod, John M'Gregor, Wingate, Steele, Wood, and the two elder Thomsons, are all gone, and a new generation has taken their place. Amongst these pioneers, the father of the Man you Know, the late George Thomson, was held in high esteem. Although a comparative stranger to the general public, in his own walk few or none were better known or more popular. Handsome and manly of presence, kindly and modest of manner, with an inborn taste and love of his art, George Thomson made his mark as the designer and builder of "Ionas" and "Russias,"—of the beautiful West Highland steamer as well as of the massive Cunarder. His eldest son, JAMES RODGER THOMSON, is a worthy scion of the old stem. He has had a thorough practical training, and nearly twenty years' experience as engineer and shipbuilder. Under his charge, associated with his brother George and continuing the old firm's name of James & George Thomson, the well-known Clyde Bank Foundry has flourished exceedingly, and the Govan yard has been succeeded by the gigantic establishment at Clydebank, Dumbartonshire, where at present some 38,000 tons of steam shipping is in progress of construction. Some of the vessels now on the stocks are among the largest and most important ever built in this country, one

of them being the great Cunarder of which mention has been made above. By the energy, principally, of Mr J. R. THOMSON, not only has a splendid building yard been formed at Clydebank, but an entire new village, with Post Office and Telegraph Station, churches, schools, water supply, &c., has been formed, and in addition to the Railway Station at Kilbowie, got by the persistent application of the firm from the North British Railway Company, a new line having its termini at Stobcross and Clydebank is being laid, and is expected to be completed by the end of this year. Mr THOMSON has been, from the beginning of the movement, a most enthusiastic volunteer, first as a member of the Highland regiment, and subsequently as captain and afterwards major in the Dumbartonshire Rifles, to which body he was instrumental in contributing a contingent from his own employés, the Clydebank Volunteer corps. He is a Justice of the Peace for Dumbartonshire, a member of the School Board of his district, and President of various philanthropic and charitable societies connected with the locality. All this, it must be borne in recollection, is merely supplementary to his business career. Few positions in active life can be more harassing than the management of a large shipbuilding and engineering concern, and if some of our "jeunesse dorée," some of the "flaneurs" of Buchanan Street, could have some glimpses of the arcana of such a business as that of the Thomsons, the sight would simply cause them to stand aghast. Fierce competition in trade, never-ending troubles and difficulties with workmen, increasingly exacting requirements in every department, contingencies of weather, rises and falls in prices, casualties of all kinds, these are the trials the shipbuilder has to meet and combat, and that incessantly. Through them all, however, as a Captain of Industry he has to maintain a stiff upper lip and a cheery heart. These are two of the leading traits of the Man you Know, and they are two which have had not a little to do with his marked success in life.

DIVORCE OF JACK AND "GILL."—The proposal by my Lords of the Admiralty to do away with Jack's statutory allowance of grog; giving him as a substitute—"soluble cocoa." My conscience!

The latest Irish Absentee—Mr Parnell.

A Revolution in Bookselling.—Horne on the Psalms, highly commended by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. Published at 5s, for 1s 11d. 102 QUEEN STREET.

Bailie Waddel's Ode to "The Magistrate."

New clothes but once a year I seek;
My food I must have daily;
My pleasure duly comes each week—
I find it in the *Bailie*.

I need no books of any age
From Seneca to Paley;
Philosophy fills every page—
Of that great sage, the *Bailie*.

All politicians are a bore—
E'vn Gladstone and Disraeli—
I value thy opinions more,
My guide, my friend, my *Bailie*.

This world is full of care, they say—
With me time passes gaily;
For care, abashed, soon slips away,
Whene'er she sees the *Bailie*.

I never heed the winter's ire,
Though rainy, snowy, hailly;
But toast my toes before the fire
And revel in my *Bailie*.

Thou best of Glasgow magistrates!
(I don't mean herrings, scaly)
Our city weekly, watchful, waits
The advent of it's *Bailie*.

My task is done—is't to your mind?
No doubt you thought I'd fail—eh?
I now defy you all to find
One other rhyme to *Bailie*.

LITERAL.

(Scene—Meeting-room of Literary Society.)

Member (in moving a vote of thanks to chairman)—We are all very much indebted to the chairman, since, had it not been for his unflinching efforts there would have been no evening to-night.

[*Member* sits down amid the applause of the audience.]

DATES AND DATES.—We are hearing a great deal at present about a preparation called "date coffee," which is recommended to be used by students, among other classes of the community. Young Mufkins, who is "grinding" for a Civil Service examination, has ordered a quantity of the article under the impression that it has some magic property by which it enables its user to remember, in his own words, "when the Saxons conquered Normandy, and when Charles the First beheaded Oliver Cromwell, and all that kind of thing, don't y' know." It is to be feared the young man is labouring under a misconception.

The New Municipal Buildings "Standing Orders"—The Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian.

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.

"Kilt Entirely."

IN connection with the burning question of the day, the "tearing of the tartan," the Ass was arguing yesterday with a Sassenach who spoke scoffingly of the garb of old Gaul altogether. Of course the man from England came off second best; and, in particular, it would have done Lord Archie good to see how he staggered when Asinus delivered this at him, with due emphasis—"Yes, sir; and allow me to remind you, or perhaps to *inform* you, that Badajos's breaches were stormed by men who wore none—who had none of their own to wear."

OF ANCIENT DATE.

English Tourist—Well, Paddy, these O'Hoolachans seem a very old family.

Paddy—Yiss, sorr, it is thimsilves that be joist that same. Now a hunder yairs is counted a great toime wid some families, but not wid them, for by the same token the O'Hoolachans were as culd a thousand yairs ago as they are this blissid day, so they were.

The *Herald* had last week some spirited writing on "The decline of the Milling trade." One who is well up in the technique of the "dusting" business wants to know if this has any reference to the decadence of the P.R. The BAILIE wots not; there be milling tradesmen and "milling" professors but their "dusty" work has but little in common.

"JUSTICE TO SCOTLAND!"—Like the Irish, we must raise our cry. Not only is Robert Burns claimed as an "English Man of Letters," but Adam Smith as an "English Philosopher." This and the Tartans! Who or what is to be left to us? Scotland taunted with her "poverty," yet with possibilities for being robbed!

The Wise Men of "the East"—Those who'd build beyond John Street.

The Three C's—Compton Comedy Company.

A Draft Conveyance—A carrier's cart.

"The truth! the whole truth!! and nothing but the truth!!!"

"Macniven & Cameron's pens are the best."—*Standard*.

"MACNIVEN & CAMERON'S Pens are a Treasure"—*Standard*.

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THE BIG WAVERLEY PEN, } per Box.

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Patentees of Pens and Penholders,

MACNIVEN & CAMERON, 23 to 33 Blair Street, Edinburgh.
Pen Makers to Her Majesty's Government Offices (Estd. 1770)
Beware of the parties offering imitations.

On 'Change.

BOLIVIA ought to be a happy country. Not only has it a debt, and consequently, creditors, but these creditors absolutely neglect to take their money when it is offered to them. There are 149 bonds which have never been tendered for payment, and they represent a very tidy sum. A few men I know would be glad to discover that their obligations had been similarly treated.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast." In the matter of gold companies, limited, hope is a perennial stream. This week the world is the richer by another of these delightful institutions. Having exhausted India, Africa, and the capital-absorbing Western States of America, speculators have betaken themselves to the Antipodes. It is now found that New Zealand is the proper field for a gold company to work. New Zealand has been distinguishing itself lately by getting into debt. Was this a preliminary to mining enterprises.

Shorthorns would not appear a likely subject for treatment on the limited liability principle. But somebody has conceived the idea that shorthorns are the very thing for a company to deal in. The fever for speculation is so acute that people actually believe in shorthorns, and I should not be at all surprised if the company floated when fairly launched. Shorthorns are more limited than longhorns, I suppose, but it is understood that the dividend is not necessarily limited in consequence.

Pig iron is bothering people just at present. It obstinately persists in moving down when most folks want it to move up. There is a more widespread interest in the noble article than is generally imagined. The holdings are widely distributed, so widely that the interests of the holders and the brokers are not now identical. If the whole truth were known, I should say that the interests of the brokers would be better served were iron to go down in price. Largely as it is held, there are still people with money who are quite willing to go in at or under 50/ per ton. They ignore the large production, the heavy stocks, and the small export. They simply trust to the chapter of accidents to make it pay. It might be as well if they waited. Iron will be at 47/6 before long. SCRUTATOR.

"HURRAH FOR THE HIGHLANDS!"

Ta Hielan' lads 'il fecht like Spartans,
That's gif ye'll let them wear the tartans;
Hooch aye, Auchray! whoe'er's intil't
The "deadly breach," she's wi' the kilt.
She'll min' pefore how she'll be cheer
"There's none but Hielan' ponnets here!"
And noo she'll "Hooch Hurray!" wans more
For tartans for ta Hielans corps.

THAT'S FLAT!—The BAILIE was somewhat startled to read in the *Herald* the other morning that the "upper flat of Malabar" is at present to let. Does this refer to our old wonder-working friend "of that ilk," or, if not, what or who is the upper flat of Malabar? (These be questions which demand an answer.)

ASINUS PUNNETH.—The Ass declares that the recent action against the General Manager of the Gaiety was really as well as Austin-sibly a Poltry affair. Hee-haw!

A Land-Leaguer's Friend at a Pinch—"Irish blackguard."

The Hides of March—Ambuscades.

WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.—That Manchester House for supplying Cottons, Linens, Flannels, Blankets, direct from the Mills, meets a long felt want.—Stephen's, 179 Sauchiehall St,

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—Mr Barry Sullivan begins a fortnight's engagement at the Gaiety this evening, the stories concerning his serious illness, and the cancelling of his various engagements, having had no better origin than the busy brain of some imaginative correspondent. Mr Sullivan is accompanied on this occasion, as on his last visit to Glasgow, by Mr W. H. Hallet, who occupies the post of stage manager to the company, and Mr John Amory, or rather Mr John Amory Sullivan. The leading female parts in the various pieces which will be represented during the stay of the eminent actor, will be sustained by Miss Maude Brennan.

—o—

We are to be favoured with six nights of old comedies at the Royalty Theatre, the first of which will be represented this evening. Mr Edward Compton takes the principal part in the various pieces to be performed, and these include "Twelfth Night," "The Heir-at-Law," "The Poor Gentleman," and "The Hypocrite."

The company by whom Mr Compton is accompanied includes various well-known and experienced actors. One of these is Mr Lewis Ball, who had his early training under Mr Phelps at Sadlers' Wells, another is Mr F. W. Wyndham, whose recent appearances at the London Gaiety gained him much credit from the London press, and a third Mr Walter Vernon, the *Blue Beard* of the Theatre Royal pantomime of that name. Miss Virginia Francis, again, the younger sister of Miss Kate Bateman, is Mr Compton's "leading lady," and he has an excellent "first old woman" in Mrs Bickerstaff.

—o—

The concluding week of the Royal Concerts begins this evening, and among the artists whose names are announced to appear during the coming six nights are the ever welcome Signor Foli, Madame Blanche Cole, and Miss Helen D'Alton. Quite an effect was produced last week by the playing of the British Army Quadrilles, in the performance of which a volunteer band and the band and pipers of the 74th Regiment took part.

—o—

One of the numerous stage adaptations of the famous "L'Assommoir" of Monsieur Zola, a piece which bears the title of "D. T.," will be produced to-night and during the week at the South Side Theatre. The company who will take part in the performance is under the direction of Mr Charles Horsman, while Miss Mary Rhodes has been specially engaged to support the *role* of *Gerzaise*.

—o—

"She Would and She Would Not, or the Kind Impostor," one of Colley Cibber's busy, sprightly comedies, the scene of which is laid in Madrid, will be produced this evening by Miss Litton at the London Gaiety.

—o—

The initial performance of the children's "Cloches de Corneville" was given on Saturday last, at the Reading theatre; the object of course being to let the juveniles acquire a little confidence in "the country" (no quip meant, BAILIE), before making their bow to bigger audiences.

As you are aware, they are coming by and bye to the Gaiety here, and it may interest Glasgow playgoers to know that the part of *Gasparil* the miser is sustained by Master Charley McConnell, son of our well-known local baritone and vocal humourist of the same name. His selection for so important a *role*, I may add, was justified by the genuine success which the young gentleman achieved last year at the St. James' Theatre; his performance of the part of a goatherd in "Good Fortune" there, with the Kendals, gaining him flattering mention both by the *Times* and *Punch*.

—o—

"The Brothers Wardroper" are announced by Mr Airlie for Saturday night's concert in the City Hall; Mr Walter Bentley has been engaged for Saturday week.

"Davie Broon's," dear BAILIE, an institution the name of which is familiar as household words in the ears of Glaswegians—and in connection with which, staid as you now are,

your Worship's self has recollections belonging to a time when you were not so chary of hearing "the chime;"—changes hands this day week, Monday, 7th March.

I am glad to know that the trustees have granted the use of the hall for one night prior to the change, for the purpose of a complimentary benefit to Mr Harry Harcourt, who has for eight years now—how *tempus* does *fugit*—been the able and most attentive manager of the establishment. The occasion is Wednesday evening first, 2nd inst.; and a whole "host of talent," as the bills say, will appear to testify the abundant respect in which the beneficaire is held by the profession.

—o—

A friend of yours, my magistrate, sends the following anent a slip you made in your notice last week of Mr Alexander Fleming:—"That's a'-the-gither wrang about Maister Fleemin' bein' weel kent on the Stock Exchange. He never spekelates. He buys and sells airon jist as the BAILIE buys and sel's paper and print. A word mair in yer lug. If Sandy disnae subscribe tae blanket missions tae the Hottentots he has had nae occasion tae sen' back promotion cash for the use o' his name tae bogus companies. An that's a cap that ony-body can pit on that thinks it fits him."

—o—

An exceedingly pleasant evening was spent on Wednesday in the house of one of The "Men You Know," when, in addition to, and preceding the usual "hop," a performance was given of Broughton's clever comedietta entitled "Ruth's Romance." There are three parts in the piece, and their representatives acquitted themselves to the admiration of all present. In particular, the young lady who impersonated *Ruth* played with a sparkle and a grace which showed the possession of very high artistic powers indeed.

One of the more noticeable articles in the March magazines is a clever gossiping paper in *Belgravia* on "Presages of approaching ill." Its writer is Mr William George Black, a young Glasgow *litterateur*.

The works of James Macfarlan, "the Pedlar Poet," are to appear at last. The publication is to be by M'Kie of Kilmarnock, and, in somehow, is to be under the appropriate patronage of the Glasgow Saint Andrew Society. I hope there will be included the exquisite little "Essays."

—o—

Among the Bohemian societies of the West of Scotland, and by Bohemian I mean a body of cultured, well-bred men who are not specially given to tread in the paths worn by the feet of common c'odpoles, none hold a higher position than the Western Burns Club. This club was started in the Burns Centenary year, chiefly by Dr James Hedderwick, of the *Citizen*, and the late Mr James B. Gartley, and was meant, at the outset, as a species of protest against the snobbery which obtained at the mammoth Burns demonstration in the City Hall—on which occasion certain London *litterateurs* were paid to journey down to Glasgow and make speeches concerning Scotland and the Scotch! Among the more prominent members, since its foundation, of the W. B. C., was Mr John B. Gartley, brother to the Mr Gartley already mentioned, and who, like him, has now passed "from sunshine to the sunless land." A man of wide reading and of cultivated taste, Mr John Gartley had hosts of friends, and his death has left a gap in their mental horizons which will not be readily filled up. Only yesterday, as it seems, his beaming, genial face was noticeable on 'Change, and to-day he has left us and the place which once knew him shall know him no more for ever.

—o—

A fortnight ago, I took it upon myself to prophesy that Mr Myers would be back again with us by to-day, and that on this occasion he would muster his full forces. A glance at the advertisement will show that the vaticination was correct. On the former visit the quality was quite superior, and now the quantity seems to be out of sight the biggest thing in circus business ever seen in these parts. All our old friends are to show again—the "Boss," Monty, Cooper, Rollins, &c.—while the newcomers are quite too numerous to mention.

Companion Pictures.

THE naming of a picture, like the naming of the "Servia" to-day, or the "naming" of an Obstructionist any of these latter days, is a matter of some moment. The BAILIE'S own biblio-maniac takes quite a momentous interest in the question: What's in a name? Scanning the catalogue titles of the thousand-and-one mural gems in the Galleries of the Fine Art Institute, he asserts he could make some improvement thereon. The wordy wise-acre singles out what he is pleased to call a "few" instances in support of his averment. The Magistrate will simply ask his readers to look on this picture and on this, and decide for themselves:—

- "Cupboard Love"—"Real Jam."
- "A Quiet Pool on the Teith"—"Painless Dentistry."
- "The Busy Clyde" (Sunday)—"Bona-fides Quenching their Thirst."
- "A Mill in Perthshire"—"A Box in the Highlands"
- "On the Way to the Well"—"En route to the Peesweep Inn."
- "I Cannot Mind my Wheel"—"Ixion Out of Sorts."
- "The Last Drop"—"Marwood at Work."
- "Quiet Retreat"—"71."
- "Drinking Time"—"L'heure d'absinthe."
- "Family Relics"—"My Uncle's Sale-Rooms."
- "The Coming Storm"—"Cable Warnings."
- "A Present of Apples"—"Eve's Temptation."
- "A Glorious Swing"—"Waterloo Flies."
- "A Spring Landscape"—"Kangaroo Hunting."
- "Paddy's Dinner"—"Toujours Praties."
- "Gloaming on the Eye"—"Just a wee drap in our e'e."
- "Hay-making and Love-making"—"Making Hay while the Sun Shines."
- "The Bell Ringers"—"On for a Lark."
- "In Bodily Fear"—"Dread of Coercion Bill."
- "Stormy Weather in the Highlands"—"The Battle of the Tarians."
- "Preparing for the 'Race'"—"The Spider and the Flies" (Frith.)
- "Wallflowers"—"Maidens all Forlorn."
- "A Cold Job"—"Ice Harvesting at Hogganfield."
- "In the Alhambra"—"Leicester Square—an Interior."
- "A Free Breakfast Table"—"A morning burst in John Morrison Street."
- "A Rest by the Way—Rome"—"Three Taverns—Appii Forum."
- "The Tug"—"When Greek meets Greek."
- "Feeding the Pets"—"High Noon at Myers'."
- "The Head of the Glen"—"Charles Tennant, M.F."
- "The Haunted Moor"—"O'hello the Jealous."
- "All Among the Barley"—"Interior—Distillery."
- "Still Waters"—"Mountain Dew."
- "The Song Ended"—"For this relief much thanks."

A ROSE, &c.—What is there in a name? Among the exhibitors at the Royal Scottish Academy this year is a gentleman rejoicing in the historically-suggestive and suggestively-historical name of Albert Durer Lucas, who yet condescends to paint "Heath and Harebells" and to sell them for seven guineas. Why, Michael Angelo Titmarsh was nothing to this!

Parnell's Followers—Detectives.

"Here's a Health to all Good Lasses."

SHERIFF GUTHRIE, in deciding a case of hypothec the other day, said—"I can only say that I myself would have very great hesitation in deciding that general point—whether the domestic servant or the landlord is preferable." If the Sheriff has any doubt on the subject there is another official whose mind is quite made up regarding it and that is the policeman. Your "boy in blue," let him be either Highland or Lowland, prefers a servant girl, particularly if she be good-looking, to a wilderness of landlords.

AMBIGUOUS.

(Scene—Country road; Two farmers meet.)

1st Farmer—Weel, Mr Fleemin, hoo are ye, and whaur hae ye been the day.

2nd do.—Thank ye, I'm fine. I hae jist been up at the manse.

1st do.—What's goin' on there.

2nd do.—Oh! The minister is kinna pit about as he has got a caul.

1st do. (excitedly)—Ye don't mean't. Losh it's jist what I said, he wudna be wae us for six months afore he wud be aff tae anither place.

2nd do. (interrupting him)—Man, what are ye bletherin' about, it's a caul in his heed that he's got—no a call tae anither parish.

[Collapse of farmer number one.]

GREAT GALES.

Shouter to shouter, hand in hand,
For Tartan plead? Do more—Demand!

SUGAROPOLIS AMONG THE OLD MASTERS.—

It is said that Greenock has gone in for the æsthetic, and that some six examples of the Belles arts have been secured by a public institution there. Bravo, Greenock! there's nohing like beginning at the bottom and learning what to avoid. Let us hope these "examples" will be grouped together—they may form the nucleus of a most impressive "chamber of horrors." A few examples of antique statuary, such as "Apollo Belvidere adapted for gas," or "Minerva with a fan-tail burner," would light up splendidly alongside.

A Case of a-Peal—The ringing o' the Wee-Kirk bell.

Up to Date—The Coffee prospectus advertisement.

"A Rum 'Go'"—Depriving Jack of his grog.

THE TRYPOGRAPH is still unsurpassed as a *fac simile* Printing Machine. By its aid thousands of copies can be printed from a written sheet of paper in black. Simple, Reliable, Rapid Cheap.—A. C. Thomson, 278 Argyle Street.

QUAVERS.

SOME time ago the Glasgow Select Choir offered a prize (for the second time in the existence of the society) of Ten Guineas "for the best glee or part-song for mixed voices." About fifty compositions have been received, and the judges—Dr John Hullah and Mr Henry Gadsby—have given their decision as to which of these competitive pieces is worthy of the prize. Your correspondent, BAILIE, has been favoured with a sight of the batch of manuscript, and proposes now to tell your readers something about its quality.

As in the case of the designs for the Glasgow Municipal Buildings, mottoes only are attached to the different compositions, with the names under seal. The envelopes revealing the secret of authorship are not opened yet, and curiosity must remain unsatisfied for some little time. The prize, it may be darkly hinted, however, has been awarded to one of two settings among the pieces, of Hogg's beautiful ode, "The Skylark" ("Bird of the wilderness," &c.). The melody of this new part-song is elegant and flowing, while the harmonic treatment is evidently the work of a most accomplished musician. The working up of the phrases is masterly,—both in what is effected and what is stopped short at, and altogether the new part song is one to be welcomed.

Dr Hullah and Mr Gadsby place next in order of merit a part-song, "The Highland Laddie," quaint and clever music; and they mention "The Bird and the Maiden," and "Where is thy home?" as worthy of high praise. A masonic glee in three parts is also singled out for high commendation, "its exceptional form (the examiners remark) incapacitating it from a competition among part-songs of altogether different construction, and the words of which necessarily limit its usefulness."

A few glees, more or less distinctive, are among the pieces sent in; but the part-songs by far outnumber them. The fact, glee-writing proper is almost a lost art.

On the whole, some good music has been received in reply to the offer of the choir, and we may expect to hear the prize composition in a month or two hence, with probably one or two of the best of the others.

The sixth musical festival of the Foundry Boys' Society takes place to-night (Tuesday) in the City Hall. The music which the combined classes will perform is of a much higher order than formerly, testifying to the increased skill of the scholars as well as to the perseverance of the teachers. Dr Whitfield's anthem, "I will lift up mine eyes," is the chief sacred piece that will be sung, and among the secular music will be "The Pibroch of Donuil Dhu," specially arranged for the classes, in by no means easy fashion, by one of their examiners; also that lively old glee, "The Bells of St. Michael's Tower," and "Fairlyland," an arrangement from Dr Calcott. A really excellent and highly interesting musical display may be expected.

A benefit concert, complimentary to Mr and Miss Ray, takes place this (Wednesday) evening, in Bellahouston Parish Church. Mozart's No. 7 Mass will be sung, and in the Latin original, as should invariably be done; and there will also be a selection of songs and concert-d pieces, unhackneyed, as it is pleasing to see.

The Pollokshields Musical Association sets an example of enterprise worthy of imitation in the way of producing new works. It has specially turned its attention of late to the compositions of Heinrich Hoffman, the modern bearer of that rather distinguished name among German musicians, and the society now proposes to perform the cantata "Cinderella," one of Hoffman's more recent works. "Cinderella" is the familiar fairy story idealised a little, with the libretto extended and elaborated in the fashion affected by the Germans, who seldom seem to be content with a subject in its original simplicity of form. Hoffman is a writer of the advanced school, always melodious if hardly consecutively so to our less advanced ideas, and in "Cinderella" there is some most interesting work, both in solo and choral numbers, the accompaniments being remarkable for variety of style and for brilliancy of colour. It may hardly be possible to hear the whole of "Cinderella" at the next concert of the society, but we might have one or two of the choruses and solos.

The annual concert of the 1st L.R.V. Glee Club comes off in

St. Andrew's Hall on Monday, 21st instant, when Gadsby's "Lord of the Isles" is to be performed—first time in Scotland, that coveted distinction. A good orchestra has been engaged for the accompaniments, and the treble and alto parts of the choruses will be filled by ladies and boy cadets, one hundred voices in all, the tenor and bass parts by members of the regimental club. Lieut. M Nabb conducts, and as Gadsby's cantata is inspiring and martial in character, this should altogether be an appropriate and attractive concert.

OUT OF SHAPE.

Jones (a tailor suddenly clapped on the back by customer)—Hilloh, sir, you nearly frightened me into a fit.

Customer—Indeed. Then I wish I could frighten this coat you made for me into a fit; it is stupidly made and looks two sizes too large.

"AS WHEN A WELL-GRACED ACTOR LEAVES THE STAGE."

Who volunteer beneficence
Should to the end be gracious;
Not when they've play'd their little part
Then do the Austintatious,
ExAustin by some Polt-try means
The very end they play'd for:
A "Polt" is meant of course to draw
Shou'd at the least be paid for
By those who duly get the praise—
Not those who give their aid for
(Moreover give it gratis) having all
Things smoothly go until the curtain's fall.

SOMETHING LIKE A COMPANY.—The new companies, of all sorts and degrees, which make their appearance every morning in the advertising columns of the newspapers, are something fearful and wonderful, but perhaps the most fearful and wonderful of all showed its modest head in the *Herald* one day last week. This concern boasts the alarming title of "Phormium Tenax Company," it is "under Portuguese Government concession," and on its direction are one gentleman of the remarkable name of "Daniel F. Sugrue" and another who declines to recognise himself save as "Exmo. Senhor Guilherme Read Cabral"! All the BAILIE can say is that if the P. T. Company fails to make a big haul in this country the spirit of British enterprise must be defunct.

THE LATEST UP TO "DATE."—Some clever folks have, it seems, taken to the successful manufacture of "coffee" from dates. The BAILIE now calmly awaits the advent of the genius who shall make "tea" out of almonds, "cocoa" out of raisins, and "chocolate" out of figs.

GENTLEMEN'S CLOTH Made and Trimmed—Suits, 21s; Trousers, 4s; Overcoats, 14s. Fit, Workmanship, Trimmings Guaranteed.—EWART A. BAIN, 59 Bridge Street.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the discussion on the new Municipal Buildings was a very dull affair.

That it was only illumined by the sharp castigation inflicted by ex-Provost Collins on Mr Alphabet Smith.

That the said castigation was richly deserved.

That Mr Neil's vagaries were hardly as funny as usual.

That Johnnie is getting played out.

That nobody could understand the elaborate calculations of Mr Jackson.

That George has peculiar views of his own.

That, like Micawber, he hopes something will turn up.

That meanwhile the Buildings are "as they were."

That the public await the next step with considerable anxiety.

That the Educational Endowments scheme was again considered on Wednesday last.

That certain parties have become alive to the dangers threatened.

That the Trades' House and the bulk of the Incorporations are not of that class.

That Deacon Caldwell received scant justice at the hands of the parson of St Andrew's Parish.

That Bailie Farquhar is the latest critic of the Tramway officials.

That the Bailie's remarks regarding them the other day were very much to the point.

That better wages would command the services of a better class of drivers and conductors.

That it is high time these were engaged.

That Lewis Potter is now a discharged bankrupt.

That he is discharged with upwards of £100,000 to the good.

That Bailie Waddel and Bailie Wilson have had a smart little passage at arms.

That the practice of cramming goes on in our juvenile schools.

That it does more harm than good.

That people are beginning to forget that Glasgow has three M.Ps.

That the new Green regulations are setting the East-enders up in arms.

That the regulations threaten to regulate the Green off the face of the earth.

That they even menace the occupation of 'Arry Halfred.

That Monday's discussion at the Police Board anent the publication of the Green regulations in the *Mail* was more amusing than instructive.

That methinks that certain of the Councillors protested too much.

That the sicht, noo o' a cooncillor, an' noo even o' a baillie is not quite unknown in more than one newspaper office in town.

That Bailie Dunlop never spoke to a reporter.

That neither did Bailie Farquhar.

That even the person of Bailie Wilson is unknown to the people on the press.

That as for Councillor Jackson, he was never, never, never, well, hardly ever, in the editorial room even of the *Glasgow Herald*.

That winter has set in once more.

That March has come in like a lion.

That we want him to go out like a lamb.

Man's Inhumanity to Man.

AS if his other troubles were not enough, poor Mr Forster has been favoured with the epistolary attentions of that blatant Professor of—in this case *Inhumanity*, Mr George G. Ramsay. George might really have chosen another time for this truly brutal assault. Has he not at present sufficient scope for his anti-human propensities in making his students' lives a burden to them, that he must hurl his objectionable compliments at the head of an inoffensive and persecuted Secretary of State? For shame, Georgius, for shame! Hit Childers if you *must* hit somebody.

DIRT CHEAP.—In a dangerous mine where only the Davy can be employed a free and independent workman deliberately endangered his own life and the lives of close upon a thousand men by using matches. Tried and found guilty the party was let off with a fine of a couple of pounds! Two pounds on a thousand lives cannot be called a high valuation. At one time two Palestinian sparrows might be valued at a farthing. It might have been thought man—even a miner—was worth many sparrows. Not so very many, it would seem.

A TERRIBLE (IN) SPECTRE!—Dr. James A. Russell, of Edinburgh, has just been appointed by the Home Secretary to the office Inspector of Anatomy for Scotland. Some of our fashionable belles—and beaux too, for the matter—had better look out when this anatomical chief comes around takin' his notes!

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have been fully appreciated. We frankly confess that
such has been our experience. The various well-con-
sidered schemes which it has been our good fortune from
time to time to announce have met with a very cordial
response at the hands of a large circle of Patrons, which
has incited us to redouble our exertions for the future.What Gentlemen Desiderate is Real Practical
Economy in the matter of Dress, along with first-rate
Quality, Style, and Fit, and this we have always made
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The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 2nd, 1881.

MATTERS are assuming a serious aspect in the Trades' House of Glasgow. Of late some of the members of that House seem to think that they are a superior order of beings and are at liberty to follow the bent of their own free will without let or hindrance, or even being asked to give reasons for their line of action. Nothing can be wrong which they presume would serve their own little ends, no matter how much it may be at variance with the traditions of the House, or subversive of the best interests of the fourteen incorporations. Their whole procedure plainly shows that they imagine they are the men and wisdom shall die with them, and if not in words yet in action they unblushingly enquire—"Who is lord over us?" The latest manifestation of this spirit was given at the meeting of the House on Thursday last, when the Deacon Convener, with more assurance than good taste, coolly informed his colleagues that for reasons known only to himself he had given instructions that the representatives of the press should not be admitted to the meeting that day. The announcement startled every craftsman present, and discontent if not anger was manifest on every countenance, but the shock was such that no one had the courage to

challenge the action of the Convener and move the adjournment of the House. Time was when no Convener would have ventured thus to tamper with the orders of his "assistants," or insult them by placing his own private opinion in direct opposition to their former deliberate resolution. This is the second time of late that such high-handed procedure has been adopted. On the former occasion it was to carry through a nice little job in the shape of the purchase of land at Fairfield without the knowledge or sanction of the several incorporations. The present Convener is not ignorant of the history of that case, and how disaster to the House and the Incorporation of Maltmen was timeously prevented by the pertinent remarks of one whose absence was sadly felt at last week's meeting. In good truth, the public position of the House has been on the decline for some years, and if what yet remains of its influence is to be maintained and improved the Incorporations must declare, in no uncertain terms, that it is but a representative body, and that even the Convener is subject to their control, and must render a due account for all his actions.

SHAKESPEARE ON THE NEW MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS.

When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model;
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection:
Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then, but draw anew the model
In fewer offices; or, at least, desist
To build at all?—2 *Henry IV.*

AN IRREPRESSIBLE.—That model working-man Mr William Russell has turned up again after a brief season of silence and retirement. This time he tackles John Bright, in a lengthy, incoherent, and ungrammatical effusion, on the subject of sugar and shipping. William "solicits" John's "opinion," but John, like the knowing old badger he is, declines to be "drawn" for the benefit of William's notoriety. In his brief reply, however, he—or rather his secretary—dignifies William with the title of "Esq.," which ought to suffice for the irrepressible one's vanity to feed upon for a season.

A "Solum" Subject for the Civic Solomons—The shutting up of John Street.

"The Comedy of Errors"—The transaction of official business in Greenock.

The "Two Polts"—Mr S. H. Austin and Colonel Stewart,

Megilp.

FROM the published accounts, the sales of the Institute appear to be going on steadily, if a little slowly. The bad and uncertain weather of late must have interfered with both sales and the ordinary attendance. The bright days which, we may hope, will soon come now, will improve both. Wintry weather, however, does not keep people away from the Saturday promenades. The music under Mr Cole's direction is exceedingly good, and the crowds that throng the big room on Saturday afternoons evidently appreciate it.

Buyers should find much to attract them in the present Institute Exhibition. It is to be hoped that the pictures, for example, by Pettie, Aumonier, Tom Graham, Waterlow, and Tom Lloyd will not be allowed to leave Glasgow. Smart's "Strathummel" is one of the best landscapes he has ever painted. Among the finest smaller figure pieces in the rooms is "The Last of the Potatoes" by Robert M'Gregor. It is excellent in colour, quantity, and feeling.

Otto Scholderer has never exhibited in Glasgow before. May we expect that he will now be an annual contributor to the Institute? His "Fruitseller" is an admirable picture, carefully and effectively painted.

"The Last Days of Edward VI." shows that the new A.R.A. is destined to take a high position as an historical painter. Mr Gow is a young man, and a Scotchman too. Can we do less than wish him all success?

The little book of "Notes" to the present Exhibition of the Institute, which has just been published by Messrs Thos. Gray & Co., is the most successful of the series. It contains no fewer than 103 illustrations, chiefly from drawings by the artists, all, or nearly all, of which convey an excellent notion of the pictures they represent; while the letterpress, which, as usual, is by G. R. Halkett, is marked by excellent judgment, and is terse and pointed in expression.

Through an unfortunate printer's blunder in the March number of the *Magazine of Art*, one of our leading landscape painters hardly gets the credit which is justly his due. This is Wellwood Rattray, whose exceedingly effective "Gate of the Highlands" is engraved in the current *Magazine*, but by the blunder aforesaid the name of the painter is given as "William" instead of the more distinctive "Wellwood." The affair is a small one, and Mr Rattray can easily afford to pass it by with a smile, but accuracy is important in matters of this kind, and that as much in the interest of the reader as of the artist whose picture has been selected for reproduction.

Preparations are beginning to be made in various studios for the approaching exhibition of the Royal Academy. "Sending in" days, for there are two of them, are Monday and Tuesday, the 28th and 29th of the present month.

We are about to be favoured in Glasgow with the company, for some weeks, or it may be months, of Leon Richeton, the celebrated French etcher.

One of the newest London "fads" is the proposal to hold, during the present season, an "exhibition of the works of art-critics"! This is to consist of drawings, paintings, or pieces of sculpture "produced by ladies and gentlemen connected with the press as writers on art." Twelve months ago a collection of pictures and water-colour sketches by actors was placed on view in the "Dramatic Gallery," Bond Street, and so sorry a sight was it that it ought to have discouraged all similar displays for the future. Should the present proposal be carried out it will serve one end at least, and that will be the enjoyment of a hearty laugh by the artists at the expense of their critics.

Probably the only writer on art in Scotland who is also an accomplished draughtsman, is G. R. Halkett, the editor of the "Institute Art Notes." So skilful, indeed, is Mr Halkett with the pencil and the etching needle that it seems a pity for him not to exercise this side of his talent in the production of some work of lasting importance.

An "edition de luxe" of the works of Charles Dickens, similar in character to that published by Messrs Smith & Elder of Thackeray, will shortly be issued by Messrs Chapman & Hall. It will contain all the original illustrations to the novels, and

the list of artists represented in its pages will begin with Seymour and close with Luke Fildes and Frank Barnard.

Why can't we in Glasgow get up such an exhibition of decorative art as that at present on view in the Grosvenor Gallery in Bond Street, London? The Grosvenor work is all very good in its way, but there is a painful sameness about it—indeed the entire collection is simply Burne Jones to a china orange. Our woven fabrics, and those of Paisley, take a leading place even in London; Glasgow stained glass, Glasgow art furniture, and Glasgow architectural designs have a reputation on both sides of the Border. Let our art workmen look to it; the subject is one which is well worthy of their attention, and one which they have neglected too long already.

A Highland Pluralist's Income.

WHAT do some of our poorly paid (!) Inspectors hereabout think of this invitation to the country-side of the Norman Macleods, clipped from the advertising columns of a contemporary:—"Wanted an Inspector of Poor, Sanitary Inspector, and Registrar, for the Parish of Morven. Salary for the combined offices, £25 per annum. Apply, with testimonials, &c." The BAILIE inclines to believe that if any one of them found himself there under such liberal terms, his earnest and abiding aspiration, despite the natural charms of "Morven's bonnie braes," would be at the earliest possible moment to bid a long "Farewell to Funery."

FROM PLAY TO PAY.

If charity, that Christian grace,
To volunteer you must,
Before that you are generous,
Make sure that you are just.

"Making-up" for the Part.

ACCORDING to the *Greenock Herald*, here is a West of Scotland clergyman been giving a lecture in the Gamble Institute at Gourrock on "Constantinople;" the reverend lecturer—"on this occasion," as the play-bills say—appearing in the dress of a Turkish Imam. Probably the douce dames of Gourrock may not have heard of the Church and Stage Guild, recently established in the South; otherwise they would most likely find some connection between this "new departure" at their own doors and that product of modern enlightenment. Apart from this, however, some of them will for certain gravely question whether the appearance of a minister "in character" is compatible with the character of a minister.

Bicycles. { See New Patterns; Order early to avoid delay; Best Makes Supplied. Second-Hand Machines, Cheap.
JENNINGS' DEPOT,
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Furniture for Cash "Doon on the Nail." GARDNER & HARDIE, 42 Great Clyde Street.

Jeems Kaye at the Marine
Exhibition.

HAVING been born, BAILIE, on the banks o' the Clyde, famous a' the worl' ower for its vessels; and, forbye, haeing a lot o' freens in that line, I tak' a great interest in our ship-building; so the ither day Betty and me, and a freen frae Kilma'colm, stepped awa' up tae see the Marine Exhibition. Paying oor sixpence, we gaed in, and Betty bocht a catalogue. I, however, kent ower much aboot ships tae need ane: a diligent reading o' the papers—I'm ane o' the intelligent folk that Bailie Waddle described the ither day in the Toun Cooncil, ye ken—has posted me a' up aboot boats; so I left the book tae her, but as she had forgot her specs, she got a wee mixed up wi' the names and numbers.

"Noo," says I stopping opposite a gless case, "pay attention tae me and never mind the catalogue, and I'll explain everything as we go along. Here's the 'Royal George,' for instance; that wis the man o' war that Lord Nelson was in at the battle o' Copenhagen—'when tae battle fierce cam' forth a' the micht o' George's crown!' This's no like the man-o'-wars they mak' noo-a-days. Ye'll notice it's very high oot o' the water, and they build them at present wi' naething above the water but a funnel and a gun. Fashion changes, ye see, in a' things baith at land and sea.

"No. 3 Model of the 'Victory.' 'Victory,' 'Victory,'" let me see, that wis the name o' a steamer that used tae rin tae Rothesay, but she wisna like this. I've been in her mony a time. They must hae made some mistake. What's this? '100 guns.' Well, she had nae gun that ever I saw except a wee brass cannon up on the paidlebox. Shairley that's vera careless o' them pittin' doon 100 guns.

"No."—but I needna tell ye o' them a', BAILIE, we admired the various models; every ane nicer than anither. It's perfectly extror'nar hoo they can get up yon things. In fac' they're perfect triumphs o' art. The man wha can mak' ane o' yon models is nae greenhorn. There were some they ca'ad "hauf models" that werena sae interesting—they were jist like a bit o' polished wood wi' a bow and a stern, and then sliced through the middle, an' they possessed nae great beauty tae the eye o' an cotsider like mysel', but the "whole models" were vera neat—everything being shown, blocks, ropes, wheels, skylights, etcetera.

We walked on and admired.

"Noo," I remarks in oor walk, "here's No. 110, Model of the 'Comet,' that wis the man-o-war that tumbled ower at Spithead when the admiral and 800 sailors were drooned—there's a sang aboot it—Admiral Kempenfeld or something. This is a model on an unco wee scale—she looks like a tug boat jist—maybe they were short o' wudd when they made her."

Mr Laird, my freen frae Kilma'colm, speaks up at this and says, "Ye're surely wrang, Mr Kaye! the 'Comet' wis the first boat ever wis built, if I'm no mista'en."

"Mr Laird," says I, turning roon tae him, "d'ye mean tae contradict me? Me that wis brocht up among ships a' my days, contradictit by you, that wis boren and brocht up in Kilma'colm, and never wis nearer a ship than seeing them as ye cam' doon ower the hills tae Port-Glasgow. Ye may be an authority on soor milk carts, but I'm thinking ye ken unco little aboot boats. The first boat ever was built, sae far as I'm aware, wis Noah's Ark, but ye're thinking o' the first steamer, Mr Laird, an' that wis the 'Industry,' presented some years ago by its owners tae the Corporation o' Glasgow as a curiosity, and noo lying doon at Bowling high and dry. Man, Mr Laird, it's extror'nar the ignorance o' some folk, and I notice the mair ignorant they are they're the mair presumptiow. Noo, don't say another word! Come ben and see the engines."

So awa' we went and amang ither things we saw, labelled No. 619, some droll looking gear that somebody said was for a "diver." I looked and looked and looked, and felt it, and turned it roon, and then I said, "It's extror'nar heavy. I'm thinking if onybody had it on they wid 'dive' fast enough, but hoo they wid ever win up again is a question. Bit here's a polisman, he'll ken a' aboot it." So I wagged him ower, and gieing him a snuff we got quite confidential, and he explained it a'—hoo the helmet wis put on and the air pumped in, and hoo the diver went doon amang the wilks tae look for lost treasure. By and bye I took anither snuff and then I says to the polisman.

"Ye couldna pit it on and tak' a bit walk up and doon tae let us see it in actual working order, and I'll catch thir gutta-percha pipes and pump the air intae ye. Ye can lay yer hat and coat doon in the corner and Betty'll watch them. I suppose there's nae fear o' the Inspector coming up?"

The polisman was vera obleeging, so after a wee coaxing he took off his coat and hat and

crept intae the waterproof suit and walked up and doon for a wee, and then I says,

"Gie a wee bit rin for the last."

Bit he had jist run twice up and doon, when a heid comes roon the corner, and then a face, and then a—police Inspector! He—that's the Inspector—wis quite dumbfounded at seeing the diving bell rinning up and doon the lobby and singing a sea song something about

"Ye hoh, my lads, ye hoh!"

and he wis getting red in the face wi' anger, but I steps up tae him and I says,

"That polisman o' yours is a by or'nar scientific man. He has a great thirst for knowledge; ay and ye've put him in the very best place for improvement. It's really creditable indeed tae the police force o' Glasgow tae hae sich men. I question if any other police force in the kingdom equals it for intelligence. You inspectors ocht tae be proud o' your men."

Then I handed him my snuff box and adds,

"Sae naething tae the pair chiel. It wis his desire tae obleege visitors acting on his natural propensity for hydraulics that induced him tae throw aside his uniform for a wee; so I hope ye'll overlook it this time." Oor freen Q 1999 had by this time put on his coat and hat again, and I got the Inspector and him tae shake hauns and let bygones be bygones, and then I whispers tae Betty and Mr Laird,

"We'd better awa' noo. There's a when ingines and capstans and things lying about, but I've little skill o' them, and ye twa hae less, so enough's as guid's a feast ony day." So we a' come oot, BAILIE, weel pleased indeed.

What the Greenock Folk are Saying.

THAT Morality's charge against the Improvement Trustees was a grave one.

That it was too hastily answered.

That Scrutator's stinging epistle has not been answered.

That silence gives consent.

That the Police Court fiasco reveals the slipshod style of conducting its business.

That it has not been explained why Sandy came to interest himself in the matter.

That he wanted to have Jeddart justice administered to the entire staff.

That Sir William very properly wanted first to know what Sir John had to say for himself and company.

That the result of the inquiry is looked forward to with much interest.

That the appointment of a Stipendiary Magistrate would be the right thing to do.

That the Major will be a proud man when he appears mounted on his Whinhill chestnut.

That his comrades and friends will attend in force on the occasion.

That the bargains acquired at the Bell sale have not yet been exhibited to the public.

That it is supposed the buyers want to secure the copyright before doing so.

What the Airdrie Folks are Saying.

THAT the Sergeant is now a popular man.

That it would have been as well if the Bailie had left him alone.

That he doesn't mean to do so.

That up to the present the Sergeant has had the best of it.

That the tables may turn yet.

That the Rev. John is about to leave for the "lang toon."

That the "head" schoolmasters will be sorry at losing their champion.

That his co-workers will rejoice at having a clear field.

"Business in Ireland"—Shooting landlords.

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

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Dress Circle (Numbered and Reserved), THREE SHILLINGS.
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LAST WEEK. LAST SIX NIGHTS. LAST WEEK.

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SIGNOR BONETTI,

SIGNOR RIA,

And SIGNOR FOLI.

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The Family Dress Circle and Box Seats, 3s and 2s, are Numbered and Reserved throughout the Evening, and may be secured at the Box Office, or at Muir Wood's. Grand Promenade, 1s 6d; Amphitheatre, 1s; and Gallery, 6d. Box Office Open Daily from 10 till 4.

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Highest Order, comprising EQUESTRIAN, GYMNASTIC,
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On View Two Days prior to Sale. Catalogues are in prepara-
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Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 28th Feb., 1881.

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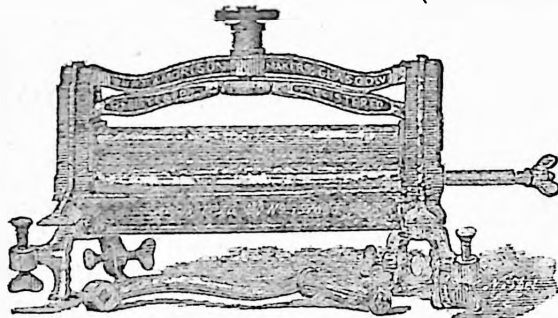
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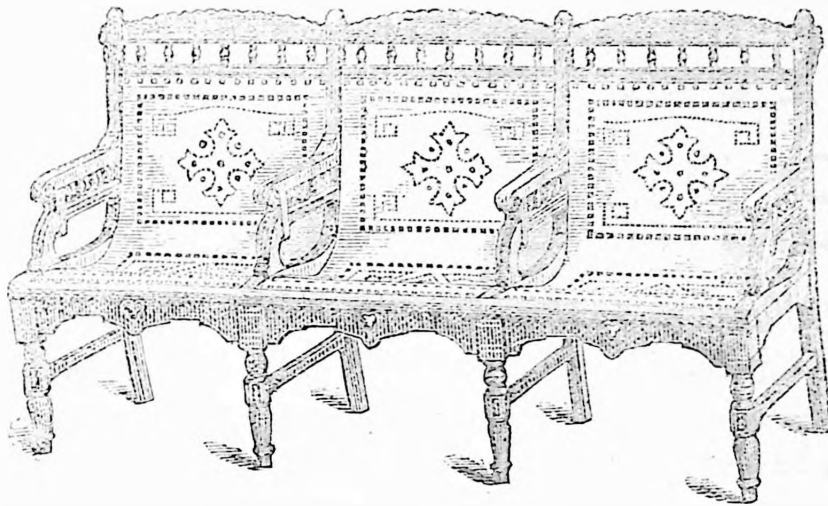
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“An excellent point in this work is the skill with which the artist has depicted the besotting influence of avarice upon the human intellect. The love of gold seems to have well-nigh bereft them of reason. . . . The didactic purpose of pictorial art is enforced with brilliant ability and powerful effect. —*The Morning Post*.

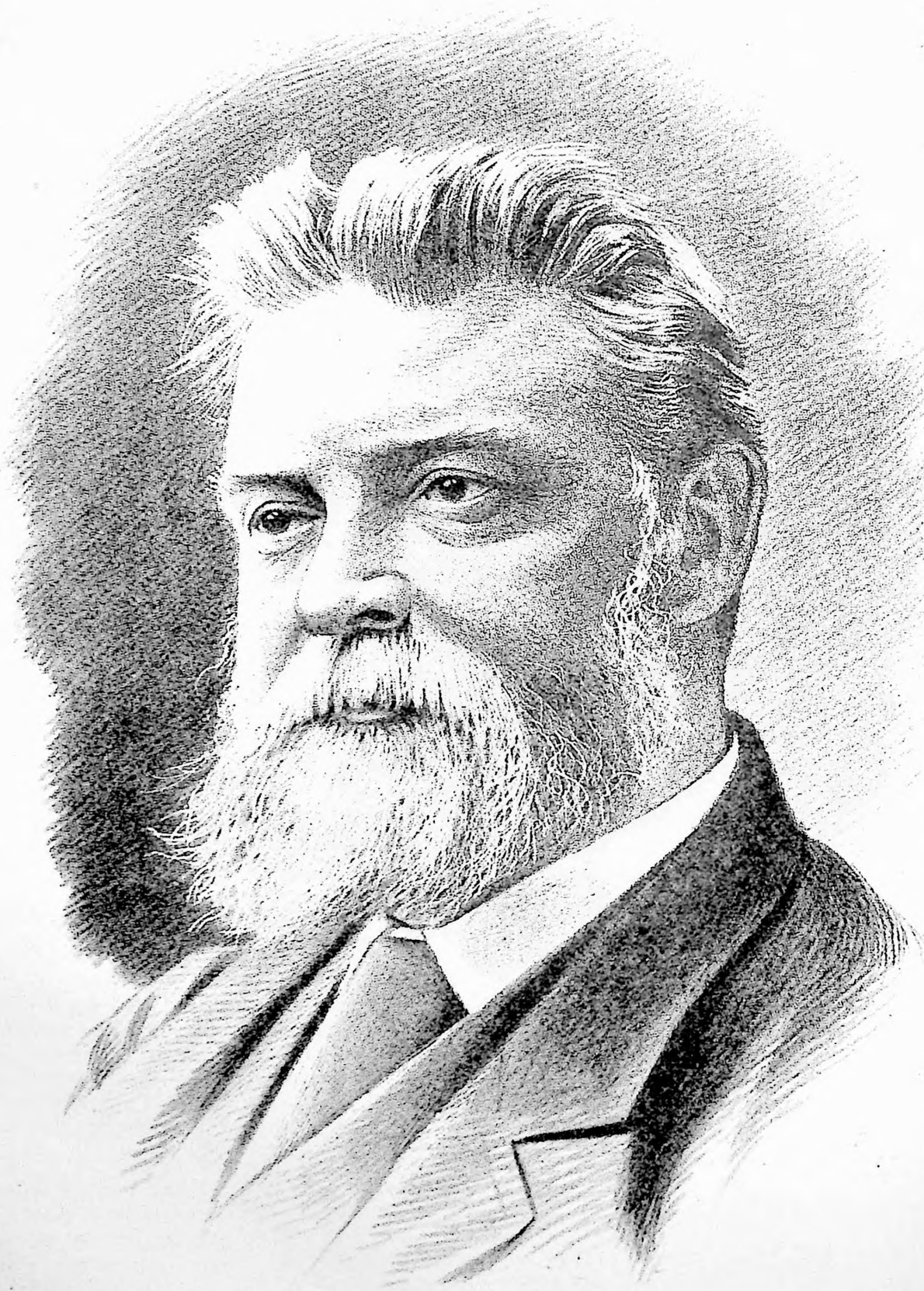
“ . . . And so the curtain falls solemnly and impressively upon Mr FRITH'S telling drama, but after a moment's reflection mental applause follows the successful work. There can be little doubt about the interest and instruction with which the public will study this painted play.”
 —*Daily Telegraph*.

“We know no living English painter from whom we should expect so comprehensive a theme as ‘The Race for Wealth,’ to be treated with so much inventive *vraisemblance*, with such skill of composition, and with such great intelligence as Mr FRITH has displayed throughout.—*Illustrated London News*.

“The fashionable things to do are to rush to the Prince of Wales' Theatre, and see Miss Genevieve Ward perform the new and very popular piece, ‘Forget me Not,’ and in the morning to see the new great sensation picture by FRITH, ‘The Race for Wealth.’ This is a serial most cleverly executed, in five separate pictures, each representing a different scene in the same lines. It is very graphic; poetry without words; and its popular success is proved by the crowds of spectators who flock to this gallery to see it. Masters of the art of painting consider this a great *coup*—indeed a rare stroke of genius.”—*Vanity Fair*.

NOTE.—These Pictures must not be confounded with the former series, “The Road to Ruin,” which were exhibited at the Royal Academy at London. “The Race for Wealth” were painted on commission by Mr FRITH, R.A., for their present owner, and have never been exhibited but at his private Galleries in London, and at the Royal Hotel, Scarborough.





The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 438. Glasgow, Wednesday, March 9th, 1881. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 438.

ONE of the subjects which frequently exercises the wonderment of the BAILIE is the sparseness of personages in Glasgow. We all seem, to use a colloquialism in another sense from that in which it is commonly applied, to be tarred with the same stick. The old saw anent John Tamson and his bairns is true in the city of St Mungo if it be true anywhere. Our people are gregarious in their habits. Forty-nine out of every fifty men you meet would rather be some-other-body than himself. While this uniformity is probably a good enough thing in its way, it is also apt to become terribly monotonous. We begin sometimes to sigh, in spite of ourselves, after anybody who will dare to be somebody. Let one of us assert his own individuality, and straightway he becomes a marked man. As likely as not he is no more capable than his neighbours, he is almost certain to be no richer, but from some trait of character, or some turn of disposition, he contrives to make himself stand out from the crowd. It can be said of him, and it is said of him, that he is himself and is no other person. A notable example of this species of social nonconformist is supplied in the person of Mr T. L. STILLIE. Few men are better known than Mr STILLIE, and still fewer have succeeded in asserting themselves more completely than he has done. The little, stooping figure, with its shrewd, pawky face set in a fringe of iron-gray hair, is a familiar one on 'Change. To mention Mr STILLIE'S name in musical circles is to provoke keen and even acrimonious discussion. He has more than a local reputation as a journalist; and his opinion is listened to with respect by both artists and actors. The secret of this influence belongs to Mr STILLIE himself. He has not acquiesced in

what was established; he has declined, in his own way, to accept conventional opinions and practices. Born nine-and-forty years ago, in Maybole, the capital of Carrick, of which his father—also a man of marked character—was at one time chief Bailie, Mr STILLIE came to Glasgow in his fifteenth year, and obtained a situation as consulting-room boy in the establishment of Messrs James Black & Co., the firm of calico-printers. By-and-bye he was elevated to the position of clerk of the packing-room, but his hand-writing was so bad, and the books he kept looked so ugly, that he was shortly afterwards shifted from the packing-room to the "goods." The "shift" proved the making of our friend. He found that the one thing needed in his new position was a knowledge of languages, and turning all his energies in this direction he made himself able, in two or three years, to transact business in their own tongue, not only with Frenchmen and Spaniards, but with Germans, Italians, and Portuguese as well. So necessary did he make himself in the establishment that, in the course of time, he became a partner of the firm. Ultimately, however, his health gave way, and he was forced to retire for two or three seasons from active life, a period which he devoted to Continental travel. On his return to Glasgow Mr STILLIE engaged in business on his own account, and subsequently drifted into journalism, continuing, at the same time, to maintain his commercial connections. Music, it need hardly be said, has all along been at once the strength and the weakness of the Man you Know. He has been musical from his boyhood, and the numerous business journeys he made through France and Germany, while he was still young, enabled him to gain such a knowledge of Continental music as it is next to impossible to acquire at home. Something like 18 years ago he began to contribute musical

criticisms to an Edinburgh paper, and later on he became musical editor of the *Glasgow Herald*. Before he had formed the Edinburgh connection, however, Mr STILLIE had become a member of the working committee of the Choral Union, he was a member of the Committee of the Musical Festival of 1860, and he subsequently took a leading part in connection with the organisation and the launching of that series of Choral and Orchestral Concerts which is now an institution in Glasgow. The Man you Know, it should further be mentioned, was among the originators of the scheme for providing a great West-End Hall for the City, and the naming of the hall, or rather halls, after St Andrew, the patron saint of Scotland, was due to his suggestion. While yet in the season of middle age Mr STILLIE has found it in-his power to retire from the storm and stress both of journalism and business, and to live his own life in his own way—enjoying himself as a spectator rather than as an active sharer in the struggle which is going on round about him. But even in his retirement he will continue to be, as the BAILIE has said, a marked man. His individuality is too strong to allow him to sink into one of “the general.” Mr STILLIE is distinctly a personage. He is one of those who assist to give character to Glasgow society. When the local history of the half-century comes to be written, the record will be incomplete if no mention is made of his name.

CONVERSATION OVERHEARD.

(Scene—Partick tramway car.)

Caledonian Ry. Shareholder (to Mr Lamond)—Did you go to see the launch of the “*Servia*?”
Mr Lamond—Yes.

C. R. S. (to Mr L.)—Were you in the North British special train that was blocked up in the tunnel?

Mr Lamond—Yes.

C. R. S. (in ecstasy to Mr L.)—*Servia* right!
[Tram stops and Mr Lamond gets out.]

NEARER THE MARK.—Mr Neil thinks that “the public will do very well if they believe about 75 per cent. of newspaper articles.” Come, Johnny, that’s making the public out too much of a “hass” altogether. Suppose you were to knock off the 70 and say 5 per cent.—eh?

Personal Statements—You’re another.

A New Way to Sell Stationery Account Books, and other Job Stationery, 9d and 10d per lb. Commercial Envelopes, Cream Laid, 2/11 per 1000.—102 QUEEN STREET.

Friday’s Paper.

“The L. P.—Then I take it upon myself to move a vote of censure upon Mr Neil.

“Mr N.—You had better move half-a-dozen votes of censure.”
—*Town Council Proceedings.*

“We were all in this world for the purpose of living as happy and as jovial a life as we could, and why then, he asked, should any man interfere with his neighbour?”—*Ex-Councillor Marti in the Mechanics’ Hall, Calton.*

I FOUND these cheek-by-jowl, last week,
And thought it funny, BAILIE,
That some men peace should never seek,
But love to quarrel daily.

While others—like our Councillor-Ex,
At peace with all his neighbours—
Seem not to know what ’tis to vex,
Or crossed be in their labours.

Now I, as one outside all rank—
My mind my only mint—
Would say that *some* should take and thank
Friend Martin for his hint.

For whose the maxim matters not—
Martin’s or Sancho Panza’s—
It suits when arguments get hot
In Board Extravanzas.

There’s something far from right when we,
In this our good old city,
Reports of Council speeches see,
And read the same with pity.

Far better now if each one would
Still strive to steer from strife,
And live, as sage “Jeems” says we should,
A happy, jovial life.

AS ITERS SEE HIM.—At last Thursday’s meeting of Town Council Mr Lamberton objected to provision being made for sanitary chambers in the new municipal buildings, on the ground that these chambers “are frequented daily by large numbers of people whom we would not like to see about the new buildings,” whereupon Mr Smith interjected. “Certainly.” Are we to infer that W. R. W. has turned modest, and recognises himself as one of the objectionable frequenters of the sanitary chambers?

CHEAP LABOUR!—Here’s an advertisement for the struggling native clerk to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest:—“Clerk (foreigner) wishes situation in Glasgow, without salary. Knows general office work, book-keeping, three foreign languages.” “We are ruined by Chinese cheap labour,” remarked a distinguished Californian, and thereupon he “went for” the cheap labourer. Let us hope no Glasgow clerk, ruined by gratis foreign labour, will be prompted to “go for” his accomplished rival.

A Load most of us Could Bear (or Bore)—
A “lode” of gold.

Furniture for Cash “Doon on the Nail.” GARDNER & HARDIE, 42 Great Clyde Street.

Irish "Patriotism."

"THE Irishmen of Glasgow"—this expression is to be understood in the Tooley Street sense, and stands for a knot of nobodies without stake either in their own country or in the city which they infest—have held a quasi-seditious meeting at which much nonsense and cheap treason was talked. A fair sample of the "illoquence" of the meeting was furnished by "Mr John Thomas O'Donnell, an American," who defied us "to keep perpetually the iron heel on the pulsation of Irishmen without explaining the reason why;" but attention is particularly due to the chairman, one Shiels, who termed the late slaughter of our troops in Africa "a great, a pleasant" thing, and was loudly applauded for doing so. It is immaterial whether or not this precious spouter had considered before speaking that the brave men who died at Majuba Mountain probably numbered in their ranks a considerable proportion of his own countrymen; but, when the first emotion of disgust has subsided, one is glad that those vile words have been uttered, since they must have the effect of opening eyes hitherto obstinately closed. We are, it seems, to have a series of "monster" Land League demonstrations "from the Tweed to Inverness," under the auspices of "those fiery orators, the Irish members." It is to be feared those gentlemen will not go far before their "fire" is extinguished by a cool flood of Scottish commonsense, or, if they indulge in such language as that of the patriotic Shiels, by somewhat more vigorous means. Meanwhile, Shiels, O'Donnell, & Co. would do well to go home, and "pulsate" there.

TO MY LORD PROVOST, GREETING.

When Neil persisted in offence, your
Dignity best showed your sense—Ure,
Done must be duty, though should feel
Uneasy he who "sits" on Neil.

A BACKWARD MOVEMENT.—Councillor Wilson is very indignant at the suggestion that "back ground" should be selected for the sites of baths and washhouses. No wonder, W.W., having identified himself with baths and washhouses, objects to his pet projects being put in the background. As well put the "Poets' Corner" in the background—or W. W. himself!

Off "the Chain"—"Councillor" Neil.

Bicycles. { The "Special," "Club," "Duplex," "Premier," "D.H. F." "Excelsior," "Rudge," "Tangent," "Carver," "Express," &c., 100 Second-hand from £3 each. Inspection Invited.—Jennings & Co., Agents, 101 Mitchell St.

On 'Change.

NORTH British Railway stock has been lively. A mysterious rumour has been set afloat that the company has earned 2½ per cent., and that 1 per cent. more will be added out of some hidden recess or other. Like all mysterious rumours, this requires confirmation; but the mere idea of such a windfall has set the bulls violently charging at the stock. It stands to reason that a hidden treasure ought not to exist without the knowledge of the stock-holders. Should it exist, the directors would be to blame. In any case, there is no valid reason for a sudden rush to buy.

That company has a way of managing things which is not quite in the interest of the shareholders. Not many weeks ago it failed to satisfy the demand for carriage to Loch Lomond, and last week it again failed to convey people to the launch of the "Servia." The ice on Loch Lomond was as clearly foreseen as the launch at Kilbowie, so it is hardly creditable that the means should have been so far short of the end.

Holders! in unity

Seize opportunity,

Put yourselves right with the British Community;

Shalker and Sheeland

Send to New Zealand,

There to work out all their plans with impunity.

At the end of last year I referred to the glowing circular sent out by one of the iron firms. The Messrs Swan, Limited, are not to be congratulated on the accuracy of their forecast. This is what they said on Hogmanay:—"We have entered upon a state of trade in diametrical contrast to recent years, and, with a production nearing its zenith, we are about to witness a consumption whose limits and duration cannot be measured. In short, we are on the threshold of an epoch which will soon prove whether or not the increased capital of the world, together with the relative energy of its teeming population, will overlap the producing powers. That this idea is dominant in the minds of the public is evidenced by the tenacity with which they hold about 500,000 tons of warrants, representing only about £1,300,000, in the face of the largest amount of overselling ever known. The remainder of the stock is in the hands of ironmasters and others who are quite prepared to retain it against what may be wanted when the navigation opens, and who realize the prudence of having reserves to protect them from depletion in view of imminent troubles with operatives in prosperous times." There were then 495,820 tons of pig iron in Connal's store, and the average price for 1881 was 54/6. Contrast this with the stock on Ash Wednesday, which was 527,767 tons, and the price stood at 48/11. Warrants have since gone still lower, and the market is depressed. The flowery predictions of New-Year's Day have not been realised in Lent.

Cornwall has been selected as the happy hunting ground of the Silver Hill Mining Co., which has a capital of £30,000 in £1 shares. Among the directors is the Hon. J. M. F. Erskine. His address is given as "West-End Park, Glasgow." Perhaps he is too lofty an individual to let his name appear in a vulgar directory. At any rate, the name is not in the directory, and some inquisitive investors are anxious to know under what tree the hon. gentleman has pitched his tent. SCRUTATOR.

A Leather Exhibition—Strapping a schoolboy

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Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—Mr Barry Sullivan is drawing, as he always does, excellent audiences at the Gaiety Theatre. It is "too late a week" to talk of Mr Sullivan's great dramatic power, of his picturesque style, or of his splendid elocution; but it may be urged, and with truth, that he is one of the last, if not indeed the very last, of the genuine English school of poetic actors. When Mr Sullivan dies, the school of Kemble and Macready and Phelps will die too. This week the pieces to be performed at the Gaiety will include "The Gamester," "The Merchant of Venice," and "Richelieu."

On Monday next the Carl Rosa Opera Company begin their spring engagement at the Gaiety, opening in the "Mignon" of M. Thomas.

"Where's the Cat," which will be played at the Royalty tonight for the first time in Glasgow, will be supported, among others, by Mrs Alfred Mellon and Mr Lytton Sothorn. Mrs Mellon has long occupied a leading place on the London stage. She was at the Adelphi from '43 till '56, at the Lyceum in '57 and '58, back at the Adelphi in '59, and there she has chiefly remained ever since. Mr Lytton Sothorn, who is in his 26th year, is the eldest son of the late Mr E. A. Sothorn, of *Lord Dundreary* fame. He has appeared both as *Dundreary* and *David Garrick*, but he is better suited for the style of part associated with the name of Mr Wyndham, than the eccentric comedy characters played by his father.

"Where's the Cat" is only a comedy in name. A comedy is a representation of character and manners; "Where's the Cat" represents nothing. It is an "absurdity" pure and simple. There is no plot, and the story is incoherent to the last degree. As for the figures of the piece, these have but one *raison d'être*, and that is to be lively. So long as *Sir Garroway Fawn*, and Messrs *Percival Gay* and *Scott Ramsay* can keep an audience laughing, they have fulfilled the be-all and end-all of their existence. That they do, however, keep people laughing, has already been proved beyond all questioning. None of the former pieces which we are accustomed to associate with the name of the Criterion, not "Brighton," nor "Betsy," nor "Truth," is more wildly funny than "Where's the Cat."

Among the points in this "great London success" more worthy of attention is the satire directed against the prevailing mania for Aestheticism. Maudie and Postlethwaite and their school are hit off in its course to excellent purpose.

"Where's the Cat" is adapted from a Berlin piece of the same name, and the adapter is Mr James Albery.

"Crutch and Toothpick," the clever comedy of Mr G. R. Sims, the editor of the *Referee*, will be produced at the Royalty this night fortnight—Monday, the 21st inst.

Mr Beryl produces "The New Magdalen" of Mr Willie Collins at the Royal Princess's Theatre this evening. It will be represented by Miss Edith Herrick and her company—the part of *Merry Merrick* being taken by Miss Herrick, while Mr George Warde will be the *Julian Cross* of the piece.

The month of music at the Theatre-Royal has now come to an end, and the house remains closed for the present week in order that the promenade floor and the erection for the orchestra may be removed, and the interior otherwise placed in proper order for dramatic entertainments. On the re-opening of the theatre, next Monday, the company of Mr Paget will appear for a week, when, among other pieces, two adaptations of M. Sardou—"Duty," and "The Doctor"—will be played.

"The Corsican Brothers," with Mr Herman Vezin in the dual role of *Louis* and *Fabian dei Franchi*, will be produced at the Royal on Monday, the 21st. Among the members of the company by whom Mr Vezin will be supported will be Miss Rose Cullen, Mr Raynham—the *Chateau Renault* of the cast, Mr Bannister, and Mr Coote. The interest of the production will, of course, centre in the acting of Mr Vezin, regarding which great things are predicted by the foremost metropolitan judges of the art of the theatre. The performance of this fine actor,

last week, at Sadler's Wells, of a very different part from those of the "Brothers," that, indeed, of *Hamlet*, is said by the *Pall Mall Gazette* to be "one of the best of modern days." "In regard to intellectuality and beauty," adds the writer in the *Gazette*, "it may stand comparison with any performance the public of to-day has witnessed. . . . To the student it commends itself as the most accurate, virile, and scholarly rendering of the text that has been heard."

There is some probability of "The Duke's Doctor," Mr Alan Macbeth's comic opera, being represented, before long, on the boards of one of our local theatres.

The company at the Evening Concerts in the City Hall on Saturday next will include Miss Mary Davies the charming ballad singer and Mr Walter Bentley—two trump cards, Mr Airlie.

One of the gayest events of the season—the ball of the Royal Northern Yacht Club—will be held in St. Andrew's Halls on the 31st inst.

The members of the 1st L.R.V. hold their annual meeting in St. Andrew's Halls on the evening of Monday week, the 21st inst. Lieut.-Col. J. N. Smith will preside on the occasion.

Stimulated by the success of their recent theatrical entertainment, the members of the German Club will give another in St. Andrew's Hall, on Friday evening of the present week.

Last Tuesday's proceedings at Clydebank, on the occasion of the launch of the "Servia," fairly took everybody by storm. The launch was a success and the lunch was a triumph. Everything seemed to go as if by clockwork. Would it be wrong to whisper that one of the heroes of the day was Mr John Forrester? The model room of the Messrs Thomson as it appeared under "John's" manipulation, was fairly dazzling. Why the display of flowers, of gold and silver plate, and of china and glass, would have done no discredit to royalty itself. That the celebrities were sufficiently toothsome goes without saying, while the wines bubbled and sparkled like so many streams from Parnassus. When another "Servia" is launched and Mr Forrester supplies another lunch may I be there to see.

The glorious privilege of the ballot, or rather the black ball, which, we are told, was exercised not long ago at the London Travellers' Club with regard to Lord Rosebery—is occasionally taken advantage of in the Second as well as the First City of the Empire. Frightened by its terrors a candidate for the New Club—not altogether unknown in connection with the School Board—had his name taken off the "list" the other day, a proceeding which has provoked a smile in various circles where the embryo candidate delights, in respect of his School Board membership, to pose as a very superior person.

Among the visitors—one can hardly say the distinguished visitors—to Glasgow last week was Mr John Barry, the Parncliffe representative of Wexford County. Vows had been registered beforehand in those quarters where "buyers" most do congregate with regard to the reception which was to be accorded to the "hon. gentleman," "Boycotting" being the very mildest of the terms heard concerning him. Like Cæsar of old, however, Mr Barry came, saw, and conquered. His appearance was the signal for a shout of welcome on the part of his ancient cronies; and a "tail" of friends and admirers were in constant attendance on him while his visit lasted.

Would you be surprised to learn, BAILIE, that the Man You Know who led off your present volume—I mean John Brown, of Balmoral—was in town for several days last week? John called on a number of our local house-painters and asked estimates for a general touching up of the Dee-Side Castle against the next visit of Her Majesty. That's so.

The "Grand Hotel," Sauchiehall Street—the property of Mr John Duncanson—which has remained closed for several months, will shortly be re-opened by Mr Grieve of Edinburgh and London—that Napoleon of hotel entrepreneurs. "Ye Cronies" eat their next dinner under Mr Grieve's roof-tree.

An Extinct Race.

THE "wants" of this world are often pathetic enough. Elderly young ladies want husbands, juvenile young gentlemen want whiskers, we all want something that there is little present probability of our obtaining. Even the "wants" of the prosaic newspaper column have their mournful flavour. Thus somebody rushes into print in a local daily with this demand:—"Minister's Man Wanted immediately." Alas, poor somebody, thou needest not have been so peremptory. "Immediately," quotha! Why, thou mightest go on advertising till the crack of doom, and still remain Minister's-Man-less. Claimants to the title there may be by the score, but they are rank impostors, fusionless imitators. The real, unadulterated, fine old crusted Minister's-Man is as virtually extinct as '34 port or the dodo. If there be a lingering representative of the class here and there in world-forgotten nooks, he should be pensioned and cherished by the State, and placed under glass for the admiration of a vain and frivolous generation. But it is to be feared there is not even one genuine specimen remaining. No. "We ne'er shall see the like of the Minister's-Man no mo'!"

SIGN OF A CHANGE.

(Scene—a public street.)

Barney—Thank goodness, Pat, oi think it's a thaw at last.

Pat—Think, bedad, if yez want full proof, look at moi nose; it's been frozen thim last three waeks, and now oi can't get it to stop running.

'Arry Halfred has been on the stump once more. Afraid of losing his standing on the Green, 'Arry has roused "the wise men of the east" to protect their rights and privileges. In concluding his speech at the Green meeting the other evening, 'Arry said that he had an offer to go to London for the purpose of training men to discuss on Hyde Park. Accept the offer, Mr Long. You wont be missed in Glasgow, and will be swallowed up in London.

ARTFUL OLD GAL!—"Art in Advertising" is the heading given by the proprietors of the *Herald* to an address to advertisers. Why doesn't the old lady open a class for the inculcation of the said "art." She understands it thoroughly herself.

Playin' at a wee "Housie"—The Parliamentary Debating Society.

Songs for the People.

FOR a Cook—"Robert, toi que j'aime."
 For a Jehu—"Hansom is who handsome does."
 For some Cardrivers—"I'm a muleteer."
 For a Lawyer—"Brief life is here our portion."
 For a Sculptor—"I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls."
 For a Spinister—"In going to my lonesome bed."
 For a Pastry-baker—"Tell me where is fancy bre(a)d."
 For a Drouth—"Sweet spirit, hear my prayer."
 For a Baker—"In dough-ty deeds."
 For a Barmaid—"Drink, pretty creature, drink."
 For a Bobby (Glasgow)—"Hong-Kong, Hong-kong, for me!"
 For a Certain Entrepreneur—"The Bonnie house o' Airlie."
 For a Deerstalker—"My Heart's in the Highlands."
 For a Gravedigger—"I gather them in."
 For an Undertaker—"Down among the dead men."
 For a Winebibber—"Gae bring to me a pint o' wine."
 For a Good Samaritan—"Go to Jericho."

ONE FOR THE ELDER.

Austere Elder—(to adherent who is suspected of having theatrical leanings) Well, Smith, were you up at the Royalty seeing "The Hypocrite?"

Adherent—No; I see plenty of Hypocrites without going to the *Royalty*.

WEE ALEC AGAIN.

Reader—Is M'Carthy's History in?

Alec—Justin

Reader—Weel, I'll take it.

Alec—Very sorry, but it's just out.

[Exit Reader in confusion]

Herr Emil Behnke, of the "Tonic Sol-fa College," has been lecturing on "The Human Voice as a Musical Instrument." Jones says that if the worthy Herr wants materials for a second lecture on the human voice as an *unmusical* instrument he should visit his (Jones's) abode some evening, and "wake the baby."

A LESSON.—The lessening of the people's flower-garden. Gorgeous Square has of late had a deal (booth) to put up with, and to curtail the flower-beds would only be adding insult to injury.

A "Question of the Hour"—What's o'clock?
 "Legal terms"—£ S. D.

Quavers.

THERE has been very little done in the musical way in Glasgow for the last week or so. The concerts at the Theatre Royal are, of course, to be excepted. These have now run out their course, and have evidently taken well on the whole. The music has not, permit it to be said, BAILIE, been of the most improving character in an artistic sense, but as a variety on the usual theatrical entertainment, as before remarked, the concerts have probably fulfilled their mission, as the phrase is.

The Glasgow Choral Union are revising the "Elijah" choruses—with a view, we may suppose, to the production of the oratorio next season. It is in contemplation, we understand, to give then also Berlioz' "Damnation of Faust." Mr Macbeth was in London last week, assisting (in the French sense of the word, of course) at a performance of this great work in St. James's Hall—shall we suppose to get a hint or two for the instruction of the Chorus? Poor Berlioz, ridiculed and neglected in his own day, now only, as usual, when dead, accorded the high position he deserves among musicians. His is now, in fact the most prominent musical name of the day.

A friend who made a run through to the Joachim concert in Edinburgh the other night was rather taken with the apparently keenly appreciative attention of the gentleman seated next him. His neighbour turned to speak. Something worth hearing was naturally looked for. Imagine my friend's feelings when this, or something like it, was what was said, "It seems to me, sir, that Joachim's trousers are turned up at the foot. I have been trying all night to find out if they are. What do you think?"

Talking of Edinburgh, the Glasgow Select Choir give a concert there next Saturday evening, in the Music Hall. They give a two hours' entertainment, and conclude at the remarkably early hour of 9 o'clock, so as to catch the last train home. Mr Macbeth will contribute a pianoforte solo or two.

Critical Edinburgh, or at least some portion of it, has not been very kind to Mr A. C. Mackenzie (of that city), but poetical revenge has been obtained in the very flattering reception some of this very able and promising musician's orchestral compositions received in the fair city of Florence recently. The Abbe Liszt has written a recommendatory letter of Mr Mackenzie's Scotch Rhapsodies, music much in Liszt's own style, it may be said.

Mr Lambeth's Choir, and that under Mr James Allau's leadership, appear at Aberdeen immediately, and within a week of each other. The Aberdonians clearly can't have enough of good part-singing music, and at one time.

Henry Lahee is becoming quite a known name in the West. His part-song, "The Bells," is getting very popular, but there are other part-songs of his—for instance, those in Messrs Curwen's Plaistow series—which are really deserving of being added to society collections. A new prize composition of his has just been published here (Mr Donaldson, St Vincent Street). It is a madrigal for five voices, written in the genuine sixteenth century style, and entitled "Love in my bosom." It is a masterly piece of writing in that school.

Herr Behnke lectures to-night (Tuesday) on "The Human Voice as a Musical Instrument." The lecture is well worth hearing, we understand. There is no subject in music, odd as it may appear, in which more enlightenment is needed by professional people and amateurs alike, than the voice, and Herr Behnke seems exceptionally well qualified to tell us correctly all about "that wonderful musical instrument."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—The secretary of a new Cyprus land company is, it seems, a Mr Killerby. Considering the stories we used to hear of the Cyprian climate, the name is not without suggestiveness.

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 Police and their Oaths.

YE Greenock policeman seems to be impressed with as just a sense of his duties, and to be as ready to "swee" to anything and everything, as his Glasgow brother. If Mr Alexander Macdonald always made use of his Parliamentary privileges to as good purpose as in calling upon the Lord Advocate to investigate the recent Sugaropoliti scandal, the BAILIE and he would be better friends. It is well that those members of "the force" who regard an oath as something to be slipped on and off as easily as the official helmet, should know that their doings are liable to be taken notice of in high quarters, and it is to be hoped that the "punishment" of which the Lord Advocate spoke will be of an ample and deterrent character. See to it, Captain Orr!

WINTER'S TAIL.

As when the months of Autumn season
Somewhat an "Indian Summer" bring,
So now, with snow and fog and freeze on,
A Polar Winter robs the Spring.

PLACE AUX DAMES!—Though a gallant man in general, the BAILIE is inclined to regret the ladies' victory at Cambridge, and to hope that it may not be repeated in Glasgow. The prospect of becoming a "wrangler" may be fascinating to certain feminine—or unfeminine—minds, but it is not one which we masculine beings can contemplate with delight. And, then, just consider, ladies. Which of you would relish being termed a *Senior Wrangler*.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

(A youth is applying for a situation in a timber yard.)

Employer—Have you had any experience in this trade?

Applicant—A wrocht alang wae ma father makin' rozzity sticks.

GETTING AT THEIR "SPIRIT."—In taking the chair at last week's meeting of the Glasgow Liberal Association Mr Walter Macfarlane said that "on all occasions it would be his endeavour to get at the spirit of the association." Doesn't this sound rather dubious, and as if the worthy President were meditating an attack upon the Association's cellar?

The Latest Act of Mr Forster—Providing a Quote-of-"Arms" for the Land League.

A Revolution in Bookselling. "The National History of England," 3 vols., 45s, for 15s.—102 QUEEN STREET.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the Clerk of the Weather has gone as mad as a March hare.

That he has got the seasons wonderfully mixed up.

That his crazy doings will damage our spring trade.

That tradespeople require all the good weather and all the brisk business they can get.

That the last meeting of Council was "a crusher."

That Johnnie Neil was—well Johnnie Neil.

That he "swore at lairge."

That he was "censured."

That he "values the censure very lightly."

That he "ate the leek" before all was over.

That he has promised to be a good boy till November.

That Bailie Wilson trotted out his Mitchell Library "fad" once more on Thursday.

That the Bailie, as a man of commonsense, must know that a "hobby can be ridden to death."

That the proposal to take one of the City churches for the Library Buildings will be strongly supported by the dissenters.

That it will be as warmly opposed by the adherents of the Auld Kirk.

That the scheme will come to nothing in the wind up.

That "oor Jeems" has remounted the "stump."

That his compulsory retirement from public life has had a depressing effect on Jeems.

That the landlords are up in arms against the Free Education (Scotland) Bill.

That they are afraid it will increase the taxation on heritable property.

That it matters very little how a tax is imposed, it ultimately comes on the rental.

That Bailie Dunlop is the latest critic of the Tramway Company.

That this company is the best abused concern in the kingdom.

That the Provost of Yoker had a launch on his own account on Tuesday.

That the Corporation will be mulcted in a pretty penny if the Henderson Street actions go against them.

That "dry-rot" has crept into the Trades' Hall buildings.

That reporters are henceforth to be excluded from the meetings, lest they come into contact with the "rotten" timbers.

That for the first time for years the "Cumber-

land" boys were on view here last week, free gratis, and for nothing.

That the budding tars really looked A 1 at—the Corporation Galleries.

That their little captain didn't.

That his seedy mufti was a sorry substitute for the uniform of the Queen's Navee.

That a "big, big D" from R. D. D. was excusable in the circumstances.

"Who'll Thread on the Tail o' me Coat."—O'Rourke.

LAST week, in Bailie Waddel's lines,
(I s'pose I mustn't rail—eh?)
A daring challenge was thrown out,
To find a rhyme for "Bailie."

Now having so much work on hand,
My pace must not be snailly,
Nor must I leave a trail behind,
That would not suit the BAILIE.

Those men who steal their neighbour's goods,
Are *always* sent to jail—eh?
So I must hunt for something new,
When rhyming words to Bailie.

But when one's pen is out of use,
One's heart begins to quail—eh?
In writing to a public print,
And then that print the BAILIE.

Were I a critic on the *News*,
The *Herald*, or the *Mail*—eh?
'Twere easy then to spin a yarn
Would more than fill a BAILIE.

Or were I one of those who write
Best when they're beered or aley,
A journey to the nearest pub.
Would serve my turn, dear BAILIE.

But leaving this to Animiles
All eary, hoofy, taily,
I'll keep to the teetotal tack,
So's not t'affront you, BAILIE.

If Burns had never written on
The death of poor old Mailie,
I might have lost a fairish rhyme
To clink along with Bailie.

But yet I doubt at this I ne'er
Could salt make to my kail—eh?
And so I'll stick to *dough*, and give
Up writing to the BAILIE.

And though to call this poetry
Is rather like a whale—eh?
I've done enough to show that there
Are lots of rhymes to Bailie.

WHIA'S LIKE US?—THE BAILIE, after having read Mr Carlyle's reminiscences of himself and his folk, concludes that the seer in his Liturgy would be independent of the petition of the Kilbarchan weaver, "Send us a guid conceit o' oursel's."

A Perfect "Cure"—Mr Heal-y.

MICHELL'S Old Irish Whisky.

THE "ZOEDONE" AGENCY, 47 Waterloo Street, Glasgow.

A DESIDERATUM FOR GENTLEMEN.

THERE are few things more gratifying to a Business Man, who in his Special Department has spared no effort to secure a widespread measure of Public support, than to find that his exertions have been fully appreciated. We frankly confess that such has been our experience. The various well-considered schemes which it has been our good fortune from time to time to announce have met with a very cordial response at the hands of a large circle of Patrons, which has incited us to redouble our exertions for the future.

What Gentlemen Desiderate is Real Practical Economy in the matter of Dress, along with first-rate Quality, Style, and Fit, and this we have always made it our careful study to supply.

Our most recent effort in this direction is that of supplying.

FIRST-CLASS WEST OF ENGLAND AND SCOTCH TWEED TROUSERS

AT 15/6 PER PAIR.

So rare a boon has never before been offered in the Trade, and we are confident it will prove an unparalleled success.

We need hardly remind our Friends that every Garment is made on the Premises, without the intervention of female or slop labour; and it is only the assurance we have of a very large demand that has induced us to fix a Price never before attempted.

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Home and Foreign Magazines and Reviews added as published.
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The WHOLE WINTER STOCK OFFERED at GREAT
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The New Spring Styles in Millinery, New shades, New
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BUTTERINE, as BUTTERINE, has now become an
Established Favourite, and Thousands of our Customers pro-
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250,000 CIGARS
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2d CIGARS, 8 for 1s; Post Free, 1s 2d.

3d " 6 for 1s; " " 1s 2d.

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

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OLD IRISH WHISKY, Belfast, is the Purest and Best
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BEDROOM SUITES A SPECIALTY.

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ENGLISH & FOREIGN BOOKS, New and Second Hand.
Lowest Prices. Books Lent.
Books in all Languages in Stock or procured.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 9th, 1881.

GLASGOW is fairly tired at last of the North British Company and its Queen Street tunnel. The bungling management of the station, and the horrors of this terrible "middle passage" to Cowairs, reached a climax on Tuesday last. Can the annals of railway management show more indifference to the wants of the public, or a greater measure of unconcern with regard to the comfort of passengers, than was displayed on Tuesday in connection with the "specials" for Kilbowie? It fairly seemed, indeed, as if the officials of the company had determined to vex and provoke the people who, putting faith in the published announcements, had arranged to proceed to Kilbowie Station for the launch of the "Servia." But Tuesday's farce—which caused so much annoyance to some two thousand people—is only the direct application by the underlings of the company of the line of policy which the directors have followed so long. While the authorities of the Caledonian and the South-Western systems do everything in their power to accommodate their passengers, those of the North British Railway maintain a stolid disregard to the wants and claims of the travelling public. They are an entire generation behind the age. Take, as an example of their fatuity, the manner in which the Loch Lomond traffic is carried on. Balloch is nearer Glasgow than Greenock is, but to get to Balloch you must spend the greater portion of a forenoon, while the fare is so exorbitant as to put the journey altogether out of the reach of the usual daily excursionist. Had the Queen of Scottish Lakes lain contiguous to the Caledonian line its beauties would have been available to even the poorest of our work-a-day population, while the Loch, on the other hand, would have proved an important source of revenue to the Company. But this is only one, just as Tuesday's fiasco was another, of scores of instances which might be

adduced of the opacity of the North British authorities.

Advice Gratis.

THE omniscient editor of the *Weekly Mail* thusly advises one of his thousand and one inquirers in the issue of Saturday last:—"The ministers and elders you name are unworthy of their calling. You can dare them even to set foot in your house again, and if they intrude themselves you may emphasise your words by *kicking them down stairs*. Act firmly." My conscience! This is muscular Christianity with a vengeance. And this from the organ of piety and goody-goodyishness generally! What next?

COMPLIMENTARY.

(Scene—A public bar; young Irishman, in answer to advertisement, is applying for the situation of waiter).

Publican—Have you got a "character"?

Irishman—Bedad oi didn't think ye required one for this trade.

What Will He Do With It?

MR COSTELLO, of Paisley, is truly an obliging personage. He offered the other day to take into his keeping the Abbey of his adopted town, and by so doing to put a stop to all the local pother of which that venerable building has lately been the cause. Before accepting this kind offer, however, the Seestus are naturally anxious to know what Mr Costello proposes to do with the acquisition. There is a whisper through the Suburb that it would make "a gran' public-hoose;" but it behoves us to await something more definite.

A "NATIVE" BLUNDER.—A contemporary, describing the launch of the *Servia*, speaks of the big steamer as "entering its native element," *i.e.* the water. It does not seem to have occurred to the writer that, considering it is our present practice to build ships on dry land, water is no more their "native" element than whisky-toddy is

BOERS AND BORES.—"Who are the Boers?" inquires a contemporary. "Leader-writers!" groans a weary reader.

A Man(ghan)dering Orator.—The Hon. Treasurer of the Conservative Association.

The Army Estimates—Sir G. Wolseley's and Sir F. Roberts' opinions.

"A Short Cut"—A Kilt.

Auchray on ta Tartan.

THERE'S nefer a sodger will pe a M'Tavish in ta army if ta stupit coo tat looks efter ta tartan interfere wi' ta kilt whatefer. Ta Childers nefer sink of ta nople courage tats in ta tartan as well as ta kilt forpye. I nefer saw since ta days of Cromwell or since ta days before any other whatefer, would anypody pe such imperance ant tyrant tat would poke her nose in any Heelantman's kilt. Maybe you'll think I was not a goot Heelanter ant true, because I nefer did pe a silent whatefer; but efer since ta flavour of ta fiery cross pass ma nose I was busy in ta 'dignation meeting, ant got a whole names of goot lats as Tonalt M'Alpine, ant Tuncan M'Duff ant Lachie M'Jannet, ant sousans more forpye sign ta pledge, ant plump srough ta Post Offish to petition ta Tuke:—

"We ta ladts tat put doon oor names humply pray for Childers and sheweth ta petitioner herepy ant whatefer if ta nople Tuke will shust mak' a spoke to ta Hoose of Parlims for ta tartan. Ant if she'll shust told tat sassenger Childers tat ta ladts of ta forse, in ta rifer, ant a ferry ant forbye sousans will pe obleege if she'll mind her ain breeks ant mak' them a pieball colour if she like, but nefer rub her empty he'd on ta tartan. Becaus ters no Heelantman tat can fight would have nosing whatever to do wis a kilt wisout ta tartan—shust as weel gie her an empty pottle wisout ta whuskey. Ant ta nople ant gallant petition forpye say ta strensh lie in ta tartan, ant as weel cut aff Samson's hair by ta hair of ta he'd as do tat, ant no try ta barber trade on ta Heelantman's kilt, or maype ta sissle 'll jag if it pe grup ta wrang way. Ant forpye if she'll come tae ta Heelants ant shoot ta twelse of Ankust shust to pring her bit tin o' mutton frae London for Sousie M'Pherson ta cook ta ken ta oser cooks will feed her on tench braxy ta whole time. Your petition will efer say her pray for these presents." Your very much,
AUCHRAY M'TAVISH, X 71.

THE MODERN ATLAS.—My conscience, but Donald Currie, M.P., C.M.G., will soon be neither to haud nor to bind! Not content with representing Perthshire in Parliament, he is now, "in the absence of Lord Colin Campbell," attending to Argyllshire as well. The two biggest counties in Scotland are pretty well for one pair of shoulders. That baronetcy *can't* be far off now.

GENTLEMEN'S CLOTH Made and Trimmed—Suits, 21s; Trousers, 4s; Overcoats, 14s. Fit, Workmanship, T. immings Guaranteed.—EWART A. BAIN, 59 Bridge Street.

The East-enders and the Green.

[Ex-Councillor James Martin, at Thursday's Green meeting, said—"He had been very seldom on the Green for some time past; but some time ago he was in the habit of being there every Sunday, moving about like a bee from one flower to another, hearing all the various opinions, and tasting all the different sweets—(continued laughter)."]

'T WAS by fair Clutha's fragrant wave,
Where solemn, shadowing all the view,
Looms grim the pile where murdering knave
Through hempen rope bids life adieu.

'Twas there—how strange!—fair flowers did grow,
Breathing their incense to the air
On Sunday afternoons, and so
A buzzy bee was oft heard there.

Lo! how he'd dart from flower to flower,
Ne'er passing one in's eager flight,
To gather honey hour by hour
Was all his care till stopped by night.

But endless sweets began to pall;
"No more" hummed he; so he took wing,
And leaving flowers to wither all,
His buzzy-ness now's to ply his sting!

ONE FOR DAN.

Pat—Shure now, Dan, you're not the same at all since ye got the woif. Has she put the brake on?

Dan—Aye, be dad, Pat, both the brake and the brakes.

OH, FIE!—The BAILIE feels it his duty to remonstrate, mildly but firmly, with his respected grandmamma in Buchanan Street. In her issue of last Wednesday the old lady expresses herself to the following effect:—"Litreachas nan Gaidheal, no cunntas air sgrìobaidhib na Gaidhlig o laithibh na feinne gus an linn so." These shocking sentiments, with more to a similar purport, may be found in the first column of the first page of the *Herald* of the date named. The next time Granny is taken that way, and feels inclined for a good "sweer," pray let her get the operation over in the privacy of her own chamber, and not in print. Its effect is decidedly demoralising.

STRANGE WEAPONS.—A firm of Edinburgh publishers announce a work on "Ancient Scottish Weapons," including "swords, targets, spears, axes, halberds, muskets, fowling-pieces, powder-horns, pistols, dirks, sporrans, brooches, &c." By straining a point a powder-horn—or even a suuff-mull—may be considered a "weapon," but what about sporrans and brooches? And does the " &c." include "ta pipes?"

MARK YOUR LINEN with an A.C.T. Pure Rubber Stamp. Monograms, 2 Letters, 2s 6d; 3 Letters, 3s 6d. Names, 3s 6d—Complete in Neat Box, with Pad and Bottle of Indelible Marking Ink.—A. C. THOMSON, 278 ARGYLE STREET.

Megilp.

SPRING landscapes were evidently favourites with London artists last year. At the Institute we have several excellent proofs of this in the works of Waterlow, Tom Lloyd, Fred. Hines, and Theo. Hines. Will there be any spring effects at all, this year, for artists to paint? The long-lingering winter is enough to frighten out of life the hardiest of primroses and hyacinths.

Carl Schloesser's "Grocer's Shop in the Tyrol" is a soundly-painted, well-arranged picture. Mr Schloesser is rapidly making for himself a very good position among London artists.

Felix Buhot's two little Paris street scenes are quite unique in their way. They are very clever.

The Royal Academy picture of James A. Aitken is a moorland scene. It is twilight, and a party of tired sportsmen stride wearily homeward through the purple heather. The work has been carefully thought out, its colour is wonderfully rich, and the effect of evening light has been reproduced with a dexterity which seems to come to Mr Aitken by nature, but which other men only accomplish after years of continuous labour.

A. K. Brown will send three pictures to Burlington House. The finest, and also the most important of these, is an English scene. A clump of trees stands out sharply against an evening sky. Running up from the foreground a road loses itself in the deep shadow of the copse. What may be almost termed the incident in the picture is supplied by a little, shallow pool which has been placed in the front of the work, and which has been made to reflect the opalescent light in the sky. "The First Snow," an Aberfoyle scene, is Mr Brown's second picture, and if less informed with poetry than the previous work, has still abundant charms of its own; while his third contribution to the Academy is a water-colour, the scene of which is laid in the fen country, and which is remarkable for the depth and power of its sky.

"Cookham Old Church," a spring scene, in which the waters of the silver flowing Thames play an important part, and which is redolent of the gay, bright feeling of the season of opening buds and hawthorn blossoms, is the more important of the two works which William Young proposes to send to the Royal Academy. His second picture is an autumn landscape taken from near the head of Loch Carron. It is distinguished by firm and effective brushwork, and by much purity in its tones of local colour.

Ever since the origin of the Scottish Society of Water Colour Painters, now coming on to four years ago, its claims have been constantly and consistently advocated in this column. Hitherto the public have seemed somewhat indifferent to these claims, but they are none the less real for all that. So important, indeed, is the Society in an art sense that it behoves all those who care for art to do every thing in their power to further its interests. It is no common honour for Glasgow, it should be further remembered, to have artists like Francis Powell and William McTaggart as the President and Vice-President of a Society which has Glasgow for its home, and to have these supported by such painters as Herdman and Lockhart, and Smart, and David Law, and Colin Hunter, and Hamilton Maccallum. Whatever tends to injure the Society assists to injure the prospects of West Country art, and this fact should not be lost sight of by those who are taking either one side or the other in the controversy with regard to its Exhibition, in conjunction with a Black and White collection, next autumn in the Galleries of the Institute.

Two of our local artists, Wellwood Rattray and Alfred East, were busy, last week, painting outside in the midst of the snow.

James Macbeth—who recently completed a portrait of Sir Daniel Macnee—is at present engaged on a likeness of the Rev. Dr Rankine of Muthil.

Sam Reid intends to take up his residence in Glasgow some time during the coming autumn.

Leon Richeton will reside in Edinburgh for some time. He is to be engaged in etching, from life, a portrait of Professor Blackie. Among the celebrated men whom M. Richeton has already etched from life are Carlyle and Dean Stanley.

The "sending-in" day for the spring exhibition of the Birmingham Royal Society of Artists is Friday next, the 11th inst. Pictures must be delivered on that day, in the rooms, New Street, Birmingham. The spring exhibition, this year, will consist of water colours, cabinet pictures in oil, and black and white studies.

The publication of Mr Carlyle's "Reminiscences" recalls the circumstance that the old gentleman was rather vain of his personal appearance. He liked to be photographed, he indulged Mrs Allingham—the water-colourist—by giving her numerous sittings, he was painted by Millais, he was etched by Whistler, by Rajon, and by Leon Richeton, and, lastly, he was modelled by Boehm. Surely few men have spent more "posing" hours than this cynical philosopher who delighted to "rail against his mistress the world and all his misery," and yet who was ever so hard at a bargain and so careful of his own comfort withal.

A QUESTION OF BRAINS.

Dugald—Hev you hard apoot poor Tchon Maclean? He was doon with ta concussion of ta prain!

Archie—Poor fellah. Wass it a catching complaint, Tugal, ant wass Tchon neffer 'nocolated on ta arm akainst such contagious tiseases?

Dugald—It wass ta born fool you wass to spier sich a silly spier. It wass knocked on ta head he wass, ant not ont ta arm. Chwhat iknornance to think that a man's prains wass in hiss arm!

GEORGE'S FIVE-PENNY VOTERS.—We are informed by Granny, on the authority of a Parliamentary paper, that in the late election "Mr Anderson's supporters were polled at a cost of no more than 5d per head." Taking a leaf out of the book of King Stephen, as celebrated by Iago, a cynical Tory of the BAILIE'S acquaintance holds the said supporters "*fivepence* all too dear."

A SERIOUS "RESPONSIBILITY."—In its notice of last week's performance at the Royal Princess's Theatre a contemporary remarks:—"It is fair, however, that Mr Callender should have the responsibility of a great deal of 'D. T.'" Does contemporary wish to represent Mr Callender as an agent in the spread of *delirium tremens*?

NO LIGHT MATTER.—A local firm advertise for a "heavy buyer." It would be interesting to know how many stone a buyer must scale before coming under the denomination "heavy."

AT "THE GAIETY."—We had lately Barry judging of the drawing of houses, but who can judge now otherwise than "good" of the "houses" drawn by "Barry?"

"The Hellenic Factor" in Glasgow—A Greek commission-agent.

Old Saw Re-Set—Too many cocks spoil the cockieelekie.

PUNCH IN THE PULPIT.

(Scene—Established Church in an Eastern Suburb; Time—Morning Service, Sunday last.)

Minister (reading notices before dismissal hymn)—I have further to intimate that at the school treat on Friday next there will be, besides other attractions, a performance of the evergreen drama, "Punch and Judy."

(The mellow-dramatic "intimation" causes collapse of the unco guid and general titter among fellows of the baser sort.)

FROM SEDAN TO SEDANS.—Granny thinks that the recent victory of the lady students at Cambridge is "a Sedan." Our old friend probably means to infer that the fair girl graduates will presently succeed in obtaining University *chairs*.

SHOULDER—ARMS.—Although the Land-Leaguers may be deprived of their arms, and be consequently disjointed, they may nevertheless keep shoulder to shoulder.

THE GAILET Y.

Proprietor and Director,Mr C. BERNARD.
Manageress.....Mrs BERNARD.
LAST WEEK.

THE UNRIVALLED AND WORLD-FAMOUS ARTISTE,
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Box Office Open 10 till 4 Daily.
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Manager,.....Miss LITTON (Mrs W. Robertson).
NOTICE.

THE THEATRE WILL REMAIN CLOSED
to prepare for the Dramatic Season, until
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MR PAGET'S COMPANY

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DUTY AND THE WIFE'S VICTORY.
Box Office Open Daily from 10 to 4.

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SATURDAY, 12TH MARCH,
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Also, the Celebrated Tragedian and Reader—

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Who will Read "The Little Hero," "Clarence's Dream," and "European Guides;" also,

Miss JESSIE CRAIGIE. | MR ROBERT FINDLAY.

Miss LIZZIE HOUSTON. | MR WILLIAM CARTER.

Mr F. W. BRIDGMAN,Pianist.

Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats 2s; at Office, 58 Bath Street. Doors open at a Quarter to 7; Concert commences at 7-45 o'clock. JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

ROYALTY THEATRE.

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The Latest Criterion Success,
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To-night (Tuesday), 9th March, at 7-30 and Following Evenings,

"THE BENGAL TIGER,"

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Box Plan open at Messrs J. Muir Wood & Co's., from 11 till 4, and at the Theatre from 11 till 3.

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Unlike many high priced Indian Teas, this "Pashok" does *not* possess either a beautiful appearance full of pekoe tips, great pungency, or a very dark liquor resembling port wine; on the contrary, its appearance is very disappointing, and its liquor is as pale as sherry—but it is entirely free from that rasping pungency so common to Indian Teas, and which render them almost nauseous to the palate, and which causes many ladies to abjure Indian Teas altogether.

This "Pashok" is almost as soft and silky on the palate as the very choicest Oonfa Moning, or Chingwo Kaisow; and it possesses a rich, full, and yet delicate flavour, far surpassing that of the finest China growths; its wet leaf, after the liquor has been poured off, yields a most exquisite bouquet, which must be experienced in order to be appreciated, for it baffles language to describe it.

When we state that during an intimate acquaintance with many London Dealers, (whose samples we passed through our hands) and a practical experience in the trade of nearly 20 years duration, that this "Pashok" is, without exception, the finest, and choicest, and purest Tea of any growth, and irrespective of price we have ever met with, it will be seen that we are justified in guaranteeing it to be good value for 5/ per lb. We commend this "Pashok" to Anglo-Indians and other connoisseurs.

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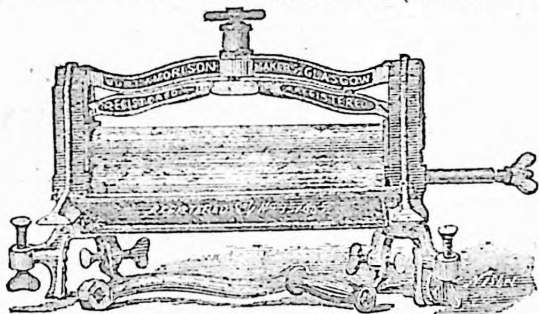
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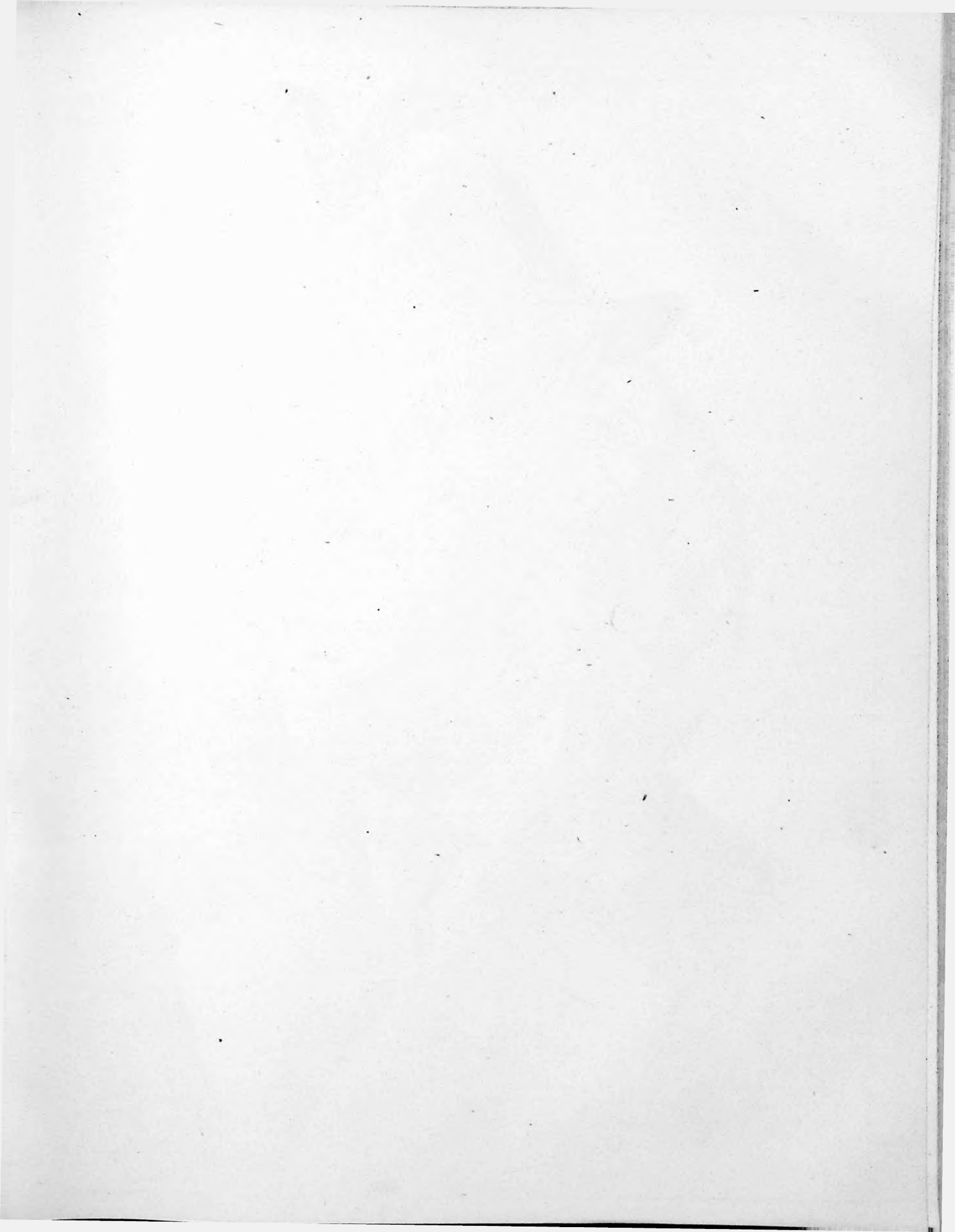
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NOTE.—These Pictures must not be confounded with the former series, “The Road to Ruin,” which were exhibited at the Royal Academy at London. “The Race for Wealth” were painted on commission by Mr FRITH, R.A., for their present owner, and have never been exhibited but at his private Galleries in London, and at the Royal Hotel, Scarborough.





The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 439. Glasgow, Wednesday, March 16th, 1881. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 439.

I HAVE our comfortable classes any notion of the sickness and suffering which prevail among the poorer districts of the city? To be ill is at all times a sore trial, but to be ill and in want is an evil which not even the boldest of us could face without blenching. Every agency, therefore, which tends towards alleviating the misery of the sick poor is deserving of recognition from the prosperous and well-to-do. And especially worthy of support are those organisations which are less distinctly eleemosynary in their character. To pauperise a man or a woman is to rob him or her of the larger portion of their self-respect—to wound their feelings in the first place, and to turn them, ultimately, into unprofitable members of the body politic. There are hundreds of cases of sickness in Glasgow, as in every great centre of population, where the sufferers entertain a vivid dislike to become recipients of parochial relief, but where they are unable to obtain proper nursing, or even, it may be, any nursing at all. Of the value, moreover, of the nurse in the sick-room, too much can hardly be said. The experience of the surgeon which gives eyes to his fingers, or the penetrating skill of the physician which enables him to know the ravages disease is making within the body, are too often exerted in vain unless the exertions are carried out by skilled and attentive nurses. Even the hand guided by affection is frequently, when untrained, powerless for any practical or lasting good. With this chain of ideas before him, the BAILIE has determined to introduce to his readers a lady who, for over five years, has laboured with all her might and main to meet, as best she can, the particular species of want which he has just indicated. Mrs MARY ORIELL HIGGINBOTHAM has already

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wrought much good in Glasgow. Of an eager active nature, possessing much social influence, and keenly alive to the needs of the sick poor, Mrs HIGGINBOTHAM—who is the wife, by-the-bye, of our respected townsman Mr James Higginbotham—originated the Glasgow District or Gratuitous Nursing Association early in 1876, and she has conducted it ever since with rare zeal and devotion. And Mrs HIGGINBOTHAM is not only the Director-General of the Association, but she takes a constant share in its operations. She is to be found, day after day, in the dwellings of the very poor, ministering to the wants of the afflicted, following up the doctor, and otherwise bringing comparative cheerfulness and comfort to hearts that might, but for her aid, be given over to utter despair. In a recent appeal to the public on behalf of the "District or Gratuitous Nursing Association," Mrs HIGGINBOTHAM says that, during the twelve months ending the 1st of last January, no fewer than nine hundred and sixty separate sufferers had been attended, and to these something like 13,000 visits had been paid. She mentions, further, that in two hundred and four of the cases, air beds, water pillows, and other necessaries indispensable to the comfort of the sick—it may be the dying, were supplied to the patients, and adds, at the same time, that "one of the most painful duties we have to perform is to say 'No' when some fresh case is brought under our notice." But why, the BAILIE, would ask, should this self-sacrificing lady have to say "no" in a city with the wealth of Glasgow? The work she has set herself to perform is as needful as it is noble. All advantage, we are told in the appeal, is taken, as far as is possible, of the Infirmaries, and indeed the nurses never attend any case that can be cared for otherwise. Let us accordingly hope that the nine nurses and four assistants at present possessed by the

Association will, before long, be sufficiently increased so as to overtake all the claims made on its energies. The prosperity of the society means the relieving of the sick, and the comforting of those who are in distress.

SOLD FOR ONCE.

(Scene—Door of a dwelling-house.)

Wife—A shillin', an' it cost, whan new, twa pounds fifteen, an' no sae muckle the waur yet.

Old Clothes Man—But the coat is ould-fashioned.

Wife—A' weel so am I; sae ye had better gang an' try yer tricks on some greenhorn.

[She indignantly shuts the door.]

JUNKS OF ICE.—Although the science of weather vaticination is pre-eminently Yankee, it may be questioned if the transatlantic storm predicted can previse in the skiey influences anything equal to this:—"Until we have a rousing storm, from the south-west, with three or four inches of *solid rain*, matters would just remain as they are." Falstaff's "Let the sky rain potatoes, hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes," was nothing to this. "Three or four inches of solid rain" is certainly rather an ice look-out for us.

One of the crowd who didn't see the launch of the "Servia" wants to know whether the detention of the special train announced by the North British Company was due to the "stationary engine" at Cowlairs or the "stationary engines" at Queen Street? Will the Directors favour him with a reply?

"DOUBTTUL" APPROBATION.—Talk of "damning with faint praise!" How's this for condemnatory? A contemporary, after sousing the leading actors at one of our theatres with bucketfuls of cold water, winds up thusly:—"The others, doubtless, do their best with the characters entrusted to them." There is a depth of cruelty in that "doubtless" which is absolutely ferocious.

TOO BAD.—An evening contemporary of the BAILIE says that the libretto of Gilbert & Sullivan's new eccentric opera "is a development of Mr Gilbert's 'Bad (*sic*) Ballad' of the 'Two Curates.'"

A-mew-sing—Where's the cat?—Have you seen the "chat" (Shah)?

A Notice of Motion—"Move on."

A Revolution in Bookselling. "The National History of England," 3 vols., 45s., for 15s.—102 QUEEN STREET.

Who'll Tread on my Coat-Tail—eh?

A CHALLENGE! Who is he, I pray,
That blows this wild reveille,
And comes with *questionable* "eh?"
As other rhyme to "Bailie!"

No, no; he'll find the ground he treads
Is what we Scots call halie;
It more than scratching needs of heads
To get more rhymes to "Bailie."

And yet, I think I see his drift,
Though dim his rationale—
And mean to give him now a lift
In finding rhymes to "Bailie."

Had he but searched the depths of earth,
He'd come to matter shaly,
And that would lessen still the dearth
Of fitting rhymes to "Bailie."

Or had he wandered o'er the land,
Say, south from here to Staly-
Bridge and back—there's to his hand
Another rhyme to "Bailie!"

Or had he ta'en the boat across
From Dover, sir, to Calais,
The winds may rage, the waters toss,
He'd land on rhyme to "Bailie!"

Or had he scanned the heavens high—
Stars septentrionale—
He'd see that e'en the wondrous sky
Would lend him rhyme to "Bailie."

Or let him seek the briny deep,
And sea-weed find 'clept kali,
He then nor needs his brain to steep
For further rhyme to "Bailie."

But not one new rhyme did he get—
Gadzooks, none could he waylay!—
Next time he means to sing, you bet
He'll rhyme—well, not to "Bailie."

NOT LIKELY.

Tim—Why didn't yiss call last noight, Mick,
and pay the half-crown ye owe me?

Mick—Bedad oi quite forgot.

Tim—Do yiss think ye wud have forgot if it
had been the other way?

"RESPECTABLE" INFANTS.—A curious illustration of "how we live now" is afforded by an advertisement, signed by Dr. Marwick, of "Lieut.-Colonel Alexander Maclean's Trust." This Trust is for the benefit of "poor and deserving boys," above seven and under fourteen years of age, and it is mentioned that applicants must prove their "respectability." This rapid age of ours! In the BAILIE'S young days children were not supposed to acquire a reputation for "respectability" or the reverse between the ages of seven and fourteen.

Government Bonds—The imprisoned Land Leaguers.

High Constables—Mounted police.

THE "ZOEDONE" AGENCY, 47 Waterloo Street, Glasgow.

On 'Change.

CALEDONIAN Railway stock has been in everybody's mouth for weeks' past. Last week it was more talked about than ever, and the talk was not quite complimentary to the Directors. It was still less complimentary to the petitioners, who were the first to stir the puddle. Their conduct was queer, and Mr Henry Lamond protested a great deal too much at the shareholders' meeting on Tuesday. He has not built up for himself a great reputation for consistency on the ground he took with so much avidity several weeks ago.

Henry Lamond may bluster and rant as he will, But the smell of the Callies will cling to him still.

The inevitable consequence of these unseemly transactions will be to weaken confidence in railway property. I have never had much in Caledonian on its merits and I have still less now on its squabbles. When the stock was at 115 I was convinced that it had no right to stand at that figure. I said so, much to the disgust of my capitalist friends. I say so again, with this addition, that the stock is not worth par, and that notwithstanding the late heavy fall it is still safer to sell than to buy.

A desperate and most unprincipled effort is being made just now to talk up North British. All sorts of pleasing phantasies have been created, with a view to run the stock up to 95, or possibly par. There is not the most remote reason, so far as I can see, for a rise in North British at the present moment. Its friends never pretend to give a reason, and they content themselves with the vague assertion that they have a private fund lying somewhere, say in the neighbourhood of the Tay Bridge, from which they can at any time pay a dividend of one per cent over a d above the legitimate earnings of the road. This little fallacy will probably be exposed during the present week.

There is no doubt that the directors of public companies occasionally resort to various cheap expedients to gain temporary popularity. An accident happens, let us call it a collision, or the capsizing of a ricketty bridge, or some similar disaster that costs money. The directors meet and determine that it may possibly cost the Company £50,000. To make themselves safe, however, they write off £100,000 to a suspense account as a provision for the consequences of the accident. The stock has gone down on the catastrophe becoming known. It goes down still further when the directors set aside £100,000, and lessen the dividend. The directors knew that it would do so. They also knew, what the public did not, that the total loss was only half the estimate, and that £50,000 must shortly come in to credit and help the stock up again. What is to hinder these men selling the stock and repurchasing it before the last-named fact is announced? When it is at length intimated that there is £50,000 more to divide than had been expected, everybody gets into a state of sublime exhilaration. The directors, these good and cautious men, were so prudent in providing amply for expected loss. They take credit to themselves for caution. They produce their nest egg, which ought never to have been secreted at all. The shareholders get a little more than they anticipated, the retiring directors are re-elected, votes of thanks are passed, and a few of the holders, with more money than brains, buy additional stock after the price has advanced.

What on earth has the British public done that it should be asked to buy horse shoes at the rate of 600 tons per day? To get the horse shoes at this enormous rate it is, of course, necessary to subscribe to a Company, Limited, with a large capital in £1 shares. Then when the capital is subscribed it is necessary to pay some one a monstrous sum for royalties, or patent rights. The man with the patent rights is usually an accommodating fellow, who does not object to take fully paid-up shares as part payment. He does not care for money. It is dross, and all he wants is a small amount to go on with, say £20,000 or so. He is content to wait for the rest, and take his chance with the other shareholders. Very often he does wait. So do the other shareholders, but they have not got the odd £20,000.

The latest development of joint-stock fanaticism is the formation of a company to make Lager Beer out of London water. The excellence of the London Stout is said to be due to the extreme consistency of the water it is made of, but this element of

success can hardly apply in the case of a clear liquid like beer. There is, perhaps, no reason why Lager Beer should not be made in this country as well as in Germany, but I do not believe that the business can be made to pay at the rate indicated in a glowing prospectus published a few days ago. SCRUTATOR.

CELTIC CRITICISM.

Lauchie—Fat sort o' a precentor his she gotten, Geordie?

Geordie—Weel, they say she's a' putt perfect in music; putt it's quite plain she kens naething apoot singing.

A "ROYAL" SOP.—The Black Watch are, it seems, to be known henceforth as "The Royal Highlanders." This high-sounding title is doubtless intended as compensation for the liberties which it was proposed to take with Tonal's kilts; but when men talk of the achievements of this famous regiment, Mr Childers must not expect them to "get their tongues round" the newfangled name. "Military reformers" may come, and military reformers may go, but the Black Watch of history and tradition will be the Black Watch still.

"THE IRISH TUTOR."—"A class for the Irish Language is," the BAILIE learns from the advertising columns of a contemporary, "about being opened in Glasgow." It is understood that the Professor is an eminent "lumper," and that his first lecture will be devoted to a disquisition on the Hiberno-Celtic terms—"och," "begorra," "musha," and "wirrasthroo." In the next will be discussed the question of when a person of the male sex begins, and when he ceases, to be a "bhoy"; and other points of equal interest will follow. Particular attention will be devoted to "Parliamentary language" from an Irish point of view.

THE CREAM OF THE JOKE.—The latest episode in the varied career of Mr James Morton is his indictment for, as is alleged, selling adulterated cream. As the case is still *sub judice*, the BAILIE refrains from comment. It is impertinent to suggest a coincidence, as a correspondent does, in the fact that Sheriff Cowan, for whose attendance the trial stands adjourned, is busy in London over a *water* bill.

Appropriate name for a Judge of Cookery—Mr Justice Fry.

Marriage Lines—Hymeneal processions.

The Best Remedy for Biliousness, Indigestion, Inaction of the Liver, Constipation, Heartburn, Acid Risings, Flatulence, and all Stomach and Liver Derangements, is THOMSON'S *Podophyllum Essence*. Prepared Specially by M. F. THOMSON, Homoeopathic Chemist, 17 Gordon Street, Glasgow. Phials, 1s and 2s 6d each; by Post, 1d extra. Beware of Imitations.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—They are still running "Where's the Cat," that most amusing of recent "absurdities," at the Royalty theatre.

Visitors to the Royalty should make a note of the exceeding pretty set scene in the first act of "Where's the Cat," which is the work of Mr Robert Smyth, the scenic artist of the theatre.

The programme at the Royalty will be altered on the last three nights of the present week by the substitution of Arthur Mathison's domestic story of "Brave Hearts" for the farce of the "Bengal Tiger." "Brave Hearts," which was originally played at the London Criterion on the 24th of January, contains various capital character sketches, one of which is that of *Mrs Sanderson*, a wealthy, good-natured, and somewhat vulgar widow, and another the *Marquis de Chateau Laroche*, the usual virtuous, but poverty-stricken nobleman of popular fiction. The plot turns on the loves of *Dorine*, the daughter of the *Marquis*, and *Edward Robins*, the son of a *nouveau riche*, and the manner in which their wedding is brought about by *Mrs Sanderson*, who, in spite of her vulgarity, is the "good fairy" of the piece. Mrs Alfred Mellon was the original *Mrs Sanderson* in London, and she will repeat her vigorous and amusing performance when the comedy is produced here.

It may gratify playgoers to know that "the Corsican Brothers" will be produced at the Royalty Theatre, as well as at the Theatre Royal, on Monday next, the 21st instant.

"The Children's Pinafore," which proved such a wonderful success when it was played at the Royalty Theatre in August last, will be revived by Mr Knapp this day fortnight. It will be represented, as before, by the company of Mr D'Oyley Carte.

Pending the great production of "The Corsican Brothers" at the Theatre-Royal on Monday next, with Mr Herman Vezin in the two leading roles, and for which Miss Litton has been most lavish in her expenditure on scenery, dresses, and appointments generally, we are having a week of Mr Paget and the "Duty" company. Mr Paget's leading lady is Miss Florence Cowell, who has made quite a hit in the part of *Lady Deane*. Miss Cowell is a daughter of famous old Sam Cowell, and, along with her sister, Miss Sydney Cowell, graduated under Mr Wydham in the Edinburgh Theatre Royal.

Recurring for a moment to "The Corsican Brothers," I may mention that Mr Perkins, the scenic artist of the Royal, has been busy for the last six weeks preparing a series of stage pictures on its behalf, which will fairly take the town by storm.

The Gaiety is given over this week to Carl Rosa and his Opera Company—what a draw that will be, my Magistrate—and naturally their appearance is discussed in your musical rather than in your gossip column.

"Lost Love," a "sensational and domestic drama," founded on the story of Grace Darling, will be played to-night and during the week at the South-side Theatre. Next Monday, Mr Beryl promises us the "Rescued" of the great Dion Boucicault, the latest sensation of "the Shakespeare of our days."

I was one of a party who "assisted," on Friday evening, at what was probably the most unique performance on record of "H.M.S. Pinafore." This was given, of all places in the world, on the main-deck of "H.M.S. Cumberland," and the performers were no other than the Cumberland boys. I may say at once that the performance was exceptionally good. The *Ralf Rackstraw*, the *First Lord*, and the *Midshipman* were all excellent, while the *Dick Dead-eye* seemed a born actor. As the piece was played altogether by boys, the part of *Josephine* was naturally cut out, but one of the youngsters looked and sang remarkably well in that of *Little Buttercup*. Due care was given to the different choruses, while the instrumental portion of the entertainment was rendered by the reed and brass bands of the ship. A boy of artistic tastes, it should also be known, painted the scenery. I must not forget to mention, further, that the training of the various performers, and indeed the entire work of production

and management, was due to Mr Howard H. Smith, the band-master of the vessel.

They are playing "Where's the Cat?" at Wallack's New York Theatre with four well known English actors in the four leading male parts. These are Mr Osmond Tearle, who is *Sir Garroway Fawne*, Mr Horatio Saker, who is *Mr Scott Ramsay*, Mr H. M. Pitt, who is *Percival Day*, and Mr Elton who is *Mr Smith*.

It may interest you to learn, BAILIE, that Miss Florence Lambeth, second daughter of your old friend H. A. L., makes her first appearance in public as a contralto vocalist this evening, in a performance of "The Messiah" at Paisley. The youthful *débutante* has for some time past had occasional practice in the ranks of her father's amous Choir; but, in the House of Commons phraseology of the period, she has never before been publicly "named."

Throughout the week business at Myers' has been good, while Saturday night witnessed a proper "crusher." To the resources of the little great man in Ingram Street there would seem to be no end. As if trained lions, elephants, and horses and ponies galore were not a big enough draw, he has just added a lively spectacle yecept "A Night in Pekin," introducing, among other points, a couple of ballets by a score of nymphs, some of whom, by the way, are wondrous wooden in their movements. This is shortly to be shunted to a siding to make way for another spectacular piece—"The Fairy's Garden Party"—in which a hundred children and a great turn-out of ponies and gilded equipages will form prominent features.

Mr Myers is in treaty for Ligerio, the original Spanish performing bull. Its trainer and owner, Signor Prieto, will agree to a four weeks' engagement, his terms being 60 guineas per week, with 30 guineas down on the nail for expenses. How is that for high, BAILIE? I don't think the game is worth the candle.

As betokening the world-wide reputation attained by Clyde shipbuilders, it will doubtless be of interest to Glasgow folks to learn that the firm of Messrs James & George Thomson, which has bulked so largely in the public eye for the past few weeks, were favoured a short time ago with a request from the French Government to furnish models of our famous river steamer the "Columba" and the equally notable transatlantic steamer "Gallia," the premier vessel of the Cunard Company, till the "Servia" is placed on the route. The models which, it is unnecessary to say, were beautifully finished in every way, have found a fitting home in the Palace of the Louvre. In recognition of Messrs Thomson's services in this matter the French Government have remitted them a cheque for £500.

A curious story is rife in legal circles in Laputa. It is to the effect that a certain Sheriff of that domain, on being applied to by the creditors in a bankruptcy case to appoint an accountant whom they named judicial trustee on the estate, made the appointment—but the trustee he selected was his own brother and not the gentleman who had been mentioned by the creditors. Things, as it seems, are not so very different in Laputa from what they are in Glasgow.

We of the outer world have been given of late to regard Mr Neil as the "sair sanct" for the Town Council, but if whispers from the inner circle may be relied on, it is Mr Jackson who is relegated to this role by the Councillors themselves. Certain of the more staid and decorous among our magistrates and ex-magistrates can scarcely, it is even averred, refrain from looking, if they don't exactly use, a "big, big D." whenever his name is mentioned in their hearing.

"They" whisper that a capital blunder has been made by the Town Council in connection with the recent decision regarding the Municipal Buildings. It will be in everybody's recollection that the majority of the Council gave the go-by to the recommendation of the Municipal Buildings committee with regard to

the *solum* of John Street, but while they did this they left the membership of the committee as it was, and now the meetings of this body—which contains like the Town Council, a majority and a minority—are said to reproduce, with becoming accuracy, the doings in that “bear-garden” which most of us have heard about, but which so few of us have seen. It would be interesting to know exactly how much actual business has been transacted by the committee since the last time the Buildings question was up at the Council.

From every side you hear complaints of indifferent trade; prices, people tell you, are low, and competition for orders was never so keen. For all that, however, the present is one of the gayest seasons Glasgow has known. “All the world,” of course, is to be at the Bachelors’ Ball on Friday—which will be given, as usual, by a dozen of the senior bachelor members of the Western Club, and the invitations to which are four hundred and fifty in number. The arrangements for this most fashionable of fashionable assemblies have been entrusted to Messrs Charles Wilson and Son of the Royal Restaurant. Another popular dance will be given on Tuesday se’night, the 29th inst., by the officers of the 74th Highlanders, while sixteen of the junior bachelor members of the Western Club will give a ball on Monday, the 4th of April, in return for that of Friday evening next. All three entertainments will take place in St Andrew’s Halls.

It isn’t true, says a “ratepayers Candidate,” that Mr Martin is in his second childhood, even although he has recently acquired a new set of teeth, which he was woefully anxious to show off at the School Board meeting on Monday.

I find that I was somewhat premature in my intimation, last week, regarding the Grand Hotel. Instead of being leased to Mr Grieve, of Edinburgh, it has been arranged that, at least a portion of Mr Duncanson’s fine building shall be erected into an Exchange and Reading-Room. A posse of workmen, under the direction of Mr W. G. Davidson, Mr Duncanson’s manager, are already busy over the needed alterations in the hotel, and arrangements are pending with the Post-Office and the chief news agencies for an adequate supply of intelligence to the new institution.

You may have seen that among a crowd of celebrities “doctored” at Aberdeen last week was one of your well-known and most popular Men you Know—Tommy Morrison, principal of the Cowcaddens F. C. Training College. Tommy is now on a par with two of his subordinates, one having been an LL.D. and the other a D.Sc. for many years past.

You will have your joke, you venerable wag, and I am therefore not greatly surprised to perceive a tendency on your part to poke fun at the *Weekly Herald* “Sketches on Celtic Literature;” but let me tell your worship that the articles promise well, and are a distinctly good idea. A young friend at my elbow says that he has a vivid recollection of their author, Mr Nigel Macneill, as a fellow-student some ten years ago in Professor Nichol’s class of English Literature. My informant pictures him as a bright-eyed young Highlander, who, when called upon to read an essay, remarked diffidently that it was “in verse,” and, after encouragement from the jovial Professor amid the growing sympathy of his class-fellows, delivered, in an accent redolent of his native hills, a finely imaginative, if over-ornate, production on the ever-fresh themes of “Beauty and Love.” I hope Mr Macneill will follow Professor Blackie’s advice by “keeping human interest in the foreground and avoiding sapless antiquarian details.”

What a famous victory is that of old Dominie Marshall in his long-drawn-out and up-hill fight against the Ardrrossan School Board. The board have been smitten hip and thigh, and throughout the contention, according to Lord Rutherford Clark, they don’t seem to have had a legal leg to stand upon. To be

compelled to fork out a retiring allowance for life of close upon £120 per annum is hard to stomach, but to be made to stump up this amount from Martinmas 1877, together with expenses of both sides, must be as gall and wormwood to this most litigious of schule brods. The “wiggling” has simply been “Prodigious!”

The *Cuckoo*, Mr Edmund Yates’s novel experiment in “society” journalism, essayed a first flight on Friday. I may mention that one or two names sufficiently well known of old on the Glasgow Press are associated with the new venture.

A Cruel Awakening.

IT was rather unkind of Dr. Cameron to inform Mr Gladstone the other day that he was mistaken in supposing that the Parochial Board deputation was composed entirely of members of Parliament. The Premier had been addressing the deputies—whose number included friends Paton and Franc Gibb Dougall, of the Barony—in a deferential and apologetic strain, under the impression that they were all his legislative colleagues; but the moment he was enlightened his tone became supercilious and of the snub snubby. The *éclaircissement* and its result were decidedly rough on the “parochial” magnates, who had doubtless been indulging in a short-lived dream of full-blown M.P.-ship.

BRANCHES OF THE COMIC NEWS.

“Where’s the Cat?” All “up a tree,”
As ‘midst the branches you may see;
By little leafless twigs outlin’d,
Portray’d a pretty Puss you’ll find.

ENCORE JEEMS.

(Scene—School Board meeting; anywhere.)

Mr Malaprop Martin—I can’t live among the ignorant and the untutored. Our educational system is the work of the miserable, creeping, crawling Whigs.

Mr Chairman Cuthbertson—That’s not the question.

Mr Malaprop Martin—But it is the question. There’s Mr Kidston there that wants to make them out a perfect parody of perfection!

SPRING AT LAST.—The *Cuckoo* has appeared in London, a most fearful wildfowl, if, as may be inferred from a local contemporary, it “warbles.” We send forth the “gouk” in Glasgow on the first of April.

The value of Public Libraries, Mechanics Institutions, *et hoc*, &c., was conspicuously manifested t’other day in the Literary and Philosophical Institution of Dumbarton, by one of the *Litterateurs* and Philosophers who, after going through the larger portion of the *Blackwood* notice of George Eliot, started up with the exclamation, “Michty me, an’ He wis a wumman!”

Quavers.

A PRIVATE dramatic entertainment was given by members of the German Association of Glasgow, on Friday evening last, in St. Andrew's Halls. Why the entertainment is mentioned in this column, BAILIE, is chiefly that the music which was played was of a character altogether different from what one hears at the theatre usually, at least in association with light comedy or farce. The musical selections were—first, the Quartett Op. 16 for piano, violin, viola, and violoncello, by Beethoven; and, second, the Trio Op. 49 in D minor, for piano, violin, and 'cello by Mendelssohn, the first two movements only of the latter being played, however. The ex-citants were Madame Ritter-Bondy, and Herren Anhem and Thomas, the tenor violin part being played by a German gentleman equally well-known in town for his histrionic and musical abilities. Singularly enough there did not seem any incongruity in the conjunction of classical music and broad dramatic humour, and it may well be considered whether such music might not be more the rule than it is at the theatre (of course on a suitably larger scale), in place of the vulgar dance tune or noisy overture.

Madame Ritter-Bondy, who we believe intends remaining here, is evidently an artist of high attainments. She plays with the most exquisite taste, and, as far as could be judged on Friday evening, with complete command of the instrument. We may possibly have a more public opportunity of hearing the lady by and by.

It may be remarked of the dramatic part of the evening's amusement, that it was very successful. The two farces—"The Bengal Tiger," our old friend done into German, and "Hector," a "dog and man" absurdity—were remarkably well played, the acting being apparently thoroughly well enjoyed by the highly fashionable audience which responded to the invitation of the amateurs.

Mr Airlie has provided for next Saturday evening's City Hall concert, an altogether novel and interesting programme. It is a night of Irish melody, with the Glasgow Select Choir as exponents both in part-song and solo. No fewer than eight "pieces" have been specially "arranged" for the occasion, amongst these being "Tara's Halls," "Believe me if all those endearing young charms"—lovely melodies both, "The Blarney Stone," "Widow Malone," "Rory O'More," and "Barney Brallaghan's Courtship," first-rate specimens of humorous Irish music. Added to these are some of Balfe's well-known national part-songs; and altogether the concert promises to be one of the most distinctive of the general musical season. There cannot fail to be a very large audience on the occasion.

The choir were exceedingly well received in Edinburgh on Saturday evening at their concert there, and the newspapers write in the highest terms of the part-singing.

"Judas Maccabæus" seems to be a favourite in the West. It was performed at Airdrie the week before last, and at Irvine on Friday evening last, and it will also be given at Johnstone next Friday. The fact of three performances at places so near to each other in three consecutive weeks is not a little remarkable.

The Irvine concert, we hear, was very fairly successful musically; the chorus, some sixty in number, singing well. The soloists were Miss Irvine (curious coincidence), Miss Fyfe, Mr Murray, and Mr Fleming, but mention should also be made of Miss Wilson, who took part in the trio in "See the conquering hero comes," with most promising success. This was the first oratorio in Irvine, and was naturally an event of some importance to the town. Mr M'Arthur conducted.

The series of opera this week at the Gaiety (by the Carl Rosa company) comes as a pleasant musical relief to the drama, appealing, however, to almost a distinct class of entertainment seekers; and fortunately there is every guarantee that the several performances will be satisfactory to our now somewhat exacting Glasgow musical public. Three nights of the series will be given up to Ambroise Thomas, whose "Mignon" and "The Cadi" (the latter quite unknown to us) will be played—"Mignon" twice; while another French composer, Herold, will get a hearing in his "Zampa," known chiefly by its brilliant overture, though containing some masterly examples of operatic writing. "Car-

men" and the "Bohemian Girl" are the remaining operas of the series, the French school being therefore almost solely drawn from—and wisely, too, after all, for it is in that lighter class of operatic music that the company finds its most assured success.

The company is much the same as on its last visit, but Mr Barton M'Guckin, one of our most effective English tenors, has joined since then, and appears as *Wilhelm* in Friday night's repetition of "Mignon."

A SO(A)PORIFIC.

(Scene—Working man's kitchen; Occupants, mother and son.)

Son (blushing)—Mither, I'm—I'm gaun tae get merrit!

Mother—Ye're gaun tae get what? Merrit! By my sang ye better wait till ye can keep yersel first; there's plenty o' washerwomen in the country enoo, without you addin' tae the number.

"SWEERIN' AT LAIRGE."—What a terrible basting poor old Granny received from Mr Lamond—that pink of virtuous perfection—at last week's solemn Caledonian conclave! The ancient dame's articles are, it seems, "ignorant," "silly," "vulgar," and "contemptible," while her contributors are "creatures" whose acquaintance is not to be desired. Strange to say, dear old granmam calmly printed this terrible scolding, and seems, on the whole "not one penny the worse." Probably she had the old saw in her mind at the time about "some folks tongues bein' nae scandal."

RAILWAY MAGNANIMITY.—If we are to believe Mr Thomson, goods manager of the Caledonian Railway, that Company is the most generous and self-denying of joint-stock concerns. In giving evidence before a Parliamentary Committee last week, Mr Thomson said that a certain arrangement with the South-Western Company "took money out of our (Caledonian) pockets, but we desired to put an end to grumblings and difficulties even at our own expense." Magnanimous Caledonians!

BUFFETS AND BUFF.—According to the latest military arrangements, the Scotch regiments are to have buff facings to their uniforms. It is not quite clear why this sad and "subfusk" hue should have been adopted, unless it be designed, in penitential mood, to commemorate the re buff with which the Government met when they attempted to interfere with the tartan.

Irish Affairs—Shillelaghs and broken heads.

BICYCLES AND TRICYCLES. (Otto, Premier, Queen, Cub, Rudge, Howe, and others. Purchasers Taught Free, on covered track, only 14 laps to the mile —J MARSHALL & SONS, 101 Hope Street, & 1 Renfield Street.

Ode to the Provost.

Lord Provost Ure, in replying to the toast of "The Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of the City of Glasgow," at the Master Bakers' Friendly Society dinner last week, said:—"Another subject has been touched upon to which, I suppose, you will expect the Town Council to turn their attention, viz.:—Sewage. It is one we have expended nearly £20,000 upon in finding out what is the best method of dealing with sewage, and I think we have found it; and it will be my duty, very shortly, to put before my colleagues a scheme which a few of us who have given special attention to that, have concluded is the right one for the city."

BESIDE my fire, so snug and cosy,
My custom is o' nights to smoke
And read (it matters not how prosy)
Provost's or Bailie's latest "spoke."
This done, I softly sl p to bed
And wake refreshed by dreamless sleep;
But Thursday last I woke, instead,
With brain confused—in dreams a-steep.
"I hung upon the bridge," not, note,
Where laureate hung—that were not strange,—
Nor yet on that which spanned the moat
Of Alfred's noted moated grange.
'Twas not on such by poet planned,
But structure real as one e'er saw—
I mean the arch that long has spanned
The black, ill-smelling Broomielaw.
No swollen carcasses of cats
Nor dogs defunct were there; no more
Spued common-sewers their filth—and that's
What once was common on the shore.
No curdling scum nor oozy slime
S'ld past me then, while standing there—
Though 'twas the hot mid-summer time;
Transparent ran the river fair.
I saw swift fish flash past the boats;
I marked the silver on their scales;
I watched their fins—fine feathering floats,
Their steering gear—quick-turning tails.
I walked a-down the river side—
How sweetly bloomed its flower-clad bank!
How glanced glad bathers o'er its tide!
The cattle of its waters drank!
Proud paddle-boats went churning past,
No need to turn one's nose aside,
Or fly, or grimly stand aghast—
"Of verity, can this be Clyde?"
I asked, and lo! awaking found
I all along had been in bed;
I rubbed my eyes, and, looking round,
"I've been a-dreaming so," I said.
I then remembered I had read
That paper of the night before.
"Prithee, my dream in days ahead
Fulfil. O chief of Council corps.
'Twas Stewart tapped Loch Katrine for us—
A benefactor he, and brother!
I say't, and I'll get ready chorus,
If you succeed—why, Ure another!"

The Power of the Littles.—That of the snow-flakes against the locomotive.

Bicycles. { The "Special," "Club," "Duplex," "Premier," "D. H. F.," "Excelsior," "Rudge," "Tangent," "Carver," "Express," &c., 100 Second-hand from £3 each Inspection Invited.—Jennings & Co., Agents, 101 Mitchell St.

A Highland "Fling" at the Tartan.

THAT a patriot no more has honour in his own country than a prophet in his own country is illustrated by the language made use of by a correspondent writing from Benderloch, Aigyleshire. Describing a social meeting held there the other evening, he says that "the addresses from the platform became as enthusiastic as if the meeting had been held in support of Lord Archibald Campbell and his tartan—that is *so like a black eye in a certain stage*." The hues of the Campbell tartan compared to echymosis—My conscience! What next!

A PAIR.

(Scene—A snug parlour; Time, somewhere among the sma' hours; Dawvut and Tammas, two ancient cronies are seated at their toddy.)
Dawvut (stirring up his thirteenth tumbler and tasting with an appreciative smack)—Weel, Tammas, efter a' this is raelly vera refreshin'!
[Agreed.]

A FAIR OFFER.—Somebody advertising in a local daily for a partner "who knows a good business and is desirous of commencing, with some little means, and whose character will bear the strictest scrutiny," Asinus is, as usual, ready to leap into the breach. He knows several good businesses, he says—such as thimble-rigging, welshing, barkeeping, stockbroking, and so on—and is extremely desirous of commencing; his means are so little as to be absolutely microscopic; and his character, having borne so much already, will bear anything now. "Is that good enough?"

ONE OCTAVE, OR SEVERAL?—Herr Behnke denies that "the female voice is simply a reproduction of the male voice an octave higher." It is plain that the Herr has never assisted at a domestic interchange of "words."

"PRAISE FROM SIR HUBERT STANLEY."—Grenny remarks in a recent leader that "Lord Randolph Churchill is not altogether or always a fool," and his Grace of Marlborough consequently feels consoled for the loss of his vice-regal honours.

DOGBERRY ASINISED.—"Dost thou not suspect my 'ears?"

A S(O)UPERIOR PERSON.—President *Gravy*.

MITCHELL'S Old Irish Whisky.

Furniture for Cash "Doon on the Nail." GARDNER & HARDIE, 42 Great Clyde Street.

A DESIDERATUM FOR GENTLEMEN.

THERE are few things more gratifying to a Business Man, who in his Special Department has spared no effort to secure a widespread measure of Public support, than to find that his exertions have been fully appreciated. We frankly confess that such has been our experience. The various well-considered schemes which it has been our good fortune from time to time to announce have met with a very cordial response at the hands of a large circle of Patrons, which has incited us to redouble our exertions for the future.

What Gentlemen Desiderate is Real Practical Economy in the matter of Dress, along with first-rate Quality, Style, and Fit, and this we have always made it our careful study to supply.

Our most recent effort in this direction is that of supplying.

FIRST-CLASS WEST OF ENGLAND AND SCOTCH TWEED TROUSERS

AT 15/6 PER PAIR.

So rare a boon has never before been offered in the Trade, and we are confident it will prove an unparalleled success.

We need hardly remind our Friends that every Garment is made on the Premises, without the intervention of female or slop labour; and it is only the assurance we have of a very large demand that has induced us to fix a Price never before attempted.

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READING ROOM, NOW OPEN,
in connection with MACKENZIE'S West End Library.
Home and Foreign Magazines and Reviews added as published.
183 SAUCHIEHALL STREET (Fine Art Buildings).

OLD HIGHLAND WHISKY,
18s PER GALLON.
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NEW MADE WHEATEN MEAL,
Specially prepared for Family use.
IMPROVED OAT MEAL,
For Infants and Invalids.
FINEST EDINBURGH OAT MEAL,
Received Twice Weekly.
SELECTED CANARY AND HEMP SEEDS,
Samples and Price Lists Free.

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Families Supplied at Wholesale Prices.

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EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS in MILLINERY
HATS, BONNETS, and CAPS, BEAVER, SEAL, VELVET,
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The WHOLE WINTER STOCK OFFERED at GREAT
REDUCTIONS.

NEW SPRING FASHIONS NOW TO HAND.

The New Spring Styles in Millinery, New shades, New
Shapes, New Materials, Magnificent New Stock of Mourning
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GENTLEMEN'S ENTRANCE—No. 62, Up Stairs.

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Single Hats of all kinds, at wholesale Price.

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BUTTERINE, as BUTTERINE, has now become an
Established Favourite, and Thousands of our Customers pro-
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FOR SALE AT GREATLY REDUCED RATES.

2d CIGARS, 8 for 1s; Post Free, 1s 2d.

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A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE
YEAR ROUND; WARM, GRATEFUL, AND AROMATIC.
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ENGLISH & FOREIGN BOOKS, New and Second Hand.
Lowest Prices. Books Lent.
Books in all Languages in Stock or procured.

CHAMPAGNE.

ST. MARCEAUX.

THIS Wine is acknowledged by Connoisseurs to be Equal to any Champagne in the Market. Quotations, in Magnums, Quarts, and Pints, from

WILLIAM LANG,
73 AND 79 QUEEN STREET.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 16th, 1881.

THE patrons of Hutchesons' Hospital are in a dangerous position. Their would-be dictator, the Rev. F. L. ROBERTSON, went considerably beyond his depth at the general meeting held in the Council Chambers on Wednesday last, when he ventured to attack the Incorporation of Dyers and Bonnetmakers, and let fall from his lips the imposing statement, that, "if the trustees of all institutions had guarded the interests of the beneficiaries as carefully and unweavily as the patrons of Hutchesons' Hospital had done, the general public would have very little cause indeed for complaint." The facts of the case are all against the patrons. At the present moment there are nearly *eleven hundred* scholars attending Hutchesons' Grammar School in Crown Street, and out of that large number the BAILIE defies the Rev. F. L. ROBERTSON, or any or all of his colleagues, to produce *thirty* "foundations" of the genuine stamp. Such being the case, have the burgesses of Glasgow no cause of complaint? Is this state of matters in keeping with the terms of the will of the Brothers HUTCHESON? Is this "guarding the interests of the beneficiaries?" A Royal Commission may yet answer these questions against the present patrons. In the meantime, the BAILIE admonishes the Reverend gentleman and his colleagues to leave figures of imagination or otherwise alone, and to mend their ways generally.

Ladies-in-Waiting—Middle-aged Spinners.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT Thursday's meeting of Council was dull and insipid.

That Councillor Neil played a new *role* on the occasion.

That he has gone in for managing the Provost and patronising the Coouncillors.

That Alphabet Smith is not half satisfied at the turn that things have taken.

That neither is Preceptor Mathieson.

That these two worthies thought that they ruled the roast.

That they don't like the new cooks.

That too many cooks spoil the broth.

That the pastor of St Andrews was all over the shop at last meeting of Hutcheson's Hospital.

That he is fairly disgusted at everybody who doesn't agree with him.

That it is a case of "I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my mouth let no dog bark."

That Bailie Dunlop made a joke at last week's Council meeting.

That he said the policy of the Council was inactive, but it was "masterly."

That the house-hunters are growing tired of their hunting.

That they have determined on remaining where they are.

That the Juniors have been rudely awaked from their slumbers.

That both Chairman and Secretary have been getting it hot.

That the Chairman knows as much of politics as a cat does of astronomy.

That the Secretary was a Liberal yesterday, he is a Tory to-day, and he'll be a Liberal to-morrow.

That the chorus of the Juniors is "O, Willie, we ha'e missed you."

That the young "M'D." seems to be held in higher repute than "M'D." the elder.

"A POOR APPETITE."

Small Boy (meeting companion) — Hallo, Archie! How did ye like the "siree" last night?

Companion—Man it wis a stunner. D'ye ken, I had twelve cups o' tea, an' I could 'a got mi full if I'd liked.

[*Small boy* looks at his companion's waistcoat to see if the buttons are on.]

An Inter-national Trial—Parliamentary Obstruction.

A "Touching" Appeal — "Please do not touch."

Ferguson on the Situation.

LAST Tuesday evening Mr John Ferguson emerged from his temporary retirement, and orated "at lairge" at the South-Side for the benefit of certain "natives of Connaught." Among other remarkable utterances, Mr Ferguson affirmed that the Land League martyrs are suffering because they uphold "the principles of Wallace, Tell, and other men who served their country," that these heroes have as much right to counsel—and enforce?—the non-payment of rent as a teetotaller has to advise the avoidance of whisky, and that it is the object of himself and his friends "to make peace between the people of Scotland and Ireland." At the same time, it is satisfactory to know that John disapproves of "a spirit of bravado," even if he does not act upon that disapproval, and that he considers "private killing"—excellent phrase!—"immoral and wrong." Let us be thankful for the smallest of mercies.

PRODUCTIVE PIGS.

Customer (to butcher)—I see ye hae some fresh pork. Could ye gie me a side o' banes?

Butcher—I have killed ae pig, an' there's five sides o' banes ordered, and if there's ony mair in the pig ye'll get it.

SOARING CARPETS.—The "unspeakable advertiser" is never so unspeakable as when he waxes grandiose in his language, and this, to tell the truth, the Glasgow advertiser is particularly fond of doing. Just listen to this, from a magniloquent vendor of floor-coverings:—"Soaring on the wings of hyperbole and myth, a few pieces of carpet . . . become interpreted into advertising language as the largest variety in the city." Fancy a few pieces of carpets soaring on the wings, &c.! Isn't it "quite too utter," as Maudle would say? It beats the "flying carpet" of "The Arabian Nights" hollow.

Mistic Sounds—Fog horn warnings.

"The truth! the whole truth!! and nothing but the truth!!!"

"Macniven & Cameron's pens are the best."—*Standard*.

"MACNIVEN & CAMERON'S Pens are a Treasure"—*Standard*.

Just Out—Sold by all Stationers

THE BIG 'J' PEN, } 6d and 1s

THE BIG WAVERLEY PEN, } per Box.

"Without doubt the best pens invented."—*Argus*.

1745 *Newspapers recommend Macniven & Cameron's Pens.*

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Patentees of Pens and Penholders,

MACNIVEN & CAMERON, 23 to 33 Blair Street, Edinburgh.

Pen Makers to Her Majesty's Government Offices (Estd 1770.)

Beware of the parties offering imitations

Auchray's Duties.

I WOOT pe fery sorry inteed to hear ta last PAILIE tat you'll no ken ta simple duties of us lats. Ant pesides you'll say forpye ta Greenock polis sweer an oass as easy as woot her helmet slide aff ant put on. Nosing whatefer will show ta ig'rance you'll pe of ta duties; pecause if ta case pe a dugg for ins'ance, ta polis haud up ta sole of her richt haun' pefore ta pench. Then ta Pailie lean ower ant whisper her mous to ta 'sessor, ant ta 'sessor say a quiet to ta Pailie's lug ant told ta price of ta case,—pecause ta price pe all ticket in ta pook like a window shop. Then ta trial pegin, ant ma oass is give; ant ta Pailie say:—

"X. 71. Tid you'll saw ta dugg biting ta assault?"

"Of coorse I tid, to pe sure."

"But ta witnesses say you'll pe you're ped ta same time,—what you'll spoke to tat?"

"Och ters no matter wan bit whateffer ta witness say,—sough I'll pe sleepin' in ma ped I sweer on ma oass I saw ta man bite ta dugg."

Then ta Pailie say ta case pe prove akainst you on ta clear effidence of ta cons'ple, ant fine you serty days or immerse ta sum of wan guinea. That's ta real duties, ant if ta polis lost ta case she'll shust haff to leave her coat ant paton in ta offish ant get ta road for peing stupit ant go ta "Plover" ant pe a Tobermory wance more again.—Your fery inteed,

AUCHRAY M'TAVISH X. 71.

NOT TO BE DONE.

(Scene—Hotel; *Dramatis Personae*, collier treating his "ladye love.")

Collier—We'll tak' some sherry.

Waiter—Yessir, sherry sir, yessir.

Collier (to retreating waiter)—Bass's.

"LARKING" ON SUNDAY.—A correspondent of a contemporary depones to having witnessed "about 1000" larks in fields adjoining Cathcart Manse on Sunday afternoon. It is not stated whether the minister took part in these Sabbath pastimes, but the matter decidedly deserves investigation at the hands of the Presbytery. A thousand "larks" on Sunday! Why, it beats Professor Blackie and the Rev. John Glasse!

"The Wearing of the Green"—The subsidence of the river bank at the Humane Society House.

THE TRYPOGRAPH is still unsurpassed as a *fac simile* Printing Machine. By its aid thousands of copies can be printed from a written sheet of paper in black. Simple, Reliable, Rapid Cheap.—A. C. Thomson, 278 Argyle Street.

Megilp.

THE last days of the Exhibition of W. P. Frith's "Race for Wealth" are now announced. This fine series of pictures—the closing scene in the career of Mr Frith's hero is one of the most powerful works of art which have been recently seen in Glasgow—have not had justice done to them here. This is probably due in a great measure to the unfortunate rooms which Mr Marsden selected for showing the pictures. Before they go, however, everybody interested in art should make a point of seeing them once at least. "The Race for Wealth" probably provides the best examples extant of the style of English painting most popular in the last half of the Nineteenth Century.

The annual meeting of the members of the Art Club was held on Tuesday evening when Robert Crawford was elected President, Duncan McKellar, Vice-President, James Cowan, Treasurer, and C. M'Ewen, Secretary, for the coming year. The Committee, which was appointed at the same time, consists of Messrs Taylor, Rattray, M'Ewan, Henderson, and Grimmond.

A meeting of the Club will be held on Thursday to make arrangements for the annual Exhibition in the coming autumn.

R. C. Crawford is at present engaged on a portrait of the Rev Narayan Sheshadri, the Free Church Indian missionary—he is of Brahminical birth—with which the latter is to be presented by a number of his Glasgow admirers.

William Carlaw has just completed a large and powerful picture in black and white. It represents a wild sea coast with the ocean at comparative rest. The sun is high in the heavens, and gleams of vivid light stream down on tall cliff and jagged reef. No former work by Mr Carlaw has anything like the strength displayed in this splendid drawing. Even in the matter of size—it is something like eight feet in length—it offers a marked contrast to his usual style. Another of the tasks upon which Mr Carlaw has been recently engaged is an etching of Stonehaven Harbour, which he has executed with remarkable skill.

Two sketches contributed by R. W. Allan to the Seventeenth Annual Exhibition of Water Colour Drawings in the Dudley Gallery, which opened on Saturday week, have attracted considerable attention in the Metropolis. These are "The Old Town Hall, Stonehaven" and "Hay Barges on the Thames." To this Exhibition, it is worthy of remark, John Ruskin has sent one of his own works, an amazingly elaborate study of rocks and water called "In the Pass of Killiecrankie."

The sales at the Autumn Exhibition of pictures held in connection with the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, amounted to no less than £11,753. This sum represented 271 pictures, and 8 of these—the aggregate price of which was £1427—were purchased by the Corporation of the City for their permanent collection. The exhibition opened on the 6th of September, and closed on the 4th of December.

A CELTIC CONUNDRUM.

Lauchie—Shon, why wull a pen tat wull last for efer pe like ta money ta nation wull pe paying ta Tuke of Richmond?

Shon—Och, she wull not ken.

Lauchie—Pecause it wull pe a perpetual pen, Shon! [Collapse of Shon.]

Why, inquires Bauldy, is the BAILIE like a life-guardsmen? And he replies that it's because he's provided with a queer Ass, of course. (Ever since perpetrating the above, Bauldy has had to provide himself with a cuirass to shield himself from the Animile's just indignation.)

GENTLEMEN'S CLOTH Made and Trimmed—Suits, 21s; Trousers, 4s; Overcoats, 14s. Fit, Workmanship, Trimmings Guaranteed.—EWART A. BAIN, 59 Bridge Street.

The Buchanan Street Scandal.

A Celtic correspondent addresses the BAILIE in a tone of grave remonstrance anent his Worship's animadversions on Granny's recent guttural outbreak in her advertising columns, and says the advertisement is very good Gaelic. Be it so. The Magistrate does not care whether it is Gaelic, or Zend, or Chinese, or Sanscrit, or Brobdingnagian. It is uncommonly like swearing in an aggravated form, and it is his duty, as a man and a BAILIE, to put the thing down. It is grievous to note that the old lady has returned to the charge, indulging in a fresh string of expletives, which, to an unsophisticated Lowlander, give her the appearance of absolutely wallowing in profanity.

IRISH WIT.

(Scene—A street in Dublin.)

Mick—Have yiss heard that Tim Flannigan and Ted Doolan have got off—the jury brought in a voirdict ov "Not Guilty."

Pat—Roight for thim they did; bedad that's what oi call "jury's prudence."

THE "CURIOSITIES" OF DUMFRIES.—A morning paper devotes a column to Dr. Grierson's museum at Thornhill, Dumfriesshire, and cites as two of the greatest curiosities in the collection a "skull of the Bos Primigenius or Great Ox," and the head of "an enormous boar." These may pass for curiosities at Thornhill, but they are common objects in Glasgow. Everybody on 'Change knows the Bos(s) Primigenius—only they call him the Big Bull; while we are all too, too familiar with the enormous boar—but we spell his name "bore."

SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS.

"O that mine enemy wou'd write a book!"—
For text applied in Carlyle look.

"TIS EDUCATION FORMS THE COMMON MIND.—A young gentleman who broke into and robbed the Kibble Reformatory the other day is said to have been "educated" in the plundered institution. He certainly does credit to his instructors. Did his course of education include the art and science of "burgling?"

A Striking Situation—A hammerman's.

"Killing no Murder" in Ireland—Shooting landlords.

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

"IRON SPECULATION."

(Scene in Berlin; Scotch broker meets German who has lost heavily in Scotch warrants.)

Scotch Broker—Well, *Mein Herr*, are you a "bull" or a "bear?"

Mein Herr—Was ist ein bull, and ein bear?
[Scotch broker explains.]

Mein Herr—I am not von bull, nor von bear, but I am von big donkey!

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

MAIN STREET, SOUTH SIDE, GLASGOW.

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

Every Evening this Week,

MR FREDERICK WRIGHT'S Specially Organised Company
In the Great Sensational Drama,

LOST LOVE;

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Manager,.....Miss LITTON (Mrs W. Robertson).

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MR PAGET'S COMPANY

Will Appear in the Successful Plays,

"DUTY" AND "WIFE'S VICTORY."

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MONDAY NEXT,

"THE CORSICAN BROTHERS,"

With MR HERMAN VEZIN.

Doors Open at 6.30. Extra Price to 7. Overture, 7.30.

Seats can be Secured at the Box Office (Open Daily), and at Messrs Muir Wood's, Buchanan Street.

ROYALTY THEATRE.

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

LAST FIVE NIGHTS of the Latest Criterion Success,
"WHERE'S THE CAT."

MR CHARLES WYNDHAM'S SPECIALLY SELECTED
COMPANY.

THIS EVENING (Tuesday), 15th March, at 7.30.

"THE BENGAL TIGER,"

Followed by JAMES ALBRY'S Comedy,

"WHERE'S THE CAT?"

Box Plan open at Messrs J. Muir Wood & Co's., from 11 till 4, and at the Theatre from 11 till 3.

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FIRST IRISH PROGRAMME

By the Celebrated

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Change of Programme at every Performance, concluding with the Chinese Spectacle and Pantomime,

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WILL OPEN FOR A BRIEF SEASON.

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WITH

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GRAND CONCERT & PRESENTATION OF PRIZES.

ST. ANDREW'S HALLS, MONDAY, 21ST MARCH, 1881,

At 8 P.M., Doors Open at 7 P.M.

The Concert will consist in the production, for the First Time in Glasgow, of GADSBY'S Cantata,

"THE LORD OF THE ISLES."

ORCHESTRA OF 40 PERFORMERS.

CHORUS BY OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF THE REGIMENT ASSISTED BY ABOUT ONE HUNDRED LADIES AND BOYS.

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TEA AT TEN SHILLINGS PER POUND!

WHEN giving Brokers and Dealers instructions to send us Samples of the very Finest Teas on the Market, we have often said "we shall pay you any price you like to ask provided the fineness of quality be equal to the price demanded; in fact we should like to be able to retail a Tea at 10/ per lb. with which we could give a guarantee that it is worth that price"

Hitherto we have not been successful in procuring such a Tea, although we have tast'ed Samples as high as 8/6 per lb., in bond! An old Scotch proverb says that, "if you bode for a silk gown you may get a sleeve." Now we think we have got the sleeve, but without paying the price for the whole gown, in the shape of a Tea we can retail at 5/ per lb., and which we can assure the buyers thereof to be quite worthy of such a figure and the character we here give it. It is an Indian Tea, of Darjeeling growth, and came from the "Pashok" Gardens, which are but little known to the general trade, but which are destined to become the most famous gardens in either India or China, provided the owners continue to bestow the same care as enabled them to grow and manufacture such a gem

Unlike many high priced Indian Teas, this "Pashok" does *not* possess either a beautiful appearance full of pekoe tips, great pungency, or a very dark liquor resembling port wine; on the contrary, its appearance is very disappointing, and its liquor is as pale as sherry—but it is entirely free from that rasping pungency so common to Indian Teas, and which render them almost nauseous to the palate, and which causes many ladies to abjure Indian Teas altogether.

This "Pashok" is almost as soft and silky on the palate as the very choicest Onfa Moning, or Chingwo Kaisow; and it possesses a rich, full, and yet delicate flavour, far surpassing that of the finest China growths; its wet leaf, after the liquor has been poured off, yields a most exquisite bouquet, which must be experienced in order to be appreciated, for it baffles language to describe it.

When we state that during an intimate acquaintance with many London Dealers, (whose samples we passed through our hands) and a practical experience in the trade of nearly 20 years duration, that this "Pashok" is, without exception, the finest, and choicest, and purest Tea of any growth, and irrespective of price we have ever met with, it will be seen that we are justified in guaranteeing it to be good value for 5/ per lb. We commend this "Pashok" to Anglo-Indians and other connoisseurs.

Our famous "Pure Kaisow" at 4/ (as used in our Sample Room) is better value than ever.

At 3/4, 3/, and 2/8 we are selling very fine Blends of Indian and China Teas.

At 2/4 we are offering a Tea that is actually finer and more refreshing than that which certain self-styled, so-called "wholesale" Grocers who profess to sell at "wholesale Prices," are selling at 2/6

Our 2/2 Canister is well worthy of the attention of housewives who desire a fine medium quality at a very moderate price.

At 2/, our lowest quality, we are giving wonderfully good value, which merits comparison with that which some Retailers are advertising as "the finest Tea imported"—a phrase that has become ridiculous by reason of its abuse.

We once heard a very worthy Baker excuse himself for not eating his own pastries on the ground that "he knew how they were made" Now, we know the nature and quality of our 2/ Tea—but that does not deter us from using it at home, in our own house, every day; and we consider this fact to be the best character we can give of its really pure, sweet, and wholesome quality and intrinsic worth. However, there are some 2/ Teas in town which we would be very loath to drink—even under the compulsion of "Hobson's choice"!

This 2/ Tea is a luxury compared with those low priced common Teas that are being pushed at 1/8, 1/6, and 1/4.

The Choicest PURE COFFEE, 1/8; MIXED COFFEE (same as in Paris), 1/4 per lb
Finest LOAF SUGAR, broken for table, 3½d; AMERICAN GRANULATED, 3½d; CRYSTALS, 3½l;
WHITE CRUSHED, 3d; FINE BROWN, 2½d.

We feel confident in stating that such HIGH-CLASS TEAS, and such values at their various prices, are not to be had anywhere in Scotland, except from

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Every Evening at 8 o'clock; Wednesday and Saturday at 3.
Prices, 2s 6d, 1s, 6d.

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HIGHLANDERS, the PIPERS of the Regiment will Play
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Doors Open at 7-30. Concert at 8 o'clock.

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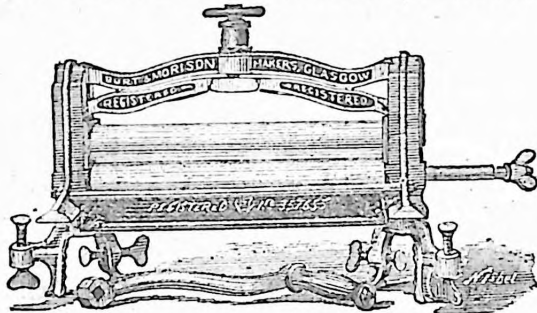
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Apply SUPERINTENDENT, 157 CROWN STREET.

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One Dozen Sample Case of our Different Sorts of Carlowitz, 25s.



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Two Gallons of Fine Old Matured CARLOWITZ for 15s. Delivered Free within two miles of St George's Place, in Four Half-Gallon Flagons (as per engraving), one or more at a time, as required. 5s (returnable) is charged as a deposit for the Flagon on the first order.

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Descriptive Pamphlet and Price List of all kinds of Wines in Bottle can be had Free on Application.

BATHS! BATHS!!—J. R. MILNE
begs to intimate to his Customers and the Public that he has Now OPENED the

QUEENSBERRY BATHS AND HAIR-CUTTING ROOMS,
153 NORTH STREET, WEST.

Warm Baths, Hot and Cold Spray with Shower, ...9d.
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WILL SHORTLY CLOSE,
 THE MAGNIFICENT SERIES OF
FIVE PAINTINGS

COLLECTIVELY ENTITLED

"THE RACE FOR WEALTH,"

AND RESPECTIVELY NAMED,

*"The Spider and the Flies," "The Spider at Home,"
 "Victims," "Judgment," and "Retribution,"*

By **WILLIAM POWELL FRITH, R.A.,**
 ARE NOW ON VIEW

AT THE
SCOTTISH WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY'S GALLERY,
 108 WEST NILE STREET, GLASGOW.

DAILY—from 10 until 5.
 Admission, 1s.

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Brief Extracts from some of the Leading London Newspapers:—

"In 'The Race for Wealth,' Mr FRITH deals with one of the largest evils and strongest motives of our time. He sets before us 'The Game of Speculation,' with some of its most painful consequences, in the shape of family ruin and personal dishonour and disgrace. . . . Mr FRITH has never produced anything better, whether for conception of character or masterly execution. . . . Nothing he has produced for many years can be placed on a par with 'The Race for Wealth.'"—*The Times*, 22nd April, 1880.

"An excellent point in this work is the skill with which the artist has depicted the besotting influence of avarice upon the human intellect. The love of gold seems to have well-nigh bereft them of reason. . . . The didactic purpose of pictorial art is enforced with brilliant ability and powerful effect. —*The Morning Post*.

". . . And so the curtain falls solemnly and impressively upon Mr FRITH'S telling drama, but after a moment's reflection mental applause follows the successful work. There can be little doubt about the interest and instruction with which the public will study this painted play."—*Daily Telegraph*.

"We know no living English painter from whom we should expect so comprehensive a theme as 'The Race for Wealth,' to be treated with so much inventive *vraisemblance*, with such skill of composition, and with such great intelligence as Mr FRITH has displayed throughout.—*Illustrated London News*.

"The fashionable things to do are to rush to the Prince of Wales' Theatre, and see Miss Genevieve Ward perform the new and very popular piece, 'Forget me Not,' and in the morning to see the new great sensation picture by FRITH, 'The Race for Wealth.' This is a serial most cleverly executed, in five separate pictures, each representing a different scene in the same lines. It is very graphic; poetry without words; and its popular success is proved by the crowds of spectators who flock to this gallery to see it. Masters of the art of painting consider this a great *coup*—indeed a rare stroke of genius."—*Vanity Fair*.

NOTE.—These Pictures must not be confounded with the former series, "The Road to Ruin," which were exhibited at the Royal Academy at London. "The Race for Wealth" were painted on commission by Mr FRITH, R.A., for their present owner, and have never been exhibited but at his private Galleries in London, and at the Royal Hotel, Scarborough.





The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 440. Glasgow, Wednesday, March 23rd, 1881. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 440.

BY the accession of ALEXANDER the Third to the throne of Russia the English Court is placed more closely *en rapport* with the Court of St. Petersburg than with that of any other capital in Europe. The new sovereign is the brother-in-law of the Princess of Wales and of the Duke of Edinburgh. Personal influence is still an important factor in politics, and it is impossible that the relations between the two countries should not undergo a certain modification on account of this double connection. Her Majesty the Queen, influenced by the anti-Russian opinions of the late Prince Consort, has all along looked with a critical eye on Muscovite policy. We may expect, however, at the hands of her elder sons at least, to find this policy interpreted with a greater measure of partiality in the future than it has been in the past. The new Autocrat of all the Russias is a man in early middle life. He is credited with a violent temper, and with the possession of vehement likes and dislikes. While his father was prepossessed from his boyhood in favour of Germany and the Germans, the present CZAR is opposed to everything which savours of Teutonic habits and opinions. Comparatively uneducated, and a stranger to the mysteries of European diplomacy, ALEXANDER is said to be rather impressed with the necessity for reforming the administration of his empire than of extending its boundaries either in the direction of the Bosphorus or of Afghanistan. Hitherto he has been generally regarded as a Liberal, but the murder of his father may well make him shudder at the very thought of any opinion which savours of revolution or revolutionaries. Of all men living to-day, probably this dark-browed Tartar is the one most to be commiser-

ated. His position now and henceforward is necessarily lonely and isolated. The rank of the CZAR effectually forbids the cultivation of anything like intimacy even with the members of his own family. Constant, and in a great measure unvarying and routine employment is another condition of the future life of his Majesty. The Emperors of Russia govern as well as reign, and the exercise of supreme power over eighty millions of subjects can only be accomplished at the expense of incessant personal toil. ALEXANDER the Third, moreover, has ascended the throne under circumstances of unparalleled horror. The murder of President Lincoln had none of the incidents of cynical savagery which attended the crime of Sunday week. The new monarch may well shudder, even in his brightest days, when he calls to mind the malignant power, as dark and resistless as fate, which cast a deep shadow over the closing years of his father, and at last condemned him to a sudden and cruel death. For the moment, therefore, the CZAR seems environed on every hand with an atmosphere of gloom. Will he succumb to its influence? Will it make itself felt through his reign at home or his policy abroad? If sympathy with his position can aid him this will not be wanting. His own people have already made a public declaration of their attachment to his person and government. Messages of condolence have been addressed to St. Petersburg from every European country and from the United States of America. The CZAR of Russia must always be an imposing figure; but to the stateliness which attends the wielder of irresponsible authority over a vast people, there is added, in the case of ALEXANDER, the attraction of a deep and abiding grief.

A "Very Strange Beast"—As you like it—
The Equine-ox.

Art "Patronising" Art.

THE other evening a performance took place at an Auld Reekie circus, "under the esteemed patronage of the art-students of Edinburgh." This appears to the BAILIE to be a decided novelty in the way of patronage, and he has no doubt some enterprising Glasgow caterer will follow the example of his brother in the East. Hitherto, it is true the "patronage" of students of any description has been considered rather embarrassing than desirable, but doubtless the result of specially inviting, and advertising, the young gentlemen, would be to "soften their manners, and not permit them to be ferocious." The next time Mr Carl Rosa gives us a call he might try the effect of a special performance "under the esteemed patronage of the medical students of Glasgow."

BOARD SCHOOL—1881.

(Head-master has had to take dull pupil under his own care; he is teaching simple subtraction.)

D. P.—Seven (7) from nine (9) two (2); three (3) from four (4) you can't, borrow ten (10).

H. M.—What is your father, boy?

D. P.—A watchmaker.

H. M.—Then go home and tell him to put new works in you.

A "FEARFUL WILDFOWL" AT HELENSBURGH.

—Some excitement among naturalists was caused last week by the announcement of the finding of a seal near the Helensburgh railway-station, and Helensburgh was almost as proud of its *phoca* as Oban was not of its sea-serpent. Not a little chagrin was the result of the discovery that the beastie was not a beastie after all, but a trinket.

WHICH "BAR," BEZONIAN?—A correspondent of the *Herald* talks of "the close alliance between the Lord-Advocate and the bar." Surely he does not mean to insinuate that his Lordship has taken to liquoring-up extensively on the strength of his elevation to Parliamentary honours!

"DONE INTO ENGLISH."—A Cockney dealer advertises his "O'Shanta Hats." Shade of Rabbie, can the body mean Tam O' Shanter bonnets?

The Musical "Public"—A free-and-easy.

Bicycles. { The "Special," "Club," "Duplex," "Premier," "D.H. F." "Excelsior," "Rudge," "Tangent," "Carver," "Express," &c., 100 Second-hand from £3 each. Inspection Invited.—Jennings & Co., Agents, 101 Mitchell St.

Spring's Delights.

"Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind"

—*Love's Labour's Lost.*

CRUEL March, how I wish you were past,
And April I just had my eye on;
Do go out like a lamb, sir, at last—
You've behaved in the main like a lion.

The snowdrops!—well, they've been but few—
I mean those that pop up from the ground;
As for those that dropped down, sir—but you
Know the sum of that surplus was round.

And daffodils—never saw one!
Nor crocus, that should-be spring comer;
Perhaps, ere the next month be done,
They'll creep up just to welcome in summer.

What a blow!—tuts, tuts, calm your rage;
There you go without hindrance or heed!
Take these chimneys—your gusty breath gage—
Think each one a Pandian reed.

Aha! while I write now, I see
The bonniest bit blue in the sky;
Yes, bright days will come yet to me—
We'll be friends yet, I think—you and I.

What's that?—there's the hen-house blown down—
Nest, roosters, and roof all sky-high!
Catch that cock:—March, my mis'ry you crown—
We'll never be friends—you and I.

I hate you; you're always at strife,
And war you would wage to the hilt;
You're a garrulous Gael!—on my life,
You yell like a Gael for his kilt.

There's a blast makes me grue!—feel my face;
I'll never get rid of this cough;
O I'll bid you "good-bye" with a grace,
When you turn about, March—and March off.

A ROLAND FOR HIS OLIVER.

(Scene—Football match at Wishaw; *Dramatis persona*, bow-legged player—the funny man of the team; and towsy-headed urchin.)

B. L. P.—Hullo, poacher! Where did you steal the hair (hare)?

T. H. U.—Whaur did you steal the calipers!
[Tableau.]

OUT OF DATE.—Granny may be a very wise old body, but she really ought to verify her "facts." A little care would have saved her from the blunder of styling the author of the *Religio Medici*, as she did in a leader the other day, an "astute physician of the last century." Sir Thomas's dates, dear gradmamma, are, as you ought to have known, 1605-1682.

BEAT THAT!—Great havoc has of late been wrought in our fields by an insect called the Beet Fly—surely a misnomer. In this case it seems to be the farmer that is "beat."

Always Ready to come to the Scratch—The finger nails.

THE "ZOEDONE" AGENCY, 47 Waterloo Street, Glasgow.

"Fules and Bairns!"

PROVOST STEELE, of Ayr, has a short and effective way of dealing with troublesome critics, who are perpetually "wanting to know, you know." At last meeting of the Town Council presided over by the doughty Provost a Mr Stevenson "wanted to know" about certain "work in connection with the new Town Hall," whereupon the Provost "refused to give any information in the meantime, and said that the good old Scotch proverb that 'fules and bairns should never see half-done work' applied in this case." Upon this the Council laughed, and the inquisitive Stevenson promptly and meekly collapsed. One trembles to think what would be the result if those of our rulers who are "in the swim" should attempt a similar policy of repression "in connection with the new" Municipal Buildings!

"LET US SPEAK BY THE BOOK."

(Scene — General Post Office; Enter Tonalt with a Highland paper in his hand that he wishes to post to Tugalt who is in England).

Tonalt (to Office Policeman)—Where will she put ta paper for England?

O. P.—In there (pointing to box marked "English Newspapers.")

Tonalt—It's no an English paper at all and she is not such a fool as she can't read whatever. [He dashes the paper into the box marked "Scotch Newspapers" and walks away with scowl at the smiling O. P.]

WHERE THE LAUGH COMES IN. — Your Edinburgh reporter has a cruel way of indicating that a man is in the habit of laughing at his own jokes. Thus, at a meeting of the School Board of that city the other day the Rev. W. Balfour, feeling called upon to make some remarks anent the election of a feminine member of the Board, indulged in some exceedingly mild pleasantries on the subject of "the ladies," and in the report we find "laughter by the Rev. W. Balfour" and "renewed laughter by the Rev. W. Balfour." If it was not the object of the scribe to set forth the reverend gentleman to the world as a fatuous, giggling noodle, he has a queer way of going about his work.

Suitable Beverage for Our Troops in Africa—La(a)ger Beer.

(Otto, Premier, Queen, Club, Rudge, Howe, BICYCLES AND TRICYCLES. } and others. Purchasers Taught Free, on covered track, only 14 laps to the mile.—J. MARSHALL & SONS, 101 Hope Street, & 1 Renfield Street.

On 'Change.

NORTH British stock was the sensation of last week, as Caledonian had been of the week before. In neither case is there much to brag of. The experience of these two companies has not been favourable, and it will be remembered that I all along said this would be the case. There is a cold-blooded impudence about the dealings in them which is absolutely astounding. Rumours are fabricated in the most unblushing manner, that the stocks may go up, only to be contradicted next week, that the stock may go down. A few people fatten on the business but the many suffer.

All the mysterious reports about the North British treasure trove have been cast to the winds. It never once occurred to me that there was anything in them. The idea of fishing up one per cent. from some unknown corner was too preposterous to be entertained. Yet a few simpletons did entertain it. Where is now their 2½ per cent. dividend, with 1 per cent. bonus thrown in, making at the rate of 3½ per cent. or 1¼ for the half-year? Where, too, the expected rise to 95, or even to par?

Great North of Scotland stock is just about as little to be trusted. The late report is anything but a promising document, though as much has been made of it as was possible. It strikes me that the board needs strengthening. A few of the old fogies in it ought to be superannuated, to make way for stronger business heads and harder sinews. At present there are too many of the Bumptious Bob order about.

How many more gold companies are to be started? How many more fools are going to stake their money on the bobtail nag while anybody else may bet upon the grey? My persistence in this matter may appear ludicrous, but it is perfectly certain that a day of retribution is coming for all concerned in these ludicrous speculations. They might as well put their cash on the roulette table. This week there is the Carta Para Company, with £50,000 in £1 shares and a prospective future for the holders. The Wynaad plateau is being severely tested. One is tempted to wonder how many bores are on the territory. Then there is the Guayana Company, with a more ambitious capital of £250,000 also in £1 shares. Potosi, scene of the golden dreams of our youth and school books, is just next door, so there ought to be gold somewhere.

A rival to the Tharsis and to the Rio Tinto companies is proposed in the Santa Cruz Sulphur and Copper Company with a capital of £200,000 and profits on paper to the extent of 30 per cent. per annum. There has not been a fall in Tharsis or Rio Tinto in consequence. The new company states that the estimate does not include anything from the extraction of gold by the process lately discovered. It is very generous not to take credit for this, but it remains to be proved whether the new process is of any practical value.

Admirers of Mr George Anderson, M.P. for Glasgow, will rejoice to know that the Emma Mine is to be put upon its legs again. His fellow-sufferers would have been glad if the resuscitation had come a little earlier. SCRUTATOR.

OH!

(Scene—Garden car, 5 p.m.)

He (to pretty girl on his left who has made room for him)—Sorry to squeeze you so much.

She—Oh don't mention it, I'm quite accustomed to that.

HOLLOW.—Asinus wants to know if the "concave wax medallion" of Carlyle exhibited in Sauchiehall Street can be correctly described as "a hollow affair."

"Cruel Car-men"—Those who ill-treat their 'osses.

Furniture for Cash "Doon on the Nail." GARDNER & HARDIE, 42 Great Clyde Street.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—The production of the "Corsican Brothers" at the Theatre Royal, to-morrow, (Tuesday) evening, is really an event of importance in our local theatrical affairs. What Miss Litton can do in the way of placing a piece on the stage in an altogether satisfactory manner we already know, and I may tell you that she has put her best foot foremost in connection with this Dumas-Boucicault drama. To show the close attention that has been paid to detail, I may mention that in the duel scene the ground will be covered with snow—or what will seem snow to the audience—an effect which cannot fail to largely increase the realistic character of the encounter.

To the members of the company—Mr Vezin, Miss Cullen and the rest of them—whose names I have already mentioned, there now falls to be added that of Mrs Charles Calvert.

When the "Corsican Brothers" was performed in the old Theatre-Royal, Duntop Street, Mr Edmund Glover had for his "double" Mr Houghton, manager of the treasury, a gentleman who bore a wonderful resemblance to his respected chief. It is needless to say that Mr Houghton had no aspirations as an actor, and only appeared on the stage during the run of the "Corsican Brothers" and the "Courier of Lyons," in the latter of which he likewise played the "double" of Mr Glover.

Mr Robert Buchanan must smile grimly as certain of his old Glasgow recollections crowd on his memory in connection with the production of his play of the "Nine Days' Queen" at the Gaiety Theatre this evening. Something like a score of years ago he was a member of the Press Amateurs' Dramatic Association, and was seized, on the occasion of one of the public performances of the society, with an attack of stage fright, which effectually prevented him from putting in an appearance when the hour for the rising of the curtain arrived. He had at that time newly perpetrated a volume of verse—was it called "Mary and other poems?"—and naturally thought no small beer of his position. The London struggles came later; how hard these were he has told us in his monograph on David Gray, but their extent no one probably knows except himself.

The "Nine Days' Queen," which is founded on the sad story of Lady Jane Grey, was treated by Nicholas Rowe in 1715, and Mr Buchanan admits that he is indebted in some part for the scheme of his piece to Rowe's now forgotten drama. Miss Harriet Jay, who sustains the role of the heroine of the "Nine Days' Queen," although comparatively young, is already the author of three successful novels. She is the sister-in-law of Mr Buchanan.

One of the announcements made by Mr Bernard is that of the early production at the Gaiety of "The Colonel," the satirical drama by the editor of *Punch* which is drawing all London to the Prince of Wales Theatre.

The "hit" during the visit, last week, of the Carl Rosa Company to the Gaiety, was made by Miss Georginia Burns, who is evidently the coming English *prima donna*.

"The Crutch and Toothpick" of Mr G. R. Sims, which was originally placed on the stage at the London Royalty in the April of 1879, will be produced by Mr Knapp at the Royalty Theatre this evening. It is, of course, an adaptation from the French, and equally, of course, is amazingly clever. Mr Hemming, who sustains the leading part, is gifted with capital spirits, and is master of an animated, bustling style. The character business is done by Mr Julian Cross, whom we knew of old as an exceptionally clever actor.

The "Rescued" of Dion Boucicault, a piece which contains a "sensation" sufficiently alarming to make your hair stand on end, will be placed on the stage of the South-side Theatre this evening. For Monday next Mr Beryl promises us a visit from Mr Harkins, the American tragedian.

The scheme has been revived for a City Railway which shall connect the station at College Street with the North British station at Queen Street and various points in the West End.

I had occasion to be in Paisley on the Tuesday of last week, and turned in for a few minutes to the Court House in County Square, where Mr James Morton was "up" before Sheriff Cowan on a charge of—watering cream! The hall was crowded, but James didn't seem to mind the public stare one bit. His face had all that assurance, bordering on conceit, which it was wont to express. The lines of the visage are now, however, beginning to tell of old age, and there is more than a hint of feebleness in the occasional totter and subsequent stiffening of the gait. Verily the Philistines, friend Morton, are upon thee at last.

The bachelors' ball of Friday evening in the St. Andrew's Halls, was particularly brilliant. White satin, trimmed with tulle or grenadine, was the prevailing style of the young ladies' dresses, some of which were trimmed with flowers. Black was not so much worn as on former occasions, though a few costumes of black mixed with coloured materials, were very stylish and aided the general effect. I particularly noticed one—a black satin dress, with bodice of gold brocade and water lilies to match. Another effective dress was one of dark blue satin trimmed with cream roses. A few short dresses were worn, but these were not so graceful nor so effective in the ball-room. The matrons wore very handsome dresses of brocade, velvet, and other rich materials, in mauve and heliotrope, and a number were trimmed with very beautiful lace.

The concluding debate for the session of the Glasgow Parliamentary Association will be held on Thursday evening, when "the Leader of the Opposition" will bring forward a "no confidence" motion in "the Ministry"—which, by-the-by, is a Tory one. The "Speaker of the House" gives his "official dinner," in the Alexandra Hotel, on the evening of Friday, the 1st of April.

Among the "distinguished strangers" on "the floor of the house" at Thursday night's meeting of the Parliamentary Debating Association, were ex-Bailie Young and Councillor Shaw.

That Glasgow, one of the most important centres of the ship-building industry in the world, should be without some permanent exhibition of the models of naval architecture put out from the Clyde yards, is neither seemly nor fit, and it will therefore be matter of gratification to many to learn that the Town Council is arranging to remove the stigma. Stimulated by the success of the Naval and Marine Engineering Exhibition: they have just issued letters to the shipbuilders and others exhibiting models there, in which, while pointing to the great interest naturally manifested by all classes in the present collection, they advocate the desirability of having an exhibition of a more enduring character. Towards that end they ask the exhibitor, to co-operate with them in furthering such a project by the contribution or loan of models representative of the craft in vogue at the beginning of the century and up to and including the monsters of the deep launched in recent years.

Picture buyers must not forget to visit the Royal Exchange Sale-rooms of Messrs Robert M' Tear & Co. during the present week. A collection of pictures is to be disposed of on Friday, which contains specimens of Sam Bough, of Colin Hunter, and of Alex. Fraser, to mention only three out of a host of Scottish artists; of David Cox, of James Webb, and of Fred Tayler; and of Ten-Kate of Low Country renown. As I have mentioned, the sale will take place on Friday, but the pictures will be on view on Wednesday and Thursday.

Councillor Jackson, in charge of Bailie Wilson, Preceptor Mathieson, and the Rev. F. L. Robertson, was busy last week in London assisting Earl Spencer and Mr Mundella to adjust the Education Bill, so as to have certain local provisions for the children of working people thirled to those of the middle class. Is it quite gracious for the Councillor thus to desert his working-men friends, after having used their votes to raise himself Council high?

The sub-committee of the Town Council on Museums have arranged with our townsman, Mr Wyllie Guild, for the exhibition of his collection of portraits and relics of Mary Queen of Scots, in the Corporation Galleries. This will be on view at the same time as the Turner drawings, which are about to be loaned to Glasgow by the Trustees of the National Gallery.

—o—
What is this I hear concerning a letter written by Sheriff Lees to Captain M Call, for the purpose of explaining away his Lordship's recent deliverance with regard to the police? The Sheriff ought to recollect the proverbial fate attending the man who excuses himself. If the attack on the force was correct, it should be allowed to stand; if it was incorrect, a public apology is surely due under the circumstances.

—o—
Mr Myers has no reason to complain of business at the Ingram Street Cirque. He deserves success, and with such a varied and brilliant entertainment he is bound to command it. Why, one number alone of the programme—that in which Mr Blennon performs with seven Trachene horses—is worth going a long way to see. What with lions and elephants, an unequalled stud of horses and ponies, and the electric illumination over and above, surely this circus was never so attractive as at present.

—o—
Some three months ago, *BAILLIE*, I to'd you that Mr Hengler would be with us once again in the West Nile Street house to give a grand equestrian blow-out on the eve of the equinoctial ditto. You see now that I didn't prophesy without knowing. On Thursday afternoon, "Ye People's William," at the head of his noble army of artistes—human and equine—came on from Leeds by special train, and opened the campaign on Saturday night in right good style. What a house there was, to be sure, and yet what crowds were left lamenting out in the cold. And, really, the performances all round proved worthy of such overwhelming patronage.

Giving place to the ladies, first and foremost must be named Miss Jenny O'Brien, in whose poses and aerial flights one can realize the poetry of motion on horseback. Miss Agnes Sprake rides the high school and takes timber like an Austrian empress. Mdles. Quaglieni, Alice, Lucelle, Claressa, &c., are all equestriennes of the first rank. As to the sterner stuff of the show Mr Hengler puts a handsome leaping mare through its paces with rare art; Mr Powell trots out his "Bijou" pony and bosses all round the ring, and behind the scenes; Messrs Jee, Gilbert, and Lloyd set the laws of gravitation at defiance in their pirouette and somersault feats on a flying Pegasus; the brothers Jacquemin and M. Francisco are great in their specialties; while the quartette of juvenile Jees and Lloyds are simply prodigies of skill and daring. The motleys muster strong. Whimsical Walker, who is just back from a six months' tour in the States, is funnier than ever, and is strongly supported by Johnny Purvis, Le Barr, and others. Amesou is—well, still Amesou; none but himself can be his parallel. Mr Weston Gibbs is at his old post and looks handsomer than ever.

The performing bull is, however, the great draw. Whether "Toro" is of Iberian or Hibernian breed is a matter of no moment. The handsome, accomplished fellow is but three years old; he was bought for fifteen guineas when a stirk and now brings in twice that amount per week to his owners, Messrs Powell and Clarke, of circus-tenting renown in Ireland. "Toro" can only be here till the close of next week. Thereafter he goes to our friend Newsome—presently at Birmingham—then to the Hippodrome, Paris, where he is to be let out at sixty guineas per week.

—o—
An address will be presented this week to the Earl of Eglinton by his tenantry, expressive of their gratitude for the reductions he has made in their rents, and of the general excellence of the relations which exist between his lordship on the one hand and the farmers on the other.

—o—
The Sunday Society—perhaps the most recent of our local institutions—had, it appears, arranged that the members of the

Carl Rosa Company should give a concert of sacred music on one of the Sundays over which it was necessary they should remain in Glasgow. Owing, however, to the somewhat limited stay of the company, Carl Rosa found himself unable to complete the engagement, but he has promised to place the services of his friends at the disposal of the Society on some future visit. The Society, it may be interesting to know, were refused the use of St. Andrew's Hall for the proposed concert.

—o—
Mr Walter Wilson, cheeriest and most enterprising of men, has just returned, as he tells us, from his spring run to Paris, and has come back with quite an array of novelties in hats, and bonnets, and flowers, ribbons, and laces. The only way for your readers, my Magistrate, to gain any adequate notion of Mr Wilson's new stock, is to make a call at the Colosseum in Jamaica Street for themselves.

—o—
Mr James Coats, of Paisley, gives a grand fancy ball in the Abercorn Rooms there, on the 6th of April. Messrs Ferguson & Forrester have been engaged to provide the supper to the party. The ball will be *the* event of the season in "the Suburb."

—o—
A few much needed improvements have lately been effected in Stirling's Library in the way of washing and cleaning and giving a respectable appearance generally to the shelves. Since the death of Mr Blair, the duties of Librarian have been performed by Mr William Hutton who, to an intimate acquaintance with books, adds a kindly, active manner and disposition.

The Modern Æsop.

IV.—TWO MULES.

TWO mules—one sleek and the other jaded—were yoked together to a tramway-car. The sleek mule whispered, "This is a heavy bit of hill we are coming to; and we must put our best feet foremost." He neither trotted any faster, however, nor pulled any harder for all that. The jaded mule on the other hand did both as usual; and, falling, was injured, be-fuddled, and beaten for his extra labour. On reaching the stable the sleek animal was patted and flattered; but his companion got only kicks and a stinted bait for being an ill-conditioned brute that was always giving trouble.

MORAL—When in official life, let your willing neighbour do the work, while you do the "posing." You will live all the longer, and appearance is everything at the "inspection."

"IMPERIOUS CÆSAR, DEAD, AND TURN'D TO CLAY."

To sleep in peace? "Then, happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown;
Unhappy he beneath th' Imperial star,
From Julius Cæsar to the Russian Czar,
By foes determin'd, or by "friends" betray'd
To cowardly bomb, or 'sanguin'd' treacherous blade.

NOW THE VOICE OF DREARY SPRING.

How tardily the winter leaves,
How tardily come leaves the trees on,
Of flowers no crop, though snow-drops drop,
This cold, and damp, unvarial season.

A Mayor's Nest—The Mansion House.

Quavers.

AMONG the very oldest, if not the oldest of our numerous local musical associations connected with churches, is that belonging to Trinity Congregational Church, and conducted, ever since its formation, by Mr James Greig. The annual concert of this much-esteemed society took place on Wednesday week in the church, when Mozart's No. 7 Mass, and Grimm's "Soul's Aspiration," were sung. The former is very distinctly Mozartish, and contains some lovely numbers; the latter is not very interesting music, though much credit, nevertheless, is due to Mr Greig for affording this opportunity of hearing a composer so little known as Grimm.

If a little wanting in brilliancy and sonority of tone, the choir singing, especially in the melodious music of the Mass, was full of expression, the phrasing being remarkably artistic and neat, and the rising and falling of the voices being, what it so often is not in choirs, easy and natural.

Mr Berry played Mozart's Fantasia in F minor, the andante of which is familiar. His accompaniment to the Mass was all that could be desired; not so that to Grimm's cantata, but that was hardly so much Mr Berry's fault as his misfortune, as the printed accompaniment is in pianoforte style, and its frequent alteration to organ requirements was rather detrimental to the general effect.

A concert of Gaelic song, in four-part harmony, is to be given to-night (Tuesday) by the Gaelic choir of St. Columba church. There is no doubt that many of the Highland melodies will "tell" very well in the modern form of part-writing, and it is surprising that they so seldom figure in general programmes, of course to English words. In the original they are of no use whatever to the ignorant Sassenach. Not to disparage the efforts of Gaelic-speaking choirs, might these melodies, many of them very lovely, not be better known if taken up by some of our "select" societies. The present opportunity of hearing genuine Gaelic music—by the St. Columba choir—should not, however, be overlooked.

The programme of the concert by the Rutherglen Philharmonic Union, on Monday last—the second for the season—contained some excellent selections, sacred and secular, and both for voices and orchestra. Precision and tunefulness are marked features of the singing by this choir, as before noted, and we shall hope to see the choir advance to something that may even better bring out their combined resources.

A concert will be given by Maxwell Musical Society to-morrow (Wednesday) evening, in not very remote connection, as one may judge, with Maxwell Established Church. Variety and taste mark the selections, which are from sacred and secular sources. The Credo from Haydn's First Mass, Zingarelli's Laudate, once very popular here, Lahee's "The Bells," and a re-arrangement of Spofforth's "My dear Mistress," are among the noticeable numbers. Mr H. G. Gillespie will conduct, and Mr John Neil will accompany.

Last Wednesday evening the Paisley St. Cecilia Society gave a very pleasant concert in the Museum Hall there. Sullivan's "Sorcerer" was sung, of course without dramatic action, and proved to be highly attractive in cantata form. The choruses from Sullivan's charming work were particularly well executed. Mr Hoek conducted with skill and success, and Miss Hoek accompanied. Next Friday evening the Philharmonic Society's Orchestral Concert takes place, the programme being, as before noted, of exceptional character.

The "Cadi" of Ambrose Thomas may be considered the chief feature of the Carl Rosa performances last week at the Gaiety. If the *points* of that lively opera, and its *raison d'être*, are not now so clearly perceived as they once were, by reason of the comparatively rare production of the class of music burlesqued ("Semiramide," and so on), the "Cadi" is not the less likely to become a permanent item in the Carl Rosa repertoire. It is really a most enjoyable opera *per se*, the story is inoffensive, if slight, and the music light and sparkling, yet genuinely artistic. The company will produce Ponchiello's "I promessi sposi" during their visit to Edinburgh. Why, we may ask, were we not similarly favoured?

The Irish concert in the City Hall on Saturday evening attracted a crowded audience, and was in every other respect quite a success. If the humorous music met with more demand for repetition than the serious and sentimental did, it was almost what was to be expected in the circumstances, and goes for comparatively little. The wrapt attention with which such selections as "Believe me if all those endearing young charms" (Mr Macbeth's arrangement), and "When in death I shall calmly recline" (Mr Patterson's), were listened to, showed in a less demonstrative way how much these and the other fine melodies of the same type (not re-demanded) were appreciated and enjoyed. "Widow Malone," "Barney Brallaghan's Courtship," "The Blarney Stone," and "Rory O'More," are but little known to the present generation, but the latter was once "all the rage," and seems to make a very nice part-song for general use. These and the other humorous pieces, in solo or "arranged," had all perforce to be repeated. The choir was in excellent form, and in honour of the occasion wore sprigs of shamrock, got over expressly from Dublin. It is to be hoped the Hibernian portion of the audience duly appreciated the delicate compliment.

The choir will repeat their Irish programme on Saturday evening in St. Andrew's Halls.

Mr Airlie has arranged for a concert on Saturday fortnight by students of the Royal Normal College for the Blind (London), whose interesting appearance here some time since will be remembered.

A GRAVE MATTER.

John Anderson (to Mrs M'Culloch, the village green-grocer)—D'ye think, mistress, ye could len' me the maiter o' a hauf-croon till the morn'?

Mrs M'C.—Na, John. Deed can I no'. I've little eneuch tae dae ma ain turn.

J. A.—Weel, weel, ma wumman, a' meand tae let ye hae the use o' ma lair; but sin this is the way o't ye sanna' lie there.

TERRIBLE ALTERNATIVES.—"I.O.G.T.—A first-class Altar wanted." Such is a mysterious advertisement which appears in a morning paper. Even the rankest outsider knows by this time what the initials I.O.G.T. stand for; but what can Good Templars want with a "first-class"—or, for that matter, with a second or third-class—Altar? Can it be—horrible thought!—for the purpose of offering up as sacrifices to the Genius of Tectotalism renegade brethren or impious intruders upon the mysteries of the "Lodge?"

THE FORCE OF IMAG(E)INATION.—At last week's meeting of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, held in Edinburgh, "an ancient wooden image" was exhibited to the members. An irreverent wag says that some of the old gentlemen, when confronted with the "image," must have felt as if they were "keekin' in a lookin'-gless."

The Showman's "Ghost"—The "ghost" that walks.

A Wapping-Schaw—Shaw the life guardsman.

MITCHELL'S OLD IRISH WHISKY.

"The Farmer's Boy"—New Style.
A WOULD-BE firebrand, dating from Skye and signing himself "A Farmer's Son," writes to the *Herald* advocating a reproduction in Scotland of the Irish land agitation. True, this latest edition of "the farmer's boy" gently deprecates, like Mr John Ferguson, "the shedding of innocent blood;" but he would have our agriculturists follow in all other respects the bright example of the Parnell gang. It is to be hoped this precious epistle has been carefully preserved at 67 Buchanan Street. It might prove useful for purposes of identification in the event of any portable property mysteriously disappearing in Skye.

PAYING HER IN HER OWN COIN.

Landlady (to lodger on Monday)—I'm takin' a piece o' your beef, Pat, but I'm tellin' ye.

Pat—All roight.

Landlady (to lodger on Tuesday)—I'm takin' a bit o' yair butter, Pat, but I'm tellin' ye.

Pat—It's all roight, ma'am.

Lodger (to landlady on Saturday)—I'm slopin' ye to-day, ma'am, but I'm tellin' ye.

PADDY IS EXPLANATORY. — Major Nolan, M.P., is disposed to be mightily considerate and patronising towards the benighted Scot. He remarked in the House of Commons the other night that "it was not expected that a Chairman of Committees, or any Scotchman, could understand a question without (*sic*) he (Major N.) explained it or made it clear." It is to be feared few questions would ever be either explained or made clear "without" they were put in hands more competent than those of Major Nolan and his friends.

TASTE IN BUCHANAN STREET.—In a recent leader Granny talks of General Washington swearing at John Adams "with the vigour, not so much of a trooper, as of a dozen sea captains of the old school rolled into one, or of the late Mr Carlyle with dyspepsia and without tobacco." How tasteful the last illustration! Perhaps the old lady will continue to favour us with revelations of minor vices as displayed by great men recently deceased

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—One Edwin Millais Everett was last week sentenced, at the High Court of Justiciary, to five years' penal servitude. The name has a decidedly artistic twang; but in this case the "art" took the ignoble—and dangerous—form of forgery.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the Town Council have for once had a unanimous meeting.

That even Johnnie Neil opened not his mouth.
That ex-Bailie Young thought the addresses of condolence ought to be delivered personally.

That Stipendiary Gemmel has been sitting on the bobbies.

That he has spotted an officious member of the force.

That the man was working for his strips.

That he got them.

That the taking of the census is at hand.

That the registrars will have their hands filled.

That certain of these gentlemen have a sufficiently easy time of it at present

That a sinecure is a grand thing.

That John Ferguson made a spoke on "St. Patrick's day in the evening."

That nobody will tread on the tail of John's coat.

That he would dearly like to be made a martyr.

That the Melbourne awards have been published.

That Glasgow has come out strong in whisky.

That Glasgow has always been notorious for manufactured whisky.

NOW'S YOUR CHANCE! — Writing to the Clackmannan miners on the subject of perpetual pensions, the Hon. Mr Bruce, M.P., says he "certainly has no desire that the country should continue to bear any burdens which can be shown to be unjust." The BAILIE has much pleasure in "showing" that the burden of half-fledged politicians, with empty skulls and handles to their names, is decidedly unjust. Is Mr Bruce prepared to act upon this "showing?"

THE LAW OF COMPENSATION.—It is gratifying to learn from the correspondence columns of a contemporary that, if there are larks on Sunday at Cathcart, there is at Horselethill a pious blackbird which resolutely declines to whistle on the Sabbath day.

A LOFTY "COLLEEN."—The BAILIE is not aware of the sex of the "Colleen on the Lofty Wire," at present appearing at one of our music-halls, but from the name and description he would imagine the performer to be a young lady, and one distinctly "high"-bred.

MARK YOUR LINEN with an A.C.T. Pure Rubber Stamp. *Monograms*, 2 Letters, 2s 6d; 3 Letters, 3s 6d. *Names*, 3s 6d—Complete in Neat Box, with Pad and Bottle of *Indelible* Marking Ink.—A. C. THOMSON, 278 ARGYLE STREET.

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NEW SPRING FASHIONS NOW TO HAND.

The New Spring Styles in Millinery, New shades, New
Shapes, New Materials, Magnificent New Stock of Mourning
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Single Hats of all kinds, at wholesale Price.

AN OLD FRIEND WITH A NEW NAME.BUTTERINE, as BUTTERINE, has now become an
Established Favourite, and Thousands of our Customers pro-
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FOR SALE AT GREATLY REDUCED RATES.

2d CIGARS, 8 for 1s; Post Free, 1s 2d.

3d " 6 for 1s; " " 1s 2d.

4d " 4 for 1s; " " 1s 2d.

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NO CORNS OR BUNIONS.Having less friction, wear longer. Wearer can walk further
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The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 23rd, 1881.

THE information given by Mr PEARCE of Fairfield, before the Parliamentary Committee on Docks, must surely have fairly taken the wind from his hearers, and made those accomplished individuals the "Civil Engineers" feel exceedingly small. It seems that, instead of being pioneers in the van of progress, those gentlemen who write C.E. after their names have been deliberately acting as so many drags on certain other branches of industry. "We ought," says Mr PEARCE, "to be building at the present day ships from 800 to 1000 feet long, by 100 feet broad and 60 feet deep, but we cannot for the want of docks to put them in." "Consummate cheek!" says one. "Enterprise!" says another. Well, well, a short time will prove which of the opinions is the correct one. There is one thing, however, to be said regarding this project of favouring steamers of 800 and 1000 feet long, and that is, that if it goes on, the Clyde Trust must perforce set about shifting the north side of Glasgow back a bit, to make launching room for these marine monsters.

THE POLICE BAND.—Our day-policemen are, to a man, it seems, in favour of the much talked of band being established. No plebiscite of the nocturnal division has as yet been taken; but it is earnestly to be hoped that they will rest content with the whistles and rattles by means of which they at present render night hideous.

IS HE "WANTED?"—Speaking at the police tea-fight the other evening, the Lord Provost stated that he could not say he had pleasure in being present. The society of the average policeman is certainly not fascinating, but it is to be hoped Mr Ure has no special reason for being uneasy in the presence of "the force."

The Swiney Lectures.—The Learned Pig's.

Paying Visits—The doctor's.

Wanted to Know.

WHAT good Preceptor Matheson and his colleagues did in London last week?

Who is to pay the expenses connected with their trip?

What Earl Spencer and Mr Mundella thought of the deputation in general and of the Rev. F. L. Robertson in particular?

What qualities warranted the appointment of "W. W." and Geordie Jackson as members of the said deputation?

What part was played in the farce by the cheeky chamberlain?

If the Rev. F. L. Robertson expects to obtain the office of *paid* Secretary under the Scotch Educational Endowments Act?

Why "the Statement" from the Incorporation of Dyers and Bonnetmakers was not so much as referred to by his Reverence or his colleagues?

How is that for High?

IN Saturday's issue Granny makes bold to say that "the barometer, after receding from the remarkable height of 36, has dropped a tenth, but is now steady." As barometers go, and have gone since the days of Torricelli, 36 is a "remarkable height" and no mistake, seeing that no instrument from the very nature of things could possibly be induced to rise superior to 31. 'Twas but the other day that the same organ stated that the thermometer in the open air registered the Tartarean figure 265 deg.! When *will* the old lady cease these unscientific high jinks and come down to the level of possibilities?

WHAT IT HAS COME TO.—According to a report issued by an Edinburgh firm, the farmer's greatest foe in the insect world is the "Daddy Longlegs." No rightminded agriculturist will be surprised at this, however much he may be grieved, when he recollects the long-legged one's traditional disinclination to "say his prayers."

NON-STRINGENT "SQUELCHING."—Mr M'Laren says that "stringent measures" are not required in the Town Council, but that unruly members ought to be "squelched." If "squelching" is not "stringent," perhaps Mr M'Laren will be good enough to explain what, in his opinion, *is*.

"Rescued"—Adding another glass to the "drowned miller."

The Resident Orchestra—The police band.

A Shotts Company—The Boer marksmen.

Auchray at ta Siree.

LAST Tuesday was ta Day Force Siree in ta City Hall, ant of coorse I wass there wi' ma praw Sousie to get ta annual putterin' up frae ta Lord Provost ant Pailies. Oh put efery-sing wass praw, praw! and ta hall was decorate wis cookies ant cup efery inch. Pefore ta tea pegin Cons'ple M'Leod, one of ta lats, ant Pipe-Maitcher M'Kinnon, a praw lat, come to ta platform ant gife a walk up ant doon wi' ta pagpipes and tartan kilt, playing shust tae gie ta Provost ant Pailies an appetite. Of coorse I eat nosing for ma dinner, nor Sousie, ant we soon clear ta plate, ant we shust swallowt apoot two or five gallons of tea petween Sousie ant hersel', ant could have eat ta plate as well for pye. I shust slippt a wee pit flask intae ta cup, ant tak' ta tin sowther aff ta flavour, then when ta tea wass done ta Lort Provost say if all ta lats tat no pe want a minstrepel pand of music in ta force stant up, put ta lats all pe so fu' o' tea they couldna stant, ant so ta force 'll have a pand. Ta Lort Provost say ta whole worlt was envy ta force, ant tak' ta picked men to China ant Africa forpye, ant Sous America, ant more pesides; ant he sinks it would pe a pity ta cream of ta force would go, but ters sousans more of ta same stuff in ta heelants. Inspector Craig cam' tae ta front wis nosing on but her shirt sleeves, ant flung apoot roon ant roon two of ta new patons called ta Intian Clup exercise, shust to show ta Ceety Hall hoo ta lats fricht ta Chinese. Then four of ta force go up ta platform, and ta pagpipes all in ter kilts, ant tid a gran' Reel o' Tulloch, ant when ta whole siree wass py all ta platform had more pleasure than one anoser in peing a siree.—Yours fery intee,

AUCHRAY M'TAVISH, X 71.

OUR NEW BOY—A FACT.

(Scene—Office; Enter caller.)

Visitor—Is Mr Jeems in?

Boy—No.

Visitor—When will he be in?

Boy—Three o'clock.

Visitor (going)—I'll call then.

Boy—Will you no leave your ticket?

Technical Goak by Our Own Printer—What a deal there is in appearances! Even a newspaper cannot be started without an "imposing surface!"

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.

Murder! Police!

LORD PROVOST URE is responsible for the latest "bull." In presiding at the annual soiree of the Glasgow Police last Tuesday evening he delivered an address, in which, making reference to the last annual report of the Chief-Constable, he said it contained this information which, to his mind, was extremely satisfactory: that there was only one case of murder—the gravest crime that could be committed by man against man—in the city of Glasgow during the year 1880, and that murder was committed by an insane woman. Perhaps his lordship meant to imply that an insane woman is equivalent to a sane man. It might be as well to have Dr Yellowlees' opinion on the matter. Or may be Johnnie Neil could throw some light on the subject. He seems to have made man his chief study, as witness, "You're no man at a', but jist things in breeks." This matter is worth investigating.

ANOTHER IRISH GRIEVANCE.

Adjutant (who is engaged selecting some Scotch Celts from a Highland regiment as an escort for the Queen, to Hibernian private)—Where do you come from, my lad?

H. P.—From the north, sur.

Adjutant—What north?

H. P.—The north of Oireland, sur.

Adjutant—Ah, you won't do, fall to the rear.

THE PROVOKED HUSBAND.—In the High Court of Justiciary the other day a fellow pleaded guilty to having committed bigamy "under great provocation," and it was explained by his counsel that the "provocation" consisted in the fact that his first wife had misbehaved herself. Wonderful are the logical—or illogical—processes of the legal mind! Most of us would be disposed to think that a bad wife was a deterrent from, rather than a "provocative" to, "committing matrimony" a second time.

A FLATTERING TALE.—"Will Shortly Close . . . the Race for Wealth." Such is the millennial sort of announcement which has met the eyes of the citizens of late. And yet there is no diminution of activity on 'Change, and little Tom Guttersnipe plays pitch-and-toss with as much avidity as ever!

The Real Bos(s) at Hengler's—"Toro."

GENTLEMEN'S CLOTH Made and Trimmed—Suits, 21s; Trousers, 4s; Overcoats, 1.5s. Fit, Workmanship, Trimmings Guaranteed.—EWART A. BAIN, 59 Bridge Street.

Megilp.

It was agreed, at a meeting of the Art Club on Thursday evening, that the Autumn Exhibition should consist solely of cabinet pictures, no work larger than 24 inches being admissible. An opinion was also expressed to the effect that the Exhibition should take place earlier in the season than hitherto, and the committee of the Club were instructed to select the gallery in which it is to be held, and make the other necessary arrangements with regard to it.

Wouldn't it be well, wherever and whenever the Exhibition takes place, to make a charge for admission? Up till now the Exhibitions of the Club have always been free, but it should be remembered that what people don't pay for they are apt not to value. Besides, no one who really cares for pictures would be deterred from attending by an entrance fee.

The concluding conversation of the Art Club for the present season will be held on Thursday the 31st inst.

It has been arranged by the Corporation to place a bust of the late Bailie Moir in the Mitchell Library. The commission for the work has been given to John Mossman.

The "Royal Scottish Academy Notes" for the current year has just been published by Messrs Thomas Gray & Co. It is edited by G. R. Halkett, and this is a sufficient guarantee that the criticisms are apt and pithy, and informed with a due amount of knowledge concerning art and artists. The illustrations are 104 in number, but the works of only three of our Glasgow painters—David Murray, Joseph Henderson, and James A. Aitken—have been "placed" among them. In order to increase the value of the "Notes" for purposes of future reference every picture on the walls of the Academy is mentioned in its pages.

A proposal is on foot to present George Hay, R.S.A., the Honorary Secretary of the Scottish Artists' Club, with a suitable testimonial, by way of recognising his labours in connection with the society. It is to Mr Hay, indeed, that the success which has hitherto attended the Club is mainly due.

Wellwood Rattray will send three pictures to the Royal Academy Exhibition. The most important of these is a woodland scene painted in an exceedingly tender key of colour. Two graceful silver birches occupy a prominent position on the canvas, and seen over the brow of the hill is a peep of a Highland loch with a back-ground of mountain. "A Scottish Tarn," crisply and forcibly painted, is the second; and a delightful "bit" showing a girl standing among some corn, the third of Mr Rattray's Academy pictures.

The Royal Academy picture of W. E. Lockhart, R.S.A., which is fast approaching completion, is the largest he has yet painted. It is a historical scene, and represents the obeisance of a group of Moorish chieftains to a Spanish Queen. Both in colour and composition it surpasses everything which has yet left Mr Lockhart's easel.

The larger of the two works which David Murray will contribute to the Burlington House Exhibition is a road scene near West Loch Tarbert. On the left hand of the picture is a sloping bank crowned with a group of oaks. Beyond the yellow, sandy road, which slopes down from the foreground, are the shallow waters of the loch, on the further shore of which a ridge of low hills lift themselves into the sky. The prevailing feature of the picture is the sense of warm October light with which it is suffused. It contains, moreover, some very admirable painting. A patch of withered fern in the immediate front of the spectator has been handled with special skill, and the play of light and shadow among the branches of the oak trees is likewise the work of a dexterous and cunning pencil. "The Path of the Wind," a weird, imaginative picture, which has already been described in this column, is Mr Murray's second contribution to the Academy.

Mr Murray's fine picture of "The Clyde" has been accepted by Sir Coutts Lindsay for the coming Exhibition of the Grosvenor Gallery.

A series of "conferences" have been held during the past winter in connection with the Edinburgh Artists' Club, at each of which a paper has been read by some one or other of the members. Among the contributors have been Robert Herd-

man, Norman Macbeth, and J. L. Wingate, the last named of whom chose for his subject "Motive in Art."

ROYALTY THEATRE.

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CRUTCH AND TOOTH PICK COMPANY.
This Evening TUESDAY, MARCH 22nd, at 7-30,
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NEW SCENERY AND EFFECTS.
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The Eminent Tragedian Mr D. H. HARKINS.

GLASGOW SELECT CHOIR,

Mr JAMES ALLAN, Conductor.
IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.
In consequence of its Extraordinary Success at the City Hall Concert on Saturday last, and in deference to a generally expressed desire, it has been decided to Repeat the
POPULAR IRISH PROGRAMME
IN THE
ST. ANDREW'S HALLS,
ON
SATURDAY FIRST, 26th INST.
Tickets - Balconies, 2s; Area, One Shilling—from the Music-sellers'.
Doors Open at 7. Commencing at 8 o'clock.

ST. COLUMBA CHURCH GAELIC CHOIR.

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IN THE CITY HALL (CANDLERIGGS),
ON TUESDAY, 22ND MARCH, 1881,
By kind Permission of Col. JAGO and Officers of the 74th HIGHLANDERS, the PIPERS of the Regiment will Play Choice Selections during the Evening.
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| Mr CHARLES COOTE, | Miss FLORENCE LANCE- |
| Mr C. H. KENNEY, | LOTTE, |
| Mr J. B. GORDON, | Miss A. CLARE, |
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Popular Airs,	Songs,	Quartettes.

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Hitherto we have not been successful in procuring such a Tea, although we have tast'ed Samples as high as 8/6 per lb., in bond! An old Scotch proverb says that, "if you bode for a silk gown you may get a sleeve." Now we think we have got the sleeve, but without paying the price for the whole gown, in the shape of a Tea we can retail at 5/ per lb, and which we can assure the buyers thereof to be quite worthy of such a figure and the character we here give it. It is an Indian Tea, of Darjeeling growth, and came from the "Pashok" Gardens, which are but little known to the general trade, but which are destined to become the most famous gardens in either India or China, provided the owners continue to bestow the same care as enabled them to grow and manufacture such a gem

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When we state that during an intimate acquaintance with many London Dealers, (whose samples we passed through our hands) and a practical experience in the trade of nearly 20 years duration, that this "Pashok" is, without exception, the finest, and choicest, and purest Tea of any growth, and irrespective of price we have ever met with, it will be seen that we are justified in guaranteeing it to be good value for 5/ per lb. We commend this "Pashok" to Anglo-Indians and other connoisseurs.

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At 3/4, 3/, and 2/8, we are selling very fine Blends of Indian and China Teas.

At 2/4 we are offering a Tea that is actually finer and more refreshing than that which certain self-styled, so-called "wholesale" Grocers who profess to sell at "wholesale Prices," are selling at 2/6.

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At 2/, our lowest quality, we are giving wonderfully good value, which merits comparison with that which some Retailers are advertising as "the finest Tea imported"—a phrase that has become ridiculous by reason of its abuse.

We once heard a very worthy Baker excuse himself for not eating his own pastries on the ground that "he knew how they were made" Now, we know the nature and quality of our 2/ Tea—but that does not deter us from using it at home, in our own house, every day; and we consider this fact to be the best character we can give of its really pure, sweet, and wholesome quality and intrinsic worth. However, there are some 2/ Teas in town which we would be very loath to drink—even under the compulsion of "Hobson's choice"!

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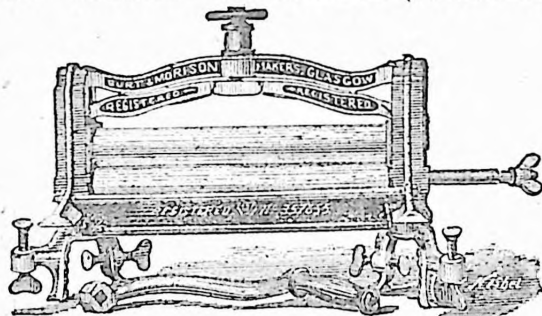
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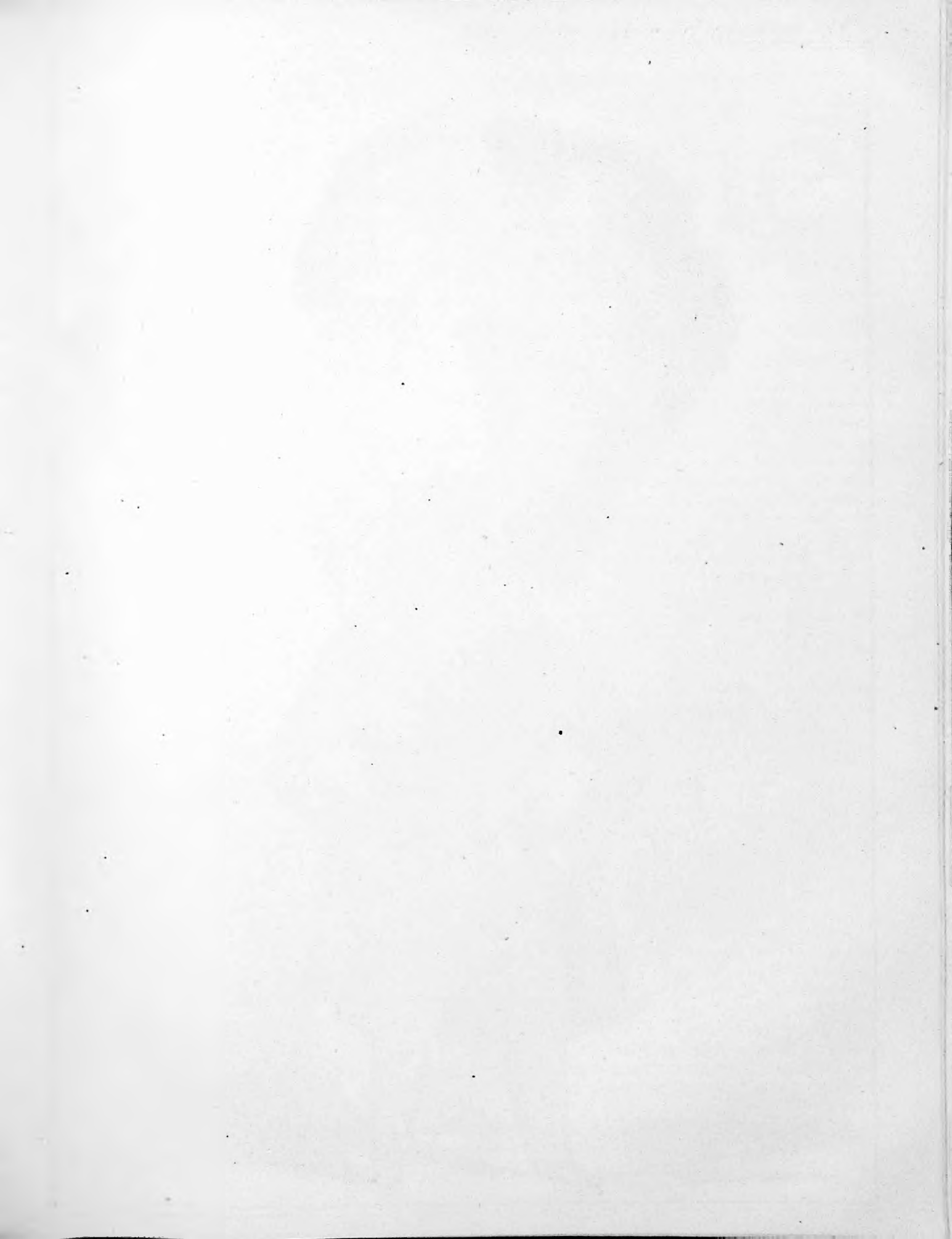
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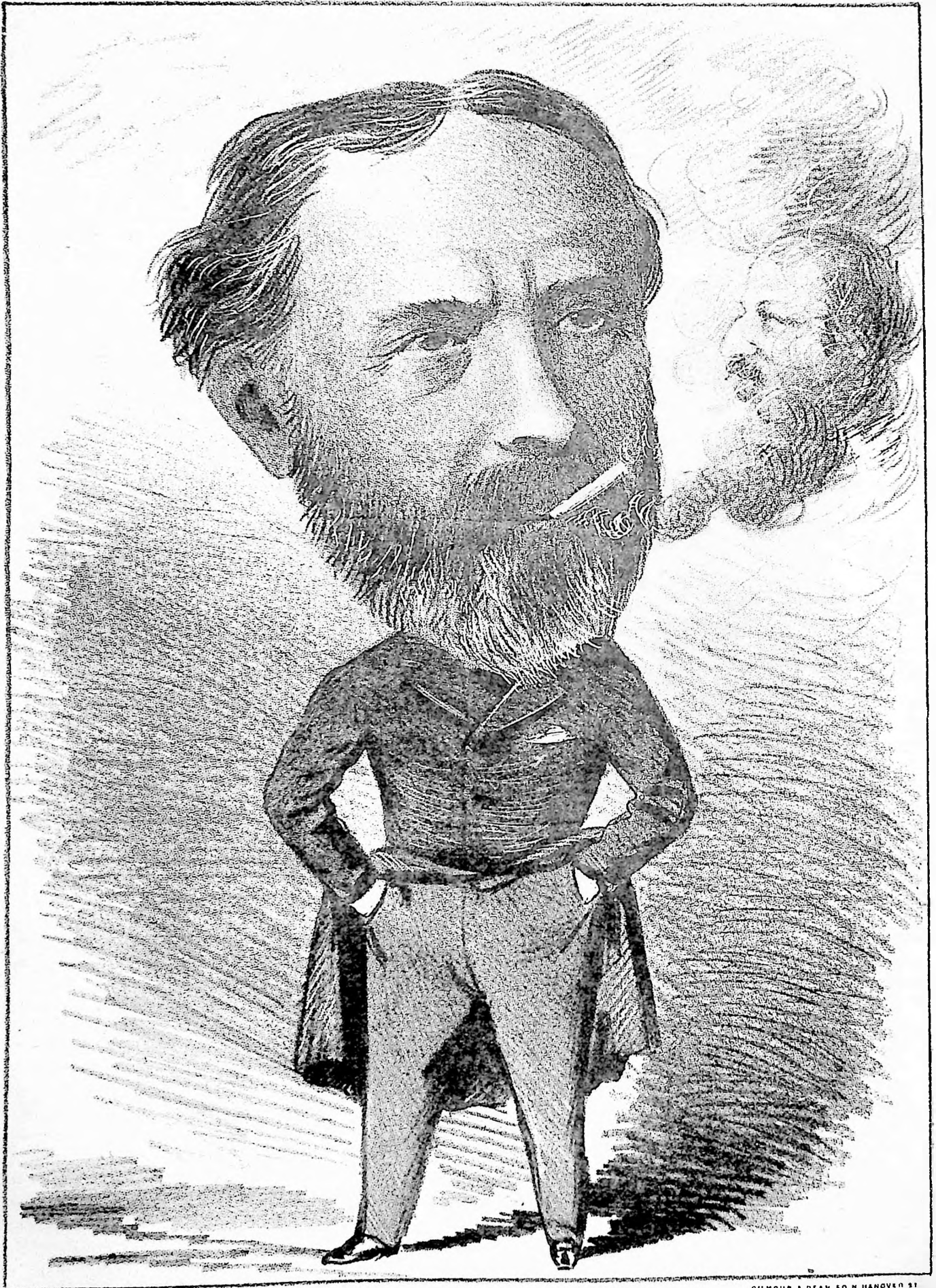
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The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 441. Glasgow, Wednesday, March 30th, 1881. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 441.

PROBABLY the vainest man in the three kingdoms is Mr HENRY LABOUCHERE, the editor and proprietor of *Truth*, and the colleague of Mr Bradlaugh in the representation of Northampton. Mr LABOUCHERE must rule, he will not serve. A demagogue among aristocrats, he is an aristocrat among demagogues. Calculating as a friend and implacable as a foe, he has succeeded in making himself more thoroughly disliked than any other man of the day. Mr LABOUCHERE started in life under the most successful auspices. His temperament was fishy in its coolness; he had a slow but a retentive brain; and his father left him a fortune of eighty thousand pounds. And this was not all. He had a Whig place-man—the dull, Dutch official whom Lord Palmerston elevated to the peerage under the title of Lord Taunton—for his uncle and god-father, and when he left college he was enabled, by this uncle's influence, to enter official life at a bound, leaping over the heads of scores of older and more experienced men, and taking a position which otherwise he could only have gained after years of close and fatiguing labour. Mr LABOUCHERE began his career as a member of the diplomatic service. He was appointed successively a First *attaché* of legation at Washington, at St. Petersburg, and at Constantinople. Then his uncle died and left him something like a hundred thousand pounds to add to the fortune he had already received from his father, and growing impatient of the trammels of official life, or it may be finding his vanity too much kept down as the member of a foreign embassy, he threw up diplomacy and took to politics. He entered Parliament, tried to make a figure as a politician, and failing in the attempt,

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retired from the House. Still impelled by his restless self-esteem Mr LABOUCHERE now became a journalist, went on the Stock Exchange, essayed the character of a man of society, and finally embarked a portion of his capital in a theatrical speculation. He can hardly be said to have made more than a modified success in any one of these several fields of activity. The outcome of his newspaper work was the "Letters of a Besieged Resident," sent from Paris while it was beleaguered by the Prussians, to the London *Daily News*; his nerves are alleged to have played him a scurvy trick in the garden of a German gaming house; he did not exactly make his own money in his speculation on 'Change; while, as for his theatre, why it was the London Queen's Theatre, the dullest, most decorous, and least popular of all the metropolitan playhouses. We next find Mr LABOUCHERE assisting Mr Edmund Yates to start the *World*, see him quarreling with Yates, watch the origin and progress of *Truth*, and behold him in April last once more a member of the House of Commons—this time posing as a Radical, as he had before run the Whig ticket. Mr LABOUCHERE'S conduct of *Truth* has both its good and its bad side. His previous experience on the Stock Exchange enables him to speak with the utmost confidence as regards money matters, and as he is usually a "bear" whatever influence he exercises is generally of a beneficial character. As has already, however, been hinted, the chief factor in all that Mr LABOUCHERE says and does is his outrageous vanity. He can be depended on for speaking what he honestly believes to be true with regard to everything that concerns stocks and shares, but his self-esteem is so easily wrought on that, as often as not, he may be nothing more than a tool in the hands of some shrewder blade than himself, who has known how to minister to his

insatiable appetite for approbation. Our hero is personally one of the most abstemious of men. He is practically, if not avowedly, a disciple of Sir Wilfrid Lawson, he never speculates—now-a-days at least, and he has abjured games of chance in every shape and form. A hard worker, endowed with all the traditional patience of his Dutch ancestors, had his disposition been sweetened with a little of the milk of human kindness, Mr LABOUCHERE might to-day have been as popular as he is the reverse. He resents every slight, real or fancied; he never spares an enemy, and seems to regard a friend as fair game for his attacks. The position he holds in London society is only held, like that of a household termagant, by his bitter tongue, and the apprehension it creates.

“MY FOOT IS ON MY NATIVE HEATH, AND MY NAME IS ‘MACTARTAN.’”

Pompous Highland Laird (to strange policeman who has dared to pass the great man without touching his hat)—A constable ought to be the very pink of politeness, and should touch his hat to his superiors. *I* am the Mactartan of Mactartan, and all these mountains belong to *me*, sir!

Policeman—They’re nae in my beat, tho’.

“WAVES OF SOUND.”—The Greenock correspondent of the *Herald* is evidently a natural philosopher at whose feet Sir William Thomson might profitably sit. Says he, apropos of the recent Town Hall explosion:—“All the panes down the side farthest from the explosion are broken, while the rest are uninjured. The waves of sound coming in an oblique direction could only get striking (*sic*) these panes, as the window being rather deeply sunk in the wall the projection on the side next the boulder effectually protected the panes of that portion.” Quite so.

PROFIT AND LOSS.—From Mr James Morton’s elaborate defence at Paisley, the other day, it would appear that he sells his cream at a loss. It is to be supposed that, like the Irishman, he makes up for it by the quantity of which he disposes.

A Worthy “Elder” — The Free Church minister of Rothesay.

Mess Rooms—Town Council chambers.

Whisky Jars—Drunken quarrels.

GENTLEMEN’S CLOTH Made and Trimmed—Suits, 21s; Trousers, 4s; Overcoats, 14s. Fit, Workmanship, Trimmings Guaranteed.—EWART A. BAIN, 59 Bridge Street.

The Coming Census.

OH would I were a census!
My power one scarce could tell,
I’d visit rank and beauty,
And royalty as well.

While in each country hamlet,
The blushing village queen
Would gently whisper to me—
“Please, I’m sweet seventeen.”

Mammas, with grown up daughters,
Now young in naught but dress;
That they were older than their girls,
Reluctant, would confess.

Oh yes, I’d be a census,
At any cost or peril,
For every census must embrace
Each lovely, budding girl!

“PITY ’TIS, ’TIS TRUE.”

Jolly Bachelor—I say, Mr Henpeck, have you seen the Brush light?

Henpeck (more in sorrow than in anger)—No; but I have frequently felt it.

TA INTICATION O’ TA FORCE.—Last week Tonalt met Tugalt in the Free Gardeners’ Hall, and also in a state of indignation, and made a great spoke, whatefer, over the disparaging remarks of that “puny Sheriff,” Mr Lees. Tonalt objects to being “kicked” by either Sheriff or Stipendiary, and Tugalt considers himself and his brethren an apostolic—nay, “a saintly lot.” Tonalt and Tugalt also aver that their “reputation is known everywhere;” and in this last particular, at all events, Tonalt and Tugalt are right.

“WHERE’S THE POLICE?”—If Mr George Anderson is not too much occupied with affairs of vast Imperial interest the BAILIE begs to call his attention to the report of a recent trotting handicap at Shawfield. “The ‘pencilers,’” says “our reporter,” “were well represented, and seemed to drive a flourishing business—at least, there was quite a Babel of voices shouting ‘Two to one, bar one,’ and offering any reasonable odds against the field.” There, George, is material for a “question” to Harcourt.

THE HEATHEN CHINEE AGAIN.—The other day Messrs Blackwood & Gordon, of Port-Glasgow, launched a steamer called the “Ban Whatt Soon,” which they had built for Chinese owners. Why couldn’t the Celestials be honest and civilised for once, and call the ship the Dan Watson? Bah!

Bore(re)al—Winter “stealing a March” upon Spring.

THE “ZOEDONE” AGENCY, 47 Waterloo Street, Glasgow.

A "Moving" Spectacle.

GREENOCK has been famed for rain, sugar, dirt, and whisky; but she has now claims of a different character. On the Sugaropolis Fast-day, we are told by the Greenock correspondent of a contemporary, that "the churches in town were fairly attended, although a large number left in the morning for Glasgow and elsewhere by train." The sight of these ecclesiastical edifices "leaving by train for Glasgow and elsewhere" must have been quite as imposing as the march of Birnam Wood.

BOERS EXTRAORDINARY.

(Friday evening—corner of Jamaica Street—Myers' elephants passing along Argyle Street.)

Old Lady—Losh me, whaur are they gaun?

Young Lady—To the circus.

O. L.—What tae dae there?

Y. L.—To perform.

O. L.—I wadna like tae see yon things perform. John was sayin' we micht sune be expectin' tae see the Boers o'er here, an' they gi'ed me a fricht, for I thocht it was them. My, if they was tae wammle oot them big trunks o' theirs, they wad soon draw us a' in.

These advertising fellows know how to do it. Just listen:—"Wanted to Purchase, an Original Temperance Tale for the Young, not to exceed in size 'Our Poll.' Specimen copy of 'Our Poll' to be had on application, accompanied by three halfpenny stamps." "Our Poll" is "sly, devilish sly."

Sandy Macdonald, Esq., M.P., Wellhall, Lanarkshire, North Britain, has been over exerting himself. The member for Stafford says "he has of late been suffering greatly in the House of Commons." Just so, Sandy, my boy. All the same you haven't suffered half so much as those who have been compelled to listen to you.

It has often been said that there is no pleasing the farmers with weather. A contemporary thus champions their grievances:—"The soil of Great Britain is the richest and most fertile in the world, and all the farmers require is suitable alterations of sunshine and shower to enable them to carry on their operations successfully and profitably." And don't they get it. Perhaps, however, the ignoramus meant alternations.

"Peace at any Price"—Especially with Boers.

BICYCLES AND TRICYCLES. { Otto, Premier, Queen, Club, Rudge, Howe, and others. Purchasers Taught Free, on covered track, only 14 laps to the mile.—J. MARSHALL & SONS, 101 Hope Street, & 1 Renfield Street.

On 'Change.

WHATEVER may be said of the pig iron market by those more immediately interested, it cannot be asserted that the readers of the BAILIE have been badly advised. Men laughed when I stated that iron would certainly go to 47/6. They now know, and some of them to their cost, that I was quite correct in my diagnosis of the market. Those who were not above taking a straight tip might have had 2/ a ton clear profit. I hope they took it, and that they feel now perfectly comfortable. Facts are very solid things to deal with, and the figures were all on my side of the question. Swans and geese may cackle as they like, but no amount of cackling will alter the figures.

Folks have been wondering what the Caledonian directors would say as to the attacks lately made upon their integrity. Directors do not, as a rule, care to be called "creatures," and things of that sort. The case of Bolton and Lamond is more interesting in its way than that of Lawson and Labouchere.

More money is wanted to develop nebulous undertakings in various remote quarters of this terrestrial paradise. It might be a decent enough paradise were it not for some people who have got in by accident, and do not seem quite in their element. Mysore wishes more cash to crush quartz for the purpose of obtaining gold, and the North Ooregum Company, with 120,000 shares of £1 each, invites the unwary to rush in where wiser people would fear to tread. So far as I can gather from the prospectus, this company has only one director, but it has two brokers in Glasgow. I congratulate the company on the strength of its resources in this way.

Wabash is a great Institution. Many people may not know Wabash. If not, they ought to make its acquaintance forthwith, especially should they have any spare cash. Wabash is in America, and pretty far west too. It is ambitious, and wants to extend its railway facilities. Oddly enough, it does not wish to do this entirely with its own capital, or even with money raised in neighbouring towns. The delights of holding Wabash stock are to be extended to the British capitalists also. That is very unselfish of Wabash.

Once upon a time there was not a more choice hotel in London than "Mivart's." It was select. Being select it was also awfully solemn. The conjunction of selectness and solemnity led to high charges and heavy bills. Many people like to pay for being select and solemn, so the hotel prospered. In course of time "Mivart's" became "Claridge's," but its selectness and solemnity never deserted it. Big bills were run up there, and sometimes they were not paid. I remember a baronet who got into the bankruptcy court, his heaviest debt being a bill of £900 odd at Claridge's. With all that Claridge's prospered, but these were not the days of gigantic hotels at terminal stations. It is now proposed to turn Claridge's into a limited company with £65,000 capital, in £10 shares. Have the terminal stations anything to do with this resolution.

A courageous man has been writing to the papers regarding the Scotch banks and their charters. He boldly advocates the total repeal of the Bank Act of 1845 as far as it applies to Scotland. This is going to the root of the matter and no mistake, yet not without reason. Had Sir Robert Peel lived longer the Act would have been repealed long ago, but no one has had the courage to go against the opinions of that presumably shrewd financial reformer. The alteration of the law in 1844-5, and the gagging, for the first time in history, of Scotch finance, produced an effect that Peel never dreamed of. Thirty-five years ago there were nearly thirty banks in Scotland. Now there are only ten.

SCRUTATOR.

NO AULD MEN BUY THESE PRESENTS.—"Any silk, any thread, any toys for your head, of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a."—Autolycus in "Winter's Tale."

MARRIAGE INVITATIONS, Ready Printed, 1/ per doz., with Envelopes.—GILLESPIE BROTHERS, 8 Buchanan Street.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—That performance of "The Corsican Brothers" at the Theatre Royal is quite as fine as even the more enthusiastic admirers of the production of "As You Like It" had anticipated. The "staging" is specially excellent. Londoners went into extacies over Mr Irving's ball-room scene in the second act of the drama, but the ball-room at the Royal is quite as splendid as is the ball-room at the London Lyceum.

As for the acting of "The Corsican Brothers," its interest, it need hardly be said, culminates in the dual impersonation of *Fabian* and *Louis* by Mr Herman Vezin. These are difficult parts to play. They must be at once like and unlike, and the resemblance and the difference must be indicated with a light and vigorous touch. Mr Vezin does all this, and does it in a way that is altogether masterly.

As it seems to me Mr Vezin was never seen to more advantage than as *The Softy* in "Aurora Floyd," and as *James Harebell* in "The Man o' Airlie." Both of these performances were given in the Theatre Royal, Dunlop Street, something like fifteen years ago.

They are playing "The Corsican Brothers-Babes in the Wood"—a wild burlesque on the Dumas-Boucicault drama—at the Royalty Theatre to-night and during the week. The burlesque is of course only an afterpiece, the main item in the programme being still "Crutch and Toothpick," that most amusing of society satires.

Next week, Mr Knapp is to revive "The Children's Pinafore;" what a "draw" that will be, to be sure.

When Mr Irving appears at the Royalty Theatre in September next he will be supported by Miss Ellen Terry and the members of the Lyceum Company. The pieces to be played will include "Othello," "The Merchant of Venice," "Eugene Aram," "The Belle's Stratagem," and "The Cup"—Mr Tennyson's new tragedy.

Mr Bernard is once more about to introduce us to that most fascinating of young ladies, the "Daughter of the Drum-major." *Mdlle. Stella* appears at the Gaiety to-night, and she may be trusted to charm us as much as ever by her light and sparkling style. The company who appear in Offenbach's lively opera include Miss Annie Poole and Mr Aynsley Cook, two names that are, as one would say, "sufficient."

A round of Shakespeare has been arranged at the South-Side Theatre, Mr D. H. Harkins, an actor not unknown in Glasgow, having been announced for *Othello*, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Shylock*, *Petruccio*, and *Richard* on the respective evenings of the present week—one character, of course, on each night. On Friday, moreover, he will take the leading part in "Virginius," in addition to playing the hero of the "Taming of the Shrew."

Mr Walter Bentley makes his *debut* on the South Side boards on Monday next.

Some quarter of a century ago, Mr Montague Williams, "the Old Bailey barrister" of the Lawson-Labouchere trial, was a member of the Theatre-Royal company of Mr Edmund Glover. He subsequently filled the post—also under Mr Glover—of acting manager of the Greenock theatre.

That return of educational statistics presented to Parliament the other day on the motion of Dr. Cameron, M P., affords some pretty strong arguments in favour of that gentleman's Scholastic "local option" bill in Scotland. It seems that the total amount of school fees paid to all the Boards in the country for the year ending 30th June last was in round numbers £200,000 and that a uniform rate of a penny in the £ in the last valuation yields £80,000. By abolishing fees altogether and going for the free education new departure it would thus seem that the additional rate allowed would at the outside only be about 2½d per pound. Surely for an advantage so great and at a cost so slight, our School Board might be allowed the option of dispensing with pupils' "wages." The dominies, I understand, are almost

unanimous in their approval of the proposed change. Why our Boards should have made such a dead set against free education in elementary schools I can't make out nohow.

Crowded houses have been the order of the evening at Hengler's since the opening night. Business, in fact, has been so unexpectedly good that Mr Hengler may very likely prolong his stay in the West Nile Street house over the Easter recess. Next Monday Mr Hengler produces a grand spectacle entitled, "The Fairy's Garden Party," which is sure to be a brilliant affair.

After the performance on Saturday night Mr Myers marched his forces up to Buchanan Street Station and set out at midnight per special train for Newcastle, where he opens in Montgomery's Circus to-night.

At the last meeting of our local "playing at Parliament" Association the Tory Government was thrown out by a majority of fifteen in favour of a "no confidence" motion brought forward by the opposition.

A friend in London writes—"It may interest you to know that the *Echo's* prompt and admirable reports of the Lawson-Labouchere trial were due to the quick brain and nimble fingers of Mr Tom Anderson, late of the Glasgow Sheriff Courts, and now of the London Scottish Press contingent. Tom, by the way, objects to his reports not being considered, as they were in Glasgow, legal documents, and avers that the reason the 'Act' doesn't apply to England is that no southern reporter can be found good or trustworthy enough!"

Grumbings, not loud but deep, have been heard of late from those—limbs of the law and otherwise—whose avocations take them inside the precincts of the County Buildings, with regard to the airs assumed by Mr Sheriff Balfour. His lordship is the youngest, they say, of the Sheriffs-substitute—nay, he isn't even an advocate—but yet he is the most absolute member of the Lanarkshire bench. To the newspaper reporters he is particularly troublesome. He treats them in the most cavalier manner in the world, declining information when they ask for it, and even going the length of refusing them the sight of libels in the ordinary cases to come before him. Let us hope that more experience of the world may enable Mr Balfour, who is a pleasant fellow in private life, to abate something of the dignity which he evidently believes at present ought to hedge a Sheriff.

"They say" that various of the people who went by train to Kilbowie on the day when the "Servia" was launched, and arrived too late to witness the launching operations, have been repaid their fares by the North British Company.

That the law is no respecter of persons was amply confirmed at Govanhill last Friday morning. For the purpose, not of placing on his trial, but merely of remitting to the County authorities, a worthy who was alleged to have stolen two or three pounds' worth of joiners' tools, there turned out a real live Provost, a learned Assessor, a Fiscal, and several gentlemen in blue. As befitted such a momentous occasion, the proceedings were conducted in the Town Hall of the burgh.

Lancefield House, an edifice which is intimately associated with the rise and progress of shipbuilding and marine engineering on the Clyde, is fated, in two or three short weeks, to disappear from sight. For a time it was the residence of the late Robert Napier of Shandon, but when he removed his engineering business from the world-famous Vulcan Works in Washington Street, it was converted into offices, and the surrounding gardens were covered with engine-shops and boiler-sheds. To make room for the extension of the latter the house is now to be demolished, the offices of the firm finding a new home at the corner of Lancefield Street and Anderston Quay.

A Sailor's Home—The sea.

A Sop to the Volunteers.

QUITE a thrill has been sent through every officer of Volunteers by Mr Childers's proposal to extend to that branch of the service the distinctions of "C.B." and "K.C.B." This emotion was very apparent at last week's meeting of the 1st L.R.V., and Major-General Lockhart's gentle chaff on the subject was received with all seriousness. Already M'Figgs, Lieut-Colonel and wholesale grocer, is thinking how well "Sir Peter M'Figgs, K.C.B.," would look on his invoices, and young Sabretache, the stockbroker, assumes extra military airs over the prospect of writing himself "Major Sabretache, C.B."

WHISKY AND WATER.—Last week the Mayor of Leeds gave a "banquet"—oh!—to some half-dozen brother-Mayors and fellow-teetotallers. The BAILIE does not regret his absence on the occasion. He saw too much, during three years, of the equivalent of a teetotal Mayor. But he would suggest to Lord Provost Ure the giving of a counter-demonstration of municipal good fellows—*bons buveurs*. Conscience, what a display of rubicund noses would be on view, what a "nicht" they would make of it, and what headaches there would be next morning!

"SPORTING" SARCASM.—The BAILIE is rather fond of picking titbits out of the lucubrations of your sporting writer. Here, for instance, is something from that vivacious and slangy gentleman who has taken poor "Stringhalt's" place on the *Herald*. Describing a recent meet of the Lanarkshire and Renfrewshire foxhounds, he says: "Two hard-riding sportsmen received the benison of the gallant Master for riding too close to the hounds, which was given with the tender cadence of a Romeo; and one of the two responded to it with the sweetness of a Juliet." How pleasant the dog is, and how ironical.

WEATHER WHITHER?

The seasons alter . . . the spring,
The angry winter, change their wonted liveries.
—*Midsummer-night's dream*.

Surely, says Peter, Lord Beaconsfield Can'd-a-h(e)ar(d) of the outrages perpetrated in Afghanistan or he wouldn't oppose the withdrawal of our troops. It's so easy, he adds, to Mecc-a pun on those eastern names.

Railway "Shares"—Snow ploughs.

"The Spring Cup"—The daisy's.

Furniture for Cash "Doon on the Nail." GARDNER & HARDIE, 42 Great Clyde Street.

"A CONFUSION OF EPITAPHS."

(Scene—Bar of the Imperial Hotel, Oban, Angus and Allister—two old friends who have not met for years—are pledging "yer health in a dram.")

Angus (lifting his eyes from his glass, and fixing them on the head of Allister, who is growing bald)—Tear mee, Allister, putt your hair iss gettin' fery seldom.

A HOL(E)Y PURPOSE.—Of all bores the most detestable is perhaps the "button-holer," abhorred from the days of Quintus Horatius Flacens—when he flourished exceedingly, though there were no button-holes—to our own. Yet somebody advertises in the *Herald* for "button-holers." Let us hope, in common charity, that his object is to collect together as many as possible of the obnoxious race, and then proceed to immolate them.

SMALL "CAPITALS."—"Wanted a pair of 10" heads for pattern shop. State price, and where to be seen." So runs an advertisement in a morning paper; but by an evident oversight it is not stated whether the ten inches apply to diameter or to circumference. In the latter case, the type of head required is decidedly more Aztec than intellectual. Does the mention of the "pattern shop" point to a "capital" modification in "The Coming Race"?

FORGERY!—The police of this city would do well to be on the alert—if they are capable of anything so abnormal. There is evidently a big job on in the criminal line. Side by side in the *Herald* appear two advertisements for "forgers," one of whom is required to be up to "heavy work." Now, Captain M'Call! We expect you to be "all there when the bell rings."

A Camlachie man says that the police are truthful and cannot endure Lees—especially in a Sheriff Court.

Peter wants to know where we will be when they take our census from us on Monday.

A Motion for Urgency—Ringing the fire alarm bell.

"The Pattern 'Fair'"—Mrs Higginbotham.

The "States General"—General Garfield.

The "Mystery of Iniquity"—Nihilism.

Bank Failures—Landslips.

Dutch Mettle.—The Boers' prowess.

Knocked on the Head—A nail.

Quavers.

AN unusual number of local musical "events" occur this week, and oddly enough most of them take place on the same night—Tuesday, 29th.

The Partick Musical Association, to begin with, makes its second appearance to-night (Tuesday) in the Burgh Hall. Schubert's Mass in C is the chief item of the programme. It will be accompanied on the organ. The work is one of the smaller masses of the composer. If we remember rightly, it was intended to produce it in the early days of the society. Now that it has been revived, it could not have fallen into better hands than those of Mr M'Nabb, the more recently appointed conductor, who is particularly well up in Schubert. This will now be the fourth of his masses which Mr M'Nabb has assisted to produce in Glasgow.

At Uddingston, on the same evening, will be performed Farmer's Mass in B flat, by the Musical Association of that quickly rising village. Mr James Allan will conduct. This is the second year of the society, and it is understood to be in flourishing circumstances, artistically and otherwise. A good concert is anticipated.

The choir of Greenhead U.P. Church hold a concert on the same much-occupied evening, and produce the same work—Farmer's Mass—which may surely be said to be at present in the zenith of its popularity. Mr A. D. Inglis is the conductor, Miss Alice Young, the favourite contralto, and Misses Keith, Muirhead, and Waddell, members of the choir, Mr Guthrie, tenor, and Mr Robert Riddell, the accomplished basso, are the soloists. Mr J. O. Robson is the accompanist. A few weeks ago the same choir gave a service of praise in the church, illustrative of the Christian life, and in the earlier part of the season a selection of sacred pieces illustrative of the "Life of the Messiah." They have not at all been idle.

Then the musical societies in connection respectively with the Caledonian and Glasgow & South-Western Railways have their concerts on this same busy evening, in honourable competition for favour. The first-mentioned takes place, as on former occasions, in the Queen's Rooms, under Mr William Moodie; and the second, a recently-formed association, in the National Hall, Main Street, with Mr John Young as conductor. The programme in both cases is of much the same character—namely, of part-song selections, glees, and other concerted pieces.

On the following evening (Wednesday) the North British Musical Society make an appeal to their friends, with a cast of programme somewhat similar to that of the C.R. and G. & S.W.R., their competitors in art as in commerce.

On Friday evening last the Helensburgh Musical Society "held forth"—as we may phrase it, for variety's sake—when Hiller's "Song of Victory"—good music, though on a rather ungracious subject—was performed, as also some popular part-songs, under the experienced leadership of Mr Zavertal, sen.

The Paisley Philharmonic Society gave a most excellent concert on Friday evening, 25th inst., in the Good Templars' Hall—a capitolally-constructed room, by the way, in regard to sound, as well as of considerable elegance of form. Franz Lachner's Suite for Orchestra, No. 1 in D minor, was the feature of the evening as regards novelty. The Minuet, written over a "ground bass," an amusing instance of iteration, to our ears (the same melody over and over again in the bass) was charmingly played; and the Fugue, clever but rather commonplace, was wonderfully clearly executed. The orchestra numbered between forty and fifty, and all were amateurs, with three exceptions. The violins were particularly excellent in tone, and some of the music, especially the "Rosamunde" overture, was presented in a manner that would have done no discredit to skilled professional talent. The tone of the flute and oboe was also much to be admired. One drawback there was, however, to the pleasantness of the ensemble of sound—the demonstrativeness of the brass, especially the trombones. Mr Hoeck, whom we shall hope to see ere long permanently in Glasgow, and for whose rising talent in training an orchestra there is a coming place, very evidently, is to be congratulated on the excellence to which he has brought the Paisley Philharmonic, in the general charac-

ter of whose playing there is very little of the amateur. It was pleasing to see so good an audience—not of Paisley people only, but (a distinction in its way) of lovers of orchestral music from Glasgow as well. Miss Hoeck played charmingly in a pianoforte concerto and other pieces. Miss Liddell sang one or two songs, accompanied by Mr R. Donaldson, Jun., with considerable acceptance.

St. George's Choral Union intend giving a concert in the Queen's Rooms on Tuesday next, 5th April. The Union will sing several choral pieces, among them being Pierson's "Ye Mariners of England" and "The Garb of Old Gaul," both of which will be accompanied by the orchestra which is attached this season to the Union. These latter selections might be regarded as companion pieces. The "Garb of Old Gaul" was choralised for last year's concluding concert of the society, and is now orchestrated by the arranger with, it may not unnaturally be expected, increased effect. The orchestra, which has been trained by Mr Pattinson, will play Mozart's Figaro Overture and other good selections.

The success of boy's voices in chorus was well exemplified in the very excellent performance of Gadsby's "Lord of the Isles" at the Volunteer concert early last week under Mr M'Nabb's conducting. This is an experience we are but yet little familiar with in Scotland, but we may reasonably hope for the ultimate general adoption of the arrangement.

The usual Fast-day concerts are announced—by Mr Miller's choir and the Glasgow Select.

The repetition of the Irish programme by the latter mentioned choir on Saturday evening attracted a good audience. Dr Peac played an appropriate Irish overture by Bishop, built (amusingly so) on the lines of the popular Scotch medley overture to Guy Mannering. The choir announce their annual prize part-song concert for the 18th April. The terms of the re-engagement offered to them when in London for next St. Andrew's Day Festival have been arranged. They give two concerts, one of them probably of general selections.

Apropos to this mention of the Glasgow Select, their quondam conductor, Mr Frederick Archer, now in New York, has, according to the *Musical World*, obtained the organistship of Plymouth Church there, entering on the duties on 1st May—Henry Ward Beecher's tabernacle, is it not?

Haydn's Third Mass (the Imperial) will be sung by the choir of St. James's Parish Church in the Church, Great Hamilton Street, this evening (Wednesday). This Mass, perhaps the most attractive, certainly the most brilliant of the famous sixteen, is not often heard. Mr R. Alexander, conductor, and Miss Johnstone—an experienced vocalist in the class of music, will, along with Mr Riddell, take part in the solos.

In Edinburgh the society connected with Edinburgh University give their fourteenth annual concert on the 29th. The students will sing several of the older glees, from Webbe, Callcott, Bishop, and others, with arrangements, for male voices, of Scottish melodies by Professor Oakeley. Two items, the duets from Mendelssohn, "I would that my love" and "O wert thou in the cauld blast," are to be sung in chorus (of two parts). Is this not going a little too far in the direction of choral arrangement? The students' orchestra will play Mozart's Symphony in E flat, and the overtures "Egmont" and "Masaniello," and accompany several of the choral pieces.

Not to be behind Edinburgh, there is now a Glasgow University Choral Society, which will give their first concert on Friday evening, 1st April, under the direction of Mr Montague Smith. Sir Hubert Oakeley lends his assistance in the capacity of solo organist.

The Helensburgh Choral Union have their concert on Thursday evening first. The selections are nearly exclusively sacred, and are good, if not strikingly new. Mr J. Howell and Miss Stewart will sing solos. Mr James Ballantine conducts.

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MITCHELL'S OLD IRISH WHISKY.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the Bobbies have held their indignation meetings.

That they "swore at lairge" against Sheriff Lees and Stipendiary Gemmel.

That the Police don't need a brass band.

That they can all blow their own trumpets beautifully.

That Stipendiary Gemmel has his eye on the over zealous policeman.

That Bailie Mowat has his eye on the Stipendiary.

That the public has its eye on all three.

That James Morton has been mulcted in £5.

That the cream of the joke is that he expected to get off with flying colours.

That he found the Sanitary Inspectors a good deal smarter than a board of Bank directors.

That his evidence was remarkably clever.

That Sheriff Cowan estimated it at its true value.

That James threatens to take the case to a higher court.

That he may go further and fare worse.

That all the London deputations hav'n't yet returned to town.

That they were summoned to the metropolis too early in the season to see the Derby.

That the premier football club has maintained its supremacy.

That the local Volunteers are anxious about the proposed Royal Review.

That it would do the service a power of good.

That it would entail considerable expense upon the officers.

That they are willing to "part" for the privilege of showing themselves off before Royalty.

That the Spring weather is a long time of coming.

That another railway mania has set in.

That the Affable Hawks are feathering their nests.

That the Juvenile Delinquency Board had a grand field-day on Friday.

That, thanks to the BAILIE, their proceedings can no longer be kept dark.

That the proposal to receive outside cases into their Reformatories free, gratis, and for nothing, was more than generous to other burghs, and less than just to Glasgow ratepayers.

That the chief sophistical statistician of the Board was heavily sat upon by the mover and seconder of the amendment.

That his long spoke was a tissue of crude absurdities and imaginative facts.

That this would-be philanthropist ought to get the delinquent babies to hold.

That the understrapper to the Glasgow Dairy Company received a deputation from Edinburgh last week.

That the deputation wanted a daily supply of pure milk for Auld Reekie.

That the pawky chiel couldn't see his way to supply the want, and the deputation accordingly withdrew.

That had they known their man as he is known here, they would have saved their time, pains, and travelling expenses.

That a meeting of the Incorporation of Dyers and Bonnetmakers is to be held on Thursday evening.

That the committee who drew up the now famous "statement" will submit their report to the meeting.

That the Rev. F. L. Robertson, and the other patrons of Hutchesons' Hospital, have been invited on their own behalf.

"PURE STREAM, IN WHOSE TRANSPARENT WAVE."

With "sewage policy," as Ure
Lord Provost, let your name be link'd;
Don't keep a-sewer-ance doubly sure,
But cleanse the Clyde, until ex-stink'd
Are smells disgusting, sights impure;
Till once again our Bailies drink't
From household mug, or civic ewer;
Till once again it salmon yield,
Supporters of the civic shield.

AN OPEN GATE.

(Scene—Institute of Fine Arts, Gallery No. 3; Dumbarton Fast-day; Three worthies from the royal burgh are gazing at Wellwood Rattray's fine picture entitled "The Gate to the Highlands.)

1st W. (looking over catalogue)—This is the gate tae the Hielands, Tam.

Tam—This yin here?

1st W.—Aye, that yin.

Tam (in astonishment)—Whaur's the gate?

Spelling Reform—The man who always finds his happiness in money always spelling it "ha'-pennies."

An Old Saw re-set—One good "simmer" makes many "swallows."

The "Scottish Twenty"—Twenty days' imprisonment.

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2d CIGARS, 8 for 1s; Post Free, 1s 2d.

3d " 6 for 1s; " " 1s 2d.

4d " 4 for 1s; " " 1s 2d.

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The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 30th, 1881.

THE deacons of the fourteen incorporations are, as a whole, a worthy class of men, who have done good service to the city in their day and generation, and it rejoices the

heart of the BAILIE to notice that not a few of them are still hale and hearty and ready at a moment's notice to help the needful and defend the interests of the several crafts to which they belong. Chief among these must be mentioned his old familiar friend and crony, Deacon CALDWELL, who has long done yeoman service for the crafts, and whose natural strength in such matters knows no decay, but contrariwise is increasing day by day. At the annual meeting of the Association of Deacons on Tuesday last he was present, as his wont is, asking substantial sympathy with the sorrowing and bereaved, and beseeching his fellow craftsmen to preserve for their less favoured brethren the interest which they have in the endowments and mortifications of the city which are at present in danger of being swept from them. The securing of a charter to give the Association a proper status in the city is a matter which has long lain near the heart of the Magistrate. He wishes all success to the Deacon in these praiseworthy aims, and entertains the opinion that he will receive hearty support from the recently elected Deacon of the Deacons, who is one of the "Men you Know," and therefore a man who has already made his mark elsewhere, and will doubtless leave it on the Association of Deacons of the Fourteen Incorporated Trades of Glasgow.

"TWO BUSHELS OF CHAFF."

(Zealous young Sunday School Teacher reads, "The chaff which wind drives to and fro.")

Teacher—Now boys, what is the meaning of the word "chaff?"

Smart Boy—O, a' ken. Gi'ein' lip to yer faither.

T. (hastily)—No, no, not at all. [He proceeds to explain the passage.]

S.B.—It's the caaf, he means, that we pit in oor beds! [Collapse of Teacher.]

WOOD-ROUGH.

"A fool i' the forest" on April the 1st;
The fool he was fou, yet he cried out of thirst,
And said very wisely 'tis 12 of the clock,
The hour o' a' ithers my drouth I would stock;
Drink out of a gallon pour'd into a gill
As one it doth empty the other doth fill;—
Got out of the "wood," I'd to settle the bill.

—As you like it?

A City Bank shareholder says that the first line of ships mentioned in the Bible is "Potter's Vessels."

A "Peg" to Hang a Grievance on — The snubbed constable.

"Getting Cases."

WE all know the anxiety of the average policeman to "get cases," but the matter is seldom put so plainly as it was by Inspector Craig at the "indignation" meeting the other day. Mr Craig "had at one time been on duty in King Street, and he used to be able to get five cases an hour. In his opinion, a constable who did not get four or five cases in King Street on a Saturday night was not doing his duty." Mr Craig talks of "cases" as an angler might talk of trout. It does not seem to have occurred to him that the first duty of a police-constable is not to "get," but to prevent "cases." The sooner this is impressed on his mind, and on those of his fellows, the better.

IN AND OUT OF SEASON.

Like a lion come in, like a lamb it will go,
Like a lamb—if the likeness is "white as the snow."
Like a lion "Great" Britain the Boers went to rout,
Like a lamb, pure and simple, she mildly March'd out.

THE LIGHT OF "FUTURE" DAYS.—Where is the Glasgow light of the future to come from? Why, from the Falls of Clyde! At least, so says a correspondent of the *Herald*, and we all know that the letters in the daily papers are invariably written by practical and competent persons. When the suggestion of this particular practical person is carried out, the Falls will have a new—even if they should lose the old—attraction for visitors, and the guide will be able to say: "These are the Falls that drive the machine that develops the electricity that lights the city of Glasgow!"

RIGHT YOU ARE.—A local art-critic thinks that "Michael Angelo lived in an unfortunate time. He had no morning newspaper with exhibition criticisms to put him right." Perhaps so; but if Mick's critic had talked, as this one does, of cattle "laying about," the painter of the Last Judgment might have treated himself to the pleasing task of putting his righter right.

TOO 'CUTE.—A correspondent wants to know if a strong Highland "brogue" can be described as an "acute accent." Let him ask the first policeman he meets, and he will probably be afforded an opportunity of reflecting calmly, in the recesses of the nearest "office," on the answer which he receives.

The Youngest Glasgow Graduate—Thomas Menzies, D.D. (Deacon of the Deacons).

The Latest Discovery in the Milky Way—Jamie Morton's cream.

Auchray at ta 'Dignation Meeting.
EFTER I got ma brose on Shusday nicht I go for ta 'dignation meeting of ta force, for to haff a plaw oot apoot ta imperance of Sher'f Lees; because he'll say ta force wass no petter whatefer than ta public. Ant what wass ta sing all apoot?—because wan of ta force wass try at ta Sher'f for stole a pair o' breeks—umph! I nefer saw ta likes o' ta Sher'f's imperance; sure efery wan of ta lats haff a goot karakter write doon pefore they jine ta force, ant ta public haff not a karakter whatefer. Well, well, of coorse ta hall wass a pig crood, ant pefore ta speech wass give Tonal M'Indoe tell me wan o' ta nicht peet tat wass a meeting pefore, say ta 'nspector Craig wass a chair, ant had ta war paint; but wheser he woot pe swinging apoot ta clubs same as ta Siree I couldna say I'm sure whatefer. But och—nefer mind wan bit; because a petition will pe draw oot to ta 'nspector Craig—"We ta lats," &c.—for to sthrow aff her shirt sleeves ant swirl apcot ta Intian clubs at ta Sher'f Champers' door ant fricht ta deuce oot o't.

Forpye ta nicht peet man say Cons'ple Kenneddy analyse ta Sher'f, ant say forpye ta twelve Apostles wass nosing whatefer as goot as ta lats in ta force.

Well, maype you'll like to know wheser I'll get on praw at ta day peet meeting—splentit; gran'. I sit wis Tonal M'Indoe on ma wan side, ant Lachie M'Jannet on ta oser wan side; ant I wass very much urge ant presst to pe a chair, but woot haff nosing whatefer to do wi't, because I tid no steal ta breeks.

Py ant pye Cons'ple Stewart tat wants ta stripes took ta platform, ant spoke a whole tickshunary of long worts tat wisna Gaelic whatefer, ant sait ta slur wass sthrown on ta lats py a pony of ta Sher'f.

Then Cons'ple Duncan spoke ta meeting here wass to vindicate ta karakter, but he sink fery little vindicate wass required, so he shust give it a little. "Tid ta Sher'f," he sait, "sink ta lats stole any silver spoons in ter mouths—nefer!"

Inspector Cumming sait ta case woot go pefore ta Toon Cooncil's pody, and lay doon ta Home Secretary wis a petition if nopody woot pe a satisfaction to ta treatment. Ant ta force woot stand smoos ant level wis ter karakter forpye in ta United Kingdom.

Detective Elliot sought ta letter Sher'ff Lees send wood not clear away ta stigpy of ta officer in ta force, for ta lats wood shrink from doing anysing whatever in any public pody or oot of it.—That wass ta wind up till I got home, when

Sousie sait I woot nefer be a meeting any more' if I woot go wis Lachie ant Tonal ant come at ta sma' hours wis such a strong flavour.—Yours fery much,
 AUCHRAY M'TAVISH, X 71.

TRANS-VA(A)LIANT.

"Great" Britain!—Is the "Great" achiev'd,
 Or is it thrust upon her?
 It matters not, she's "greatness" got
 In Gladstone's "Peace with honour."

GOOD HOUSES BOTH.

(Scene—Railway Station; two Country Women observing Theatre Royal bill.)

Old C. W.—I say, Janet, there's an adverteement aboot the place whaur we bocht the flannen the day.

Young C. W.—"Corsican Brothers;" aye, so it is; it's a big place the Granite Warehouse. I saw bills like that owre a' the toon; it maun cost a terrible money for adverteesin'.

AFTER TANNAHILL.

Gloomy winter's no awa,
 Snell the eastern breezes blaw;
 O'er the slush an' sooty snaw
 The sparrows chirp fu' eric O!

"WE SAIL THE OCEAN BLUE."—That Lawson-Labouchere trial case has been a most expensive business; but if the *North British Daily Mail* of Friday be correct, the *Telegraph* knows how to do the handsome. We are told by the Union Street oracle that "Ships were furnished by the editor of the *Telegraph* as a convenient form of publishing the details of these matters." This form of spreading the news is as novel as it seems convenient.

DON'T ALL SPEAK AT ONCE.—Now, my Chic-a-leery blocks, here you are. "City of Glasgow Police," says an advertisement. "Left, in a Public-house, about 6 weeks ago, a Gold Watch and Chain; and in a Public-house, on 22d inst., a Sum of Money." Won't there be a rush.

UNTO THE LEES.—It seems that Sheriff Lees has *in re* the respectability of "the Force" written to the Lord Provost. "The Force," however, thinks that this is not a matter so much for Lees-Ure consideration, as for "urgency" and the Lord Advocate.

To Show the Very Age and Body of the Time—The Census.

Bicycles: { The "Special," "Club," "Duplex," "Premier," "D.H. F." "Excelsior," "Rudge," "Tangent," "Carver," "Express," &c., 100 Second-hand from £3 each. Inspection Invited.—Jennings & Co., Agents, 101 Mitchell St.

Megilp.

AFTER years and years of excellent service, Robert Greenlees, the respected head master of the School of Art, has retired from what may be termed public life. Mr Greenlees resigns his connection with the school after giving a new generation of painters growing up round about him. He was a contemporary of M'ulloch, and Macnee, and Milne Donald, and he is a contemporary of Joseph Henderson and Jas. A. Aitken. It is to Mr Greenlees that artists like Tom M'Ewan, and Alexander Davidson, and Duncan M'Kellar, and Andrew Black, owe their original instruction in painting. Whatever merit belongs to Glasgow as an art centre is due as much to Mr Greenlees as to any other single individual. Other men will come in his place, other systems will have their day, but those who have known Robert Greenlees will never forget his inborn kindness and grace—to his students he has been the best of teachers, in social life he is the pleasantest and most gracious of companions.

Robert Brydall leaves the School of Art at the same time as Mr Greenlees. "They say" that henceforward the School will be under South Kensington influences pure and simple.

Two members of the Art Club—Tom Hunt and Wm. Pratt—have been busy at Œuvres, in France, for the past two months. Mr Hunt's cattle sketches are spoken of with the utmost enthusiasm by those who have had the good fortune to make their acquaintance.

A sunny, seaside picture, painted with much care, but yet with a vigorous brush, will be J. D. Taylor's contribution to the Burlington House show.

Duncan M'Kellar sends a view of the "Chigwell Inn"—that hostelry dear to all lovers of Charles Dickens—to the Royal Academy, together with a small figure subject illustrative of a Puritan of the sterner sort. This latter work is out of all sight the best picture that Mr M'Kellar has yet painted. The contributions of Alexander Davidson to Burlington House will be an oil picture of a "Scotch Lassie on a washing day," and a water colour of a scene on the River Lea, near London. The "Scotch Lassie" is particularly good.

Among the illustrations to the April number of *Good Words* are two by A. S. Boyd, one of which is a picture of the "Children's Sunday Dinner" supplied by the Glasgow United Evangelistic Association, and the other a portrait of a little Glasgow Arab. Both are remarkably clever, and for Glasgow people they have not a little local interest.

An etching club has been started by several Edinburgh artists. They propose to publish next Autumn a series of plates, with descriptive letterpress by G. R. Halkett. Glasgow should not be behindhand. It was last year's Black and White Exhibition at the Institute that gave impetus and popularity to the art of etching in Scotland.

The Institute are to repeat the Black and White Exhibition this year, opening in September next. The Exhibition will be held in the galleries in conjunction with one by the Scottish Water Colour Society.

During the summer months—May, June, and July—the manager of the Doré Gallery will exhibit in the Institute Rooms ten of that artist's large pictures. These are afterwards to form the nucleus of a permanent Doré Gallery in New York.

Several of our artists are already bethinking themselves of summer quarters. R. W. Allan is away to Italy. He intends to settle permanently in London. Arthur Melville of Edinburgh has gone to Egypt.

Talk of prices of pictures—why, a picture by Tom Graham was sold in Edinburgh a week ago for £9! It is illustrative of a scene from "Cymbeline," it contains three figures, and is over three feet in size. Besides, it was exhibited in the Royal Academy some years ago, and there is a question whether or not it has been engraved.

The most successful picture sale of the present season was that conducted in the rooms of the Messrs M'Tear on Friday last. It realised no less than £2543. Mr Barker, the owner of the collection, is of opinion, it is said, that picture-buying is still a by no means unprofitable system of investment.

It was noted that among the chief purchasers at the Barker

sale were Mr Graham of Skelmorlie, Councillor Jamieson, and Messrs Dickie and Skinner.

Sunday was "picture Sunday" in London, the day when the artists, be they good or bad, invite all the fashionable world and his wife to admire their work of the past season.

The "remaining and entire portion" of the objects of art and paintings collected by the late Mr Bell are to be knocked down to the highest bidder in the rooms of Messrs Christie, Manson, and Woods, of London, in the month of June next—the sale beginning on the 20th of June, and continuing through the five following days. The catalogue is a bulky document of 72 pages, and is sold at one shilling.

Writing from Paris to a Glasgow friend, John Guthrie says that there are quite a host of Glasgow pupils in the studios of Paris. Many of them, he adds, attend the atelier of Jullien; he goes, himself, to Gerome's, and is the only Scotchman at present under the famous master.

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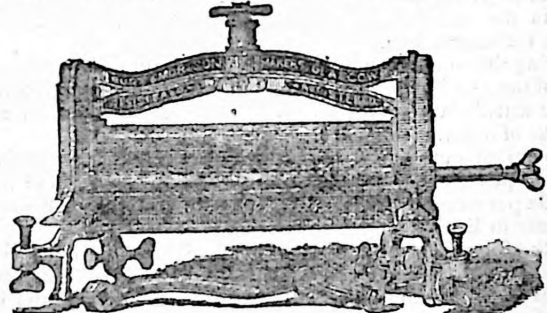
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This is not *merely* an advertisement but a fact. We can prove our Prices are 5s 6d, 4s 6d, 5s 6d, 7s, and 8s 6d.

Same qualities are usually Sold in Glasgow, at from 5s to 14s 6d.

Specially "SMART SHAPES" for Young Men and Youths'.

OUR CELEBRATED DRESS HATS, at 8s 6d, 10s 6d, 12s 6d, 14s 6d, and 17s 6d, are really astonishing, the 17s 6d quality being the *best* Hat in the Market—irrespective of Price. There is no difficulty in getting fitted at the Colosseum, as we always have the very largest and very smallest sizes in Stock. Special formations to order.

It is a mistake not to visit the Colosseum before purchasing Hats of any description. Our Hats are justly celebrated, and are now known from John O'Groat's to Land's End.

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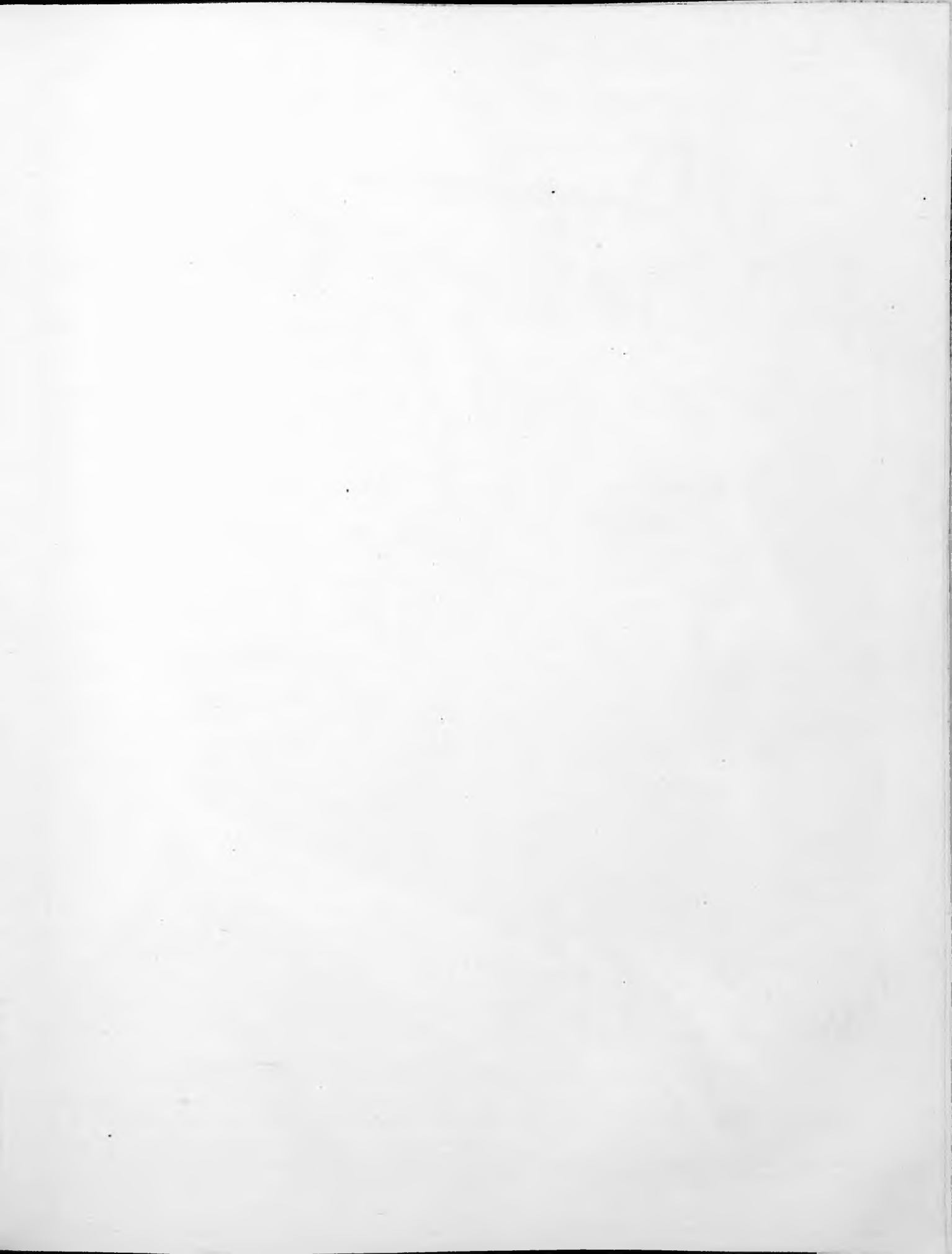
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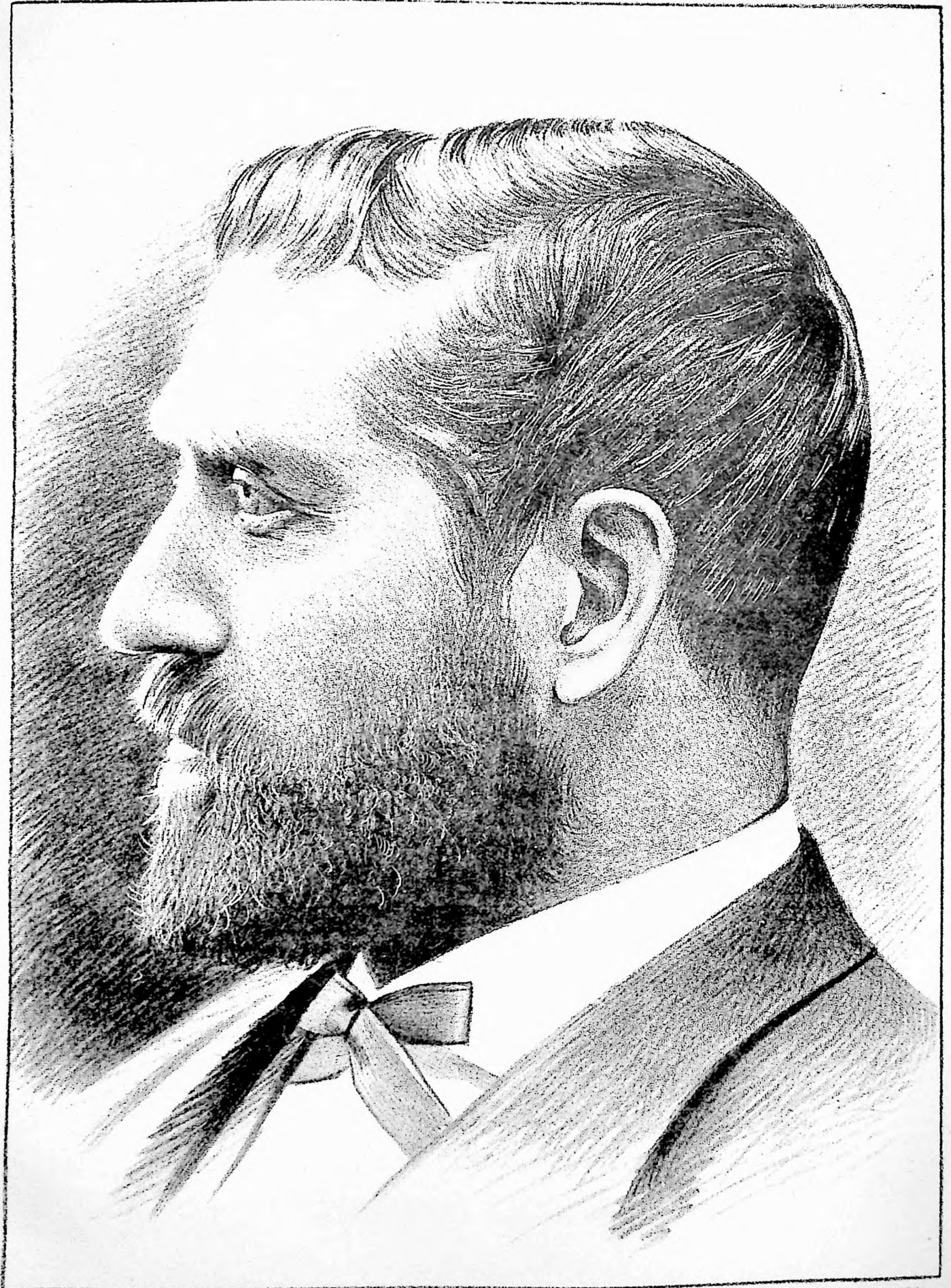
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The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 442. Glasgow, Wednesday, April 6th, 1881. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 442.

NOTHING is more characteristic of the interest which has been awakened of recent days in general politics than the starting of Parliamentary Debating Associations. Thirty years ago public feeling ran high with regard to the Charter and other cognate subjects, but there was little opinion and less knowledge in the popular prints of the time, while, as for the masses, they were no more than so many pipes upon which the more noisy of the mob orators could play with greater or less skill and success. In the couple of decades which extended from 1850 to 1870 politics were seldom if ever thought of. The majority of the nation was Liberal in its tendencies; indeed it was generally taken for granted that the necessity for Liberalism was self-evident, and to whisper a word in favour of Conservatism in a mixed company was to get yourself set down for either a knave or a fool, or perhaps for something of both. About 1870, however, a change began to steal over the thinking of the country. Matters which had been regarded as altogether settled were once more seen to form a fair subject for discussion. The *doctrinaire* dogmas preached for so many years by the Manchester politicians were fiercely attacked and as fiercely defended. To be a Tory was no longer to be boycotted by your friends and acquaintances. People began to see that there were two sides to a political question, just as there are two sides to every other question. The first result of this new way of thinking was seen in the election of 1874, and another result has been the establishment, over the country, of Parliamentary Debating Associations. Glasgow was one of the districts earliest affected by the debating epidemic, and five winters ago a Parliamentary Association was inaugurated

in a humble way in our midst. It was so far a success that 200 members joined in the course of the first session, and in the session which has just closed the membership has increased to something like 750. The constituents of the association are drawn from every rank and class in the city. All ages, from the beardless boy to the grey-haired patriarch, are represented on the Government and Opposition benches. The deliberations of the body are conducted with the utmost earnestness, not to say fire. The "honourable member for John o' Groats" gives the lie to the "honourable member for Cape Clear" in the most approved Parliamentary language in the world. And the success which has attended the Glasgow Association has produced numerous local imitators. Bridgeton can boast of a Parliamentary Association, so can Govan, and so can Hillhead. All over the country sister societies continue to spread and flourish. One main cause of the prosperity which has attended the Glasgow Association is found in the disposition and attainments of the gentleman who occupies the office of Speaker. No happier selection could have been made for the post than that of JOHN TURNBULL, jun. For more than four seasons Mr TURNBULL has presided over the meetings of the Association with distinguished fairness and impartiality. Our friend is a native of Glasgow, having been born within the Parliamentary boundaries some forty years ago. One of the earliest to enrol himself in the Volunteer force in 1859, his martial ardour was so whetted by the goose step and other exercises that he, and some half-dozen companions, joined Garibaldi's English Legion in the autumn of 1860. They were in the thick of the fighting before the walls of Capua, and were present at the capture of that city. An engineer by profession, and possessing a practical acquaintance with engineering work, he, after being in business from

'62 to '65 in London, joined the old established Canal Basin Foundry, of which his father was senior partner, and was admitted a member of the firm in 1870. In 1877 he severed his connection with the Foundry, from which his father has also retired, and commenced business as a consulting engineer, an employment in which he has been eminently successful. The Man you Know, though a hard-working, busy man, has found time to write a "Treatise upon the Compound Engine," which has passed through several editions and been reproduced in America. Last spring he attended the Cincinnati Exhibition as correspondent of the *Engineer*. He has also essayed an exceedingly useful little work on parliamentary practice, suitable for guiding Parliamentary Associations, and chiefly drawn from Sir T. Erskine May's great work. For many years Mr TURNBULL was a director and honorary superintendent of the Mechanics' Institution, and he is an active member of the Scottish Institute of Engineers and Shipbuilders. The BAILIE has mentioned that the Association of which Mr TURNBULL is the head has newly concluded what has really been its most successful session. That it will continue to prosper the Magistrate has no doubt whatever. The Parliamentary Debating Association is an important factor in the "secondary education" of our budding lawyers, merchants, and trades-people. It teaches them confidence and ease in speaking; it learns them that there are other people in the world as clever, and it may even be cleverer than themselves; and thus, while it enables them to show off their qualities to the best advantage, it also proves to them that, after all, they are by no means such extraordinary personages as they might otherwise regard themselves.

"OH, DOTH NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS MAKE AMENDS?"—"Come and meet me right straight," runs an advertisement in a local "agony column;" "forgiveness reciprocated." How nice! Who would not fly to meet her—of course it's a "her"—and who would not wish to witness—from a discreet distance, of course—the right-straight-reciprocally-forgiving scene? "Happy, happy, happy pair!"

"DIVORCONS."—*Old Lady*—Weel, in ma young days the trouble wis tae get a man, but noo it seems to be hoo to get quat o' them!

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.

Another Decade.

"What doth gravity out of bed at midnight?"—*1st Henry IV*

THERE! I've filled up the paper again,
But with heart not so bright as in past time;
For thoughts come with gushes of pain
Of what I've passed through since the last time.

Ten years!—what a lump of my life!
Other ten, and I'm well o'er the hill;
That goes to my breast like a knife—
There's an enemy no one can kill.

Ten years! what a long time it seems;
What days dark and bright it embraces—
Of joys that e'en yet show their gleams,
Of griefs that must ever leave traces.

Of joys; yes, ah yes, I have joyed,
And pleasure's full cup I have drained;
But pleasure brought something that cloyed—
The thorn with the rose-bud remained.

Of griefs; yes, I have had my grief,
And my eyes are the brighter for wetting;
Black shadows show boldest relief—
I've no grief for my life in dark setting.

Here's this paper then, filled up once more;
What ten years may bring's past my ken;
Should I flourish beyond the three score,
I'll fill up the paper again.

There, dry it; ah, this is a job
That brings with it pinches of sorrow;
Let me rest now my feet on the hob—
I may send you a joke, sir, to-morrow.

ABUSING THE MERCIES.—Sheriff Spens has been "interlocuting" on the subject of "the abuse of spirit licences." Asinus agrees with his Lordship that there is gross abuse in that direction, but says that the Shirra has hardly hit the nail on the head. *The* abuse, says the Animile, is a deep-seated scepticism on the part of the average publican—a want, in fact, of *trust*.

"TRE, POL, AND PEN."—A frivolous correspondent wants to know if the name of the "Great Polgooth United Tin Mines Company," advertised in the dailies, ought not rather to be written "Pol-goose." "Perhapth," he adds, "the promoter lithpht." He had better apply to the shareholders.

PLEONASTIC.—At the Caledonian meeting last Tuesday Mr Bolton said that but for accidents "they would have had other (*sic*) £50,000 odds to divide in the shape of dividends." And in what other shape *would* you have divided it, Mr B.?

LIBEL.—When Truth lies—at the bottom of a well. *Mem.* Let well alone then.

A Backward Spring—The boomerang's.

The Freedom of the Press—Lees and "twists."

Furniture for Cash "Doon on the Nail." GARDNER & HARDIE, 42 Great Clyde Street.

"The Knoxites."

THIS precious "Society" met last Wednesday, and was ramblingly addressed by Dr Dodds, who "scarcely knew why he was there." No wonder.

An astonished scribe reports the audience to have "consisted of men and women." He evidently—and not unnaturally—expected to find an assemblage of "geese, villain!"

'Arry Halfred wants "to get two thousand loyal men and women to work on the quiet." Why in the name of goodness can't *he* work on the quiet?

"Brother Long," as Dr Dodds calls him, adds that "everybody joining the society will be asked to deposit a shilling. The shilling is wanted to show that those joining mean business." Exactly. And two thousand shillings make one hundred pounds—which also "means business."

The cards of membership are to be "perfect little gems." Mr Long is also a perfect gem.

He is likewise, according to his own account, an angel who "stirs the stagnant waters" by means of "slashing meetings." Vivat Long!

AN INDIRECT AVOVAL.
(Scene—A drawing-room.)

Doctor (to spinster, aged fifty, who is constantly asking advice) — I'm thinking, Miss Grieve, you wish me to have a large slice of your fortune.

Miss Grieve (madly in love with him)—A' only wush, doctor, ye had it a'.

DEGENERATE QUAKERS.—It is to be feared that that most respectable body the Society of Friends have sadly fallen from the simplicity of the days of Fox and Barclay. Not only does Mr Bright allow himself to be styled "Right Honourable," but in the announcement of a recent marriage at the "Friends' Meeting-House" in this city, there figure no fewer than three "Esquires." Ichabod!

TO SUCH BASE USES!—The keyhole of the casket enclosing the Parliamentary address to Mr Duncan M'Laren is "in the form of the lion of Scotland." This is surely the first time that noble animal has been found in connection with a keyhole!

MOST AWFUL.—The London nihilistic editor answers to the name of Most. Strange that he should go in for "nothingness" when he himself is more than much!

THE "ZOEDONE" AGENCY, 47 Waterloo Street, Glasgow.

On 'Change.

MR BOLTON cannot be congratulated on his appearance as a witness in the Caledonian Railway Bill matter. He was querulous and irritable, which is awkward in a witness. It must be decidedly unpleasant to be reminded that a fellow must keep his temper unless he desires downright martyrdom. Mr Bolton made some reference to a fool's paradise, with an expression of doubt as to whether he had not been living in one. It seems to me that he has, and that the whole board is at present residing, if not in a fool's paradise, at all events in an edifice where they cannot possibly afford to pitch paving stones about.

St. Andrew's Hall is a misnomer, it appears. To-morrow the general meeting of the Public Halls Company, Limited, will take place. I am told that St. Andrew's Hall and the Public Hall are the same concern, though why there should be two names is a mystery. The one, I suppose, represents the artistic element, while the other is purely pecuniary. From an artistic point of view the success has been remarkable. Pecuniarily the affair has been a failure, as I am sorry to learn. Shareholders do not get anything for their money, and may even have to incur some responsibility to keep things moving. I am told the cash account would have squared, if the company had let the storage below. Why, then, did the company not let the storage? I understand it might have done so.

Telephones are lively just now. Rival schemes, or the promoters of them, are abusing each other heartily. When telephones fall out the public may perhaps hope to come by its own.

Great Polgooth tin is said to be a great institution. Tin, I am assured, has been at £100 a ton and will shortly rise to that price again. It is now £60. On this theory everybody ought to buy tin, but I find the theory is advanced by the Great Polgooth Company which has 100,000 shares of £1 each. There is no Great Polgooth but this. All others are counterfeits. The lodes on the property are said in the prospectus to be "all equally rich." I quite believe that statement. The odd thing to me is that a concern which is said to have yielded £750,000 should be absolutely thrown away for the paltry sum of £100,000. There is no limit to the generosity of these company-mongers.

Reclamation schemes are being advertised again. They always are when money is plentiful and credit good. One of the most recent ideas is to drain part of the German Ocean and gain 7,000 acres of land. Now the German Ocean is very shallow. Why not go a little further, and start a decent company to drain the water off altogether, and let us be able to walk dry-shod to Amsterdam and Copenhagen? When reclamation is talked of the scene of action is almost invariably at a great distance. This time it is on the coast of Denmark. Once it was in the Back Bay of Bombay, and a precious sink that was. Nobody ever thinks of reclaiming land too near at hand, as Langbank, or the sands at Ardmore, near Helensburgh, or the miserable shores of Inverkip and Fairlie. These are too close at hand, and the results would be too obvious. Besides, the reclamation of these level shores would benefit our own country. Why benefit ourselves when Danes and Hindoos want looking after?
SCRUTATOR.

COMPENSATION.

(Scene—Field in Kintyre.)

Drover (who has placed some cattle on the field to "grass," to farmer)—Man, Allan, the grun's awfu' bare. I don't think the beasts 'll thrive very weel here.

Allan—Weel, a' daursay yer right; they'll no get muckle gerse on this farm, bit, dod man, look at the gran' view they hae.

BICYCLES AND TRICYCLES: (Otto, Premier, Queen, Club, Rudge, Howe, and others. Purchasers Taught Free, on covered track, only 14 laps to the mile.—J. MARSHALL & SONS, 101 Hope Street, & 1 Renfield Street.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—They are continuing to get capital houses at the Theatre Royal. The splendid mounting of the "Corsican Brothers," Mr Vezin's fine performance of the dual part of *Fabian* and *Louis*, and the really clever acting of Mr Raynham, Mr Bannister, and the rest of the company, make up such an entertainment as you seldom meet with, either in or out of London. Few, probably, of those who enjoy the "Corsican Brothers" from the front, have any notion of the labour involved in the various changes of scene which take place in its course. The "setting" of the "Ball-room"—with its great chandeliers, its side lights, and its fountain of real water, is accomplished with a celerity and an eye to pictorial effect, which speaks volumes for the excellence of Mr Raynham's stage management. Not less admirable are the room in *Montgiron's* house, the duel *tableaux*, and the hall of the *Franchi's*, and these, like the ball-room, are the work of Mr Raynham.

Arrangements are in progress for taking the "Corsican Brothers" all round the country, among the places to be visited being Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Bradford, Leeds, Sheffield, Bristol, and Portsmouth.

In addition to the "Corsican Brothers," the comedy of "Dr Davey" will be played at the Royal to-night and during the week, the *title-roles* being sustained by Mr Vezin, and Mr Bannister and Miss Rose Cullen being of the company. When "Dr Davey" is withdrawn, "Katherine and Petruccio," or "Still Waters Run Deep," or Young's tragedy of "The Revenge," will be substituted in its place. This last piece was originally acted at Drury Lane in 1721. It was a favourite with Edmund Kean, and writing of his embodiment of the leading part—that of *Zanga*, a Moor—Hazlitt says that he had seen Kean in no part to which his style of acting was so completely adapted, or to which he gave greater spirit and effect.

Miss Carlotta Addison—who appeared the other day at the Royalty—will shortly join the Theatre Royal company.

Immediately after Easter, Miss Litton will return to Glasgow. The company she will bring with her will include Mr Lionel Brough, Mr Kyrle Bellew, Mr Everill, and Mr J. Y. Stephens.

What a genial and pleasant chairman Mr Knapp made at the theatrical supper on Thursday last. And his speech in proposing the toast of the evening was more than mere words. It contained a good, practical suggestion, which his audience took up at once and cheered to the echo, and which, there is every hope, will bear capital fruit. The allusion he made to Mrs Chippendale was an exceedingly happy one, and will, I have no doubt, be highly appreciated by that kindly lady and charming actress.

"H.M.S. Pinafore," or rather the "Children's Pinafore," will be revived at the Royalty Theatre to-night, and will be played all this week. The company will be practically the same as that which appeared on Mr Knapp's boards in August last, and how much we all enjoyed their performance then needs not to be repeated now. There will be crowded audiences in the Royalty during the stay of "The Children."

Mr Knapp promises us "Olivette" for Easter Monday.

"La Fille du Tambour Major," with Mr Aynsley Cook and Miss Annie Poole in the principal parts, will hold its place on the boards of the Gaiety all this week, and will be succeeded, on Monday next, by Mr Bernard's "Children's Cloches de Corneville" company. The "child" who takes the *role* of the *Aliser* in Planquette's opera is "little Nelly Howitt," the daughter of Mr T. C. Howitt, an actor who is well-known in Paisley, and, of all places in the world, Dunfermline! One who knows Miss Howitt well tells me she is a remarkably clever and precocious little girl.

Mr Walter Bentley opens this evening at the South-Side theatre, when he will play the part of *The Burgomaster* in the drama of "The Sledge Bells." This, I need hardly remark, is another adaptation from the "Polish Jew" of MM. Erckmann Chatrain. On Friday Mr Bentley will take his benefit, when "Money" will be put up, while "The Courier of

Lyons" will be produced on Saturday. Mr Bentley is certain of crowded audiences at Mr Beryl's house. He has never appeared—on the stage, at least—in the South-Side before, but his earnest style and abundant dramatic force have gained him hosts of admirers among our "Surrey" population.

On Easter Monday, the 18th of April, Mr Hubert O'Grady with his Irish company will open in "The Eviction" at the Royal Princess's Theatre. By a remarkable coincidence Mr Charles Stewart Parnell, M.P., the Young Chevalier of the Irish party, lectures in the National Hall, next door, on the same evening. "The wearing of the green" will be trumps that night.

Mr Irving begins his provincial tour with the company of the London Lyceum, at the Grand Theatre, Leeds, on the 5th of September.

Hengler's has long been famed for its juvenile spectacles. Four years ago, "The Fairy's Garden Party" in honour of "Little Red Riding Hood" crowded the West Nile Street Cirque for months. On Wednesday night—the half-yearly "Wee Saturday" of local rhyme—Mr Hengler again brings out this charming piece, but on a much grander scale than formerly. Special engagements have been made with those talented little London folks, the Misses Tilley, Jee, Casey, Batchellor, Burrell, &c. The name *roles* are enacted by Miss Lottie Jee and Miss Amy Tilley, while a crowd of young girls fill the other parts.

The party is a thoroughly representative one. Assisting thereat are the heroes and heroines of nursery song and story and no end of counterfeit presentiments—miniature speaking likenesses of eminent Men You Know. As befits a juvenile "at home" there is any amount of music and dancing. The "ball programme," among other items, includes a Grand Polka Mazurka, the *Cachuca pas seul*, Scotch Reel, Sword Dance, Irish Jig, and merriest of C. D.s, Sir Roger de Coverley. The opening is specially pleasing with its floral settings, and cascade of real Loch Katrine. When it is mentioned that the piece has been in rehearsal for a fortnight under the lynx eye of Mr Powell, it goes without saying that everything has been done to ensure success.

The annual ball of the Royal Northern Yacht Club was held in St. Andrew's Hall on Thursday evening. It was a wonderfully gay sight. The costume of the club members—which consists of navy blue with brass buttons, the vest being buff—gave quite an air of novelty to the *mise-en-scene*. Mr Alexander Findlay, who is an enthusiastic Royal Northern Yachtsman as well as an artist, designed a special menu card for the occasion. This contained a plan of the racing course of the club, together with two clever illustrations—one showing the yachts in all the bravery of their summer garb, and the other depicting them as laid up in port for the winter. Messrs Ferguson & Forresters were the purveyors of the supper provided at the ball.

The Ramblers Round Glasgow inaugurated the season by a walk-out on Saturday. The day was bright, but cold and wintry, with a snell east wind blawin' across the fells, and hardly a daisy lifted its head to welcome the "flower-lovers" to their favourite haunts. As usual, the first ramble ended at the Mearns, where the disciples of "Caleb" took their ease at the hostelry yelect the Newton Inn, and ate their annual dinner. The kale, as of old, was sublime, and the haggis something to dream of; but, ah me! my Magistrate, where are the old faces whose smiles lit up the board in the "merry, merry days when we were young?"

The patrons of Hutchesons' Hospital did not appear at the meeting of the Incorporation of Dyers and Bonnetmakers last week. The truth of the "Statement" seems now an admitted fact, and investigations yet to be made may reveal still further necessity for immediate action on the part of the Burgesses. Rumours prevail regarding a forthcoming discussion concerning certain lands belonging to the Hospital.

"They say" that the authorities of the North British Coy have claimed no less than £100,000 from the trustees of the late Sir Thomas Bouch, on account, I suppose, of the Tay Bridge. Mr Walker, the manager of the Coy., who had been appointed a trustee on his estate by Sir Thomas, has declined to act on account of this claim.

A friend who knows something of the inner working of the N. B. Coy. denies that the split in the Directorate, hoped-for by the Bears, has taken place.

Those who have seen Professor Nichol's new volume, "The Death of Themistocles and Other Poems," which is about to be published by Mr Maclehoose, wax enthusiastic in its praise. It will place Mr Nichol, they declare, in the very front rank of living English writers of poetry.

On Saturday, Mr William Kennedy, M.A., clerk to the Glasgow School Board, gives a lecture on "Words" to the Renfrewshire Branch of the Educational Institute in the Mearns Street Public School, Greenock. Mr Kennedy is quite at home in "lecturing" teachers. The "words" he has with those under his own Board are neither few nor far between.

Dr Charles Marshall, the hero and martyr of the Ardrossan School Board litigation, is surely one of the luckiest dominies out. His legal expenses have all been paid by sympathetic confreres, he exacts a handsome pension for life from the Board he has worsted, and he is now about to be feted by the "new profession" in grand style. Three weeks' hence this veteran of the old parochial system is to be banquetted in the Saracen's Head, Saltcoats, and presented with a testimonial which is being subscribed for in all parts of the country. The cloud has had a silver, or rather a golden lining.

The "Speaker's Dinner," with which the session of the Glasgow Parliamentary Debating Association was wound up, took place on Friday in the Alexandra Hotel, Bath Street, and among those who made their appearance in the reception room previous to dinner being announced was our friend Provost Browne of Crosshill. His tall figure and kenspeckle face made his presence known at once, and the committee, eager to secure a speech, put him on the list for a local toast. In a few minutes, however, it was discovered that Mr Browne had gone. Search was made for him high and low, but he could nowhere be found. It seems that the Provost had made up his mind to attend the annual dinner of the Brown's Society, which was held on Friday in the Bath Hotel, and stepping into the Alexandra by mistake he was shown into the room where the Parliamentarians had assembled. When the blunder was discovered Mr Browne lost no time in seeking his proper dinner-table.

Eight and twenty thousand pounds is mentioned as the sum paid by Government for the old Religious Institution building in George Street, on the site of which the new Inland Revenue office is to be erected.

Much favour has been manifested by our shipbuilding firms towards the proposal for the establishment of a permanent Marine Exhibition in the city. The present exhibition will close at the end of the current month.

The long and valuable services to the Corporation of Mr James Brown, "the perpetual provost," are about to be acknowledged by a testimonial, contributions towards which have been made by magistrates, councillors, and other official persons. Already the very respectable sum of £300 has been subscribed.

The re-opening of the Grand Hotel, Sauchiehall Street, has been fixed for this day fortnight, the 18th inst. It will be under the direction of Mr W. G. Davidson. Saturday, the 1st of May, is the date of the inauguration of the West End Exchange and Reading-room.

The New Pilgrim's Progress.

IT takes a good deal to move the Paisley bodies, but last Wednesday the Suburb was stirred to its centre. The cause was a paragraph in the *Glasgow Herald* descriptive of a magic lantern entertainment in the Evangelistic Hall, which contained the following remarkable statement:—"Last night a large meeting in that hall witnessed an exhibition of views of the Pilgrim's Progress (Sir Peter Coats') such as never have been seen anywhere before." The appearance of Sir Peter in the *role* of a Pilgrim took even those who know him best by surprise. If the exhibition is repeated it shall be under municipal patronage, for, by our halidome! the BAILIE shall be there to see.

THE LADIES' BATTLE, OR THE TEN YEARS' CONFLICT.

What ægis could fence us?
Our ages the census
Brought up by another decade;
Decay'd more our charms are,
Less stay'd now alarms are
That beauty in Ten-years doth fade.

A LAME EXCUSE.

(Scene—Glasgow Green; Sandy and Tammas fgather and sit down to have a chat.)

Sandy—By the by, Tammas, wha was yon I saw ye takin' a bit dauder wi' yesterday? He's unco lame.

Tammas—Aye, he's a' that, Sandy. He's sairly fashed wi' corns. Man, di ye ken, the first time I sleepit wi' him, lo'd, I thocht he had on a pair o' tackety bits!

OUR FIERY CLERIC.—In the course of a babyish squabble in the Established Presbytery last week, Mr Robert Thomson objected to Mr M'Lachlan's "absorbing the fire." Mr Thomson evidently wants all the fire procurable for his own "absorption," and to warm Papists withal.

REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM.—On account of the impossibility of their attending church, Dr Begg fears that the Edinburgh police force will be "reduced to a state of paganism." It is said that pagandom views the prospect with as much alarm as Dr Begg does. "Reduced," quotha!

A Banquet without Banquo—Thursday last's.—"Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed?"

Lord Glasgow to the Lord-Provost of Glasgow—The MacDonald Monument.

A Fast Day—A twenty-four hours' walking match.

Quavers.

IF it is hardly possible to be in two places at once, how much less possible is it to be in five, especially, to extend the Hibernicism, if the localities are far asunder. This was the problem presented to your reporter, BAILIE, on one or two evenings of last week, and he did not attempt to solve it.

Notice of two or three of the numerous musical gatherings since last issue must therefore suffice, and that briefly and concisely.

Partick Association made a fair show, both musically and in point of attendance, and the society is decidedly improving. Some details in their arrangements for the comfort of their friends are a little odd.

At Uddingston and Bothwell, the respective societies of these somewhat rival communities had each fairly successful displays. Even if it were desirable to compare their respective appearances as to merit, it would hardly be easy to do so, the concert at Uddingston having been, one might say, more vocal than instrumental, and that at Bothwell more instrumental than vocal.

The principal selections at the Bothwell Association's concert were Mendelssohn's "Hear my Prayer," Gounod's "By Babylon's Wave," and Sterndale Bennett's "May Queen,"—all accompanied by an efficient little orchestra, which, assisted by some of the members of the Society, gave a smart performance of a Toy Symphony (Haydn), that now fashionable class of instrumental amusement.

The Uddingston Society, which had for its principal "piece" Farmer's Mass in B flat, promises well in unaccompanied part-singing, that truest test of choral accomplishment. They had the advantage of singing in a suitable place for concert purposes. The Bothwell society is particularly ill-off in this respect.

The choir of St. James's Parish Church are to be congratulated on their successful performance, on Wednesday evening, of Haydn's Imperial Mass, music of decided difficulty to all engaged. Miss Johnstone was eminently successful in the florid soprano solos. Mr Riddell sang with taste and care.

A concert was given by the choir of Pollokshields Established Church on the same evening, Wednesday, 30th ultimo. The anthem, "What are these?" by Dr Stainer, a typical example of modern sacred writing, was very well sung, as also was Elvey's lively "O give thanks," the choir singing without any extraneous assistance. Mention should not be omitted of the effective interpretation respectively of the solos, "O rest in the Lord," and "Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets." This is the best concert the choir has yet given. Mr John White, organist of the church, conducted, and Mr J. Finlay accompanied.

Dr Philip Armes' oratorio "Hezekiah" will be performed by John Street U.P. Church Musical Society on Tuesday evening next—for the first time in Scotland, it is understood.

The two performances of Handel's "Messiah" on Thursday evening, the Fast-night, have each their own attraction. That of the Tonic Sol-fa Concert in St. Andrew's Hall is the engagement of Signor Foli for the bass solos, and that of the Glasgow Select Choir is the unique and bijou style of choral representation at their hands, approaching, it may be correct to conclude, more nearly to Handel's time in respect to numbers and individual accuracy of singing.

"The Philosopher's Stone"—A memorial tablet to Thomas Carlyle.

Agricultural "Capital"—March dust.

THE NEW PENS.

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Big Tammie an' Wee Wullie.

WHEN the BAILIE was a laddie he was always pleased to see a fellow stick up for his "wee brither," and it was with a similar feeling of satisfaction that he read Sir Thomas Gladstone's speech at the meeting of Caledonian shareholders the other day. Sir Thomas, as is well known, has been obliged on various occasions to reprove his "wee brither Wullie," but that he still takes a kindly interest in the lad is proved by his speaking of him as "the great financier of the day." This is as it should be. "Behold how good a thing it is—!"

MORE INJUSTICE TO IRELAND.

Two cronies are discussing a family who have newly fitted into the "lan'."

First Crony—They say they're Irish.

Second Crony—'Deed an' they're no'. They're vera quate, decent folk!

GRANNY'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE.—"John Knox," observes a leader-writer in the *Herald*, "as very few Scotchmen are aware, was an educational as well as a religious reformer." The writer has evidently just discovered the reformer's dual character himself, and complacently takes it for granted that all but "very few" of his countrymen have hitherto been in a similar state of ignorance. This looks like a new reading of the old saw about grandmothers and the sucking of eggs. Granny now appears as the teacher, not the taught.

"THE POLICEMAN'S FRIEND."—The title of "the Soldier's Friend" has been claimed, on more or less reasonable grounds, for and by a variety of persons; but nobody, so far as the BAILIE knows, has yet been dubbed "the Policeman's Friend." As it seems hard that Robert and Tonalt and Tugalt should have "no friends," his Worship hereby summons Sheriff Lees to his presence and confers upon him the proud title in question.

INFANT NEUTERS.—In a report submitted at last week's meeting of the Barony Parochial Board reference was made to certain children, "which are found unsuitable inmates of Woodilee Asylum." Poor little souls! Are they also found unsuitable to be honoured with any pronoun but a neuter one?

A "Critical" Situation—The editorial chair.

GENTLEMEN'S CLOTH Made and Trimmed—Suits, 21s; Trousers, 4s; Overcoats, 14s. Fit, Workmanship, Trimmings Guaranteed.—EWART A. BAIN, 59 Bridge Street.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the Sheriffs have been trying more policemen.

That one was sent to prison for three months and another was dismissed from the bar.

That the two political conventicles were held in Glasgow last week.

That the Tories gathered round Mr Ashmead Bartlett, M.P.

That they dubbed Mr B. "one of the leading statesmen of the day."

That if they had said one of the greatest bores of the day they'd been nearer the mark.

That the Liberals lauded Lord Rosebery.

That these rads dearly love a lord.

That his Lordship is as good-natured as he is clever.

That he allowed himself to be lectured by Professor Ramsay and Walter Macfarlane.

That he dined with George Jackson.

That—ma conscience!

That the recent doings of the Scottish Football Association have been rather "dicky."

That the resolution that the cup tie should be played over again has made everybody—well, stare.

That the Paisley bodies had a dry day for their Fast.

That a good many of the excursionists seemed pretty dry when they left home.

That they were all "wet" enough before they got back again.

That another shipbuilders and engineers' strike is threatened.

That this is a case for the exercise of arbitration.

That the proposal to amalgamate the Medical School at the Royal Infirmary and Anderson's College doesn't meet with much favour from the students.

"PUTTING HIS FOOT IN IT."—Sheriff Lees has decided in favour of a fishmonger who brought an action against the Magistrates and Town Council for damages "through his horse having put its foot into an uncovered water-plug." The BAILIE has half a mind to sue somebody for damages too. He possesses an Animile, partially equine, who is constantly putting his foot in it. But stay! There is no water-plug in his case. The Magistrate will take the matter to avizandum.

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Megilp.

A CIRCULAR has been issued by William Smith, secretary of the Scottish Water Colour Society, showing the progress made by the society since its origin in 1878. The pictures sold in 1878 were 22 in number, and of the value of £453 12s; in 1879 the number was 23, and the receipts £601 17s; and last year the sales totalled up to 30 pictures, the price of which was £707 4s. Mr Smith intimates that the next exhibition of the Society will be held in the Galleries of the Institute—two of which have been set apart on its behalf—and in order that it may be distinguished for its high quality and attractive nature, the Council have resolved "to suspend the by-law restricting the number of works sent in by each member and associate, and they hope that all will unite in contributing as important works as possible."

The Exhibition will open on the 5th of September, and the sending-in days are the 11th, 13th, and 15th of August, for London, Edinburgh, and Glasgow respectively.

Last Thursday's conversazione of the Art Club—the last one, by the bye, of the season—was unusually successful. The room was crowded with members and visitors, and there was a brave show of pictures on the walls. Probably the feature of the evening was the recital, by Mr Hermann Vezin—a visitor on the occasion—of a tragic poem entitled "The Spanish Mother." Altogether the spirits of the painters and their friends soared superior to the depressing effects of bad times and lower prices. For lower prices are the rule everywhere now-a-days, and the sooner artists recognise this fact, the better for themselves and the interests of art generally.

A further development of the art of etching is announced, in the approaching publication of "English Etchings." This will be a monthly serial containing four original etchings, the work of English artists. It will be imperial quarto in size, and the price of each number will be the very moderate one of three shillings and sixpence. The task of publishing "English Etchings" has been entrusted to Mr Reeves, of 185 Fleet Street, London.

The Paris Salon is this year under entirely new regulations, and some of the alterations in the rules have provoked much bad feeling among the artists. The other evening at one meeting of an artistic *cercle* in the French capital so high did this feeling run that the proceedings ended in a general free fight. They don't always manage these things better in France.

The new roof screens put up in the Institute are a great improvement, especially during the day. They assist materially in distributing and equalising the light.

Mr M'Whirter is at present in Venice.

The Decorative Art Exhibition in the new Galleries, 103 New Bond Street, London, will be opened early in May. Intending exhibitors should apply for all particulars to the Director, T. J. Gullick.

AS CLEAR AS MUD.—"A Lover of Good Music," writing to a morning paper to advocate the establishment in Glasgow of English opera recitals, says, "That such a thing is quite feasible, the occasional rendering of dramatic or descriptive part-songs by the select choirs is clearly proved." Does the worthy musician think he would prove his case less clearly if his sentences would parse?

A Touching Scene—An artist finishing his landscape.

Bicycles: { The "Special," "Club," "Duplex," "Premier," "D.H. F." "Excelsior," "Rudge," "Tangent," "Carver," "Express," &c, 100 Second-hand from £3 each. Inspection Invited.—Jennings & Co., Agents, 101 Mitchell St.

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* * * A Title-page and index for Volume XVII of the BAILIE—
which concludes with the present number—may be had gratis from
the publishers.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 6th, 1881.

“TO show his love for the Church,” the Rev. Robert Thomson is willing to form one of a deputation to London, and to “pay his own expenses;” but his co-presbyters don’t see it. This is unfortunate; for the Cockney mind would have been refreshed and edified by the spectacle of the magnanimous Rubbart sporting his favourite shade of blue at the boat-race, or, later on, in a white hat and green veil at Epsom. Whitebait is also in season, a new piece on at the Alhambra, and the Park in its glory. Could not Rubbart prevail on that long-suffering congregation of his to make him a deputy, in spite of the Presbytery?

BEYOND OUR LATITUDE.

As the day lengthens, the cold strengthens,
And the Spring its reign with the Winter shares;
The sunshine freezes in north breezes,
And the climate changed, *nova* semblance bears.

AH!—Sheriff Murray last week sentenced a man, convicted of brutally assaulting a woman, to three months’ imprisonment. Any surprise that may be felt at the leniency of the sentence will be at once dispelled when it is stated that the victim was the prisoner’s mother-in-law.

Men who have sprung from the Ranks—
Deserters,

Humours of the Census.

ENUMERATOR—Well, mistress, I want to take the census of this house.

Wife—The senses o’ the house. That’ll no be vera difficult. There’s only Tam an’ me; an’ he thinks that I’m silly, an’ I ken he’s no wise.

Head of Family (British Workman, to wife of his bosom)—It’s vera curious, Maye, that the Government ordered the census to be taken at midnight on Sunday. Could they no’ a’ said midnight on Saturday?

Wife of his Bosom (who has had some experience of the world and its ways)—That shows the wisdom o’ the Government. If they had said midnight on Saturday vera few heeds o’ families could a’ held a pen at that time, let alane fill up a census paper.

Head of Family—You are a faur-seeing woman, Mysie!

Enumerator (to lady of the house)—Who is head of the family here?

Mrs Wearbrecks—It’s me, of course.

Enumerator—Have you not a husband?

Mrs Wearbrecks—Oh there’s John, puir chap, he thinks he’s head o’ the family, an’ you may pit him down sae, but he’s sair mistaen.

Short-hand, and Shorter.

REPORTERS though they may not “twist,”

Yet this I see their “hand” and art in—

Of Osborne they may give the gist,

But *in extenso* Neill or Martin.

They know the Public’s taste, and what

It likes to roll beneath its palate,

The spice so nice, the “bit of fat”

That gives a sort of what-d’ye-call-it,

A zest, to what would otherwise

Be flat and dull, though wise, not “other”’d;

So sometimes wit prints out full-size,

While wisdom’s cut out short and smother’d.

The following is from an advertisement announcing the annual soiree and concert of the Helensburgh Co-operative Society:—“During the evening the meeting will be enlivened by a host of talented Artists, including Songs, Glee, and Recitations.” What next? Verily our Northern “Brighton” is coming to the front, with its sewage, its squabbly psalmody critics, its two newspapers and what not.

COLD CHEER THAT NOT INEBRIATES.—The BAILIE’S old friend, Asinus, who has been rather out in the cold this some time, says that just now he has coughy with mine hoast to breakfast every morning.

Double Advice—Go(s) sip no more.

Jeems Kaye and the Census.

"I'M ga'an tae tak' the Census, Betty," I says, on Monday.

"Whase senses are ye ga'an tae tak' noo, Jeems?" was the question by way of reply.

"It's a government office, Betty! I'll be a government official! I suppose I'll get a gold band and brass buttons like the custom-hoose officers."

"What is't a' about, Jeems, and what are ye havering at?"

"Woman, d'ye no mind o' me telling ye a' about it before: every noo and again—some say it's every ten years, but I think it's jist as it comes intae their heids—the Government tak' a note o' a' the men, women, and children in every toon and village in the country, even in the uttermost pairts o' the land—naebody left out. It's supposed tae be wi' a view o' seeing if the females are aye keeping mair numerous than the males, and forbye it gies a heep o' wark tae the Registrar General—it's frae that he mak's up yon lists ye see noo and then in the papers—lists that I canna see ony guid in at a'. For instance, he says something like this—'In Strathbungo there were 98 widows above 30 years of age, and 76 widows below 30; 86 widowers above 30, and 44 widowers below 30; 23 of the widows above 30 married 24 of the widowers below 30, while 54 of the widows below 30 married 45 of the widowers above 30;' then it goes on to say that there were 195 children born—the greatest number in any one month being in January, and two-thirds of them were born on Sundays. Noo, it's tae assist at getting up that that I've volunteered my services; there's a guinea o' pay, and in thae bad times that's aye something—it'll buy a guid few pun o' that twa-shillin' tea they're a' advertising, forbye taking us intae the sixpenny place o' the circus, or a trip tae Millport on the Fast."

But it's no an agreeable job, BAILIE, yon, and noo that it's ower I'm gled it'll not be roun for 10 years. My district wis a gey mixy-maxy yin—some streets I got through fine, and ithers no sae weel.

The first hoose I went tae I chappit at the door and a voice says—

"Wha's there?"

"It's me."

"And wha's you?"

"I'm the census man, come tae tak' your census!"

The voice replied, "Then, my man, ye'd better gang awa' hame, for we've nae senses here

—we're a' dacent folk, and jist ga'ing awa' tae oor bed."

Although I kickit at the door they widna open, so I had tae write in three or four names in my sheet and then gang up the stair. The next door I went tae they thocht I wis a sheriff-officer, and the man said he would brain me wi' the poker if I didna clear oot, so as the guinea widna gang faur towards mending a broken heid, I jist wrote in a name or twa again. Then I cam' tae a dacent auld widow, and as she couldna write I said I wid fill up the paper, so I says, as I wet my pencil—

"Wha's the heid o' this hoose?"

"Weel it wis Sandy, bit he's deed and gane," she says.

"I'm afraid ye dinna un'erstaun me! Are ye marrit, single, or a bachelor?"

"Marrit," she replies.

"Hae ye been vaccinated?—let me see! no, that's no yin o' the questions. Have ye ever?—no, that's wrang again, that's yin o' my elders visiting lists I've got—aye, here it's noo—What's your occupation?"

"Naething."

"Naething! oh but I must hae something tae put doon! Suppose I say 'washerwoman.' And noo d'ye smoke, snuff, or drink? if the latter, d'ye incline tae the teetotal side—hop bitters or date coffee, and sich like, or are ye mair the ither way? Speak oot boldly—naebody but mysel' and the Registrar-General will ever ken your answer, but answer me correctly, for mind ye I'm armed wi' a' the powers this great nation possesses tae cross-examine ye till I mak' ye quake before me."

Here the puir body began tae greet, so I says, "Never mind, jist sit doon and I'll fill up yer list oot o' my heid far better than you could tell me." And I did it. There wis yae column heided "Condition as to Marriage." Noo, neither the auld body nor me could mak' oot what that meant, but as it must be filled up I wrote in it, "She says she wis aye puir, but she's harder up noo since she got marrit than ever she wis before."

The next close I cam' tae there wis nae gas on the stairs, and being a very cautious man, as befits my time o' life, I didna think I wis called upon tae risk being garotted, so I went intae a public hoose at the close mouth and getting three bawbees worth o' ale, I sat doon an' filled up a dizzen or twa o' papers as conscientiously as I could. Puir folk aye haeing big families, I gied the Registrar-General lots o' bairns in the

sheets—it looked natural like and wid mak' them think I had a heavy district. Indeed, if it hadna been that the cost wid overgang the guinea fee I wid hae gaen intae every public-hoose I cam' tae and made the lists up—it wid hae saved an awfu' lot o' argle-bargling.

In my next close wis an auld woman I knew, and she put doon her age as "65." On looking ower the sheet I says—

"Hoot toot, Mrs Paterson, this is no richt; ye're surely mair than 65—in fac' I ken ye are."

In reply she says quite coolly, "I daursay I am a year or twa mair; let me see the paper," and when I handed it ower tae her she took a pen and said, "I'll be honest wi' ye; I'm aboot three years aulder," and she added a "3" to the "65." I paid nae attention to it at the time, but this morning the Strathbungo Registrar got a letter frae the Registrar-General saying, "that in the sheets of Mr Kaye he observed one lady down as 653 years old; from the careful way Mr Kaye's sheets were made up he was sure it could not be a mistake, still the Strathbungo Registrar was to make enquiry and, if found correct, the old lady was to be offered a free lodging in the British Museum, while Mr Kaye would be rewarded with the Victoria Cross for bringing to light this wonderful instance of longevity."

I'm a wee afraid, BAILIE, that the mistake 'll be seen; but there's one blessing, it wis nane o' my doing—it wis done by hersel' spontaneously, so I canna be blamed.

But I needna weary ye, BAILIE—it's a' ower noo, and I'm waiting patiently for my guinea. A' things considered, I dinna think I'll bother wi't in 1891.—Yours,
JEEMS KAYE.

THE TARNISHING OF BRITISH "BRASS."

Down in the dust when come you must
The rights of this and that to settle;
You can't the Boer come lightly ore,
And weigh with Dutch, Britannia mettle.

THE LADYWELL LIBRARY.—Councillor Gray having remarked at last week's meeting of the Established Presbytery that "litera'ure on the lines of the Confession of Faith was found to be relegated to the most obscure corners of our libraries," Mr Thomson sternly interjected, "Not of mine!" The BAILIE would give something for a peep at Rubbart's "library." It must be almost as big a sicht as Rubbart himsel'—or the pownie.

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THIS EVENING (TUESDAY), APRIL 5TH, at 8-15,

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CHILDREN'S PINAFORE COMPANY,

The Original Company from the Opera Comique, London,

Specially Organised for the Representation of

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All the Characters Sustained by Children.

The Performance will Commence at 7-30 with the Farcical

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"AN AWKWARD ADVENTURE."

MORNING PERFORMANCE OF THE CHILDREN'S PINAFORE

ON SATURDAY FIRST, APRIL 9TH, AT 2 O'CLOCK.

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Mozart's "7th Mass" and Selections from Handel's "SAUL."

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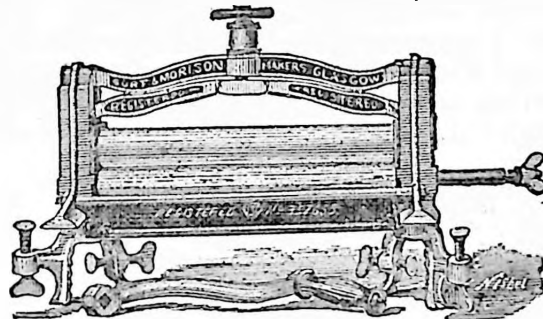
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We once heard a very worthy Baker excuse himself for not eating his own pastries on the ground that "he knew how they were made." Now, we know the nature and quality of our 2/ Tea—but that does not deter us from using it at home, in our own house, every day; and we consider this fact to be the best character we can give of its really pure, sweet, and wholesome quality and intrinsic worth. However, there are some 2/ Teas in town which we would be very loath to drink—even under the compulsion of "Hobson's choice"!

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By Express Train, with Through Carriages, leaving Glasgow (Buchanan Street) at 8-15 a.m.; Returning from Dundee at 6-0 p.m., and Perth (Princes St.) at 6-45 p.m. same day.

CHEAP RETURN FARES—First Class. Third Class.		
PERTH.....	7s	3s 6d
DUNDEE.....	10s	5s

Passengers may return on the following day on paying One fourth of these Fares additional.

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By Excursion Train, leaving Glasgow (Buchanan Street) at 8-20 a.m.; returning from Oban at 5-10 p.m. same Day. The Train will call at Dalmally, Loch Awe, Taynuilt, and Connel Ferry both going and returning.

CHEAP RETURN FARES—1st Cl., 10s; 3rd Cl., 5s.
The Tickets are valid for day of issue only.

TO EDINBURGH, NEWHAVEN, AND LEITH.

Leaving Glasgow (Central Station) at 8-15 a.m.; Bridge Street, 8-18 a.m.; and Eglinton Street, at 8-21 a.m. Returning from Leith at 6-30 p.m.; Newhaven at 6-33 p.m.; and Edinburgh (Princes Street Station) at 7-0 p.m. same Day.

CHEAP RETURN FARES—1st Cl., 5s 6d; 3rd Cl., 2s 6d.
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Leaving Glasgow (Central Station) at 8-0 a.m.; Bridge Street, 8-3; Eglinton Street, 8-6; London Road, 7-33; and Bridgeton, 7-36 a.m. Returning from Carlisle at 6-30 p.m.; Dumfries, 6-30; Lockerbie, 7-10; and Beattock, 7-35 p.m. same Day.

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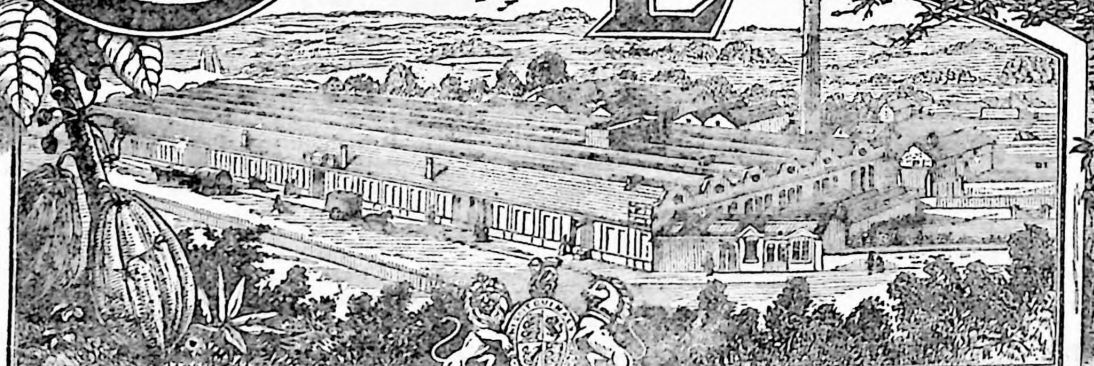
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