

THE
BIBLE
1880-1

V O L
17-18.



The Bailie.



Queen. I am glad to see you James. You are a credit to Scotland.

Jeems Kaye. Thanks, your Majesty. Sorry for the weather. But if your Majesty would condescend to take a bit taste from my flask, it would aiblins do you good.

VOLUME XVIII.

1880 - 81

MEN YOU KNOW.—VOL. XVIII.

- | | |
|---|---------------------------------------|
| 443—LORD BEACONSFIELD | 456—CAPT. CAMPBELL, WEMYSS BAY S. Co. |
| 444—SHERIFF LEES. | 457—SARA BERNHARDT. |
| 445—MISS LITTON. | 458—REV. DR. MATHESON, INNELLAN. |
| 446—REV. MR STORRY, CARMUNNOCK. | 459—PROVOST CAMPBELL, GREENOCK. |
| 447—MR ROBERT THYNE. | 460—MR C. D. DONALD, WRITER. |
| 448—MR WILLIAM MACKINNON. | 461—DUKE OF EDINBURGH. |
| 449—CAPT. MENZIES, GLASGOW HIGHLANDERS. | 462—SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON, & C. |
| 450—CARDINAL MANNING. | 463—MR T. L. ARNOTT, JAMAICA STREET |
| 451—MR JAMES DUNLOP, TOLLCROSS. | 464—MR THOMAS SUTHERLAND, P. & O. CO. |
| 452—MR FORSTER, M.P. | 465—GENERAL GARFIELD. |
| 453—MR ALEX. STEPHEN, SHIPBUILDER. | 466—DUKE OF MONTROSE. |
| 454—PROVOST KENNEDY, PARTICK. | 467—MR MIRRLEES, DEAN OF GUILD. |
| 455—MR R. D. DOUGLAS, J.P. FISCAL. | 468—REV. DAVID RUSSELL, GLASGOW. |

The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 443. Glasgow, Wednesday, April 13th, 1881. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 443.

IN beginning the eighteenth volume of his commentary on Men and Manners, the BAILIE invokes the presence of the most engaging personality of the time. Lord BEACONSFIELD is a great Conservative, but he is greater as a personage than as a politician. His individual charm, and the unique and romantic career which has fallen to his lot, combine to make him the most considerable Englishman since Lord Byron. Lord BEACONSFIELD published "Vivian Grey" five-and-fifty years since, and scarcely five months ago "Endymion" was issued from the press, and between these two books he has been constantly engaged in making the history of the world. No contemporary has been so bitterly attacked and so enthusiastically praised. It seems impossible to steer any middle course if Lord BEACONSFIELD be in the question. When criticism approaches him it degenerates into panegyric on the one hand and abuse on the other. It must be noted, however, that the attacks to which he has been subjected have only had to do with his public life. While he has succeeded in making his political associates also his personal friends, he has never allowed the animosities of the senate to disturb the relations of the salon. It is needless to recount to-day the separate events in the career of this most remarkable of all our prominent men. He invented the novel of Society—"Vivian Grey" came before "Pelham," he was the most pungent and the wittiest of satirists—a book of epigrammatic sayings might be culled from "Coningsby" and "Tancred" alone, and no speaking so effective as his has been known in the House of Commons for over a generation. And this is only one side, and the less important side of Lord BEACONSFIELD'S life and work.

BEGINS VOL. XVIII.

He will be notable in history as the statesman who created the Conservative party anew, and who gave household suffrage to England. Had it not been for the DISRAELI of 1846 the Tories would have disappeared with the defection of Sir Robert Peel. In like manner the franchise reform proposed by Mr Gladstone in 1866 stopped short at a seven pounds rental, and it was left for the more daring spirit of his great rival to propose a ratepaying voting qualification, and thus settle, once and for ever, the vexed question of the representation of the people. All his life, while an Englishman of Englishmen, Lord BEACONSFIELD has never ceased to refer with pride to his Jewish origin. In the memoir of his father he has prefixed to the latest edition of the "Curiosities of Literature," he tells us that he comes of the caste of the Sephardim, and that his ancestors, driven from their Spanish home in the 15th century by the Inquisition, settled in Venice, and assumed, at the same time, the name of Disraeli, in gratitude to "the God of Jacob, who had sustained them through unprecedented trials, and guarded them through unheard of perils." Another trait in the character of his lordship worthy of notice is his unbounded capacity for work, and the manner in which he succeeds in combining the drudgery which every public man has to encounter with the tasks and engagements of a leader of Society. He has shrunk from no labour, however severe, which was necessary for the advancement of his political principles. Half-a-century ago he was noted for "his silken black hair, his flashing eyes, his dress coats of black velvet, lined with white satin, his white kid gloves, with his wrists surrounded by a long hanging fringe of black silk, and his ivory cane, of which the handle inlaid with gold was relieved by more black silk in the shape of a tassel." No longer back than three weeks since

he was to be met any forenoon in Piccadilly or the Park, clad in the thinnest of overcoats and the neatest of hats. He has been at once the strictest of political martinets, and the gayest and most delightful of dinner-table companions. The intense interest felt by every class of his countrymen in Lord BEACONSFIELD has been abundantly manifested during the past fortnight. Every day's bulletin has been studied over the length and breadth of the country as eagerly as if it contained the news of a battle lost or won. At the age, happily, of seventy-six, his intense vitality has overcome a malady to which a younger man might well have succumbed. But this triumph is only another incident in a career which, more than that of any other figure in recent history, has borne evidence to the supremacy of a dominating will over the accidents of circumstance and time.

VARIATIONS ON POPE.

THE PED ON THE PAD.

Could I but pad from pole to pole,
 Or pad the ocean like a swan;
 I would be measured by my *sole*,
 The foot's the stand-(h)ard of the man.

A Ringing HIT FROM A BRUISER.

'Tis *head* occasion forms the "come on" *mind*;
 Just as the biceps bend, the blow's inclined.

SPEAKING BY THE CARD.

(Scene—Kinning Park; Saturday's football match.)

1st Little Gamin (perched on top of wall)
 —Joey, how mony folk dae ye think'll be here noo?

2nd do.—There's an awfu' crood. A' believe there'll be fifteen hunner, countin' the players.

AN INNOCENT ADVERTISER.—Somebody advertises in the *Herald* for a domestic, who "must make herself useful." Where has this ingenuous advertiser been brought up? Fancy a "slavey" in this year of grace engaging herself on the understanding that she "must make herself useful"! If he had said "ornamental" he would have had a better chance of getting a crowd of applicants to select from. "Must," quotha!

A Powerful "Motive" that ought to lead to the opening up of communication 'twixt Glasgow and Greenock on Sunday—Why a locomotive, of course.

The Milky Way—The road to the well.

MARRIAGE INVITATIONS, Ready Printed, 1/ per doz., with Envelopes.—GILLESPIE BROTHERS, 8 Buchanan Street.

"There's Another!"

(His Worship is garrulous.)

THERE, boy, put that up on the shelf—
 That's another good volume just done;
 I feel somewhat proud of myself—
 And of you—get your face washed, my son.
 What d'ye say? I didn't do much?—
 Now, now, my sweet youth, don't be rude;
 I'm your master—you must think me such—
 Young devils should try to be good.
 We're all here with one common aim,
 And that is at folly to scoff
 When laughter the same fails to shame—
 To wisdom our hats we must doff.
 We've done in our time some small good—
 We'll not say we've yet won our stripes,
 Though some fail to get them who should—
 You're a bully, my boy, to ink types!
 If the public but knew what's in store
 (*Sotto voce*, my chicken—If we!)
 For this volume that's now them before,
 O wouldn't they wriggle with glee!
 But your thumb on't, and here's what we'll do—
 We'll sit up from morning till late e'en,
 Me thinking, and drinking, and you
 Stuffing't into the young volume eighteen.

"SIGNS OF THE TIMES."

(Scene—St. Enoch Square Station; Two old women meet.)

1st O. W.—This is a grand station.

2nd O. W.—I never hae been here afore.

1st O. W.—I am surprised at that, woman, you should come at nicht and see't lichted wi' electricity.

2nd O. W.—Aye! Is't nice?

1st O. W.—Deed is't. It just pits ye in min' o' a fine balmy munelicht night.

[Titter among bystanders.]

The Humour of the Meet.

MORE "sporting" jocularly! The *Herald's* hunting-man is at it again. Hear him:—
 "A well-known Leeds merchant in Glasgow came to grief, being cannoned against by a gallant officer's horse, a grey, which knocked him out of the saddle and out of the running, and made him for the nonce take up the *role* of the farmer to ascertain if the ground was in good condition, a sample of which he was carrying about with him on his back for analytical purposes." The BAILIE must positively offer an engagement to this superlatively funny dog, *vice* the Ass, who threatens to grow dull with advancing years.

Plag(ue)al Cadences—Street malodies.

Imperial Stratagems—Crown-diamonds.

MITCHELL'S OLD IRISH WHISKY.

Every Man His Own Musician.

IN the course of a Small-Debt case heard by Sheriff Mair the other day one of the witnesses afforded a piece of information which is likely to cause something of a revolution—no pun!—in the waltzing world. In fashionable circles—again no pun!—of South Wellington Street it is, it seems, the custom for the gentleman-waltzer to be his own musician by “putting his arms round the lady’s waist and playing the accordion at her back.” The spectacle of a ball-room under these circumstances must be eminently pleasing; but why stick to the accordion? By providing the gentlemen with violins, cornets, &c., the effect of a full orchestra might be gracefully and economically obtained, and the only persons likely to cavil at the arrangement are the local “Coote & Tinneys,” who have had their innings long enough. Eh, Mr Adams?

“AS EASY AS LYING.”

(Scene—Police Court; Case of assaulting a policeman.)

Fiscal (to 249 a policeman)—At about what time did this assault take place.

249A—At about half-past eleven at night.

Fiscal—Call next witness. Well, 315A, when did this assault take place?

315A—It was exactly a quarter past two this morning.

Bailie (to Fiscal)—There’s surely some discrepancy here.

Captain of Police—Oh yes, your Worship, but the last witness has only been a very short time in the force!

[Roars of laughter in court, in which the Bailie joins most heartily.]

POOR PAY.—House-agency, combined with “literary work” and “a multifarious business of which the main thing is a collecting of debts,” does not seem to pay so well as might be expected. In the Edinburgh Bankruptcy Court the other day a gentleman who had carried on these “multifarious” callings stated that they “might” bring him in £100 a-year. Asinus says he wouldn’t undertake to “collect” his own debts for that, let alone other people’s, and to say nothing of house-agency and literature.

Men who do a “Roaring” Trade—Coalmen.

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.

MILFORD HAVEN has always been regarded by shipowners as a likely terminus for trans-Atlantic trade. Obstacles of one kind or other have invariably stood in the way, but these seem at length about to be overcome. The Atlantic Express Steam Navigation Company, Limited, appears likely enough to make its mark. The capital is ample, and the £20 share will probably preserve the control of the concern in responsible hands. The directors, with one exception, are men of business, and even the gilded lordling they have got for a chairman is credited with knowing how many beans make five. There is rather much Yankee bounce about the name, and that is about the only objection which can be urged against the scheme. Other people can build “Express” steamers just as well as the Macgregors, Gows, and Steels of the new line can do, but the company may possibly develop a fresh field in maritime enterprise.

A few more gold companies were started last week. I am blamed for prosing so much about gold companies, and it is stated that no one here cares about the subject because no one invests in these affairs. My censurers are completely wrong. A great deal of money has gone from Glasgow to be absorbed in these undertakings. It will never come back, and that is why I have been so unpleasantly frank in my expressions of opinion.

Two expedients are resorted to for the purpose of inducing the public to subscribe. Dodge No. 1 is to issue an advertisement notifying that the subscription list will be instantly closed. This is done to engender a belief that directors are literally overwhelmed with capital. Dodge No. 2 consists in the fabrication of a price whereby it is made to appear that the shares are selling at a premium. A paragraph to that effect is concocted and sent to the papers. Some editors are stupid enough to print the paragraph, and when Dodge No. 1 fails there is reason for believing that Dodge No. 2 answers very well, however transparent the deceit may be.

The directors of the Guayana Gold Mining Co., or some one in their behalf, have had the impudence to send me a paragraph, all ready prepared, for insertion in this column. It is, of course, intended to represent my opinions,—which it would were I to print the paragraph without explanation. There is too much of it to be included here, so I content myself with giving the closing sentences, which run as follows:—

“The directors, we understand, have set aside an ample sum for working capital, and by this course will avoid a very common error in this respect. So far as we are able to judge, this company appears to be one which commends itself to the favourable consideration of our investing readers. We are informed there is a demand already for the shares at a premium.”

There is a mixture of coolness and simplicity about this effusion which would excite laughter were it not that many wealthy simpletons may be misled by it. The slip I received was lithographed, so I presume it was sent to the press all over the country. Unwary editors have been cruel enough to let it into their papers, and the effect will be for careless readers to imagine that the red herring trailed across their path by the directors is an authentic “opinion of the press.” If people would only reflect they would see the hollowness of these mendacious paragraphs. How, for example, can the shares be at premium when the directors are begging me to have them at par? Perhaps they have forgotten the Canada Consolidated Copper juggle, which, to the shame of the Glasgow press, was daily quoted at a premium when the miserable air bubble was not yet at the bursting point it speedily reached.

London is about to experience the inestimable blessing of having a company to supply it with biscuits. For this little luxury a generous public is asked to contribute £100,000. The butter is laid on thickly, and all concerned are to prosper amazingly. Let them. Their success affects us as little as their losses will, for I do not suppose Glasgow will subscribe to let London have biscuits. It paid liberally to let Mr John Neil make a fortune in biscuits. Perhaps it was that disgusted Councillor’s success that set the Cockneys thinking about a biscuit company. Who knows?

SCRUTATOR.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—They are playing the "Still Waters Run Deep" of Tom Taylor this week at the Theatre Royal as a preface to "The Corsican Brothers," with Mr Herman Vezin as *Mildmay*, Mr Raynham as *Hawksley*, Mr Bannister as *Potter*, and Miss Carlotta Addison as *Mrs Mildmay*. "Still Waters" was originally produced at the London Olympic in the May of 1855, with Alfred Wigan and George Vining in the respective parts of the hero and the villain, and Sam Emery in that of the tottering, timid old *Potter*. The play, like everything, or nearly everything, Tom Taylor did—good workman as he was—is "taken from the French," being simply an adaptation of the "Gendre" of Charles de Bernard.

The last nights of "The Corsican Brothers" are now announced at the Royal. It will be succeeded, on Monday the 25th inst., by "The Busybody" of Mrs Centlivre, in which piece Miss Litton will make her re-entree to the Glasgow stage.

The last week of the Children's Pinafore begins to-night at the Royalty Theatre.

The "Olivette" of M. Andran will be played at the Royalty next Monday night for the first time in Glasgow, by a company specially selected by Mr Charles Wyndham. Like Offenbach, M. Andran sets himself to entertain his audience, and he succeeds to perfection. "Olivette" shows us how a nephew "personates his uncle in order that he may secure the hand of a lady who has been promised by her father to the elder man." This plot is garnished with plenty of humorous incident, and is set forth in an abundance of bright, "catching" music.

Miss Esme Lee, a lady new to Glasgow audiences, will appear as the heroine of "Olivette," and Mr Philip Day and Mr E. S. Gofton are also of the company.

Mr Bernard will introduce his Childrens' "Cloches de Corneville" Company to the Gaiety Theatre this evening. "What will they do with it?" is the question which is being asked everywhere regarding the little folk, and the sparkling and likewise exacting opera of Robert Planquette. If the *Gaspard* of the cast be a success the performance will be a big success indeed; even should the success be only one of "esteem," as our French friends would say, still the embodiment will be something to see and to talk about.

Mr James Taylor—it seems a whole generation since the champion comique was brought under the hammer in St. Mary's Hall—and Miss Ada Alexander, appear this week at the South Side Theatre.

"The Fairy's Garden Party" at Hengler's Cirque is an altogether charming affair. It quite throws into the shade former juvenile spectacles put up at this house. And these it need hardly be said have been veritable things of beauty. The transformation from a sawdust ring to a garden flooded with light, studded with a wealth of flowers of every hue, and further decked with a rustic waterfall, is conceived and carried out with exquisite taste and effect. The little merry-makers can trip it on the light fantastic to perfection, and never fail to bring down the house with their terpsichorean displays. Vocally they don't show to such advantage. Go, my Magistrate, and add one other notable to the crowd of celebrities attending the Fairy's levees.

Mr Glen Collins has returned from London with his self-importance more pronounced than ever. Having deprived himself of the School Board as an escape pipe through which to expend his surplus energy and eloquence, he has now betaken himself to the J.P. bench, and promises to become, in time, as "senseless and fit" as any *Dogberry* of them all. One day last week Mr Collins fairly took away the breath of the audience in the Justices' Hall by the manner in which he cross-examined an old Salt, who was a witness in a Board of Trade enquiry, with regard to the use of the lead. To be sure, the father of the young gentleman keeps a yacht, but this circumstance scarcely

entitles him to set up as an authority on all matters pertaining to ships and shipping.

Whispers are abroad regarding a scandal in the religio-charitable community of the city. The sufferers are said to be certain of our better-known local benevolent societies, together with at least one private charity.

Our Glasgow "chappies" are not destitute of humour. On Thursday evening, as the story goes, a pair of policemen, anxious to learn which was the better man, engaged in a series of athletic exercises towards the foot of Pitt Street, one of the results of which was the collecting of an excited and admiring circle of spectators. As the onlookers could not be induced to "move on," a passer-by smashed the glass of a "fire alarm," and it was not till the arrival of "the engines" that the ardour of the combatants was quenched, and quietness was restored to the neighbourhood. Supt. Nelson, who has the athletes in charge, is understood to be asking anxiously after the public-spirited citizen who summoned the engines, in order that he may be rewarded in a suitable manner.

The passing of the Caledonian Bill which the Bairds opposed will do a good turn to the Monkland Coal Company, who have had to pay a way-leave of 2d per ton on all their traffic, to the Gartsherrie lords. This will be a saving equal to about £3000 per annum to the poor and needy Monkland, whose prospects I am glad to say are looking up.

Mr Michael Connal, the respected Chairman of the School Board, will have his little joke now and then. At Monday's meeting, putting on the gravest face in the world, he inquired at Mr Cuthbertson whether he would second friend Martin's motion condemning the anti-licensing memorial it was proposed to present to the Magistrates. The face of the ex-candidate for Kilmarnock, when the query was put, was a study for physiognomists.

The Eglinton Hunt Meeting was held over the Bogside course on Thursday and Friday, and, as the weather was fine although cold, the attendance on the stand was large, and the number of carriages exceeded those of any former year. Mr J. H. Houldsworth entertained the Earl and Countess of Eglinton, the Hon. Mrs Vernon, the Hon. Mr Pelham, and a select party to luncheon on both days. The officers of the 21st Hussars drove down on the regimental drag, and the members of a well-known West-End club had out their four-in-hand, tooled by one of themselves. One of the popular "wins" was that of a young Glasgow iron-master, who, by the way, has old Ward, of coaching celebrity, giving him lessons in the handling of the "ribbons."

Cold weather prevented the ladies from appearing in anything gay in the way of costumes—warm wraps being the order of the day. One or two welters, however, got various "warm raps" in the paddock.

I formed one of a party of your friends, BAILIE, who visited Mr Laurence Drew's stud farm at Merryton last Saturday. After a "show" of the stock which is in capital condition, Mr Drew gave us a look at "Lord Harry" the horse which was ridden by the late Prince Imperial when he visited Mr Drew with the Prince of Wales and Duke of Hamilton, and which is to be sold along with the rest of the stock on Tuesday. All interested in Clydesdale stock will be there.

Mr Donald Currie seems constantly on the hunt after some new thing. His latest innovation was inaugurated on Thursday, the Glasgow Fast-day, when he astonished some of our Free Kirk friends by fixing the trial trip of his new steamer, the "Drummond Castle" for that day. 'Tis said that, in spite of this orthodox irregularity, the day passed very merrily indeed. *Old Hardecastle's* famous story of "the grouse in the gun-room" wasn't "in it" with the stories told on Thursday by Mr Donald Macgregor—the ex-M.P. for Leith—in the smoking-room of the "Drummond Castle."

So M'Lean's Hotel is not to be sold after all. The furniture was announced for sale to-day but arrangements have been concluded between Mr John M'Gregor of the Banavie Hotel and the trustees, whereby he gets possession at an early date. We must all wish him success, though, in these days of gigantic hotels carried on by Railway Companies, a successful fight against a monied interest is no easy task.

Surely Mr G. W. Clark and his brother-members of the Clyde Trust are acting, once more, the part of so many dogs in the manger, in the scurvy reply they have made to the request from the Corporation for their aid towards establishing a permanent Naval Exhibition in Glasgow. "Let the Corporation have our models on loan," cries Mr Clark, and straightway his advice is adopted by the Trust. While this so-called "public body" talks of "loans," our private shipbuilding firms are generously handing over their models to the new Exhibition without either fee or reward.

As an example of the expense into which the Clyde Trust is led by the pugnacity of Lord Blantyre, I may mention that the fee claimed by Mr Asher—our coming Solicitor-General—for attending in London on behalf of the Trustees, in Lord Blantyre's appeal to the House of Lords, amounts to the tidy sum of 300 guineas.

Now that Messrs Gilbert and Sullivan are once more in everybody's mouth, may I ask if it has ever been pointed out that the title of their famous cantata, "Trial by Jury," is not original, inasmuch as, during the first decade of the present century, Theodore Hook produced a comic opera with that name? I need hardly add that the plagiarism—if plagiarism it be—does not extend beyond the title.

"I like Oban in summer," says William Black, "but I like it much better in early spring; indeed, I've to go to Oban in spring-time to get an early taste of summer;" and he pays a visit to the metropolis of the West Highlands at the end of every recurring March, and usually carries two or three of his Southern friends along with him. Last week he made high holiday in the Alexandra Hotel, and had Bret Harte, Norman Lockyer, and J. Denovan Adam for his companions. The weather at Oban, may I add, was unusually pleasant all through the past winter. There was no snow, and the frost was never keen enough to interfere with the water supply, or make out-of-door exercise other than pleasant and invigorating.

When you and I were younger, my magistrate, we used, like the rest of our friends, to take a special pride in our river steamers. Now-a-days, however, you seldom if ever hear a whisper of any kind regarding a Clyde boat. To be sure the "Columba," and the "Iona," and the "Lord of the Isles"—none of which, I may remark, come exactly under the category of river boats—are still unapproached for comfort, and speed, and elegance, and the "Edinburgh Castle" maintains the old pre-eminence of the Lochgoilhead company, but when you have mentioned these, and perhaps the "Viceroy" and the "Ivanhoe," the tale of popular West of Scotland steamers has been told. At present, moreover, and for the first spring for many years, not a single new vessel is being built for our river trade. The railways have completely altered the character of the passenger traffic on the Clyde from what it was a score of years ago.

We may find, in the coming season, the "Lord of the Isles" plying between Glasgow and Inveraray, instead of Greenock and Inveraray as she has done hitherto.

By the way, an article in last month's number of *St. James's Magazine*, entitled "Will the Drama Revive?" and written by a well-known London critic, whose name, however, I am not at liberty to divulge, has lately attracted a good deal of attention. The article is well worthy of careful reading by all interested in dramatic art. Why we have no great contemporary drama of our own, and are content simply to borrow from the French, is the problem the critic sets himself to solve, and he does it clearly and tersely.

As I have hinted from time to time, Glasgow is at present strongly represented on the London Press. After teaching the *Cuckoo* to fly Mr Tom Dykes has retired to more congenial fields. Through the medium of the same "fearful wildfowl" Mr C. F. Findlay, formerly of the *Glasgow News*, the other day gave his experience as a prisoner for libel—a "first-class misdemeanant"—in Holloway Jail. Since his liberation Mr Findlay has, I understand, obtained the editorship of a Dover journal. Beware of Volunteer Colonels, Charles!

It may interest the numerous Glasgow friends and admirers of that admirable actor Mr Mat Robson to know that he arrived safe and sound from America on Wednesday week. My London gossip met him in the Strand—that universal rendezvous—on the following day, and "smole" with him. He reports friend Mat to be in excellent health and spirits. So mote it be!

Ex-Treasurer Osborne has probably good reason for accusing the reporters of "twisting" the utterances of public speakers. He is the ghostly orator of the Town Council. His words seem to come up from some hidden cavern; they are delivered in a dim ventriloquial fashion and melt into thin air long before the dying sound reaches the table of the industrious scribes. These gentlemen, however, being kindly disposed, are anxious to make him say something, and there seems little wonder if the want or the excess of their imagination should give a "twisted" appearance to the industrious Councillor's supposed verbiage.

What do the Clyde workmen say to the reward of £20 which was offered in a famous building yard, the other day, for the apprehension of the miscreant who nailed a clump of wood on the "ways" of a steamer on the night before she was launched?

Messrs M'Tear & Co. announce an important sale of pictures by foreign painters, in the Royal Exchange Sale-rooms, on Thursday. Among the artists represented in the collection is no less a personage than Sarah Bernhardt. Examples of Corot, Verlat, Mauve, and E. Frere are included in the works which will be disposed of by the Messrs M'Tear.

BOTTLED UP.

(Scene—Bar of a South-side pub.)

Customer (to smart shopman)—Can ye gae me a gless o' real Islay whisky?

Smart Shopman—Yes, sir, I can give you whisky from any distillery you can name.

Customer—Weel, mun, a' ken them a', I've been at Campbeltown, Islay, Jura, Bennevis, Kirkliston—in fact I've been round the hale country, and a' wis abroad tae.

Smart Shopman (waggishly)—Indeed, were you ever at Cam'lachie?

Customer (pawkily)—Mun a' wis there tae, twa or three times; but, dae ye ken, it was aye that coorse that we never got ashore.

[Smart shopman collapses.]

The "Rake's" Progress.—Making hay when the sun shines.

The Meeting of the Waters—Pouring Loch-Katrine among diluted whisky.

"Lay" Preaching—"Two to one bar one."

"Levelling Down"—Libelling.

Quavers.

THE corner has been turned at last. There is money now in bank to the credit of the Orchestral scheme, and represented by three figures, too. How gratifying this result is need not be expressed. The surplus might even have been greater than it is, as we learned from Mr Campbell at the meeting last Tuesday, but for two or three very natural reasons, which will not likely—at least all—exist to operate prejudicially another year.

The council of the Choral Union are specially to be thanked for their untiring efforts in connection with the combined scheme of concerts. Some fifty or sixty meetings of council have been held, it seems, during the past year, with committee meetings innumerable—called or impromptu—with reference to the thousand and one details that required attention and consideration.

An acknowledgment of the anxious and enthusiastic way in which the committee had been seconded by Mr Manns might also very fitly have been included in the proceedings of last Tuesday's meeting. How well he had succeeded in welding the orchestral *matériel* at his command into a perfectly satisfactory and harmonious whole was patent to every one. It is a comfort to know Mr Manns returns next season.

It is rather far back to write in detail of the St. George's Choral Union concert of last Tuesday evening. The chorus had not much to do, but what little there was for them in the programme they did well—thanks to Mr Pattinson, their conductor for the past year—and it was pleasing to see that they were being assisted by some older members of the society, ladies and gentlemen, who are now to be ranked amongst soloists. It would be a pity were the St. George's to be allowed to collapse, but it cannot have been doing well financially for some time. This really plucky body of choralists, so long under Mr Moodie's enthusiastic and disinterested care, has done some good work in its time, however, and there is a clear place for it, or for some other society of its size and class.

The orchestra brought together by Mr Pattinson played remarkably well. The Beethoven andante, the Boccherini Minuet, and the symphonies and accompaniments to the two national songs, were marked by good tone on the part of all the instruments.

Tuesday is the favourite night of the week for concerts, very evidently. To-night, the 12th, there is a concert by the St. Vincent Street U.P. Church choir, with Mozart's No. 7 Mass, and selections from Handel's "Saul;" then that by the West End Choral Society, conducted by Mr Channon Cornwall, with Macfarren's "May Queen;" while John Street U. P. Church Choir produce Armes' "Hezekiah," as noted last week.

Herr Franke, leading violin of the Glasgow Orchestral Concerts, sends us the prospectus of an intended series of performances of German opera, to be given in London in May and June of next year. The operas will be conducted by Herr Richter of the Royal Opera, Vienna, and the singers will be selected from the leading German opera houses. It is intended to perform Beethoven's "Fidelio" and, for the first time in England, Wagner's "Meistersinger" and "Tristan and Isolde"—the costumes, scenery, &c., in connection with Wagner's operas to be brought over for the purpose. Subscriptions are invited so as to form a guarantee fund, the rates of which may be ascertained from Herr Franke, 2 Vere Street, London, W. Visitors are not few in London in the months of the year (the height of the season) in which it is proposed to give these performances. A few evenings at these important operatic representations might fitly be included in prospective arrangements for a stay in the metropolis, even although a year in advance.

Signor Foli attracted an immense audience at the Tonic Sol-fa Concert on Thursday night last, as was indeed to be expected. The main drawback to the otherwise meritorious character of the general performance was the immature tone of the voices. One would like to see Mr Miller better supported than he is in this way.

The Glasgow Select Choir, if few in number for oratorio, according to modern ideas, have the advantage of producing pure unforced tone, equal in volume to that from choirs of three or

four times the number of less carefully trained voices. The effect is thus that of an ordinarily trained choir of 70 or 80 voices. The sharpness and clearness of the "entries," and the artistic neatness of the phrasing, were also distinctive characteristics of the singing of the "Messiah" on Thursday night; and that the choral performances were thoroughly acceptable was seen in the re-demands for choral numbers, an unusual honour indeed in oratorio. We were much pleased with Mr Murray's delivery of the tenor solos. He has thoroughly caught the oratorio style; a little more smartness in recitative would be an improvement, however.

A concert was given on Friday evening in the Watt Museum Hall, Greenock, by a private society of the town, to be distinguished as "The Select Choir." The choir consists of some thirty voices, and is conducted by Mr Allan Macbeth. Their performance of Pinsuti's "In softened splendour," for example, amply justified the adoption of the title; the singing, indeed, being quite what we associate with choirs of skilfully selected voices. The tone was good, and the *nuances* carefully observed. That of Mr Macbeth's arrangement of "O' a' the airts" was specially praiseworthy, and "Faithless Sally Brown" seemed to have been made a study of, one or two fresh points being made in bringing out "the humour of it"—using braggart Nym's phrase.

The Glasgow Select Choir (of whose performances, by the way, the London *Musical Standard*, through their correspondent here, Mr George Beddie, had a highly flattering notice recently), will give their last concert for the season in St. Andrew's Hall on Monday evening, the 18th inst. The programme will consist chiefly of pieces specially composed or arranged for the Choir, among which will be Brotherton's "Sleep, Baby, Sleep," which gained the second prize last year, Lahee's "The Bells," Macbeth's "Laird o' Cockpen," the arrangements of "Widow Malone," "The Blarney Stone," &c., recently heard; also Gower's "The Arrow and the Song," the Choir's interpretation of which has received the marked approval of the composer. The new prize part-song will be sung for the first time at this concert, and the name of its author announced. A "Barcarole" written for the choir by Mr Thomas Berry, organist of Trinity Church, will also be brought forward.

Mr James Allan will sing a song at this concert, we learn. Mr Allan has not come forward at all as soloist, as may have been noticed, since his assumption of the onerous duties of conducting. His re-appearance on this occasion, in that capacity, will therefore be very welcome to the many admirers of his effective and artistic style of singing.

The Kilmarnock Philharmonic Society give a performance of Mendelssohn's "Elijah" on Friday evening next, in the Corn Exchange Hall there. The chorus and orchestra will number about 150; Mrs Smyth and Miss Fyfe will take the solo soprano and contralto parts.

A CENSUS RETURN.

Census Taker—Hoo many sleepers were here last night?

Buxom Young Woman—Sleepers! There wis nae sleepers ava. Ma wee brither had the toothache an' he greeted a' nicht, an' no yin o' n' got a wink o' sleep the hale time.

"Free Church Principles"—Writing long-winded epistles to the newspapers.

"Scotch Bills in Parliament"—Bill Gladstone, &c.

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 Wheel within a Wheel.

THE learned Dr Delaunay, says Peter, comes before us thus late in the day as the discoverer of the most intellectual method of drying dishes. He professes to have found in this occupation a certain test of the mental capacity of "a cook or other suspected person." "If," in polishing a plate, "she goes round it from right to left, it is a sign of mental inferiority." Of course, ordinary observers would have looked for the signs of capacity in the quality of the work done, in a given time, and with the smallest percentage of smashings, but to the true scientist such considerations are beneath notice. The Doctor is well up in the causes of the centrifugal and centripetal movements, and, it is said, has drawn extraordinary deductions from the way people "wind their watches and make their screws." He must know, however, that it isn't the winding up which is the main difficulty with a watch, but the finding of the keyhole, especially when the aforesaid complicated centrifugal and centripetal movements have been indulged in, while as to the "making of their screws," there is no doubt whatever, judging by the line of his investigations, that Dr Delaunay finds, like the rest of us, that this is "the Grand Problem."

TIPS AND TAPS—MORAL FROM BOGSIDE.

Who, "heavy on" a "rare top tip,"
Gets rather *tipsy* turfy,
In hopes to *tipple* to tip-top ;
May topple topsy-turvey.

A LORDLY LETTER-WRITER.—Granny has lately made an important addition to her staff in the person of Lord Archibald Campbell, without a communication from whom an issue of the *Herald* is now deemed incomplete. His Lordship is somewhat monotonous as to subject and incoherent as to style ; but what editor and what reader could have the audacity to find fault with the son of a Duke and the brother-in-law of a Princess ? Let us, then, listen with due reverence to the oracular utterances that issue from "14 Beaufort Gardens, Brompton."

MY EYE!—Somebody advertises in the *Herald* for a lost dog with "brown eyebrows." By an important omission no colour is assigned to the interesting animal's eyes or eyelashes.

A-maize-ing—Mr Gladstone's knowledge of brewing.

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.

No Census.

MR JOHN MACDONALD, of Princes Street, has independent ideas on the subject of the census. He objects on principle, to the numbering of the people, and last Tuesday endeavoured to impress his views on an enumerator by threatening to knock that official down—with the result of a disagreeable interview with Mr Gemmel next morning. Before 1891 comes round John should try the effect of his forcible arguments on the Home Secretary or the Registrar-General. Simply threatening a mere enumerator is fraught with unpleasant consequences to himself, and cannot advance the great cause which he has apparently at heart.

VERY LIKELY.

(On the road to Crosshill, Fast night ; one friend overtakes another.)

Been fasting, Tom ?

Religiously, my boy.

How many "sensations" to-day ?

Not a drop ; been too busy.

Why, bless me, you can't walk straight, Tom.

No wonder. There's a fellow in front of me so drunk that he can't keep to the pathway. I have been walking behind him from the toll ; and, being of a sympathetic nature, as you know, I can't keep from staggering at the sight of him. That's all. Let's pass him.

They passed and, strange to say, Tom's legs were full of sympathy even after he had reached his journey's end.

A TRIFLE LIGHT AS "AIR."—"Bandmaster Wanted for a Volunteer Company Band. Must be able to Play an Air Instrument. Salary, £20 a year." So runs a *Herald* advertisement, from which it would appear that the art and science of music is hardly looking up in the world. Why a fellow could hardly have the spirit to blow his own trumpet, let alone any other "air instrument," on £20 a year.

Railway Collisions—Squabbles between shareholders and directors.

Classical Motto for the Census Returns—"Numerus Sumus." *Hor.*

A Savings Bank—A breakwater.

A Grand "Stand"—Glasses round.

Gentlemen in-Waiting—Creditors.

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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Our splendid Stock embraces every Novelty for Boys' Dress suitable for the coming Season, and affords a Choice unequalled in the City. And when we state that every Garment is specially made for ourselves, and that the material selected is of the best and most durable description, it is unnecessary, we think, to give further assurance to our Patrons that a marked contrast is presented to the great bulk of Boys' Clothing to be seen elsewhere, which is made-up not only of indifferent material, but chiefly with a view to mere appearance.

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250,000 CIGARS

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2d CIGARS, 8 for 1s; Post Free, 1s 2d.

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

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IMMENSE DELIVERIES THIS WEEK.

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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, APRIL 13th, 1881.

THE fates are to be propitiated at last. Our Magistrates and Town Council have authorised the formation of a Police Band. "Tugalt will plaw the pipes," and Tonalt "will

peat the drum," and they will each be as proud and happy as if they were testifying before the sitting Magistrate—the Bailie, that is, and not the Stipendiary—over their twentieth "case." Among the humorous features of the affair is the opinion expressed by the members of the Corporation to the effect that the band will assist to raise the force in the general estimation of the public! My conscience! The police are a valuable and responsible body of men. They have arduous and difficult duties to perform, and these duties are usually performed in a way that deserves the thanks of the citizens at large. But the notion that the braying on brass instruments, the tooting of fifes, and the beating of drums—all, indeed, that can aid to make either night or day hideous, will serve to make the policemen of Glasgow more respected by the ratepayers, is a funny one indeed. Funny, however, as this notion is, it seems still funnier in view that the different arrangements for the band have been placed in the hands of Councilor OSBORNE, that disciple of Apollo and the tuneful Nine! After this appointment who shall say that the Corporation of the city is indifferent to "the eternal fitness of things?"

Art in Part.

SHOW me the woman that is not Fashion's slave,
 And I will wear her in my heart of hearts,
 Who does not of "intenseness" or "the utter" rave,
 Or do th' æsthetic gush about "the arts,"
 'Bout dadoes, or blue china, rich in hue or cracks,
 Sconces of brass all beaten out by hand,
 Lilies in pots, art tiles, inlays and plaques—
 Such things as women rarely understand
 And yet must talk of—for to play their part
 On Fashion's stage demands this cant of "art."

THE FAMILIARITY THAT BREEDS CONTEMPT.
 (Scene—Railway carriage, 5 p.m. train from
 Edinburgh; *Dramatis Personæ*, Well-dressed
 young mother with smart three-year old, and
 affable gentleman.)

A. G. (to little boy who has been taking
 sundry liberties with passengers' belongings)—
 You must not touch that or we'll get the
 "bobbie" to you.

W. D. Y. M. — Oh! he's no frichted for a
 "bobbie;" his faither's a "bobbie!"

[Collapse of A. G. and general titter amongst
 the other passengers.]

GOOD FRIDAY—Robinson Crusoe's Man you
 Know.

* * * The present number of THE BAILIE begins Vol. XVIII.
 A Title-Page for the preceding volume may be had from the
 Publishers Gratis.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT another Sheriff has been down on the
 police.

That the police on this occasion were a
 couple of detectives.

That Sheriff Mair was not at all satisfied
 with the evidence of the detectives.

That his Lordship considered it perfectly
 impossible that those detectives could see
 through the body of a tramway guard.

That the ratepayers are anxious to know
 whether they must pay for detectives travelling
 on cars and watching the conductors.

That there was a marked increase in the
 number of publics open in Glasgow on the Fast-
 day.

That the publics were as well attended as the
 kirks.

That two of our railways have been successful
 with their parliamentary bills.

That there was some pretty hard swearing
 by the witnesses in the respective cases.

That power was given to construct more lines
 than will be constructed for some time.

That a railway company isn't usually so
 anxious to construct new lines as to prevent its
 opponents from doing so.

That this is exactly the case in this instance.

That the Convention of Royal Burghs has
 been holding its sittings.

That the object of this gathering is mainly
 "talkee-talkie."

That the deputations get all their expenses
 paid.

That as the days lengthen the cold strengthens.

THE UNTUTORED INTELLECT.

(Border man at City Hall Saturday Evening
 Concert; Mr Hamilton Corbett brings down
 the house with "Afton Water;" Loud ap-
 plause and cries of encore.)

Border Man—Awa' wi' yer angcore an' let the
 man sing ower again.

SOMETHING LIKE A SWALLOW.—At the
 Central Pclce Court, the other day, a horny-
 handed son of toil informed the Magistrate that
 forty half glasses of whisky was about his daily
 allowance. Supposing he paid for all these
 "nips," without even treating a friend, his bill
 would amount to the tidy little sum of 6s 8d
 per diem—or £2 per week—without a penny
 for the support of wife and family! Not bad
 this for your "model working man."

Racing Fixtures.—Horses scratched.

Doing the Heavy.

A LOCAL daily is evidently much impressed by the recent presentation to the great and good Lord Eglinton. After stating that the address was "encased in a handsome heavily-gilt silver casket," the awe-struck reporter proceeds to add that "the casket in which the address was enclosed was made of silver heavily gilt." The corners of the wonderful box, moreover, rested "on massive columns (!) supported by finely-modelled groups of statuary." My conscience! This casket must beat anything out of "The Arabian Nights."

A-N-ARROW-Y LOCH.

(Scene—Loch Longside, last Thursday; tourist party in wagonette.)

Fair Tourist—Do you notice the great length of the Loch and, besides, that it is such a narrow loch.

Male Tourist—An-arrow loch.

F. T.—Don't!

M. T.—Yes! It is an arrow loch with the arrowhead at Arro(w)char.

THE "FAST" DAY—alas, too quickly flies;
To-morrow again to work I rise.

CRUEL!—A cynical correspondent suggests that as Lord Archibald Campbell takes such an absorbing interest in the Gaelic tongue he should pen his "Letters to the Editor" in that dialect. It would, adds the C.C., at once gratify the Highland population and obviate the perpetration of serious outrages upon the long-suffering English language.

"MUM" AND "BUDGET."—Apropos of Mr Gladstone's Budget speech, and of a word which, he confessed, "he did not understand," a Shakespearean correspondent refers the BAILIE and his readers to "The Merry Wives of Windsor," act v., scene ii. "What needs either your 'mum' or her 'budget'?"

AURI SACRA FAMES!—The manager of the South-Side theatre announced for last Friday evening "Money, and other Attractions." The "other attractions" were rather superfluous. Give us plenty of money, Mr Beryl, and we ask for no more!

A Fit of "the Blues"—The University boat-race.

"The Holy Fair"—A church bazaar.

Furniture for Cash "Doon on the Nail." GARDNER & HARDIE, 42 Great Clyde Street.

The Modern Æsop.

V.—TWO HARES.

TWO hares, one wise and the other foolish, while breakfasting in a turnip field, were startled by the barking of a dog. "A dog, I am told," said the wise hare, "is one of my sworn enemies, and when he barks, sudden mischief lurks at his heels. I am off." And he disappeared among some gorse. "Ah! you are always afraid of something," replied the other, "but no dog ever did me any harm yet. I wonder where he is, and what he is doing." And popping up her head to see, her long ears betrayed her presence, and the next instant she rolled over with a shoulder shattered by a gunshot.

MORAL.—Past immunity is no guarantee for future safety; and "once more" is a trap by which the foolhardy are eventually caught.

"MARY THE MAID O' THE INN."

(Scene—Roseneath Ferry Inn; Time, Glasgow Fast.)

Glasgow Youth (drunk)—I shay, Mary (hic) you're the very (ferry) girl for me.

Mary—Get oot wi' yer nonsense. You'll no tak' me in (inn).

"MUM'S' THE WORD."—The Right Honourable Member for Mid-Lothian told the House of Commons and the country the other night that he didn't know the meaning of the word "mum." Bless you, William, we were all aware of that long ago!

MORE LIKE IT.—A pamphlet has for some time been persistently advertised in the local papers under the title of "How to Invest." Asinus fails to see the value of the information suggested. The question, he says, is "what" to invest. Given that, he will settle the "how" for himself.

A(R)IVAL OF TRUTH.

The Cuckoo's a 'cute bird, mid secrets it flies;
It brings us dark tidings, and—(we hope), tells us no lies.

NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL.—Some fellow advertises in the *Herald* for "a cure for stammering." The BAILIE is happy to be able to supply him with a perfect cure, free, gratis, and for nothing. Here is the "formula," as the quack advertisements say: "Shut up!"

On the turf at Bogside—Bogtrotters.

GENTLEMEN'S CLOTH Made and Trimmed—Suits, 21s; Trousers, 4s; Overcoats, 14s. Fit, Workmanship, Trimmings Guaranteed.—EWART A. BAIN, 59 Bridge Street.

Megilp.

WILL the coming Exhibition of the Glasgow Art Club be held in the galleries of the Messrs Annan, Sauchiehall Street? In going back to the Messrs Annan it seems difficult not to think that the club would be pursuing a wise course. It was in their gallery that its most successful Exhibitions were held, and indeed the club is in some way identified, in the minds of many, with Messrs Annan's cosy, compact room. As has already been stated in this column the Exhibition will be one of cabinet pictures, that is of pictures up to a maximum of 24 inches. In the Dudley Gallery, it is true, a work of 30 inches is reckoned a cabinet work, but 24 inches seems a good size to fix for a maximum, and we may expect to find the majority of the Art Club exhibits even much smaller than this. In a moderate sized room, it should be recollected, a picture of 14 by 10 inches seems really an important work.

Messrs Gillespie Brothers, the lithographers, are preparing an album of "Sketches in Black and White, by the Members of the Glasgow Art Club." The size of the work will be royal quarto, and it is proposed that the sketches should be as nearly as possible 9 by 7 inches in size. All the contributions to the album must be in the hands of the Messrs Gillespie by the end of May.

The last fortnight of the Exhibition of the Institute is now announced. It will close on Monday, the 25th inst.

"A Rose among Thorns," the most effective picture yet painted by J. E. Christie, has been accepted by Sir Coultts Lindsay for the coming exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery.

Carmunnock has at length been discovered by our painting friends. Duncan M'Kellar spent a day in the quaint, old-fashioned village at the end of last week, and came home quite delighted with its manifold attractions.

Alexander Davidson is busy over a series of sketches in black and white, some of which are likely to find their way to the Exhibition of the Institute in September next. Among them are one or two bright, clever studies of East Coast life and scenery.

Colin Hunter has sold his "Mussel Gatherers"—one of his two large pictures of the present year—to a Mr Schwabe, and has started with Donald Currie, M.P., for a trip up the Mediterranean. He will visit Cyprus before his return. "They say," by the bye, that the price received for the "Mussel Gatherers" was eight hundred guineas.

So successful has been the recent figure work of Miss Greenlees that she is likely to devote herself more and more in the future to this style of art. She will proceed to London in the coming summer to spend some time in one or other of the more celebrated schools of the metropolis.

W. Hall Maxwell, who has been in Paris for some weeks, is at present painting at Andeleys on the Seine.

What a pack of troubles attend the profession of an artist in the kingdom of Laputa. One of the disciples of the palette, describing the other day the treatment he has received in the Academy of his native city, says, "I've had all my works pilld. Last year I called on Dick, Mat, Tom, and the rest of them, and got capital places for my canvases; this year I called on nobody, sending in my pictures on their merits—and behold the result." Happily for our painting friends, this sort of thing is quite unknown outside of Laputa.

Easter Motto for M.P.'s—"Rest and be thankful."

"The Banished Duke"—Argyll by the Irish Land Bill.

"Corporal" Punishment—Losing his stripes.

"The Black Watch"—A coloured sentry.

Busy B's—Bookmakers and backers.

A "PIOUS SMILE."

Minister (to ruling elder)—Trying weather, John. I feel very *cauld*.

Elder (waggishly)—Ah, minister! many are called, ye ken, but few are chosen.

Minister (sharply)—Weel, weel, John, if they're no chosen they'll no be lang *cauld*.

T H E A T R E - R O Y A L
(Under Royal Letters-Patent from The Crown.)
Lessee and Manager,.....Miss LITTON (Mrs W. Robertson).

LAST NIGHTS. LAST NIGHTS.
THE CORSICAN BROTHERS.

TO-NIGHT, at 7-30,
STILL WATERS RUN DEEP.
MR HERMANN VEZIN, Miss CARLOTTA ADDISON.

At 9-30, Kean's Version
(which can only be played by Miss Litton's Company) of
THE CORSICAN BROTHERS.

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The NEW MAGNIFICENT and MARVELLOUS SCENERY by Mr W. PERKINS, Mr J. HARKER, and Assistants.

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AT THE GRAND OPERA.
100 BALLETS EVERY NIGHT.
LAST NIGHTS. LAST NIGHTS.

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Box Office, the Theatre (Open Daily from 10 to 4), or at Messrs Muir Wood's, Buchanan Street.

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Manageress.....Mrs CH. BERNARD.
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CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE COMPANY.
Morning Performance—SATURDAY, APRIL 16—2 o'clock.
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WEST OF SCOTLAND AMATEUR ATHLETIC SPORTS.

These ANNUAL SPORTS will be held at HAMILTON CRESCENT GROUNDS, PARTICK, on SATURDAY FIRST, 16TH APRIL, commencing at 1-30.

The BAND and PIPERS of the 74TH HIGHLANDERS, by kind Permission of Colonel JAGO and OFFICERS, will Attend.

Entries, received by A.T. Henry, 11 Gordon Street, Glasgow, Close To-Day (Tuesday).

C O N C E R T O F S A C R E D M U S I C,
JOHN STREET U.P. CHURCH.
TO-NIGHT, TUESDAY, 12th APRIL, at 8 p.m.
A R M E S' "H E Z E K I A H."
(First Performance in Scotland.)
Programmes may be had from Messrs Paterson, Sons & Co., Buchanan Street, or at the Church.
Collection in Silver,

ROYALTY THEATRE.

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

THIS EVENING (TUESDAY), APRIL 12TH, at 8-15,
LAST FIVE NIGHTS OF
MR D'OVLY CARTE'S

CHILDREN'S PINAFORE COMPANY,

The Original Company from the Opera Comique, London,
Specially Organised for the Representation of
Messrs GILBERT and SULLIVAN'S Popular Opera,
"H.M.S. PINAFORE."

All the Characters Sustained by Children.

Preceded at 7-30 with the Farical Absurdity,
"AN AWKWARD ADVENTURE."MORNING PERFORMANCE OF THE CHILDREN'S
PINAFORE

ON SATURDAY FIRST, APRIL 16TH, AT 2 O'CLOCK.

Box Plan open at Messrs J. Muir Wood & Co's., from 11
till 4, and at the Theatre from 11 till 3.**ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE,**
MAIN STREET, SOUTH SIDE, GLASGOW.

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

Every Evening during the Week at 7-30; Saturdays at 7.

Mr JAMES TAYLOR and Miss ADA ALEXANDRA,

In the New Comedy in one Act entitled

RUNAWAYS,

And the New and Original Comedy Drama in 3 Acts entitled

A GOOD TURN.Both pieces by F. W. BROUGHTON, Author of Ruth's Romance,
"Withered Leaves," "Light and Shade," &c., &c.

MONDAY FIRST, Easter Monday, APRIL 18TH,

Revival of the EVICTION, with MR and MRS HUBERT
O'GRADY'S COMPANY.

Box Plan at Donaldson's Rooms, 91 St. Vincent Street.

HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE,
WEST NILE STREET, GLASGOW.

Open Every Evening at 7-15. Commencing at 7-45.

At every Performance until further Notice,

THE FAIRY'S GARDEN PARTY IN HONOUR OF
LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

CASCADE OF REAL WATER.

THE GUESTS!

Being the Heroes and Heroines of Nursery Legends, so dear
to all little hearts; also Potentates and Representatives of Various
Nations.Grand Polka Mazurka, The Cachuca, Characteristic Scotch
Dance, Sword Dance, The Celebrated "Spring Chorus,"
Irish National Dance, "Sir Rodger de Coverley" Dance,
Imposing Tableau, "Rule Britannia," and Grand Finale."THE FAIRY'S GARDEN PARTY" will be preceded and
followed by
HENGLER'S EQUESTRIAN TROUPE.

ILLUMINATED DAY PERFORMANCE

Every SATURDAY. Doors Open at 2. Commence 2-30.
THE FAIRY'S GARDEN PARTY at Every Performance.**ROYAL MUSIC HALL,**
Under the New Management.

PROPRIETOR,.....THOS. ROGERS.

MANAGERESS,.....MRS ROGERS.

CHAIRMAN,.....MR T. WELLESLEY.

OPEN EVERY EVENING WITH A STAR COMPANY.
CHANGE OF ARTISTES EVERY WEEK.

Open at 7. Concert, 7-30.

Prices from 6d to One Guinea.

GLASGOW SELECT CHOIR.

ANNUAL

PRIZE PART-SONG COMPETITION,
IN ST. ANDREW'S HALLS,

MONDAY, 18TH APRIL, 1881.

Programme will be principally arranged from Pieces Specially
Composed or Arranged for the Choir.

The PRIZE PART-SONG for Season 1880-81.

Also, for the First Time, "BARCAROLE," Specially Composed
for the Choir by Mr THOMAS BERRY, Organist of Trinity Church.
ORGAN SOLOS BY DR PEACE.Tickets—Balconies, 2s; Area, ONE SHILLING—from the
Musicsellers.

Doors Open at 7. Commencing at 8 o'clock.

GLASGOW AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.ANNUAL SHOW OF AYRSHIRE CATTLE,
CLYDESDALE HORSES, HUNTERS, & ROADSTERS,
DAIRY PRODUCE,SHEEP, SWINE, AND POULTRY,
AND AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

ON THE GLASGOW GREEN,

On WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, 4th and 5th May, 1881.

Last day for receiving Entries for Implements, 13th April;
for Cattle, 20th April.Prize Lists and Entry Schedules can be had on application to
the Secretary.

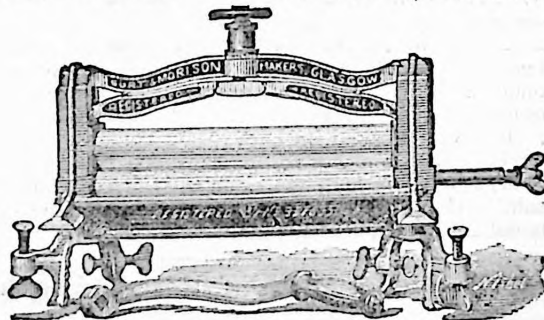
MARK MARSHALL, Secretary.

145 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow, 31st March, 1881.

CHEAP BOOKS! CHEAP BOOKS!!

MR LINDSAY, 102 QUEEN STREET,
projects a new Revolution in Bookselling,
and, as a preliminary step, has arranged for a
REMORSELESS AND DETERMINED CLEARING
SALE of the Whole of his Present Stock before
the end of his Lease.*On Exhibition this Week—*A Lot of 1s 6d Books for 3½d each. A Lot of 2s 6d Books for
7½d each. A Lot of 3s 6d Books for 9d each. A Lot of 5s Books
for 1s each. A Large Square 1s 6d Account Book for 7½d.
120 Sheets Commercial Note Paper for 7½d. 120 Sheets Sermon
Paper for 10d. School Prizes—6d Books for 3½d; 1s Books
for 7d; 2s Books for 11½d.

ROBERT LINDSAY, 102 QUEEN STREET.

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None are Genuine unless bearing our Name and Register Num-
ber. Every Machine guaranteed to be of the Best Material and
Workmanship. Sole Manufacturers—THE "ACME" MACHINE CO.,
(Late BURT & MORISON),
WRINGING MACHINE MANUFACTURERS,
173 GRAEME STREET, GLASGOW.

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 tasted 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 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.

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, 3½d;
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

STUART CRANSTON & CO.,

TRAINED TEA-TASTERS,

76 ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW.

GLASS AND CHINA

AT M'DOUGALL & SONS, 77 and 79 BUCHANAN STREET,
And at 8 to 16 JAIL SQUARE.

The STOCK for Elegance, Extent, and Variety, has no equal in the City. Lowest Trade Prices. Cash Discount allowed.
Inspection invited. Free Promenade.

DEPOTS FOR MINTON'S, COPELAND'S, WORCESTER, AND DRESDEN PORCELAIN.

Sole Agents for Glasgow for DR. SALVIATI'S VENETIAN GLASS.
NOVELTIES ARRIVING DAILY.

WEDDING CAKES
OF FINEST QUALITY.
Tastefully Ornamented, from One Guinea upwards.
A. M. & A. BROWN, 279 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

Materials for Glass Etching & China Painting.
GEORGE DAVIDSON,
CARVER, GILDER, & ARTISTS' COLOURMAN,
123 SAUCHIEHALL ST. (Third Shop West of Hope St.)

IMPORTANT FINE-ART SALE.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Thursday, 14th April.

PUBLIC SALE OF AN

IMPORTANT COLLECTION OF SELECTED
HIGH-CLASS MODERN PICTURES.

From the Studios of the Most Eminent Artists of the British and Continental Schools. Among which are—

- "The Eastern Question,"By C. Verlat.
 "Versailles in a Mist,"By Corot.
 "On the Mediterranean Coast,"By E. Frere.
 "The Housekeeper,"By Vanschandel.
 "A Sweet Tete-a-tete,"By Savini.
 "Palm Sunday,"By Morland.
 "In the Ardennes,"By Eugene Verboeckhoven.
 "On the Sea Shore,"By E. Carpentier.
 "The Wood Cutters,"By A. Mauve.
 "River Life,"By Moutte.
 "Interior of a Church during Franco-German
 War,"by Van Hannan.
 "Algerian Girls,"By Lazarges.

And other Important and Admirable Works by

G. Rota,	Schutz,	Diaque,
Innocenti,	Fichel,	A. Verwee,
Hamza,	Gegerfelt,	Beddini,
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Chevalier de Bensa,	M. A. KoekKoek,	Schill,
Morel,	Karsen,	Pinenez,
J. Carabain,	J. Carolus,	Kluyver,
C. L. Muller,	Andreotte,	H. Garland.
H. de Beul,	Neuhuys,	Riegen,
J. D. Steven,	Gudin,	Sarah Bernhardt,
Manzoni,	Kuwasseg,	&c., &c.

(The Property of Messrs Hollender & Cremetti, 64 New Bond Street, W., and 133 Gower Street, W.C., London, and of Paris and Brussels, whose acknowledged taste and discrimination have rendered their former Exhibitions so attractive.)

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO., have received

instructions to Sell the above, by Auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, North Court, St. Vincent Place, on Thursday, 14th April, at One o'clock.

On Private View (by Invitation) on Tuesday, 12th, and on Public View on Wednesday, 13th April. Catalogues (price 6d) may be had on application to the Auctioneers.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 11th April, 1881.

At Warehouse No. 46 BATH STREET, on THURSDAY, 14th APRIL, at TWELVE.

EXTENSIVE PUBLIC SALE OF
CABINETMAKER'S STOCK-IN-TRADE:

(Removed for convenience of Sale.)

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO., are instructed to

Sell the above extensive and well-selected Stock, by Auction, at Warehouse, 46 Bath Street, on Thursday, 14th April, at 12 o'clock prompt.

On view on Tuesday and Wednesday, 12th and 13th April, from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., and Morning of Sale.

Note.—The Auctioneers have made arrangements whereby Buyers at this Sale may have their Purchases Packed and Stored in well-ventilated and Dry Stores till the end of May.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 11th April, 1881.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Wednesday and Thursday, 20th and 21st April.

EXTENSIVE PUBLIC SALE OF
ITALIAN MARBLE SCULPTURE,
Consigned direct from Volterra for Positive and Unreserved
Sale, ex "LADY CLARA," from Leghorn.

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. have received in-

structions from Signor Del Colombo, Volterra, to Sell the above, by Auction, in their Rooms, on Wednesday and Thursday, 20th and 21st April, at twelve o'clock each day.

On View Morning of Sale.

Royal Exchange Sale-rooms, April 11, 1881.

LAST WEEK BUT ONE.

GLASGOW INSTITUTE OF THE FINE
ARTS.

TWENTIETH ANNUAL EXHIBITION

Day Admission, 9 till 5-30,1s.

Evening " 7 till 10,6d.

GALLERIES, SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

ROBERT WALKER, Acting Secretary.

The OLDEST Irish Whiskey in the Market.

The PUREST and most wholesome.

As a stimulant, PREFERRED to the finest brandy.

BOTTLED IN H. M. CUSTOMS' STORES.



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IS THE

Best Irish

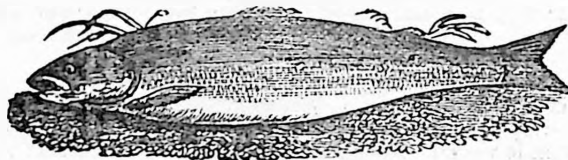
WHISKY

ONE QUALITY ONLY for home trade and exportation—
THE BEST.

SOLD by Agents in every district (Wine Merchants and Grocers) in one dozen cases, each CONTAINING TWO IMPERIAL GALLONS.

JAMES WILSON & SON, BELFAST, Sole Proprietors.

Wholesale Agents for West and Centre of Scotland,
WHEELER & CO., 147 STOCKWELL ST., GLASGOW.



COD LIVER OIL.

JAMES M'CREADIE'S
AYRSHIRE AND GALLOWAY

FISH, GAME, POULTRY, AND ICE EMPORIUM,
16 WEST HOWARD STREET.

The ANALYTICAL REPORT says:—"The Anti-Margaric nature of M'CREADIE'S COD LIVER OIL is, of itself, high commendation independent of its other specific properties, possessing as it does the essential proportions of IODINE and BROMINE."

SALMON TWICE DAILY.

THE TRADE SUPPLIED.

CROSS RESTAURANT,
STEEL'S, 9 LONDON STREET.

Newly Renovated, and under New Management.

BREAKFASTS, LUNCHEONS, DINNERS, TEAS, &c.,

At Prices that Defy Competition.

LADIES' ROOMS, with Every Convenience.

Admirably Situated for Parties having Business in the Cattle Market, or otherwise Engaged in East-End.

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

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

ADVERTISEMENT received for Home and

Foreign Papers, London and Edinburgh Gazettes, &c.
A. F. SHARP & CO., 14 Royal Exchange Square.

T H E O R G U I N E T T E .

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.

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.



A M E R I C A N P E R F O R M E D 3 - P L Y V E N E E R S E A T I N G ,

For Fitting up Waiting, Billiard, and Smoking Rooms, Spirit Shops, Restaurants, &c.

S E T T E E S A N D C H A I R S
In Great Variety.

E G L I N & G A R D N E R ,
70 YORK STREET,
GLASGOW.

O X T O N G U E S .

FRESH SHIPMENT of the VERY BEST OX TONGUES, will Sell at 6½d, or 6os per Cwt.

DONALDSON BROTHERS, 9 SHAMROCK STREET.

BRANCH—

28 ST. GEORGE'S ROAD, CHARING CROSS.

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R O Y A L R E S T A U R A N T ,

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.

J A M E S M E W A N , R E S T A U R A T E U R ,

26 & 28 MAIN STREET, ANDERSTON.

BREAKFASTS, DINNERS, TEAS.

French Papers Daily

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SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

SUPPER ROOMS NOW OPENED.

Fish, Tripe, and Oysters from 7 p.m.

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COMPANY,

THE THING WANTED,

18 BUCHANAN ST., GLASGOW

MANUFACTURERS OF

BOOTS AND SHOES

Of all descriptions, Retail their Goods at

WHOLESALE PRICES.

LATEST LONDON AND PARIS STYLES.

T H E T O A N A N K Y O N C O . ,

18 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW,

AND AT LEEDS.

T H O M A S M O O R E ,

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AUCTIONEER and APPRAISER,

ARGYLE SALE-ROOMS, 19 Gordon Street.

P H O T O G R A P H E R S T O T H E Q U E E N .

RALSTON & SONS,

141 SAUCHIEHALL STREET 141

AND

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

I R O N W I N E B I N S .

IN Stock, or made to any size or shape to fit Cellars, Recesses, &c.

Recommended for Coolness.

WILLIAM HUME, 195 BUCHANAN STREET.

H U N G A R I A N W I N E S

One Dozen Sample Case of our Different Sorts of Carlowitz, 25s.

THE WINE FLAGON SYSTEM.

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.

Terms—Cash.

ADAMS & HODGE,

63 ST. GEORGE'S PLACE, GLASGOW,

Chief Agents in Scotland for

MAX GREGER & Co.,

By Special Appointment, Wine Merchants to Her Majesty the Queen.

Descriptive Pamphlet and Price List of all kinds of Wines in Bottle can be had Free on Application.



B A T H S ! B A T H S ! ! — J . R . M I L N E

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.

GENTLEMEN'S HATS.

MOST EXTRAORDINARY VALUE

AT

THE COLOSSEUM.

Those Gentlemen who know us, know what we can do.
Those Gentlemen who don't know us are invited to come and learn.
Those who don't want to learn are the only people we don't want to see.

NEW STYLES.

GENTLEMEN'S FELT HATS.

At 4s 6d, 5s 6d, 7s, and 8s 6d; regular price in Glasgow, 6s 6d, 8s 6d, 10s 6d, to 14s 6d.

Gentlemen who *prefer* paying 14s 6d for Hats exactly like those we sell at 8s 6d we do not attempt to convince. We guarantee the Purity of all our Hats, also their Durability and Superiority over all others at same prices.

DRESS HATS! DRESS HATS!!

The Best DRESS HATS in the City are those sold by us at 17s 6d. They cannot fail to give satisfaction. Other leading qualities, 8s 6d, 10s 6d, 12s 6d, and 14s 6d.

There is no difficulty in getting fitted at the Colosseum. Every Shape, every Quality, every Size (extra Small and extra Large).

TRAVELLING, FISHING, SHOOTING, YACHTING CAPS, &c.

An Immense Variety of BOYS' CAPS and FANCY HATS.

An entire Building devoted to the above Departments, the New Entrance to which is No. 62 (opposite Howard Street).

MILLINERY DEPARTMENT.

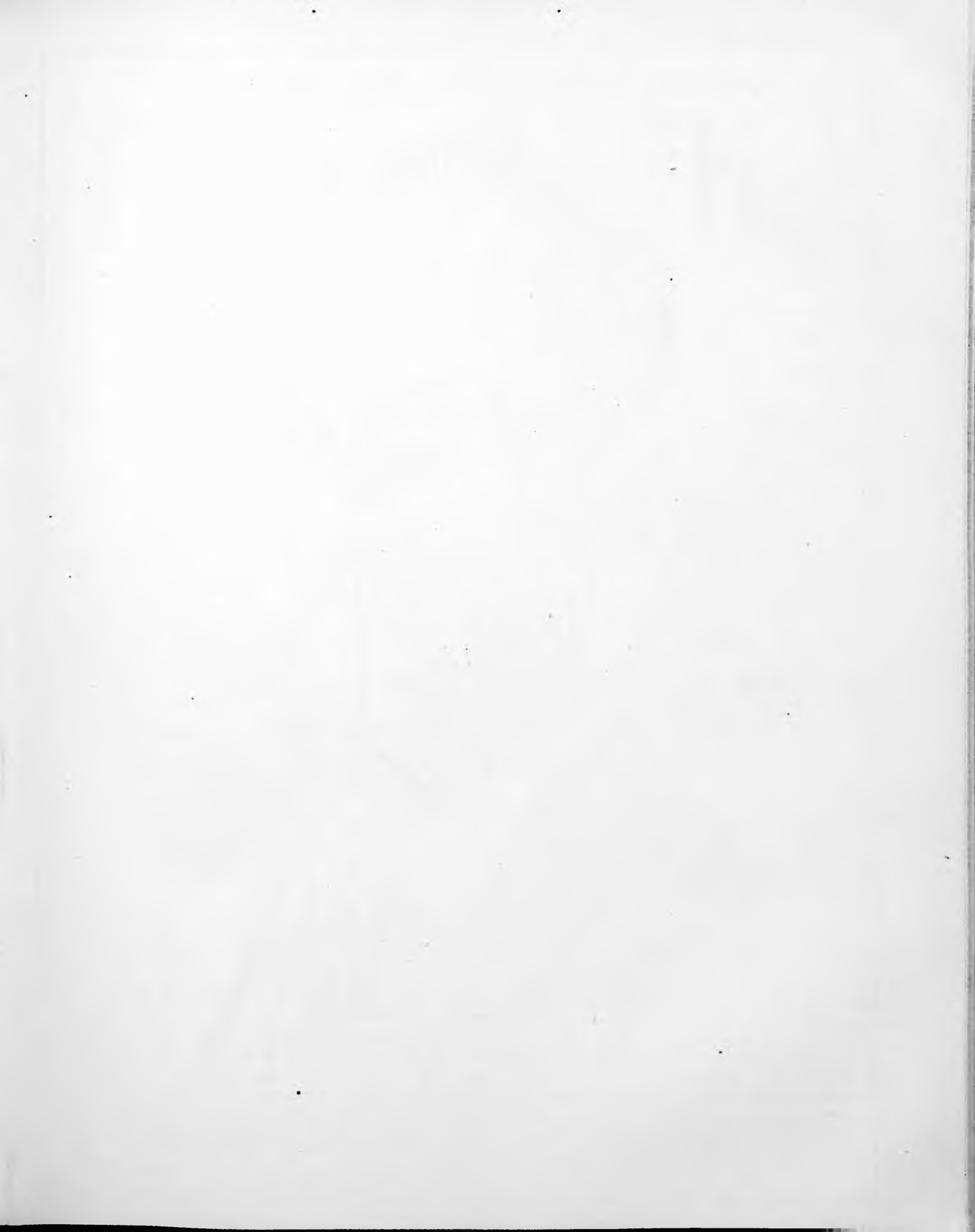
SECOND GRAND SHOW OF THE SEASON

THIS WEEK.

See Details in Daily Papers.

The Entrance to the Millinery and Ladies' Hat Departments is as heretofore by No. 70.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,
The COLOSSEUM,
62 & 70 JAMAICA STREET.





The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 444. Glasgow, Wednesday, April 20th, 1881. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 444.

THE recent Court of Session Bill of Lord Advocate M'Laren having been choked by its own godfather, Lord Moncrieff, one may now look either for a large and comprehensive measure of law reform, dealing with both our Supreme and Inferior Courts,—or for none. Should it come—and some think it cannot come too quickly—the constitution and administration of our Sheriff Courts will get a shaking up more rude than pleasant. For years back the double Sheriffship has been, with few exceptions, neither more nor less than a convenient way of bestowing rewards by political chiefs on faithful henchmen. The patronage is doubtless valuable, and in proportion to the value found in its retention will be the difficulty and dislike in dooming its abolition. Many of our soundest lawyers, however, are of opinion that that doom should be pronounced. Beyond his appellate duties—and these, in most sheriffdoms, are light—the Sheriff Principal has few others except what are of a merely administrative character. These could be equally well—nay, in some cases, better—performed by the resident Sheriff Substitute. As a rule, these latter judges are men of thought and culture, performing worthily the many duties entrusted to them. Competent to fill the higher office, they seldom, if ever, reach it. "Ance a Bailie, aye a Bailie" would apply to Sheriff Substitutes with equal truth, though in a different light. "*J'y suis, j'y reste!*" In the hope that the presence amongst us, officially, of the Lord Advocate, and that the changes which such presence forebodes, will affect beneficially our local law-givers, the BAILIE presents to his friends one who, if hitherto not much known, has been, of late, much talked of,—JOHN M'KIE LEES. The son of a Glasgow merchant—he

might have been a Bailie—Mr LEES, in taking his place among the Men you Know, does so "amang weel kent folk." After studying at Edinburgh University, where he took the degrees of M.A. and LL.B., Mr LEES was, in 1867, admitted a member of the Faculty of Advocates, and he at once thereafter assumed at least the outward fittings of the "man of law"—he covered himself with a wig and put on a gown. While at the Bar, Mr LEES had, for a considerable period, like the rest of the bewigged but briefless crowd, full leisure to study that law which he was already licensed to lay down. To how many hurrying feet have the old oaken boards of the Parliament House not listened? What hopes—now dead; what fears—since realised—have its walls not heard? Mr LEES' business in our Criminal Courts was, fortunately for his clients, small. At Circuit dinners, while some hapless wights were scoring off their convictions, Mr LEES occasionally ate and supped in peace. What his party may have done for the future Sheriff Substitute, had he remained at the bar, it is hard to conjecture. Called by the late Sheriff Bell to preside over the court at Airdrie in 1872, Mr LEES remained there until, through changes at Glasgow, he was removed hither and higher. This removal, besides causing some soreness on the Bench, was not at first appreciated by the Bar. Rightly or wrongly, there sprung up a feeling among our "men of light" and law that the Sheriff Substitute was inclined to look on them much as they look on sheriff officers—as an inferior lot. "My Lud" is not wanting in dignity, neither is he wanting in self-esteem, and this, sometimes bubbling over, caused distress on both sides. Happily, however, with better knowledge, and perhaps greater appreciation, the distress is now passing away. The Sheriff Substitute delights in his judicial duties—whether sitting on policemen or other-

wise. Gifted with a remarkable memory, Mr LEES has earned quite a reputation as a 'citer of case law in Small Debt causes. Whether or not the exercise of this faculty conduces to the comfort or edification of the litigants—poor and unfortunate for the most part—who seem eternally to haunt that court, may be doubtful; but by the knowing ones—those keen-eyed vultures who hover on the skirts of the profession—as they gleam athwart the sea of eager, dirty faces, it is greeted with a complacent grin. Nor is the knowledge thus acquired by these "harpies" thrown away. Their unfortunate clients—doubly unfortunate if successful—are assured that *they* knew all about that case of "*Fowler's*"—that it was a *settler*, and so on; and away they go—client and "harpy"—to felicitate each other at the expense of the former. Unlike some of his colleagues, Mr LEES neither writes books nor annotates them. Nor does he ink his fingers in laying down "Popular Lessons in Law," or making "Notes on Legal Reform." In the one case he saves his temper—as litigants seldom read to quote; in the other his labour—as nobody does the one or the other with the Notes. While the Sheriff Substitute knows "horse law"—synonymous with hard-swearing—he does not pretend to a knowledge of horse-flesh. When he goes abroad, therefore, he goes on foot. His interlocutors, if they do sometimes contain bad law—and in this respect he is not the worst sinner the BAILIE knows—are brief and pointed; and in these things Mr LEES contrasts favourably with some the Magistrate has his eye on. With all his faults the Sheriff Substitute is not the least liked among his colleagues. On the Bench his Lordship is placid and refined,—and impressed with the dignity of his honourable office. Off it, the "man" is gentle and courteous. Whether dispensing justice in public, or hospitality in private, Mr LEES is nothing if not *neat*.

FOR THIS RELIEF MUCH THANKS!

Brown (looking up from advertisement sheet)
—What's "relief-stamping," Jones?

Jones—Dun'-know, unless it's stamping to relieve one's feelings. I do sometimes—and swear.

Brown ("relieved")—Ah!

Songs of the Sea-son—Those of the "Pirate of Penzance."

"Ferne" Tickles—"Kidston's" jokes.

MARRIAGE INVITATIONS, Ready Printed, 1/ per doz., with Envelopes.—GILLESPIE BROTHERS, 8 Buchanan Street.

Let's Try It.

"The comedy operetta of Messrs Gilbert and Sullivan, in which not two curates, but two poets, play the most prominent part, advances rapidly. I will not betray any secrets; but by the side of the high-flown poet is a thoroughly idyllic one, who gives details about sweet Jane and teasing Tom, and makes a rhyme on 'totally' worthy o' Gilbert."—*The World*.

ONCE W. S. Gilbert he sat himself down,
And by dint of hard straining he wrote a lay;
He had searched on Parnassus from basement to crown,
For a word that would clink, sirs, to "totally."

To say that our friend is a master of rhyme
Would be fiddler's news, for you know't all—eh?
Still we somehow imagine we'll fix him this time,
If we challenge his rhyming to "totally."

He has given us "Pirates" and "Pinafore" plays,
With scenes on board ships that afloat all lay;
And now we are waiting to hear what he says
In this new one—and rhyming to "totally."

In his "Trial by Jury," the Plaintiff is meek,
And the Judge is with love wounded mo'tally:—
That's a good Cockney rhyme—and what more would you seek,
Since the scene's laid in London town, totally.

In the "Sorcerer" play, we've a curate that speaks
His trite lines—well, if not sacerdotally,
At least with good humour; the Sorcerer's freaks
And his, make the opera—totally.

So here's Gilbert's health; and in drinking that same
We our troubles (we needn't them quote) allay;
Though the trouble that's topmost, to give it a name,
Is this present hard rhyming to "totally."

We've sat for two hours with our cheeks in our hands;
We've drank all that once in our bottle lay;
We've twined our warm temples with cold-water bands,
And all to find rhymes out for "totally."

Ri tol, de ral lol, de ral lol, de ral lol,
Ri tol (that's the chorus, you'll note), tol lay;
Ah, Gilbert, we see folks must sing very small,
Who mean to sit rhyming to "totally."

PICKING A QUARREL.

(Scene—Greenock Quay; Paddy, newly over from Ireland, is earnestly regarding a large anchor.)

Policeman (with dignity)—You'll petter move oot o' that.

Paddy (excitedly)—Sure an' never a fut I'll move out o' here till I see the man that works that pick.

Why, enquires Bauldy—and he says the query is original—is a man while making his way in the world like the black notes of a piano?—Because, he says, when going up the man is "sharp," and when coming down he's a "flat."

In *Vino Veritas*—When "Hip, Hip, Hurrah!" is heard in the hall, it's "the drink that cheers."

A Trust Deed—An I. O. U.

Chief Mourners—Pessimists.

GENTLEMEN'S CLOTH Made and Trimmed—Suits, 21s; Trousers, 4s; Overcoats, 14s. Fit, Workmanship, Trimmings Guaranteed.—EWART A. BAIN, 59 Bridge Street.

The New Municipal Buildings.

IT seems that we are no further advanced than ever in the matter of the erection of municipal buildings. At last Thursday's meeting of Town Council Mr Carrick was instructed to prepare a block plan of the edifice for the use of competing architects, a proceeding which means that twelve months at least must elapse before a stone is hewn for the walls, or even a spade put into the ground to prepare the foundations. The proceedings, moreover, at Thursday's Council appear to indicate that the game of cross-purposes is once more being played over the new buildings. What, the public would like to know, is the meaning of Bailie Dunlop's proposal to discharge the present committee on the subject and appoint a new one? How about the notion of providing accommodation for art galleries which we are assured will not be wanted? Is Mr Jackson's policy of capitalising the rent paid for the offices of the Sanitary Department one that recommends itself to the financial mind? These are only three questions out of many that might be asked, but the replies to which would probably be somewhat long of coming. To the mind of the BAILIE the entire affair continues what it has been from the beginning—"a' a muddle."

THE UN-HAPPY LAND.

(A wail from the first floor.)

There is a German band,
Here, here, alway,
Here they appalling stand,
Both night and day.

O, we shall happy be—
Both from din and discord free;
When they afar shall flee
Far, far, away!

A correspondent of the *Herald* wants Drs. Gairdner and G. H. B. Macleod to go about with a "Geneva cross" bound on their arms to show that they belong to the healing profession. But why should our physicians be the only set of men to be thus distinguished? A tailor's goose, for instance, might be embroidered on the shoulder of a famous ex-councillor, or the very correspondent who makes the suggestion might bear, with sufficient pertinence, the coxcomb of a fool.

Sea Urchins—"Cumberland" Boys.

The "Ship's" Husband—R. D. Douglas.

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.

ROTHESAY is threatened with an invasion of tramways. From the small number of local names on the board of the proposed company I infer that Rothesay does not take much interest in the tramway scheme. In itself the scheme looks very queer, and, from a financial point of view, I cannot see how a profit is to be made. For such a small concern the company is absurdly burdened with capital. The estimated returns are also set down at an extreme figure. The estimate, moreover, has been altered since the project was started. In the original prospectus the receipts were estimated at £50 per day. The published prospectus gives them as £65 per day. I need hardly point out that this makes a difference in the supposed profit and loss account.

Telephones consolidated are better than telephones not consolidated. That may be regarded as an axiom. As the matter stands the public experiences inconvenience, but with consolidation peace will come—and convenience too. The public will come by its own because telephones fell out. I make no unsavoury comparisons. I confine myself to recording the fact that rival telephones have shaken hands and are content to live in unity, like brethren as they are.

Venezuela has a good deal to answer for in the way of finance. It now proposes to answer for a little more in the shape of the Sosa-y-Mendez Gold Co. It is coolly proposed that the new company shall pay 66½ per cent. of a large capital to the vendors. On these terms I should love to be a vendor.

New companies are not lively just now. Easter holidays, I suppose. Last week the capital asked for was barely £700,000—a mere trifle in comparison with recent experience. There were no gold mines at all, and only one silver. It was the "Eureka," so called, perhaps, because the promoters are chuckling by reason of their having found some subscribers.

Money is wanted for supplying St. Michael's with gas. Now as St. Michael's is in the Azores, and belongs to Portugal, it strikes me that the company will be a shaky security to British investors, and that Portugal ought to look after its own people in the matter of enlightening them through the agency of gas. If Portugal would, at the same time, enlighten itself on the subject of import duties it would be a good thing both for that country and this. It appears singular that Portugal should still stick to the exploded notion of the producer paying the duties. The consumer pays the duty, and should Portugal tax our productions imported into Oporto and Lisbon, the Portuguese who use the stuff must pay the impost.

Bodega starts as a "Limited" with £200,000 capital, and Lavery is to be a thing of the past. Never mind. Nothing succeeds like success, and no kind of success equals that of an establishment for supplying liquid refreshment. Bodega has a capital connection to start with, and it will no doubt do well.

A London paper exults in the prospect that the Indian gold fever will benefit the shareholders of the City of Glasgow Bank, the bank, as is known, having a reversion in some of the Wynaad land. It says:—"The possibility of retrieving some part, or possibly all, of the losses caused through the failure of the bank is a source of the sincerest congratulation, and we trust ere long to see the anticipation realised, and to find the evil deeds of the wretched City of Glasgow Bank directors to some extent counterbalanced and compensated for by the golden showers that will stream from the beneficent East." This is very tall writing, but how many shareholders are left to participate? And, supposing the golden prospect to be realised, might that not go to prove that the directors had been right in their estimate of the value of the securities? They ought not, of course, to have done evil that good might come, but if the golden shower ever falls will there not spring up a feeling that the directors were ill-used men, and that had they only been left alone they would have pulled the bank through by launching limited liability companies to crush quartz in the Wynaad!

SCRUTATOR.

"Measure for Measure"—Restriction v. obstruction.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—The last six nights of "The Corsican Brothers" are now announced at the Theatre Royal. This fact should be "made a note of," as well by those who have already seen the piece as by those who have not yet done themselves that justice. The one party ought to renew their acquaintance with what is a really great production, and the other—that is if they care for things theatrical—will suffer a distinct loss if they allow the drama to be withdrawn without witnessing for themselves the splendid setting provided for it by Miss Litton, and the accomplished acting of Mr Herman Vezin as the brothers *Di Franchi*.

This week, moreover, "The Corsican Brothers" will be again supplemented by "Still Waters Run Deep," in which Mr Vezin and Miss Carlotta Addison will appear.

Miss Litton will re-appear on Monday evening at the Theatre Royal, when "The Busybody" will be produced, with what is out of all sight the strongest comedy company at present on the stage.

We are to have a couple of weeks of "Olivette" at the Royalty Theatre, beginning this evening. If people in search of amusement care for charming music, lively situations, clever acting, and a general feeling of brightness and "chic," then they will patronise this opera, the music of which is the work of Edmond Audran, while the English dress in which it will be shown to us has been prepared by Mr H. B. Farnie.

Mr Knapp promises us a visit on Monday night, the 2nd proximo, from Miss Ella Dietz, who will appear in a new version of "Faust." Am I wrong in supposing that the version is Miss Dietz's own, and that she is likewise the authoress of some very musical, and *et* very passionate poems, which have gained for her a considerable reputation in literary circles on the other side of the Atlantic?

Mr Bernard has discovered a new *tragedienne* in "little Nelly Howitt," the child-actress who plays the *role* of *Gaspard* in his "Children's Cloches de Corneville." The force of Miss Howitt, and the insight she seems to possess into the character of the Miser, are fairly astounding. Other two exceedingly well-played parts in the "Children's" company are those of *Serpillette* and *The Bailie*.

Next week those wonderful people, "the Hanlon-Lees and Mons. Agoust," the most astonishing gymnasts going, will make their *debut* on the Gaiety stage.

"The Eviction," with Mr Hubert O'Grady and his Irish company, make a return visit this evening and during the week to the South-Side theatre, and when "The Eviction" is withdrawn Mr Beryl announces that "The Danites" will take its place on his boards.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt, and the company of the Paris Gymnase, begin their English tour at the London Gaiety on the 6th of June, where their stay lasts for three weeks. They go from London to Brighton, and thence make a progress over the country, coming as far north as Glasgow. The dates of their appearance here, I believe, are Monday and Tuesday, the 18th and 19th of July.

The audiences at Hengler's continue to increase and multiply. At the morning and evening shows of Saturday there was quite a grand turnout. "The Fairy's Garden Party"—a more charming *tout ensemble* than which I have never seen—"fetches" the public in rare style, and is bound to do so till the final levee of the season. I hear that next week the present company is to be largely augmented by members of Mr Hengler's London troupe, the handsome little house in Argyle Street, Regent Circus, closing on Saturday, the 23rd inst. Mr Powell can only be with us for three weeks more, after which he is off to his summer house in the Rotunda Gardens, Dublin. Among many forthcoming novelties is a highly-trained "Fire Horse," said to be a marvel of equine fearlessness.

The Directors of the Western Infirmary are to be congratulated on the recent appointment to their staff of Drs Hector Cameron and Gavin P. Tennant. Both gentlemen are not only devoted to the work of their profession, but they also possess the highest skill in their special departments, and unite with this skill the keenest and kindest interest in every patient, be he rich or poor, who comes under their care. The Western Infirmary has maintained, since its opening, an enviable reputation for all that is expected in such institutions; and now, with its additional accommodation, and fully equipped and exceptionally efficient medical and surgical staff, the day is not far distant when it will be second to none in the kingdom. Increased liberality to its funds on the part of the citizens of Glasgow will strengthen the hands of the directors and hasten this event.

The whisper is abroad that at least 50 per cent. of the youthful "meds." who went up for their degree last week at Gilmorhill were plucked by the examiners!

The Singer Sewing Machine Company have feued a large slice of land at Dalmuir whereupon to erect works suited to the business. They will likewise construct at the same place houses for their workpeople. Railway and river facilities are the reasons given for the removal of the Company's works from Bridgeton.

Wednesday, the 1st of June, will be a great day among the Catholics of Glasgow, Cardinal Manning having arranged to come from London on that day to open with all due pomp the Church of St. Francis in Cumberland Street, S.S. Should not our teetotal friends get his Eminence to deliver a lecture for them on the virtues of temperance, when he is here?

Can't the condition of "The Duke of Wellington" in front of the Exchange be improved a bit. He is sorely in need of an application of soap and water. When the statue was erected—now more years ago than you or I care to count, my Magistrate—it was found that some sixty or seventy pounds were left over from the sum subscribed for the work after every charge had been paid; and this money, if I recollect aright, was handed to the proprietors of the Royal Exchange to be applied towards the upkeep of the monument. More than likely, of course, the money is all expended by this time, but if such be the case, why not hand over the "Duke" to the corporation, so that it may be looked after in the same manner as the statues in George Square? At all events, let us hope that something will be done towards putting it to rights before the 15th of next June—the sixty-sixth anniversary of Waterloo.

Mr John Neil's monthly demonstrations at the Town Council have evidently impaired the capacity of that sapient body for the transaction of ordinary business. John has seen fit of late to forego his preliminary antics at the Council meetings, and the want of the fun is so much felt by his brethren that they don't seem able to begin their work without some introductory sensation of one kind or another. On Thursday last they "frittered away"—as various of the more solid members remarked—a whole hour, with useless questions and suggestions, before beginning the discussion of the "meenates." "'Tis pleasant sure to see one's name in print," and our civic rulers have doubtless observed that the foolery is that portion of their proceedings which secures the most complete representation in "the papers."

On the recommendation of the War Office authorities, the Queen intends conferring the dignity of K. C. B. on certain militia and volunteer officers, and it is rumoured that a gallant Colonel of Lanarkshire Militia and Master of Foxhounds is to be one of the chosen few.

Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, the 17th, 18th, and 19th of May are the dates fixed for the visit of the Tonnage Commissioners to Glasgow. They will hold their meetings in the Chamber of Commerce, and apartments have been taken for them in the Grand Hotel.

Clearly Scotland does not stand where it did three years ago in the matter of teachers' stipends. Verily the *Mail* and its "Ratepayers' Candidates" have a deal to answer for. Why, it seems but the other day that our Crookston Street gentleman was luxuriating in £730 a year, while ever so many other headmasters under the Board had incomes ranging from £400 to £600. Now we have changed all that with a vengeance. Of 3000 certificated male teachers in rate-aided schools in Scotland, over two-thirds fail to reach £150; 40 poor souls have to consider themselves passing rich on less than £50 a year; while only 120 of the whole crowd come within sight of £300, or over. One lucky chiel among them, however, still takes "notes" to the extent of 650 per annum. This is, of course, the biggest prize in the profession. I think Mr Kennedy, School Board clerk, could "name" the gentleman in question.

The hitherto little-known region of Leswalt, down Wigtown way, is presently balking largely in the pedagogic eye. There you have all the material for another scholastic *cause celebre* of the first magnitude. Compared with Leswalt, Ardrossan is simply nowhere. In blindness of heart, malice, hypocrisy, and all uncharitableness, the School Board of that ilk has just bounded up to a towering bad eminence. These wanton dismissal cases ought to work out their own cure. That they are possible is the fault of Lord Young's Act of 1872. Some provision should have been made as to tenure of office, in lieu of the good old *ad vitam aut culpam* arrangement. Leswalt is the strongest possible argument in favour of a new departure.

The Glasgow Agricultural Society will hold their annual show on Glasgow Green on the 4th of May. Lord Provost Ure has given a cup valued at £25 to be competed for, and the Magistrates and Council have decided to grant the use of the Green free, and have capped that generous concession with a subsidy of £50 as a subscription towards the Society's funds. The hurdle leaping, and the military sports by the men of the 21st Hussars, are two sources of attraction which will appeal to those whose interest in agricultural displays is not of an enthusiastic nature; and it only requires fine weather to make the show—the entries for which are already numerous—a decided success.

At a meeting of the Directors, held last week, they arranged with Mr Charles Wilson, of the Royal Restaurant, West Nile Street, to supply the refreshments on the occasion.

"A splendid sermon," was the general verdict passed by the congregation on the performance of Dr Story in the Cathedral last Tuesday. An excellent discourse it certainly was, and wonderfully evangelistic for a minister suspected of heterodox leanings. Yet to the reflective mind, impressed with the simple grandeur of the antique building, and alive to the idealisation of poverty and self-denial in the Gospel, there was something incongruous in the mauve, sashed gown of the preacher, and his fingers bejewelled with rings, gaudily displayed as he turned the leaves of his manuscript.

Our friends of the Queen's Own Yeomanry Cavalry have received instructions from Col. the Duke of Hamilton that the regiment is to assemble at Hamilton on the 4th of May for its annual ten days' training. The A and B troops parade on the morning of that day in Blythswood Square, and march to headquarters. From what I can learn, BAILIE, the sporting element has been strongly drafted into the regiment this year, so we may expect capital sport at "the Yeomen's" annual Derby.

Mr John Duncanson will be entertained at dinner in the Grand Hotel to-morrow (Tuesday) evening by a party of his friends, in order to celebrate the re-opening of that establishment. The duties of chairman will be fulfilled on the occasion by ex-Bailie Young.

It seems that an architect, like a prophet, has no honour in his own country. We in Glasgow have not been given to set much store by the "St. George's" Chambers in West George Street, but yet so much has the building been liked by a cockney com-

pany, that its architect, Mr Gordon, has been commissioned to erect just such another edifice in Bassinghall Street, London, which is to serve as an extension of the Wool Exchange there.

Bailie Wilson, having grown somewhat tired of "free libraries" and "commodious baths and wash-houses," is now turning to "fresh woods and pastures new." On Saturday, the 30th inst., the 3rd L.R.V. are to have their first march-out for the season; and "W.W." has offered, if the officers confine their promenade to the South-Side, to "stand a treat" to the citizen soldiers at his residence, West Lodge, Pollokshields. Need I say that the offer has been gratefully accepted?

Those who pay any attention to the signs of the times are looking eagerly for the next English "improvement" to be introduced on this side the Border. Hitherto we have only been aware of Good Friday by a lavish display of "hot cross buns," but on the recurrence of the day last week our local County Buildings were closed by order from head-quarters. Where's Jenny Geddes?

A cynical friend observes that "the feck o' the ministers who voted, in the Established Synod on Tuesday, in favour of marriage with a deceased wife's sister, were of the bachelor persuasion;" and slyly adds that when once they have the same experience as their elder brethren of matrimonial bliss, they may come to the conclusion that *one* wife out of the same family is quite sufficient for any ordinary tempered man.

Our friends of the "Rob Roy Four-in-hand Club," the Secretary of which is Captain Anderson of Maryhill, drive to Lanark on Thursday. They start from St. George's Road Horse Bazaar at 8 a.m., and go by way of Mount Vernon, Bothwell, and Hamilton, leaving Lanark on the return journey at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Q.

House Extension Made Easy.

REFORMERS who advocate larger house-room for the masses as an important factor in the cause of social amelioration will thank the BAILIE for drawing attention to the easy method of kitchen extension which his brother bailies of Dumbarton have agreed to put into practice. At last meeting of Town Council, according to the *Lennox Herald*, "It was agreed that the kitchen attached to the Burgh Hall in which tea is made for social meetings be enlarged by *throwing into it a ticket-collecting box there!*" The effect of this may be to create a "run" upon the boxes in question. The BAILIE, however, would seek to caution the public against the inordinate throwing about of ticket collecting boxes, and to remind it that the success of this method is not yet quite established—that possibly, indeed, the beautiful simplicity of the project may be found altogether to belong to the *Lennox Herald's* way of "throwing into it" a little of that descriptive originality for which the journal has found at least local renown.

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.

Quavers.

THE council of the Glasgow Choral Union have finally decided on the choral pieces to be included in next year's series of concerts. The works selected are, first—hinted at as under consideration some time ago—the now famous “La Damnation de Faust” of Hector Berlioz, next, Spohr’s “The Last Judgment,” which has not been given by the Union for some years past, and lastly the “Elijah” and “Messiah,” the latter for the New Year’s day concert, of course. Not reckoning the last mentioned oratorio which is not unfamiliar, though undoubtedly always welcome, the choice of these works says not a little for the enterprise of our chief choral association, also for its judgment in taking up again an oratorio so eminently suited to its “genius” as Mendelssohn’s “Elijah.” “The Last Judgment” is but a short oratorio comparatively speaking. If found not enough of itself for a concert, what would the council think of letting us hear Beethoven’s Choral Symphony again on that evening? It is just such a composition as one should by all means hear again to enable it to be understood; and we may expect it to be better performed, too, chorally and orchestraly, after the experience gained two seasons ago.

Sterndale Bennett’s “May Queen” is delightful music, of the genuine English school, but it is unfortunate in possessing an ill-constructed libretto—by the late Mr Chorley. There is far too much at a time for the solo voices, and a sustaining power for soloists is thus demanded often much beyond that possessed by amateurs, by whom, for the most part, the cantata is performed. The choruses, however, are well within the ability of choirs, and it was not in the execution of these that the West-end Choral Society may be said to have failed at their production last week of the “May Queen,” but in the songs, duets, and so on. At the same time, this society does not appear to have made very great progress in choral singing, though possessing some really good voices, and if a position among associations of the kind is desired it is clear there must be much self-denying study for some time. Mr Channon Cornwall cannot be held blamable, one would think, for the shortcomings, as he only entered on the duties of his office this last winter.

An excellent performance, by the way, of the Bennett and Chorley cantata was given a week or two ago by the Bellahouston Society, their concert, either through our neglect or theirs having been overlooked at the proper time. Did we not, by the bye, hear the society sing the cantata some three years ago, ourselves sitting beside the shrewd, but restless—oh how restless—whilom critic of the *Herald*, Mr T. L. Stillie?

A goodly number of people were present at the concert of St. John’s U.P. Church Choir last Tuesday evening. Curiosity to hear Dr Armes’ “Hezekiah” attracted many, no doubt, as it did ourselves. Dr Armes’ oratorio does not seem to rise much above the level of anthem writing, but is yet a piece of pure workmanship, and often fairly effective for concert performance. The contralto and tenor solos in the first part were excellently presented at the performance referred to. The chorus generally sang well, and Mr M’Taggart conducted with ease and judgment. The Messrs Hall accompanied on the piano and harmonium.

A service of sacred music was held in Woodlands U.P. Church on the 12th inst. Mr Albert Ferguson, organist of the church, played several organ solos, Miss Irvine sang two airs from Handel, and the choir appeared in some anthems and hymns.

Herr Gallrein’s concert of Monday week gave good evidence of the useful work that accomplished violoncellist is doing in town as a teacher of stringed instruments. There was clearly a want in Glasgow of tuition of the highest kind in that department, and we may reasonably look forward, among other results, to a considerable addition ere very long to the number of local instrumentalists for our amateur societies, of one or more of which there must really be a revival soon.

The programme of the Tannahill concert on Gleniffer Braes, in June has been issued. We have seen a better one on the whole, both as to selection and arrangements, and while some of the “arrangements” could not be better, as those by Mr Macbeth, Mr Hoeck, and Mr Moodie, others are as weak and wooden as can be conceived, and in one or two in-

stances, as in that of “Ah, Sheelah, thou’rt my Darling,” there are positive grammatical errors (musical) such as ought not to have been passed in editing the book. “The Marseillaise,” the “Watch by the Rhine,” and “Rule Britannia,” oddly enough, are included in the miscellaneous selection—the latter national melody in rather heavy contrapuntal style, and in objectionably long barring, like not a few of the other pieces. After these few critical growls, we desire to congratulate the Committee on their strong financial position, and on the early prospect of the intended memorial being decided on.

A concert of glees, part-songs, &c., will be given by the Camphill U.P. Church choir on Tuesday evening, 26th inst., in the hall adjoining the church. The choir (under Mr Schofield), which numbers sixty voices, sings very well indeed.

A private amateur orchestral society (of some thirty performers) announce a concert, for the benefit of their funds, in the Lesser National Hall on Thursday evening. They will play the overtures “Guy Mannering” and “Rob Roy,” “Tancredi” and “La Couronne d’Or,” the Boccherini Minuet, and other selections, and a number of glees and songs for male voices will be sung, reviving the good old-fashioned style of such concerts. Mr W. B. Adamson is the conductor.

Part 13 of the “Dictionary of Music and Musicians,” edited by Dr George Grove, is just out, behind its usual time a quarter. It runs from Planché to Richter. Henry Purcell, Raff, and Rameau are the prominent names in the number, with polyphony, programme music, recitative, resolution (grammatical), and rhythm among the chief theoretical subjects.

Helensburgh Geese.

WE don’t object to the goose laying the eggs. That’s what we naturally expect. But when the gander, along with its other duties, commences that operation we become fearful and wonder if the laying line is to be drawn at ganders. At Helensburgh the other day a goose and gander were awarded highest honours at a poultry show by a versatile and much respected ex-provost, who acted as judge, and, as if to verify his selection, we now learn that they are *both laying*. Surely the gander’s a goose! This is not *eggsactly* a poultry affair and the BAILIE asks: Who claims a *fowl*?

“Gassy.”

WHAT bad eye-sight prevails over Glasgow, to be sure. Our gas, according to Mr Walls, is of a much greater illuminating power than is required by the Act of Parliament, and yet there are complaints on every side with regard to its worse than indifferent quality. Of course, the weakness is in the eyes of the consumers, and not in the gas supplied by the Corporation.

CONSOLATORY.

(Scene—The corner of a street, 8 a.m.)
Tougal (very dry)—Tonal, cood she len her a sixpence?

Tonal—Och ay, if she had yin.

MITCHELL’S OLD IRISH WHISKY.

Robert, toi que J'aime.

At a late meeting of the Town Council, Bailie Dunlop, in reference to the proposed police band, said, — "The first question to be considered was whether they had men of musical talent in the police force."

The Lord Provost—"We have got them."

YOU'RE right my Lord, yes, what you say
 Veracious is as Tonalt's "swore,"
 Let cavillers who say you "nay"
 List and they'll say "nay" ne-fer-more!
 There's endless music in the "fors,"
 Let free till now through bumming drones,
 My Lord, you've but to change its course,
 And steer't through trumpets and trombones!
 Although each man were born a Hatton,
 The first thing that a band must do,
 Is to keep eye upon the *baton*;
 Hech, Tonalt, Tugalt, that can you!
 On Auchray's stomach strap the drum
 (A steady lad, as is most meet),
 He'll keep time like a metronome,
 For he goes never *off the beat*!
 On yet a point I'd take my stand,
 To prove how true my forecasts are,
 No other than a bobbies' band
 Know rightly how to *watch the bar*!
 And then, as touching *light and shade*,
 Our minds may rest in perfect peace,
 We'll have it, if a draft is made
 On belted *night-and-day* police!
 The "hole fors" of my argument
 Is "pro" you see,—there is no "con"
 And so, my Lord, this big event
 Can not delay, but must "*move on*!"

Pot and Kettle.

AN instructive discussion took place on phonetics at last Wednesday's meeting of Synod, between those "Fathers and Brethren," the Rev. Dr Story of Roseneath and the Rev. Robert Thomson of Ladywell. It began by Dr Story objecting to the spelling of the word "humbly" without a "b," to which Mr Thomson replied that his friend "could not read that kind of shorthand." This retort was met on the part of the D.D. by the rejoinder, "Oh, I know a 'b' from a bull's-foot!" There was "great laughter," and "laughter," and again "great laughter" throughout this pretty little scene, all of which showed that although Roseneath and Ladywell intended their remarks to be taken in a strictly philological sense, the other members of Synod refused to see more in them than amusing buffoonery.

"Party" Tunes—"Beautiful Flowers" and the "Spring Chorus" at Hengler's.

The Religion of "Art"—Spiritualism.

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What the Folks are Saying.

THAT Thursday's meeting of Council was as amusing as ever.

That Councillor Filshill wants to know where the money put in the plate goes to.

That this is one of those things "no fellah" knows.

That the two "superior persons" of the Council fell foul of each other during the proceedings.

That the Council doesn't recognise the superiority of either Preceptor Mathieson or Councillor Jackson.

That the Preceptor insisted on his right to reply if the Councillor were allowed to explain.

That if there is anything the Council detests more than an "explanation" from Mr Jackson, that particular thing is a "reply" from Mr Mathieson.

That Mr M'Laren has grown quite an admirer of the statue of King William.

That the *debut* on Thursday of Mr Alphabet Smith as the funny man of the Council wasn't a success.

That the "Ring" has been "cornered."

That the shopkeepers in Buchanan Street are anxious that that fashionable thoroughfare should be laid with wood.

That the improvement might be effected if they would only lay their heads together.

That the pantomime of the past week was the meeting of the Established Synod.

That these clergymen are so very amusing.

That they furnished the entertainment for the Easter holidays.

That time was when the "Frees" did all the bickering.

That now the Auld Kirk has entered the ring.

That motley is the Synod's only wear.

That the Registrars are busy over the census returns.

That they are working hard.

That this is not what they are accustomed to.

That the opinion is growing that Glasgow won't show that tremendous increase of population that had been anticipated.

That the landlords are anxious about the returns of uninhabited houses.

That these may have the effect of reducing the rents.

That the police are continuing to keep themselves before the public.

That the public are continuing to keep their eyes on the police.

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Our splendid Stock embraces every Novelty for Boys' DRESS suitable for the coming Season, and affords a Choice unequalled in the City. And when we state that every Garment is specially made for ourselves, and that the material selected is of the best and most durable description, it is unnecessary, we think, to give further assurance to our Patrons that a marked contrast is presented to the great bulk of Boys' Clothing to be seen elsewhere, which is made-up not only of indifferent material, but chiefly with a view to mere appearance.

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73 AND 79 QUEEN STREET.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 20th, 1881.

SO far as the kirk is concerned the æsthetical tendency of the age can hardly be said to recline upon a bed of roses. The other day our friend Ferniegair was again on the theological

rampage. Down Leven way something about irreverent "chords and progressions," in a proposed new hymnal, roused the ire of the venerated ecclesiastical champion. In the more classical region of our own Trongate another veteran in the warfare of the kirk has likewise been holding forth, and with no uncertain sound. This is the whilom candidate for the Kilmarnock burghs, the sturdy upholder of our faith as against the tenets of the Scarlet Woman. Curiously enough both Ferniegair and Ladywell pose almost simultaneously in defence of the somnolent and the effete. Mr KIDSTON pleads for the retention of the "Bangors," the "Ballermas," and the "Coleshills" in the service of the sanctuary. He uplifts his eyes with holy horror at the scent of a chant, or, more appalling still, the fripperies of the "Te Deum." English harmonies are an abomination to the Caledonian ear. So is singing by proxy. So also the order of things said to actually exist in the United States, "where you may hear one lady ask of another: my dear, what music do you sit under?" This pertinent enough query is not, however, a patch upon its flippant, mayhap, more robust neighbour, "What church do you sleep in, my love?" Ferniegair abjures the higher development, and thus runs in harness with Ladywell. Æsthetics in the services of the tabernacle are to be sat upon, and we must have a big watchdog on the trail ready to collar the flippant harmonies which the Rev. Mr ANDERSON, the veritable wizard of his presbytery, is in a fair way to deluge us with. Yes, the times are ominous. Our ears cannot be too open—our eyes cleared to the bare possibility of taking to our bosom the tonalties of the Gregorian or Anglican methods of chanting. What if the tail of a Wagnerian quaver should find its way to the new Free Kirk hymnal? What if a Rossinian nervous stretto should stealthily oust "Artaxerxes?" What if the placid harmonies of "Jerusalem the Golden" should resolve themselves into an Offenbachian waltz rhythm? Dreadful, and Ferniegair has thus earned our gratitude in striking the proper "chord." It may not be altogether a "progression," but that doesn't matter at this juncture of the history of his kirk.

A Money "Bill"—The Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Neil Gow, his Epigraph and Epitaph—Fiddle-dee'd: fiddle-deid!

The Law's Shortest Cut—The county crop.

"Lost, Stolen, or Strayed."

THERE seems to have been, several months ago, a serious dereliction of duty on the part of some member or other of the Presbytery of Glasgow. Mr Wallace of Solsgirth laid a copy of the "Scotch Sermons" on the table of the Presbytery in September last, and he now declares that he has "never received it back." Had it been returned to him in due course he would naturally have consigned it to the flames, but as it is who can say how many hands it has now passed through, or what measure of mischief has been wrought by the "dark and dangerous currents" of its doctrine? Let the book be returned to Mr Wallace at once, so that he may execute that "capital sentence" on its leaves which he is doubtless prepared to carry out—ecclesiastically, of course—upon their unhappy authors.

Rubbart and "the Papers."

WHAT newspapers can they have been, the reading of which at the meeting of Synod last week by Dr Story and Mr Watt so stirred the ire of the parson of Ladywell? Would Rubbart feel more annoyed at the reading of the *Herald* or the *News*? Or could he by any stretch of imagination declare that the glimpse of a BAILIE in the hands of a "brother" was an offence in his sight? Mr Thomson must really be more definite in his utterances. So precious are the pearls of wisdom which fall from his lips that we can't afford to have them weakened by any seeming aimlessness or ambiguity in their mode of expression.

The Gorbals Clock.

"SLOW but sure" seems to be the motto of the good folk of Gorbals. According to Bailie Laing the clock at their Cross is quite satisfied with itself if it marks the time of day an hour later than do the time-pieces on the north side of the river, while Bailie Wilson says that this lagging chronometer was to have had its face whitewashed six months ago, but that, taking no note of time, the whitewashing still remains to be done. But stay, can it be the Magistrates and Council who are to blame for the shortcomings of the clock, and not of the folk of the district, or the poor, dumb instrument which the two Bailies have held up to ridicule? Such a reflection were enough to make one cast a doubting eye on all that concerns either the Clock or its guardians.

Mut(e)ual Acknowledgements—Nods,

Megilp.

AS had been hinted in this column eight days ago, the coming Exhibition of the Glasgow Art Club will be held in the Gallery of the Messrs Annan. A line of policy, moreover, which has been urged here oftener than once—namely, that of making a charge for admission—will be adopted in connection with the Exhibition. The receiving day for the pictures will be Monday the 12th of September; the press day has been fixed for Friday, the 16th of the month; the private view will take place on the following day, Saturday; and the Exhibition will be opened to the public on Monday the 19th of September.

The committee appointed to "hang" the Exhibition consists of Messrs J. D. Taylor, Wellwood Rattray, and Edward Walton.

This is the last week of the Exhibition at the Institute. The closing (undress) conversazione will be next Monday evening.

For the autumn Exhibition at the Institute of Black and White and of the Water Colour Society the last receiving days will be for London, at Mr Bourlet's, 11th August, and for Edinburgh, at Messrs Doig, M'Kechnie, and Davies's, 13th August. The receiving day in Glasgow at the Galleries will be 15th August. Intending exhibitors may apply for schedules to Mr Robert Walker, the Acting Secretary, at the Galleries.

James A. Aitken, who has spent most of his time of late painting in water colour, completed, last week, what is probably the most successful drawing he has yet executed. In the foreground is a stretch of level, sandy coast, lighted by a shallow pool which reflects back a gleam of sunlight, while beyond are the blue waters of a summer sea. On the left, and forming what may be termed the incident of the picture, is a line of low hills which drop abruptly down as they reach the water's edge, and the extreme point of which is crowned by a ruined tower. The sky has been treated by Mr Aitken with great skill, and he has further been exceedingly successful in the manner he has succeeded in introducing a feeling of light and air into his work.

David Murray will be found at Tillietudlem in eight or ten days, eagerly studying Spring effects among the bosky dells which surround the old castle. A week or two later on Mr Murray will find ample material for the exercise of his powerful and yet subtle art among the blossom-laden orchards of Crossford and Braidwood.

W. E. Lockhart's "Story of the Cid," his great Spanish picture described some weeks ago in this column, has been sold for, "they say," £2000. It will form part of the coming exhibition in the Grosvenor Gallery.

Our chiselling friends may be reminded that their models for the statues to be placed in the vacant niches of the Scott monument must be in the hands of the corporation of Edinburgh by the 1st of May.

Two important New York Journals—*The World* and *The New York Star*—contained, in recent issues, eloquent and admiring descriptions of the works of George E. Ewing. An account was given of the busts of several prominent New York citizens recently completed by Mr Ewing, and a well-merited tribute paid to the genuineness of his art, his synthetical skill—that is the manner in which he can mass, as it were, the characteristics of a face—together with his rare faculty for catching the likeness of his sitters, being specially dwelt upon, particularly in the article in the *World*.

Great praise is given by London critics to Francis Powell's large seapiece, "Opposite the Setting Sun," in the Exhibition of the old Water Colour Society.

Messrs Christie & Manson announce the sale of the A. B. Stewart collection of pictures—which have been removed from Rawcliffe Lodge to London—on Monday and Tuesday the 7th and 9th of next month. The collection numbers 300 works, and includes specimens of Turner, Sir Fred Leighton, Alma Tadema, Pettie, Orchardson, Hook, and sixteen other Academicians and Associates, six paintings by Noel Paton, thirteen by Sam Bough, five by MacCulloch, four by M'Taggart, six by Lockhart, eight by Paul Chalmers, and five by Herdman, together with examples of Diaz, Courbet, Corot, Frere, Israels, and Rosa Bonheur.

Mr Stewart's "Objects of Art and Vertu" will be sold by

the Messrs Christie on the Thursday and Friday previous to the picture sale—the 5th and 6th of May.

We were told on Thursday last that Richard Redgrave, who was elected a Royal Academician in 1851, has resigned his R. A.-ship, in order to open, so far as is in his power, the honours of the profession to younger artists. Might not this example be followed with advantage nearer home? Why should Ballantyne, and Crawford, and Houston, and Erskine Nicol, and Dick Peddie continue to occupy places on the roll of the Royal Scottish Academy? Their doing so is to the manifest detriment of the Academy on the one hand, and of that of artists like Gibb, and M'Kay, and the two Andersons, and D. W. Stevenson on the other. Coming again to the Associates of the R.S.A., what are we to say to the re-appearance, year after year, of the names of John Irvine and Mungo Burton as members of this body? When did either Mr Irvine or Mr Burton contribute a picture to the Academy Exhibition? Are they possessed of a "local habitation?" Is anything, in short, known about them? Another name which might with advantage be placed on the list of retired R.S.A. Associates is that of John Glass. Mr Glass is at present in a false position, and his state—and this is spoken on his own behalf—would be the more gracious were he to place his Associateship in the hands of the Council of the R.S.A.

The Kirkcaldy Fine Art Exhibition will open on the first Monday of September. The receiving days will be from 1st to 13th August inclusive. Intending exhibitors should apply for information to the Hon. Secretary, Mr David Storrar, Kirkcaldy. This Exhibition deserves the support of all artists. It will be a good for day Scotland when more of our provincial towns imitate the example so pluckily set by Kirkcaldy. The Exhibition there is always a good one, and this year—which, by the bye, is its tenth year—special exertions are to be made to secure a fine show.

The Dundee Exhibition will this year be held—as it always was up to two years ago—during the late autumn and winter. It will open in October. For the last two years it has been held during the summer, and the result was a falling off in the admission money of nearly £1,000 each year.

"FOR WISER BRUTES WERE BACKWARD TO
BE SLAVES."

(Scene—St. Mungo Wappenschaw, Cowglen; refreshment tent; democratic waiter, frae the 'Shaws, in an irritated frame of mind at the disappearance of a corkscrew, which ultimately turns up in his jacket pocket; enter to him volunteer and friend; volunteer's face beaming with the consciousness that the poet ought to have said "The volunteer's the noblest work of," &c.)

V.—A gless o' whusky an' a bottle o' leemonade; quick?

D. W.—Quick! Quick!!! Say as quick's ye can!!! Nae quick's here!!!!

[Not a word in reply from "nature's nobleman," but the poor fellow doesn't seem to relish his "gless."]

A "Story" of Clerical Life—The parish minister of Roseneath.

An Ill-used "Kidd"—Lord Beaconsfield's medical attendant.

PERAMBULATORS.—Don't creep before you walk, but get wheeled about. 20/ Perambulators.—GARDINER & HARDIE, 42 Great Clyde Street.

Jeems Kaye and the Tramways.
 I'VE heard o' a man, BAILIE, that could see as faur through a milestane as onybody, but we have tae thank the Glasgow Tramway Company for educating oor detectives up tae the point o' bein' able tae see through a man's body. It's just possible the milestane micht hae a hole in't tae see through, but tae see through the body o' a tram car guard is gaein' a wee over the score—at least Sheriff Mair thocht it a bit dubious the ither day, an' so couldna believe't, much tae the astonishment an' disgust, nae doot, o' the detectives, the inspector, an' the manager o' the company.

This same "Tramway Co.," whose advertisin' vans rin through oor streets, are always astonishing us in some way or anither. For oor clean, tidy omnibuses o' byegone days they hae gi'en us machines that apparently are mair devoted tae adverteesin' than onything else. The cars are occasionally pented—I'll no deny that—but before the pent's richt dry they are covered ower wi' bills above the windows, below the windows, an' on the windows, aboot shooin' machines, bankrupt stocks o' boots an' shoes, an' nine an' sixpenny troosers; an' as they rin along ye can hardly distinguish between them an' Macleod's Waxwork van, except that in Macleod's the driver is dressed mair dacently, an' the paste used is stronger, for the bills stick better. Inside, when ye're no haudin' your nose frae the smell o' the bad ile in the lamps, ye are driven crazy wi' warnin's aboot seein' ye get a ticket properly punched, &c.

But some o' us are maist astonished when we see hoo in a few years this company has managed tae get rid o' a oor auld, weel-dressed, weather-beaten, white-shirt-collar-an'-watch-an'-chain drivers, whase faces were seen on the same road year after year, an' the smart, active, an' smilin' guards whase very names were kent tae the passengers, an' has replaced them by——. Noo, this is a delicate bit—I don't want tae be misunderstood—I say naething against the men as men—in fac', I often speak tae them, an' fin' them vera civil, an' I believe they may be worthy faithers o' families; but they seem tae be grund doon—they're no happy like—an' I question if onybody wid be happy, or dae his wark pleasantly, thinkin that fower detectives were watching him—particularly fower detectives that could see through a man's body! It wid make me a wee nervous mysel', I must alloo. Then the men are badly dressed. Poverty's nae crime, an' while we shouldna think ony the less o' the

men for bein' badly dressed, we've a richt tae expect the Tramway Company tae dae as the railway companies dae—provide a uniform for every man attendin' tae the public. I ask ye, BAILIE, what ye wad think, on going to the Central Station, tae see Mr Farquharson's smart officials rinnin' aboot dressed in the Joseph's robe o' mony colours that some o' the car guards wear. There wid be a howl o' indignation, BAILIE, that wid mak' yon tappie-toorie things on the tap o' the station tumble richt doon intae the bookin' office.

Last year I wis in Manchester for a bit jaunt, an' I foregathered wi' an auld Glasgow 'bus driver. He had a clean face, yellow gloves, an' a shirt collar that I thocht wid saw his ears aff. He said tae me his profession wis dune in Glasgow. "Yes," he says, lauchin', "what hiv' ye noo in Glasgow? A driver in rags, an' wi' clogs, an' drivin' twa mules!" The vera thocht o't made him lauch sae that he nearly tumml't aff the sate. I gi'e ye his ain words. I've min' when strangers used tae remark, in the days o' Menzies, Walker, an' Macgregor, what splendid omnibuses we had here; noo they say, what dirty cars you have. In fac', when I'm walkin' wi' a stranger, an' see him lookin' at a car, an' aboot tae speak, I aye look intae a shop window an' ask him earnestly if "ever he saw onything like that," just tae turn the subject.

Yours, JEEMS KAYE.

ONE FOR THE PORTER.

(Scene—Office in the city; rain is pouring down; *dramatis personæ*, the Governor and John his porter.)

Governor—John, go down and see if Mr Cochran is in, and say I'm coming down to see him. He'll surely be in since it's so wet.

John—Ay, maister, they maun be fules that gang oot on a day like this!

Where do you find humour like that of our advertising friends? Here is one of their later attempts:—"Wanted, a Servant Girl, also two good Rag Sorters. Apply, &c." The wardrobe of this family must be in a parlous condition, to be sure!

Losing Ground—Irish landlords (by the Land Bill).

Scholar-ships—University yachts.

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.

Hunting Sketches.

(Scene—Field near Langbank; the hounds are searching for a fox; an enthusiastic sportsman is riding among them.)

Irate Master—Confound you, sir, keep back.

The Enthusiastic One—D'ye know who I am? I'm "Falls of Ard-Cart."

Irate Master—I don't care though you are the Falls of Niagara, you shan't ride over my dogs.

(Scene—Field near Barrhead.)

Huntsman (to sportsman)—Hold hard; hold hard, hairdresser.

Sportsman—How dare you? I'm an officer of the —th.

Huntsman—Well, hold hard, you officer of the —th that looks like a hairdresser.

(Scene—Field near Bishopton; enthusiastic sportsman gives the "View holloa.")

Master—Pshaw! some fellows don't know a fox from a cat.

[After some searching a find is made, but the fox gets away in the immediate neighbourhood of the enthusiastic sportsman, who this time, however, preserves a discreet silence.]

Master (coming up)—Why didn't you tell me this fox was away?

Enthusiastic Sportsman (with great meekness)—I thought it might be a cat.

POOR WEE "MAN!"—"Young man (intelligent, active)," runs an advertisement, "about 14, Wanted as Junior in the Glasgow Office of a Fire Insurance Company. Salary first year, £15." Surely £15 per annum are but a poor reward for attaining to "manhood" at such a painfully early age!

A Renfrew jokeist says, "that a launch took place at Renfrew Ferry on Good Friday," and adds "that the vessel was the greatest ever put to water at that spot!"

Oh, fye, Sir John, is cotton up that fingers must still be put to their primitive use in connection with the nose; and are towels scarce, that iron rails must serve as a substitute wherewith to purify the digits?

THE GAIETY.

Proprietor and Director, Mr CH. BERNARD.

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MR CH. BERNARD'S

CHILDREN'S

CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE COMPANY.

Morning Performance—SATURDAY, APRIL 23—2 o'clock.

Box Office Open 10 till 4 Daily.

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

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SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS.

LAST SIX NIGHTS.

STILL WATERS RUN DEEP

At 7-15, and

THE CORSICAN BROTHERS.

At 9-15.

MR HERMANN VEZIN

IN BOTH PIECES.

MISS CARLOTTA ADDISON, MRS CHARLES CALVERT,

MR BANNISTER, MR W. RAYNHAM,

AND FULL COMPANY.

The revival of "THE CORSICAN BROTHERS" has been pronounced by the entire Press for "its Good Acting, Splendid Appointments and Scenery," not only "a triumph of Stage Management," but also "one of the Leading Events of the British Theatrical Season."

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

Consequent on the exceptional length of the present extraordinary attractive Programme, the CURTAIN will RISE EVERY EVENING at a QUARTER-PAST SEVEN.

Doors Open, 6-30. Extra Price to 7. Commence 7-15.

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Private Boxes, One and Two Guineas.

Box Office, at the Theatre, 10 to 4, or Messrs Muir Wood's, Buchanan Street.

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OLIVETTE OPERA COMPANY.

THIS EVENING (TUESDAY), 19TH APRIL, at 7-30.

The New and Original Opera Comique,

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CHORUS OF SIXTY VOICES.
TICKETS 1s EACH.

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127 Main Street, S.S.
On THURSDAY EVENING, 21st APRIL, 1881,
At 8 o'clock.
ADMISSION—ONE SHILLING.
Tickets and Programmes at Paterson, Sons, & Co., 152
Buchanan Street, and John Brooks, 171 Eglinton Street.

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GLASGOW INSTITUTE OF THE FINE ARTS.

TWENTIETH ANNUAL EXHIBITION
Day Admission, 9 till 5-30,.....1s.
Evening ,, 7 till 10,.....6d.
GALLERIES, SAUCHIEHALL STREET.
ROBERT WALKER, Acting Secretary.

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MANAGERESS,.....MRS ROGERS.
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OPEN EVERY EVENING WITH A STAR COMPANY.
CHANGE OF ARTISTES EVERY WEEK.
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ANNUAL SHOW OF AYRSHIRE CATTLE,
CLYDESDALE HORSES, HUNTERS, & ROADSTERS,
DAIRY PRODUCE,
SHEEP, SWINE, AND POULTRY,
AND AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,
ON THE GLASGOW GREEN,
On WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, 4th and 5th May, 1881.
Last day for receiving Entries for Cattle, 20th April.
Prize Lists and Entry Schedules can be had on application to
the Secretary.
MARK MARSHALL, Secretary.
145 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow, 31st March, 1881.

TO PARTIES REMOVING.—REMOVALS
Undertaken and Carried Out with Care and Despatch,
and at Moderate Rates. Estimates Furnished on Application.
JAMES PARKER, Joiner, 102 NAPIERSHALL STREET.

HOURLY PRIVATE MERCANTILE CLASSES,
From 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.—Book-keeping, Arithmetic, Business
Accounts, &c.—COAL EXCHANGE BUILDINGS, 58 Ren-
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CLYDESDALE FLORA
Contains diagrams of Roots, Leaves, Flowers, and Fruits.
By the late Professor HENNEY.
HUGH HOPKINS, 85 RENFIELD STREET.

THE MARCH BREWINGS

IND, COOPE, & CO'S
BURTON MILD AND PALE ALES
Are now being delivered.
OFFICE AND STORES:
COLLEGE STATION, HIGH STREET, GLASGOW.

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.

CROSS RESTAURANT,

STEEL'S, 9 LONDON STREET.
Newly Renovated, and under New Management.
BREAKFASTS, LUNCHEONS, DINNERS, TEAS, &c.,
At Prices that Defy Competition.
LADIES' ROOMS, with Every Convenience.

Admirably Situated for Parties having Business in the Cattle
Market, or otherwise Engaged in East-End.

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO.,
AUCTIONEERS AND VALUATORS,
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CHEAP BOOKS! CHEAP BOOKS!!

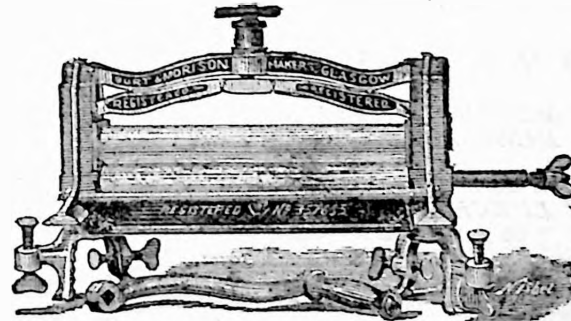
MR LINDSAY, 102 QUEEN STREET,
projects a new Revolution in Bookselling,
and, as a preliminary step, has arranged for a
REMORSELESS AND DETERMINED CLEARING
SALE of the Whole of his Present Stock before
the end of his Lease.

Now on Offer this Week—

A Lot of 1s 6d and 2s Latin and Greek Classics, German
Editions, now for 4d, 6d, and 7d each. A Lot of Translations
of 2s 6d French Novels, now for 1s 3d each. "Breathings of
the Better Life," a Handsome Book of Selections from the Best
Authors on the Christian Life. Cruden's 7s 6d Concordance
for 5s. It is well worth while to look round our Shelves, as the
Large Stock of desirable Works must be Sold out before a
thorough change can be effected.

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THE Best in the Market. Don't purchase till you have seen it.
None are Genuine unless bearing our Name and Register Num-
ber. Every Machine guaranteed to be of the Best Material and
Workmanship. Sole Manufacturers—

THE "ACME" MACHINE CO.,
(Late BURT & MORISON),
WRINGING MACHINE MANUFACTURERS,
30 BAIN SQUARE (OFF GALLOWGATE).

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.

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.



AMERICAN PERFORATED 3-PLY VENEER SEATING,

For Fitting up Waiting, Billiard, and Smoking Rooms, Spirit Shops, Restaurants, &c.

SETTEES AND CHAIRS
In Great Variety.

EGLIN & GARDNER,
70 YORK STREET,
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OX TONGUES.

FRESH SHIPMENT of the VERY BEST OX TONGUES, will Sell at 6½d, or 60s per Cwt.

DONALDSON BROTHERS, 9 SHAMROCK STREET.

BRANCH—

28 ST. GEORGE'S ROAD, CHARING CROSS.

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.

REGENT HOTEL,

SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

SUPPER ROOMS NOW OPENED.

Fish, Tripe, and Oysters from 7 p.m.

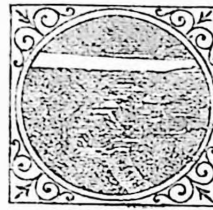
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A. F. SHARP & CO., 14 Royal Exchange Square.

The OLDEST Irish Whiskey in the Market.

The PUREST and most wholesome.

As a stimulant, PREFERRED to the finest brandy.

BOTTLED IN H. M. CUSTOMS' STORES.



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Best Irish

WHISKY

ONE QUALITY ONLY for home trade and exportation—
THE BEST.

SOLD by Agents in every district (Wine Merchants and Grocers) in one dozen cases, each CONTAINING TWO IMPERIAL GALLONS.

JAMES WILSON & SON, BELFAST, Sole Proprietors.
Wholesale Agents for West and Centre of Scotland,
WHEELER & CO., 147 STOCKWELL ST., GLASGOW.

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RALSTON & SONS,
141 SAUCHIEHALL STREET 141

AND

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

HUNGARIAN WINES

One Dozen Sample Case of our Different Sorts of Carlowitz, 25s.



THE WINE FLAGON SYSTEM.

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.

Terms—Cash.

ADAMS & HODGE,
63 ST. GEORGE'S PLACE,
GLASGOW,

Chief Agents in Scotland for]

MAX GREGER & Co.,

By Special Appointment, Wine Merchants to Her Majesty the Queen.

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.

Warm Bath, with Shower,6d.

Hair Cut and Shampooed,6d.

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

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 tasted 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 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.

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, 3½d;
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

STUART CRANSTON & CO.,

TRAINED TEA-TASTERS,

76 ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW.

GLASS AND CHINA

AT M'DOUGALL & SONS, 77 and 79 BUCHANAN STREET,
And at 8 to 16 JAIL SQUARE.

The STOCK for Elegance, Extent, and Variety, has no equal in the City. Lowest Trade Prices. Cash Discount allowed.
Inspection invited. Free Promenade.

DEPOTS FOR MINTON'S, COPELAND'S, WORCESTER, AND DRESDEN PORCELAIN.

Sole Agents for Glasgow for DR. SALVIATI'S VENETIAN GLASS.
NOVELTIES ARRIVING DAILY.

W E D D I N G C A K E S | JAMES MEWAN, RESTAURATEUR,
OF FINEST QUALITY. | 26 & 28 MAIN STREET, ANDERSTON.
Tastefully Ornamented, from One Guinea upwards. | BREAKFASTS, DINNERS, TEAS.
A. M. & A. BROWN, 279 SAUCHIEHALL STREET. | French Papers Daily.

THE BEST DRESS HATS IN SCOTLAND

ARE THOSE SOLD BY
WALTER WILSON & CO.,
 THE COLOSSEUM,
 at 17s 6d.

These Hats are the Best Value ever offered. They are not surpassed in Style, Quality, or Finish, and are infinitely superior to many sold in this City at 21s, 23s, and 25s.

No one could desire a better Hat.

Our 14s 6d DRESS HAT is the ordinary Guinea Hat, and our 12s 6d, 10s 6d, and 8s 6d Dress Hats are wonderful.

Our DRESS HATS are worn by our Leading Professional and Commercial Citizens, from many of whom we have received gratifying testimonials relating to the sterling value and general superiority of our goods.

FELT HATS.

Every Hat we guarantee perfectly pure.

Our FELT HATS at 4s 6d are those sold elsewhere at 6s 6d.

" 5s 6d " " 8s 6d.

" 7s " 10s 6d.

" 8s 6d " 12s 6d to 14s 6d.

Fast in the Colour and Warranted to Wear Well.

The very Latest Styles and Colours for Young Men and Youths.

Every Shape for Elderly and Middle-Aged Gentlemen.

Every Size from the Smallest to the Largest in Stock.

CAPS OF ALL KINDS. HATS FOR FISHING, SHOOTING, &c.

HELMETS, SUN PROOF HATS, &c., for HOT CLIMATES.

BOYS' STRAW AND FANCY HATS AND CAPS, ENORMOUS VARIETY.

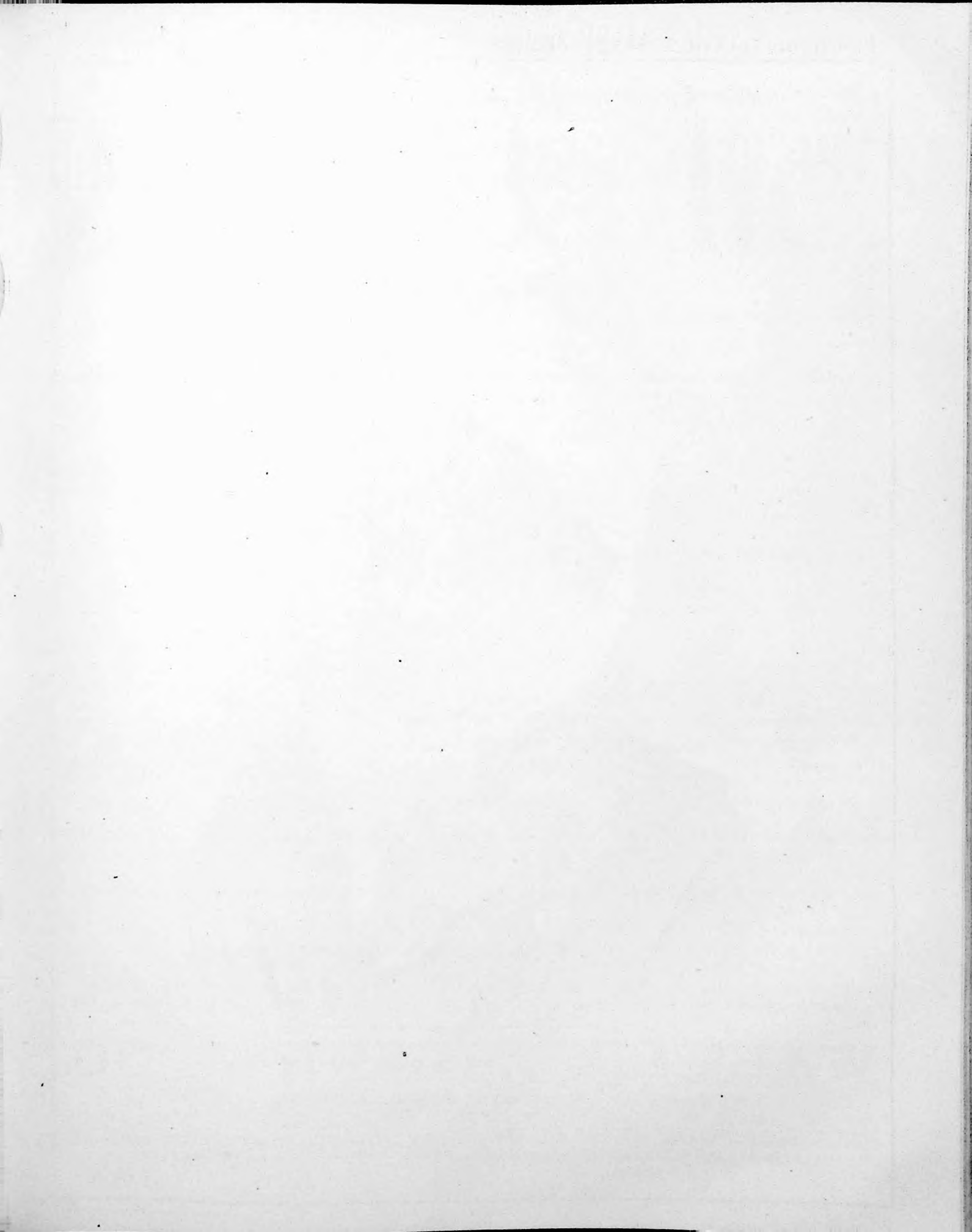
OUR MILLINERY and LADIES' HAT DEPARTMENTS are
 Crammed with Novelties.

Our STOCK equals that of any Six Hatters or Milliners
 in Glasgow.

WHOLESALE PRICES.

Entrance { For Gentlemen, No. 62 } **JAMAICA STREET.**
 For Ladies, No. 70 }

WALTER WILSON & CO.,
The COLOSSEUM.





The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 445. Glasgow, Wednesday, April 27th, 1881. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 445.

WRITING twelve months ago in the *Illustrated London News* Mr George Augustus Sala described Miss MARIE LITTON by saying that, in comedy, "she is simply delightful. She has everything in her favour—comeliness, vivacity, grace, the most winning of smiles, the most silvery of voices." When this was written we in Glasgow were practically strangers to Miss LITTON, but now that we have become familiar with her qualities as an actress every word used by Mr Sala is known to be strictly correct. To find a likeness to Miss LITTON we must go back to Mrs Nisbett or Mrs Jordan. It may, indeed, be said of her, as it was said of these famous artists, that she "gives more pleasure than any other actress because she has the greatest spirit of enjoyment in herself," and that "the visible enjoyment of her own power adds sensibly to its effect upon others." It is not, however, as an actress only, or even mainly as an actress that Miss LITTON appeals to the public of Glasgow. Under her management our Theatre Royal has taken a position which is unique in contemporary theatricals. At a time when resident companies are unknown out of London, Miss LITTON has dared to give Glasgow a resident company. Unawed by the success of perambulating tragedians, regardless of the charms of opera bouffe, she has set herself to the task of organising a company with whom you shall laugh in comedy and cry in tragedy, who shall be the "best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individual, or poem unlimited." Her success in this enterprise is patent to all the world. Nowhere else,

certainly not in London, and just as little in the provinces, is such a combination of talent to be found as that gathered together by this clever and energetic lady. Mr Herman Vezin is of her company, and so is Mr Lionel Brough, and Mr Kyrle Bellew, and Mr Everill, and Mr Bannister, and Mr Stephens. And not only does she exert herself to bring the best people together, but she spares no pains to provide these people with adequate accessories in the shape of beautiful scenery, rich stage appointments, and an altogether intelligent and satisfactory system of stage management. Miss LITTON is still comparatively young. The daughter of an English rector, and educated for the most part in her native Lancashire, Miss LITTON married early. Her husband, Mr Wybrow Robertson—who is associated with her in the direction of the Theatre Royal—possessed a large connection among what may be termed literary and artistic London, and when, some time subsequent to her marriage, our heroine expressed a desire to go on the stage, Mr Boucicault, who is one of Mr Robertson's oldest friends, at once took her in hand, and after some of the necessary "coaching" introduced her to the London public in the character of *Effie Deans*, one of the figures in his own adaptation of "The Heart of Midlothian." Her appearance, it may be said at once, was a distinguished success, and henceforth she had "ranged herself," as our Gallic friends would have it. Her second character was that of *Mrs Cureton* in a piece entitled "On the Cards," produced at the opening of the London Gaiety, and she performed it, according to the *Globe*, with "an intelligence and ladylike grace rare on the stage." When "Uncle Dick's Darling" was originally placed on the Gaiety stage the cast included Mr Toole, Mr Irving, Miss Adelaide Neilson, and Miss MARIE LITTON—a sufficiently distinguished quartette, looked at, that is, in

the light of what all four have done since. After several months spent in the wear and tear of the profession in the Brighton Theatre, Miss LITTON, and her husband Mr Robertson, opened the Court Theatre in West London. At this, the outset of their managerial career, they observed the same policy they still continue to pursue. The best authors were engaged to write new dramas and farces, and the best actors were engaged to represent these on the stage. Among the former were Westland Marston, W. G. Wills, Herman Merivale, Gilbert, and Bronson-Howard, while the actors included Herman Vezin, Righton, Belford, Clayton, W. J. Hill, George Rignold, and Edgar Bruce. From the Court Miss LITTON went to the St. James's for a short season, then appeared at the London Prince of Wales and the Haymarket, and afterwards opened the London Aquarium Theatre, the management of which she held for something like eighteen months, one of the features of her lesseeship being the production of a series of standard comedies, among which was the "As you Like it" of Shakespeare. While entertaining a keen, indeed almost an overpowering taste for acting *per se*, Miss LITTON is not one of those managers who constantly insist on performing themselves. She delights in the proper production of a play, and is willing, so that it be adequately set and intelligently acted, to take her stand behind the scenes, undergoing the drudgery and the toil which belongs to stage-management, and allowing to others the *kudos* bestowed upon the people who appear in front of the footlights. What Miss LITTON has already done in and for Glasgow was mentioned earlier in this article. Her recent *matinees* at the London Gaiety have attracted the attention of the entire metropolitan press, and when the Gaiety performances were repeated in the English provinces the chorus of approbation with which they were received was flattering beyond measure. Off the stage, it may be added, Miss LITTON is quite as fascinating as she is when she has donned the professional attire and is appearing as *Miranda* or *Peggy*, or in her finest part of all, the *Ganymede* of "As you Like it."

"SWALLOW, SWALLOW!"—A morning paper last week announced the advent of "the first swallow." Bosh! Asinus says he had the first swallow on New Year's Day—and a jolly big 'un it was!

MARRIAGE INVITATIONS, Ready Printed, 1/ per doz., with Envelopes.—GILLESPIE BROTHERS, 8 Buchanan Street.

The Doom of "Davie's."

"The Magistrates have finally refused to license Brown's Music Hall."—*Daily Paper*.

BAII! Put the paper in the fire,
Or "hide it from my aching sight!"
Can petty tyranny desire
To soar to a sublimer height?
Authority's fantastic tricks
This pharisaic freak well crowns,
And spirits sink while fanatics
Cold water throw on "Davie Brown's."

Prithce, old comrade, fill your glass—
If no sour Bailie interferes—
And let us back in fancy pass—
Excuse me; we'll not count the years—
To those glad days of long ago,
When life's road had more ups than downs,
What time our hearts were all aglow—
What time we first knew "Davie Brown's."

We were no "fast" and feckless fools,
The candle at both ends to light,
Nor lived by sanctimonious rules,
But, when forgathered of a night,
O'er peaceful weed and modest cup
We'd oft forget that Fate had frowns,
And let fond memories swell up
With dear old songs at "Davie Brown's."

And if the programme now and then
From pursed-up lips a sneer might draw,
We'd smile and pass. "How many men,
So many tastes"—you know the saw.
We freely took the proffered fare,
And ne'er to "comics" or to clowns—
Ha, Walleit, are you still "all there"?—
Denied a "hand" at "Davie Brown's."

But now, in this too moral time
Of whited tombs and pious vice,
When recreation's not made crime
'Tis fenced about like rotten ice.
"You *may*, good people, hear a song"—
Such genial rulers are our town's—
"But nothing do so very wrong
As quench your thirst at 'Davie Brown's.'"

Well, gentlemen, ban cakes and ale,
Set spies upon our leisure hours,
Drawl out your moral maxims stale,
And bid no sweets mix with our sou's.
We'll let you freely bless or curse,
And wrap around you censors' gowns,
If in your lives you've done no worse
Than laugh and quaff at "Davie Brown's."

A CLEAN CUT.

(Scene—St. George's Cross Restaurant; Enter "Major" who proceeds to give the waiting-maid elaborate instructions as to his dinner.)
Major—Er—r ah—waitah! I wish two chops. The one to be made ready befawh the othah. Do you heah?

Jessie—Yes, sir. An' which chop will ye hae first?

A "Fine" Morning—Monday morning at the Central.

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.

Toujours Blackie!

COME, come, Professor Blackie, we must draw the line *somewhere!* We thought we had heard the last of your "Celtic" craze when you succeeded in raising £14,000 for that precious "chair;" but, lo, you turn up as "spry" as ever with "£5 15s as a nest-egg for a Celtic Fellowship," on the strength of which you may be expected to "rave, recite, and madden round the land" for the next half-dozen years or so! And after the Fellowship, what next? And next? Oh, Blackie, Blackie, we can stand a good deal at your hands, but the camel will turn when trodden on, and the worm will kick against the last straw.

"HIGH FLOWN."

(Scene—Country church, morning service, 12-30 p.m.; precentor is "murdering" the tune "Glasgow," having taken his pitch rather high.)

One of the Congregation (in a loud voice to the precentor)—Keep the laigh road, Wullie; ye're gaun ower Garngad.

[Loud titter in the church, especially among the fair sex, and sudden collapse of the "maistical man."]

THE "INSPECTOR" OF THE PERIOD.—Speaking of school inspectors, at a meeting of dominies in London last week, Dr Morrison, of the Glasgow F.C. Training College, remarked that they "knew generally as much about children as about the man in the moon." And yet, the inspectors ought to know something of *both*, considering that some of them have but lately been released from the nursery, and that others show decided leanings towards—to put it mildly—"mooniness."

PICTURESQUE ASSASSINATION.—The appearance in these parts of two Land League notables has not been without its results, a Bute farmer having the other day received a threatening letter adorned with the orthodox coffin, skull, and cross-bones. Indeed, the writer betters his instruction, for he picturesquely promises "a moonlight funeral, attended by a procession of poachers and hounds." My conscience!

"A Good Turn"—A mangle doing a thriving business.

"Runaways"—Fraudulent bankrupts.

Bicycles { The "Duplex," "Excelsior," "Premier," "Rudge,"
"Club," "Special," "Hamber," "Carver," "D.H.P.,"
"Timberlake," "Express," &c., from £5 upwards.—
JENNINGS S, 101 Mitchel Street.

On 'Change.

MONKLAND is a famed district for iron and coal, and the name of "Murray of Monkland," as he was called, was a good one to conjure with. That was before the genius of a M'Ewen had been invoked for the purpose of creating the Monkland Iron and Coal Company, Limited. The company has not been the most distinguished of those which emanated from the same source. It has drooped and languished, sometimes showing a sign of returning animation, but more frequently relapsing into the quietude of a jog-trot existence. Recent events have threatened to extinguish its harmless life. Like the man in the parable, it cannot dig, and to beg it is ashamed. Ill-natured people, like my friend Sneak whom I meet every day on the boards, might even say that Monkland could neither beg nor borrow with any degree of success. So it has recourse to the novel expedient of getting somebody else to beg or borrow for it. To this cause I must attribute the formation of the Monkland Debenture Company, Limited, with a capital of no less than £200,000. Like most schemes intended for the relief of somebody, it will probably end by relieving nobody, unless it should happen that a few people are relieved of the money they put into it on the faith that some dividend will accrue. If a company cannot earn a profit by borrowing direct, it seems unlikely that the concern can do any better by raising capital at second hand. The directors of the new company, were they all robust financiers, might possibly win some dividend, but if their sanguine expectations should ever be realised, the prospect for the shareholders of the old company would not be cheerful.

This appeal, if not absolutely *in forma pauperis*, is at any rate *ad misericordiam*, and I suspect that those who would benefit most by the new scheme are already much in with the old. Their benefit would come by getting new people in to share the responsibility. The old holders would be pleased, but the applicants for shares in the new company might not quite see it in the same light. In the Monkland Iron Co. the responsibility is unequal. It ends with the £10 paid up, of course, because the company is limited, but some people are holders of shares called "guaranteed preference." I never had much notion of this form of preference. When a new company is formed there is often some startling and persuasive announcement to the effect that the vendors, or somebody else, have such confidence in the undertaking that they are prepared to guarantee so much per cent. for several years. Nothing was ever so illusory. If the company can pay a dividend it will do it without a guarantee. If the company cannot pay a dividend the probability is that the guarantee is of no value.

Another expedient has been adopted to impart zest to the mania for investing in new companies. It consists of a circular to the effect that a prospectus has been sent in advance of publication, and that if the fortunate recipient will send in his application sharp it will receive preferential consideration. This is how the Norway Copper Mines Co. is worked. My invitation to become a partner in that interesting concern was accompanied by a circular to the effect that "This prospectus is forwarded in advance of the company being publicly advertised. Applications sent on the enclosed special form will have a preferential consideration at the allotment of shares, but in order to secure this priority, they must be returned on or before Saturday the 16th inst." It was kind of the directors to give me the chance. I did not avail myself of it.

SCRUTATOR.

CELT-IC.

(Scene—A horse market.)

Gent (wishing to purchase) — Are you the owner of this horse?

Tonal—Ay, putt she's sell't.

BICYCLES AND TRICYCLES. { Otto, Premier, Queen, Club, Rudge, Howe,
& 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,—The main interest of the revival of Mrs Centlivre's "Busybody" at the Theatre Royal—which event takes place to-night—after the appearance of Miss Litton herself, will be in the performance of *Marples* by Mr Lionel Brough. *Marples*, who is a species of *Paul Pry*, is copied from the *Léti* of Molière. Among the more celebrated *Marples* have been Deggat, of "waterman's-coat-and-badge" renown, Woodward, and Liston, and, in our own times, Charles Mathews.

Mr Kyrle Bellar, who will be the *Sir George Airy*—the hero of the comedy, makes his first appearance on this occasion on the Glasgow stage. He comes here with the reputation of the most accomplished *jeune premier* of the day.

The story goes that so little was "The Busybody" esteemed when it was originally rehearsed by the Drury Lane company, that one of the members threw his part into the pit and declared that nobody would listen to such stuff; and that it required all the tears and protestations of the poor authoress to get him to take it up again and go on with the rehearsal. On being performed, however, the comedy became an instant success. It ran for thirteen nights, at that time—the year was 1709—a very rare occurrence indeed.

The life of Mrs Centlivre, the authoress of "The Busybody," seems to have been more romantic than that of any of her heroines. She started in life while yet a mere child, with nothing but sprightly manners and a quick wit to recommend her. By the time she was sixteen she was already a woman, and it was at this age that she made her first marriage. Her husband, however, only lived for twelve months. Soon thereafter she again entered the matrimonial state, but the new term of wedded life was little longer in its duration than the earlier, the second husband having been killed in a duel a year and a half after their marriage. Subsequent to his death she was reduced to great straits. When everything else failed she tried the stage, first as an authoress and then as an actress, and it was while acting at Windsor that she saw and captivated Joseph Centlivre, one of the royal cooks. Her marriage with Centlivre made her comparatively wealthy. She wrote several plays, "The Busybody" being among them, and became, in some measure, a woman of Society. After "The Busybody," "A Bold Stroke for a Wife," and "The Wonder," are Mrs Centlivre's best-known comedies.

The Hanlon-Lees and M. Agoust, whom Mr Bernard will introduce this week to the Gaiety boards, are probably the cleverest pantomimic acrobats going. For one thing, they are adepts in the art of turning mechanical contrivances to account, and their comic acting is said to be so uproariously comic as to leave you no alternative but that of exploding in unbounded laughter. It may be of interest to some to know that it was the Hanlon-Lees family who were the earliest to introduce the trapeze into acrobatic entertainments. The company began their present tour at the London Gaiety in the March of last year—they had come from the Paris Varieties to the Gaiety—and they have met with wonderful success wherever they have appeared.

Mr Knapp is drawing capital houses with "Olivette." So far, indeed, it has proved one of the most popular entertainments which have yet been presented at the Royalty. Less of a comic opera than a vaudeville, the music of "Olivette" is still lively and gay, and, what is of special importance, it is capitally suited to the words of the piece. Mr Philip Day, who plays the leading part, is an actor of uncommon merit. Often as he appears on the stage, we never grow tired of him. Indeed, the more that is seen of Mr Day, the oftener that his voice is heard, the greater a favourite does he seem to become with the audience. When "Olivette" was performed at the London Strand Theatre in September last, the character sustained by Mr Day was allotted to Mr Ashley, while on the occasion of the original production of the work, in the November of '79 at the Bouffes Parisiennes, M. Jolly was the actor who supported the *role*.

One of the sights of the city is the fine carriage and horses recently started by Bailie Laing.

Mr Beryl has again made a hit with "The Eviction." All last week Mr O'Grady's drama was played nightly to crowded and enthusiastic audiences. The piece will run to Saturday evening, and we may expect that it will be at least as popular in the coming as it was during the last six days. Next week "The Danites" will be put up at the Royal Princesses.

Quite a host of equestrian good things is to be crowded into the remaining nights of Mr Hengler's too brief sojourn in the West Nile Street house. This week there will be the first appearances here for this season of many old friends and favourites. Among others I may name Mr Fred. C. Hengler, a worthy chip of the old block; Miss Lily Deacon, a "sweet girl graduate" in the "high school" equitation; Signor Luigi Quaglieni, the dashing Italian horseman; little Le Quips the droll; and Mr Louis Egerton, on whose shoulders the mantle of the erst peerless ring-master, Felix Revolti, seems to have fallen.

Mr Hengler brings with him from the London cirque that latest addition to the stud—a sort of equine salamander named "Comet," who is as much at home in pyrotechnics as old T. C. Barlow himself. To-night the "Steeplechase" is to be run for the first time; Red Riding Hood holds her last court levee on Saturday; and on the Saturday after—that is, May 7th—Mr Hengler's visit comes to an end. Next week Mr Powell will likely put up that old hippo-dramatic friend of our youth, "Dick Turpin," the bold, bad highwayman being sustained by Mr Fred. Hengler. Surely this ought to draw the "general."

The members of the Queen's Own Yeomanry Club dine together in Mr Charles Wilson's Royal Restaurant, West Nile St., on Wednesday evening.

Much regret has been caused by the accident to Captain Middleton, late of the 12th Lancers. "Bay Middleton" (not "boy," as a contemporary had it) comes of an old Glasgow stock. His father, Mr George Middleton, who was noted for his fondness for field sports, hunted regularly with the Lanark and Renfrew Foxhounds, what time the late Earl of Glasgow was master. Captain Middleton rode in several of the races at the last Bogside meeting.

What is this I hear? Can it be true that Sheriff Lees has given orders to his clerks that no reporters are on any account to be admitted to his chambers, and that all information is in future to be withheld from the "gentlemen of the press?" What a temper it has, to be sure!

How large, I wonder, was the amount paid by the Caledonian Railway to the Corporation for the liberty to throw a bridge over Argyle Street, and for closing up and occupying the *solum* of Alston Street. The company had to pay the Clyde Trustees a good round sum for the privilege of bridging the river, but the bridging of the river was a *bagatelle* in comparison with the cutting up and darkening of our great thoroughfare, and occupying one of the more valuable of its side streets. As the matter has not yet been made public, perhaps some member of the Council would question the City Treasurer regarding it.

After having been on "the tramp" for several years, "The Lords" have returned to the old Queen's Hotel, now "The George," in George Square. The usual Justiciary dinner, the invitations to which are some eighty in number, takes place this evening.

A "society" event comes off to-morrow (Tuesday) in the Park Church. This is the wedding of Miss Marie Louise Guild—fifth daughter of our townsman, Mr Wylie Guild—with Capt. Walter Campbell, late of the 79th Highlanders, and who is groom-in-waiting to the Queen and a brother-in-law to the Right Hon. Earl Granville. The presents to the bride, which include a dragon-fly in diamonds from the Earl and Countess Granville, are said to be wonderfully fine. The future residence of the young couple will be in Sloan Street, London.

The members of the Crony Club hold their first annual excursion on Saturday, the 21st inst. They proceed by special(?) canal boat from Maryhill to Falkirk, where they dine, returning to the city in the evening by rail. Our friends of "the Corner" propose to take a day's outing in the early days of the coming summer to Loch Leven.

—o—

Mr Walker the cashier, and one of the oldest employes of John Elder & Co., is to be presented on Wednesday with a testimonial subscribed by the firm and the heads of the different departments of that establishment.

—o—

The anniversary of the opening of the Kilmalcolm Hydro-pathic Institution will be celebrated by a ball which will be held on Friday, the 6th prox, and a costume recital of the Gilbert-Sullivan cantata entitled "Trial by Jury," which will be given on the following day, Saturday, the 7th of May.

—o—

On Monday, May 9th, that noted entrepreneur, Mr Pyatt of Nottingham, will introduce us to the latest shooting craze of the day. He has arranged for a contest to come off in Hengler's Cirque and extending over a week 'twixt Dr. Carver of London Aquarium celebrity, and a famous Boer or Dutch Africander, named Karle Joungh. The shooting is to be at balls—but more of this anon.

The same knowing Pyatt, who has piloted Sims Reeves for many years past, brings down the great tenor to Scotland in October next. This will again be announced as positively the final farewell. There will be two concerts in St. Andrew's Hall, and several appearances in opera at one of our theatres. So mote it be.

—o—

Messrs Robert M'Tear & Co. announce an important sale of pictures on Friday next, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms. The works are in every case examples of the modern Scottish school, among their painters being Bough, Chalmers, M'Culloch, Henderson, A. K. Brown, Allan, Aitken, Glover, Calvert, Fraser, and Lockhart.

HOW THEY CAME IN.

(Scene—The West of Scotland Sports; an excited crowd is eagerly watching the finish of the sack race.)

Sandy (on tip-toe)—Man alive! The third yin's first.

[General recognition of Sandy's enlightenment amongst the bystanders.]

Shakespeare on "Children's Opera Companies."

ROSENCRANTZ.—There is, sir, an aiery of children, little cyases, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapped for't: these are now the fashion . . .

Hamlet.—What, are they children? who maintains them? how are they escoted? Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? . . . Do the boys carry it away?

Ros.—Ay, that they do, my lord. Hercules and his load too.—Hamlet, Act II., Scene ii.

Three Stages of the New Municipal Buildings Business—Model, meddle, muddle.

A Stormy Bay—The Bey of Tunis.

Malvolio Come to Judgment.

THE pig-headed section of our Magistracy have succeeded in practically disestablishing and disendowing a time-honoured Glasgow institution by refusing to license "Davie Brown's." This action is apparently taken in the interests of "Mr Dougans's young men"—whoever Dougans may be—and it is to be hoped those susceptible sucklings appreciate the compliment. Those of the community, however, including the BAILIE, who have not the good fortune, or otherwise, to be Mr Dougans's young men, are disposed to resent this latest interference with the comfort and liberty of the subject, and the Malvolios of the Bench may find before long that that resentment is capable of taking a very practical shape.

THE CENTLIVRE APIARY.

How doth the little "Busy-B,"
Approve its shining wit!
And gather money every night
To boxes, stalls, and pit.

A Mirage.

MR PARNELL'S speech the other night contained one passage which should lead Glasgow folks to regard his views more favourably than they have hitherto done. "If we gain our object," said Charles Stewart, "*we will keep our people at home.*" If the BAILIE could trust the italicised words he would be almost selfish enough to vote for the dismemberment of the Empire. Fancy Glasgow without the Irish—without the "Muldoons" and John Ferguson—with poor-rates and police-rates reduced by one-half—without—! But it's too good to be true. Get along wid ye, Charles! Sure, it's jokin' y' are!

BELOW THE BELT.—At the meeting of the Liberal "600" on Friday night Mr Macfarlane gave as a reason why nothing should be said regarding the death of Lord Beaconsfield that the subject was "*foreign matter.*" Did he mean by this to insinuate that the dead body of the Earl was the dead body of an Oriental and not that of an Englishman?

THE WHY OF THE MINISTERIAL SECESSION.—The land of the Land Bill might one day embrace not only the Sandie, but the Argyll-aceous.

"Eviction"—Out of the House—but not until the play's over.

The Eastern Difficulty—The wind.

The "Faculty" of Advocates—Speech.

Quavers.

THE large attendance on the evening of Monday week at the concert by the Glasgow Select Choir—the concluding one of the season—proved the firm hold the choir has on the musical public, and that solely on its own merits. We have heard the choir sing better all through than at this concert, but Leslie's very fine "Lullaby of Life"—a vocal symphony it might be called—could hardly have had greater justice done to it.

Somewhat curiously, the prize part-song "Bird of the Wilderness" fell flat on the audience though well sung. It is good music, but wants the conciseness and point perhaps which are desirable for public acceptance. The composer proved to be Mr Henry Houseley, of Nottingham. Mr Berry's Barcarole is simple yet effective, to use a handy phrase.

Just a word as to the solos by members of the choir. The selections of these cannot be too carefully considered. Such songs, for instance, as "In Cellar Cool," sung in *encore*, at last Monday's concert, are quite a waste of time. Only a basso of the very highest standing could make its ponderosities tolerable.

There was the usual "large and fashionable audience" at the Hillhead Society's concert of Monday last week, and some excellent singing, both in the cantata (Gade's "Erl King's Daughter") and in the miscellaneous second part.

It was a bold and rather hazardous step on the part of the Pollokshields Association to produce a work of such dimensions and difficulty as Hoffmann's "Cinderella," with only half of a season to practise it in. We are bound to say, however, that the performance of the cantata last Thursday evening did not do discredit to the society. It was on the contrary a most creditable effort. The work is one of exceptional beauty, but not less one of exceptional difficulty. Most of the cantatas, in fact, one is familiar with in societies are but child's play to it. No doubt had there been more time given to the practice of Herr Hoffmann's music numerous points of expression, &c., would have been better realised than they were, but yet the extremely hearty applause of the audience proved how acceptable the performance was on the whole.

The accompaniments were represented only by two first and two second violins, a violoncello and piano, and inadequately of course as to the realisation of the score, though most effectively as far as the parts. Messrs Cole, Heron, and Galrein were among the players. The reed and wind instrumental parts thus wanting might fairly have been reproduced on a harmonium. It was a pity one was not employed. The sustained notes of the horns, so marked a feature of the accompaniments, were of course a good deal missed. The three solo voices engaged, soprano, contralto, and baritone, got through their by no means easy task with considerable eclat. Signor L. Zaverial conducted with his usual carefulness.

The annual concert of the Pollok Choral Society took place in the hall of Maxwell Church on Friday evening last. The programme was ample enough, for besides containing sufficient and to spare of vocal music, a selection of chamber instrumental music was played. Gounod's anthem, "Sing praises unto the Lord," written in the English style, Mendelssohn's 95th Psalm, for solo tenor and chorus—insipid music rather, as we have always felt it to be—and the Kyrie and Gloria from Mozart's 12th Mass, were the prominent "numbers" in the sacred part of the programme. Leslie's "Lullaby of Life," and Pinski's "In this hour," were the chief items in the second and secular part. Generally speaking, the society was more successful in the unaccompanied music, than in the accompanied; and Farrant's "Lord, for Thy tender mercies' sake, and Leslie's "Lullaby," were really models of part-singing. The songs, "Revenge, Timotheus cries," and "Angels ever bright and fair," were each very acceptably given. Mr W. Hart, Jun., honorary conductor, wielded the baton in his usual neat and undemonstrative style, and Mr J. Lindsay, honorary pianist to the society, played the accompaniments with vigour and skill. The stringed quartet played very well indeed.

It may here be the place to say that piano accompaniment alone to a chorus is but an unsatisfactory thing at the best. If there must be an accompaniment, the piano should always be

supplemented by instruments or by a harmonium. By itself the household instrument sounds very small, with its tinkle tinkle, and is but a poor support to voices.

An excellent concert was given by the South Side Choral Society on Friday evening, consisting (exclusively) of selections from Handel's "Messiah," Mr J. McKean conducted, and Mr T. Berry accompanied.

We learn with regret that this society had lately to pay a penalty of £10 to the Dramatic Authors' and Composers' Society in London, for using copyright words at a concert they gave some time ago, under the title of "Gems from the Operas." There is, unfortunately, seldom anything printed on music to show that it or the words is secured against performance without money payment for the privilege. The copyright law as to musical performance is clearly very defective in this respect. Mr Harry Walls' sharp practice has made many painfully aware of that fact. A fine of this kind falls very heavily on a society like the South-Side Choral, whose labours are disinterested enough, and cannot but have been of an up-hill character.

The elementary class in connection with the above association opens on 3rd May, and the staff notation (with the movable Doh, of course) is to be taught in place of the tonic sol-fa notation—a perfect for an imperfect system, as it is unquestionably to be regarded, and conducive to higher results in singing, which is the main point as far as the society is concerned.

The Hogganfield Tonic Sol-fa Choral Society, which has been practising for the last six months under Mr William Lakin, will make a public appearance on Friday the 29th inst. The accompanists are Mr Luther Hall, and a youth from the Industrial School in the district.

The musical association connected with North Woodside Free Church, give a concert to-night, Tuesday, with choruses from Handel and Haydn, and some secular part-songs. Mr P. S. Terras, whose name is a guarantee for intelligent instruction, is conductor of the society. Mr Maver is the accompanist.

FAR-FETCHED.

(Scene—Falkirk; Topic, the weather.)

Bauldy—It's awfu' cauld wather, Tammas. Man it's like tae tak' a very body's nose aff.

Tammas—Weel, it's maybe cauld awee in the shade, but sharely it's warm eneuch in the sun.

Bauldy—"In the sun," ye cediot! I'm share ye're faur eneuch awa frae bein' "in the sun."

HIS "LODGINGS."—"Wanted," runs an advertisement in a contemporary, "the Address of the Lodgings on South Side that the gentleman took and left the 10s." The slight incoherency manifested here, together with the mention of the "10s," lead the BAILIE to believe that he can assist the oblivious "gentleman." From internal evidence his Worship is prepared to lay odds that the lodgings were in the immediate neighbourhood of South Portland Street, and that the name, style, and title of the landlord is Mr Superintendent Donald.

A NEW SAW.—"The proof of the pudding is in the tasting;" but the "proof" of the spirit is in the "testing," according to the present budget.

Motto for a would-be Bailie—"Neil desperandum."

The "Final" Tie—Marriage.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the Lord Provost's remarks on Earl Beaconsfield were at once graceful and in good taste.

That they offered an agreeable contrast to the proceedings at the meeting of the Liberal six hundred.

That Walter Macfarlane, Esq., would have nothing to do with the memory of the great Earl.

That there is nobody more illiberal than a Liberal.

That the question is, "Who are the 600?"

That ex-Provost Collins has appeared in a new role.

That he claims the gift of prophecy.

That his forecasts regarding the new Municipal Buildings did not prove remarkably accurate.

That he expected that the foundation-stone at least would have been royally laid before his term of office had expired.

That Mr Collins should never prophecy unless he knows

That the committee of the Glasgow Police soiree supped together a week ago.

That the treasurer was presented with a gold watch and chain.

That the reporters did not get an "invite."

That the affair has not been kept so dark as was expected.

That our census returns are lang lang a'comin'.

That our Registrars are not accustomed to grapple with heavy work.

That the members of the "fors" appeared in their spring suits at the opening of the Circuit Court.

That they were "braw, braw lads."

That the new helmets are mounted with brass.

That with their brass helmets and the brass on their faces, the Police are now a brazen lot.

That there wasn't a single policeman "up" at any of the Police Courts last week.

That crime must be diminishing in Glasgow.

That an aspirant to the deaconship of the Incorporation of Barbers has already begun to supper his men.

That the memory of his former defeats has possibly something to do with the suppers.

That the intelligence of some, like that of certain of the lower races, is seated in their stomachs.

That the Juniors are at it again.

That their latest proposal is to Disestablish the Church.

That the Church had better look to itself.

That when the "young M'D." says anything he usually means it.

That 'Arry has taken up the Robertson Smith case.

That 'Arry won't allow himself to be lost sight of if he can help it.

That the fun of last week was contributed by the "sitting magistrates" at the Licensing Courts.

A Doomed "Hydra."

AN abnormal "Highlander" in moving a resolution at the Parnell meeting last week dwelt on the enormities of a "factorial hydra" in Skye, who is said to hold some dozen-and-a-half distinct offices, from captain of Volunteers to "sub-collector of assessed taxes"—whereupon the audience shouted lustily, *à l'irlandaise*, "Shoot him!" Should this gentle advice be followed, it would come to be a nice question how many acts of homicide were involved in the slaying of such a number of "single gentlemen rolled into one." As the prospective victim is a lawyer, he might employ the time left to him in deciding this knotty point.

"THE VERY CHEESE."

(Scene—Butcher's shop; miss has just made a thorough inspection of the butcher's stock-in-trade and, to his intense disgust, is retiring without making a purchase.)

Butcher (touching her)—Weel, miss, whit dae ye want?

Miss (without turning round)—I wis wantin' a bit beef without ony banes in't.

Butcher (contemptuously)—Hoots wumman. Gae 'wa! Gae 'wa ower tae the grocery. It's no beef ye want—it's cheese!

GRANNY AND THE OLD MAIDS.—As is but natural, the Old Lady in Buchanan Street looks down with tremendous superiority from her grandmatronly pedestal upon the old maid fraternity; yet is she polite towards them withal in her dignified way. She calls them, in a recent leader, "female celibates." "Female celibates" is "good, very excellent good."

"The Great Unwashed"—Our "Iron Duke."

Contempt of Court—Neglecting to attend Red Riding Hood's Levée

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The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 27th, 1881.

WISDOM seems as wanting to our sapient Town Councillors as wit. These worthies insist on saddling us, will we or nil we, with that provincial monstrosity, a police band. A

band of policemen, save that it has to be provided by unwilling ratepayers, is neither worse nor better than a band of any other body of men who have nothing to do with music—say, a band of bakers or a band of sweeps—and it would probably be in its proper place in Kilmarnock, or Kilwinning, or Kilmalcolm, or any other town where an opportunity of listening to instrumental playing comes only at the very rarest intervals. But what may be very fair sauce for the Kilmarnock goose may prove anything but fitting for the Glasgow gander. The cry here is that we are already flooded with music. Besides, as was very pertinently urged by Mr OSBORNE at Monday's meeting of Town Council, the appearance of a *posse* of policemen braying on brass instruments is almost certain to prove a fruitful source of disturbance on our already over-crowded and noisy streets. Even should the policemen not insist on performing in our public thoroughfares, the sight of any number of them lugging about trombones, or French horns, or, it may be, a pair of kettle-drums, is neither calculated to render the force more ornamental or useful than it is at present. However, Alphabet SMITH, Bailie DICKSON, and the rest of them have said it—whether to the credit of their intelligence or no is another story—and a police band we are to have. Why won't the Town Councillors leave architecture and music alone, and meddle only with matters with which they are understood to have some familiarity?

A SLY DOG.—There are still some humourists left in the world. The Secretary of the Association for the Higher Education of Women, in his fourth annual report, stated that "There were on the roll 266 students. Thirty-six young men had joined the classes, and even married men had taken advantage of the help they gave. A new connection had been formed which might lead to very important results." What can the sly dog have meant by this last sentence!

SAUL AMONG THE PROPHETS.—"White and Gold," of the *Herald*, has had his religious susceptibilities terribly wounded by the holding of race-meetings "in Holy Week." This is "Saul among the prophets" with a vengeance. Those who know that "White and Gold" is Mr John Corlett, and that Mr John Corlett is the editor of the *Sporting Times*, will fully appreciate what Corporal Nym calls "the humour of it."

A Racq(u)ket Match—A street fight,

IN MEMORIAM

BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD, K.G.
19th APRIL, 1881.

A MIGHTY man is fallen! Friend or foe,
Who but stood silent and drew hard his breath
As the deep bell swung slowly to and fro,
And o'er the wire sped fast the news of death?

In truth, a mighty man! Of alien race
And sprung from fathers of a creed contemned,
He set his daring soul upon a place
That round about by iron caste was hemmed.

'Mid ridicule of equals—vulgar jeers—
A Court's aversion, still he held his way,
Till a proud noblesse owned them *not* his peers,
But followers, his bidding to obey.

Well, all is past—the struggle and the prize—
Garter, and star, and coronet laid down,
For ever closed the half-shut, watchful eyes,
Rigid the lips that lightning wont to crown.

And what the moral? Take the Preacher's text,
While to the fane the solemn mourners pass,
Methinks I see a shadowy form come next,
And write o'er the tomb's portal, "Vanitas!"

A Chivalrous, but Unappreciated Hero.

AT the anti-Cameronian meeting last Tuesday night Mr O'Donnell said that "his (Mr O'D.'s) chivalrous intentions in coming down from London to attend the meeting, and his heroic resolution, were quite thrown away." Nobody, as far as the BAILIE is aware, ever thought of accusing Mr O'Donnell of being either chivalrous or heroic, but, since "he himself has said it," no doubt he is both. That being so, he is perfectly correct in thinking that both his chivalry and his heroism are "quite thrown away." The age of chivalry is past, as was remarked some years ago by "departed Burke," and we make our heroes of different clay from that out of which the O'Donnells are moulded.

Sauce for the Goose and Sauce for the Gander.

APROPOS of the gas question, a correspondent of a contemporary pertinently enquires why a great Corporation should be permitted to sell bad gas any more than "a humble dairyman"—say, Mr James Morton—is allowed to vend watered milk. The spectacle of the Corporation of Glasgow in the criminal dock would be even less edifying than that of the Royal Burgh of Queensferry in the Bankruptcy Court; but the legal net ought to take in big salmon—even those that "never swam"—as well as wee minnows. *Fiat justitia, ruat*—Bailie Walls!

A "Cash" Transaction—The forthcoming Monetary Conference.

"Tackety" Whisky.

AT the meeting of the Upper Ward of Renfrewshire Licensing Court last Tuesday one of the Justices brought a serious charge against the Mount Florida whisky. According to Mr Anderson, the Magistrate in question, that whisky is "just like tacketts going down your throat." While complimenting Mr Anderson on the force of his illustration, the BAILIE deeply sympathises with him. His gullet must be in a truly awfu' state. If he will look in at Number 80 Gordon Street the next time he passes, his Worship will have pleasure in introducing him to a more emollient product of the still.

GUIDSAKE!

Young Minister (affably)—Do you ever allow politics to trouble your mind? Do you belong to any party?

Auld Wife (solemnly)—I'm nather a library nor a conservatory—I jist like tae be wi' the guid.

A PAYING "PROFESSION."—Thanks to sensation novelists and admiring reporters, your detective is apt to think XXXX beer of himself; but for unmitigated cheek commend the BAILIE to that "professional" private detective of Edinburgh, who last week valued his services as a witness, during part of one day, at two guineas, being double the amount claimed by, or allowed to, an architect, say, or a physician of standing. One shudders to think of what this "professional" gentleman's bill would amount to if he were engaged for several weeks.

HE'D BE A "CREDIT" TO THEM A'!—Asinus, observing that the office of secretary to the Glasgow Wine and Spirit Trade Association is vacant, has entered himself for the stakes. His qualifications are the fact that he has for years made a point of sinking all his spare capital in "the Trade," and that, in his own opinion, he would be a credit to the publican interest. (Note.—In the opinion of the publican interest, Asinus and "credit" are already too closely associated.)

A WASTE OF ENERGY.—Somebody wants "an energetic person" to dispose, on commission, of an article that "sells itself." Would not the energetic person's efforts be rather supererogatory? Possibly he, as well as the self-vending article, might find it a "sell."

A "Moving" Spectacle—A flitting.

MITCHELL'S OLD IRISH WHISKY.

A Burning Shame.

IT is to be hoped that the disastrous fire of last week will lead to some more civilised arrangement than the present as to the attendance of our brigade beyond the boundaries. The existing state of things is unworthy of a great city, and its cruel absurdity must be felt by none more keenly than by the energetic and conscientious Superintendent. We cannot undertake to act as fire-extinguishers for the whole "country-side," but neither can we suffer the destruction of what is practically Glasgow property—and it may be of life—at our doors for the sake of a mere form. More will be heard of this.

IRISH TO THE CORE.

(Scene—Road leading from a churchyard.)

Tim—Where hav yiss been, Pat?

Pat—At Ted Rafferty's funeral.

Tim—Is Ted Rafferty dead?

Pat—Bedad oi hope so, for he loies eight fut down an' not a soul near him.

ASSES, NOT ASSASSINS.—Mr Parnell expressed a hope the other evening that his City Hall audience "would bear away from the meeting the conviction that the Irish National Land League was not the league of assassins and midnight marauders they had been led to believe." Well, the hope was not without foundation. An unprejudiced auditor could not fail to bear away the conviction that the league was one of jackasses rather than of assassins.

STARTLING NEWS FROM THE NORTH.—We are constantly afforded fresh proofs of the *Daily Telegraph's* marvellous enterprise. Last week the BAILIE'S metropolitan contemporary paid for a telegram all the way from Kirkwall to say that the news of Lord Beaconsfield's death was received in that hyperborean quarter "with regret," and that "all agreed"—in Kirkwall—"that an able man had passed away." Fancy!

INFORMATION FOR GRADUATES.—Granny has always been an authority on University matters, and she seems determined to maintain her reputation. In a recent leader she talks of "the ordinary degree of B.A., to which M.A. leads up in the course of years." She forgets to add, however, that in most Universities it is usual, in the course of a few more years, to pass a matriculatory examination.

BULATORS.—Don't creep before you walk, but get about. 20/ Perambulators.—GARDINER & HARDIE, Clyde Street.

Megilp

THE twentieth Exhibition of the Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts is now a thing of the past. Upon the whole it was a very fair success. The pictures were over rather than under the average of those seen of recent years, the sales were very satisfactory, and the attendance—notwithstanding the indifferent weather of February and the first half of March—exceedingly good. One of the points noted by observers in connection with the Exhibition was the small number of important pictures which found purchasers. The largest work sold was the "Birdnesting" of Joseph Henderson, and between this work and the "sale" that came next it in price and importance the interval was very considerable.

The paintings likely to dwell in the memory, now that the Exhibition has closed, are the "Love Conquers All" of Boughton, Smart's "Vale of Tummel," and Tom Graham's "Lighthouse," together with David Murray's "Chateau Gaillard," A. K. Brown's "Storm in the Fen Country," and James A. Aitken's striking picture of a silver birch.

The little knot of artists who seem to regard Helensburgh as a species of head-quarters are all busy over spring pictures. Peter Buchanan has set up his easel in the neighbourhood of the pleasant river-side burgh, which is

"Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite Beyond it."

William Leiper is engaged on a "pastoral"—a landscape with cattle. He has succeeded in giving the work a certain decorative character, and it promises to be the finest picture he has yet painted. Last week William Carlaw spent a day sketching among the shipping at Bowling. Mr Carlaw is now working at Roseneath—familiar enough ground to him by this time, but ground where he ever seems to find fresh and becomingly tender subjects for his skilful brush. James Guthrie, of London, and Duncan M'Laurin, are other two artists at present located in Helensburgh, the latter of whom, however, has not yet left his studio for out-of-door painting. While on the subject of Helensburgh, it is interesting to note that much admiration is expressed in artistic circles for the stained-glass window recently placed in St. Michael's and All Angels' Church there. The glass is the work of Messrs Adam & Small of this city.

James A. Aitken is away on a flying visit to Inverness-shire. He went north by the Highland Railway, and returns by way of the Caledonian Canal and Oban. He was specially impressed, he says, while proceeding northward, by the scenery round Dunkeld and Killiecrankie. True to his Jacobite sentiments, he took special note of the spot where, tradition avers, "Clavers" was shot.

One of the best Milne Donald's which has been seen in Glasgow for many a day is at present on view in the rooms of E. Silva White, West George Street. Donald was only forty-seven when he died some fifteen years ago, but he has left numerous pictures, all of which, mellowing with time, are growing more valuable year by year.

Writing a week ago from Pangbourne, in Berkshire—where he is located for the season—A. K. Brown says the village and its surroundings are very pretty and quiet, and they will be still prettier when the trees begin to show some leaves. At present, he adds, the woods are full of primroses, every meadow is dotted with cowslips, and the voice of the cuckoo is heard calling over the land.

Monday last (the 25th inst.) was "touching-up" day for the Royal Academy, the press view of the Exhibition takes place on Thursday, the private view on Friday, and the dinner on Saturday, while both the Academy and the Grosvenor Gallery open to the public on Monday next. Among our local artists who are represented in the one or the other exhibition are David Murray—who has left for London—Wm. Young, A. K. Brown, Jos. Henderson, R. C. Crawford, Alex. Finlay, and John Miller. Mr Miller's Academy picture is a coast scene. In the foreground are two large rocks, round which grow clusters of ragweed and ox-eyed daisies. Beyond stretch long, level sands, bounded on one side by a line of low cliffs, and on the other by the blue waters of the sea.

Two large and effective works recently completed by Mr Miller are "The Lismore Packet," and a view of the picturesque village of Kyleakin, in Skye.

The general character of the Royal Academy Exhibition is said to be "average." Perhaps its most striking feature will be supplied by the portraits contributed by Millais, our English Velasquez.

A series of etchings by Charles Méryon have just been acquired by Messrs Lawrie & Son of St. Vincent Street. They are interesting for two reasons—on account of their own wonderful picturesqueness and beauty, and as the work of one of the greatest and most original of modern artists, and one also whose "existence was made wretched by poverty, sickness, and insanity, and by the apathy of an age unworthy of him."

The Modern Æsop.

6.—TWO RATS.

TWO rats—one large and the other small—conspired to steal a piece of meat from a butcher's shop. The meat purloined, the big rat thus argued—"Being the bigger of the two, I ran the greater risk: and if you won't let me have the larger share I will tell where the meat is and who 'stole it.'" The other replied—"My risk was as great as yours; and, if I am smaller than you, my life, like yours, is my all. Equal risk—'equal shares.'" So off the large rat scampered on his errand of impeachment; but before he could purge himself of his honest pretensions, the butcher promptly despatched him with a broomstick, as one of the pests of his premises.

MORAL.—Spite is a mean substitute for honesty; and if you are in "bad odour" with the law, either is a dangerous tool to trifle with.

ABERDEEN AWA'

1st West Country Tradesman (to 2nd do.)—Is the new maister you've got a Scotchman, Tam? I hear he's awfu' keen and no very weel liked.

Tam—'Deed no, he's nae Scotchman. I thocht ye kent that he belanged tae Aberdeen.

A "GOOD" CONCEIT O' HIMSEL'.—An "Arts student" advertises for a tutorship in a "good family." Now, the BAILIE, who admires self-respect, would be glad to further the views of this exclusive young man; but we must first have his definition of a "good" family. Does he mean a pious family, or is the word used in its conventional sense? In the latter case, must the family be a titled one; or would a family belonging to the landed gentry be "good" enough; or would it not do if the head of the family were a "gentleman by Act of Parliament?" Speak, generous youth!

GENTLEMEN'S CLOTH Made and Trimmed—Suits, 21s; Trousers, 4s; Overcoats, 14s. Fit, Workmanship, Trimmings Guaranteed.—EWART A. BAIN, 59 Bridge Street.

"LIGHT ; MORE LIGHT."

(Scene—Rehearsal of an amateur orchestra in a poorly lighted hall.)

Conductor—Hie there, can't you see?

Horn (who never—well, hardly ever—plays flat)—I can see weel eneuch, if I'd licht!

THEATRE ROYAL

(Under Royal Letters-Patent from The Crown.)

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

POSITIVELY THIS WEEK ONLY.

HER MAJESTY'S SERVANTS WILL PLAY

THE BUSYBODY,

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Preceded by

MY WIFE'S MOTHER,

at 7-30.

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The NEW SCENERY by Mr W. PERKINS and Mr HARKER.

Mr KYRLE BELLEW,

Mr F. BARSBY,

Mr SELTEN, Mr BUNCH,

NEW COSTUMES, PROPERTIES, and ACCESSORIES.

M. de Sarcey, the great French Critic, writing of this Company at the time they were performing at Drury Lane, says:—

"I do not hesitate to say that the performances appeared to me equal to anything the Comedie Française could offer at its best. The ensemble was excellent—indeed perfect; and I passed one of my pleasantest evenings in England at their representation. The immense auditory of Drury Lane was filled from top to bottom by an audience evidently charmed and delighted with the performance."

SPECIAL NOTICE.

ADMISSION REDUCED.—Gallery, 6d; Amphitheatre, 1s; Pit, 1s 6d; Boxes, 2s; Family Dress Circle, 3s. Extra Price to Gallery, Amphitheatre, Pit, Boxes, and Family Dress Circle—6d extra till 7. Dress Circle Stalls, 5s; Stalls, 6s.

Doors Open, 6-30; commence 7-30. Box Office, 10 to 4, at the Theatre; or Messrs Muir Wood's, Buchanan Street.

ROYALTY THEATRE.

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

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Messrs CHARLES WYNDHAM

AND

D'OYLY CARTE'S

OLIVETTE OPERA COMPANY.

THIS EVENING (TUESDAY), 26TH APRIL, at 7-30,

The New and Original Opera Comique,
OLIVETTE.

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Open Every Evening at 7-15. Commencing at 7-45.

THE STÉEPLECHASE AND
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LAST FOUR NIGHTS OF

"THE FAIRY'S GARDEN PARTY."

WEDNESDAY Evening, April 27.—First Appearance in Glasgow of "COMET," the FIRE WAR HORSE. Introduced by Mr F. C. HENGLER.

SATURDAY Afternoon, April 30.—LAST DAY PERFORMANCE of "THE FAIRY'S GARDEN PARTY."
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THE "DANITES."

New Scenery by Mr CHARLES WALKER.

Doors Open at 7. Overture, 7-30.

Saturday half-an-hour earlier.

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GLASGOW GREEN,

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Admission—On WEDNESDAY, from 8 a.m. till 2 p.m., 2s 6d;
from 2 till 6, 1s; from 6 till 8, 6d.

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145 St. Vincent Street,
Glasgow, 25th April, 1881.

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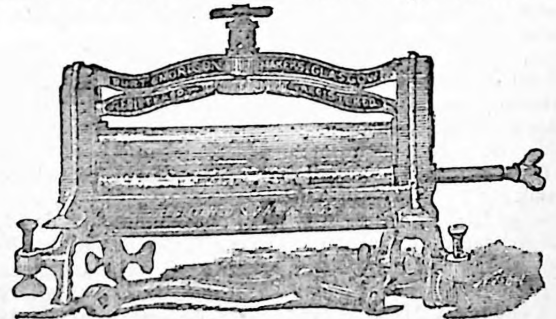
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Open at 7. Concert, 7-30.

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30 BAIN SQUARE (OFF GALLOWGATE).

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 tasted 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 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.

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, 3½d;
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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The following on Exhibition this Week—

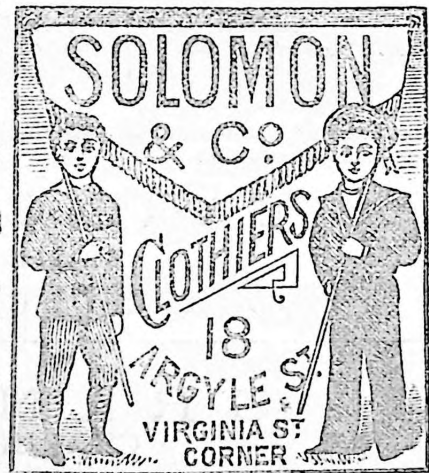
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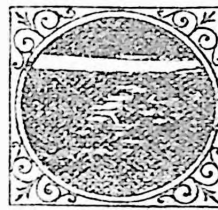
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The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 446.

Glasgow, Wednesday, May 4th, 1881.

Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 446.

THE most charming of old-world villages is the little hamlet of Carmunnock, perched high up on the Cathkin braes, and looking, with its three narrow, irregular streets, its tiny orchards, and its patch of common, as if it had been specially arranged for behoof of the artist or the writer of books. Only some six miles distant by road from the centre of the great city, it is removed from it by a whole century in the ways and customs of its people. The current of civilization has rolled past and left this little eddy comparatively untouched by its hurrying waters. And if the village of Carmunnock is happy in preserving the delightful flavour of an order of things which has passed or is fast passing away, its clergyman is not less successful in recalling, in his own person, that village preacher

. to all the country dear,
who was

Passing rich on forty pounds a-year.

The Rev. ALEXANDER RENNIE STORRY has spent his entire clerical life in Carmunnock. Born in Kilsyth, and educated partly in Kilsyth and partly in Glasgow, he became, on being licensed, assistant to the Rev. John Henderson, the then incumbent of the pleasant upland parish. Shortly thereafter he was appointed by the patron, and on the unanimous petition of the minister, the kirk-session, and the congregation, to be Mr Henderson's colleague and successor; and at Mr Henderson's death he succeeded to the post of parish clergyman. Once or twice of recent years the Man you Know has been called to urban churches, but on each occasion he has seen fit to decline the invitation. And the notion of Mr STORRY as the incumbent of a city church is too incongru-

VOL. XVIII,

ous to be indulged. He is sufficiently well-known in the city, it is true, indeed we have few city clergymen who are better known or so generally liked; but he is essentially a "country parson." Like all country parsons, moreover, Mr STORRY takes a keen interest in rural affairs. It in no way detracts from his reverend character that he should be, as he certainly is, one of the best judges of dairy stock and horses of the roadster class in the county, or that his opinion should be freely asked and largely appreciated by many of our most celebrated breeders of cattle. Mr STORRY'S rural charge naturally brings him into close and intimate contact with the farming interest; and he is as popular in show rings, and wherever farmers most do congregate, as he is in the streets of his own little village, or on 'Change in Glasgow, where his familiar, cheery presence is usually visible every Wednesday afternoon. In this connection it may be mentioned, as an illustration of the excellence of his judgment with regard to cattle raising, that the Ayrshire cow with which he took the First Prize at last year's Glasgow Cattle Show was purchased while young for a comparatively small figure, her first owner having regarded her as too indifferent in quality ever to become of much value. One of the special traits of our friend is his efficacy as a peacemaker. When agricultural or other disputes run high in the parish, it has become common to "refer the matter to Mr STORRY," and the disputants are almost always satisfied with his decision. Nor must it be supposed for a moment, while the Man you Know is equally at home on the farm, in the show ring, or on the moors, that he ever forgets the duties more particularly connected with the office to which his life is mainly devoted. In this he resembles those heroes of English country life, the Rev. John Russel, who hunted a pack of hounds till

he reached the age of fourscore years, and the Rev. Mr King, the "sporting parson" of Yorkshire, both of whom were fairly idolized by their parishioners. Mr STORRY'S sermons are plain, practical homilies on life, not too far-fetched, to be sure, yet informed with the insight into men and affairs which belongs to a shrewd, kindly, and active nature. He takes an eager interest in the education of the young—he was the first chairman of the School Board of his district, and he has continued a member of the Board ever since. There being no regular assessment, moreover, for the poor in Carmun-nock, he finds it necessary to devote a large portion of his time to the duties which are elsewhere discharged by the inspector appointed by the local Parochial Board. Mr STORRY will, of course, be present at Wednesday's (to-day's) Show of the Glasgow Agricultural Society. Indeed, to speak the truth, the ring would hardly look like itself were he not to put in an appearance on the ground. The BAILIE may add, in closing, that the Show promises to be one of the most successful yet held under the auspices of the Glasgow Agricultural Society. And this is altogether in spite of the backward character of the season. The directors and the secretary of the Society have exerted themselves with a will to promote the success of the gathering, and when our yeomen, who are, after all, the back-bone of the country, do this, we know that they never fail in their object.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

(Scene—A country inn; Tam, a local character who can't read, but makes a pretence of it, is busily studying the eighth page of the *Herald* upside down.)

Tam (shaking his head)—Great loss among the shippin' I see!

Friend—Whaur dae ye see that, Tam?

Tam—Man, div ye no see a' the veshels turned upside doon?

NON SEQUITUR.—A London Magistrate remarked the other day that a culprit before him was not likely to be a Fenian, as "he didn't look clever enough." If that acute "beak" could see, and hear, some of our Glasgow "Land Leaguers" he would speedily alter his opinion regarding the connection between "cleverness" and disaffection.

The Quay Vive—The Broomielaw.

MITCHELL'S OLD IRISH WHISKY.

To May.

COME, May, and help my lyre to thrum,
I can't be dumb to-day;
I know that darker days may come,
And joy to cry, "Come, May!"

Thou art indeed a gracious month,
Thy sky is ever blue—
Though some steal out on May the "oneth
To rob thee of thy dew.

I've read in books of olden scrip,
That on that same bright day
E'en kings and court and all would slip
And bring home slips of May.

And round the green May-pole they'd shout
And dance and sing, brave souls—
But that's a game that's now played out—
Crushed down like other Poles.

And yet, and yet, the *raison d'etre*—
'Mong reasons good and many—
Why we go not May-bloom to get—
Ods buds! there isn't any.

Thou'rt not the maid that once thou wert—
May once was maid in truth—
Thy lap of flowers thou then wouldst share't—
Thou'rt backwarder since youth.

Yet, May, although thou may'st not bring
The haw in summer sheen,
We're thankful for that taste of Spring
Thou'st left in leaves so green.

What wilt thou give us? Sunny showers,
Or cloudless skies and bright?
Perhaps you yet may spare us flowers—
O yes, you, May—you might.

LOTOS-LAND.

Canny Aberdonian (to his mate)—Weel, Jock, fat hae ye been deein', man?

Jock—Fat hae ye been about yersel?

C. A.—Jist waitin' for denner time.

Jock—Weel, I've been deein' naething bit fitein' a stick, an' noo I've fiteit it awa' tae nearly naething ava.

HIGHLY PROBABLE.—At a Good Templar convention a week ago much anxiety was expressed regarding a certain G. T. "agent." It was stated that a long time had elapsed since "tidings" had been received from him, and "it was feared that he had suffered violence." Cheer up, good folks. Most likely your missing brother is only "on the drink."

FOR "THE CARLYLE SOCIETY."—Was the author of "The Reminiscences" a "rapt Prophet like Isaiah," or a cowardly old slanderer?—safe when alike the slanderer cannot reply, or the slanderer be replied to.

The Washerwoman's Motto—Three sheets in the wind.

PERAMBULATORS.—Don't creep before you walk, but get wheeled about. 20/ Perambulators.—GARDINER & HARDIE, 42 Great Clyde Street.

On 'Change.

IRON and coal shares were in a good commotion all last week. Monkland was depressed from causes already pointed out in this column. An attempt has been made to neutralise the effect of my statements by some special pleading on behalf of the Company. Even were the pleading more ingenious than it has been, there would be little hope of getting people to believe a thing sound which is virtually the reverse. Port Washington got into a perilous state when its circular came out on Thursday. Its £10 paid shares, which realised a few pounds each not very long ago, were actually picked up at 7s 6d. I never had much notion of the Company which is called a "Port," though it has no sea within miles of it.

Clyde Coal was the most amusing article on the cards last week. Bears, who thought they had it all their own way, got caught in a trap and were compelled to bleed freely for the benefit of their historic enemies the bulls. These bulls, on the other hand, were much too greedy. They demanded, and were paid, no less a sum than 2s 6d as backwardation for the share, worth in the market about £4. The result will be a sweeping up of all stray shares that may be floating, and the plague will be stayed. Had the bulls been less greedy they might have transformed Clyde Coal into a kind of dreeping roast, as were the shares of Messrs Merry & Cuninghame not so very long ago.

Railways have gone up in the face of poor traffics, and iron has recovered notwithstanding a subdued demand. I recommend the consideration of this subject to my numerous friends. If they will reflect upon it they will find that neither movement is justified. Iron is still too high by reason of the limited demand for it. Railways are too high because short traffics, without corresponding reduction in cost of working, mean reduced revenue. Men who buy North British and Great North of Scotland at present prices ought to be confined under medical certificate and legal warrant from the Sheriff.

Three millions of pounds sterling lying, as it was, under our very feet, and nothing to be done but to stoop and pick up the money! The prospect is elysium. There is hardly need to stoop, even, for the very dykes are built of stuff that only needs judicious handling to be turned into a credit balance at the bank. A merely partial working has secured a return of £135,000, in anticipation, it may be, of the three millions yet to come. All this I learn from the prospectus of the Silver Valley Mines, I limited. This inestimable boon to a confiding public is offered for £75,000 in £1 shares. From the prospectus I learn that the vendors are to take 20,000 shares, that somebody else is to have 15,000, and that actually only 40,000 shares will be offered to the public. My only fear in this matter is that the vendors have been too generous. They have three millions lying about on the ground or built into old fences, and yet they are willing to sell the property to a company with but £75,000 in its coffers. This is so kind that I do not intend to take shares in that Company.

A Company for making horse shoes has been followed by another organised for the purpose of making nails for horse shoes. What could be more natural? Nails require £200,000 to make them. A good many nails could be made for that sum, and the supply ought to be ample enough to cause a fall in the price of the noble article. What is good for the horse is good for the man, at least in the matter of nails, and there is no reason why the Company should limit its operation to quadrupeds. A few millions of bipeds thrown in would largely increase the consumpt, and it might become an interesting subject for study if the directors could give some statistics of the number of nails a man or horse should use in a year. My friend Mactartan, the great sheep farmer in Glensneeshin, tells me that his three boys got through two pairs of tackety shoon each in the course of a year, and that he has a horse at the local smiddy almost every week. With statistics like these the Company ought to nail its subscribers and fix them fast.

Young Oleander, the paraffin man's son, has been appointed sole Scottish agent for Fitzolium's celebrated chronometer oil. This is a fortune in this transaction to a certainty, and Oleander may be accounted a made man. It is calculated upon good and

almost prime authority, that each chronometer requires at least one drop per annum, and that there are 10,000 chronometers in and around Glasgow alone. This gives an almost certain yearly sale of 10,000 drops, without reckoning the other portions of North Britain where there are probably as many more chronometers. A grand total of 20,000 drops per annum is thus reached, and it becomes a mere question of arithmetic to determine the average consumpt in tons, and the income derivable from the sale.

SCRUTATOR.

A Novelty.

THAT moribund society, the West of Scotland Rifle Association, has at last hit on a bright idea. At its next meeting at Cowglen an "Anti-Boer competition for four men will be introduced." These riflemen "will run a distance, get over obstacles, fire a certain number of rounds, and run to the winning post, within a limited time." Bauldy, who is nothing if not comical, says if the Council of the Association could only get four Boers to oppose the four riflemen the feats would be accomplished in a very brief space of time indeed, and would prove doubly attractive to the public—if not to the volunteers.

VENISON OR NOT VENISON?

(Scene—Engineer's mess room on board an Atlantic royal mail steamer; Time, 7-30 a.m.)

1st Engineer—What's this you've got for breakfast, steward?

Steward—Hashed venison, sir.

1st E.—What's that?

2nd E.—It'll be rabbit or fowl I suppose.

1st E.—Rabbit! There's no rabbit here.

2nd E.—Weel it maun either be rabbit or fowl or else it's no venison.

SHETTLESTON MORALITY.—Morality must be at a very low ebb in Shettleston. A rate-payers' meeting was last week addressed by a clergyman who, speaking of School Board defaulters, said "they often told lies, but he did not blame them—the man would not be worth his salt who could not coin an excuse when required, be he minister or miner." Not bad for the cloth, certainly.

A "Waiting Woman"—The deceased wife's sister.

Cross-ma-loof Bred—The gipsy brought up to spae fortunes.

An Awful Dad—A Clerical "Father."

School Flags—The six standards.

GENTLEMEN'S CLOTH Made and Trimmed—Suits, 21s; Trousers, 4s; Overcoats, 14s. Fit, Workmanship, Trimmings Guaranteed.—EWART A. BAIN, 59 Bridge Street.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE.—Why was it, I wonder, that larger audiences did not flock last week to the Theatre Royal? So excellent, from every point of view, was the performance of "The Busy-body"—so splendid was the acting, so historically accurate were the dresses, and so appropriate was the setting and the scenery, that the house, as it seemed to me, ought to have been filled to overflowing every night of the six.

This week Miss Litton gives us "She Stoops to Conquer," that most delightful and vivacious of all the works of the most delightful genius in our literature. The *Tony Lumpkin* of the cast is of course Mr Brough—he played the part for a run of 200 nights at the London St. James's eleven years ago, and more recently he repeated his performance of the *role* at the London Imperial. Mr Kyrle Bellew, handsomest and most accomplished of stage gallants, is the *Young Marlow*; and Mr Everill is the *Hardcastle*, and Mr Stephens the *Hastings*. Miss Litton appears, of course, in the *role* of *Miss*, and Mrs Leigh—so long at the London Gaiety—in that of *Mrs Hardcastle*.

"The School for Scandal," with Miss Litton and Mr Herman Vezin as *Lady Teazle* and *Sir Peter*, will be produced at the Theatre-Royal on Monday next.

It is interesting to note, as an evidence of the esteem in which Mr Herman Vezin is held in the great world of art and letters, that he was specially invited, by the President of the Royal Academy, to attend at the Academy dinner in London on Saturday evening. He had the further distinction of being asked to be one of the speakers on the occasion along with the Prince of Wales, Mr Gladstone, Mr Matthew Arnold, and Sir Frederick Roberts, having had the reply to the toast of "The Drama" set down to his name. Unfortunately, however, while Sir Frederick Leighton and his friends were beginning dinner in Burlington House, Mr Vezin was stepping on the stage in Aberdeen, where he had been acting all week, and where he had to appear, in pursuance of his engagement with Miss Baldwin, on Saturday, as well.

The Hanlon-Lees stay another week at the Gaiety, and when they go Mr Bernard promises to introduce us to "Billee Taylor," the most successful, or rather the only successful imitation of the "Pinafore," the "Sorcerer," and the "Pirates of Penzance." Like these operas; "Billee Taylor" is the work of a couple of hands, Mr H. P. Stephens being responsible for the words, and Mr Edward Solomon for the music. "Billee Taylor," may I say, adopting the opinion of one who knows it well, is an entertaining and admirable bit of nonsense, told in clever and often witty lines, and sung in bright and graceful music." One of the leading parts in the piece is supported by Mr F. Solomon, who is a brother of the writer of the music, and whose clever assumption of the *role* of the innkeeper in "Madame Favart," when that opera was first produced by Mr Knapp at the Royalty, is still recollected in local playing circles.

Mr Knapp announces a six nights' engagement—beginning this evening—of Miss Ella Dietz, who will appear in a translation of her own of Goethe's famous dramatic poem of "Faust and Marguerite." Miss Dietz is a lady of acknowledged literary capacity, she has a genuine love of acting, and her performance of Goethe's heroine has been received with very general approbation in many of the more important theatres in the English provinces.

Following Miss Dietz at the Royalty, we are to have a week of Mr J. B. Howard, lessee and manager of the Edinburgh Theatre-Royal, who will be supported by his own company. The pieces to be performed during Mr Howard's visit include "Hamlet," "Richard," "Louis XI.," and "Macbeth."

"Forbidden Fruit," a brisk, merry comedy, taken from the French by Mr Dion Boucicault, and produced at the London Adelphi in July last, is underlined at the Royalty for Monday, the 16th inst.

That excellent and exciting play entitled "The Danites," for which it is understood Messrs Joaquin Miller and Bret Harte

are each of them responsible, is being performed this week at the Royal Princess's Theatre. "The Danites" is a Rocky Mountain drama, full of sensation, but yet replete with clever sketches of character, and nervous, and even poetical writing. Miss Isa Johnson, a young lady who appears in "The Danites," is a daughter of Mr Sam Johnson, the leading low comedian of the Lyceum Theatre, London.

Probably no more saddening spectacle has been witnessed, even in the Glasgow Justiciary Court, than that presented last Wednesday, when the lad Henderson was placed on his trial for the murder of his mother. The wretched boy—he is only seventeen years of age—had nothing of the habitual criminal in outward appearance at least. He is slender of figure, and his features are intelligent, and even engaging in their character. When in the dock he seemed fairly paralysed. Neither his tongue nor his limbs were able to exercise their usual functions. The horror of the dreadful pass to which he had been brought had apparently robbed him for the time of all mental life. As if to increase, still further, the pity of the scene, the aged father of the criminal burst into a passion of grief on being placed in the witness box to testify against his son. Happily the old man had only a few words to say, and when he stepped down every face wore a look of keen sympathy—even the judge and the prosecutor seemed to share in the general feeling of pathos which pervaded the court. The crime, be it remembered, was the immediate result of the drinking customs of the country.

Mr Lionel Brough is about to join the company of actor-managers. He has taken a lease of the London Royalty in Dean Street, Soho, and opens there in September next with Miss Lydia Thompson. Mr Brough never played anything so well as *Black Brandon* in the burlesque of "My Poll and Partner Joe," and *Captain John Smith* in "La Belle Sauvage," when these pieces were produced at the London St. James's Theatre in 1871. Will he repeat them at the Royalty?

Certain persons, or personages, are extremely anxious, it seems, to have Stirling's Library removed westward. The advantages of this "fitting" are not readily perceptible. Of course it might occupy one of the spare rooms in the dingy Corporation Buildings, a rent might be drawn for the present premises in Miller Street, and Councillor Jackson, that amiable young ruler, might edge himself a little further into the favour of the more parsimonious members of our local parliament. But the library, as a public institution, would be practically useless were it removed to the west. Hitherto it has been—especially at meal hours—the resort of tradesmen and lads employed in shops and warehouses, and has proved an excellent supplementary means of education—which it was intended to be by its beneficent founder—but, carried to Sauchiehall Street, it would simply be a lending library for the behoof of West-End subscribers, and would no longer be the meeting-place of a promiscuous crowd who have only a limited time to slake their thirst for knowledge.

"They say" that we are shortly to have the harbour lighted with the electric light, or at all events that the Clyde Trustees are bestirring themselves eager to find whether this species of lighting is suitable for our river and docks. I expect that the matter will be fully discussed at the meeting of Clyde Trust called for to-morrow (Tuesday).

The question of superannuation with regard to the officials of the Clyde Trust is likely to be settled, or at least to be placed in the fair way of settlement at to-morrow's (Tuesday's) meeting of Clyde Trustees.

This last Justiciary Court is the hundred and twentieth circuit of our friend James Brown—the perpetual Provost. Probably the number seems fabulous, but when it is recollected, my Magistrate, that Mr Brown has been an official of the Corporation for something like forty years, the hundred and twenty circuits, it can be seen, are not a bit overdrawn.

The West Highland arrangements of Mr David M'Brayne for the coming season are now completed, and will be officially announced within the next day or two. At present I may mention, by way of anticipation, that they comprise a week's tour to Skye and Stornoway by the new steamer "Claymore"—which has been specially constructed with an eye to the accommodation of passengers—or by the Clansman, or Clydesdale, the entire cabin fare for which, sleeping berths and meals included, will be only eighty shillings—or without meals forty-five shillings; a similar tour to Inverness by the Staffa, the charge for which is thirty shillings, or with meals forty-five shillings; and a reduction in the fare for the tour from Oban to Staffa and Iona.

The Iona will resume her station on Monday the 16th inst., with Captain McGaw on the paddle-box and Mr Paterson on the main deck, and this, I take it, will be generally recognised as the formal opening of the summer season on the river.

I observe that the Tramway Company have procured caps for their guards and "helmets" for their drivers. But why can't they rig them out in a suit of decent uniform? Some of them are dangerously 'duddy' and unsavoury in their clothing.

It is on the *tapis* that Glasgow is to be favoured with Circuit Courts every two months instead of every three months as at present.

The decision of the jury in the Pennilee action for damages should give every satisfaction to the plaintiff, Mr Smith, if, as is rumoured, he offered to compromise the case for £1,500 in response to the railway company's tender of £500. The amount claimed in court was £5,000, and the amount awarded by the jury £1,800.

Mr Francis Bret Harte lounged into the "Old" Court of Justiciary one day last week with that "*Je ne sais quoi*" air he so much delights to affect. Sitting down at the left elbow of Bailie Dunlop, who had been eagerly watching the proceedings for an hour or two previously, with an eye, no doubt, to his future conduct on the bench at the district police courts—he entered into conversation with the literary (?) member of our local magistracy. My conscience! how flattered the Bailie looked, to be sure, when the "great man" began to talk to him. What a contrast, moreover, was presented between his well-oiled, blue-black locks and the silvery ringlets of the American Consul. After a short stay, during which he tried to look as if he were quite unconscious that he was the observed of all observers, Mr Bret Harte sauntered out with the same amusing air of stolidity that he had assumed on entering.

His Grace the Duke of Montrose will be in town on Wednesday, to join the "Queen's Own," of which regiment he is Captain. It is expected he will take the chair at the dinner given by the Directors of the Glasgow Agricultural Society in the marquee, on the Green.

Although the last nights of Mr Hengler's season have at length come round the tide of popularity still remains at the flood. I dropped in on Saturday night and found an overflowing house. One of the latest and most powerful attractions is the highly-trained horse "Comet," who is subjected to a terrific ordeal of fire, and in spite of a very cataract of sparks keeps cool as a cucumber all through. Then there's the evergreen "Dick Turpin," with Mr Fred. C. Hengler in the name role—a never-failing draw. Please take note though, my Magistrate, that the event of the season is yet to come. This is fixed for Thursday night, when our good friend Powell takes a complimentary benefit. Mr D. A. Seal, the literary jester and stump orator, presently with the Cooke Brothers, will appear for this night only; and little Sivado, who is fearfully and wonderfully made, will "describe a circle" in mid air over a corps of soldiers with fixed bayonets. These, however, are but a moiety of the specialties for the occasion.

There is much talk, my Magistrate, in certain circles regarding the unsuccessful attempt of a well-known local dignitary to put himself forward as the representative of the Conservative Association at the closing scene of that strange and eventful history which ended at Hughenden on Tuesday last. Rumour has it that the enterprising individual was actually present, and conjecture is rife as to how he managed to get the invitation, and what he was supposed to represent. Certainly there is nothing like "push."

Gossip has it that a storm is brewing in the "Iron Ring," which will shortly burst in our Supreme Court, if indeed it has not already done so. However, it's an ill wind that blows nobody good. So if our charities don't benefit at least our lawyers won't suffer by the recent *fracas*.

A prominent figure among the jurymen in the New Court of Justiciary last week was Mr John Ferguson, of Home Rule fame. John seemed to be on exceedingly good terms with his brother jurors—he is always on good terms with himself.

Orthodoxy and prudery have been rather scandalised this week by the announcement that a football contest is shortly to be played in Glasgow between two elevens of ladies hailing from opposite sides of the Borders.

A New Song to the Air of "The Jolly Beggar."

THERE was a congregation
And a beggin' they were boun',
They resolved to gie a concert
In the west o' Glasgow toun.
"And we'll gang nae mair," &c.
They wadna hae't a' "organ,"
Nor yet wad they a' "choir,"
But just a mixture o' the twa
Wi' solos by desire.
"And we'll gang nae mair," &c.
A meeting o' the committee
Was held some nights before,
That a' arrangements might be made
A hunder pounds to score.
"And we'll gang nae mair," &c.
"If friends will give, say, silver coins,
From *florins* up to *crowns*
(We don't object to gold), they will
Soon raise the hundred pounds."
"And we'll gang nae mair," &c.
So ran their printed circular
Wi' candour and guid taste,
And it proves the "brawest gentleman"
Is he wha gie's the maist.
"And we'll gang nae mair," &c.
Verse added by our well-brought-up P.D.
Wae's me for "honest poverty,"
For poortith's bitter skyte!
Alas! that I should see the day
Which spurns the widow's mite.
"And we'll gang nae mair," &c.

The Man that makes the "Mair" to go—
Captain M'Call.

"Ferreted" Out—The lost steamer.
Beaconsfield's Will—Peace with honour.
The "Eviction"—The expulsion of Bradlaugh.
A "Charity Cup"—Standing a half.

Quavers.

THERE was an old-fashioned flavour about much of the music at the concert by the choir of Camphill U.P. Church last Tuesday. One of Tom Cooke's once favourite glees was sung, for instance, "Strike the lyre;" the glee, "O snatch me swift," by the prolific Dr Callcott, both of almost similar schools; also, Jackson's "Sisters of the sea," about the last of the larger glees; Phillips' song, too, "The horn of chase," of like taste, was given, while it may be said generally that the robust rather than the sentimental characterised the concert. For a choir of between fifty and sixty voices the selection of music was altogether a judicious one, and it will be sufficient to say further that Mr Schofield's choir acquitted itself very well, singing fairly in tune, being attentive to the beat, and appearing to be earnest in their work.

A concert of vocal and organ music, by the choir of Queen's Park Established Church, was given in the church, on Thursday evening last. The selections were of a sacred or quasi-sacred character. There was an excellent attendance, and the choir sang with its old refinement and taste. We still think it a pity, however, that there is not, on the occasion of a public performance, a guiding hand in addition to the organ. The chief anthems were Goss's noble "The wilderness," and Kent's "Blessed be thou," the latter of which includes the familiar "Thine, O Lord, is the greatness," where, simple as the music is, the want of a beat was most felt, at the frequent rests "Let the bright seraphim" was a brilliant performance, both vocally and instrumentally, the voice and organ sounding as one in the florid, clarion-like passages. The solos from "Elijah" and Smart's "Jacob," for tenor and bass respectively, were marked by quiet good taste. Mr Fraser's organ selections were well contrasted, and he played with his usual skill.

We can only note the fact of a concert having been given by the choir of Lansdowne U.P. Church on Monday evening last, with a programme showing considerable taste as to choice.

On Saturday afternoon Mr W. T. Hoeck gave a recital of organ music on the fine instrument lately erected in Queen's Park U.P. Church. Mendelssohn's Organ Sonata, No. 5 in D, the prelude and fugue in E minor of Bach, and some lighter pieces, made up an excellent programme.

Crosshill is not done with its musical season yet. There is to be a "private entertainment" on 5th inst., in the Mary Stuart Hall, by a small party of instrumentalists, part of the amateur orchestra which gave so successful a concert lately in the National Halls.

The Vale of Leven is henceforth as likely to be distinguished for choral musical performance as for football. The oratorio of "The Creation," given some nights ago at Alexandria, was a good and appropriate beginning. A trio of competent vocalists had come from Glasgow, and there was an excellent instrumental accompaniment. The chorus promises well. There was hardly, however, the breadth and grasp present in the conducting for the successful management of a chorus and orchestra, though no doubt that will come with a little further experience.

The second and final competitive examination for the year of nine district choirs connected with the Glasgow Foundry Boys' Society took place on Saturday evening. The highest number of marks was gained by the Christian Institute Choir, under Mr A. Myles, which therefore has the honour of holding the shield for the year. The test music in the higher grades were Reynolds's "My God, look upon me," and Danby's "Awake, Æolian Lyre." As a rule the singing was very good in all the classes, the City Hall Elementary Class, under Mr James Mitchell, being especially worthy of mention.

The Christian Institute Choir intend giving a concert in the Institute Hall on Tuesday, 10th inst. They will take up Romberg's "Harmony of the Spheres," for summer study.

The Musical Association connected with Springbank U.P. Church gave a concert of sacred and secular selections, on Thursday evening. Among the former were Goss's anthem "O taste and see," and the solo "Angels ever bright and fair"—the latter hacknied music rather, but excellently sung (by Miss Sedorski.) In the secular part of the programme were the once

exceedingly popular "All among the barley" and the now almost forgotten "Army and Navy" duet. Encores were numerous. Mr William Johnston conducted, and Mr Robert Thomson accompanied—both with skill and tact.

The fourth Annual Children's Service of Song in Uddingston U.P. Church took place there on Thursday evening. Eighty children took part. Mr Thomson, whose heart seems in the work, conducted. One or two rather pleasing novelties in juvenile music—as for instance, "The watchman" (calling the hours)—were sung. Not much to the credit of the place, there was a but a small attendance.

Antoine Rubinstein, perhaps the greatest of living pianists, gives two concerts here, on the 20th instant and an immediately subsequent date not yet arranged, both concerts being under the management of Messrs Paterson, Sons, & Co.

The Concert of the Glasgow Academical Choir, on Friday evening last, was decidedly the best appearance the boys have yet made before their friends. "The Bellini"—Balfe-like music of the operetta suits the juvenile range of voice admirably, if it is not of the highest class of art, and the singing was characterised by good tone, expression, and heartiness. Mr M'Laren deserves the warmest approval for what he has effected in so short a time since taking the Choir in hand. The piano accompaniments, with the inordinately long overture or introduction, were capitally played by Mrs M'La en—the harmonium usefully supplementing. The assistance lent by former pupils in the tenor and bass parts, is not to be overlooked.

JUVENILE TALL TALK.

(Scene—Gymnasium, the Green.)

Bill—Hoo high can you jump, Bob?

Bob (of vaulting ambition)—Me? Man, I can jump higher than Nelson's Monument. It's a fac'.

Bill (flabbergasted)—What a big lee! Ye mean downwards, maybe?

Bob (knowingly)—No, no, just stracht up. Man, d'ye no ken that Nelson's Monument canna jump at a'! Sharely I can jump higher than that!

[*Bill* "goes" for the jocular jumper.]

"TO ONE THING CONSTANT NEVER."—If there is one thing the Bailie likes, it is consistency. If a man be a Conservative, let him be a Conservative. If he be a Liberal, so mote it be. Pondering over this trueism, Peter took up his favourite paper, the *Mail*, the other morning, and read the following sentences, cheek by jowl:—"Mr Gibson (late Attorney-General for Ireland), for exactly an hour and a half, foamed and fulminated." "There was none of the halting criticism of the Land League in the extremely long and able speech which the late Attorney-General for Ireland delivered." Messieurs of the pen please be consistent.

Operators for a "Rise"—Youths with their "dragons," also ye gentle anglers; likewise ye practical jokeists.

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.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT May, charming May, opened very uncharmingly.

That winter still lingers in the lap of summer.

That the seasons seem to have altered.

That the letting of Coast houses for the early summer months is going on very slowly indeed.

That the Sheriffs are enjoying their spring vacation.

That Sheriff Mair has the courage of his convictions.

That he hit out wildly in his speech on Captain M'Call.

That it's a pity to see people who ought to know better giving way to their temper in the way Sheriff Mair did.

That the Dalmuir fire squabble is a very pretty quarrel as it stands.

That there is either too little or too much power allowed to the fire-master.

That the strike on the Clyde is a serious piece of business.

That if shipbuilding thrives on the Clyde it is in spite of the vagaries of the men.

That the money the strikers will lose in wages will be a tidy sum before all is done.

That the proceedings at the Circuit Court were remarkably dull.

That the smart sayings and sentences of Lord Young were conspicuous by their absence.

That Possil Park has had a spirit license inflicted on it.

That friend Watty Macfarlane is "so wild."

That we'll have our country cousins on us this week.

That a good deal of money will be left in the East-End by the farmers.

That the Charity Cup Tie resulted in a draw.

That this means another "gate."

That the census returns have been at length published.

That they are as difficult to understand as a Chinese puzzle.

That our claim to be the second city of the empire is certain to be disputed.

That Sir James has again come to the front.

That he fears not for the future of the country.

That the country again breathes freely.

The "City and Suburban"—Provosts Ure and Browne.

"Odd Man Out"—Mr Bradlaugh.

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"On the Inconvenience of (not) being Hanged."

—Chas. Lamb.

HE longed in London to be hung I
Nay, sternly strove to bring't about I
Yea, earned that fate—there's not a doubt I
And danced, while *attic* song he sung I

"A fool," you say, but he was not
For all his longing tired of life,
To him the ties of child and wife
Were daily with new blessings fraught I

One morning suddenly by post,
Arrived his full reprieve, when, lo I
Joy left him, and he cried in woe,
"They will not hang me—all is lost I"

"A fool?" Not he, he ne'er was silly,
He longed for hanging, not, I wot,
In Newgate by grim Marwood's knot,
But by R. A.'s in Piccadilly I

(A narration which, as *Asinus* remarks, might be *fun-etically* arrayed thus—an R. A. *shun!* Hee-haw).

THE PRIDE OF THE VILLAGE.

(Sunday morning in the clachan o' Kilcumnock).

Mirren (shouting after acquaintance)—Hey, Leezie, ye're awfu' stuck-up this mornin', no' to wait to speak tae a body. Whit ye sae prood about?

Leezie (shouting back)—Just wait an' see ma mither gaun to the kirk wi' a new harnish plaid, an' then ye'll ken whit I'm prood about. I'se warran' it'll be lang afore your mither 'll hae a harnish plaid.

Mirren—Is that a'? Weel, I've gotten mair *raison* to be prood than you, for we've gotten a grander thing at oor hoose nor a harnish plaid, an' no sae common aither! Oor cuddie's gotten a horse blanket!

"IGH AND MIGHTY."—Every school-boy recollects what a titter was caused by Macaulay datin' a letter from Windsor Castle. Sir James Bain, who was only scotched, not killed, by the result of the last Glasgow parliamentary election, writes from the "Junior Carlton Club, Pall Mall," to a local Conservative Association. The "Junior Carlton Club" is good, Sir James, excellent good.

"Ower the mair amang the heather," as the prisoner said when he got twenty-one years' penal servitude at the "new Court" last week.

The Happy Mean—Meaning to take all you can get.

Trying to "Come't" Strong—Mr Powell with his Salamander.

An Agricultural Marshall—The Secretary of the Cattle-show.

THE
SCOTTISH-AMERICAN ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY,
LIMITED.

Incorporated under "The Companies Acts, 1862 to 1880," whereby the liability of Shareholders is limited to the amount of their Shares.

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WALTER DUNCAN, Esq., of Messrs Walter Duncan & Company, East India Merchants, Glasgow.

J. HOPE FINLAY, Esq., W.S. Edinburgh (Director of the Scottish Imperial Insurance Company).

JAMES GRAHAME, Esq., Chartered Accountant, Glasgow.

THOMAS HILL, Esq., Dean Park House, Edinburgh (Vice-Chairman of the Caledonian Railway Company).

ROBERT KING, Esq., Levernholm, Hurllet (The Hurllet and Campsie Alum Company).

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*Solicitors—*Messrs JAMIESON, SON, & MACLAE, 149 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.

*Auditors—*Messrs M'LELLAND, MACKINNON, & BLYTH, C.A., 115 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.

*Brokers—*Messrs GREENWOOD & CO., 28 Austin Friars, London, E.C.; Messrs GRAHAMES, CRUM & SPENS, 12 St. Vincent Place, Glasgow.

*Manager—*WILLIAM ELLIOTT, Esq., late Superintendent for Scotland of the Gresham Life Assurance Society.

*Interim Secretary—*T. F. DONALD, Esq.

*Temporary Offices—*149 SAINT VINCENT STREET, GLASGOW.

P R O S P E C T U S .

This COMPANY has been formed for the purpose of transacting a purely ACCIDENT INSURANCE BUSINESS.

The Business of ACCIDENT INSURANCE (although comparatively of recent development) has been proved to be one of the most profitable that can be undertaken. This is evidenced by the Dividends, Bonuses, and present value of the Shares of the Companies doing business in this Country.

The following Table exhibits the position in these respects of the principal British Companies:—

NAME OF COMPANY.	Date when Estab-lished.	Amount paid on each Share.	Last Dividend Paid.	Present Market Value of each Share.
Railway Passengers	1849	£1 10 0	26½ per cent.	£8 0 0
Norwich and London	1856	0 10 0	Increased by Bonuses to 6½ per cent. and Bonus every 3 years.	12 0 0
Accident Insurance Co....	1866	1 0 0	15 per cent.	2 2 0
Lancashire and Yorkshire	1877	1 10 0	6½ per cent.	3 10 0
Scottish Accident	1877	1 0 0	5 per cent.	1 6 6

The growing popularity of ACCIDENT INSURANCE (as shown by the large and rapidly increasing Business which these Companies report at their Annual Meetings) might afford this Company a fair chance of competing for Business in this Country. The field selected, however, for *immediate* operation is the United States of America, where there appears to be an exceptionally favourable opportunity of developing a most successful Business in this Branch of Insurance.

During a recent visit to America the Company's Manager received from the best informed Assurance Officials the strongest opinions in favour of the certain success of a new Accident Insurance Company. The population of the United States is upwards of Fifty Millions, and, therefore, larger than that of the United Kingdom by about Fifteen Millions; but whilst this is so, there is only one Accident Insurance Company of any practical importance. That Company—the Travellers of Hartford—has done a large and prosperous business, its premium income from Accident Insurance having increased from about £9000 in 1864 to over £200,000 last year.

Fire and Life Insurance in America has been developed to an enormous extent, and experience has proved that in the former branch of business, where British Offices have opened branches in the States, they have been able to secure a large amount of very profitable business. It is believed that a similar success will attend this Company in developing Accident Insurance. It is not customary to place large sums in Accident Insurance upon individual lives, and it is therefore probable that in place of this Company interfering with similar Companies, its connection will be extended by reciprocating business with mutual profit.

ACCIDENT INSURANCE is based upon such sound principles, and involves so little complication in management that the Shares of an ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY may be considered a more than usually safe and remunerative Investment.

The Directors have made arrangements for a deputation of their number, accompanied by the Manager, immediately visiting the United States, with the view of opening an Office, and of securing the services of a competent Board of Management in New York. They will also then arrange for the deposit of such funds as are required by the United States Government before the commencement of any Insurance Business. Inquiries made by the Manager have satisfied the Directors that Agents will be readily obtained amongst the representatives of existing Fire and Life Offices, with which (unlike the Travellers of Hartford, which transacts Life business), this Company will not in any way compete.

No agreement has been entered into and no promotion money will be paid, the expenses of formation being entirely limited to the ordinary construction shares of a Company.

If no Allotment is made the Deposit will be returned in full.

The Memorandum and Articles of Association can be inspected at the COMPANY'S OFFICES, where every information can be obtained.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application for Shares can be obtained from the Bankers, Brokers, Solicitors, and at the Offices of the Company.

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250,000 CIGARS FOR SALE AT GREATLY REDUCED RATES.

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73 AND 79 QUEEN STREET.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 4th, 1881.

THE stern rule which, till within the last few months held sway in the British Museum, to the effect that none of the numerous duplicates of the varied treasures in the vast metropolitan storehouse must be given away, having now been rescinded, Glasgow is likely to be the first to feel the benefit of its rescinding, as he was the earliest to make application to the Russell Square authorities—thanks to the promptitude and public spirit of our civic rulers. By invitation of the Trustees, Mr PATON recently spent some time in the Museum, and he has made an excellent selection from the specimens of natural history, submitted him to choose from. This includes upwards of one hundred stuffed figures and skins of the most important animals of the four continents, and these vary in size from the large moose-deer of America and the wild camel of Arabia, to the smaller species of squirrels and mice. The ornithological department—all along a strong, if not indeed the strongest feature in the zoological portion of the Kelvingrove Museum—is also to receive the important addition of no fewer than three hundred examples of British and exotic birds, besides which there is to be forwarded, at the same time, a goodly collection of osteological specimens, including skeletons, skulls, horns, and also a large stock of foreign insects, illustrative of the finer species of Lepidoptera—in ordinary parlance the moth and butterfly class. In the meantime, however, there is one question that may not be inaptly asked in regard to these contributions from London, and that is, "where are we to put them once they are got?" The building at Kelvingrove is already packed, the Corporation Galleries are likewise crowded, and what other building or buildings have we to come and go on?

A Browne study—The Crosshill Provost's speech at the Wesleyan bazaar.

"The Church of the Truly Baptized"
 THESE deluded believers in an imaginary
 "Free Gospel" theory inside of the Parish
 of Govan, have at last had their eyes directed to
 the true place of worship. Sunday after Sunday,
 and year after year, have people been attending
 the different dissenting and *quoad sacra* chapels
 in the parish under the impression that they
 were actually "going to church." The Rev.
 John M'Leod, the head of the "diocese," has,
 however, issued a proclamation which entirely
 squashes all such absurd notions. The Govan
 Parish Church is the one and only "Church of
 the truly baptized" in the parish, the other
 "meeting houses" are but "auxiliaries" at the
 best. The new Parish Church, for the erection
 of which Mr M'Leod has scraped so "arduously"
 some £7000 together, is evidently intended as
 a sort of parish "Vatican," the role of "Pope"
 being, of course, the part to be played by the
 dragoon-like parish parson. Innovators need
 courage, Mr M'Leod. The row at Dunse has
 had but a very scant influence on the "advanced"
 apostle of priestcraft.

FIFISH.

(Scene—The lang toon o' Fife; Edinburgh
 urchin and Kirkcaldy urchin *loq.*)

E. U.—Embury's bigger'n Kurkcady.

K. U.—Embury hasna sands an' the sea tho'.

E. U.—Bit Embury has the castle an' the
 Calton Hill, an' the Scott moniment an'—an'—
 an'—

K. U.—Bit Embury's no in Fife, an' it hasna
 a hairber, an' a *free press* an'—an'—an'—

E. U.—Aye, bit Embury has the time gun,
 an' the Calton Jail, an' Herrit's Hospital, an'
 Ferguson's rock, an'—an'—an'—

K. U.—Aye, bit lad, Embury has mair'n ae
 street, aha! [Collapse of the metropolis.]

ANOTHER BLOW.—Miss Capulet says that
 "a rose by any other name would smell as
 sweet." As a rose, however, does not smell but
 is smelled, the likelihood is that what Miss C.
 really did say was that "a *nose* by any other
 name," &c., and that printers' errors were per-
 haps more common in her time than they are
 in ours.

NO ILL PUT ON.—Bauldy, who is a philoso-
 pher, looking at "The Pursuit of Pleasure," said
 that for his part he had ne'er had any pleasure
 without the purse-oot.

MARRIAGE INVITATIONS, Ready Printed, 1/ per doz.,
 with Envelopes.—GILLESPIE BROTHERS, 8 Buchanan Street.

Ta New Helmet.

TWASS Monda's morn at 'lesen o'clock,
 Ta sun wass shinin' pricht,
 Ta sho'ers was o'er, ta sunshine proke
 Aal cot in silfery licht.

Ta chudch wass comin' to ta cowrt,
 Ta Provost, lorts an' a',
 So a' ta toon wass oot an' glowert
 Becass we wass sa pra.

Ta reed coats and ta craunt traooons
 Wass kloriyuss to peeholt;
 Ta Lorts and Pailies in their coons,
 Sich like wass nefer tolt.

Pit 'mongst ta lot, ta piggert sicht
 Ta sun tit nefer see,
 Was ta force's helmet pra an' pricht
 Tat chantit efery e'e.

Ta helmet (gin she will permitt
 Her nainsel' for ta say),
 Is hantier more an' fitter fit
 As l'aalt wan tat's away.

So heres ta Provost an' tat Lorts,
 Ta Pailees likewiss, too,
 Ta soagers wi' ter cuns an' soorts,
 An' ta forse tat weers ta plue.

APPLYING THE PROVERB.

(Scene—A parlour; Mrs M'Clure and Mrs
 Blackadder (a neighbour) are blackballing, to
 their hearts' content, a Mrs Graham, when a
 rap is heard at the door, the which, on being
 opened, admits Mrs Graham.)

Mrs M'Clure—Come awa', a'm gled tae see ye.

Mrs Blackadder (laughing)—Ye sharely kent
 a wuss here. We wur jist speakin' about ye.

Mr M'Clure (who had been a silent listener
 to their conversation)—Ye'd better tell her what
 ye wur saying, Mrs Blackadder. A guid story,
 ye ken, is no' the waur o' bein' twice tell't.

"DEMON"STRATIONS OF THE DAY.

Political—Monsters! Mutilation!! Murder!!
 Physiological—Vivisection!

A EUPHEMISM.—Friend Charley Irwin, on
 being elected Chairman of the Govan Parochial
 Board, said that "the meetings of the Board
 had come to be quite a family party." This is
 all very well as far as it goes, but why don't the
 "family" keep their house in better order. Some
 recent proceedings at Merryflats are anything
 but creditable even to the worst-regulated
 family in the country.

The best All-round Performances—In the
circques.

Bicycles. { The "Duplex," "Excelsior," "Premier," "Rudge,"
 "Club," "Special," "Humber," "Carver," "D.H.F.,"
 "Timberlake," "Express," &c., from £5 upwards.—
 JENNINGS S, 101 Mitchel Street.

Megilp.

THE Council and Secretary of the Fine Art Institute have some reason to congratulate themselves over the very marked success which attended the recent Exhibition. A total of something like £6000 has been drawn for sales, and this, looking at the indifferent state of trade, and taking the fact of the Bell sale into account, is a very satisfactory sum indeed. It is considerably over the figure yet reached by the Edinburgh Academy, just as the average quality of the pictures was much higher in Glasgow than it is in Edinburgh.

J. E. Christie is represented in the Academy Exhibition by "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," a figure picture, the subject of which is of course taken from Browning's well-known poem. His fine Grosvenor "Rose among Thorns" has already found a purchaser.

One or two broadly handled and effective drawings of Carmunnock have recently been completed by Duncan M'Kellar, who is still working in the quaint, old world village. Together with his friend Mr Davidson, Mr M'Kellar is likely to spend some time in London early in the coming summer.

Is there not, the question has been asked within the past day or two, a good deal of humbug in this "new departure" of Hubert Herkomer's with regard to artistic street bills, *apropos* of which the current number of the *Magazine of Art* has a good deal to say. Herkomer has seemed of late, however, to be clutching rather wildly at any straw likely to keep him in the current of popularity. He is an Associate of the Royal Academy and has painted "The Last Muster," but surely there is little in common between the Academy and advertising one's-self by means of a gim-crack hut in Wales and the designing of staring posters wherewith to adorn the hoardings of our city streets.

The "Slaughter of the Innocents" by the authorities at Burlington House has been unusually severe this season. Those artists who, like Ernest Parton, have had all their pictures rejected, are of course the chief sufferers, but only less to be pitied than they are the painters like Hamilton Maccallum, Tom Graham, Anderson Hague, Hugh Cameron, and Mark Fisher, whose large, or shall we say largest works have been rejected, while their small and comparatively insignificant canvases have found a corner on the walls of Burlington House. The remark said to have been made on the "touching-up" day, by Mr Frith, of "Railway Station" fame, to the effect that long ago the Academy had given the Pre-Raphaelites a setting-down, and that this year the "Splash School" had been taught a lesson, is one which is likely to be treasured up not altogether to his advantage.

Formal proposals have now been issued for the formation of an Academy of Water Colour Painting in London. The site suggested for the building is on the south side of Piccadilly, exactly opposite Burlington House, and the promoters seem to expect that the members of the Old Water Colour Society and of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours will assist in establishing the new body.

Mrs Blackburn contributes one of her amateurish, but yet curiously effective drawings of birds to the number of *Good Words* for May, which likewise contains three illustrations from the pencil of A. S. Boyd.

A. K. Brown has left Pangbourne for the sleepy old town of Dorchester further up the Thames, just, in fact, at the point where the Isis joins the more important stream. He describes it as a "fine, sleepy old place, with no railway within five miles."

Joseph Henderson is represented in the Royal Academy by his "Rainy Day, Loch Ridden," which was in the Institute last year, and Crawford by his "Duck-shooter" and by the Swan picture he contributed to the recent Exhibition of the Glasgow Art Club.

COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE.—The Disestablishment is inevitable—Councillor Filshill is making inquiries about the bawbees o' the Kirk.

WALTER WILSON'S STRAW HARVEST.
(Scene—Two Irishmen looking at the "Colosseum" windows in Jamaica Street.)

Tim—Arrah, Mike, just luck at the q'antity o' "straws" that's there.

Mike—Bedad, Tim, sorry the bit o' feedin' the cows 'ill git this year.

GOT MIXED SOMEWHAT.—"The course of true love never yet run smooth." To look for smooth as consequent upon coarse, as soon expect to steel a spark of affection from the flinty heart of a father.

A Band of Hope—An Engagement Ring.

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Proprietor and Director,Mr CH. BERNARD.

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

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

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HER MAJESTY'S SERVANTS WILL PERFORM

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER,

At 8-15, Preceded at 7-30 by

MY WIFE'S MOTHER.

Miss LITTON as *Miss HARDCASTLE*; Mr LIONEL BROUGH as *TONY LUMPKIN*; Mr KYRLE BELLEW as *YOUNG MARLOW*; Mr EVERILL as *Mr HARDCASTLE*; Mr J. Y. STEPHENS as *HASTINGS*; Mr SELTEN as *Sir CHARLES*; Mr BUNCH as *DIGGORY*; Mrs H. LEIGH as *Mrs HARDCASTLE*; Miss CRESSWELL as *Miss NEVILLE*; Miss M. HARRIS as *LUCY*.

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Gallery, 6d; (No Extra Price); Amphitheatre, 9d—Extra Price, 3d; Pit, 1s; Boxes, 1s 6d; Pit Stall, 2s; Family Dress Circle, 3s; Dress Circle Stalls, 5s; and Stalls, 6s Extra Price to Family Dress Circle, Pit Stalls, Boxes, and Pit, 6d.

Doors Open, 6-30; extra Price till 7. Commence 7-30.

Box Office, at the Theatre, 10 to 4; or at Messrs Muir Wood's, Buchanan Street.

ROYALTY THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager.....Mr E. L. KNAPP.
 FOR FIVE NIGHTS ONLY.
 THIS EVENING (TUESDAY), MAY 3RD, at 7-30,
 Miss ELLA DIETZ
 And her Specially Selected Company of London Artistes, who
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WALPURGIS REVELS,
 For which an Efficient
CORPS DE BALLET
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 Box Plan Open at Messrs J. Muir Wood & Co., from 11 till
 4, and at the Theatre from 11 till 3.

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WEST NILE STREET, GLASGOW.
 LAST WEEK OF PRESENT SEASON.
 Every Evening
TURPIN'S RIDE TO YORK.
 DICK TURPIN,.....Mr F. C. Hengler.
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 GREAT PROGRAMME, including a Terrific Flight over
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 Mr D. A. SEAL,
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 LAST DAY PERFORMANCE, SATURDAY AFTER-
 NOON, MAY 7th, "DICK TURPIN" and all the Great
 Novelties. FAREWELL NIGHT, SATURDAY NIGHT,
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£250
 HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE,
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 SIX NIGHTS' CONTEST,
 9TH, 10TH, 11TH, 12TH, 13TH, 14TH MAY.

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KARL JONGH,
 CHAMPION SHOT OF THE TRANSVAAL,
 FOR £125 A SIDE,
 DR CARVER and KARL JONGH each to SHOOT at 500
 GLASS BALLS EVERY EVENING,
 Same Regulations as at the Great Match at the Westminster
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 ADMISSION, .. ONE SHILLING.
 A few Seats at 2s.

Shooting to commence each Evening at 8 o'clock prompt.
TWO GRAND EXHIBITION SHOOTING MATINEES,
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 ON WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, 11th MAY, and on
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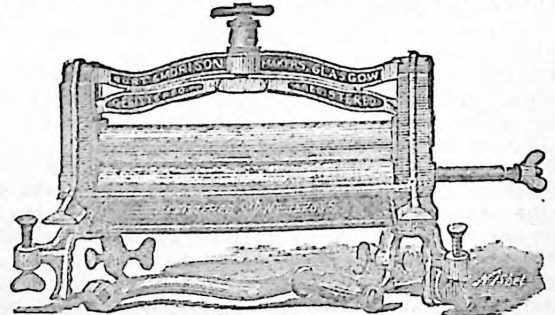
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 ON THE
GLASGOW GREEN,
 ON
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 Admission—On WEDNESDAY, from 8 a.m. till 2 p.m., 2s 6d;
 from 2 till 6, 1s; from 6 till 8, 6d.
 On THURSDAY, from 8 a.m. till 2, 1s; thereafter, 6d.
 MARK MARSHALL, Secretary.
 145 St. Vincent Street,
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 By the kind permission of the 21st HUSSARS, a DETACH-
 MENT of the REGIMENT will engage in MOUNTED
 SPORTS on
 WEDNESDAY..... at 6 P.M. |
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Hitherto we have not been successful in procuring such a Tea, although we have tasted 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 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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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"!

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.

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Finest LOAF SUGAR, broken for table, 3½d; AMERICAN GRANULATED, 3½d; CRYSTALS, 3½d;
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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Colin Hunter,	Vicat Cole, R.A.
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And other Artists of note.

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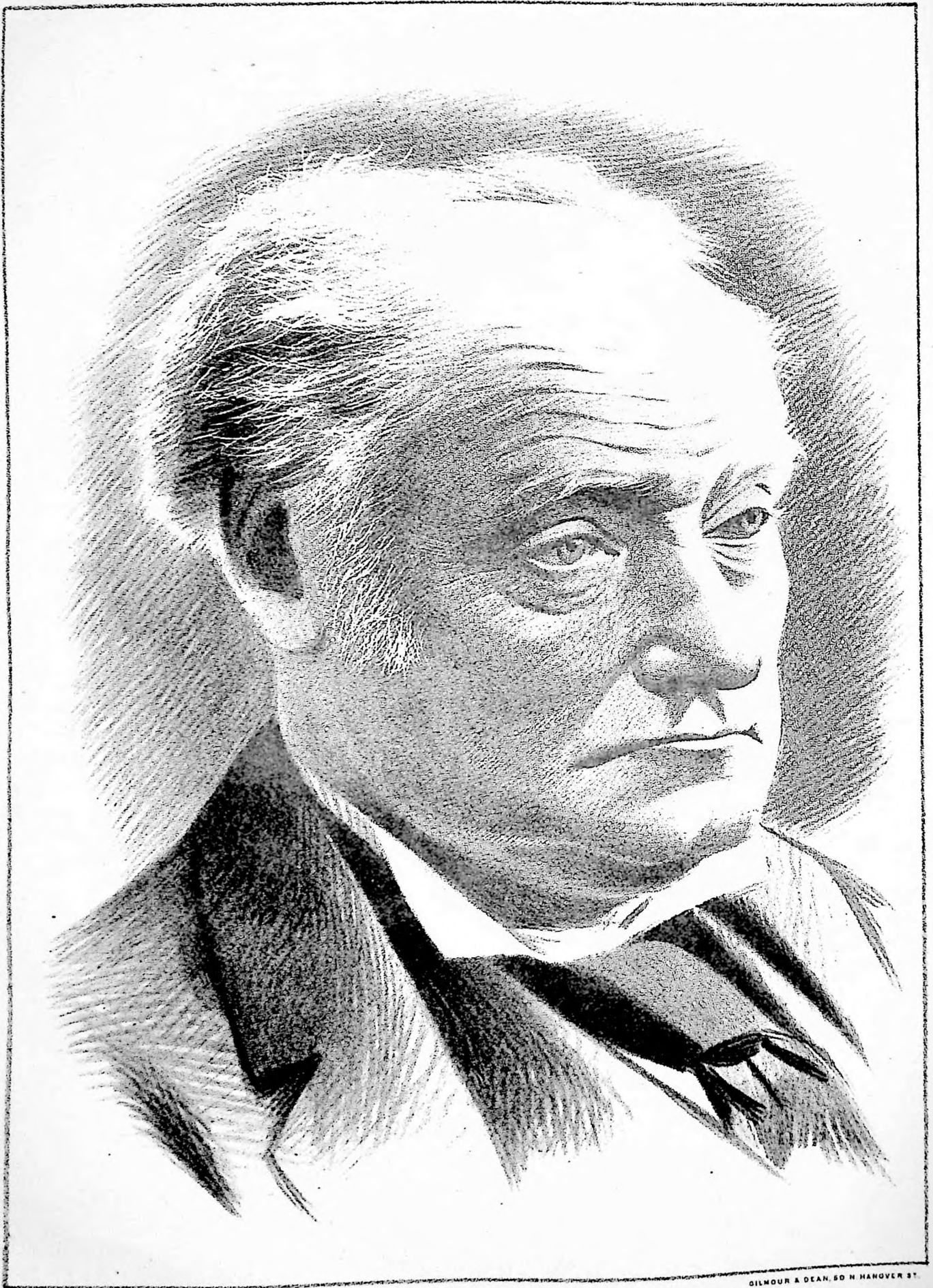
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No. 447. Glasgow, Wednesday, May 11th, 1881. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 447.

OUR friends the yeomen are having their annual high jinks this week at Hamilton. They are marching and counter-marching, practising squad and other drill, and generally enjoying themselves by wearing "braw claes," listening to the jingling of a pair of spurs, and putting in an appearance on the outside of a horse which may or may not have been hired at the nearest livery stables. But although your yeoman may not present a very imposing aspect either on foot or on horseback, he is usually what is known as a "right good fellow." Indeed to promote "right good fellowship," and to afford several score of our hard-worked city men some species of excuse for spending a week in "the open," is to all intents and purposes the beginning and the end of "The Glasgow Yeomanry." In looking round, the other day, for the typical Glasgow yeoman, the BAILIE naturally lighted on his friend, Mr ROBERT THYNE, of Buchanan Street. "Sir Robert," as he is known among his intimates, has been a yeoman for over a generation. He joined the regiment in 1847, and in all the years which have elapsed since he has never missed the annual drill—a boast which can hardly be made by any other member of the corps. The "good gray head" and cheery face of Mr THYNE are familiar to every passer up or down Buchanan Street. They are almost as well-known as his famous shop. To many, indeed, the shop, with its wondrous wealth of colour, and its sweet perfume of flowers and plants, would lose one of its chief attractions were "Sir Robert" absent. Mr THYNE, who has attained to the three-score years of the Psalmist, was born in Rutherglen, where his father followed the profession of a gardener. While he was yet young he opened a

fruit-shop in company with his brother James, in the Arcade, and remained here for many years. Gradually, however, the business developed itself from one of fruit into one of flowers—of which the Man you Know has all his life been passionately fond—and when the premises were removed from the Arcade to Buchanan Street the firm devoted themselves almost solely to dealing in flowers, in plants, and in the rarer fruits. Together with a passion for flowers, Mr THYNE has also cherished, from his boyhood, a keen liking for horses. One of his earliest acquisitions was a clever little cob, and always since he has been able to indulge his taste by the possession of one, and sometimes a couple of chargers which, if not exactly of "the Ukraine breed," were at least capital at a spin 'cross country, or an easy trot of an afternoon along some suburban road. The steeplechases at Kinning Park, held about 1844—now forgotten by the "gilded youth" of our day—were the scene of some notable successes on the part of our friend. He carried away various prizes, coming in at the head of a field which included many of the smartest gentlemen-riders of the West Country. Mr THYNE'S cheery face has already been noticed, and the BAILIE may add that, in this matter, his face is an excellent indication of his disposition. He possesses a special liking for, and is a special favourite with children. Indeed no children's party in his own circle is regarded as complete unless it be graced and enlivened by Mr THYNE'S presence. Coming back, at the close of this notice, to the "Queen's Own," the BAILIE takes occasion to wish Mr THYNE and his brother yeomen, a successful week's outing, and to express the hope that Friday's racing may go as gaily as a marriage bell—adding, on his own account, the well-known line from "John Gilpin," "May I be there to see."

Auchray on ta Polis Band.

SINCE I write you a letter pefore ta last time I have been engage blawing awa' at ta private rehearsal of quakers ant semibreves ant crotchet wark to be a polis band of coorse. Whether I'll kick up a disgust or no' pefor ta music lesson master be engraved on ma bumps I couldnae say whatefer; but I'll no' be bothered, I'm sure, wan inch about it. What's ta use of scores ant black dots on a book; some with tails like a comet, ant some that got no black in their he'd whatefer? They have nosing to do with a good Heelan' plaw o' ta pipes. No decent Heelantman would be bothered stewing o'er a music, peacuse they would play tunes some day—that would be so much educate' nopody would know what ta deuce it was but some of their mop-haired freens.

That's not ta style for good Celtic blood—nefer a bit o't. If a lad has a good pair o' healtsy lungs in ta inside of his anatomy frame let him plaw them oot-side in. What's ta use of haudin' in a good puff, looking for ta semi-colins and quakerbrevs of a music book. Ta sing's prodigious. Weel, of coorse, we micht just cock up a book on ta pipes for to be in ta ornamental fashion a wee bit, ant keep doon peace ant quateness amang ta critics; ant lay- ing on ta drum with a good pair o' batons—rendering a music as grand as Heelan' hill ant glen—we should inspire ta citizens with an over- flowing ensousicism for every decent lad in ta Glasca Polis force.—Yours ensoosieastically,

AUCHRAY M'TAVISH, X 71.

"WEE BIT GUDE."

(Scene—Kirk in Dumbartonshire).

Minister (to Bible class; he is illustrating the Jewish custom of choosing large men as warriors)—For instance, the Israelites would not have taken James there, but would have preferred his brother George, who is taller and stronger looking.

James (rising up quickly)—Then they would 'a been far wrang, for I'm a lang way the best stuff o' the twa.

(Sensation, smothered laughter, and change of illustration on the part of the clergyman).

"A Free Breakfast Table"—In James Morrison Street Hall.

A "Fair" Exchange—Sun, for rain.

"An Affair of Honour"—Knighthood.

MARRIAGE INVITATIONS, Ready Printed, 1/ per doz., with Envelopes.—GILLESPIE BROTHERS, 8 Buchanan Street.

Saturday.

THE summer is on, and I'm off—
Off to smell the sea-breeze every Saturday;
Who likes in the city can cough—
I make this my bright "doun-the-water" day.

When Phoebus gets up over night,
And with bounteous hand 'gins to scatter day,
His rays have a splendour more bright
When they shine on the morning of Saturday.

Then Sunday and Monday come next,
I can't say I quite like the latter day,
For that brings me work, and perplexed
I weary again for the Saturday.

And Saturday comes—yes, I know,
'Tis sometimes an even-down-patter day,
But still to my coast-house I go,
And read through my panes on the Saturday.

Then when night creeps in black o'er the hill,
And, veiling the light, comes to shatter day,
I lay down my pipe with good-will,
And sleep out the rest of my Saturday.

The summer is on, and I'm off—
Off to smell the sea-breeze on the Saturday;
Who cares in the city can cough—
I long for my week's "doun the-water" day.

"A NEW PART!"

(Scene—Joiner's shop in the Vale of Leven.)

Journeyman (to apprentice)—Eh! Jake, what were you doing in the bawn on Sunday?

Apprentice (titters)—Do ye no ken I'm a singer?

Journeyman—But you were sitting among the lassies! What do you sing, tenor or bass?

Apprentice—Nane o' them. Comic!

T'OTHER MAN.

(Scene—Dundas Street Station.)

Countryman (to railway official)—Whan will a' get a train?

Official—Where for my good 'man?

Countryman—No, no, it's a Caledonian train I want.

Official—But where do you want the train for?

Countryman—Oh, I dinna ken. It's for this man ower here.

MACLEOD OF "DARE."—The Churchman who was neither afraid nor ashamed to address a begging letter to Dissenters.

"A fine day," remarked Bauldy, as he left the bar after paying a fine of a couple of guineas.

May Meetings—Those of the Factors and their Tenants on the 15th.

Floating Capital—Passage-Money.

Bicycles { The "Duplex," "Excelsior," "Premier," "Rudge,"
"Club," "Special," "Humber," "Carver," "D.H.F.,"
"Timberlake," "Express," &c., from £5 upwards.—
JENNIN & SONS, 101 Mitchell Street.

On 'Change.

MONKLAND iron was the trump card last week. The meeting was as cheerful as I expected. Nothing half so lively has been seen since Mr Thomas Clavering, that undoubted champion of the oppressed, bearded the lions of Benhar in their lair, and shook his fist in the face of the paralysed secretary. Mr Norman Spens Black, the Monkland secretary, is a horse of another colour. He was not paralysed by anything that happened. His suavity was delicious, and when asked unpleasant questions he replied, blandly, that he answered them "with pleasure." Some men have curious ideas of pleasure.

If Mr Black adopted the *suaviter in modo*, Mr Durham Kippen took the contrary tack and exercised the *fortiter in re*. That was perhaps seemly, and befitting the difference in position between a mere official and a great man who had once actually been a director. The director, it is true, had been guilty of what is vulgarly called "ratting." When he found the ship was sinking he swam ashore and saved himself, as rats are said to do under similar circumstances. A good report was issued when Mr Kippen was a director. The shares went up on the faith of the report, and he sold his shares. Then he retired gracefully from the board. That appears to be the sum of the whole matter, and people will inevitably draw their own conclusions.

A gentleman resembles a poet in at least one particular. The article cannot be manufactured. *Nascitur non fit*. As it was in the days of the Romans, so it is now. Take Soordouk, the son of the Strathbungo milkman. He comes on 'Change sometimes, but is not much thought of there. Get him dressed by Poole and shod by Hoby. Make him a member of the Western Club. Stick him on a horse that he may ride to hounds. What does it all come to? Toujours Soordouk.

You may paint, and whitewash, and disguise as you will, But the odour of buttermilk clings round him still.

Accidents will happen, according to the old proverb, and even Soordouk himself, with all his glossy finery, might chance to come to grief. For the benefit of him and others we have the Scottish American Accident Insurance Company, with a local board composed of well-known citizens. Insurance, whether against accident or otherwise, is a question of average. If the average be rightly adjusted the Company engaging in the business will prosper. As companies so engaged have prospered, it is quite conceivable that another will also meet with success, particularly when it is controlled by men with such exceedingly long heads as those carried on the shoulders of the present board.

Gold mines have come to the front again. There is no stopping the flood-gates of speculation in that direction. An ingenious statist has calculated that of the £3,000,000 subscribed to start gold mines in India, at least £1,500,000 has to be paid to the generous gentlemen who promote the schemes. There is a delightful unanimity about these people. They are all willing to accept part payment in £50,000 worth of fully paid up shares. I wonder how many of these shares find their way into the market, while everybody concerned is busily puffing the same and calling heaven to witness that they are selling at a premium. This premium dodge has been revived again and again, and may work some mischief.

Folks are interesting themselves in Caledonian and North British stocks just now. Both, for some inscrutable reason, are being vigorously puffed. Both are too dear already. If buyers would only examine the accounts, and the former returns, and the prospects for the future, they would hesitate before they committed themselves to bull operations in either Caledonian or North British.

Coming back to Monkland iron, the point from which I started, is it not singular that there should be such a difference between the prices of the ordinary and the preference shares? In the event of liquidation it strikes me that the ordinary shares would stand their ground.

Callander and Oban stock has begun to attract notice, and with some show of reason. It stands at 62½, which is not a

very high price. It yields nothing in the meantime, and that is awkward, but it is in a fair way to prosper. No one need be astonished should it pull up to par in a short time, and stand as well as Highland. In some respects its conditions resemble those of the Highland Railway. Both are on tourist routes, and the tourist element grows stronger every year. The fish traffic with Oban, now in its infancy, is already assuming large proportions, and will no doubt develop, to the advantage of the new railway. All is fish that comes in to the net of the Company, and I am told that a good income is got out of lobsters and wilks.

SCRUTATOR.

CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE.

(Scene—Highland farm house; wedding party enjoying themselves; conclusion of the Reel of Tulloch, in which Dugal has been cutting some uncouth capers.)

Sandy (ironically)—A' say, Dugal, what dive ye no dance wi' a' ye'r nicht for?

Dugal (indignantly)—Tance wi' a' her nicht, tid she'll say, you plockhead foolish, was you not see that her wan fit was aye on ta grund ant the tither was nefer aff it?

[Roars of laughter from the bystanders and collapse of Sandy.]

FRONT AND REAR.

Scene—Third-class railway carriage at St. Enoch Square Station; it is quite filled and among the other occupants is an elderly lady of the agricultural persuasion. She has been sitting with her back to the engine, but as the train moves out of the station the elderly one changes her seat with the remark—"Na, na, I mun shift my sate, I ne'er could gae forrit backwards."

SWEEPING CHARGES—Lord Provost Ure is really in earnest, and means to abolish all manner of nuisances. The latest decision of the Council is to "put down a few bores on the banks" of the Clyde. Now, Asinus thinks if they could just "put down" a few of the "bores" who come up at each recurring meeting of our City Parliament, it would be much more to the purpose.

The Music of the Weak—The airs of a German band.

The Piper o' Dundee—The Rev. David Macrae.

The "Psalm of Life" for Centenarians—Old Hundred.

The place for a Spiritualist Seance—A Tap-room.

Rus(s) in Urbe—The Buchanan Street furrier.

Gentlemen who get the Baby to hold—Remedy, 201 Perambulatory.—GARDINER & HARDIE, 42 Great Clyde Street.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE.—They are repeating "She Stoops to Conquer" at the Theatre Royal to-night and to-morrow night. On Wednesday "The Rivals" will likely be put on, with Miss Litton as *Lylia Languish*, Mrs Leigh as *Mrs Malaprop*, and Mr Everill and Mr Hellew as *Sir Anthony* and *Captain Absolute*. "The Rivals," as it has always seemed to me, is a better acting piece than the "School for Scandal." If it has less wit and saire than this "finished and faultless comedy," it has more incident and action, and incident and action are important factors in a stage success.

The mention of "She Stoops to Conquer" reminds me that Miss Litton has published an edition of Gold-mith's comedy, and has prefaced the text with an exceedingly interesting essay, in the course of which she gives an account of the more celebrated comedians who have taken part in its representation since it was first placed on the stage.

Mr Everill, who has approved himself such a capital comedian since his arrival in Glasgow with Miss Litton, was in London, chiefly at the Haymarket and the Aquarium Theatres, from 1870 to 1880, and previous to the former date he was for the long space of eleven years with the late John Knowles at the Theatre Royal, Manchester. Mr Everill's first appearance in Glasgow was at the Old Dunlop Street Theatre, some thirteen years ago, when he took part with the late Charles Calvert in the drama of "No Thoroughfare."

One feature of the revival of the old comedies at the Royal which has been allowed to go unnoticed hitherto is the capitally performed overture which consists of such melodies as "The fine old English Gentleman," "Phyllis is my only Joy," "Cherry Ripe," and "Sir Roger de Coverley." How refreshing these are, to be sure, from your modern airs of "Over the Garden Wall," "Goodness Gracious," "No, sir," "Yes, sir," and such like stuff.

"Billee-Taylor; or, the Reward of Virtue," the nautical comic opera of which I gave an account last week, will be produced this evening at the Gaiety Theatre. The company is Mr Bernard's own; it includes various celebrated London artistes; and wherever "Billee Taylor" has been played, whether in London or in the provinces, it has been played to crowded audiences and received loud applause.

Mr Knapp is a bold man. The dog-days are approaching and yet he has the courage to offer us six nights of high tragedy. To me, however, the proposal of a week of *Hamlet*, *Louis*, and *Macbeth* comes with something of a fillip. Besides, the hero of the week is to be Mr J. B. Howard, the lessee of the Edinburgh Theatre-Royal, and let us hope that both on his account, and on that of Mr Knapp, the Royalty will be well filled all through his engagement.

Mr J. B. Howard, some of my theatrical readers may recollect, was the original *Tom Burroughs* of "Formosa," when that noted piece was placed on the stage of Drury Lane in 1869—the *Compton Kerr* of the cast being Mr Henry Irving, and the *Major Jorum*, Mr David Fisher.

Mr Knapp has made a hit—a palpable hit; he has secured the new Gilbert-Sullivan opera of "Patience, or Bunthorne's Bride," for representation at the Royalty early in the present season.

When Mr Edward Terry appears at the Royalty in the great London success of "Aladdin, or the Forty Thieves," he will be supported by Miss Nelly Vane, a promising young burlesque actress.

Mr Beryl did excellent business last week at the Southside Theatre with "The Danites," and this week, when he produces "It is Never Too Late to Mend," his house will naturally be packed to the doors.

I honestly confess that Mr Charles Reade's prison play is somewhat too harrowing for my taste. They like strong meat, however, on the South Side. Mr James Buchanan, who plays the chief part in "It is Never too Late to Mend," will be

recollected for his clever rendering of *Coubert* in "Drink," when that play was produced at the Gaiety Theatre, over twelve months ago.

As some doubt has been expressed as to whether the late Mr Houghton, of the Dunlop Street Theatre, ever appeared on the stage excepting as Mr Glover's "double." I have much pleasure in publishing the following interesting information, courteously supplied by Mr Wright of the Tazaar Royal, Greenock:—Mr Houghton joined the late Mr Glover as an actor about 1851 at the Prince's Theatre, West Nile Street. He was, however, appointed treasurer, and shortly afterwards gave up acting except in "The Courier of Lyons" and "The Corsican Brothers." Here are a few characters performed by him—*De Lacy* in "Frankenstein," *Col. Howard* in "The Pilot," *Chas. Mayleu* in "Luke the Labourer," *Dametas* in "Midas," *Howard* in "Self-Accusation," *Sir William Latimer* in "Little Nun," *Mr Roxton* in "Practical Man," *Sir John Stalltwig* in "Daughter's Debut," *Tom Bruce* in "Nick of the Woods," *Mr Godfrey* in "Poor Jack," *Sir Thomas Burton* in "Sea and Land," *Ben Bouse* in "My Poll, &c.," *Sir George Oliver* in "Friend at a Pinch," and *Leybourne* in the "Flowers of the Forest."

Some of our local "readers" travel pretty far afield at times in fulfilment of engagements. Last Monday Mr Vallance turned up at Hebburn-on-Tyne before a large audience. Mr Vallance's autumn tour is already arranged, and includes visits in different parts of the three kingdoms.

The great case of the City Bank liquidators *versus* M'Kinnon will begin on Wednesday before Lord Shand, in the Court of Session. Some notion may be gained of the multitude and length of the documents to be brought forward in connection with it, when I mention that the joint bill for printing—for convenience sake, the pursuers and defender are at present going halves in the printing—amounts to something like £3000! A good deal of exoteric interest will be added to the proceedings, by the appearance, on separate sides, of two of our most noted accountants, Mr Wyllie Guild having been retained for the defence, while Mr James Muir will of course act for the Bank Liquidators. Something like a trial of skill is expected between them, and the result will be watched with the keenest attention, as well by the members of the older school of our local C.A.s, of whom Mr Wyllie Guild is the representative, as by the younger portion, who naturally pin their faith to Mr Muir.

The proceedings will only take cognisance of the doings of the City Bank Directorate during the years Mr M'Kinnon occupied a seat at the Board, and one point in favour of the defence is that, while Mr M'Kinnon can be called as a witness in his own behalf, it will be difficult to find any direct evidence to rebut his statements, none of the officials concerned in the liquidation having been connected with the Bank at the period in question.

Various important citizens have been subpoenaed as witnesses in the case, and it is whispered that certain of their number are already growing nervous with regard to the appearance they may present when under cross-examination.

The people "down by" at Kilmalcolm Hydropathic know how to cater for their friends—and when I say friends I mean visitors, for everybody who goes to Kilmalcolm is a friend, not a visitor, that term of coolness, if not of absolute reproach. On Friday the authorities of the Institution gave a dance in celebration of the anniversary of their opening, and on Saturday they kept up the sun by arranging a performance of the Gilbert-Sullivan cantata of "Trial by Jury." Both entertainments went, as the saying is, like clockwork. At the dance various "grave and reverend seigniors" took their places on the floor and ambled about with the best of them, while Saturday night's representation of "Trial by Jury" would have done credit to a company of professional comedians. I say, my Magistrate, when you next think of "taking the waters," as Beau Nash would have put it, wend your ways down to Kilmalcolm.

Mr Pearce has taken to cruising instead of yacht racing. His flag will shortly appear at the masthead of the "Torfrida," a steam yacht of some 180 tons burden, which was launched from Fairfield on Tuesday last. Externally the "Torfrida" is wonderfully graceful; internally the accommodation, both fore and aft, is roomy to a degree, while the fittings are rich and even luxurious in their character.

The famous Russian war-ship 'yclept "Peter the Great" will shortly appear in the Clyde, and will, indeed, come up as far as Fairfield—where new engines are at present being constructed for it by Messrs Elder & Co.

Our old friend "Spinnaker," or shall I give him the patronymic he is known by in other than yachting circles and say, Mr J. D. Bell, has sent me his little book of yachting sketches, which he terms "Spindrift from the Hebrides." It is chatty and agreeable, and is informed with an ample knowledge of the ways and works of those who go down to the Hebridean sea in yachts. Mr Bell has been an enthusiastic yachtsman for years, and in this book he has made a notable addition to that portion of our West Coast literature which began with Alexander Smith's "Skye," and which includes "The Land of Lorn," Mr Black's yachting stories, "The Sons of Usnach," the bright and characteristic volume entitled "A Yachtsman's Holidays," and, last but not least, the "Official Guide" to Mr David MacBrayne's steam-boat tours over the Hebrides.

Our local Volunteer regiments are all busy "pipe-claying and marching," against the annual inspections, which take place within the next four weeks. On Saturday first the Artillery will be put through their facings on the Green; on the following Saturday the Glasgow Highlanders will pass the saluting post; and after these come the 8th L.R.V. on the 23rd; the "Scots Greys," otherwise the 1st L.R.V., on the 25th; the 5th L.R.V. on the 4th prox.; and the 3rd L.R.V. on the 11th prox. Treading the heels of the inspections will be the officers' mess of the respective regiments and the church parades, so that with the frequent display of gay uniforms our streets will for a time have the appearance of an important military centre.

This afternoon I had the privilege, along with a select company, of witnessing the marvellous performances of Dr Carver, the champion shot of the world, and Karl Jongh, who hails from the Transvaal. It is scarcely possible to give anything like an adequate idea of the wonderful feats they performed with rifle and pistol. One hundred glass balls thrown into the air were smashed in six minutes by rifle bullets, while with the pistol a grape was knocked off the point of a pencil; and a threepenny piece was perforated at the distance of twenty paces or so with the same weapon.

Strolling westward along Sauchiehall Street the other afternoon, my glance chanced to light on a tall, handsome lady and gentleman who were a little way in front of me, and as I looked they were accosted by a second gentleman, who shook hands with both with the utmost eagerness. The lady and gentleman were Mr and Mrs Robertson (Miss Marie Litton), the managers of the Theatre Royal, and the gentleman by whom they were accosted was the Rev. Donald Macleod, D.D., of Park Church, and one of Her Majesty's chaplains for Scotland.

In your last week's impression, my Magistrate, you mentioned in your leader that the ornithological department had been all along a strong, if not indeed the strongest, feature in the zoological section of the Kelvingrove Museum. It may perhaps not be known to all of your myriad readers that this section is chiefly, if not indeed wholly, the work of Mr Paton's no less intelligent and zealous than genial predecessor, the late Mr James Thomson.

The Western Burns' Club held their monthly supper last Tuesday evening in the Grand Hotel under the presidency of the genial Laird o' Brediland,

Mr George Jackson is a man of such universal endowment and industry that he is useful anywhere. He attended the Cattle Show on the Green last Wednesday and was a marked man as he bustled about among the "glaur" from booth to booth, hugging the Lord Provost's "twenty-five guinea cup" as proudly as if he had been a fond father with his first born in his arms. But the worst of the business was that when the obliging Councillor reached the luncheon tent with his treasure various of the more irreverent among the farmers professed to mistake him for one of Mr Charles Wilson's extra waiters. Truly, "ma lord," you should be grateful to so trusty a henchman.

What a drug poetry is in the market, to be sure! The story goes that a certain legal luminary not unconnected with chess, and the author of a previous book of rhymes, has had a volume of verse on the stocks for over twelve months, and that he hasn't got a publisher yet.

Sir Michael Shaw Stewart and his family had a rough time of it while crossing the Bay of Biscay. Three weeks ago their yacht arrived at Gibraltar with the loss of figure-head and bulwarks. After getting the vessel repaired Sir Michael and party proceeded up the Mediterranean.

The Clyde Trustees have decided to do nothing till Autumn in regard to lighting the harbour by means of electricity.

The young "persons" who appeared in a foot-ball match at Edinburgh on Saturday last, play, I understand, in Glasgow on Saturday next. They have been practising for some time in the drill hall of the Highland Regiment, the 10th L. R. V., at the Green!

Mr C. H. Canham, who has charge of the Dore pictures at the Institute, is no novice at "Show" business. He was for some time with Barnum in America, and acted as manager in this country for Artemus Ward. After such an experience there should be few "wrinkles" that he is not up to.

Strathaven has long been celebrated for its gingerbread, if for nothing else. It now lays claim to a fresh novelty in the person of a "fasting girl." Dr. Dougall, the local medico, who is much more famous as a courser and breeder of greyhounds than as a physician, has this remarkable phenomenon under his care. He was as proud, said one of his friends to me the other day, when he was invited to furnish a report of the case to the *Lancet*, as if he had carried off the Waterloo Cup.

A WIND FALL.

(Scene—Loch Leven; dead calm; angler resting and doing his weed; boatmen "whipping" the water hopelessly at prow and stern.)

Jocular Angler (to boatman, an old man o' war's man and reputed weather prophet)—I say, Willie, what direction is the wind blowing just now?

Willie (with his weather eye open)—Blawin'?' 'Deed, sir, I think it maun be blawin' straucht doon the neo!

[Immediate attack on refreshment box.]

A Fair Shot—A lady archer.

The Beau Ideal of a Soldier—Colonel Blunt.

The Commander-in-Chief—"This fell sergeant, death."

"A Court of First Instance"—Calf love.

Quavers.

THE Rubinstein pianoforte recitals, on 20th and 27th instant, come at the end of our musical season like the grand burst of rockets which usually closes a pyrotechnic display, only the audience (or spectators, to be in keeping with the figure) are kept waiting a little for it. Herr Rubinstein's programme will range from Bach to himself, and it need hardly be said that of every school he is master.

The Mount Vernon Musical Association (Mr James Allan, conductor) made a very good appearance the other evening in Mendelssohn's "Lauda Zion," and in certain of the smaller pieces in a well-selected programme, the best of the latter as to performance being Mendelssohn's canon, "The Lark," and Garrett's brilliant finale song and chorus, "Good night, farewell." As a rule, we are editorially more interested in the chorus-singing of a society than in the promiscuous solos, but we may specially instance the excellent interpretation at this concert of Bishop's "Tell me, my heart," and Crouch's "Kathleen Maourneen," the latter sung, and with remarkably good effect, by a baritone voice.

The choir of Allan Park U.P. Church, Stirling, led by Mr James L. Graham, late of Glasgow, gave a concert last Tuesday, with Mr H. A. Lambeth's "Bow down thine ear," and some secular part-songs and solos. Mr Channon Cornwall accompanied, and Mr A. Finlayson, Mr Graham, and Miss Connor contributed solos. The choir and soloists were least successful, we believe, in Mr Lambeth's Psalm, but they should not have been so, for it is vocally written and attractive music.

The Glasgow Catholic Choral Society announce a "Charity Concert" for this evening (Wednesday, 11th inst.), in the National Halls, Main Street. They will sing selections from Haydn, Handel, and Hummell, and some secular part-songs.

A new society has lately been organised in London, entitled "The Society of Science, Letters, and Art, of London." Its objects are the advancement of Science, Literature, and Art, including Music and the Fine Arts, and its arrangements for that end include lectures, reading of original papers, the publication of important transactions, the granting of diplomas, and so on. A branch of the society held a highly successful opening meeting a few weeks ago at Dublin, and another branch is aimed at for Glasgow. Ladies, as well as gentlemen, are eligible for members. Communication should be made with Dr Albert A. Sturman, M.A., Barnsbury Hall, Islington, London, through whom all particulars as to conditions of membership, &c, may be learned. Music will hold an important place in the scheme of the society, and it is for that reason, of course, that mention is made of it in this column.

The following musical pieces have been received:—Song, "O Broad and Limpid River," for mezzo-soprano, and flowing and waltz-like; Trio for ladies' voices, "Sunshine," written in musician-like style, and not so difficult as the array of accidentals would lead the ordinary observer to suppose; "Meditation," andante religioso, for harmonium, skilful and effective (to play some parts of it an octave up would probably be an advantage); Fantasia Scozzese, a series of well-selected Scotch airs with occasional judicious ornamentation; these are all from the busy pen of Mr V. H. Zavertal, and are published by Swan & Co., Glasgow and London.

Messrs Swan likewise send Mr Allan Macbeth's popular "Ballet de la Cour," music of a classic mould, with not a few instances of bold and original treatment; also a song by the same rising composer, "Near thee, still near thee," a chief feature of which is the Schumann-like accompaniments.

Messrs J. B. Cramer & Co., London, send a song, "Minster Windows," by the elegant writer, Ciro Pinsuti. It is quite a gem, and may be had in three compasses. The firm have also published a waltz "L'abandon," by W. H. J. Cambridge. This hardly commends itself, however, as an attractive dance tune, being somewhat deficient in melody.

Free Lances—Vivisectionists.
A Felt Hat—A tight fit.

Above the Law.

(Scene—Burgh Court, not a hundred miles west of Glasgow. A publican is brought up before a newly-elected bailie for selling drink after hours.)

Bailie—An' what dae ye say for yersel', my man?

Publican—I'm guilty, your honour.

Bailie—Man, that's a pity; but seeing it's your first offence, I'll let you aff this time.

Publican—Thank ye.

Procurator-Fiscal—You have made a mistake, your honour. Mr Blank has pled guilty, and you *must* inflict a fine.

Bailie—Jist if I like, sir. A'm a magistrate, an' I ha'e the power in my ain han'.

P.-F.—You're mistaken, your honour. It's your place to administer the law, not to set it aside. All must conform to the laws of our country, from the Queen down to the beggar.

Bailie—I ken a' that, sir; but if you inquire, you will find a Bailie has the power tae set aside the law when he has a mind.

P.-F.—He must be fined, sir.

Bailie (to publican)—Weel, I'll fine ye in a bit pound, but I'll mak' it less the next time.

IMMEDIATELY AND AT ONCE.

(Scene—Longrow, Campbeltown.)

Policeman (to group of men obstructing pavement)—Now, then, if you fellows are going to stand there much longer you'd better move on immediately.

A "RISE" OUT OF THE SUN.

Pat—Did ye see the sun rise this mornin, Mickie?

Mick—No, bedad, I waz so sound aslape when I awoke that I didn't notis whether the sun rose at all, at all; or whether she shlipt up promiscuous, widout risin'.

OFF THE (GEORGE) SQUARE.—There were in the offices of some architects, here and elsewhere, a good many rather shaky lines drawn after W. W.'s motion anent the new Municipal Buildings had been read on Friday morning.

"The Man at the Wheel"—A bicyclist.

Surfacemen—Swimmers.

"The busy-body"—Alphabet Smith.

Water Works—Temperance tales.

Serving Under the Colours—Jockeys.

The Diet of Examination—Pork.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT superstition is not yet dead in Scotland.

That the marriage announcements are conspicuous by their absence from the columns of the daily press.

That the fashionable parsons have got no work to do-o-o!

That at length we have had a glimpse of summer weather.

That the first day of the week was the first day of the season.

That the display of drapery and millinery was of the most brilliant character.

That with weather like that of Sunday trade may at length revive.

That Thursday's meeting of Council was of the most comprehensive character.

That Bailie Wilson was the hero of the gathering.

That he ruled the roast to his entire satisfaction.

That he is looking forward to the Provostship.

That the one man who was happy at the Cattle Show was Councillor Jackson.

That he supplied the Lord Provost's prize cup.

That the Junior Liberal Association are hand-in-glove with all the members of the Cabinet.

That they seem to have little else to do than worry Ministers with correspondence.

That the Glasgow bankrupt, like the heathen Chinee, is "peculiar."

That it is sometimes convenient to have a partner when one appears before the Sheriff.

That the Charity Football Cup tie has at length been decided.

That after all, the game has been of some benefit to our needy institutions.

That the river used to be the waur o' the weir.

That now it's the waur o' the removal of the weir.

That things maun aye be some way.

That the Municipal Buildings business has reached its second stage—"meddle."

That, as Touchstone would say, "'muddle' may come hereafter."

That the annual ecclesiastical saturnalia has commenced in Edinburgh.

That the U.P.s have been very dull.

That even their Disestablishment craze was "flat, stale, and unprofitable."

That the O. S. Synod as usual reminded one of Rip Van Winkle.

That Donald gave some of our ancient townsmen rather a rough wakening.

That he certainly scored a few points this time.

The Twenty-Eighth.

NOT far, not very far ahead

In this bright, merry month of May
Looms there a something that I dread,
Casting its shadow o'er to-day.

'Tis not that haunted as by ghost
With thought that soon poor I (oh, no)

To costly villa at the coast
My "sixty days" must undergo!

'Tis not that I own shares in gas,
And tremble at the electric light;
Nor that I "wrote me down an ass"

On bill which eftsoons comes to "sight!"

'Tis not that I am short of cash
And fear the rent-day drawing nigh;

Nor that I anticipate a smash
Of bank—no, no, that's all blown by!

'Tis not the unborn but coming strain
From which it will be vain to flee
When Tonalts blow with might and main
Through trombones heavenly harmony!

Nor yet that "presentation" speech
Which "unaccustomed as I am"

Et cetera, oh, no, not each
Nor all of these disturbs my calm.

What dims my May, and clouds my brow
Is simply this—I am not "sittin'"

To stagg'e through, I see not how,
The horrors summed in that word "fittin'!"

SEE HOW STRECHT THEY'LL GO.

(Scene—Corner of M'Alpine Street.)

Duncan (newly arrived by "Dunara Castle," to Tonalt, likewise a recent importation)—Gosh me, where all the caravans (tramway cars) be goin'? See how strecht they'll go, just strecht as a smack in the sea.

Tonalt—You pig fool, where you come from? Don't you'll see, they'll have a tuller and helm fore and aft, and can go anywhere whichever.

Duncan—I'm not care stop much here—I'll go back on Tuesday. Man—(utters a few words in the language of Professor Blackie).

OUR CONSISTENT PRESS.—Yesterday—"Successful raid on betting men;" to-day—"Sad story, embezzlement from gambling;" to-morrow, "Result of the Two Thousand Guineas."

The Latest Match Tax—The "gate" at the "charity cup."

Query—Was Sheriff Mair out of breath after running down the "slope?"

"Signs of the Times"—The Corporation clocks.

Fighting Men—The tramway punchers.

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The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 11th, 1881.

HAS the last word been said anent the City
Improvement Trust? While its opera-
tions were still in full swing the most sanguine
views were indulged by their aiders and abettors.
The plague-spots of the city were to be swept away,
and everybody was to be made healthy and
happy by Act of Town Council, and all this

moreover, was to be done without an extra penny of expense. It is true that a tax was levied in the meantime, but if the poor Pilgarlics of ratepayers were taxed to-day, the taxation of some future period was to be all the lighter for the monies in which they were presently mulcted. As time went on, less and less of these roseate anticipations were given to the world, until, for the last year or two, little beyond the jeremiads of our friend Councillor NEIL have been heard on the subject. These, we were of course made to understand, were hopelessly wrong, and Mr NEIL was denounced, both in and out of the Town Council, as an obstructionist of the first water. Of late, however, when the Improvement Trust has been mentioned, one or two of the more knowing members of Council have pulled faces of portentous length, and have hinted that "things were hardly turning out so well as could be wished." In other words the operations of the Improvement Trust are being attended with anything but the measure of financial success we had been led to expect. Whether they have made us healthier and happier is a matter which likewise admits of question. If rookeries have been cleared out in the High Street, and light and air have been let into portions of the Bridgegate, Garscube Road and the slums of Anderston have received their outflow of vice and wretchedness, and are now in turn our rival congeries of dirt and disease. No one, certainly not the BAILIE, would think of denying that the Trustees, like the man in the play, have acted with "the best intentions." But what has their course of action led to? Can they show us anything beyond an increased rental, and a heavy, and apparently permanent tax?

A HORSE, A HORSE!—In criticising the points of a prize-taker at the Agricultural Show last week Granny thusly delivereth herself;—"He is a big horse, wants fore-arm a little, and has also an inclination to turn his front toes inward." An animal with such rare points as arms and toes would be the sight of any bucolic show-yard, and should prove a draw amongst other Vinegar Hill monstrosities.

The best sort of Free-hand Drawing—Drawing your pay,

Hymeneal Engagements—Accord (a chord)
Two Flats.

"Still Waters"—Spirits.

"Green Pastures"—East-end "bung."

What Bailie Wilson Thinks.

OUR friend W. W.—oh when will he cease to "trouble you" "trouble you," ye ratepayers of Glasgow — has proposed that Mr Carrick should be employed to erect those Municipal Bui'dings with which the community are about to be saddled. What a humourist W. W. is, to be sure! He insists on making us larf—and that too on the very dullest and most lugubrious of subjects. Some of the more irreverent will have it that W. W. is a jester of the very deepest dye, and others declare that, "weel he disna jist exactly ken whit he's daein'." But let that be as it may, some friend of Bailie Wilson's must take him in hand before he makes another such proposal as he put forward on Thursday last. We all like him, we all know how good a fellow he is, and we can generally condone anything and everything he chooses to say or to do. Thursday's motion, however, involved Mr Carrick, the City Architekt; and to take Mr Carrick's name in vain was really, under the circumstances, to make a step outside altogether of the bounds of common sense. When W. W. takes his next plunge, he must watch that he pulls nobody into the ditch but himself.

Our Boys.

REMOVED from the rigidly righteous air of "Home" life in James Morrison Street, Mr Quarrier's waifs and strays can be as natural as other youngsters. Describing the run of the little emigrants across to Halifax, the lady in charge writes; "They do shout and roar as only boys can. On board ship they do need something to keep them out of mischief. With such jumping and shouting it was impossible to hear yourself speaking." Fancy such high-jinks in the presence of their lachrymose pastor and master—Mr Quarrier!

PAST OR PRESENT?—So the truth is at last leaking out as to the murder of Abdul Aziz. But seeing that the ole man was done to death some years ago would he not more appropriately be referred to as Abdul As-was?

The Belle's Stratagem—Marriage. The Beaux's Stratagem—Single blessedness.

"The Officers' Mess"—The battle of Maiwand.

A Stormy Cove—The Bey of Tunis.

A Day Long Past—The Dey of Algiers.

Shooting Stars—Dr. Carver and Karl Jong.

The Trinity Worshipped on Change—£ s. d.

Wanted a Seat.

THE cat is at last out of the bag. Bauldy never could account for the letters appearing in our daily papers morning after morning from the scion of a ducal house resident at Beaufort Gardens, London. He at last professes to have discovered the reason why. In a communication published last Saturday, Lord Archibald Campbell concludes by saying:—"My brother, Lord Colin, is in the 'House,' I am not." Oh, ho! That is where the shoe pinches, is it?

"CAPPING" THEM.

Policeman X 02—I say, Tugalt, whattifer is ta meaning of ta capping ceremony at ta Uversity?

Policeman X 07—Och, sich ignorance! Ta be sure it is ta same as cappin' ta force, only ta students get truncheons, and ta force gets helmets and truncheons to, also.

Policeman X 02—But ta Students get ta truncheons on ta head.

Policeman X 07—And do we not put ta truncheons on ta head to, pesides?

HIS "SIDE" OF THE HOUSE—THE OUT-SIDE.

No atheist shall its walls poll'ute
Although the House's portal's wide,
Nor cheer again such seat salute,
The Br(o)ad-laugh's on the other side.

"O WAD SOME POWER," &C.

Scene—Village of Burnbrae, composed of one quaint old steep street, at head of which lies the graveyard, and half-way down the "King's Arms." Sandy Barr, from a neighbouring parish, has walked over to Burnbrae to attend the funeral of John Thomson, an alcoholic cronie of long standing. After the funeral he makes his way to the "King's Arms" to drink to the memory of his friend, and in so doing potates somewhat more deeply than the occasion demands. Leaving the hostelry for home, his hat rather towards the back of his head and his hands buried deep in his trouser pockets, he meets a second funeral party going up, composed, as he can dimly see, of the same men who followed John's remains. Throwing a hasty nod of recognition, he salutes them cheerily thus in passing—"Steppin' up again chaps?"

A "Mitey" Effort—Devouring a "Welsh rabbit."

The Busy Bee—Bismarck.

MITCHELL'S OLD IRISH WHISKY.

The Modern Æsop.

7.—TWO BIRDS.

TWO birds—a "pie" and a pigeon—made friends near a wood. "Come with me," said the pigeon—who wanted a ready speaker to help him,—"and I will introduce you to a select conclave." And they flew away to a knoll where a community of pigeons were discussing the affairs of their paternity. The "pie" was soon detected as an interloper, and condemned to withdraw. Being cunningly advised, he reappeared painted as white as any pigeon, and asserted his right to be heard as a member of the great pigeon family. Being shortly recognised, however, by his voice, as the same "pie" in disguise, he was hustled out of the company in disgrace, to the confusion of his needy friend and admirer.

MORAL—A glib tongue may be a gift, and by it a man may mask his pretensions; but his inner nature remains unchanged—in spite of both.

WHAT A SCOTCH BANKER SAYS.

George Anderson = G. Anderson.
G. Anderson = Ganderson.
Gander's son = Goose.

THE CAPTAIN AND HIS CREW.

(Scene—Maryhill Canal coal-boat under steam.)

Captain (who while in conversation with the engineer, notices a small boy's head sticking through the stock-hole)—It's a verra funny thing a man can't get speakin' to his chief offisher on bisness maaters of importance without the whole crew tickin' their noses in his affairs whatever.

"A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME."

(Scene—A Public-house bar.)

Customer—D'ye sell ony laudnaum here?

Shopman—No!

Customer—Ou, then, jist gie me a gill o' yer best. [And she said it was "toothache!"]

The Weather, says Bauldy, having lately made a decided Spring, let us hope the next will be a Summer-sault!

"Up to 'Dick'" — The new commercial editor of the *Herald*.

Men of Delicate Susceptibilities—Doctors.

A Figure of Speech—O!

GENTLEMEN'S CLOTH Made and Trimmed—Suits, 21s; Trousers, 4s; Overcoats, 14s. Fit, Workmanship, Trimmings Guaranteed.—EWART A. BAIN, 59 Bridge Street.

Megilo.

THE present Dore Exhibition in the Gallery of the Fine Art Institute suggests the reflection that the reputation of the eminent Frenchman has by no means maintained itself at its old level during the past year or two. It is just possible, however, while we were formerly given to over-rate the abilities of M. Dore, that we are now going to the opposite extreme. His two landscapes in last year's exhibition of the Institute were complete failures take them any way you like, but while he was guilty of such work as they contained, he has also designed the illustrations to "Don Quixote," to the "Wandering Jew," to the Contes Drolatiques, and to Rabelais.

Dore has the reputation, among those who know him, of possessing, beyond almost any other artist, a talent for close and sustained labour. By the lights of the Salon—Boulanger, Bouguereau, Carlos-Duran, Bonnat, and the rest—he is rated very small indeed, but let these high and mighty ones rate him as they choose, they cannot deny that he possesses a certain grandeur of conception which is akin, at least, to absolute genius.

Of the eight or ten works at present in the Institute, the one in which Dore has done himself the greatest measure of justice is the "Young Monk's first Experience of a Convent." This is really a fine picture, as well on account of its large and effective style of handling, and its note of colour, as of the variations of character expressed in the different faces and figures of the two rows of monks who are assembled at worship.

It may be interesting to visitors to the Exhibition to know that the enormous *tableau* illustrative of a gaming table at Baden, threatened, when it was originally painted, a number of years ago, to bring M. Dore into serious difficulty. Following a practice not uncommon in France, he introduced into his canvas the portraits of numerous celebrities, none of whom were at all well pleased at the notoriety thus conferred upon them. At first personal chastisement, and afterwards the courts of law, were talked of by some of the more angry among the people whose faces had thus been dealt with, but their feelings growing calmer after a time, the matter was ultimately allowed to drop.

Wellwood Rattray, Charles M'Ewen, and William M'Bride took their way southward last week. Their first halting-place will be London, but they propose, after a short stay in the metropolis, to betake themselves to some quiet river-side village on the upper Thames—possibly Goring or Streatly—where they will spend a couple of months. The winding miles of river between Marlow and Wallingford, received, long ago, the title of "the painter's paradise."

Mr Rattray, by-the-by, has received a commission to paint a companion work to his Loch Ard picture which was shown in the Institute under the title of "The Gate of the Highlands."

Early in the coming summer William Young will devote some time to painting in the neighbourhood of Liverpool.

The "surprises" of this year's Exhibitions of the Royal Academy and Grosvenor Gallery seem to have been supplied by the works of John Collier. These have reached a point of excellence which is said to have astonished even the artist's more intimate friends. Mr Collier has sent pictures to our local Institute for a number of seasons. In the exhibition which closed at the end of last month he was represented by the portrait of a lady—a Mrs Webb—which was hung almost immediately above David Murray's fine "Chateau Gaillard."

Mr Collier's father, by the bye, is the Right Hon. Sir Robert P. Collier, formerly Attorney-General to Mr Gladstone, and whose appointment to a judgeship of the Privy Council, with a salary of £5000 per annum, created no small animadversion some eight years ago, and assisted, indeed, in its own way, to bring about the Conservative triumph of '74. If Sir Robert Collier, however, is not a great lawyer, he is, like his son, a most accomplished artist. He has long contributed to the Royal Academy exhibitions, and his picture, "The Engel-Horner, Bernese Alps," was really one of the best landscapes shown last year on the walls of Burlington House.

Messrs Gammon & Vaughan, the directors of the International Fine Art Exhibition which occupied the Galleries of the Institute in the autumn of last year, announce the opening of the "United

Arts Gallery," New Bond Street, London, on the Thursday of this week. The occasion will be signalled by a dinner, the chair at which will be taken by Lord Ronald Gower, while among those who are expected to attend are Sir Garnet Wolseley, Cardinal Manning, John Pettie, R.A., and Justin M'Carthy, the novelist, historian, and Home Rule member for County Longford.

The death, a fortnight ago, of Burges the architect, and the elevation, on Thursday, to the Royal Academicianship, of Barlow the engraver, and of Oules the portrait and Riviere the animal painters, creates four vacancies in the ranks of the A.R.A.s. One of these will go to an architect, and a second to an engraver, while the other two will fall, of course, to painters. Let us hope, when the next election of Associates comes round, that the claims of our London Scotchmen won't be forgotten.

Some exceedingly clever "pastel" portraits—notably one of Mrs James Alfred Aitken—have been recently executed by Henry Fanner, the well-known London artist, who has been busy at work for a number of weeks in the studio of J. E. Handbidge, at 175 St. Vincent Street.

Mr William Mossman has modelled in wax a very fine medalion of Carlyle.

THE LAST STRAW.

(Scene—Country shoemaker's shop; *dramatis personæ*, Sandy, the shoemaker, and half-a-dozen village worthies.)

Robin (one of them) after rather a smart political tussle with Sandy in which St. Crispin's son has had the worst of it, has succeeded in ruffling Sandy's temper, and observes on the floor a new boot whose "upper" has evidently been accidentally cut by a slip of Sandy's knife when paring the sole; he picks up the boot and maliciously drawing the attention of the company thereto) exclaims—Hullo, Sandy, what's the meanin' o' this?

Sandy (angrily throwing the boot into a corner)—That's t! e way the man wanted it!

LIKE BIRNAM FOREST, THE WOOD ON THE WAY.

No tramways in Buchanan Street,

'Tis so "genteel," they would pollute it;

But lay't with wood, and so complete

The very wooden scheme should suit it—

Wood of the head, though under feat,

From blockheads blocks of wood transmuted.

HOW HAPPY COULD I BE WITH EITHER.

(Scene—Co-operative store in the country, new year's gifts are being given to customers.)

Shopman—Whether wull ye hae an orange or an aipple?

Little Girl (timidly)—Ye—es—

A Notice of "Motion"—Captain Gosset's tap on the shoulder.

"French Leave"—The invasion of Tunis.

Irish "Settlers"—Masked assassins.

BIYCLES 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.

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CROWDED HOUSES.

Miss LITTON has the honour to announce, consequent on the Enthusiastic Reception, by Crowded Houses, of OLIVER GOLDSMITH'S Renowned Comedy.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER,

it will be Repeated for the LAST TIMES This Season for a Limited Number of Nights, with the same Unrivalled Cast, Scenery, and Appointments, at 8-15.

Preceded by

MY WIFE'S MOTHER,

At 7-30.

Miss LITTON as *Miss HARDCASTLE*; Mr LIONEL BROUGH as *TONY LUMPKIN*; Mr KYRLE BELLEW as *YOUNG MARLOW*; Mr EVERILL as *Mr HARDCASTLE*; Mr BANNISTER as *DIGGORY*; Mr J. Y. STEPHENS as *HASTINGS*; Mr SELTEN as *Sir CHARLES*; Mrs H. LEIGH as *Mrs HARDCASTLE*; Miss CRESSWELL as *Miss NEVILLE*; Miss M. HARRIS as *LUCY*.

SPECIAL IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Miss LITTON has determined to make THE THEATRE-ROYAL not only "THE BEST," but "THE CHEAPEST THEATRE" of its class in the Provinces. Miss LITTON fearlessly asserts no such Entertainment was ever offered at the price. From this date, the following will be

THE REDUCED PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Gallery, 6d; (No Extra Price); Amphitheatre, 9d—Extra Price, 3d; Pit, 1s; Boxes, 1s 6d; Pit Stall, 2s; Family Dress Circle, 3s; Dress Circle Stalls, 5s; and Stalls, 6s Extra Price to Family Dress Circle, Pit Stalls, Boxes, and Pit, 6d.

In course of Preparation, SHERIDAN'S Comedy of
T H E R I V A L S .

Doors Open, 6-30; extra Price till 7. Commence 7-30.
Box Office, at the Theatre, 10 to 4; or at Messrs Muir Wood's, Buchanan Street.

T H E G A I E T Y .

Proprietor and Director,Mr CH. BERNARD.
Manageress.....Mrs CH. BERNARD.

EVERY EVENING,

MR CHAS. BERNARD'S COMIC OPERA COMPANY IN
BILLEE TAYLOR.

Box Office Open 10 till 4 Daily.

Seats by Note, Wire, or Graham's Telephone to the
General Manager and Secretary,.....Mr SAM. H. S. AUSTIN.

S T . A N D R E W ' S H A L L S .

R U B I N S T E I N

Begs to announce that he will give

TWO

PIANOFORTE RECITALS

ON FRIDAY EVENINGS, MAY 20TH AND 27TH,
AT 8 O'CLOCK.

PRICES.

Reserved Seats, Area,7s 6d.
Balconies, Reserved,.....5s 0d.
Back Area,.....3s 0d.
Back Gallery,2s 0d.

Admission, 1s.

Tickets at Paterson, Sons, & Co., 152 Buchanan Street.

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

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

MR AND MRS J. B. HOWARD,

Supported by their Entire Company from the Theatre Royal,
Edinburgh.

This Evening (Tuesday), May 10th, at 7-30,

RICHARD III;

Wednesday, LOUIS XI; Thursday, LADY OF LYONS;

Friday, Benefit of Mr and Mrs J. B. HOWARD,

MONEY,

Concluding with the Irish Farce,

HIS LAST LEGS.

Saturday, May 14th, MACBETH.

Box Plan Open at Messrs J. Muir Wood & Co., from 11 till 4, and at the Theatre from 11 till 3.

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.

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In a Grand Production of CHARLES READE'S Famous Drama,
IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND.

New and Realistic Scenery by Mr CHARLES WALKER.

Doors Open at 7. Overture, 7-30. Saturdays Half-an-Hour earlier.

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WEST NILE STREET, GLASGOW.

At 8 TO-NIGHT, and Every Night This Week.

G R E A T S H O O T I N G C O N T E S T ,

£125 a side, will Commence TO-NIGHT.

Dr CARVER, To-Night.

The Greatest Shot in the World.

KARL JONGH, To-Night.

CHAMPION SHOT OF THE TRANSVAAL,

Dr CARVER & KARL JONGH,

Will each Shoot at 500 Glass Balls TO-NIGHT.

(And 6,000 Balls during the Week.)

SUTTON BRASS BAND TO-NIGHT.

TWO GRAND EXHIBITION SHOOTING

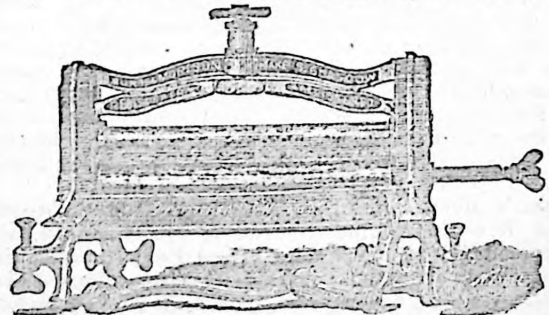
MATINEES,

ON WEDNESDAY & SATURDAY AFTERNOON at 2-30.

Admission—ONE SHILLING.

A few Seats at 2s.

T H E " A C M E " W R I N G E R (R E G I S T E R E D) .



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—

T H E " A C M E " M A C H I N E C O . ,

(Late BURT & MORISON),

WRINGING MACHINE MANUFACTURERS,
30 BAIN SQUARE (OFF GALLOWGATE).

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 tasted 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 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.

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 2/8.

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, 3½d;
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

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

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GRAND HOTEL,
CHARING CROSS, GLASGOW.

"An important addition to the accommodation for strangers visiting the City."—*Glasgow Herald*.
"One of the finest and best appointed Hotels in Europe."—*American Register*.

THIS MAGNIFICENT HOTEL, the comfort of which has been greatly increased by the extensive and costly alterations just completed, is now open for the reception of Families and Gentlemen under new and efficient management.

This Establishment offers unrivalled accommodation to Visitors during their stay in Glasgow, whether for one day or for a lengthened period. The Charges are strictly moderate, and the attendance all that can be desired.

Gentlemen wishing to Board in an Hotel are respectfully invited to call and inspect this House and its Scale of Charges.

Early Dinner of Soup, Fish, Joint, and Sweets or Cheese, Daily from 1 till 4 p.m.

Table d'hôte at 6 o'clock. Sundays at 5 o'clock. Bedrooms including Attendance, from 2s 6d.

Letters and Telegrams to be addressed to

W. G. DAVIDSON, Manager.

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M'DOUGALL & SONS,

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ESTABLISHED OVER FIFTY YEARS.

DEPOT FOR MINTON'S, WORCESTER, CROWN DERBY, DRESDEN PORCELAIN, AND DOULTON WARE.

Lowest Trade Terms. Cash Discount allowed.

Sole Glasgow Agents for DR. SALVIATTI'S VENETIAN GLASS, a Choice Consignment of which is just to hand, comprising many Beautifully Decorated Examples of this Celebrated Make. INSPECTION INVITED.

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CONSERVATORIES and NEW HOT-HOUSES

Are open from 9 a.m. till Dusk. Admission, 6d.

PROMENADE CONCERT SEASON
will begin on

SATURDAY NEXT, 14TH MAY, AT 7 P.M.

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

To be had at Mr Sloan's, 140 Hope Street; and at Garden Gate.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Friday, 13th May, at 1.
PUBLIC SALE OFHIGH-CLASS DUTY PAID WINES,
(The Stock of a Wine Merchant removing).ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. are instructed to
Sell the above, by Auction, *without reserve*, in the Royal
Exchange Sale Rooms, North Court, St. Vincent Place, on
Friday, 13th May, at One o'clock.

Particulars in Catalogues.

Samples on Morning of Sale.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms 9th May, 1881.

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EXHIBITION

OF HIGH-CLASS

MODERN PAINTINGS,

IN
MESSRS T. & R. ANNAN'S GALLERY,
Comprising Examples bySir John Gilbert, R.A.,
Eugene Verboeckhoven,
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A. Delobbe,
John Varley,
J. Philippean,
George Earl,R. Ansell, R.A.,
Herman Tenkate,
W. Witherington, R.A.,
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Open from 10 till 6.

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217 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW,ESTABLISHED for the Sale of First-class Engravings, Drawings,
Chromos, &c. The Stock of Engravings comprises some of the
Choicest Works after Landseer, Rosa Bonheur, Ansell,
Millais, Holman Hunt, Wilkie, Turner, Miss Thompson
(painter of the "Roll Call," &c.), and others equally celebrated.
We hold the Largest Stock of Engravings of any Dealer out of
London, and the Prices charged are Extremely Moderate.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.*BROWN'S
ROYAL MUSIC HALL,
Under the New Management.

PROPRIETOR,.....THOS. ROGERS.

MANAGERESS,.....MRS ROGERS.

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CHANGE OF ARTISTES EVERY WEEK.

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Prices from 6d to One Guinea.

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projects a new Revolution in Bookselling,
and, as a preliminary step, has arranged for a
REMORSELESS AND DETERMINED CLEARING
SALE of the Whole of his Present Stock before
the end of his Lease.*This Week*We wish all who take an interest in books to call and see the
Stock as re-priced.

ROBERT LINDSAY, 102 QUEEN STREET.

CROWN PRINCE RUDOLPH
CARLOWITZ.On his Visit to our Vaults (Feb. 18th. 1878), His Imperial
Highness the CROWN PRINCE RUDOLPH OF AUSTRO-
HUNGARY tasted this Wine, and pronounced it to be
"exceedingly good."

15/ PER DOZEN QUARTS.

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OF
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BURTON MILD AND PALE ALES

Are now being delivered.
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COLLEGE STATION, HIGH STREET, GLASGOW.

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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.



AMERICAN PERFORATED 3-PLY VENEER SEATING,

For Fitting up Waiting, Billiard, and Smoking Rooms, Spirit Shops, Restaurants, &c.

SETTEES AND CHAIRS
In Great Variety.

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EGLIN & GARDNER,
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OX TONGUES.

FRESH SHIPMENT of the VERY BEST OX TONGUES, will Sell at 6^d, or 60s per Cwt.
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BRANCH—
28 ST. GEORGE'S ROAD, CHARING CROSS.

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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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SUPPER ROOMS NOW OPENED.
Fish, Tripe, and Oysters from 7 p.m.

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

The OLDEST Irish Whiskey in the Market.
The PUREST and most wholesome.
As a stimulant, PREFERRED to the finest brandy.
BOTTLED IN H. M. CUSTOMS STORES.



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ONE QUALITY ONLY for home trade and exportation—
THE BEST.

SOLD by Agents in every district (Wine Merchants and Grocers) in one dozen cases, each CONTAINING TWO IMPERIAL GALLONS.

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LUNCHEON ROOMS NOW OPEN.

ONE OF THE FINEST DINING ESTABLISHMENTS
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CHARGES MODERATE.

CROSS RESTAURANT
STEEL'S, 9 LONDON STREET.

Newly Renovated, and under New Management.
BREAKFASTS, LUNCHEONS, DINNERS, TEAS, &c.,
At Prices that Defy Competition.
LADIES' ROOMS, with Every Convenience.

Admirably Situated for Parties having Business in the Cattle Market, or otherwise Engaged in East-End.

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.

WEDDING CAKES
OF FINEST QUALITY.

Tastefully Ornamented, from One Guinea upwards.
A. M. & A. BROWN, 279 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

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BREAKFASTS, DINNERS, TEAS.

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WASTE PAPER, Ledgers, Letters, Books,
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The ONLY Telephone Exchange now in Glasgow. Parties joining now can converse with every Subscriber to the Amalgamated Telephone Exchange.

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SATISFACTORY WORKING GUARANTEED.





The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 448. Glasgow, Wednesday, May 18th, 1881. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 448.

LET the ultimate result of the Mackinnon trial be what it may, we in Glasgow have already made up our minds that, so far as we are concerned, it has proved an out and out failure. We had looked to it for various tid-bits of scandal, we had hoped to learn something of the manner in which more than one of our great city men made their first entry into business, it was supposed that the familiar names of Potter and Morton would once more have come to the surface, but the case for the prosecution has closed and one and all of these expectations have resulted in nothing. Never, indeed, was a less sensational action called before the Court of Session. From first to last it has proved a mere matter of clerks and accountants. And looking at the case in the light supplied by the character and antecedents of the defender, we can now understand that at no time was there any likelihood of its falling into the lines of the famous City Bank trial. Mr WILLIAM MACKINNON has nothing in common with the Innes Wrights and Harry Inglises of the unfortunate concern. A man of vast wealth, of precise and unerring habits of business, his connection with the Bank may have made him responsible for certain of its short-comings, but his responsibility was of another character than that of the unhappy men who appeared in the dock of the High Court of Justiciary in the beginning of 1879. Like so many others who have gained a name in the commercial world, Mr MACKINNON is a native of Cantire. He was born in Campbeltown some sixty or sixty-five years ago, and made his start in life in the somewhat humble capacity of apprentice to Mr John Montgomery, grocer, Main Street there. He next opened a grocer's shop in Campbeltown on

his own account, but this proving unsuccessful he removed to Glasgow, and afterwards to Calcutta, the second journey having been undertaken at the instance of a friend named Mackenzie who, from having been a bank agent in Cantire, was now engaged in the coasting trade in the Bay of Bengal. Shortly after Mr MACKINNON'S arrival in the East he was assumed as a partner by Mackenzie, the firm being Mackenzie, Mackinnon, & Co., and it was while acting as the moving influence of the business that the Man you Know originated the "Indian Steam Navigation Co.," one of the chief maritime concerns in the world. Mr MACKINNON returned long ago from Calcutta, and indeed he has chiefly resided for years at Balinakill, an estate he purchased in Cantire shortly after he began to grow wealthy. But although residing in Cantire he is still as earnest and indefatigable in business matters as ever. Work with him has become a habit, and were he to cease to work he would probably cease to live. At the same time it must not be supposed that the Man you Know takes no delight in social intercourse. Although somewhat "close"—to use such a colloquialism as he would delight to employ himself—and abstemious to a fault in his personal habits, he delights to see his business and other friends around his table, either at his house Balinakill, or on board his little yacht the "Loup," as it steams slowly up and down West Loch Tarbert—for, be it whispered, Mr MACKINNON is but a fresh water sailor, and has no stomach for dirty weather at sea. One special hobby of our friend is that of appearing as a patron of the Free Kirk, and another the making of roads in the district where he resides. A recent outcome of the first of these traits was the erection of a neat little church for the Free congregation of Clachan, while the second has led to the construction of a carriage drive round Dunskeig,

one of the best preserved of the ancient Scottish or Pictish forts in the West of Scotland. Mr MACKINNON spares no pains to ingratiate himself with the neighbouring gentry. His invitations to Balinakill, and to trips on board his private yacht, have already been mentioned, but he has a third string to his net, and that is to order each new ship of the British Indian Co., as it leaves the Messrs Denny's yard, round to the west coast of Cantire, and to gather the magnates of the country-side on board, there to hold a high holiday of feasting and junketting and all manner of enjoyment. Any notice of the Man you Know would be incomplete which made no mention of his small and wiry figure. His hair, moreover, is grey to whiteness. The methodical habits he pursues in business are carried into his personal attire. He wears the snowiest of linen, the neatest of coats, and the nattiest of shoes. In manner he is shy and retiring, and at times there is even an air of timidity in his gait. Few men, indeed, have been so much belied as well by their looks as by their outward and visible appearance. Certainly no stranger would imagine for a moment that this "scrimp" and yet dapper little personage was the bold and ambitious speculator whose schemes had been crowned with such conspicuous success, the untiring worker, and the determined litigant in one of the most important causes—looking, that is, at the sum involved—which has come before the law courts in the present generation.

ONE FOR THE "BILLEE TAYLOR."

(Outside of Pit Entrance to the Gaiety Theatre.)

Jim—Hullo, Tom, been seeing "Billee Taylor?"

Tom—Couldn't afford it, old boy, been paying my tailor's bill-(e)!

Jim (moving off)—Ha, ha, send that to the B(a)ilie.

AND RECKS NOT HIS OWN READ.—*Ophelia*.
Should duty well done to preferment incite?

Have long years of service ought in them to plead?
Albeit it be not a matter of right,

The books might by grace have been given to Reid.

OVERHEARD ON FRIDAY AT HAMILTON.—

Lor' Kirsty, d'ye ken wha yon yeoman is wi' the velvet coat an' white hat wi' the braw black band? Nae doubt he maun be a body o' consequence, or maybe in mornin' for some o' his patients!

Prof. COATES' *Medical Magnets* far supersede all others, and are unhesitatingly recommended by the Faculty. Consultations daily at Prof. COATES' Rooms, 62 Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow.

"The Fifty-Four."

"Mr George Anderson and Dr Charles Cameron voted with the minority of fifty-four against Mr Gladstone's proposal of a national monument to the Earl of Beaconsfield."—*Daily Paper*.

AND has our grand old City's voice
Been raised to swell a party cry?
Is it her people's will and choice
These well-won honours to deny?
Ah, no! The City spoke not there!
Her heart, still gen'rous as of yore,
Resents the thought that she would share
The laurels of the Fifty-four.

And, no more generous than just,
The mud-stained wreath she freely gives
To those who thus fulfil their trust—
Her twin misrepresentatives!
Take, then, this credit and renown,
To add to those you've won before,
And Fame your names shall trumpet down
Among the glorious Fifty-four.

But, gentlemen, a word with you
In calmness, Was it worth your while
To mingle with that motley crew,
And wantonly our name defile?
Had it not been a worthier deed
To pause before the vault's sad door,
And, foll'wing Gladstone's gallant lead,
Make less by two the Fifty-four?

You move no more than erst in life
The giant who in harness fell.
Scarce calmer than amid the strife
Beside his loved ones he sleeps well.
Your petty arrows reach him not:
Small cares and great for him are o'er.—
Pray ye it may be soon forgot
That you were of the Fifty-four!

NOT TO BE SOLD.

Young Man (from the Country, to Glasgow chappie)—Can ye tell me whare the Mulguy buss starts frae?

G. C.—There it's, at the other side o' the street.

Y. M. from the Country—That 'ill dae! That's for Milngavie. Am no sae green's a' that, ma man. It's Mulguy a' want. (Exit.)

"MASSIVE" OR "MASTIFF."—Somebody advertises a "massive pup" for sale. He mustn't expect a big price. The breed is too common. You may meet massive pups by the score any day in Buchanan Street—massive as to their watch-chains, their whiskers, and their self-importance. Possibly, however, the fellow means a "mastiff pup"—in which case he has more prospect of realising satisfactorily.

THE GRAND "MARCH."—The ancient custom of "perambulating the burgh marches" is, it seems, to be revived in Paisley on the second Tuesday of June. Local weather-prophets predict that the 14th prox. will be a "wet" day.

A Clever "Karl"—The Transvaal "shootist."

A "Seemingly Veracious" Prospectus.

THE guilelessness of your average "prospectus" is highly pleasing to the ingenuous mind. Here, for instance, is an extract from one of those dainty documents, set before the readers of the *Herald* by the promoters of the nine-hundred-and-ninety-ninth—or so—gold-mining company started since the beginning of the year:—"There are ample proofs in every direction of the presence of ancient gold-workers, . . . and many seemingly veracious stories are told of the large finds they often had." Will none of our local artists give us a study of the Glasgow capitalist investing his money on the strength of the italicised words?

ONE FOR THE MILITARY.

(Scene—Parade ground of well-known local Volunteer Corps. Ground laid off with flags, to indicate a bridge over an imaginary river;—several companies cross and skirmish, and are afterwards ordered to retire.)

Sharp Military Adjutant (to Captain, who is taking his Company the wrong way)—Don't you see what you've done, sir? You've taken your men into the river.

Volunteer Captain (waggishly)—It's all right, sir—my men can swim.

[Disgust of S. M. A.]

QUITE TOO "CONSUMMATE!"—Speaking the other evening at a supper of the Helensburgh and Gareloch Liberal Association—there's a name for you!—the Rev. W. H. Wylie talked of "the consummate flower of the old governing class." "Consummate flower" is good; but isn't it a bit of a crib from the "æsthetes," Mr. Wylie? If you continue to cultivate this quite-too-awfully-utter style of oratory, we shall have you decking your venerable if somewhat diminutive person with passion-flowers, and dying of a dado!

SAD.—'Tis true, 'tis pity, but pity 'tis 'tis true, that only one policeman in our whole force can be said to be AI in his official capacity.

An Irish "Wake"—The tenant farmers getting their eyes opened at last.

Natural Religion for Easter—Buddhism.

Do. for Christmas—Mince-piety.

A "Peregrine"-ation—The winning of the "Two Thousand."

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.

ONCE upon a time there was no man better known on the Glasgow Exchange than George Mills, who quietly passed to his rest a few days ago. Few of the present generation would have recognised him, for he had practically disappeared from the place "where merchants most do congregate." But by the older members he was well remembered, and though his death creates no marked void, it will none the less cause unfeigned regret. His versatility was extraordinary, and his talents were developed latterly not so much in commerce as in literature. "The Beggar's Benison" is a remarkable contribution to our local literature, and as a novel concerning Glasgow, and Glasgow life, it will be regarded as a companion work to the more antiquated but still famous "Cyril Thornton."

Some future Glasgow novelist, should he be as able as George Mills, may perhaps weave into fiction the existing eccentricities of the pig-iron market and the Stock Exchange. A few of the statements in "The Beggar's Benison" were so apparently outrageous that the author added a supplement of facts to show that he had not been altogether romancing. The facts were culled from the evidence led in a notorious case arising out of the Western Bank failure. Hardly any of these were more astounding than the disclosures made after the City of Glasgow Bank failed, but when the next crisis comes round, as it certainly will unless people take care, the revelations may prove more curious still. As prices go it seems assured that many people must drop a lot of money. They persist in buying iron, though the article is declining through sheer inanition. They also persist in buying the ordinary stocks of home railways, until these securities show no reasonable margin upon the capital invested in them. By and bye they will get the baby to hold, and it promises to be a fractious and expensive infant.

An issue of 50 franc notes will shortly be made by the Bank of France. In other words the French people will hereafter have £2 notes as well as £4 notes, the latter being the lowest amount now in circulation. It will naturally occur to any one that the French might go a step further and issue 25-franc notes, which would bear an affinity to the much abused £1 note of the Scotch Banks. While France is struggling to bring its note circulation down to the level of the meanest capacity, the tendency of opinion in England is altogether the other way. Englishmen look askance at a Scotch £1 note and call it "filthy lucre," which it often is by reason of its extreme dirtiness. The dirt arises from the frequent issue of the same note by the Banks, who actually make a profit out of the decayed notes, which become so torn that they are no longer worth twenty shillings. In these matters the Scotch Banks are too greedy. They have no business to make money out of their own shabby promises to pay, and if they go on in this way they have little chance of engaging public opinion so strongly as to get their new bills passed. A new Bank bill, in our days, is only a synonym for more rigorous monopoly.

Scotch Banks have done the State some service in their day, no doubt, and therefore something may possibly be said in favour of legalised monopoly. But if protection be good in one case it may in another. If there is to be no free trade in banking, why should there be free trade in anything else? When the principle of protection is once admitted it becomes difficult to refuse its application generally.

SCRUTATOR.

THE SINCEREST FORM OF FLATTERY.—Mr Bright's answer to the Greenock "Scottish Workmen's Association for the Abolition of Foreign Bounties" is couched in very bad grammar. Is this intended as a delicate compliment to the right honourable gentleman's correspondents?

Un-feline—To *ex-home* "the harmless, necessary cat."

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—You must advise all your friends to go up early and go on to the Theatre Royal during the next fortnight. On the first days of June Miss Litton and her company say good-bye for the present to Glasgow, arrangements having been completed on Wednesday last for their appearance at the London Court Theatre on the 4th proximo.

When Miss Litton goes, we are to have a short season of tragedy, with Mr Vermin Vezin in the leading parts. Among the rôles which Mr Vezin will assume will be *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*.

"The Rivals" will continue to form the *pièce de resistance* at the Royal to-night, to-morrow night, and Wednesday night, while the programme on the succeeding evenings of the week will consist of "The Busybody" and "The Country Girl"—surely a bill of fare sufficiently ample to satisfy the stomach of even the hungriest playgoer. With "The Busybody" we are already familiar, on account of its admirable performance by the Royal Company a fortnight ago, but "The Country Girl" is quite unknown to the Glasgow stage. Taken by Wycherley in 1675 from "L'Ecole des Femmes" of Moliere, and called "The Country Wife," the piece was altered by Garrick in 1766, when it was rechristened "The Country Girl," and now Mr Bannister, finding that Garrick's emendations were scarcely thorough enough for the taste of the present day, has subjected "The Country Girl" to a course of the pruning-knife, in the same way that Garrick used the scalpel on the earlier piece.

"One Touch of Nature," a little, one act drama, taken two and twenty years ago by Benjamin Webster from the French, and played too seldom since, will continue to precede "The Rivals" up till Wednesday evening. It is particularly noticeable for the fine acting of Mr Everill in Webster's original part of *Penn Helder*.

According to her present arrangements, Miss Litton will return to the Theatre Royal at the beginning of October.

I'm astonished, my Magistrate, that that excellent new song, entitled "All for the sake of Eliza," hasn't yet got acclimatised in Glasgow. So funny did it sound, and so loud was the applause with which it was received last Monday, as sung at the Gaiety by Mr Solomons, in the opera of "Billee Taylor," that I imagined that by this time I should have been greeted with the words and the melody at every street corner. And Mr Solomons' song is only one out of a score of good things in the "Billee Taylor" entertainment. For my own part, indeed, I have mainly been taken by the acting of Mr Fred Sidney in the role of *Sir Mincing Lane*.

When "Billee Taylor" is withdrawn, Mr Bernard promises us a visit from Miss Lizzie Coote—a young lady whose name suggests the lighter species of comedy, if not actual burlesque.

Risque but clever is the phrase which best describes "Forbidden Fruit," a comedy which will be played to-night at the Royalty for the first time in Glasgow. The piece had its origin, if my recollection serves, in one of M. Hennequin's vaudevilles, and it is the work, in its English dress, of Mr Dion Boucicault. Perhaps the plot will be best understood if I say that it resembles, in some measure, that of "Les Dominos Roses," a work which, unless I am much mistaken, is not quite unknown to the British stage. Let the plot, however, be what it may, its working out is wonderfully clever. We have no more experienced dramatist than Mr Boucicault, and Boucicault has brought all his experience and all his humour to bear on "Forbidden Fruit."

Amongst Mr Knapp's engagements, for not distant appearance, are Mr Murray, son of the old renowned Edinburgh Manager, and friend of Sir Walter Scott, who will essay, for the first time before a Glasgow audience, the role of *Sir Pertinax McSycophant*, in "The Man of the World."

Sir Pertinax, of course—especially after Phelps' memorable personation—is "much," but we shall hope to see Mr Murray pull through it with credit to himself. He is to be supported, by the way, curiously enough, by the son of another, and more recent Edinburgh manager, Mr Wyndham.

"Never Too Late to Mend" has been a great success at the Royal Princess's Theatre, and will run till the end of this week. Many of your readers, my Magistrate, may remember the correspondence which took place between Charles Reade and Charles Mathews shortly after the production of this play under its original title of "Gold" at Drury Lane. Mr Mathews, in reply to an angry letter from the novelist, stated that he "was ignorant that the name of the author of 'Gold' was Charles Reade, that he was ignorant that he (the said Reade) never forgave an offence, that he was ignorant that he was the author of a melodrama called 'Gold,' that he was ignorant that Reade had ever been refused admission at Madame Vestris's Theatre, and that, with this wholesale confession of ignorance, he begged to subscribe himself CHARLES MATHEWS." It was generally admitted that Charley the actor had much the better of Charley the author in the little literary duel.

For next Monday Mr Beryl promises us another visit from the Madame Beatrice Company, who will appear in "The Workman."

Ex-Lord Provost Collins is about to appear in a new character—that, namely, of a circumnavigator. He will leave the Clyde one of these days in his steam yacht the "Fingal," and, voyaging southward along the West Coast till he reaches Land's End, will then turn to the east. A cruise through the English Channel will come next, and then the eastern shores of England and Scotland will be followed as far north as Inverness, after which the "Fingal" will turn into the Caledonian Canal, the homeward journey being by Oban and the Mull of Cantire. Two months, it is calculated, will be spent in the voyage.

What result will attend this attempt of certain of the iron brokers to form themselves into an association, the one qualification for becoming a member of which is that you must deposit £500—by way of guarantee, I suppose, that, well, that you possess £500? Two similar attempts have been made by the more ambitious dealers in the market, one so far back as 1847, and another ten years later, but both came to nothing. Certain irreverent people prophesy a like measure of success for the present scheme.

Our friends of the "Old Deacons' Association" of the Fourteen Incorporated Trades of the City have fixed their annual outing for Thursday. They proceed on that day by train to Callander, drive to the Trossachs and dine in Mrs Blair's celebrated hotel, returning to Callander in the afternoon, and the city in the evening.

The new Exchange Rooms, in the Grand Hotel, Charing Cross, were opened for the use of subscribers this (Monday) morning.

The indefatigable G. J., and the effusive W. W., honourable Councillors both, have succeeded in installing one of their youthful favourites of the Mitchell Library as manager of the Stirling Library—putting him over the head of a tried servant of ten years' standing, who knew both Stirling's books and Stirling's readers.

One of the features of to-day's Appeal Court—which was liberal, by the bye, in the matter of licences—was the loquacity of Mr James Clark. It seemed impossible, indeed, for Mr Clark to hold his tongue, until one of his brethren—Mr Hugh Brown, to wit—hinted that the only result of his eloquence was to waste so much of the time of the Justices, when Mr Clark incontinently sat down.

The Turner drawings loaned to the Parks and Galleries Committee by the Trustees of the National Gallery arrived in Glasgow last week, and arrangements are being made for having them "hung" at once in the Corporation Galleries. The drawings are fifty-three in number, and comprise sketches in pencil, pen and ink, chalk, sepla, and colour.

Another arrival in the City last week was that of the stuffed figures and skins of beasts and birds gifted by the British Museum to the Corporation. These have been huddled into all kinds of corners in the Kelvingrove Museum.

The Yeomanry "high jinks," as you called them last week, my magistrate, came to a close on Friday. Captain Stevenson, the gallant adjutant of the regiment, had a narrow escape on Thursday. His horse fell, in fact it threw a complete somersault, when on parade, and rolled heavily over on its rider. How he escaped is a marvel. Dr Reid and Dr Dougan were quickly in attendance, but the Captain leapt to his feet at once, and although badly crushed was in the saddle in no time, and the following day he rode in two of the regimental races. There was pluck if you like!

On the racecourse, on Friday, I noticed Miss Litton (Mrs W. W. Robertson), looking charming in her new spring attire. She occupied a place on a drag, one of the other occupants of which was Mr Lal Brough, who was seemingly keeping everybody on the vehicle in good humour.

"Quality" was not as well represented on the course in the form of dukes and lordlings as of old, but the fun was good notwithstanding.

David Murray had run down from Tillietudlem, forsaking apple blossom to study and enjoy the games and freaks of human nature, and James A. Aitken had gone up from Glasgow on a similar errand.

Coming home in the evening, some people in a four-in-hand seemed anxious to emulate the "Voyage en Suisse" of the Hanlon-Lees. They managed to smash one of the wheels, and then land themselves, safe and sound, on the crown o' the causey.

Three members of our local parliament will be "through" in Edinburgh on Thursday, on the occasion of our annual Ecclesiastical Saturnalia. These will be Bailie M'Onie, who goes from the Council; Councillor Gray, who goes from the Glasgow Presbytery; and Bailie Dickson, who goes from the Glasgow Free Kirk Presbytery. One of the events of the meeting will be the dinner given by the three friends on the evening of Thursday week.

The Lord Provost is to entertain the Magistrates and Town Council to dinner in the George Hotel on the evening of the Queen's Birth Day (the 26th). This surely looks, my Magistrate, like a revival of our good old customs.

One of the most prominent figures in the Mackinnon case last week in the Court of Session was that of the defender himself, who from morning till night bustled about among his agents and counsel keeping, them *au courant* with regard to each new point as it came up.

Mr Muir, "the great big Glesca accountant" of the ex-Dean of Faculty, was one of the prominent witnesses last week, but was scarcely, it was noticeable, as conceited as of yore. At times, however, he showed his old inclination to "instruct the Court." Another prominent witness was Mr Cameron, who was quiet and gentle; and a third was Mr Wylie Guild, who was the one man free from affectation, and was therefore all the more impressive in his several statements.

Rumour has it that Captain M'Call will shortly receive a substantial addition to his income. His present salary is £700 per annum, and the proposal is that it shall be raised to £1000!

REPORTERERE.—The London correspondent of a contemporary writing last week talked grandiosely of the "acumen of activity" and "potentiality of power" displayed by some big wig. But what does it all mean? The BAILIE wots not.

Concerning the Un-Holy Alliance.

THAT the millenium is approaching.

That the orange lion is lying down with the papist tiger.

That the meeting on Friday, between Mr Wetherall and Father Munro, was a sicht for sair een.

That it was maist affeckin' tae see Dr Dodds and Archbishop Eyre embracing one another.

That both Orangemen and Papishes have covered themselves with ridicule by their conduct on Friday.

OMNISCIENCE AT SEA.—It is amusing to note the different versions given by local and other papers of Mr Gladstone's little quotation in his "monumental" speech the other evening. If each journal would add to its staff a Board School boy with an elementary knowledge of Latin, profane jesters would have less ground for derision, and sensitive readers would be spared many a pang.

NOT IN THE SWIM.—The floating swimming-bath, which was tried for two seasons at Greenock, has turned out a financial failure, and is at present "for sale, hire, or charter." Your Sugaropolitan, it is clear, depends for his ablu-tions on rain and whisky.

LITERARY "FIND."—Granny has discovered a new fiction by Wilkie Collins, called "The White Lady." Admirers of "The Woman in White" are anxious to know where the, apparently, sister-story can be obtained.

SHIRKING HIS WORK.—In noticing the death of a well-known Greenock writer, the *Herald* states that the deceased gentleman avoided the "weightier matters of the law." Would it not have been in better taste to ignore this unprofessional characteristic?

QUITE SO.—From the number of young folks who come in by rail from neighbouring burghs, in order to attend one or other of our City Academies, it would seem that their parents or guardians must have resolved literally to "train up a child in the way he should go."

Grammatical Note.—Present Potential—Able to meet the "May" term.

"All on account of Eliza,"—The Spanish Armada.

"The Rivals"—Irving and Booth.

A Pugilistic Play—"Blow for Blow."

"The Man of Feeling"—A vivisectionist.

Very Provoking.

HELENSBURGH tried to get up a small "party riot" on her own hook the other day, and when some of the rioters—or, as our friend the reporter *will* have it, "the participants in the disgraceful disturbance"—were brought before the local Police Court most of them were, "on account of the provocation, dismissed with a severe admonition." Severe admonitions are all very well in their way; but if "the Brighton of Scotland" desires to remain habitable she had better persuade her Magistracy, on the next occasion of the kind, to oblige provokers and provoked alike with the orthodox and salutary "sixty days."

'TIS JUST THE FASHION.—*As You Like It.*
A wasteful and ridiculous excess
To paint the lily in unvarying pot;
O'er every fabric, texture, to impress
The lesson sad—too sad to be forgot—
That "art" would run to seed—if 'twere "not" innate not.

SWEET SPIRIT, &c.

(Scene—Loch Leven. Boatmen fishing—anglers taking lunch.)

Angler—Well, boatmen, will ye have some thing to eat just now, or a drink—I have beer here, and porter—what'll ye have, Willie? (Willie seems to be where his eyes are fixed—on the top of Benarty!) *Angler* continuing—And here is some whisky—

Willie (returning from Benarty to the boat, to his neighbour)—Man, Dick, 'ave offen seen them risin' after a dram!

"LET DOGS DELIGHT!"—In bringing the meeting of the U.P. Synod to a close last Tuesday, the Moderator congratulated his hearers on the fact that the proceedings had been "very pleasant," inasmuch as "there had been no biting and devouring of one another." My conscience, has it come to this? Do our U.P. friends consider a spirit of sweet reasonableness to have prevailed among them, so long as matters have not reached the length of cannibalism? No wonder they long to devour the Church, when they can hardly be restrained from devouring one another!

Institution for the Deaf and Dumb—A wax-work.

The "Irish Element"—Potheen.

A Building Society—The Bute beavers.

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Quavers.

A FRIEND spending a few days in London writes—"The other day I was at a most pleasant luncheon, at which Miss Julia Elton (well-known in Glasgow in connection with oratorio) was presented, on the occasion of her retirement from the profession, with a magnificent album containing photographs of her sister and brother artists, in recognition of their regard for her as a lady and an artist. Maybrick and Lewis Thomas presented the book, and among the contributors were all the best known names in music—Sullivan, Benedict, Costa, Cowen, Blumenthal, Piatti, Sainon, Dr Spark of Leeds, Best of Liverpool, &c." Miss Elton last sang in Glasgow two years ago, if one remembers rightly, in "Moses in Egypt," on its first production here.

The Richter London Concerts, of which this is the third season, were begun on the 9th inst., in Drury Lane Theatre. There will be nine altogeth, extending to June 23rd. Wagner, Brahms, Liszt, and the chief composers of the advanced school, will be largely drawn from; Beethoven and Schumann too, as a matter of course. Herr Hans Richter, as most people interested in music will be aware, is one of the most famous Continental conductors, and has mainly been associated with Wagner in the production of his operas. No doubt many Glasgow people visiting London will find their way of an evening to the Richter concerts. By the way, it may be mentioned that a gentleman well known in connection with the Glasgow Orchestral Concerts is south at present, assisting similarly at Herr Richter's series.

The Glasgow Choral Union are engaged on the "Faust" choruses at present, but will discontinue practising shortly, the season being wound up, so to speak, with the annual picnic, which comes off in a few weeks. Berlioz' "Faust" is altogeth a most remarkable work. The choruses are quite out of the usual experience of societies, much of it being for male voices. There is not a little both of the humorous and the sensational in the cantata, but there are also choral passages of exceeding dignity and grace, sufficient altogeth to justify the work being included in the Union's schemes, apart from the interest generally to be attached to the music of the great if eccentric Frenchman.

A correspondent writes to suggest that some of Thomas Carlyle's songs should be set to music. He instances his "Adieu," "To-day," "Fortuna," and "The Sowers," as just waiting for melodies. Here is a hint to our western musicians, which they might do very much worse than take, the more that there is plenty of character in Carlyle's verses.

These notes will now naturally cease for the time being. Perhaps a brief survey, however, of the busy musical year now closed may not be unacceptable before good-bye is said.

CONSIDERATE HIBERNIANS.—The Bradford Irishmen absented themselves from Mr Forster's meeting with his constituents last Wednesday, on account of "the insults, the calumny, the misrepresentation, and the tyrannical coercion heaped upon their fellow-countrymen." If the Irishmen of Glasgow were equally considerate our public meetings would be more harmonious than they sometimes are.

TO A TE.—Some one wishes to know if Doré, when musically inclined, uses the Sol-fa notation? Why naturally soh. (Lah! Me!!)

"Ways that are Dark"—Spiritualists'.

"Tricks that are Vane"—A weathercock's.

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Ladies and Letters.

THE employment of "female labour" in our post-offices is no doubt a very good thing in its way, but it has its inconveniences. We are all accustomed to being ignored and snubbed by young persons who are possessed of more than the supercilious haughtiness displayed by some of Messrs Spiers & Pond's fair *employées*, and who have not even the doubtful excuse of comeliness; and now an inconvenience of a graver nature has cropped up in Edinburgh, where a young lady is in custody on a charge of "detaining and tampering with" letters posted by a friend to her sweetheart in Glasgow. One can understand such things occurring in a village office, but when they are found to take place in the capital is it not time to consider whether some limit should not be set to the employment, in such confidential capacity, of a sex whose spiteful curiosity is apparently ineradicable? The BAILIE is nothing if not gallant, but he confesses to a prejudice in favour of entrusting his correspondence to masculine care.

A RELIC OF WATERLOO.

(Scene—Doctor's Shop in Crown Street. Present—Doctor —; an Ayrshire "Snip," who has just met with a tramway accident; and a member of *la force* "takin' notes.")

Doctor—"I'm afraid your leg is seriously injured."

Snip—Seriously injured, did ye say? Man, Doctor, the car wis never built that could spile that leg. D'ye ken, the faither o' that leg wis at Waterloo!"

BEARING HIM OUT.—The Mitchell Library will soon become, if it goes on at this rate, a formidable rival to its big brother in Bloomsbury. In the latest list of "donations" the BAILIE is proud to observe—side by side with contributions from the Right Hon. the Secretary of State for India, Mr George Anderson, and the Cobden Club—"From Mr H. A. Long—The Names we Bear, by H. A. Long." Fired by this noble example, Asinus intends to indite—and likewise present to the Library—a work to be entitled "Names we Can't Bear." It will be dedicated to Mr Long.

The Flight of the Cuckoo—Mr Yate's resignation.

A Flag of Distress—*The Flag of Ireland.*

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The Misrepresentation of the City.

THE BAILIE feels certain that the vast majority of his readers will share with him the pain with which he read the names of Mr George Anderson and Dr Charles Cameron among those of the stubborn fifty-four who voted against the proposal to erect a monument to the late Lord Beaconsfield. Glasgow was, in point of fact, distinctly misrepresented on that occasion. If our two members felt themselves forced to carry party rancour beyond the grave, they might at least, like other "conscientious" Radicals, have abstained from voting, and thus have given sufficient expression to their sentiments without joining the motley crew of Laboucheres O'Connors, and Macdonalds in casting a stone at the dead giant. Messrs Anderson and Cameron are fond of parading their devotion to their political chief. In this case, at all events, they would have done well to follow where Gladstone led.

SILLY, SCANTY, DILETTANTE.

Are you in—"tense?" No, I'm in "mood"
For common sense that's understood;
What, not æsthetic? No, I'm not,
Your lilies all I'd send to pot,
Your "utter" nonsense, and your crazes
About Burne-Jones I'd end in blazes.

THE SEXTON AND THE SCOT.—Mr Sexton, M.P., seems to be very much exercised on our behalf. He asked the Lord Advocate the other evening "whether the Government intend to apply for additional powers for the better protection of life and property in Scotland." The too solicitous Hibernian was snubbed with punctuality and despatch; but if he really wants to make our lives and property more secure than they are at present he may do so by persuading his countrymen to stay at home.

PRECOCITY ON WHEELS.—"Bicycle wanted for learner, about 40 inches." So runs an advertisement in the *Herald*. If the "learner" measures only "about 40 inches," would he not do well to stick to the learning of something more appropriate to his tender years than bicycling?

Performance of "the Rifles"—By Dr Carver and Karl Jongh.

A "General" Assembly of ye Olden Time—The Waterloo Banquet.

From the People's William—For the Land "Bill," Tenant-at-"Will."

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The FELTS at TEN SHILLINGS are WOODROW'S "Prize Medal Hats," and are the Finest and Highest Class of Goods in the Kingdom. Beautifully finished.

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The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 18th, 1881.

WHAT a nice little job has been made of the appointment of a Collector of Police and other assessments. Mr JOHN CRAIG has friends in the Council, and this is too often of greater service to a candidate for office than what the Yankees call a "clean record" and the highest qualifications. The objections to Mr CRAIG'S appointment as collector for the Eastern District were weighty, and they apply with signal force to his promotion to the Central District. It might have been expected that having been pitchforked by his friends into a quiet situation Mr CRAIG would have been allowed to remain in congenial obscurity in the east end. But no; the higher position and salary is given to him with indecent haste, and it is quite on the cards that by the same stroke an opening has been made for a relation. In theory appointments to financial positions should be made with the greatest care and discrimination, but this is, of all others, the department in which jobbery is most common. Anybody is deemed qualified to handle the public money, provided always that he is related to those who have the making of the appointment. Among the many public services rendered by that eminent purist, ex-Lord Provost COLLINS, must be remembered the appointment to the Police Treasurership. In that instance, the solemn farce of advertising the vacancy was gone through; but it is doubtful whether this formal tribute to public decency will be observed in regard to the Collectorship. Mr REID, the assistant to the late Collector, has all the humble merits of long and faithful service, intimate knowledge of the duties of the office, ability, and integrity, which entitle him to aspire to the situation; but by a narrow majority, a division in the Town Council have set aside these claims even to the *interim* appointment in favour of their own nominee. Such treatment of a faithful public servant is surely an abuse of power, and the resolution come to with such inordinate zeal should be rescinded forthwith.

MALAPROP.—Mrs M., of the "The Rivals" renown, wishes to know you know if the Home for Indignant Old Men is still in the Rottenrow. Can our unrivalled old friend in her "confusion of epitaphs" have meant "Indigent?"

Washee, Washee.

IT seems that the ratepayers of the city must lay their account before long to find an annual "Baths and Wash-houses cess" included among the rest of the municipal taxes. This fad of public baths is rapidly growing, thanks to certain enthusiastic Town Councillors who seem possessed with a constant itch for spending other people's money. Something like £64,000 has already been flung away in this manner, and only four public baths have been erected, and by the time, therefore, that a bath and wash-house has been provided for each separate district of the city—for this is really what the matter is coming to—a pretty penny will have been flung away. And this isn't all. In the Greenhead Baths, the only institution which has had time to give results, a heavy annual loss falls to be added to the original cost of the building. We have no right to expect that the baths in the other quarters will be more successful than those at the Green, and the prospect, therefore, is, that the public are to pay smartly for, and to be permanently saddled with a series of stupid erections in stone and lime that nobody seems to want.

THE RU'GLEN RENAISSANCE.—The Rutherglen Town Council has sternly determined to put down the pernicious practice of reading, and has declined to continue its customary donation of £10 to the local Public Library. It is understood that the sapient body's next step will be to proceed against the School Board for "most traitorously corrupting the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar school."

WALLACE WIGHT! — Mr Wallace, of the Hamilton Free Presbytery, must be a terrible fellow. According to one of his colleagues, after "drowning" Professor Robertson Smith, he wants "to go and give him another tap on the head, being afraid of suspended animation." My conscience! They ought to engage Wallace in Russia, to exterminate the Nihilists!

SWORD AND GOWN.—The Church militant came out strong in Auld Reekie the other Sunday, when the Rev. Dr Gray, of Liberton, preaching to the members of the Edinburgh City Artillery Brigade, "wore under his robe the uniform of the company." May we not look for a "deliverance" in the forthcoming General Assembly on the subject of this novelty in ecclesiastical vestments?

The Rivals—Dr Carver and Carl Jongh.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT Monday was the rent day.

That it passed over pretty successfully.

That there were a few cases of "shooting the moon."

That this operation is not so fatal as shooting a landlord.

That there is still a good deal of unlet property in Glasgow.

That a judicious lowering of the rents all round might benefit both landlords and tenants

That the Volunteer officers are quite delighted at the prospect of a Royal Review.

That resignations will cease for a time.

That had the Review been announced some weeks earlier a fillip might have been given to recruiting.

That the Review of 1860 was a big event.

That if that of 1881 be as successful it will do.

That Hillhead is the healthiest burgh in the kingdom.

That the Crosshill Commissioners claim that there isn't a healthier burgh in the country than Crosshill.

That the former has got the West-end Park and would like the Corporation to purchase the Botanic Gardens.

That the latter has the full benefit of the South-side Park.

That these burghs are so grateful for their respective Parks that they won't pay one penny for their up-keep.

That the local architects are puzzling their brains over the new Municipal Buildings conditions.

That Mr Barry won't be umpire upon this occasion.

That—may the best plan win.

That Mr Glen Collins has been in the dark for some time.

That he has come once more to the front.

That he has written a pamphlet on the work of the School Board.

That his friend, Mr Fife, has puffed up the "bit bookie."

That Mr Collins wasn't very successful the last time he meddled with School Board matters.

That the dominies "may put on the war paint again."

That the Chairman of the Govan School Board has presented £1000 to his Board.

That some of the Glasgow members might advantageously follow his example.

That certain members of the Incorporation of Barbers are being quietly "doctored."

That they rather like the treatment.

That we are waiting to know who is to be the next Deacon of the distinguished craft.

ADMIRABLE.

(Scene—Refreshment Bar. A group of foreigners are engaged discussing the correct pronunciation of an English word. At length they refer to the waiter.)

Intelligent Foreigner—Vaiter, vat do you say? Ad'mirable, or admir'able?

Waiter (scratching his head)—You see, it's just this—to admire is the singular, and admirable is the plural!

(Collapse of the German host.)

THE CAMPBELLS ARE—GOING IT!—What *are* the Campbells up to? The Duke chucks up his berth in the Cabinet, the Marquis threatens to chuck up *his* berth in Canada, Lord Archibald transforms himself into a complete letter-writer, and now Lady Archibald appears at Court got up as "a heraldic achievement of the 14th century!" There must be a meaning in all this, if one could but find it out.

AN HELENSBURGH LOGICIAN.—Mr Thomas M'Micking, of Helensburgh, writing to a contemporary, remarks—"It is a proof of the worthlessness of State Churchism in England, that a large constituency should elect an avowed atheist to high position." Does Professor Veitch feel disposed to resign his chair? If so, there is an inhabitant of Helensburgh admirably fitted to succeed him.

MINING INCONSISTENCY.—In one of the inevitable gold-mining prospectuses that greet us every morning, fresh as our breakfast-rolls, if less substantial, occurs the remark, "Experience has shown that mines yielding large masses of gold from 'pockets' are unreliable." Why, then, seek to extract large masses of gold from the pockets of the Glasgow public?

THE LEAN AND SLIPPER'D PANTALOON.

He leaned upon the clown for guide,
Then—slipped upon the buttered slide.

The Weather—"Profit"—Making hay while the sun shines.

A Pot o' Money—*Potosi*.

Summery Remark—"Pleasant weather."

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.

WE, in Glasgow, are the richer this week, in an artistic sense, that is, by the presence, in our midst, of M. De Neuville's "Rorke's Drift." This famous picture has already received the "hall-mark" of London approval, and it is therefore next to needless to say a word in its praise now. Those, however, who bring their recollections to bear on the "Marlborough at Ramilies" of Ernest Crofts, the battle picture which occupied the west end of the large gallery of the Institute in the recent Exhibition, and then go down to Messrs M'Clure & Sons, in St. Vincent Street, where the "Rorke's Drift" is on view, will be able to appreciate, in some measure, the greatness of the new picture by the painter of "Le Bourget." While Mr Crofts placed so many wooden puppets on his canvas, M. De Neuville has painted a picture instinct with fierce, passionate life. Looked at how you will, the "Rorke's Drift" is a noble work.

Besides the battle picture, the Messrs M'Clure have various other works, more or less interesting in their way, at present on view. The most important of these is a full length, by Graham Gilbert, of the late "Steenie" Dalglish. This is valuable, both on account of its technical merits, and of the big-brained, large-souled man, of whom it is a capital likeness. It is to be presented by the family of the late Mr Robert Dalglish—the younger brother of "Steenie,"—to the Western Club, of which the original was one of the founders.

The mention of "Rorke's Drift" recalls the fact, by the bye, that Miss Thompson's "Defence of Rorke's Drift," painted twelve months ago "by command" of the Queen, is in the present Royal Academy Exhibition. Rumour avers that it would have been sent to Burlington House last year, had it not been that De Neuville's picture was then on view in the Galleries of the Fine Art Society, at 148 New Bond Street, a circumstance that must necessarily have provoked a comparison not at all favourable to the more fashionable artist.

David Murray, who was in London for the opening of the Academy and the Grosvenor Gallery, has returned north, and is busy at work on the old court-yard of Tillietudlem. *En revanche*, Joseph Henderson is away south. Mr Henderson will be absent for some weeks—a visit to Paris and a run to the Hague being included in his plans.

Andrew Black proposes, before long, to pay a short visit to Millport—in search, of course, of sea-side subjects. John D. Taylor has been resident for some time past in the island burgh which boasts an Earl for its chief magistrate.

W. Y. Macgregor is at present sketching on the Stinchar, the river which, rising among the Loch Doon hills, falls into the sea at Ballintrae.

Of our Helensburgh friends we may note that William Carlaw—who proposes to set up his easel in the Isle of Man some time during the coming summer—is still finding material for study in the neighbourhood of Roseneath, that Peter Buchanan continues to divide his time between Roseneath and the Glenan Burn, and that Duncan Maclaurin is giving the last touches to a portrait on which he has been employed for some months past. The pleasant little artistic society in the "Brighton of Scotland" will shortly be increased, more ver, by the presence of Colin Hunter, who has now returned from his trip to the Mediterranean.

The prospectus of the "Album of Black and White Sketches, by members of the Glasgow Art Club," mention of which was made some weeks ago in this column, has now been issued. Messrs Gillespie Brothers are the publishers of the volume, the literary portion has been entrusted to Mr Robert Walker, the Secretary of the Fine Art Institute.

Opponents of the Police Band—Our thieving Banditti.

The "Land League"—Three miles.

The Peas(c)e-Mealitary—The Volunteers.

Gentlemen who get the Baby to hold—Remedy, 201 Pergambulator.—GARDINER & HARDIE, 42 Great Clyde Street.

Morality and Manners.

IN the U.P. Synod last week the Rev. Mr Gemmel submitted a remarkable "overture" bearing on the promotion of "common truth and honesty among all the office-bearers, members, and adherents of the Church." The motion was doubtless called for, or it would not have been made; and if, while they are it, the Synod will only go in for promoting common civility as well, we may in future be spared the spectacle of an elder describing those differing from him as a "lot."

WHAT'S IN A NAME.

(Scene—Commercial room of hotel, 11-15 p.m.)

Tectotal C. T.—I say, waiter, have you *Punch*?

Waiter—Yes, sir.

T. T. C. T.—Just bring it, please.

Waiter—Yes, sir. (Returns with a tumbler of toddy.)

T. T. C. T.—What's that? I wanted a copy of this week's *Punch*.

[Exit Waiter very much crest-fallen.]

"ROBERTUS" HYS BUTTON.—Great as ever in antiquities, Granny announces the discovery of "an old Scottish coin" at Hurlford. The article bears the inscription "Robertus," and is vaguely said to "belong to the reign of one of the Roberts." In other words, the "coin" is no coin at all, but a button from a mediæval "bobby's" jerkin!

"GOOD MORROW, GOOD LIEUTENANT!"—At a supper in Helensburgh last week the chairman was, we are told, "supported by the Lord-Lieutenant, Mr Alex. Ure." Mr Alex. Ure being our worthy Provost's legal hopeful, some curiosity is felt as to the nature and whereabouts of his Lord-Lieutenancy.

"There is a 'Willow' Grows Ascaunt the Brook"—On the "old blue china" dinner-service.

"She Stooped to Conquer"—The Baroness Burdett Coutts.

A *Reade-able* Play—"It's never too late to mend."

T H E G A I E T Y.

Proprietor and Director,Mr CH. BERNARD.

Manageress,Mrs CH. BERNARD.

LAST WEEK.

MR CHAS. BERNARD'S COMIC OPERA COMPANY IN BILLEE TAYLOR.

Preceded at 7-30 by "SUDDEN THOUGHTS."

Box Office Open 10 till 4 Daily.

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

ROYALTY THEATRE.

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**THE DION BOUCAULT
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 This Evening (Tuesday), May 17th,
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This Enormously Successful Comedy enjoyed an Uninterrupted
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 Preceded at 7.30 by F. W. BROUGHTON'S Comedietta,
WITHERED LEAVES.
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 4, and at the Theatre from 11 till 3.

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Admission, 1s.

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 ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.**

MISS LITTON AS *Lydia Languish,*
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 MR KYRLE BELLEW AS *Captain Absolute,*
 MR EVERILL AS *Sir Anthony Absolute.*

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THE COUNTRY GIRL, AT 7.30.

Miss LITTON will appear as *Peggy.*

To be followed for **THREE NIGHTS ONLY,** by
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On SATURDAY FIRST, 21ST MAY, from 7 to 9 P.M.

Annual Family Ticket, 21s; Single Ticket, 10s 6d;
 To be had at Mr Sloan's, 140 Hope Street; and at Garden Gate.
 N.B.—Subscribers to present their Tickets on entering.

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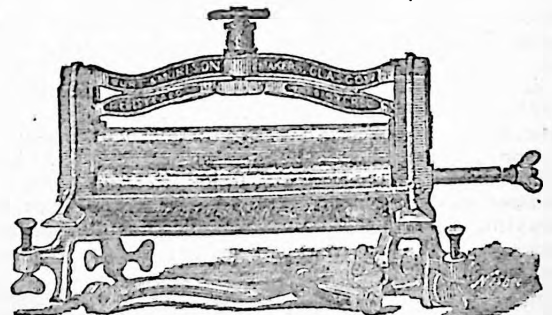
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Hitherto we have not been successful in procuring such a Tea, although we have tasted Samples as high as 8/6 per lb., in bond! An old Scotch proverb says that, "if you bode for a silk gown you may get a sleeve." Now we think we have got the sleeve, 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 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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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"!

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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, 3½d;
WHITE CRUSHED, 3d; FINE BROWN, 2½d.

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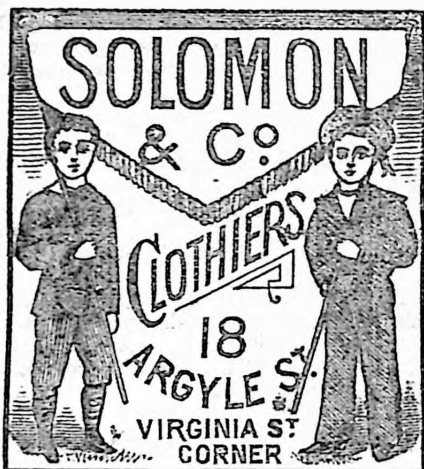
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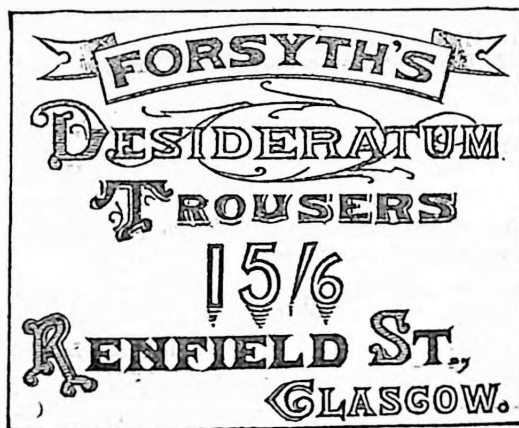
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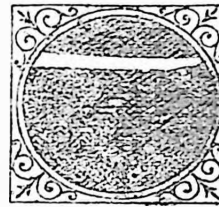
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NEW ADVERTISEMENT.**WALTER WILSON & CO.,
THE LEADING HATTERS.**

For Six weeks past we have been literally crowded with customers, our turn-over in GENTLEMEN'S HATS being nearly double that (for the same period) of any former year. This is extremely gratifying and is truly a fit reward for the extraordinary efforts we have made to meet the requirements of our fellow-citizens. So striking is the value we now offer in Gentlemen's Head-Gear that the merest novice can see the very wide difference in the quality of our Hats as compared with those sold elsewhere, *Fifty per cent* more than our prices being charged by the retail Hatters for exact same Shapes and Qualities; it seems an absurd statement yet we make it advisedly *and are prepared to substantiate the fact.* It is very amusing to us (who are behind the scenes) to read the effusions of some of our brethren in the trade, who boldly assert that they sell at *Makers Prices!* Do they mention the makers large discounts, or are they supposed to live on the simple turn-over; again we see puny rivals offering Hats at less than wholesale prices or thirty per cent cheaper than *anyone* else in Glasgow. *These are Frauds.* We can show samples from their *Stocks?*

We ourselves maintain that nowhere can such value in Hats be had as at the Colosseum, but there is a "big" difference between our "little" plagiarist's friends and ourselves.

We buy only from the largest and best manufacturers in the world, giving gigantic orders, hereby buying at "bottom" prices, we take a little less than the ordinary wholesale profit, with the result that our Clients buy Hats from us as cheap as if they were Hatters buying from any wholesale warehouse. No other house can do this as *we ourselves now do about one third of the whole retail Hat trade of the West of Scotland,* several Lorry Loads of Hats are sold every week at the COLOSSEUM. It is only those Gentlemen *who do not know us that will be astonished.* We invite *everybody* to come and inspect our Stock of

GENTLEMEN'S FELT HATS,

Colour, Purity, Quality, Guaranteed, 3s 6d, 4s 6d, 5s 6d, 7s, and 8s 6d, these last are First Quality French Pullovers. DRESS HATS, the Best in the Market, 17s 6d; Rare Value at 8s 6d, 10s 6d, 12s 6d, and 14s 6d. Hats, Caps, every Size, Description, and Quality.

ANOTHER GREAT EXTENSION!

In a Few Days we will Occupy the Premises at present in the possession of the EDINBURGH ROPERIE CO., 64 Jamaica St., and also those of Messrs WATSON BROS., 62 Jamaica St.

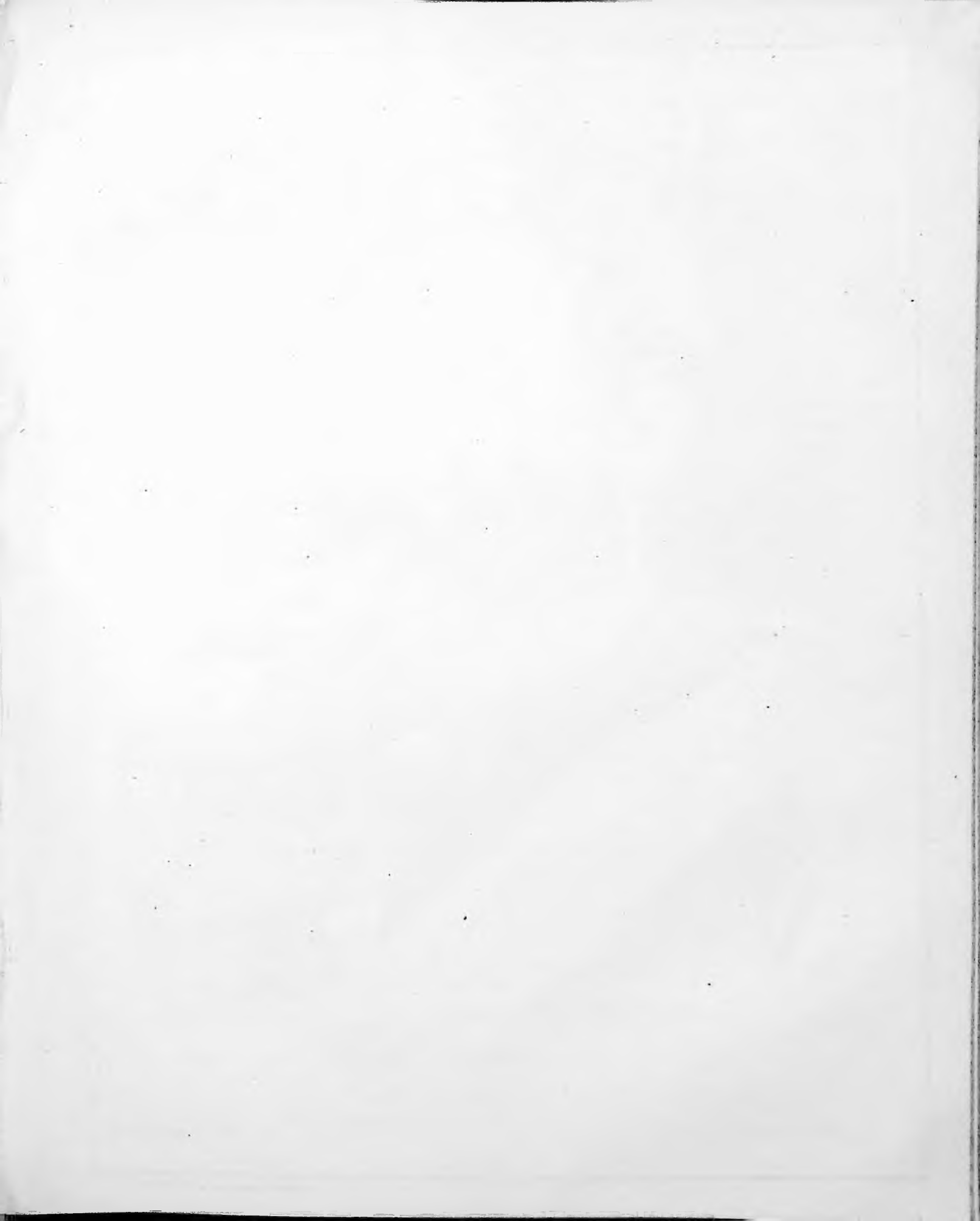
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 { For Gentlemen, No. 62 }





The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 449. Glasgow, Wednesday, May 25th, 1881. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 449.

NOTWITHSTANDING that the BAILIE, like his father the Deacon, is Glasgow born and bred, the memories o' auld langsyne, together with the strain of Macgregor blood that came to him through "the gudewife ayont the fire," has given a strong Highland twist to his leanings and sympathies. He delights in the picturesque garb of old Gaul, and the shrill notes of the bagpipe stir him like the sound of a trumpet. In pursuance of these northern inclinations the Magistrate has selected from time to time the portrait of some typical Highlander wherewith to adorn his pages. On no former occasion, however, has he presented his friends with the *vera effigies* of a more typical Celt than the Man you Know of to-day—Captain JAMES MENZIES of the Glasgow Highlanders. Not only in Glasgow and the West, but in Edinburgh and the East as well, Captain MENZIES is a known and popular figure at every gathering of our Northern kinsmen. Kindly and jovial in manner, an eager supporter of Celtic charities, interested in the various schemes for the preservation of the literature and the customs of the Highlands, high up in the ranks of masonry, a crack shot and an enthusiastic volunteer, he seems to combine in himself all the various qualities and characteristics that go to make a man liked and admired by his fellows. Captain MENZIES, who is a native of the picturesque village of Weem, in Perthshire, comes of a good old Highland stock. His father was noted as a capital shot and an ardent lover of out-of-door pursuits, and his grandfather, who served in the 42nd Highlanders, was promoted, on the field of Waterloo, from junior captain to be major in command. The Man you Know went South early in life. He was employed in Leith when

VOL. XVIII.

the volunteer movement began, and he was one of the foremost in his district to join the ranks. At the Royal Review in Edinburgh, one and twenty years ago, he served as sergeant in the Second Highland Company, a body of which his brother, now Major Robert Menzies, of the Queen's Edinburgh Volunteer Brigade, was the originator. Five years later our friend migrated from Edinburgh to Glasgow, and, on settling in this city, he became a member of the Highland Division of the 4th L.R.V. After a time, however, observing the strength of the Celtic element in our local Volunteer regiments, Capt. MENZIES began to agitate for the formation of a corps of Glasgow Highlanders. His suggestions were received with marked favour; a meeting of Highlanders, presided over by Mr Sheriff Clark, was held on the subject; the regiment was embodied—our friend accepting commission as a lieutenant; and we all know how popular it has been from the first day of its corporate existence. Soon after arriving in Glasgow, the Man you Know became noted as a capital shot. He carried off prizes at the various local competitions and at the rifle meetings at Montrose and Edinburgh, while at the Belgian Tir National, held at Liege in 1869, he won a rifle presented by Mr Martini, the famous Belgian gunsmith. The annual list of prize-takers of the West of Scotland Rifle Association long bore his name, and he likewise succeeded in making himself known for his good shooting at Wimbledon, where he was a constant attender for over ten years. And this skill with the rifle is shared by the other members of Captain MENZIES' family. Major Robert, mention of whom has already been made, won the Caledonian Shield in 1868, and was twice in the Queen's Sixty at Wimbledon; and another brother, Lieut. Archibald Menzies, was Queen's Prizeman in 1873, and was selected as one of

the team who represented Scotland at the rifle match in America a year or two later. It is both, therefore, as a Volunteer and as a Highlander, that Captain MENZIES has claims upon the attention and the goodwill of the BAILIE, and through him of the community generally. And sooth to say it was in this dual capacity that the Magistrate selected him to fill a niche in the gallery of the Men you Know. He is a representative man, as well of our Celts as of our Volunteers, and although he never appears on public platforms, or advertises the good he does through the columns of newspapers, he is none the less "a credit to us a'."

HIELAN' LOGIC.

(Tougal and Tam outside the Young Men's Institute where they had listened to an essay on "Mary Queen of Scots.")

Tam—And did you'll think, Tougal, that Elissabeth was justified in beheadin' Queen Mary?

Tougal—Indeed, and she'll just think that she deserved what she got, whether she did or no'.

UNSCRIPTURAL.—So the old familiar "scrip" has been totally tabooed by the Revisers, and does not once occur in the new version. The gaberlunzie "wallet"—it might as well have been rendered "pock"—is surely the sorriest substitute that could have been fixed upon. It smacks too much of Burns' "Jolly Beggars," "Old Dog Tray," and other vagrant verses, not to mention the sawdust recollection of "the Queen's Jester"—old Wallet.

A CERTAIN ISSUE—Whichever system our Water-Commissioners may finally adopt—Craigmaddie or Hogganfield—as a complement to the Mugdock arrangement, in either case there will be an abundant supply of hot water provided gratuitously by the partisans of the rejected scheme.

A Domestic Trial—A cook engaged by the month.

A Burning Question—Dare you strike your match?

An Insecure Investment—The first meal on board ship.

A Harrowing Scene—Breaking the clods.

Realising a Bug-bare—Flitting.

Prof. COATES' *Medical Magnets* far supersede all others, and are unhesitatingly recommended by the Faculty. Consultations daily at Prof. COATES' Rooms, 62 Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow.

A Rural Rhyme.

WELL, there's a good day, now—and guess where I am?
Just think on some Saturday run,
Where in two hours, or so, all as frisky's a lamb,
You are kicking your heels in the sun.

And isn't that nice?—in a sweet, pleasant nook,
To be planted in such lovely weather;
All up to the ears in a fend, charming book—
Over ears in the buds of the heather.

In a dear, charming book—and what book do you think?—
What's the name our best novelist christens his
Latest?—No, no, 'tisn't that—and I know by that wink
You would fain think it Froude's "Reminiscences."

Where's the city?—ah, where? I forget all its cares;
I forget all its sorrows for one day;
I forget my big ledgers, my business affairs—
The boat takes me back on the Monday.

On the Monday—but, ah, there's a day comes between—
To look forward to 'ts something I've got;
If it's wet, why, believe at the church I'll be seen—
If it's dry, then most likely I'll not.

At the little church here, though the weather is wet,
The sermon is usually dry;
And though narrow the choice of the music you get,
You get it the other way—high.

But I'll lie in my nook till the sun it goes down,
And I'll dream out much more than I've read;
Then, per chance, quaff a bumper with some honest clown,
And happily toddle to bed.

When wintry winds follow the fall of the leaf,
Fond memories of this will come up
To straighten my crosses, to lighten my grief,
And sweeten my sour city cup.

"CASTING PEARLS, &C."

Scene—Village near Glasgow; Time, the morning after a "grand" performance of Scott's "Rob Roy" in the school-room by a "powerful" company of city amateurs; The "artist" who impersonated the Bailie's bold kinsman is indulging while on his way to the station in a quiet matutinal pipe when he is thus accosted by interested native:—"I say, chappie, whan' ye comin' back wi' yer Punch and Judy business?" [Ma conscience!]

A NEW READING OF MOORE.

You may dredge or demolish the weir if you will,
But the odorous Clyde will be odorous still.

A Firm of the Deepest Dye—Pullar and Co., Perth.

Among the Faithful "Faith"-less only he—Bradlaugh.

Playing that everyone can join in—Playing the fool.

Men of the Time—Watchmakers.

Out on Bail—A stumped cricketer.

Unavailing Imposts—Countervailing Duties.

MITCHELL'S OLD IRISH WHISKY.

Queer Queries by a Quidnunc.

WAS Lipton the originator of the Baconian Philosophy?

Would a sketch of Moore Street be styled a Cattle Piece?

Can a Gartnaval inmate give any one a piece of his mind?

How many scruples would Mr Airlie make to a dram?

Has friend Quarrier a weakness for sherry coblers?

Are our Tramway-Conductors fare specimens of humanity?

Can you name a more Ice-olated village than Hogganfield?

May swallows of Kurds be looked upon as cannibals?

Are some folks called knobs because they have handles to their names?

Is a Marine picture a picture of Marines—horse or otherwise?

Is old port otherwise known as elder wine?

Is duty charged on clearing one's throat, at the Custom-House?

When Shakespeare speaks of a Noted Weed does he mean a Havannah?

Is there a specimen of the Railway Plant in the Botanic Gardens?

Is *The Bailie* a man you know?

SEE'STU!

Q.—What did the Paisley buddies go tae the theatre the ither day tae see?

A.—T. C. King and T. C. Howitt! D'ye see?

An Ancient Saw.

THE Animile offers his vile body, for experimental purposes, to any one interested in folk-lore and physiology. Last week, it seems, a reptile of the saurian species, which had been found in a bale of cork, was killed by having brandy poured on its head. Anxious to show the difference between the great families of reptilia and mammalia, Asinus is willing to have brandy poured not only on, but even into his head—by way of his mouth—confident that he will thereby establish the truth of the saying that what is the reptile's poison is the mammal's meat—not to speak of his drink as well.

A Life Preserver—The stomach pump.

The May Queen—Queen Victoria.

MARRIAGE INVITATIONS, Ready Printed, 1/ per doz., with Envelopes.—GILLESPIE BROTHERS, 8 Buchanan Street.

On 'Change.

FREE Trade and Protection are once more to be pitted against each o'her. That much seems to be evident. Scotch merchants of a past generation became converts to Free Trade principles, and their descendants naturally followed on the same lines. But there is a growing feeling that Free Trade, to be really Free Trade, ought to be reciprocal. It should not be like what is called "Irish Reciprocity"—ail on one side. At present Free Trade is not really Free Trade at all. It is free on one side only and fettered on the other. People may argue that fettering both sides would only increase the mischief and could not possibly result in a cure. Yet there is a palpable absurdity in our national generosity, whereby we give Free Trade to all the world and get nothing back. Other nations appear to flourish on a system of at least partial Protection. No doubt their peoples pay more for certain commodities, for if taxes be imposed the consumer must pay them and not the producer. But the people flourish and have more money to pay with. Consequently they are better off than their neighbours who pay less and therefore appear to be more advantageously situated.

Agitation of some kind against existing conditions will, therefore, become a necessity; but the agitators have begun at the wrong end. They have attacked the French system of Sugar bounties, as if that constituted a British grievance. It is a grievance only to Mr James Duncan and the people who surrounded him and talked so glibly about their wrongs when they met the other day in London. The French Government pursues a most singular course in this matter. Its action involves an economic blunder whereby the British consumer benefits in getting sugar at an unnaturally low price. If the French Government persists in giving us a yearly present why should we complain? The only sufferers are Mr James Duncaan and his friends, and they appear to drag out their existences with some degree of comfort. There would be more sense in agitating for an amelioration of the iron imposts in America, or other trade restrictions of the same kind.

"Alpha Skull & Cavern" is the cheerful name of a new gold mine in India. It asks £120,000 in £1 shares. This is a large sum for a skull which may be empty.

Mr W. Bentley, the well known tragedian, is not the Mr W. Bentley who is advertised as a director of the General Financial Bank. There are treasuries in both cases, I dare say, but in the one case I am positive and in the other my knowledge is purely negative. Walter Bentley, the actor, has a treasury of his own, and though he takes o'her people's money, as actors do, he usually gives value for it.

Who would deal upon an open Stock Exchange? Not I, for one. I should like to know who I dealt with. Fancy a man going to the flags in front of the Royal Exchange and shouting out that he had stock to sell or that he wanted to buy. The ways of the concern in Buchanan Street may be peculiar, like those of Bret Harte's hero, but I would rather trust Contango & Co. round the corner than the open Stock Exchange so ostentatiously advertised in London. The new office in Old Broad Street may be all it professes to be. It may do away with charges, commissions, and delays, but it will not take the place of the Capel Court institution it seeks to copy and adopts as its model for settling days. Its general manager sagaciously remarks that "the extent of the business carried on by our forefathers would raise a smile." So it would, and the coolness of the manager has precisely the same effect upon myself.

Fiji wants £50,000. Of course, the cash is intended to develop the resources of that interesting group of islands. I wish Fiji every success, but it strikes me that investors would like their money secured on a better foundation.—SCRUTATOR.

One who has done "Yeoman" Service—Mr Thyne.

The Royal Academy—H.M.S. Bacchante.

Gentlemen who get the Baby to hold—Remedy, 20s Perambulator.—GARDINER & HARDIE, 42 Great Clyde Street.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—They are playing "The School for Scandal" at the Theatre Royal to-night, and a glance at the play-bill irresistibly recalls the saying of Charles Lamb, that "amidst the mortifying circumstances attendant on growing old it is something to have seen 'The School for Scandal' in its glory." With Miss Litton as *Lady Teazle*, Mr Herman Vezin as *Sir Peter*, Mr Bellew as *Charles*, and Mr Lionel Brough as *Moses*, not to speak of Mrs Leigh, Mr Everill, and Mr Stephens still further strengthening the cast, we are certain of such a performance as will live long in the memory of even the most fastidious paygoer. Where, indeed, can we turn on the stage of to-day, to two such interpreters of the "matchless dialogue, the deathless wit" of Sheridan, as Miss Litton and Mr Vezin? Neither is an emotional actor, but for quick, perceptive grasp of character, for intellectual insight, and for cultivated and artistic elegance of style, I do not know where to look for their equals. The same, and if possible even greater richness of setting will be bestowed upon "The School for Scandal," than has been given to the other comedies produced by Miss Litton at the Theatre Royal.

Miss Lizzie Coote, Mr Arthur Roberts, and Madlle Ada, appear to-night at the Gaiety, in the farcical burlesque of "Little Lohengrin," and in a comedy 'yclept "Marie, or a Republican Marriage." The humour of Mr Roberts, and the dancing of Middle Ada are sufficiently nimble to make you laugh, even in this "term" oppressive heat.

We are having another week of "Forbidden Fruit"—Dion Boucicault's piece of side-splitting absurdity—at the Royalty. It will be preceded to-night, and on Tuesday and Wednesday nights, by the fine old-fashioned farce of "The Goose with the Golden Eggs," a piece which has not been seen to advantage in Glasgow since Groves and Rogers made such a hit in it at the Royal some six or seven years ago.

The Chippendale Company, who will appear in a play termed "Foul Weather," are announced by Mr Knapp for Monday next, and when they go the stage of the Royalty will be occupied by the Criterion comedy of "Where's the Cat?" which will again be supported by Mrs Alfred Mellon, Miss Kate Rorke, and Mr Lytton Sothorn.

An attraction, to middle-aged stagers at least, at the Royal Princesses Theatre this evening, will be the appearance of Miss Emmeline Falconer. Something like fifteen years ago Miss Falconer was a popular member of the company at the old Theatre Royal in Dunlop Street. She was young and handsome, and many of her characters—that, for instance, of *Mrs Cuthbert* in "Cyril's Success"—were very nicely acted indeed. Now she comes back as the heroine of domestic melodrama, and the progress she has made in the interval will be eagerly discussed by those who knew and admired her of old. Miss Falconer is a member of Mr Frank Harvey's Madame Beatrice Company, three other well-known members of which are Mr T. B. Appelby, Mr Harry Andrews, and Mr Carter-Edwards.

What a crowd assisted at the opening promenade concert in the Botanic Gardens on Saturday evening, and how fearfully and wonderfully made were many of the costumes and head-dresses worn by the gentler sex! This mild form of dissipation has crept greatly in favour with our gilded youth, but it is to be feared that though "music hath charms" it is by no means the chief attraction of a Saturday afternoon in the Gardens.

The members of the Geological Society of Glasgow and their laily friends will have their annual picnic excursion on the Queen's Birth Day, their destination being, as on two or three former occasions, Tillietudlem Castle. Dr R. S. Hunter, of Braidwood, who has made a special study of the geology of the district, as also its local and antiquarian history, will be the conductor on the occasion, and will read a paper which he has prepared on the byegones of the "Old Mortality" scenery.

The charges for an appearance in Scotland made by vocalists and musicians generally when they have once made a name in the profession, are said to be growing greater every day. Mr Airlie, who has just returned from London, whither he had gone to engage *artistes* for next winter's Saturday evening concerts, made the remark this afternoon that it seemed a question, looking at the terms demanded by the people whom he had met, whether it would be less expensive to bring vocalists down to Glasgow or take audiences up to London!

One of the noticeable figures at the sittings of the General Assembly last week, was that of our friend Mr F. W. Allan. By reason, I suppose, of his relationship to the moderator, Dr Smith of Cathcart—he is Dr Smith's son-in-law—Mr Allan had a seat in the immediate neighbourhood of the Lord High Commissioner placed at his disposal. He can hardly be said, however, to have taken much advantage of this place of honour. He certainly appeared in it now and then, but it was only now and then. Eager to make himself of service, Mr Allan was here, there, and everywhere, talking to everybody, watching everything, and careering over the shop generally.

Propos of the great fire engine question, it may be interesting to note that Superintendent Bryson is legally empowered to use his own discretion as to whether or not he will send the city engines to a fire when it occurs outside the municipal boundaries. He is so much hampered, however, by rules and regulations, and the questions of guarantee and compensation for accidents are so ticklish, that the wonder is not that he sometimes fails to attend a country or a suburban fire, but that he ever ventures—be the occasion what it may—beyond the limits of the city.

I was one of a party, my Magistrate, who, on Thursday last made a trip on the first railway constructed in the island of Bute. No, don't laugh, I really mean railway, not tramway. Some eighteen of us were invited, on the day I have mentioned, by Messrs Watt & Wilson, the well-known contractors, to visit the house they are engaged in erecting at Mount Stuart for the Marquis of Bute, and an incident of the outing was our run upon the line of railway they have laid down between the pier at Kerrycroy and the new mansion. Mr Watt, who was of the company, showed us personally over the building and the adjacent grounds, and we were as much surprised and delighted by the massiveness and even the grandeur of the house, as by the luxuriance of the woodlands and parterres by which it is surrounded. Among the denizens of the latter are a flock of turkeys and a dozen or so of kangaroos, and one of our number—a gentleman whose name, may I add, is Mr Lionel Brough—succeeded in getting no end of amusement out of both. Lunch was served at Mount Stuart, and dinner in the Bute Hotel, Rothesay, and we all returned to town, early in the evening, delighted beyond measure with our day's pleasuring.

One of the victims of, or at least the sufferers by the City of Glasgow Bank, no other, indeed, than its manager, has started business on his own account as a wholesale stationer.

What a funny incident happened at the meeting of the Faculty of Procurators of Glasgow last week. One of the grave, if not reverend, seniors of that effete body told a pathetic tale of how "his occupation is gone," all through the nefarious practices of the chiefs that give advice (?) for a shilling, and gravely proposed that the Faculty should be wound up and the funds divided, as if it were some peddling funeral society. But the funniest bit of all was how few of the assembled "prors." seemed able to enjoy the joke.

The Police Band will soon be an accomplished fact. For the post of instructor a short leet of three has been made—two bandmasters of local volunteer regiments and Mr Charles Fitzpatrick of the regulars. The committee wanted a teacher who could grind the force in the pipes as well as in the brass element, but this was found too much.

That specially musical corps, the 1st L.R.V. have their Annual Church Parade next Sunday evening in St. Andrew's Hall, the acting Chaplain, Rev. J. Marshall Lang, officiating. The regimental choir and band will lead the psalmody, among the tunes, being our old friend "Duke Street" with a doctored ending to one of the lines that may possibly tend to some confusion. A rather bold adaptation of "Ein feste burg" has been made to a double prose chant; while Mendelssohn's arrangement of "Sleepers Wake" from St. Paul is to be the anthem. The programme and cards of admission have been printed by Novello, Ewer, & Co., and are exceedingly tasteful.

The influences of the training-ship "Cumberland" are about to be greatly increased. The appeal of the Directors for funds to invest in an auxiliary vessel, in which the boys could cruise about and get lessons in practical seamanship, has been very generously responded to. About £2,000, I believe, was subscribed in a short time—more, in fact, than what was needed. The "Glaucus" of Stewart & Co., Greenock, long engaged in the West Indian Trade, has been bought by the directors, and renamed the "Cumbria," after undergoing a thorough overhaul and aloft. She has two masts, is brig-rigged, and is of 227 registered tonnage. The crew musters seven, all told, with Captain Edwards in command, and mate M. Vickers, cook and steward, boatswain, and three A. B.s, to look after the young tars who are to go in relays of 60 on a few weeks' cruise all the year round. The "Cumbria" is as trim and ship-shape a craft as may be. Her mannikins may now sing in reality, as they lately did in "Pinafore" guise—"We sail the ocean blue and our saucy ship's a beauty." It is to be hoped they will further emulate the Gilbert-Sullivan type in being "sober men and true, and attentive to their duty." Your old friend, Mr Douglas, the fiscal, than whom a kinder hearted soul does not breathe, is to be congratulated on the very successful issue of his labours on behalf of "the ship," which is now the best found vessel of the kind in Great Britain. That's so.

"They Say" that the Glasgow Civil Service Stores are very far from showing a like measure of success with that achieved by their London rivals.

I hear that the handmasters and bandmen are up in arms against Councillor Jackson and the Parks Committee on account of their arrangements for the ensuing season of Music in the Parks. The cause of the revolt is mainly fiscal. Last year the Volunteer bands got £5 10s for each turn out; this year it is proposed to reduce the fee to £3 10s, a pretty heavy downfall—with a corresponding drop for Military, Band Asylum Bands, and Pipers. Bandmasters Agnew, Howell, Wilson, and Henderson have refused the terms point-blank, and will positively not appear in the Parks unless on the footing of former years. If Mr Jackson and the Bandmasters can't come to an agreement the attractiveness of these musical evenings will be greatly entailed. The original intention was to open the campaign on Saturday 4th June. I think the sweeping reduction is ill advised, seeing that there has never been the slightest cavilling among the rate-payers at the expense incurred of old.

I wonder if the proposed banquet and national testimonial to the doughty Dominie Marshall of Ardrosson has fallen through? The event was at first fixed for the third week in April, and is therefore now considerably over due. The educational organs are "mum" on the point, and the much-talked of honour seems to have vanished into the air. Why is this thus? As the veteran litigant has just been paid his £400 of arrears, however, he can dispense with a Saracen Head spread and the illuminated address, which costs little—and is worth as much as it costs.

The annual conference of Reformatory and Industrial School Managers, and others interested in the treatment of juvenile delinquents, opens on Wednesday at Bristol. Two representatives are sent up by our local Board—the heads of the Moss.

bank Institution and the Day Industrial School, Green Street. Sheriff Spens has arranged to be present, as also Mr John Cross, on behalf of the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society. Q.

MIXED FRACTIONS.—A contemporary in noticing a fire at a farm-steading last week states among the other calamities that "two cows and a half were burned to a cinder." This is almost as good as the P. D. who made it appear that the engine had run down a cow on the line and "cut it into two calves." "Halves" and "calves" though convertible into rhyme are hardly so in reason. Query—may it not have been a few "halves" that led to the slip in the initials?

Mr Archibald Campbell, an insurance broker, made various amusing revelations anent the inner life of brokers and underwriters on Monday afternoon, at a meeting which took place in the chambers of Mr Sheriff Guthrie. So funny, indeed, were his statements, and so much *naivete* did he display in his manner, that the feeling among those present seemed to be that assurance and not insurance was the commodity in which he ought to have dealt.

"SCOTCH."

(Scene—Bar near St. Pancras Station, London.)
Native of Ayrshire (who has arrived in the metropolis for the first time) to barmaid—Glass o' whusky, please.

B.—Beg pardon, sir.

N. of A.—Glass whusky.

B.—I don't know what you say,

N. of A. (rather angrily)—Glass o' Whusky.

B.—Oh! Scotch?

N. of A.—Yes; I am a Scotchman.

B. (smiling)—Cold, sir?

N. of A.—Yes, it is rather a cold mornin'.

Paying the Piper.—Loch Ketturin Waterworks are appropriately expressed by a fountain—a fountain with more works than "play."

A "Free" Assembly—The supper to the poor.

A "General" Assembly—The meeting between Joubert and Evelyn Wood.

Par Nobile Fratrum—The Members for Northampton.

"The School for Scandal"—The Divorce Court.

A "Wide Sphere of Usefulness."—The World.

"Brethren in Arms"—Male twins.

Cricket, Cricket, Everywhere!

IT seems that at Bridge-of-Allan, and notwithstanding all prohibitory efforts of the powers that be in that ilk, boys will be boys. At a meeting of the Burgh Commissioners the other day doleful complaints were made by residents in various quarters as to the danger incurred in running the gauntlet of cricket balls that thicken the air in vacant spaces and even in the high-ways and bye-ways of the famous health-resort. One Commissioner stated that "many times he had taken away their bats and their balls an' a', but they aye find their way back again." Another had called the attention of the police to the matter without effect; and yet another confessed his defeat in the unequal match with boys "who will not pay any attention to you, but swear you and give you a lot of impertinence and abuse." But the Inspector of Works in trying to put down the boyish black-balling was more tenderly and touchingly reproached by the irrepressible cricketers. Said Inspector deponeth:—"They cry to me, 'Willie, was you no a laddie ance yoursel', noo?" "Willie," of course, could not deny the soft impeachment nor fail to see the wealth of inference therein implied, and so was inclined to bear with his familiar cross-questioner. As therefore this thoroughfare cricketing can't be put down "by the powers," and as "Willie" won't cast the first stone, the complaining lieges must just grin and bear and steer clear of the leather.

MAKING HIM SMALLER STILL.
(Scene—A fashionable street.)

Diminutive Swell (the essence of conceit, to fall Commercial man who, while hurrying along, had jostled against him)—Can't you look where you're going?

T. C. M.—Beg, pardon, but I'm not in the habit of looking so low.

A Guard of Honour—A presentation gold chain.

The Lower House of the Diet—An area kitchen.

Head Men—Phrenologists.

The Main Stay—A ship becalmed.

A Liberal Member—The hand of charity.

The Golden Mien (mean?)—A face of brass.

Woman's Sphere—The Home Office.

The Music of the Future—Promissory notes.

Paper Rulers—Bank notes.

"Are You Saved?"

ONE of the results, reported at Friday's meeting of the Free Assembly, as having attended a "religious awakening" in Stornoway, is that, when a "commercial" enters a shop in the metropolis of the Lewis, he is asked "Are you converted, are you saved?" and not a bit of business can be transacted till the question is answered. The story reads like an extract from Bickerstaffe's "Hypocrite," but the fathers and brethren of the Free Kirk seem to have received it with abundant satisfaction. This circumstance, together with the fact that the very appropriate advice tendered to the Assembly by a Mr Robertson of Wick, that the trashy rhymes of Sankey, Bateman, and others, should be replaced wherever possible by the psalms, was "provocative of some laughter," makes one fear that there may be more representatives abroad of Dr Cantwell and Mr Mawworm than it is pleasant to contemplate.

'TIS EDUCATION FORMS THE COMMON MIND.

Indefatigable Member of the School Board (to ragged urchin)—Now, my man, can you tell me who made the first locomotive?

Urchin (rather in the dark)—What, sir?

Schoolboard member passes on perfectly satisfied with the beneficial effects of the Education Act.

LADIES AT "THE PLAY."

On the light fantastic toe
Speed towards the goal the ball;
Kick and charge, and catch and throw—
What, although the end's a brawl.
Blackguards those who cut yon rope,
Cut the rope, then cut their stick;
When you return, till then the hope
Besides the ball you've them to kick.

A FACER.

(Rab, the village worthy, leading a white horse, is accosted by a wag.)

Wag (anxiously)—Man, Rab! sharely yer horse is no weel? It's awfu' white in the face.

Rab (stuttering)—I-f-f your he-he-heed had been as long in a hal-hal-halter ye'd be-be-been wh-white in the face tae.

After-dinner Speeches—Post-brandyal.

An Old Offender—The Auld Kirk.

Playmates—Actors.

Preference Stock—Prize Cattle.

Brothers of the Rod—Dominies.

Brothers of the Angle—Mathematical fellows.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the carters' carnival is at hand.

That Saturday is the flitting-day.

That the demand for lorries will be something enormous.

That the prices won't be reduced by taking a quantity.

That folk in the suburbs are coming into the town, and town folk are going out to the suburbs.

That if the taxes are higher in the city the suburban landlords put it on the rents.

That the minister of the Cathedral spoke some wholesome truths on Friday night.

That he believes kirk services are far too lengthy and far too monotonous.

That so say all of us.

That the Lord Provost patronised the footballers last week.

That his speech was both happy and apropos.

That a Royal Commission has been sitting in Glasgow.

That a Royal Commission generally means a royal farce.

That the masonic brotherhood had a grand outing on Saturday.

That they were favoured with brilliant weather.

That the Govan publicans would be delighted if a foundation-stone were laid in the burgh once a week all the year round.

That the music in the parks is long of beginning this year.

That the new Convener is hardly so enthusiastic in the matter as was his predecessor.

That George has too many irons in the fire.

That he can't attend to them all.

That the *Herald* has waxed very facetious over Dr Cameron's Free Education Bill.

That Granny dearly loves to have a hit at the "middling member."

That one of the Glasgow Parliamentary seats is held in commission.

That folk are beginning to forget that Glasgow has three members.

That W. R. W. S. has arrived at "Naples."

That while taking charge of the "craters" there he is not forgetting the "craters" at home.

SIR BOYLE ROCHE AGAIN.

(Scene—Lamlash—low-water; lady and gentleman are being pulled out to the steamer.)

Highland Boatman—"Here; wan of you two sit on poath sides of ta poat!"

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.

The Police Collectors' Scandal.

WHAT a flutter the exposure of this quiet little scheme caused in a certain dove-cot last week? The important principle involved is whether a public servant may expect long and faithful service to be rewarded with promotion when opportunity arises. But behind this is the fact, that in the present case a party in the Town Council has used its power ruthlessly to trample on the claims of the man in possession to advance a nominee of their own. During the past week there has been out of doors a very widely expressed sympathy with Mr Reid at the scurvy treatment he has received, and the most cordial acknowledgment of his fitness for the office. The only objection mooted—and it is a singularly paltry one—is that Mr Reid is not a Hercules! But the BAILIE ventures to remark, that the duty of the Collector is to handle cash and not a club, so that great stature is not a *sine qua non*.

"WATER FOR — YOU."

(Scene—High Street, Edinburgh.)

Young Swell (to Irish recruiting sergeant)—Is there such a thing as a fountain about here, sergeant?

Irish Recruiting Sergeant—Sorry the wan, sor.

Y. S.—How annoying, I would give any money for a glass of water.

I. R. S.—Plase, sur, I can show yez a public-house where *you* can get water.

SUI GENERIS!

(Scene—Butcher's shop; Enter Tonalt, fresh from the Highlands, who wants to buy pig's head and feet.)

Tonalt (to butcher, and at a loss how to put it)—Aye, imphm. What'll please be ta price o' your hands and your face, too?

MUCHLY MIXED—The following coherent item of Stonehaven intelligence appeared in last Wednesday's *Mail*;—"Before Sheriff Dove Wilson in the Small Debt Court Jessie Mitchell or Smith, Warden, Durris, for here yesterday John Clark, farm-servant, sued £10 17 being wages and board-wages" and so on in a similarly intelligible strain.

The "Brush" Company—Foxhunters.

Ground Rents—Earthquakes.

"Pin" Money—Fines.

Firing Parties—Stokers.

Bicycle, Cricket,
And
Lawn Tennis Suits.

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RENFIELD STREET.

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(Thompson's), for Biliousness, Indigestion, Inaction of the Liver, Constipation, Heartburn, Acid Risings, Flatulence, Sickness, Headache, Giddiness, and all Stomach and Liver Derangements. Bottles, 1s. 1s 6d, and 2s 6d; by Post, 1d extra, from M. F. THOMPSON, Homœopathic Chemist, 17 GORDON STREET, Glasgow. Beware of Imitations.

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ENGLISH & FOREIGN BOOKS, New and Second Hand.
Lowest Prices. Books Lent.
Books in all Languages in Stock or procured.

BRIGHT OCTOBER.

(E. Nichol, London.)

Fill me a can with sparkling ale!
Quaff deep the gen'rous liquo!
But pledge each neighbour ere you drain
The nectar in the bicker!
And as you quaff the nut brown draught,
Just think of that good fellow
Who first found out that drink for gods—
COLD ALE so bright and mellow.

REALLY COLD ALE, WITHOUT THE ADDITION OF ICE.
"Bright and Mellow."

J. FRASER, 24 BRUNSWICK STREET.

CHAMPAGNE.

ST. MARCEAUX.

THIS Wine is acknowledged by Connoisseurs to be Equal to any Champagne in the Market. Quotations, in Magnums, Quarts, and Piuts, from

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73 AND 79 QUEEN STREET.

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OLD IRISH
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THE PUREST AND BEST IN THE WORLD.
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Wholesale Agents for Scotland—
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FELT HATS.

FAST IN THE COLOUR.

We have THREE SPECIALTIES IN FELT HATS, to which we respectfully direct attention.

THE PRICES ARE—

5s. 7s. 10s.

All Splendid Value.

These we have in every Size and Shape in Soft and Stiff Hats to suit every Wearer.

These Goods we receive from CHRISTY, CARRINGTON, and other Makers of "World-wide reputation," and Delivered to us Direct from the Factories where they are made—all intermediate profits charged by Middle or Warehouse Men are saved to our customers. In a word, we are determined that every SINGLE HAT we send out shall be the BEST VALUE in the City, at MAKERS' *bona fide* PRICES.

The FELTS at TEN SHILLINGS are WOODROW'S "Prize Medal Hats," and are the Finest and Highest Class of Goods in the Kingdom. *Beautifully finished.*

We name our Makers as the Best Guarantee to our Customers that they will get at all times "NEW, FRESH, PURE MADE GOODS," free from "Shoddy" and Old Material, largely sold in this City.

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FAMILY HATTERS,
QUEEN STREET CORNER
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MAY FASHIONS.

MIDSUMMER MILLINERY.

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THE VARIETY WE SHOW IS ENORMOUS.

EVERY NEW HAT OR BONNET SHAPE AT 4d.
THOUSANDS OF MISSES' & LADIES' UNTRIMMED
STRAW HATS AND BONNETS, EVERY SHAPE,
SIZE, AND COLOUR.

PRICES TO SUIT EVERY PURSE.

NEW FLOWERS NEW FEATHERS,
NEW RIBBONS. NEW LACES,
NEW MATERIALS, NEW ORNAMENTS.
WHOLESALE PRICES.

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GENTLEMEN'S DRESS HATS.

EXTRAORDINARY VALUE! GIGANTIC STOCK
Of New Shapes and Colours,
IN GENTLEMEN'S AND YOUTHS' FELT HATS,
4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 7s., 8s. 6d.

NOTE.—Fifty per cent. more is charged for exact same shapes and qualities by the ordinary retailers. Our 17s. 6d. Dress Hat we guarantee the best ever offered under a sovereign.

BOYS' STRAW HATS,
BOYS' FANCY HATS,
BOYS' CAPS,

Every kind, from sound low goods to the finest in the kingdom. No one should purchase Hats without first seeing our Stock. Gentlemen's Entrance—62 JAMAICA STREET (Opposite Howard Street.)

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Our Midsummer Book of Fashion Plates is now Published. Post Free on application.

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This Week we offer two or three good things:—Professor Ayton's Novel, "Norman Sinclair," in 3 vols., for 3s 6d, a Great Bargain; "Drummond of Hawthornden," a Very Handsome Volume by Professor David Masson, now for 3s 6d; "The Apocrypha," interesting in connection with the Revised New Testament, for 11½d; "The Swiss Family Robinson," a cram of Instruction, Information, and Amusement for Boys and Girls—this is a book they will read through three or four times, price, 2s 6d now for 11½d; "Hugh Macdonald's Days at the Coast"—this is the 3s 6d edition done in paper covers for 1s 6d; Smith of Jordanhill's Book on "the Geology of the Clyde, &c.," with Illustrations by MacGeorge, price, 7s 6d, for 1s 11d; "Eikon Basilike," written by King Charles I. while held in prison by Cromwell—a Standard Work—price, 3s 6d, a Cheap Lot for 5½d each; The Collected Comic Writings of Cuthbert Bede, Author of "Verdant Green," full of Good Funny Pictures, price, 3s 6d, for 1s 7d; Logan's "The Scottish Gael," 2 vols., 28s, for 9s. Scribbling Paper, 4d per pound; Commercial Note Paper, 7½d per pound; The Queen's Wake, 2s, for 1s 3d; "Catherine, The Religious Biography of a Child," 2s for 9d; A Big Collection of Books to select from reduced to 9d each, another lot at 7½d each, and another at 4½d each.

ROBERT LINDSAY, 102 QUEEN STREET.

250,000 CIGARS

FOR SALE AT GREATLY REDUCED RATES.

2d CIGARS, 8 for 1s; Post Free, 1s 2d.
3d " 6 for 1s; " " 1s 2d.
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463 ST. VINCENT STREET, (2 Doors from Elderslie Street),
Agent for Scotland.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 25th, 1881.

IT is at all times a difficult matter to please the public with regard to the management of its affairs, but the task is doubly hard when the public does not know what are its true interests, and those who have set themselves up for leaders are as little able to direct the correct course to be steered as those who follow them. Municipal Buildings, Museums, Art Galleries, Mitchell Library, Stirling Library, Consolidation of Trusts, are only a few of the important subjects which are at the present moment engaging the attention of our Town Council; but what is the public opinion on any one, and is there a party in the Council which has a decided policy with regard to the bulk of them? Ward

Committees meet their representatives and do a deal of talking, but in general the outcome of it all is, that they agree that their district should get something at the public expense—baths, a washing-house, a clock, as the case may be. The South-side wishes the Stirling Library to be removed to their midst, the East-end wishes a Museum, and the West-end has got one and doesn't care a fig for it. But if there isn't a general consensus of opinion on these matters out of doors; is there a party with a policy within the Town Council itself? If there is, who constitute it, and what is their policy? The LORD PROVOST ought to be leader of a party of action in the Council, but he seems to have as little grip of a firm and intelligent policy as any of his colleagues. Every thing is done in hand to mouth fashion, and as dictated by caprice rather than principle. Every body is playing his little part; but the absence of a strong guiding hand is seen in the paltry discussions and trifling progress. Lord Provost URE has a great opportunity of signaling his term of office, but if he does not speedily "haul in some slack" he will have a poor tale of good deeds to point to.

PITY 'TIS, 'TIS TRUE.

Daily the tramway guard struts round his car—
Weary ones, hastening, shout from afar;
Vainly they signal him—what does he care?
Ah! would-be passenger, well may you swear!

Major George Purdie of the 8th L.R.V. may be a humorist, but he is unconsciously the most comical newspaper letter-writer that ever troubled a printer. It was reported in the *Herald* that like Humpty Dumpty he had a great fall in the Green on Saturday week, whereupon he writes—"I am happy to be able to say that I met with no accident of any kind on Saturday," but he had not the good sense to add that he was sorry that it was his brother to whom the mishap befel. The fall was in the family, so that there was little to complain of, unless it was that the paragraph was "asparagussing" to the Major's horsemanship. Did he not, however, cut a very amusing caper before his own regiment a couple of seasons ago?

If any one wanted to learn what handicapping means, they could have gained the required instruction at the Alexandra Athletic Club sports on Saturday last. The mile handicap was a hollow affair; but wasn't it the Committee which should have been heartily hissed?

"Fellows in Renown"—F.E.I.S.

The Modern Æsop.

VIII.—TWO GULLS.

TWO gulls—one clean and the other dirty—were walking upon the mud by the river-side. Said the clean gull—stilting himself as high above the mire as he could, "Is this what you have brought me up from the coast for? Is this your 'fat feeding' and your 'jolly life?'" "Bah! my friend," replied the other, relishing the breakfast he was picking up, "If you are hungry, eat and be thankful. A full stomach is more to the purpose just now than fine feathers. Pride is poor meat for an empty maw; and as for your appearance, a good dive at your leisure will set that all right."

MORAL.—If you must leave the country for the good things and the rich things of a city life, don't cavil over its smoke and grime. A foul skin will not be mistaken for moral impurity, and black work brings white siller.

GENUINE ILLNESS.

(Donald and Duncan are going round the Mull of Cantire with a heavy sea on. Donald is sea-proof; Duncan is lying hopelessly prostrate on the deck.)

Donald—I say, Duncan, will you pe really as pad as you look?

Duncan (in most piteous tones)—Och man, Donald, did you'll thocht I wud pe deein' for fun?

THEM DULL TIMES.

(Scene—Licensed Grocer's Shop, South Side.)

Shopman (to Customer)—Any duck eggs to-day, Mrs Murphy?

Mrs Murphy—Sure, sur, the like uv me can't get eggs thim dull toimes, (produces a bottle)—Give us a gill uv your best "Irish."

An Accomplished Talker.—One who, if you have nothing to say, says it for you.

The Smallest Man on Record—Bildad, the Shuhite (shoe height).

Musical "Triplets"—A Queen's bounty trio.

The New Lightning Conductor—The electric railway.

Watch Fires—Policemen's lanterns.

A Life Preserver—A biography.

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.

Art in Part.

THE L Art grew weak no need to speak
In phrase apologetic;
The while so long as Art was strong
No need to talk "æsthetic,"
Or feel "intense," or pose immense,
All "utter," wrapt, ecstatic;
No such mad craze in those grand days
Of highest Art, the *Attic*.
'Twas not until there came a chill
O'er dados, friezes, freezy,
When quaint Queen Anne annex'd Japan,
Queen-antic, Japanese-y—
All in-and-out and round-about
And up-and down and curvey,
All "bits" and breaks and spots and specks—
Design turn'd topsy-turvy.

A RARA AVIS.

(Scene—A baking factory, south side.)

Manager (to workman)—Look here, Jack, do you know where I can get a good steady man, we are growing very busy.

Workman (pawkily)—The only steady baker ever a' kent is in M'Leods.

Manager—Which M'Leod's is that.

Workman—M'Leod's Wax Work. There's yin there that's stood for years on the same stan', an 'am sure he's been a Good Templar a' the time. [Manager disappears.]

"FUSKY WHATEVER."

Young Lady (in town, to visitor from the Highlands)—A glass of spirits, Mr M'Tavish?

M'T. (doubtfully)—No, sank ye.

Y. L.—A glass of wine then?

M'T.—Och! no, sank ye, she'll no pe carin' for that neither.

[M'Tavish on leaving is overheard muttering, —'Ta lassie micht 'a offert her a gless o' fuskly whataiver.]

'WILL' O' THE WISP.—W.E.G., has for some time been out of the good graces of "the Trade," as it is named by it's friends, "the Traffic," as it is called by its enemies. As a rather neat placebo, he proposes to convert railway carriages into "travelling taverns." The people's Will thus bent may yet secure the vote of the victualler?

Paying a Man Back in his own Coin—Depositing stamps with the Postmaster-General.

Our Local "Pull"man Car—The central "barrow."

"Capital" Punishment—The "Cat," for wife-beaters.

A Sol-fa Artist—Do-ré.

Megilp.

A FRIEND sends the following from the South:—"Dorchester is really a delightful little place—a fine example of a sleepy English village. It has thatched roofs, brick houses, latticed windows, and old-world public house signs—or I suppose they call themselves 'Inns.' Everything is clean and bright, and the people are civil and obliging. The country round about is remarkably luxuriant. The Thames and the Thame are close at hand, the apple blossom is abundant, and the meadows are simply a sheet of yellow buttercups. It is a perfect change from Scotland and Scotch scenery; and for artists it is a choice hunting ground. The village itself is full of colour and quaint forms, and the country is lovely. There are fine bits on the river and among the meadows where hawthorn trees and oaks and willows abound.

"Dorchester has been subjected to a northern invasion; every available lodging, indeed, has been taken by a Glasgow host. A. K. Brown is here, as are also Ratray, Charles M'Ewen, Macbride, and East.

"Although the Academy may not contain a large number of striking pictures it is fully up to the average. Hook with his seapieces, Millais with his 'Cinderella,' and Frank Holl, Oulless, and Watts with their portraits carry off the honours. Millais' 'Caird' is no good as a portrait—he has missed the man, and his 'Beaconsfield' is ghastly."

William Glover, who, by the bye, is removing his studio from West Nile Street to George Square, has arranged to set up his tent—metaphorically, of course—for some part of the present summer in Luss, the most picturesque, in its immediate surroundings, of all our west country villages. Luss, and indeed the shores of Loch Lomond generally, not to speak of its wondrous island archipelago, are sufficiently familiar to Mr Glover. Much of his boyhood was spent in the neighbourhood of the village, and while yet young, he made various sketching excursions, in company with Milne Donald and Colin Hunter, to the upper reaches of the loch.

The mention of Luss recalls the fact that one of our younger artists, R. M. Stevenson to wit, has fixed his abode permanently in the Colquhoun village for something like twelve months, and is really doing very promising work. He has two little pictures of Luss, taken from the loch-side, in the exhibition of Messrs Kay & Reid, which ought to find ready purchasers among people who know the district.

Our artist friends are finding Roseneath, charming as it may seem, and indeed it is to ordinary visitors, too green as we approach the leafy month of June. Peter Buchanan is completing and William Carlaw has completed his Spring work there. The former will be found, next month, working among the Tarbert fisher folks and fishing boats, while the latter is now engaged, in Helensburgh, on a large forty-four by twenty-four drawing—a coast subject—for the coming Water-Colour Exhibition, which he intends to finish before taking his departure for the South.

John Miller, who returned a week ago from a flying visit to London and Paris, has betaken himself to the Holy Loch. Alexander Davidson left for the "great metropolis" on Saturday; he will spend some weeks among the wooden-gabled, red-tiled villages of Essex before coming back to Glasgow. The month of out-of-door work passed by Duncan M'Kellar at Carmunnock has come to an end, and he is now painting in his studio. His Carmunnock sketches are remarkably interesting.

Among the stay at home artists this season will be A. S. Boyd, who has taken a house at Merkland, the unpretending little hamlet on the Luggie, situated about a mile from Kirkinilloch, where the ill-fated David Gray was born, and where he died, gasping, with his latest breath, for

one clear day, a snowdrop, and sweet air!

Messrs Adam & Smail, of Sauchiehall Street, are preparing a large stained glass window, to the commission of Col. Buchanan of Drumpellier, which will be placed, when completed, in the east window of St. John's Church, Coatbridge. The subject illustrated by the design is the "Ascension," and the work promises to be one of the most successful, both as regards drawing and colour, which this firm have yet executed.

Two busts of eminent members of the Faculty of Procurators—Mr Sheriff Bell and Mr Sheriff Galbraith, the one bust being the work of George E. Ewing, and the other that of James A. Ewing, were placed, last week, in the Library of the Faculty.

It will be remembered that high in the foremost rank of the competitive designs for the New Municipal Buildings was that of Mr William Young, late of Paisley, now of London. This design is being exhibited by the Royal Academy of his adopted city.

Some Seasonable Household Hints.

IN view of numberless impending fittings a few useful recipes in the way of domestic economy and social hygiene may prove acceptable to paterfamilias and others. The BAILIE'S retainer has tested the undermentioned, and can answer for their efficacy:—

To dispense with sweeps—Set your chimneys on fire.

To cure a smoky chimney—Give up fires.

To save coal—Use gas stoves.

To extinguish gas bills—Make a direct connection with the main.

To leave the landlord in the dark—"Shoot the moon."

To raise your spirits—Get into the D.T's.

How to make both ends meet—Live solely on pottedhead and ox-tail soup.

To clear out black beetles—Turn on a herd of hedge hogs in the kitchen.

To catch mice—Put salt on their tails.

To destroy moths—Collect specimens.

To avoid draughts—Don't play with them.

A TAK' DOON.

(Scene—Dundas Street Railway Station; Helensburgh train just leaving.)

Swell (languidly)—Heah, guard! Do I take this—ah—twain to Helensburgh?

Guard (seriously)—Weel, ye nicht try, but an injin generally tak's this yin doon.

The first "Eviction in Skye"—The Expulsion of his Satanic Eminence.

The Aberdeen Train—The Lord High Commissioner's procession.

A Brass Band—The members of the Monetary Conference.

L'Homme qui Rit (not Victor Hugo's)—The Moderator of the Free Assembly.

Apropos of Scotch Legislation in Parliament—"Stands Scotland where it did?"

BICYCLES. } The "Premier," "Excelsior," "Salvo," "Club,"
TRICYCLES. } and Best Makes. Second-Hand Machines in
Good Condition, Cheap.—Agents, JENNINGS,
101 Mitchell Street.

Sing Ho the Merry Fiscal and the Witness.

NOT many days ago in one of our rising—they're always rising—suburban Burgh Police Courts two unhappy waifs were haled before the "beak" charged with "breach of the peace to the annoyance of the lieges." The Fiscal had set his mind on a conviction, but he was terribly put out of his reckoning by the one witness who was called to corroborate the "bobby" in the case. The examination was in this wise:—

P. F.—Did you see either of the prisoners that night?

W. (who has a habit of repeating each question in his replies)—Did I see them? No, I didna see them.

P. F.—Were you alone at 11 o'clock that night?

W.—Was a' alone? Aye a' was alone!

P. F.—Had you been drinkin'?

W.—Aye a' had been drinkin'!

P. F.—Now, were you and the prisoners not drinking together in — stable that night near 11 o'clock?

W.—A' was in the stable, nae doot.

P. F.—Were you alone, sir?

W.—Was a' alone? Aye a' was alone.

P. F.—Had you a bottle with you?

W.—Had a' a bottle? Of coorse I had a bottle.

P. F.—Did you pass it round, eh?

W.—Did a' pass't roon? Aye a' pass't it roon'.

P. F.—Now, then, be carefu', my man! You have sworn you passed the bottle round. To whom did you pass it, pray?

W.—Tae who did I pass't? Tae masel', av coorse!

There was no conviction, but after the Court was over there were heard the sounds of mirth and song from a neighbouring "pub.," and that witness (he had a burr and was easily picked out) was trilling forth—

"Daisy! Daisy! standing at the bar-r-r,"
and accompanying the melody with his clogs!

"FUNNY DOG."

Wullie—Hulloa, Bob! Hoo's a'; isn't it awfu' warm?

Bob—Aye, Wullie, d'ye ken it's jist scorching; I had tae leave aff my topcoat.

Wullie—Then the dug 'ill get its bed noo, Bob, eh? [He leaves Bob thinking.]

"The Leisure Hour"—Meal time.

T H E A T R E . R O Y A L ,
(Under Royal Letters-Patent from The Crown.)
Lessee and Manager,.....Miss LITTON (Mrs W. Robertson).

LAST TWO WEEKS OF
Miss LITTON'S COMPANY.
IMPORTANT ATTRACTIONS.
SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

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FOR FIVE NIGHTS ONLY,
Miss LITTON AS
MR HERMANN VEZIN AS *Lady Teazle,*
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MR KYRLE BELLEW AS *Moses,*
Charles.

THE THEATRE ROYAL is not only "THE HANDSOMEST, BEST, and MOST FASHIONABLE THEATRE" in the Provinces, but also "THE CHEAPEST." Gallery, 6d; Pit, 1s; Boxes 1s 6d; Pit Stalls, 2s; Dress Circle, 3s; Balcony and Orchestra Stalls, 5s and 6s; Private Boxes from half-a-guinea.

Box Office, at the Theatre; or at Messrs Muir Wood's, Buchanan Street.

Doors Open, 6-30; Commence 7-30.

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Proprietor and Director,Mr CH. BERNARD.
Manageress,Mrs CH. BERNARD.

EVERY EVENING,
MISS LIZZIE COOTE,
MR ARTHUR ROBERTS,
MDLLE ADA.

Box Office Open 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.

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THE DION BOUCICAULT
FORBIDDEN FRUIT COMPANY.
This Evening (Tuesday), May 24th, at 8-15,
FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

Preceded at 7.30 by the Screaming Farce,
GOOSE WITH THE GOLDEN EGGS.
Box Plan Open at Messrs J. Muir Wood & Co., from 11 till 4, and at the Theatre from 11 till 3.

R O Y A L P R I N C E S S ' S T H E A T R E ,
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Sole Lessee and Manager,.....Mr H. CECIL BERYL.
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MDLLE. BEATRICE'S COMEDY DRAMA COMPANY,
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In their Latest and Greatest Success,
T H E W O R K M A N ;
OR, THE SHADOW ON THE HEARTH.
The Scenery by Mr CHARLES WALKER.

In active preparation, their Great Moral Drama,
T H E W O M A N O F T H E P E O P L E .
Box Plan at Donaldson's Rooms, 91 St. Vincent Street.

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An Address to the Saints,
BY A SINNER.

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ANNUAL CHURCH PARADE,

ST. ANDREW'S HALLS,

On SABBATH, May 29th, 1881, at 7 o'clock p.m.

Doors Open at 6.30.

THE REV. J. MARSHALL LANG, D.D.,

Acting Chaplain, will officiate.

THE REGIMENTAL CHOIR AND BAND

Will Lead the Praise

Conductor, Lieut. HUGH McNABB, 1st L.R.V.

Admission by Ticket only, to be had along with Book of Words and Music, price Sixpence, from R. J. & R. ADAMS, 83 Buchanan Street.

The free proceeds, including Collection after Service, to be for the Benefit of the movement for establishing Army Coffee Taverns in Garrison Towns.

26TH MAY. QUEEN'S BIRTH-DAY. MAY 26TH.

ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS,

ADMISSION 6D. SUBSCRIBERS FREE.

GRAND PROMENADE CONCERT,

WITH BALOON AND

AERIAL PYROTECHNIC DISPLAY.

On THURSDAY FIRST, 26TH MAY, from 6.30 to 9 P.M.

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

To be had at Mr Sloan's, 140 Hope Street; and at Garden Gate.

N.B.—Subscribers to present their Tickets on entering.

GRAND BOWLING TOURNAMENT,

ON THE

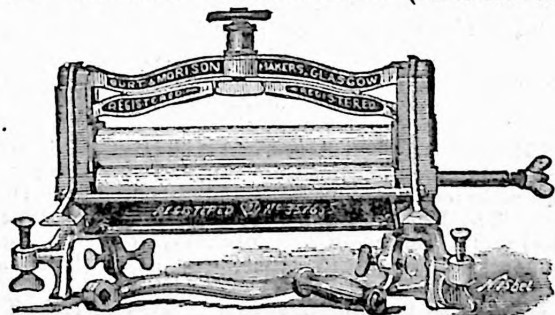
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GLASGOW



C. ALEDONIAN RAILWAY.

QUEEN'S BIRTH DAY.

EXCURSION ARRANGEMENTS FROM GLASGOW, ON THURSDAY, 26TH MAY, 1881.

TO PERTH AND DUNDEE.

By Fast Through Train, 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 the following day on paying One-fourth of these Fares additional before returning.

TO OBAN.

By Excursion Train, leaving Glasgow (Buchanan Street) at 6-35 a.m., calling at the undernoted Stations; returning from Oban at 5-50 p.m. same Day.

CHEAP RETURN FARES—

	1st.	3rd.		1st	3rd
STRATHVRE	6/	3/	DALMALLY,	} 10/	5/
LOCHEARNHEAD,	7/	3/6	LOCH AWE,		
KILLIN,			TAYNUILT,		
LUIB,	8/6	4/3	CONNEL FERRY		
CRIANLARICH,			OBAN,		
TYNDRUM,					

The Tickets are valid for day of issue only.

TO LANARK (FOR FALLS OF CLYDE).

By Special Train leaving Glasgow (Central Station), at 9 o a.m.; Bridge Street, 9-3; Eglinton Street, 9-7; London Road, 9-2; Bridgeton, 9-5; and Rutherglen, at 9-13 a.m. Returning from Lanark at 6-10 p.m. same Day.

CHEAP RETURN FARES—

FIRST CLASS.....	3s 10d	THIRD CLASS.....	2s 1d
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Passengers may return the following day by any of the Ordinary Trains on paying One-Fourth of these Fares additional before returning.

TO BEATTOCK, LOCKERBIE, DUMFRIES, AND CARLISLE.

By Special Fast Train leaving Glasgow (Central Station) at 7-10 a.m.; Bridge Street, 7-13; Eglinton Street, 7-16; London Road, 6-35; Bridgeton, 6-38; and Rutherglen at 7-22 a.m.; and Returning from Dumfries at 6-20 p.m.; and from Carlisle at 6-25 p.m. same Day.

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

Cheap Return Tickets will also be issued to Annan. Fares, First-Class, 8s; Third Class, 4s. For Times of Trains, see the Company's Time Tables.

Passengers may return the following Friday, Saturday, or Monday, by any of the Ordinary Trains (Limited Mail excepted) on paying 2s First Class, and 1s Third Class in addition to these Fares before returning.

LESMAHAGOW BRANCH.

The 11-15 a.m. Train from GLASGOW (Central Station) to AYK ROAD will run on to TILLIETUDLEM, calling at NETHERBURN. Additional Trains will be run between Glasgow, Hamilton, and Tillietudlem if required.

For ADDITIONAL TRAIN and BOAT ACCOMMODATION to ROTHESAY, LARGS, MILLPORT, KRAN, and INVERARAY, via WEMYSS BAY—See Bills.

JAMES SMITHELLS, General Manager.

Glasgow, May, 1881.

GLASGOW AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.



CHEAP EXCURSION ON QUEEN'S BIRTH-DAY. THURSDAY, 26th MAY.

TO DUMFRIES, ANNAN, CARLISLE, &c. From GLASGOW (St. Enoch Station) by Special Express Train leaving at 8-15, Shields Road at 8-20, and Paisley at 8-30 a.m.

Stations.	Return Fares—First Class. Third Class.	
MAUCHLINE,	} 5s	2s 6d
AUCHINLECK,		
OLD CUMNOCK,		
NEW CUMNOCK,	} 6s	3s
SANQUHAR,		
THORNHILL,	7s	3s 6d
DUMFRIES,	} 8s	4s
ANNAN,		
CARLISLE.....		

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

Passengers may Return from Dumfries, Annan, and Carlisle by Ordinary Trains up till MONDAY, 30th MAY, on Payment at the Booking Office before Leaving of 2s First Class and 1s Third Class Additional to the Excursion Fare.

TO AYR AND ARDROSSAN.

By Special Express Train leaving St. Enoch at 8 20 and Shields Road at 8-25 a.m. Returning from Ayr at 6 45 and Ardrossan at 7 p.m.

RETURN FARES.

To AYR,	1st Class.	3rd Class.
To ARDROSSAN,	5s	2s 6d
	4s	2s

These Tickets are only available on the Date of Issue and by the Trains named.

TO STRANRAER.

On WEDNESDAY, 25th MAY, by Train leaving Glasgow (St. Enoch) at 4-15 p.m. and Paisley at 4-30 p.m.

On THURSDAY, 26th MAY, by Train leaving Glasgow (St. Enoch) at 6-45 a.m., Shields Road at 6-50 a.m., and Paisley at 7-1 a.m.

Returning on THURSDAY, 26th MAY, from Town Station at 4-20 p.m., and from Harbour Station at 8-15 p.m.

RETURN FARES.

FIRST CLASS, 10s. THIRD CLASS, 5s.

Passengers may Return by any Ordinary Train, on FRIDAY, SATURDAY, and MONDAY, 27th, 28th and 30th MAY, on Payment at the Booking Offices at Stranraer of One-Fourth additional to the above Fares.

TO BELFAST AND BACK IN ONE DAY (via GIRVAN AND STRANRAER).

By Train Leaving Glasgow (St. Enoch) at 6-45 a.m., Shields Road at 6-50 a.m., and Paisley at 7-1 a.m.

RETURN FARES.

FIRST CLASS, 20s. THIRD CLASS, 10s.

Passengers arrive in Belfast at 1 p.m., and return at 4 p.m. (Irish time) same day, and have thus about Three Hours in Belfast. The Tickets are available for Return any day (except Sunday) up till and inclusive of MONDAY, 30th MAY, by Train leaving Belfast, York Road Terminus, at 4 p.m. (Irish time).

GLASGOW AND GREENOCK.

In addition to the Ordinary service, a SPECIAL TRAIN will leave GLASGOW, (St. Enoch) for GREENOCK (Prince's Pier) at 8-25 a.m., calling at Shields Road at 8-30, and Paisley at 8-40 a.m., connecting at Greenock with Steamer "LORD OF THE ISLES," and other SPECIAL TRAINS will be Run as required from GLASGOW (St. Enoch) to PAISLEY and GREENOCK in the Forenoon and from GREENOCK and PAISLEY to GLASGOW in the Afternoon and Evening.

W. J. WAINWRIGHT,

Glasgow, May, 1881.

ADVERTISEMENTS received for Home and Foreign Papers, London and Edinburgh Gazettes, &c. A. F. SHARP & CO., 14 Royal Exchange Square.

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ROYAL MUSIC HALL,
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 PROPRIETOR,.....THOS. ROGERS.
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SETTEES AND CHAIRS
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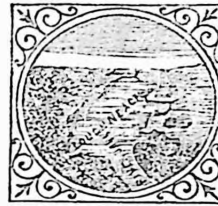
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 10 A.M. DINNERS from 12 Noon.
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 As a stimulant, PREFERRED to the finest brandy.
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 BREAKFASTS, DINNERS, TEAS.
 French Papers Daily.

WASTE PAPER, Ledgers, Letters, Books,
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 MILL STORE, 98 MAXWELL STREET, for Re-manufacture.

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 tasted 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 rapping 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.

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.

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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"!

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.

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Finest LOAF SUGAR, broken for table, 3½d; AMERICAN GRANULATED, 3½d; CRYSTALS, 3½d;
WHITE CRUSHED, 3d; FINE BROWN, 2½d.

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"One of the finest and best appointed Hotels in Europe."—*American Register*.

THIS MAGNIFICENT HOTEL, the comfort of which has been greatly increased by the extensive and costly alterations just completed, is now open for the reception of Families and Gentlemen under *new and efficient management*.

This Establishment offers unrivalled accommodation to Visitors during their stay in Glasgow, whether for one day or a lengthened period. The Charges are strictly moderate, and the attendance all that can be desired.

Gentlemen wishing to Board in an Hotel are respectfully invited to call and inspect this House and its Scale of Charges.

Early Dinner of Soup, Fish, Joint, and Sweets or Cheese, Daily from 1 till 4 p.m.

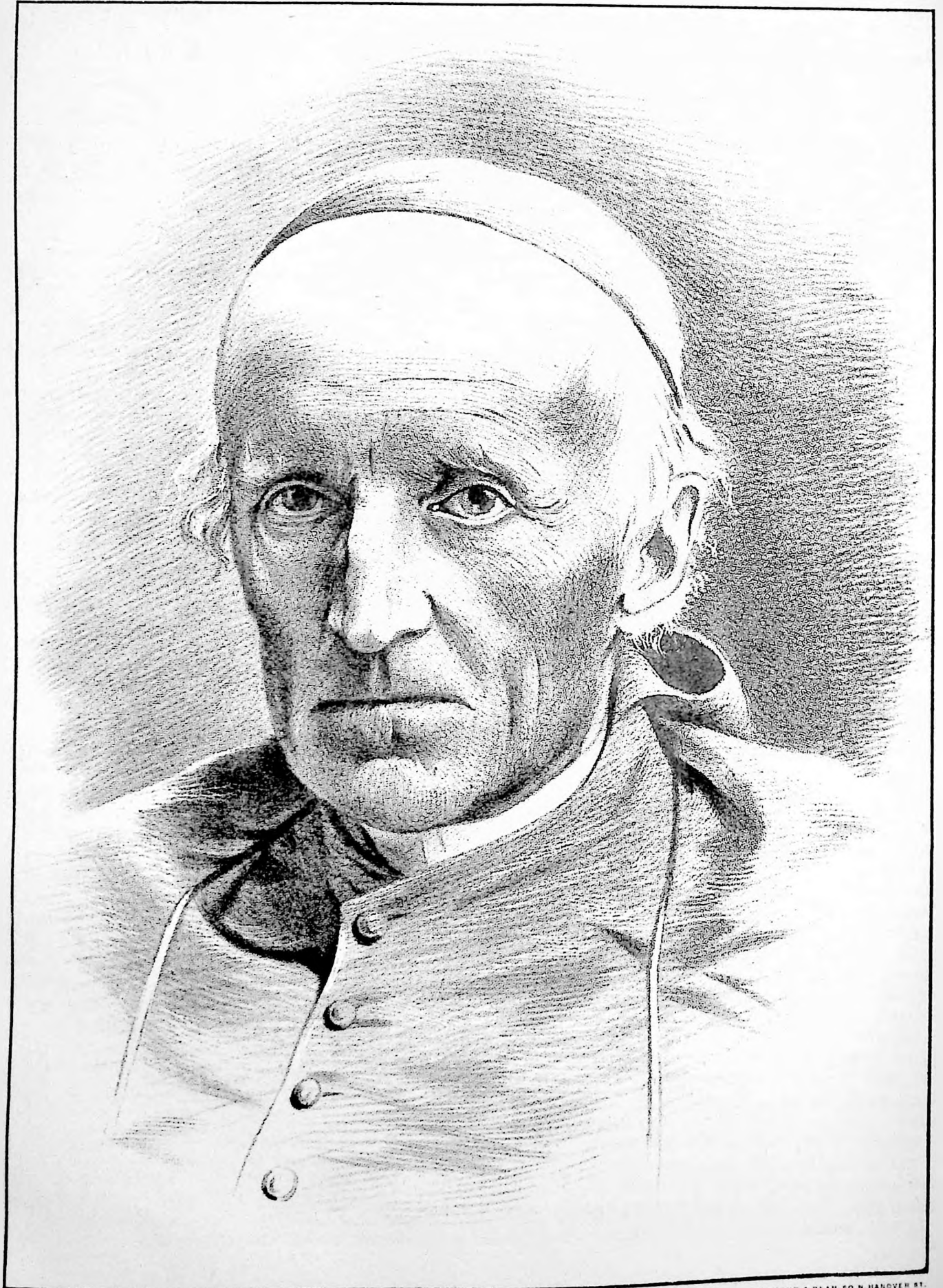
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W. G. DAVIDSON, Manager.

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The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 450. Glasgow, Wednesday, June 1st, 1881. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 450.

"BELIEVE in the Pope, I would as soon believe in Jupiter," was one of the rotund, militant sayings of Dr Arnold, and the temper it manifested toward the papacy is the temper which has prevailed in Scotland since the days of John Knox. Five-and-forty years ago a wave of Catholic reaction, having its origin in Oxford, spread over the length and breadth of England, and carried scores of earnest theologians and keen thinkers into the fold of Rome. The current, however, was stayed at the Scottish Border. No league further did it pass. Indeed, we in the North remained not only sublimely indifferent to the spiritual revolution which was being carried on by Newman and his fellows, but we were ignorant, for the most part, that such a movement was even in progress. To outward seeming the influence, upon our English neighbours, of the Tractarian secession, has long since spent itself, but acute observers maintain that the Catholic tide is still flowing, especially among the idle and the ignorant. "Conversion," they tell us, "is fashionable. Cardinals and Monsignors are to be seen in London drawing-rooms. Convents and monasteries continue to multiply." The most prominent figure, after that of Newman, among the English seceders to Rome, is his Eminence HENRY EDWARD, the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. And it may be questioned whether, in a purely ecclesiastical sense that is, Cardinal MANNING does not fill even a larger space than the great Oratorian in the eye of the world. He is a born soldier and organiser. No enterprise is too daring for his spirit, no detail is too insignificant for his attention. Within a few weeks he shall have attained his seventy-third year, but his eager, indefatigable spirit

carries him successfully through labours at which men of half his age might well stand aghast. The father of Cardinal MANNING was a wealthy merchant. The Cardinal was educated at Harrow, and Balliol College, Oxford, and after graduating with first-class honours at Balliol, he was elected a Fellow of Merton. He married soon afterwards, but his married life was of but short duration, his wife having died within a few months of their union. On leaving Merton he was appointed Rector of Lavington. Here he remained for a year or two, and then, in 1840, Bishop Otter promoted him to the Archdeaconry of Chichester. Even then, we are told, he was prone to manifest an undue reverence for Authority, to disparage the work of the Reformation, and to cast scorn on the name of Protestant. It may be questioned, however, whether he might not have continued a member of the Anglican communion, had not the judgment of the Privy Council in the Gorham case driven him, as he said himself, into the arms of the rival Church. This was in 1851, and between 1851 and 1865 the influence of Dr MANNING in the Roman Catholic circles of the South was constantly on the increase. The last-named year saw the death of Cardinal Wiseman, and setting aside the recommendation of the suffragan bishops of the diocese, the Pope—Pius IX.—appointed MANNING to the Archbishopric of Westminster, which had been left vacant by Wiseman's death. In his new post the ex-Rector of Lavington bore himself with a high head. He had always been given to sacerdotalism, but now he became an Ultramontane of the Ultramontanes. The doctrine of Papal Infallibility, adopted at the Vatican Council in 1870, had in him an enthusiastic supporter; he denounced modern criticism, and especially historical criticism, with all the vehemence in his power; and Döllinger and the Old Catholics

found no more untiring and determined foe than this pervert from English Episcopacy. It need not be wondered, therefore, that MANNING grew high in favour with the Supreme Pontiff, and that one of the last public acts of Pope Pius was to confer a cardinal's hat on the Archbishop of Westminster. The Ultramontane side, however, is only one side of Cardinal MANNING'S character. If he is a Prince of the Church of Rome, he is an Englishman and a man of the world as well. Personally his habits are those of an ascetic; the popular notion—and in this matter the popular notion is the correct one—assigns him a diet of herbs, not in Lent only, but over the entire year. But this asceticism notwithstanding, he is a favoured guest of every society in the great world of the metropolis. His manner has all the fascination, his intellect has all the brilliancy of the Bolingbokes and the Saviles of other days. The work of Cardinal MANNING among the poorer classes of Roman Catholics in London is well known. He has constituted himself an apostle of temperance—another Father Mathew, in fact—and his personal labours, and the influence he has exercised in connection with the "League of the Cross," are sufficient of themselves to gain for him name and fame for generations to come. The Cardinal makes his appearance to-day in Glasgow, the cause of his coming being the inauguration of the new church of the Franciscans in Hutchesontown. It is impossible for us, Scotchmen and Presbyterians, to indulge or express any sympathy for his ecclesiastical leanings and pretensions. We may be pardoned, however, if we regard him with a feeling which is at once more and less than one of curiosity. While he is a Churchman he is also a personage in literature and politics and society; his likeness has been drawn in "Endymion;" he has dominated the College of Cardinals in the election of a Pope. He is a Man you Know, not only in a local but in a national sense as well.

SAFT A-WEE.

(Scene—Steerage of the Clansman.)

Donald (fondly caressing Maggie's cheek with his hand)—"O, Maggie! Maggie! my hand wis never before on so saft a place!"

Maggie (archly taking his hand away, and putting it on his head)—"Yiss, yiss, Donald; it wass too, whateffer."

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.

31st.

TA, ta, sweet May, and blessings with you—there!
There's valediction, honest and sincere,
From one who danced beneath your shine, and here
Would thank you openly—that's only fair;
You brought the flow'rets from their hidden lair
To see the sky; and buds that 'gan to peer
You sent a sudden ray their young cheeks near,
And oped their eyes unto the world's glare!
Too serious? aha, you're smiling, May!
You know that's not my forte—I'll change my tune;
I'll try some ballad in your praise to croon,
Or seek for rhymes upon your name to play—
And should I trap a pun upon my way
I'll drop it at your feet—but stay—O June!

"TA STOTS WAS GOOD."

(Scene—Highland Pier. Steamer "Jupiter" about to start.)

Celtic Drover (rushing on board excitedly, and shouting to Captain)—"Hi; are you ta Ju-Pater."

Captain—"Aye; am ta Ju-Pater."

C. D.—Can she bring her stots aboard.

Captain—No; am ta poat and ta poat's me, but not wan stot will she fetch aboard but herself, this day whateffer.

"HONOUR TO WHOM HONOUR," &c.—The loyalty of Sugaropolis to the Queen on the anniversary of her birthday is deserving of all praise. On the "telling" table of one of the banks, the following notice was exhibited: "In honour of the Queen's Birthday, this office *will be open* on Thursday, 19th inst., between the hours of 9 and 11 o'clock, A.M."

WIRING IN.—If the City received compensation for railway bridges being thrown across the streets, ought it not to be similarly paid by the proprietors of the telegraph wires? These multitudinous lines have alike trespassed upon the *solum*, and uglified the city.

"W. W."—O Willie, we ha'e miss'd ye. Whaur wis y'r flag on Thursday?

A Standing Joke—The son that never sits on the Queen's dominions.

A Man of Plane dealing—Preceptor Matheson.
To the Ladies—Special—"Terry" velvet in London has cost five guineas a yard.

"The Workman"—More "play" than work.

Music in the Parks—Nursery airs.
Chamber Music—Baby's.

A Divided Author—Mark Twain.

OTTO, PREMIER, QUEEN, CLUB, RUDGE, HOWE,
BICYCLES AND } and others. Purchasers Taught Free, on covered
TRICYCLES. } track, only 14 laps to the mile.—J. MARSHALL
& SONS, 101 Hope Street, & 1 Renfield Street.

Female Flitting Reflections.

IT is perfectly wonderful what a quantity o' bread and ham and whisky a carter is capable of consuming.

Husbands are feeble folk at a flittin'.

Surely the new laird'll be more liberal than the last in the way of pentin' an' paperin'.

It is awfu' the charges thae contractors mak' for the use o' their lorries on the 28th o' May.

If three removals are as bad as a fire, we could a' had a gey big bleeze by this time.

An Act o' Parliament should be passed makin' fixtures o' grates, ovens, gasaliers, an' gas fittin's.

That young bricklayer laddie's charge o' six shillin's for settin' in the kitchen range wis fair robbery.

Sleeping on shake-downs on the floor is onything but comfortable.

How I could a' managed without the advice an' assistance o' my mother I really don't know!

ANSWERING ONE QUESTION WITH ANOTHER.
(Scene—Edinburgh; promenade; music by military band.)

Auld Wife (listening attentively to music, to her better-half)—Man, isn't that graund?"

Better-half—Eh! graund! What's the use o' a biss (bass?) fiddle in the field o' battle?

[A lengthened discussion follows.]

A Straight Tip.

SHERIFF SPITTAL of Wick is evidently a man who knows how to use an opportunity. On being told in court that a gentleman cited to sit as jurymen in a perjury case was unable to attend, having to be present at the Free Church Assembly in Edinburgh as a representative elder, he excused him *ex gratia*, and added, "If any more jurymen are to go to the Assembly, they should urge upon the clergy to pay more particular attention to the morals of the people, and less to matters of doctrine." Messrs Moncrieff, Rainy, Begg, & Co., please note.

A RADICAL OPINION.—At first sight there may very reasonably be some difference of opinion as to "The Best and Cheapest Route for Ireland." However, in going to the root of the matter it will generally be conceded that the potato is by far the most popular. That's so.

A Whisky Trade-Mark—An Inebriate.

Gentlemen who get the Baby to hold—Remedy, 203 Perambulator.—GARDINER & HARDIE, 42 Great Clyde Street.

On 'Change.

LORD YOUNG has been busying himself with a matter he evidently knows very little about. With his customary rashness he has made statements about the Stock Exchange which must have surprised the members of that institution. According to him, the stockbrokers not only sell stocks which have no existence, but they also buy stocks which have no existence. I can understand the first assertion partially, if Lord Young means that when a man bears the market he sells stock he does not possess. Even in that light Lord Young is wrong, because the stock does exist, and the seller intends to get it, and must procure it, in order to fulfil his contract. But when this wiseacre of the Bench says that stockbrokers buy stock which has no existence he talks nonsense. He is probably not aware that certain official steps must be taken before a quotation can be got on the Stock Exchange. There are abuses on the Stock Exchange, no doubt, and there have been knaves on it too, just as there are sometimes knaves in the profession so highly adorned by Lord Young. It does not follow, however, that all stockbrokers and lawyers are knaves; and, with all deference to so competent an authority, I persist in believing that the bear is, on occasion, a highly useful animal.

Last week some splendid new investments were advertised. An eminent authority sets down the sum asked for last week at eight millions, and the total since December last at a hundred and fifty millions sterling. That is pretty good for one week and for one half-year. For the nation to subscribe a million a day, or thereby, for new companies, shows that the nation must have money if it be deficient in brains.

One of these splendid investments interests me. It is called The Great Hervas Tin Mines, Limited, and its capital is only £100,000. For a small consideration out of this paltry sum the vendors are ready and willing to hand over a property which has already yielded two millions sterling. The generosity of these vendors passes belief.

New companies like this have a chance just now, because people find little employment for their money. They cannot get much for it out of preference stocks, which are pretty safe, because these securities are too high. They get still less out of ordinary stocks, which are often not safe, for the very same reason. The idea of buying Great North of Scotland at 66 is preposterous, and other stocks offer equally poor prospects for investors. That is where the shoe pinches, and sends people with money to the new limited companies with £1 shares.

Iron does not look healthy. If Lord Young knew what was going on in the south-west corner of our unventilated Rialto, he might find a new text for his next judicial sermon.—SCRUTATOR.

HEAVY.

(Scene—Engineering establishment where a large number of steam hammers are employed.)

Clergyman (visiting the same)—Terribly noisy work this of yours.

Wag of a Foreman—Something like preachin', sir.

A "Black" Smith (according to the opinion of the majority of the Free Church Assembly)—Professor W. R.

A Magisterial Elevation—That of Donald Matheson to the Companionship of the Bath.

"Scotch Sermons"—Lord Archibald Campbell's letters.

"The Busybody"—Stipendiary Gemmel at Monday's "Central" court.

MITCHELL'S OLD IRISH WHISKY.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—We must say good-bye, this week, to the best resident company of actors we have ever had in Glasgow, and, what is more, the best company of actors at present on the stage. Miss Marie Litton and her friends leave the city on Saturday, and appear on Monday at the London Court Theatre, and although she will return herself later in the year to the Theatre-Royal, we cannot hope that she will bring back so distinguished a troupe, or one in which the style and the general *ensemble* will be so uniform and so perfect.

Mr Lionel Brough—our finest low comedian since Harry Widdicombe—is not likely to be seen in Glasgow, after Saturday, for many months; and Mr Bellew is another actor who may be expected, for a time at least, to confine himself to the London stage.

Two members of Miss Litton's company, however, whom we may hope to welcome back with the colder airs and longer nights of autumn, are Mr Everill and Mr Stephens. They are capital actors both. Mr Everill's *Pen Holder*—to mention only one of his parts—is such a bit of pathetic, and yet genuinely artistic acting, as is only seen at rare intervals; while the *Joseph Surface* and the *Burchill* of Mr Stephens discovered quite an unexpected reserve of power in that careful actor and pleasant gentleman. Another comedian we could not well do without is Mr Bannister. Indeed, the Theatre-Royal would hardly seem the Theatre-Royal were Mr Bannister absent. Somehow or other he has succeeded in identifying himself with the house in the eyes of the public, till his is one of the first names which is looked for in any newly-announced cast of a play.

They perform Tom Taylor's "Vicar of Wakefield" at the Royal to-night, and to-morrow and Wednesday evenings, while on Thursday and Friday, Miss Litton will take her benefit. It surely behoves that the house should be crammed on these last named nights. The programme arranged for both is an unusually interesting one, and the occasion, moreover, affords those who only attend the theatre now and then, an opportunity of testifying, by their presence, how much they have appreciated the efforts of this accomplished lady to provide them with an altogether adequate representation of our older comedies.

Miss Lizzie Coote and her company—one member of which is that funny fellow Mr Arthur Roberts, and another Mdlle. Ada, most fascinating of danseuses—remain at the Gaiety for another six nights.

Next week the Bells of Corneville are once more to sound their familiar chime at the Gaiety Theatre. The company who will assist to ring them has been organised by Mr Bernard and includes some familiar names. Among them are those of Mr Odell, Mr Harry Collier, Mr Rogers and Miss Grace Armitage.

Mrs Chippendale and her company appear at the Royalty Theatre this week in a new piece entitled "Foul Weather." "Foul Weather" is the work of Mr C. W. Somerset, an actor who is not quite unknown on the Royalty stage. Besides Mrs Chippendale, the cast of the new play includes Miss Measor and Messrs Haydon, Beck, and the author himself.

"The Woman of the People" has now replaced the "Workman" at the Royal Princess's Theatre. It is of the class of work which is certain to find favour at the hands of a south-side audience. As played by Mr Harvey and the other members of the Beatrice Company "The Woman of the People" will draw tears, and what is more, in a managerial sense at least, it will draw crowded houses as well. On Friday, when Mr Harvey will take his benefit, the drama of "Married not Mated" will form the *piece de resistance* of the evening.

The Grand Theatre—late the Prince of Wales—is announced by Mr Charles of Nottingham, the new lessee, for opening in September next.

Mr Herman Vezin appears at the Royal on Monday next as *Hamlet*. All his life this distinguished artist has been a Shake-

sparian student first and an actor afterwards, and his performance of the philosophic Dane will necessarily prove a source of keen attraction to every one who has been stirred or soothed by the magic of Shakespeare. In the opinion of the *Pall Mall Gazette* Mr Vezin's *Hamlet* is the most intellectual *Hamlet* of our generation.

Apropos of Mr Vezin it may be interesting to note that Saturday night, if I mistake not, was the first time that he sustained the role of *Dr. Primrose* in Tom Taylor's adaptation of "The Vicar of Wakefield." When Miss Litton revived this play, three years ago, at the Imperial Theatre, London, the part of the *Vicar* was played by Mr William Farren, and Mr Vezin was appearing, at the same time, as the *Vicar* of Mr Wills's drama of "Olivia," which was running at the Court Theatre.

They say that the originator of the "Monklands Reconstruction Scheme" bears the unfamiliar name of—Smith!

Our sapient Town Councillors made up their minds to have a regular field day last Tuesday over the plans for the New Municipal Buildings, but wae's me, what a disappointment they got! Bailie Wilson, absorbed in Kirk affairs, chose to remain in Edinburgh rather than "come through" for the meeting, and wrote withdrawing his Carrick motion, and Bailie Dunlop followed the same course by word of mouth. The "hedging" of the "literary" magistrate was a serious blow, inasmuch as his Honour having appeared in all the glory of a white choker and a swallow-tail, his usual symptoms of intellectual preparedness, his brother magnates looked forward to a lengthy prose-poetical dissertation on the subject. The brightest hopes, however, are blasted now and then, and in this matter Town Councillors have no immunity over "the general." Our "collective wisdom," therefore, was obliged to content itself by munching the remainder biscuit of a few dry Municipal Building facts.

In the conversation on the subject the Lord Provost was plain and poetical, Treasurer Hamilton precise, Mr Neil vague, and Mr Mathieson—the Nestor of the Corporation—confusedly figurative. He harrassed Mr Carrick with questions, "bossed" the debate generally, and convinced everybody that he alone—the all-knowing Preceptor that he is—knew all that was to be known anent the new structure.

The one gleam of humour which helped to redeem the dullness of the meeting was supplied by Mr Collins—not usually given, as all the world knows, to such airy flights—who proposed that the upper flat of the edifice should be set aside as an Art Gallery! The suggestion fairly took away the breath of the majority. Bailie Colquhoun, as it happened, was the first to recover his equanimity, and rising with a "beloved brethren" expression of countenance, and an air as solemn as that of an inspired mummy, he gravely inveighed against the motion put forward by the cauld water Councillor, and for once in his official life he really succeeded in scoring something like a success.

The *Dumfriesshire and Galloway Herald* informs us in its last Saturday's issue that "the burgh of Annan was taken in charge by the County Police on Thursday." It would be interesting to know for what—disorderly and drunk, or drunk and disorderly?

There has been no fatter job for our lawyers, for many a week, than that supplied by the proposed Partick-Hillhead Extension scheme. Gowned and ungowned, to the number of a score or thereby, they buzzed over the "cause" in to-day's Appeal Court like so many flies round a jelly pot. The biggest fly of the swarm was Sheriff Macdonald, late Solicitor-General for Scotland, late candidate for Edinburgh, late Captain of the Scottish Twenty, and late man generally, who, appearing in the interest of Partick, did his best to give fits to our smaller legal fry, and who certainly succeeded, now and then, in rousing his opponent, fussy, respectable Mr Naismith, into something like absolute ill-nature by his wicked, leering glances and biting tongue. More than one member of the bar is sorry

enough by this time that Sheriff Clark's suggestion that the inquiry should be conducted solely by members of the Glasgow bar has been wantonly disregarded.

The music at the opening of the church of St. Francis on Wednesday will be of the most *recherché* character. Much of it is but little known, at least to the Protestant members of the community. There will be, for instance, selections from two of Janssen's Oratorios, and from Lambillotte's writings for the Catholic Church. The elegant music of Rossini and Weber is also conspicuous in what is altogether an exceedingly attractive programme.

Kirklands.

SOME good-natured people say :—

- That the Lunacy Board is a myth.
- That its members are nonentities.
- That the Kirklands Asylum is a palace.
- That £824 per acre for moorland is well-spent money.
- That Kirklands has to be inspected now and then.
- That a jaunting car there and back, especially on a Saturday, is a pleasant mode of conveyance, that is, for the inspecting party.
- That we would like to know Bailie Salmon's valuation of Kirklands.
- That it cost £16,000.

The Latest from the Animile.

THE circle was quiet; the troubadour contemplated sadly, through the great western window, the glories of the dying day; the artist stroked his beard, which is now, like that of the elder Hamlet's, a "sable silvered," and bethought him of how those tints, which illuminated the crystal with a golden glory, would lighten up the hills of the Holy Loch, when Asinus, with monstrous "he-haw," broke in upon the brooding silence. "I've a 'choke,'" he said, as he rolled his eyes over the empty tumblers, "and it's this: 'Why's an ill-built chimbly like the first swallow?'" Everybody looked foolish, but the feeling was one of indignation when the Animile added, "It's because it's a crookit flue!"

FREE OF BEING FREES'D.
 Noo that it's past, an' oot he's cast,
 'Mid din an' win an' clamour,
 The stalwart *Smith* may a' his pith
 Bring doon a free Thor-hammer.

Per The "Yuille" Log—Saturday's thunder-storm.

- A "Return" Ticket—To Lenzie "Junction."
- The Bells of "Shandon"—Have had the tongue of fama (w)rung out of them,
- Confession of an Opium-Eater—Mr Brechin's.
- Showers of Oratory—Prof. Rainy's speeches.

Musical Glasgow.

(Remarks at the end of the first piece at the Rubinstein Recital on Friday evening; the maestro, it should be noted, has omitted the Handel music, and commenced with the Beethoven sonata.)

Swell Musical Amateur—Handel's music is always so fresh.

Young Lady—You can never mistake Handel's style.

German Amateur—I know zat fugue vell; I zomtimes play eet mineself.

Member of Choral Union (in stalls with pass)—That movement very much resembles "For unto us," in the "Messiah."

[*Herald's* critic next morning—"The more solid inspirations of Handel and Beethoven found familiar (*sic*) examples in the opening group."]

Where Merchants most do Congregate.

IF the height of art be the art of concealing art, this altitude has certainly been attained in the reading-room of the Royal Exchange. There the classic walls have been converted into an advertising station, and *vis-a-vis* with the Corinthian column is the poster that of a verity was not designed by Herkomer. But why not, if it be publicity that is desiderated, utilise the outside rather, the colonnade and the portico? Why not "hang out your banners on the outward walls," that would "shine more bright in these contents than unswept stone, besmeared with sluttish time?"

Taste and Test.

MR BOYACK, a humorous member of Govan Parochial Board, is not quite satisfied with the drugs supplied to the poor people of Govan Parish. In this juncture would it not be well that the Board should appoint a committee of their number to call round the medical halls, sample the drugs, and report accordingly? Mr Boyack would then have a chance of suiting his taste.

TONALT AN' HIS SHOUTHERS.

(Scene—Dunkeld Railway Station)

Highland Porter (with heavy box on his shoulder) to fellow countryman—"Here, Tougal come and taka ff my shouthers."

Old Saw Re-Set—Flit in haste, repent at leisure.

Church Authorities—Ruling elders.

"A Burning Shame"—Incendiarism,

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the affairs of the Govan Parochial Board have got into a hopeless state of muddle.

That the assessment has been increased another penny in the pound.

That had this been done before the letting season there would have been a few additional removals.

That the Merryflatts Institution has been a white elephant to the Board.

That it swallows up many a pound intended for other purposes.

That the expenditure over the New Municipal Buildings has been fixed at last.

That the sooner the erection of the Buildings is begun the better.

That the flitting season is over.

That the troubles of the "flitters" are still in progress.

That a good many empty houses are hanging on the hands of the landlords.

That investment in property is not the paying spec it was once on a time.

That "taking one consideration with another the landlord's life is not a happy lot."

That Councillor Neil is doing some honest work in the Council at last.

That the practice of confining respectable tipsy persons along with irresponsible roughs has long been a blot on our police system.

That the promised inquiry may result in some improved arrangements.

That Councillor Neil deserves credit for his pluck in the matter.

That joviality isn't confined to the Glasgow Police Force.

That even the Sheriff's officers "indulge" now and then.

That the losing of a prisoner at Ardrossan by a Lanarkshire sheriff officer was a most laughable affair.

That the fiving fiends are afoot.

That the authorities must look to them.

SOLD.

(Scene—Railway Station, Dundee; two young men hurrying to catch last train at night.)

One of Young Men (to official who confronts them)—When does the next train leave for Fife?

Official (seeing his opportunity)—To-morrow morning. [Collapse of young 'un.]

"The School for Scandal"—Helensburgh.

MARRIAGE INVITATIONS, Ready Printed, 1/ per doz., with Envelopes.—GILLIESPIE BROTHERS, 8 Buchanan Street.

Music in the Parks.

MUSIC in the Parks!

There's seeming sunshine in the very sound

Visions of larks,

And harmony, and blooming flowers around.

Music in the air!

A sky-roofed concert-hall sans entrance doors;

Harmonious fare,

With dappled daisies strewn upon the floors.

Come one, come all,

Come, ye who weary work from skreigh of dawn,

Your souls enthrall

With music and fresh air upon the lawn.

O if there is

Aught upon earth can light the heavy heart,

Sure it is this—

Green fields, sweet air, and music's art!

"WHAT'S NEVER?"

(Scene—Rothesay Pier.)

Inebriated Native (gazing meditatively at "Broad Arrow" on the corner of neighbouring building) addresses Stranger—"Whit's ta mark on ta hoose."

Stranger (affably)—The bench mark of Ordnance Survey—do you understand?

I. N. (doubtfully)—"No; she never was there."

The Ecclesiastical Derby—the Smith Stakes.

LIST of the principal riders and horses:—

Rev. Sir H. W. Moncrieff—Caution, out of Knowledge of Church Law.

Mr G. W. Thomson—Constitutionality, out of Love for the Church.

Principal Rainy—Expediency, out of Cowardice.

Dr Whyte—Fairplay, out of Theological Advance.

Dr Adam—Inconsistency, out of Illegality.

Professor Bruce—Tolerance, out of Wise Belief in the Power of Truth.

Dr Begg—Tyranny, out of Bigotry.

Result—Questionable gain for Traditionalism.

OF COURSE.—There are three courses open to Sir Wilfred Lawson to-day (Wednesday)—the Course of Time, the Course of Business, and the Course of the Derby. Will he "go for" the last mentioned?

Salts that are as gall and wormwood to the palate of Sir Wilfred—Epsom.

"The Judicious Grieve"—The ex-M.P. for Greenock.

"The Unskilful Laugh"—That which "comes in" in the wrong place.

A "Struggling" People—Wrestlers.

Megilp.

WE are on the eve of witnessing another competition for the designing of the New Municipal Buildings, and before the terms of the struggle are finally settled it would be well to recal to our minds something of the circumstances attending the last one. When the competing designs were placed on view, they presented, even to a practised eye, nothing more than a bewildering mass of curved and angular lines. You met people, here and there, to be sure, who talked glibly enough—especially when they knew the authors—of the merits of this elevation or the beauties of that tower, but usually those who talked the most were just the people who knew the least about architecture and all that concerns it.

To meet this difficulty, and that it is a difficulty every architect—that is every honest architect—will admit at once, would it not be well, when a selection of six, or eight, or say a dozen names has been made from among the crowd of competitors, as architects to whom the task of designing our new Town Hall may safely be trusted, to ask each of these to submit a terracotta model of his building for the final adjudication? This, indeed, is the only way in which a proper notion of what the architect means can be gained. It is a plan, besides, which is followed with regard to all the more important buildings in the South, and why, in the case of an edifice which we expect to last for centuries, should it not be adopted here?

A pretty design, or an effective design, it must always be remembered, is a skilfully drawn design. Its prettiness and its effect have little if anything to do with its purely architectural merits. In a terracotta model, on the other hand, the architectural value of the design, and this value alone, is made visible. For the coming competition to be at all satisfactory, it must be a condition that the short leet of competitors are bound over to furnish the adjudicator, or adjudicators, with terracotta models of the buildings they propose to erect.

No two recent books are more interesting for poor stay-at-home folk who care for art than the Academy and the Grosvenor "Notes" of Henry Blackburn. If possible, the illustrations in the issues for the present year seem even more effective than were those of their predecessors. The "Cinderella" of Millais, Leslie's "Hen and Chickens," Farquharson's sheep picture, and Linton's "Benediction," in the Academy Notes, and Alma Tadema's "Ave Caesar," Herkomer's "Gloom of Idwal," and Halswelle's "Wittenham Clumps," in those of the Grosvenor Gallery, are specially worthy of notice. The "Grosvenor Notes" further contain a drawing of David Murray's "Clyde," a picture which the *St. James's Gazette*—no mean authority—places beside the landscapes of Cecil Lawson, Mark Fisher, and Napier Hemy, and the "Carrara Mountains" of G. F. Watts, the Academician.

One of the notable contributions to the coming Black and White Exhibition in the Fine Art Institute will be an etching by Colin Hunter, on which he has been engaged for some weeks. Great expectations, moreover, have been formed regarding the charcoal studies of R. M. G. Coventry. The drawing by Mr Coventry in last year's Black and White collection was as clever as it was unpretending, and his pictures in the recent Exhibition of the Institute, particularly the "Portincaple" and the "November," manifested much promise, and not a little accomplishment.

Alexander Davidson, who has once more settled down in London, has begun a picture illustrative of a situation in "The Busybody." He has laid the scene in St. James's Park, and has been engaged, for the past day or two, making studies of the trees and the ornamental water in the Park for the work.

In addition to W. Y. Macgregor, who was mentioned, last week, as painting in the neighbourhood of Ballintrae, other two members of the Art Club—P. M'Gregor Wilson and Edward Walton—have now taken up their quarters at the little Ayrshire fishing village. Alexander Mann, another Art Club member, and one who has shown special talent for *genre* painting, has completed his studies in Paris for the season, and has gone, or will shortly go to Stonehaven.

Tom M'Ewan has again fixed his summer quarters at Benderloch, the little hamlet at the head of Ardmacknish Bay, on Loch

Etive. The district is at once pastoral, and is in the immediate neighbourhood of some of the finest scenery in the West Highlands. Benderloch, moreover, is not without other associations than those connected with scenery. Antiquaries believe that Beregonium, the Pictish capital of Scotland, was situated here, and the Selma of Ossian likewise claims Benderloch for its original.

Following, in this matter, in the footsteps of his father, J. L. Docharty spent the later weeks of spring painting in Cadzow Forest.

Among the artistic "fittings" which took place on Saturday, were those of William Young, who will be found next winter in a studio at No. 65 West Regent Street, and Charles Lauder, who has removed from St. Vincent Street to Charing Cross.

One of the busts in the present Exhibition of the Royal Academy which has attracted special attention is that of Herman Vezin by Bruce-Joy, the sculptor whose statue of Mr Gladstone was erected last week in east London.

"MUSIC HATH CHARMS."

Country lad enters music warehouse in Buchanan Street, while a piece is being played—

Country Lad—Could you oblige us wi' the change o' a pound.

Music Seller—I'll see.

Country Lad—(While music seller is counting out the silver), Hoo mony tins dis the affair play that man's thumpin' on?

The Modern Æsop.

IX.—TWO SNAKES.

TWO snakes—one long and the other short—were basking side by side upon a sunny bank. Seeing a boy approaching with a whip in hand, the longer snake hissed, "There comes my antipathy. I glide while I am whole." The other sneeringly replied, "What hurry! You are not afraid, surely? I am not; and I am not half your size." "That is just the point," rejoined the longer one; "I have more to take care of than you, and am more easily scotched. My danger is according to my length."

MORAL.—Position has its responsibilities; and if it renders a man obnoxious or open to attack, the less he exposes himself the better.

THIS SCEPTER'D "ISLE," *** THIS ENGLAND.

—John of Gaunt.—In conferring peerages upon her sons, it is somewhat significant that in the titles there has been no recognition by Her Majesty of England. The titles have been taken from Scotland and Ireland—"Edinburgh," "Connaught," and "Albany." Then "Here's to the young Albanian—more power to him!"

The Railway Alternative, from a Steel point of view—Continuou^s breaks or continual break-ages.

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We buy only from the largest and best manufacturers in the world, giving gigantic orders, thereby buying at "bottom" prices; we take a little less than the ordinary wholesale profit, with the result that our Clients buy Hats from us as cheap as if they were Hatters buying from any wholesale warehouse. No other house can do this, as *we ourselves now do about one-third of the whole Retail Hat trade of the West of Scotland.* Several *Lorry Loads* of Hats are sold every week at the COLOSSEUM. It is only those Gentlemen *who do not know us that will be astonished.* We invite *everybody* to come and inspect our Stock of

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{ For Gentlemen, No. 62 }

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 1st, 1881.

THE civic soul is at all times as susceptible to flattery as the veriest flirt that ever breathed. Preceptor MATHIESON is supposed to be a staid and sensible person, but he is nevertheless weak enough to quote in public the

after dinner compliments of some unnamed visitor who found himself, when in Glasgow, in the company of certain of its magistrates, and, it may be, enjoying the good things of a liberally-supplied table. But this post-prandial eulogy, even when supplemented by quotations from a long-forgotten historian of Glasgow, will scarcely convince a not too sanguine public that the adoption by the Town Council of the rules for a two-stage competition for designs for our new Municipal Buildings is a supreme act of intelligence and far-seeingness. It may be admitted that the new recommendations to the Committee, and the plans of proposed internal arrangements are better than the last—they could not well be worse; but in what respects do they carry the assurance that the outcome will be worthy of the reputation and credit of the city? The want of substantial agreement as to what accommodation each department actually requires to be provided for it, and the floor of the building on which it ought to be placed, is a somewhat disquieting element which after the interminable talk, delay, and outlay—ay, and serious loss to the public purse—might surely have been got rid of by this time. Councillor COLLINS' special gift of seeing what is beyond the ken of his neighbours would apparently enable him to "abstract" (the phrase is his own) a considerable space from what each of the heads of departments demand; and this is probably correct, seeing that the Town Clerk wishes twice the room he has for his elbows at present. Again, might it not have been determined ere now whether space should be provided in the new municipal mansion for Art Galleries, or even whether it was expedient in the public interest to have such galleries 50 feet above the street level? Such matters are details of internal arrangement, but their being left open at this time of day does not suggest that careful consideration which might well have been expected to result from the previous fiasco and the lessons it taught. Matters being clearly in this inchoate state it would probably be useless to ask what, if any, space is expected to be gained from the proposed consolidation of some of the offices, the scheme for which is now being prepared by Mr WYLIE GUILD?

Why is it, inquires Bauldy, when a ship is launched that the "shores" have all to be knocked away?

"The Story of Ten Thousand Homes."—Flitting.

The late Musical Season.

THE Glasgow musical season is understood to begin with October, and end with April. In reality it usually makes a start in the third or fourth week of September, and runs on into the middle of May—is stretched out at top and bottom, as it were, as are some chords in harmony. The past season has been a long one, the musical entertainments, public and private (if the distinction, often not very marked, is to be regarded) having apparently been considerably greater in number than in any former year.

All, or nearly all, the concerts which were given, were given in connection with one or other of the numerous musical associations of the town, such entertainments as were more of the adventure class, not to use the term in any offensive sense, having for the most part been submitted for approval by parties sufficiently familiar to the musical public here. The life and vigour of our musical season is clearly, therefore, dependent almost entirely on the existence and well-being of local associations for the cultivation of the art; and, as cannot but be observed even by those least interested in such matters, the number of these in Glasgow and the suburbs, great and small, is now something remarkable.

Occupying the place of honour among the musical societies of the city, the Glasgow Choral Union still holds on its useful course, leading the public taste now as hitherto, and likely, under its conductor (Mr Macbeth) to fully maintain its old prestige. The Glasgow Tonic Sol-fa Society, for so many years conducted by Mr W. M. Miller, continues to fulfil its mission as an exponent of the broader class of choral music; and the South-Side Choral Society, under Mr M'Kean, fills a somewhat similar place. The series of Choral and Orchestral Concerts—the seventh, counting from the connection of the Choral Union with the scheme—furnished a brilliant example of the activity of the leading society, and not a few fairly satisfactory displays were made by the other two larger choral bodies referred to.

Among musical associations of a more or less private character may be recalled the names of the Hillhead, Partick, and West-end; the Pollokshields, a rather enterprising body of amateurs; the Bellahouston and Crosshill; with the lately-formed society under Mr Lambeth, which contented itself for its first session with an "open night" of the old-fashioned and easier sort; also the musical societies in Glasgow connected with the three leading railways; and going further afield, though in a sense not away from Glasgow, the Bothwell, Uddingston, and Mount Vernon choirs.

But musical societies in connection with churches are naturally much more numerous. Indeed, to enumerate all of that class, if one could do so, would take up an inordinate amount of space. The names of a few, familiar enough to readers of "Quavers," may be recalled, however. These are, for instance, the St. Vincent, the Camphill, Lansdowne, and John Street, among U.P. choirs; the Queen's Park, Pollokshields, Maxwell, and St. James, in the Established Church; North Woodside and St. Enoch's in the Free Church; with Trinity and Elgin Place choirs belonging to Congregational churches. To these—but a handful of names from the lengthy list of musical societies connected with churches—might be added not a few in country districts around Glasgow. The Glasgow Catholic Choral Society is to be remembered, too, though it represents a religious body rather than any particular congregation.

The importance of the Saturday Evening City Hall concerts is not to be overlooked as a factor in the musical education of the citizens. Taken as a whole, the standard of these useful and venerable entertainments is fairly high, though the difference is sometimes rather marked between the performance of one week and another.

Prominent among the instrumental works performed for the first time at the Choral Union concerts may be recalled these four—the "Harold in Italy" and "Reformation" symphonies, the ballet music from Rubinstein's "Nero," and "The Walkyrie's Ride" of Wagner, with "Paradise and the Peri" and "The Creation" as newest in the choral music; while the following may be selected as to freshness and importance from the

numerous compositions brought forward by the other societies—viz., "The Year," "Lord of the Isles," "Cinderella," "Hezekiah," Schubert's "Mass in C," with "The Prodigal Son" as a revival. Macfarren's "May Queen" was produced by three societies, and Haydn's "No. 3 Mass" by two. There was a commendable effort generally to bring forward really good music, new or old. The performances, for the first time here, of Plotow's "Stradella," and Ambroise Thomas' "The Cadi," by the Carl Rosa troupe, are not to be forgotten, as musical events of some importance.

The towns of Ayr, Irvine, Johnstone, Kilmarnock, and Airdrie, among others, have made highly creditable appearances in oratorio, that of Ayr, in particular, continuing to maintain its reputation for good music. Greenock has been as active as formerly, but Paisley defers its principal choral display for the season till the opening of the new hall there, and will of course also hold its annual celebration on Gleniffer braes on Saturday next.

To few influences of late has the musical education of the general public been more noticeably due than to that exerted by what are known as "Select Choirs;" holding a very important place among which bodies is the "Glasgow Select Choir," conducted for the last year so successfully by Mr James Allan. The appearances of this accomplished choir are looked forward to every season with increasing interest, their reputation having extended to London itself, where they will appear for the second time next season. Their success is a proof of what earnestness and thoughtfulness, with the requisite intelligence, knowledge, and skill, can do for choral music, in revealing its charms, and adding to its varied attractions.

While we are undoubtedly making progress in choral singing, one attainment is yet far from common among us—that of individual vocal accomplishment of a thoroughly genuine character, both professionally and privately. An Academy of Music at convenient distance, such as is contemplated in the scheme of the Scottish Musical Society, is really much wanted for that end.

"WILL SILLER DAET'?"

South-side National Bank Depositor in Bridge Street to Policeman—I say, Policeman, the Bank has shifted. Do you know where they have gone to.

Policeman—Oh, they have moved during repairs to the eating-house in Oxford Street.

Depositor—Good gracious! Surely they're no' cockin' the books.

C'EST IMPOSSIBLE.—The now "impossible" may not have found a place in the Napoleonic lexicon, but if he had been arranging for the game of war now-a-days how could he have managed the mobilisation of a standing army? Aye, there's the rub.

A Verdict that should satisfy "Most"—That on the editor of *The Freiheit*.

Rigger-ous Business—The hoisting of flags on the Queen's Birthday.

Writs of Removal—Principal Rainy's and Dr Adam's motions anent the Smith case.

The Queen's Remembrancer—Her birthday.

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Shakespeare on Some Men and Affairs.

FRANCE to General Bréard—"Keep in Tunis." *The Tempest*, act ii., sc. 1.

The Parliamentary Oath—"An oath of mickle might." *Henry V.*, act ii., sc. 1.

Wylie & Lochhead—"Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs." *Richard II.*, act iii., sc. 2.

For Stout Æsthetes—"O that this TOO, TOO solid flesh would melt." *Hamlet*, act i., sc. 2.

Sir James Bain—"A knight well-spoken, neat, and fine." *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, act i., sc. 2.

Last Thursday—"Hark, what good sport is out of town to-day." *Troilus and Cressida*, act i., sc. 1.

Kilmainham Jail—"Now ready for the rebels which stand out in Ireland." *Richard II.*, act i., sc. 4.

The Free Breakfast Waifs—"I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends." *Henry V.*, act ii., sc. 1.

To the Authors of "Scotch Sermons"—"Come, sermon me no further." *Timon of Athens*, act ii., sc. 2.

The Shawfield "Ladies'" Scrimmage—"Of all mad matches never was the like." (!) *Taming of the Shrew*, act iii., sc. 2.

Land Leaguers to the Lord Lieutenant—"We are shame-proof, my Lord." *Love's Labour's Lost*, act v., sc. 2.

Charles Cameron, Esq., M.P., M.D., LL.D., &c.—"Have you limbs to bear that load of title?" *Henry VIII.*, act ii., sc. 3.

Municipal Buildings Minority—"Such may rail against great buildings." *Timon of Athens*, act iii., sc. 4.

The Elect of Northampton—"A traitorous innovator, a foe to the public weal." *Coriolanus*, act iii., sc. 1.

"Peace with Honour"—"A proper title of a peace; and purchased at a superfluous rate." *Henry VIII.*, act iv., sc. 1.

Lord Salisbury—"A rattling tongue of saucy and audacious eloquence." *Midsummer Night's Dream*, act v., sc. 1.

A late Football Match—"Commands as subject all the 'Vale,' to see the battle." *Troilus and Cressida*, act i., sc. 2.

Lord Randolph Churchill—"Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years." *As You Like It*, act i., sc. 2.

Opening of St. Francis' Church and Friary—"Why all this business, our reverend Cardinal?" *Henry VIII.*, act iv., sc. 1.

"The Great Unwashed" in George Square—"Let the rain of heaven wet this place, to wash our woful monuments." *2 Henry VI.*, act iii., sc. 1.

Topography of the Times—"You make me study of that. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage. I assure you, Carthage." *The Tempest*, act ii., sc. 1.

The proposed "Express Transatlantic Company"—"This same blessed Milford; and, by the way, tell me how Wales was made so happy as to inherit such a haven." *Cymbeline*, act iii., sc. 2.

The Milesian Priesthood—"Though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend and grave men, yet they lie deadly that tell you have good faces." *Coriolanus*, act ., sc.

The Sulphur and Copper Co.—"This Tharsis over which I have the government—a city on whom plenty held full hand, for riches strewed herself even in the streets." *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, act i., sc. 4.

FRANCO-TUNISIAN NOTE.—It is rather a striking coincidence that bay-onets were first heard of at Bay-onne on the Bay of Biscay, and have latterly been "fixed" round the Bey of Tunis.

Æsthetic—*Possilthwaite* and the Saracenic. *Histrion* and the *Moor-ish*.

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 Concluding with
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Doors Open, 6-30; Commence 7-30.

B R I G H T O C T O B E R.

(E. Nichol, London.)

Fill me a can with sparkling ale!
Quaff deep the gen'rous liquor!
But pledge each neighbour ere you drain
The nectar in the bicker!
And as you quaff the nut brown draught,
Just think of that good fellow
Who first found out that drink for gods—
COLD ALE so bright and mellow.

REALLY COLD ALE. WITHOUT THE ADDITION OF ICE.
"Bright and Mellow."

J. FRASER, 24 BRUNSWICK STREET.

R O Y A L M U S I C H A L L,

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C A R D I N A L M A N N I N G

IN THE

TOWN HALL, GREENOCK.

GRAND TOTAL ABSTINENCE DEMONSTRATION,

Under the Auspices of St. Andrew's Catholic Total
Abstinence Society,

ON WEDNESDAY EVENING 1ST JUNE.

Doors Open at Seven; Chair to be taken at Eight o'clock.

ADDRESS BY CARDINAL MANNING.

THE VERY REV. JAMES CAMERON,
Vicar-General of the Arch-diocese of Glasgow, will Preside.

A Special Train will leave Greenock (Cathcart Street Station)
for Glasgow at 10-30, calling at intermediate Stations.

A Special Car to Gourock will leave Cathcart Square at close
of Demonstration.

Admission—Boxes, 2s 6d; Area, 1s 6d; Gallery, 1s.

Tickets to be had at several Shops in town, and from Secretary,
at Hall, 33 Market Street, Every Evening, at Door of Town
Hall on night of Meeting.

Greenock, 26th May, 1881.

S T. F R A N C I S ' C H U R C H,

CUMBERLAND STREET, SOUTH-SIDE.

—o—
SOLEMN OPENING

Of the above New Church will take place on
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 1st.

SOLEMN PONTIFICAL MASS

(Coram Cardinale)

Will be Sung by His Grace The Archbishop of GLASGOW
At 11 a.m.

Sermon by His Eminence Cardinal MANNING,
Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster.

Front Seats, £1. Second Seats, 10s. Aisle, 5s.

Can be had at the Friary, 405 Cumberland Street, or from any
of the Fathers.

R O Y A L B O T A N I C G A R D E N S

ADMISSION 6D. SUBSCRIBERS FREE.

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OF THE

71st HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY

On SATURDAY FIRST, 4TH JUNE, from 7 to 9 P.M.

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

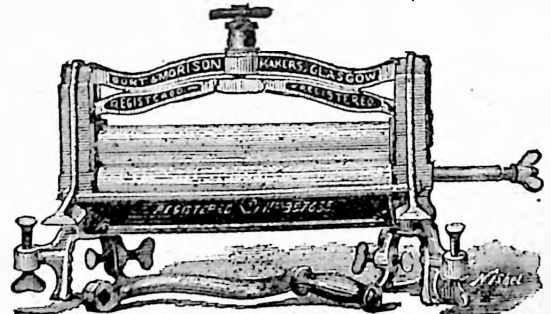
To be had at Mr Sloan's, 140 Hope Street; and at Garden Gate.
N.B.—Subscribers to present their Tickets on entering.

*Royal Route via Crinan and Caledonian Canals:***GLASGOW AND THE HIGHLANDS.****T H E R O Y A L M A I L S T E A M E R S,** Claymore,

Columba, Iona, Chevalier, Mountaineer, Pioneer, Clansman,
Clydesdale, Staffa, Islay, Glencoe,



Queen of the
Lake, Gondo-
lier, Glengarry,
Linnæus, Loch-
awae, Lochiel, Lochness, Cygnet, Plover, Inverary Castle, Sail
during the Season for Islay, Oban, Fort-William, Inverness,
Staffa, Iona, Glencoe, Lochawae, Tobermory, Portree, Strome
Ferry, Gairloch, Ullapool, Lochinver, Lochmaddy, Tarbert
(Harris), and Stornoway, affording Tourists an opportunity
of visiting the Magnificent Scenery of Glencoe, the Coolin Hills,
Loch Coruisk, Loch Maree, and the famed Islands of Staffa and
Iona.—Official Guide, 2d; Illustrated, 6d and 1s.—Time Bills,
with Maps, free by post, on application to the Proprietor,
DAVID MACBRAYNE, 119 Hope Street, Glasgow. (The
Columba or Iona Sails Daily at 7 a.m., conveying Passengers
as above.)

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THE Best in the Market. Don't purchase till you have seen it.
None are Genuine unless bearing our Name and Register Num-
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Workmanship. Sole Manufacturers—

THE "ACME" MACHINE CO.,

(Late BURT & MORISON),

WRINGING MACHINE MANUFACTURERS,

30 BAIN SQUARE (OFF GALLOWGATE).

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 tasted 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 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.

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, 3½d;
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

STUART CRANSTON & CO.,

TRAINED TEA-TASTERS,

76 ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW.

THE
GRAND HOTEL,
CHARING CROSS, GLASGOW.

"An important addition to the accommodation for strangers visiting the City."—*Glasgow Herald*.
"One of the finest and best appointed Hotels in Europe."—*American Register*.

THIS MAGNIFICENT HOTEL, the comfort of which has been greatly increased by the extensive and costly alterations just completed, is now open for the reception of Families and Gentlemen under *new and efficient management*.

This Establishment offers unrivalled accommodation to Visitors during their stay in Glasgow, whether for one day or a lengthened period. The Charges are strictly moderate, and the attendance all that can be desired.

Gentlemen wishing to Board in an Hotel are respectfully invited to call and inspect this House and its Scale of Charges.

Early Dinner of Soup, Fish, Joint, and Sweets or Cheese, Daily from 1 till 4 p.m.

Table d'hôte at 6 o'clock. Sundays at 5 o'clock. Bedrooms including Attendance, from 2s 6d.

Letters and Telegrams to be addressed to

W, G, DAVIDSON, Manager,

THE NEW PENS. Just out—The "BIG WAVERLEY," and the "BIG J" pens, 6d and 1s per Box at all Stationers. Macniven & Cameron are public benefactors; we thank them for introducing us to such luxurious Pens."—*Glossop Record*.



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V. R.
 PROLONGATION OF PATENT.
The Commissioners of Patents' Journal,
 Feb. 25, 1875.

"They come as a boon and a blessing to men,
 The Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley Pen."
 "The misery of a bad Pen is now a voluntary infliction."
 Another blessing to men! The Hindoo Pens. No. 2.
 1570 Newspapers recommend them. See *The Graphic*.
 Sold by every respectable Stationer. 6d and 1/ per Box.
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Pen Makers to Her Majesty's Government Offices.

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^{3/ e} the Blessings they have conferred upon Society. ^{6/ run on}
 A bad pen is enough, proverbially, 'to make a saint sWear,' but ^{6/ w.f.}
^{1/2} the most wicked literary sinner must be very in sensible to real benef- ^{7/ ~}
 its, if he does not cease from the evil and sing the praises of Macniven ^{8/ #}
^{1/8} & Camerons' Pens."—*Leigh Chronicle*, 14th November 1874. ^{2/ h}
- ^{2/ sm. caps.} **THE WAVERLEY PEN.** "Those who are much who are much ^{1/ d}
 engaged in writing would do well to supply themselves with a stock of ^{lead}
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^{2/ the invention of} "The Pens of Macniven & Cameron embody improvements of great ^{10/ +}
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^{4/ ital.} is par excellence the Ladies' Pen."—*Court Journal*.
- ^{13/ stet.} **THE PICKWICK PEN.**—"They are the best pens invented, and ^{14/ br. lr.}
 it is only bare justice to the Patentees to record the fact."—*Shrewsbury*
Journal.
- ^{3/ AE} **THE PHÆTON PEN.**—"The Phaeton Pen is well adapted for ^{14/ br. lr.}
^{15/ 0} both and rapid writing."—*Queen*.
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PATENTEES:—MACNIVEN & CAMERON,
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The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 451. Glasgow, Wednesday, June 8th, 1881. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 451.

ONE of the landmarks of the Lower and the Middle Wards of the County, for something like 100 years, has been the Clyde Iron Works. Well-known by day, they are famous by night. Fifty years ago they and their owner—the then Dunlop of Tollcross—were celebrated by Sandy Rodger in verses which, for racy humour and vivid descriptive power, might have been written by Ferguson, or Hector Macneil, or Alexander Wilson. Where, now-a-days, do we meet with such nervous, ringing lines as the following?—

"The mune does fu' weel when the mune's in the lift,
But, oh, the loose limmer tak's mony a shift;
Whiles here, and whiles there, and whiles under a hap—
But yours is the steady licht, Colin Dulap!"

"Na, mair—like true friendship, the mirker the nicht,
The mair you let out your vast columns o' licht;
When sackcloth and sadness the heavens enwrap,
'Tis then you're maist kind to us, Colin Dulap!"

The Colin Dunlop of Sandy, like the other men of that day, possessed a greater measure of individuality than has fallen to the lot of their descendants. We are probably more refined than they were, we have a larger faculty for looking before and after than was theirs, but we lack the power and the eagerness which made them what they were. We run in grooves while they lived, each of them, half a dozen different lives, and more often than not succeeded in all. Colin, besides being a great ironmaster, was also a keen politician. He became a power in Glasgow during the Reform Bill agitation, and three years after the passing of the measure he was elected one of the Members for the city. Dying in 1837, Colin was succeeded, in the ownership of the Clyde Iron Works, by his nephew, JAMES DUNLOP, whom he had a short time previously assumed as a partner, and who has continued, ever since, in the active direction of

the extensive business. To be the proprietor of the Clyde Iron Works is sufficient of itself to make any one a Man you Know. Their friendly gleam still lights up the midnight sky as brightly as it did in the early years of the century. They are as familiar to the wayfarer in the "East-end" as are the wooded slopes of the Cathkins. Were they ever, through some untoward destiny, to be "blown out," the district for miles round would cease, to use a familiar idiom, "to ken itsel'." But Mr JAMES DUNLOP is more than simply proprietor of the Clyde Iron Works. For over a generation DUNLOP of Tollcross, to give him his territorial designation, has been a leading citizen of Glasgow. Like his uncle, he is an eager politician, and like his uncle he is a member of the Whig persuasion. No parliamentary election, indeed, has occurred in this city for fifty years in which JAMES DUNLOP has not taken an active part on the Liberal side. Earlier in life, moreover, he busied himself keenly in municipal as well as in general politics. In 1840 he stood for, and was returned by the then First Ward as one of its representatives in the Town Council, and for three years he retained a seat at the Council Board. Somewhere about 1844 he was created a Justice of the Peace, and in 1846 a Deputy Lieutenant for Lanarkshire. Later on he was placed in another public position, and one, moreover, which carried with it much more responsibility than either the J.P.ship or the Deputy Lieutenancy. This was that of a Director of the Western Bank. There is, of course, no comparison between the stoppage of the Western Bank in '57 and the collapse of the City Bank in '78, but at first sight, and in individual cases, the Western Bank failure seemed and was quite appalling enough. In talking over the matter since, Mr DUNLOP seldom fails to remark that he paid dearly for his connection with the concern, but he invariably adds that it

served him quite right for allowing himself to be flattered into taking a position to the duties of which he was unable, by reason of his own important business, to give anything like the proper amount of attention. Of a wiry, upright figure, finely modelled features—which are at last beginning to bear some marks of the gnawing tooth of time, Mr DUNLOP further maintains a cheery, out-spoken manner. He is completely *en rapport* with everything that goes on as well with regard to the city as the county. Indeed his knowledge of Glasgow and Glasgow affairs for a generation past is perhaps only equalled by that of some half-dozen of his contemporaries. By people of all parties Mr DUNLOP is held in the very highest esteem. Whig and Tory agree in admiring him, and happily for their discrimination he is in every way worthy of their admiration.

The Great Man frae Lunnon.

(Scene—The entrance to Westminster Hall ; A group of Glasgow Magistrates and Town Councillors are standing on the steps admiring the Clock Tower.)

Recently Elected Councillor (to veteran Bailie)—A won'ner noo, Bailie, wha it wud be that built the Paurliament Hooses ?

Bailie—Oh it wis Barrie, ye ken.

Councillor (blankly)—Dear me !

Secoud Bailie—Whit, did Barrie build Paurliament ?

Bailie No. 1—Imphm.

Secoud Bailie—Then he's a great man ; in fac' we maun hae him back tae Gleska.

Chorus of Magistrates and Councillors—We maun hae him back tae Gleska.

[The Municipal Buildings Committee of the Town Council have resolved to appoint Mr Charles Barry, architect, London, and Mr Carrick, to advise the magistrates and council as to the preparation of the conditions of competition for the designing of the new municipal buildings.—*Vide the evening papers of Thursday last.*]

A "GOAK?"—"A Liberal" sends the following. There is apparently a "goak" somewhere:—"The City Hall address of the member for Dublin University may fitly be described as "Plunk'-et praeterea nihil."

CRUEL.—On hearing of the great scarcity of doctors in Shetland, the BAILIE'S own cynic remarked, "Ah! The secret of hyperborean healthiness and longevity is out."

The Result of the Oaks—Acorns.

Gentlemen who get the Baby to hold—Remedy, 20s Perambulator.—GARDINER & HARDIE, 42 Great Clyde Street.

Her Majesty's Servants.

"How chances it they travel?"—*Hamlet*.

GOOD-BYE, Miss Litton—for how long?—not long ;
You'll come again when you the time can spare?
Meanwhile your London friends will near you throng—
You're off to play "The Busybody" there.

'Tis sweet to think, while every modern play
So much of French—not virtue—round it gathers,
We yet can draw our pleasure from a day
When plays were brighter—bless our great grandfathers!

"She Stoops to Conquer"—shade of glorious Noll!—
The plot how simple—yet how good the stuff ;
The *unlicensed* Landlord, Marlow, Hastings, all—
And what a Lumpkin we have got in Brough!

"The School for Scandal"—no, we'd rather read it—
Sincerwell, in life, we never cared to meet her ;—
We think the players might of some things weed it—
Leaving the wit as pure as good Sir Peter.

"The Rivals"—ah! ods, socks and buskins, there!
There's something like a play—grit, wit, to boot ;
Evergreen Lucius, Acres, and that pair
Of rivals—Beverley and Absolute.

But why thus catalogue in turn, each play?
You know them all, we needn't string you them ;
Yet, 'mong the good things, promised us, why, pray,
Why miss one gem—Farquhar's "Beaux's Stratagem?"
Goodbye, then, you and yours—you're clever all—
But you—we'll not say much—the first we rank you ;
We did not mean to write a lengthy scrawl,
But just an *au revoir*, and kind "we thank you."

F. P.

Paddy, musing over a fire plug in Jamaica Street, is overheard to say :—An it's F. P. that's printed all over the face ave the ould country ; an' begorra ! sorra a bit ave *fair play* is there in it!

THE PROVOST'S "WARNING."—Mr Ure makes a most admirable Lord Provost in many respects, but he is scarcely fitted to be a walking "Book of Etiquette." At all events, he should not "warn" his colleagues to be "courteous." Men are no more to be bullied into politeness than they are to be made sober by Act of Parliament.

"SOARS THY PRESUMPTION, THEN, SO HIGH?"—At last meeting of Town Council Mr Collins remarked that, had he been present on a certain occasion, "he would have gone into the same lobby as Mr Jackson." Lobby! Aha! Don't let your ambition betray itself yet awhile, William.

Motto for the Minister of Old Greyfriars, Edinburgh (from a strictly evangelical point of view)—"Glasse with Care."

Appropriate—That the "fastest" race in the world should win the Derby.

MITCHELL'S OLD IRISH WHISKY.

A "Cheap" Excursion.

IN these days of plebeian Saturday excursions, such as to Garelochhead and back for 9d, or to Rothesay and back for a shilling, it is quite refreshing to see how the North British Railway reserves its catering for a more aristocratic and wealthy lot of travellers. They advertise a train on Saturday afternoons from Glasgow at 3-50—just when you ought to be thinking of starting for home—for Loch Lomond, and only charge 3s 6d third class and steorage. Of course we can go an equal distance—say to Rothesay by rail and steamer—for 2s 6d second class and cabin, with a whole day to do it in; but the North British Railway, true to its old policy, doesn't want to encourage the tag-rag and bobtail; it prefers a genteel few; only possibly the few are fewer than the shareholders would like them to be. The joke is, the Company term the trip a "Cheap Saturday Afternoon" one.

GENERAL DEBILITY.

(Scene—Frew's stables on the Queen's Birthday; arrival of broken hire.)

Mr Frew (to Irish driver)—Well, Mick! How did this happen?

Mick (excitedly)—Yer 'anner! the gintleman here says it was ginerol debility that did it; but sure, an' may I never stir, the Ginerol niver had a fut in the machine this blessed day!

AS YOU LIKE IT—Shakspeare was an actor as well as dramatist, and hence perhaps it is that he sings

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter skye,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot.

Now who could possibly forget the "Benefits," either bespoke or conferred by the charming Mrs Robertson (*née* Miss Litton)? Last week she had two, twice pleasing, pleasing her who gave, and those who took.

"A pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night"—"Clyde Ironworks."

The Favourite Colour at St. Francis last Wednesday—Cardinal red.

Fizz-ical Weakness—Indulging strongly in effervescing drinks.

Landed Gentry—Those who had a pile on Iroquois.

Prof. COATES' Medical Magnets far supersede all others, and are unhesitatingly recommended by the Faculty. Consultations daily at Prof. COATES' Rooms, 62 Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow.

On 'Change.

WHITSUNTIDE, until very lately, was never regarded in Scotland as a holiday season. *Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis.* Stockbrokers took the lead and declared for a holiday. Ironbrokers followed, and shut up on Monday. The latest development of the desire for relaxation is in the sugar market. The sugar brokers, those early birds who catch the worm by the 9 a.m. Greenock train, have taken the hint and appropriated Saturday. Not content with one day, they have resolved to take every Saturday in the leafy month of June. No sound reason exists why the stockbrokers should not in turn take an example from their fellows of the sugar trade. Little business is done on Saturdays, and the world would not suffer if the Buchanan Street establishment were closed on the last day of the week during the summer. Cynics say that the world might be improved if the establishment were shut up altogether, but that is a matter of opinion. Lord Young's views are not endorsed by the multitude. Not that the Glasgow stockbrokers are other than a queer and inconsistent lot. Their logic is especially defective. They experience a conscientious objection to closing on summer Saturdays because their brethren in the south keep their establishments open. Yet they closed on Saturday last, though London and Manchester were both doing business.

Do Indian gold mines require artificial bolstering? The reason I ask the question is because Mr Guild has written to the papers announcing the delightful fact that the Indian Gold Mines, Limited, have five stamps crushing, with a return of four ounces per ton. Common people have got it into their heads that the shares of the company are worth £50. What they are really worth I do not know, but they were sold the other day at £40. The value of a thing is said to be what it will fetch in the market, but economists recognise a difference between "price" and "value." The former may be artificial, and the latter is real. A man may easily pay a high price for an article. It does not necessarily follow that the price is its real value.

What, for example, is the true value of pig iron just now? No one seems to know. The very brokers, who are dabbling in iron every day, cannot give a rational opinion on the subject. Each has his own notion, which is entirely different from that of his neighbours. Not one can give a reason for the faith that is in him, whatever that may be. Figures are troublesome to deal with, but if figures prove anything, they show that iron must go lower.

Edinburgh Rock is to be turned into a limited liability company. There is a delightful flavour in the idea. A notion like this ought to remove an ocean of doubt as to the value of limited companies. If Edinburgh Rock can be turned into a limited, why not the Bass Rock, or Dumbarton Rock, or Ailsa Craig?

Marine Insurance has been much discussed lately. Abram Lyle and his friends denounce the insurance brokers as being no better than a pack of voracious puppies. The brokers, on the other hand, say that Abram has not served the twenty years which qualify a man for understanding marine insurance. Some of them go so far as to say that Abram never distinguished himself for anything except making a useless road, which serves no purpose but to benefit Sir Michael Shaw Stewart at the expense of the Greenock ratepayers.

Whatever may be Abram's abilities—or want of them—as an engineer, he has evidently smitten the insurance brokers sorely. How else can I interpret the advertisement of an insurance company, about to establish in Glasgow, for an underwriter to look after their interests, and his own? Rumour says there is another company, bent upon a similar errand. Are there, then, two Abrams in the field?

SCRUTATOR.

Is Life Worth Living?—Do those of "The Royal Liver Friendly Society" "live like Princes?"

"Utter"-ing Base Coin—Gushing about false art.

50 VISITING CARDS (Finest Ivory) while you wait 1s 6d.—GILLESPIE BROTHERS, 8 Buchanan Street.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—After a season of classical English comedy at the Theatre-Royal, the management are now about to give us three weeks of Shakespeare. "Hamlet," "Othello," and "Macbeth" are the dramas set down for performance, the *titlle-role* in each being represented by Mr Herman Vezin. The cast provided for each of the three, while very far from reaching the high level of excellence maintained by Miss Litton in "The Busybody," "The Country Girl," and the "School for Scandal," is still a very efficient one. Mrs Calvert has been engaged to support the character of *Lady Macbeth*, Miss Carlotta Addison will be *Ophelia* and *Desdemona*, and Mr James Craig will be *Iago* and *Macduff*. Mr T. W. Benson has also been retained, as have likewise been Mr H. J. Barrett, Mr J. S. Wood, and Mr E. Wilde.

Mr Craig and Mr Benson are both natives of this city—the former being a son of the late Bailie Craig of Middleton, and the latter having been first attracted to the stage by the *beaux yeux* of the lady who is now his wife.

Of course the main interest attaching to the series of eighteen performances will have to do with the acting of Mr Herman Vezin. This will be of special value to students of literature. To watch his embodiment of the fate-ridden Thane, to observe how his *Hamlet* deals with purpose—"letting I dare not wait upon I would like the poor cat i' the adage," to thrill under his expression of *Othello's* "bloody thoughts," will be to gain fresh insight into—more complete knowledge of the most absolute of all the figures in the Shakesperian drama.

Some years ago, by the bye, Mr Vezin played the part of *Sir Giles Overreach* at the London St. James' Theatre, with distinguished success. Could he not be induced to give us at least one scene from "A New Way to Pay Old Debts" before his present visit to Glasgow comes to an end?

Mr Bernard announces the last week of the present season at the Gaiety—the theatre remaining shut after Saturday night until Monday the 18th of July, when Madame Sara Bernhardt will appear in the first of two performances. This evening, "The Bells of Corneville" will be performed with a sufficiently efficient cast. The *Gaspard*, I may remind your readers, my Magistrate, will be Mr Odell, whose performance of *Baron Grog*, what time the "Grand Duchess" was first played here, is still recollected, and who gave so much colour and vivacity to the character of the roystering cavalier of "Daniel Druce," when that piece was performed at the Gaiety Theatre.

"No Escape," a clever, sensational drama, the work of Mr Bartley Campbell, the American author, will be produced at the Royal Princesses Theatre this evening, and will run for an entire month. The "No Escape" company includes various well-known names, among them being those of Mr T. Bolton, Mr George Barrett, Mr Denis Coyne, and Miss Maud Brennan.

At the Royalty this week Mr Knapp gives us a return visit from Mr Wyndham's capital "Where's the Cat?" Company. We have Miss Denman, Lyt'on Sothorn, Farren, Jun., and all our old friends. Opinions may differ as to the merits of this "æ-thetic" and somewhat full-flavoured—production, but it fulfils the end of its being by making the spectator laugh till his sides ache, and there can be no question as to the "consummate" art of the company now appearing in it. Albery's famous comedy will be preceded by Arthur Matthison's "domestic" piece entitled "Brave Hearts."

Mr Edwin Booth's last performance at the London Lyceum will take place on the Wednesday of next week, when he is announced to appear as *Othello*, for the benefit of Miss Ellen Terry. Thereafter he goes at once to America, and returns to this country in the early days of September, his country tour beginning on the 12th of that month. I wonder whether the rumour that his first appearance in the provinces will be made at the Glasgow Theatre-Royal is a correct one?

Mr Lionel Brough has joined the company of Mr Edward Saker at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, for the Whitsuntide season. The "Comedy of Errors" is the piece to be produced, and Mr Brough and Mr Saker are the twin *Dromios*.

The Columba, which has now received her annual overhaul, starts on Monday next on the Glasgow and Ardrishaig route, when the Iona will be transferred to the "other side"—taking up the journey between Crinan and Oban. Friday has been fixed for the trial trip of the "big" vessel.

Mr Turner has introduced a new "feature," by which cabin passengers, paying 6s in addition to the fare, may have breakfast, dinner, and tea, during the day's sail to Ardrishaig and back, while the same opportunity is offered to the fore-cabin folks for 3s 6d. I hope the arrangement will prove as satisfactory to its originator as it certainly will to the public.

A "new departure" has been made in excursion tours by the Caledonian Railway authorities. This is to include a run along Loch Rannoch—on which a steamer, built by our friend Mr Seath, has just been placed.

Deacon-Convener Reid treated the members of the Trades House to an outing to his newly-acquired estate of Kilmardinny on Thursday. Skiey influences were all in favour of the party, the gardens looked their best, the dinner—which was provided by "mine host" of Gordon Street—was of the most toothsome; everything, in short, went as merrily as a wedding bell. A return was made to the city about nine o'clock—going and coming home the road had been used, the company filling a private bus and a large drag—when everybody seemed more delighted than another with his day's jaunt.

Messrs Barclay, Curle, & Co. have organised a most enjoyable treat for a party of their friends. The "Camel"—which they recently acquired from Messrs Burns—has been fitted as a yacht, and will be taken round the west coast with a private company on board—touching at St. Kilda—to Shetland, and if time permits the tour will be continued as far as Bergen in Norway. Mr Forrester, of Gordon Street, has been engaged to do the purveying for the voyage.

The Royal Exchange "Sweep" on the Derby seems to be rising into higher favour as every new Derby comes round. When the list closed for the race for the current year, it had reached the sum of £254. The speculator who secured the favourite, whose name I have been told was "Peregrine," received several offers for his ticket, and at last closed with one of £50. In a day or two "Peregrine" again changed hands, this time at an advance of £10 on the former price. The original holder of the horse thus received the same amount, when the result became known, as if he had held on,—it having taken second place—while the first purchaser made £10 by the transaction. The winner of the first prize of £100 is, it seems, a member of the "Iron Ring."

Various members of the Town Council seem to think they have fallen on a rather valuable asset. At last meeting of Council the minutes bore that a pew in Govan Parish Church belonging to the Glasgow Corporation had been rented to a third party for £5. This naturally drew attention to the town's interest in Govan Church, and an ex-Bailie stated he had been informed that Glasgow had over a hundred pews, and seeing the church was crowded to the door a fair revenue should accrue to the city from that source. The matter is to be looked into, and it is one that deserves looking into, mirover.

Those who ought to take the lead among the local legal profession can scarcely be praised for timeous and judicious handling of the scandal which will make their body the subject of more than one day's conversation. The circumstances are unusual and distressing, but there was ample time to adopt means to avoid the exposure which is now inevitable.

The lovers of the game of bowls are now enjoying with abundant enthusiasm their favourite pastime. To them the tournament which has been got up by the Bridgeton Club is a noteworthy event which is already exciting considerable interest, and it is confidently anticipated that when the contest begins on Monday next the "draw" will be found to include the names of the best exponents of the game in Scotland, and that the spectators will witness many interesting and exciting ties. The greens are in most excellent condition, and as the arrangements are in thoroughly capable hands, the players and spectators may reckon that if the clerk of the weather is graciously pleased to grant his Bridgeton friends plenty of sunshine, the tournament will be an enjoyable and successful one. The prize-money (£260) is sufficient to tempt competitors from all the Scottish clubs—aged veterans and youthful aspirants alike.

The sixty-sixth anniversary of Waterloo will be on us on Saturday week, but still the gentlemen who congregate on our "Rialto" have not bestirred themselves to put the statue of the "Iron Duke" into proper order. Why not hand over the monument to the keeping of the Corporation, in which case it would receive an overhaul in turn with the other statues in the city?

If my organ of individuality did not play me false, I saw last week in town Mr Corson of Leeds, the architect to whom Mr Barry awarded the first premium in the recent Municipal Buildings competition. By a strange association of ideas I could not help thinking of the dramatic unities of "time, place, and circumstance."

If permitted the yeomanry (Queen's Own), I hear, are willing to send a contingent to the forthcoming Royal Review at Edinburgh.

Much dissatisfaction has been expressed by the members of the Dumbartonshire Volunteer Regiment at the treatment they have received from the war office in regard to their camping out in July next. They were led to believe that if they applied for accommodation for 1000 men it would be granted, and preparations were made accordingly. Judge of their surprise when information reached them that not more than 300 men would be allowed to go out. They won't send any men now, but will content themselves with their annual inspection on the 25th inst. when the elite of Stirlingshire and Dumbartonshire will be "there."

The honour conferred on Col. Mathieson, C.B., is all the greater in that it was quite unsolicited. The applications to headquarters from our own city were numerous.

Agricultural societies were in their glory last week. Falkirk, Carmunnock, Cadder, Monkland, and Paisley had fine weather for their exhibitions, and of course they were all successful.

I believe that the members of the Scotch Land League have invited "Joe" Cowen, or "Sim Tappertit Cowen," as he is termed by the *Scotsman*, to deliver a lecture in Glasgow under their auspices, on an early occasion.

The dead-lock in connection with the Glasgow School of Art seems now at an end, Mr Simmonds of Derby having been appointed to the head-mastership of the institution.

CONUNDRUM BY PETER.—How was the last dividend declared by the City Bank like a certain weather forecaster? Because, he sniggers, it was a false profit (prophet?), to be sure.

"Sweep's-takes"—His charges for chimney cleaning.

The Modern Æsop.

X.—TWO HERONS.

TWO herons—a native and a visitor—in quest of a meal, met by the edge of a pond. "Have you had any luck, my friend?" asked the native. "I have not begun to fish yet," replied the other. "Is this a good place, think you?" "Do you see that 'bend' near the old tree yonder? Well, that used to be the best spot in all the pond. Go and try it at once." The confiding heron went, as advised; but as the "bend" had been fished out years ago, he caught nothing; while the other, wading leisurely into the water where he was, soon satisfied himself with the eels attracted by his oily legs.

MORAL.—When you "go a fishing," stranger, don't ask an "experienced" angler when or where or how to get sport. He is too cunning, and as a rule, not generous enough to tell you how to "catch *his* fish," and so "spoil his little game."

NEW READING.

Hey, Donal', ho, Donal', who improv'd thee, Donal',
Wha e'er wad a' thocht ye'd been a great grand C. B., Donal'?

ECONOMY IN CHURCH.—The managers of Auchingramont Church, Hamilton, have decided, "in the present state of the funds," to "leave it to the seat-holders" to provide their own pew-cushions; but the said cushions must be "of hair, and they (the managers) recommend a shade of red." Paterfamilias with a family of "auburn"-locked daughters ought to see his way here to a bit of economy.

DONALD PUT OUT.

(Scene—West of Scotland Cricket Match.)

Donald loq.—There was two put out for wan at all, and wan put out for nothing at all what-effer.

A *Count-y* Member—The newly elected Tom Collins.

Good Marksmen mentioned in the Bible — The Hittites.

Writualism in Ireland—Process-serving.

"Where's the Cat?" In the back green.

"The Woman of the People"—The Queen.

A "Smith Case"—A cart wheel.

A "Fast" Lot—The Derby favourites.

The Derby Favourite—The Home Secretary.

A "Drop too Much"—Marwood's.

Barry more otherwise more Barry.

"WOE unto us when we cease to wonder!" And the BAILIE can scarcely help wondering somewhat at the name of Mr Charles Barry being again associated with our new Municipal Buildings competition. Glasgow has, in the matter of the competition, sought the advice of the Royal Institute of British Architects, and this has been given to the effect that the first thing to be done is to engage the services, as framer of instructions, of some architect enjoying the general confidence of the profession. Whether, looking to the recent awards of Mr Barry, he enjoys this confidence, the profession probably has already judged.

The former "Instructions to Competing Architects" required the style of architecture to be "Classic." Now "Classic" is wonderfully elastic, although we can scarcely class the columns and cornices of Mr Drapier's shoddy shop with those of the temple of the Athenic Pallas, any more than we can the verses of Mr Drapier's advertisement-poet with those of the Rape of the Lock or Alexander's Feast. Mr Corson's design was, it must be supposed, "Classic," the adjudicator having decreed it so, and the question of style, as already said, being wonderfully elastic. When we come to the facts of the "instructions," however, the elasticity ceases. One of these facts was that the cost was not to exceed £150,000, another that all the drawings were to be to a scale of one inch to ten feet, and a third that they were to be in line, without colour or etching. Running in the teeth of all three instructions, Mr Barry awarded the first premium to a design which he estimated himself would cost £220,000; and one, moreover, in which some of the drawings were to a larger and some to a less scale than was specified in the "instructions," and one, again, in which the drawings were less or more both etched and coloured.

The "Instructions" were binding no less upon the adjudicator than upon the competitors, and, after having given the first premium to a design estimated by himself to cost £220,000, when the "Instructions" expressly stipulated £150,000 as the Town Council's *maximum*, the BAILIE may perhaps be excused if he does wonder a little at this Daniel coming a second time to judgment.

A "Free" Thinker—Professor R. Smith.

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Well Done.

FRIENDS of our, in many cases cruelly used, servant the horse, often urge that our citizen magistrates are not severe enough in their sentences on the ill users. Stipendiary Gemmel, however, has shown how he can mark his indignation by sentencing a man to a month's imprisonment without the option of a fine for over-driving a horse till it dropped down from exhaustion, and then, annoyed at this weakness on its part, taking it to the stable, where he beat it on the head with a broom handle till it dropped down dead. Mr Gemmel may not always have the public voice with him, but in this instance all good citizens will say "Well done."

"BLACK COUNTRY" FOLKS AT OBAN.
(Scene—The beach at Oban; Time, mid-day;
Band of excursionists on the prowl)
Celtic Boatman (to dusky-faced Motherwellite)
—Coot tay, sir. You'll pe for a poat?
Motherwellite—I nicht, but what's yer charge an 'oor?
Celtic Boatman—Wan shillin'.
Motherwellite (sarcastically)—Is that a' ?
2nd Motherwellite—Od man, Peter, gang an' treat yer lass tae a sail. It's no' every day ye're in the Hielan's, ye ken.
[Collapse of Motherwellite and triumph of boatman.]

HIRSUTE—In a paragraph describing the launch of a yacht at Fairlie, last week, a *Mail* writer, among other distinctive points, praises the "steel whiskers" of the little craft. In a case of scraping another boat, or in a "close shave," these same "steel whiskers" would doubtless be found useful as well as ornamental on the part of their owner.

WANTED: A "CAT"EGORICAL ANSWER.—Now that the annual exodus to the Coast has begun the question as to what's to be done with the "harmless, necessary cat," is a very pertinent one. The query, "Where's the cat?" ought to be as felinely responded to by each moving household as it is by the houses at the Royalty.

A QUESTION OF DEGREES.—Asinus wishes to know if the Gorbals Cross thermometer was last week registering Far-in-heat.

The "Power" of Retribution—The member for Mayo.

A "Cardinal" Virtue—Temperance.

A "Fair Rent"—That in the Irish party.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT Thursday's meeting of Council was devoted to business.

That every member cantered his particular hobby to his own entire satisfaction.

That the superior men were more superior than ever.

That Councillor Jackson is certain that cheaper and better music has never been provided for the people than now.

That George has stopped advertising the bands in the newspapers.

That he succeeds, with his usual adroitness, in getting the papers to puff the bands all the same.

That George is a clever fallow.

That the Western Boundary Extension farce has been long drawn out.

That it is amusing to see the endeavours of these Kilkenny kittens to swallow one another.

That Glasgow provides these burghs with both parks and music.

That we are now erecting a grand entrance to Kelvingrove for the people of Partick.

That it is proposed to shut the Clyde Sugar Exchange on Saturdays.

That the young brokers and refiners are not in favour of the proposal.

That the forenoon "Nap." returning to Glasgow is usually the chief business of the day.

That Glasgow "writers" are distinguishing themselves by their frequent appearances in the police-office dock.

That these parties are oftener than not self-styled law agents.

That the people who employ them are more to be blamed than pitied.

That the Tannahill anniversary was not favoured with brilliant weather.

That it was heavy wet.

That the Paisley publicans did a roaring trade.

That Saucel whisky is a grand waterproof.

That the practice of wife-beating is in full swing in Glasgow.

That a judicious application of the "cat" to the backs of the beaters would assist to put a stop to the practice.

That the Police Collectorship scandal has wakened up Bailie Colquhoun.

That the Bailie has tabled a motion on the subject at the Police Board.

That the authorities are anxious to execute Jeddart justice on the Dunlop Street betting men.

That the officers of the Trades' House are resuming their "auntient" hospitality.

That the Thane of Kilmardinny has learned—presumably from some of the hammermen—that launches are most successful when the ways are well greased.

That it has been long known that a
Hielan'man's heart is upheid wi' a haggis,
An' weel-battered bannocks o' barley-meal.

Vale!

TO LIONEL BROUGH.

3rd JUNE, 1880.

THE buds have burst, and "leafy June"
Is vocal even in the City;
But there's a tremor in the tune
That swells each urban songster's ditty.

The jolly sun has hid his face—
From mournful skies the tear-drops patter.
All nature seems in piteous case
Of some sort. What can be the matter?

"It is the cause!" We've lost our Lal!
Then how can anything be merry?
The bard grows misanthropical,
And inky thoughts each fancy bury!

But, dropping hyperbolic strain,
In truth we part with you in sorrow,
Sing, "Will ye no come back again?"
And only wish you'd come to-morrow.

You've made us roar at Tony's pranks—
Convulsed us with heroic Acres.
We've smiled o'er solemn quips and cranks
From Touchstone, sagest of mirth-makers.

And then at social board—But stay!
That's sacred! Farewell, comrade cheery!
Through life's long journey never may
Your "spirits" or your "legs" be "weary"!

Reason!

IT is much to be feared that Mr Morrison's temporary retirement from public life has had a demoralising effect upon him, if not as a man, at least as a Councillor. During the Green discussion last Thursday he declared that "nonsense was talked in Her Majesty's Houses of Parliament, nonsense was talked in the Church Courts, *nonsense was talked in Town Councils.*" Now, Parliament and Church Courts are one thing—or two things—but what is to be thought of the italicised words? Nonsense talked in Town Councils! My conscience! Though Mr Morrison's colleagues were too much aghast to rebuke him, the BAILIE cannot doubt that in their minds as in his the speaker was guilty of "flat burglary as was ever committed."

Towering Ambition—The campanile adornment of the new Paisley Town Hall.

"Married, not Mated"—Mr Ashmead Bartlett.

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14 ROYAL EXCHANGE SQUARE.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 8th, 1881.

ANNEXATION is truly a wearisome and expensive game, and seems in many cases to be begotten of folly. It is premature to discuss the merits of the very heavy comedy which is being enacted before Sheriff CLARK in the Justiciary Court, a place where there is usually an all-pervading serious and severe tone. His Lordship—breathless and all of a perspiration, with wig thrown off, the more readily to appreciate the small witticisms of his friend "the heaven-born soldier," who was recently Her Majesty's Solicitor-General for Scotland—wonders why so much time and trouble should be wasted in informing him of facts which, as a resident in Hillhead, are known to him in common with all the inhabitants of the locality. Why, he may well ask, all this array of legal talent, each anxious to get his own oar in, when their common object should be to bring in the boat they are all in the winner? Why, he may ask, should there be such an inquiry at all? The proprietors of the Kelvinside estate are probably best able to answer the latter query, although the Town Clerk of Partick should be able to give valuable information on the subject. The Partick people may be justified in seeking to enlarge their rating area, under the plea of introducing civilization into the Kelvinside district; more than this, the proprietors of that valuable estate may be desirous of enforcing payment of their outlay in forming roads, sewers, and pavements, as there is a rooted aversion among feuars to pay for these essential conveniences. But why should the public be bothered with the matter, and the ordinary litigants be deprived of the use of Sheriff CLARK'S services for two or three weeks? The army of agents employed in the inquiry might have been expected to object to their time being continuously occupied with the case, but the feast of fat things probably overcomes their scruples on this score. They should, however, have a care that the prolixity of their proceedings does not disgust those who propose to substitute local inquiries for investigation before Parliamentary Committees, and in this way render impossible a change which would tend to their profit.

A "Sweer" for Paisley *bona fides*— "By George."

Jeems Kaye among the Vegetarians.

WE'RE marchin' on, BAILIE—science is makin' rapid strides—in a wee we'll hardly see ony o' the auld things left—what wi' electric lights, women playin' at the fit-ba', steam engines rinnin' through oor streets, and vegetarian dinners, it's maist extr'ornar.

The ither day Betty an' me were in the toon makin' some purchases, an' we thocht we wid get oor dinner, so up the stair we gaed intae a restaurant in Argyll Street, an' sittin' doon I cries ower the lassie an' speirs, "What can ye gie us, my dear"—bein' a gran'faither, I can use freedom that in a younger man widna be alloood—so she says, "Mushroom dumpling or parsnip fritters."

"What's that she's sayin' aboot fried persley, Jeems?" cries Betty; "dinna get ony persley for me."

Hooever, I never mindit her, but I says tae the lassie, "I doot the hot weather maun hae affectit yer heid. I'm nae great man for dumplin's, an' I certainly never heard o' a mushroom yin afore. Hae ye nae mutton chops or minced collops?"

"No," she says, "this is the vegetarian dining-rooms."

"Oh, Jeems," whispers Betty, "we'd better awa. The vegetarians are thae folk that cuts up the dugs alive."

"Hut, tut, woman," says I, "that's the vivisectionists ye mean—vegetarians are different a'thegither. They dinna believe in killin' beasts at a'. They wid let them rin wild through the toon till they wid be that mony o' them that they wid begin tae eat us. Vegetarians eat grossets, black-byds, turnips, and sich like. But we'll try't when were here, although really, after a hard forenin's wark, I'm dootfu' if a mushroom dumplin'll be vera strength'nin'."

The lassie brocht the bill o' fare, an' there were a heap o' things wi' foreign names on't that I thocht it as weel tae avoid, so I ordered a stewed caulifloer for Betty, an' an epple an' ingan pie for mysel'. "Wonders'll never cease, Betty," says I, "fifty years ago wha wid ever hae thocht twa folk in their richt senses, an' wi' money in their purse, wid sit doon tae a dinner o' stewed caulifloer or a when ingans? I doot if they were tae feed the hale nation this wey, we wid lose a' oor bloodthirsty notions—the lion wid lie doon wi' the lamb, my certy, an' oor swords wid be turned intae waterin'-cans."

The lassie brocht in twa plates tae us, an'

atweel it didna look like a big dinner; hooever, we began.

"What d'ye think o't, Betty?"

"It's plesant, Jeems, but it hisna much grip in't—it disna seem tae fill up the corners."

"I'm a wee o' your opinion," I says, "there's a sort o' want somewey—I canna describe it, but there's a something awantin'—d'ye think a wee drap mair pepper wid dae ony guid?"

Hooever, we worked awa, an' I hoys ower the lassie, an' I says—

"Hae ye conscientious objections tae tak awa life, or is it for chapeness, or for health's sake, or what? or is it jist for the sake o' something new ye dae this?" The lassie wisna vera clear on the subject, so we ate awa. Ingans in a sma' proportion are no bad, but when it comes tae be a hale pie made o' them it's gey-an' strong, sae I whispers tae Betty, "When there's naebody lookin' I'll slip ye ower this ingan pie—it's rale tasty—an' ye can gie me the caulifloer, an' in that wey we can each hae twa dinners for the price o' yin;" so we changed plates. The caulifloer wis like a dessert tae me after the pie, although I'm afraid Betty lost by the transaction.

The dessert noo cam' in. It wis o' the ordinary sort, an' livened us up, so I says tae Betty, "Suppose we get a bottle o' this champagne—I see it's only sixpence a bottle. I'm nae great judge o' champagne, but really we wid be wrang tae let sich a chance gae by us, for they tell me it's generally six or seven shillings a bottle." It turned oot, hooever, when I spiered at the lassie aboot it, that it wis only a kin' o' genteel ginger beer—some o' the kind, I suppose, that got the five-an'-twenty silver medals at the Marine Exhibition—so we didna buy ony.

BAILIE, I wish the vegetarians weel—there's naething like seein' baith sides o' the question, an' I intend noo an' again tae gie them a turn. Ye should try't yersel' some time in the warm weather.

Yours, JAMES KAYE.

UP THE "SPOUT."

"Hot water" the Land League has now without fail, Since Parnell a "Kettle" has tied to his "tail."

High Art—Attic Art—For Councillor Collins' Municipal Gallery.

Music in the Parks—A crotchet of the committee.

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Megilp.

THE little Scotch colony at Dorchester, on the Thames, has been increased by the advent of J. E. Christie and Tom Hunt. Report avers that our friends have made themselves vastly popular among the worthy Dorchestrians. Anxious to prove to the villagers that their talents are by no means confined to the exercise of one species of art, they are at present busy over the rehearsals for a concert, which they propose to give in the school-house of the district. Mr Christie, by the bye, has laid down a companion picture to his Grosvenor "Rose among Thorns," which promises to be equally successful with that delightful work.

J. D. Adam has pitched his tent for the season at St. Catherine's, and declares himself perfectly charmed by the soft, dreamy character of the Loch Fyne scenery. He is at present engaged on one or two water-colour drawings, which will find their way, later on, to the Autumn Exhibition of the Scottish Water Colour Society.

Still another local artist has gone down Ballintrae way. This is John Miller, whose Sandbank studies have been completed, and who is spending eight or ten days in the district between Ballintrae and Stranraer.

To most of us Kirkcudbrightshire is a perfect *terra incognita*. Now and then, however, its cosy, well wooded valleys, and old-fashioned villages and hamlets, attract some member of the artistic brotherhood on the outlook for new effects and fresh combinations of earth and sky. A year or two ago John Grey went thither, and now John Houston, a promising member of the St. Mungo Art Club, is painting in the country of the old Lords of Galloway.

James A. Aitken was at work in the Trossachs last week.

William Carlaw, who came up from Arran the other day after a week's stay, during which he enjoyed magnificent painting weather, goes on Thursday next to the Isle of Man.

One of the hunting grounds of J. L. Wingate, A.R.S.A., for the last summer or two, has been the north-western shore of Arran. This year he has once more betaken himself to Blackwater-foot, where he proposes to remain till the beginning of August.

More than one member of the Royal Academy will, it is understood, be represented in the coming Black and White Exhibition, in the Institute of the Fine Arts. The Exhibition will likewise contain a copy of Leon Richeton's etching from life of Professor Blackie, a work on which he has been engaged for over two months, and which is now approaching completion.

F. G. Stephens, the art critic of the *Athenaeum*, selected Saturday for his annual yerk at the Scotch school of artists. In an article on the Academy which appeared on that day, he bundles together six or eight painters whose names begin with Mac—Macwhirter and Maccallum being at their head—and describes them as a parcel of people who are "still learning how easy it is to acquire dexterity in sketching 'taking effects.'" Colin Hunter's works, we are further told, "have almost passed out of the range of serious criticism," while Macwhirter's "flimsy mode of execution," and the lack of "solid and searching workmanship" in his pictures, are also insisted on. Further on in the same article, it is interesting to note, Mr Stephens expresses himself highly satisfied with the Academy picture of Alexander Finlay. This, he informs us, is notable for its "lovely blue sea," it has "a great deal of movement and expression," and "its execution seems excellent." Could anything make more manifest the element of personal animosity which colours the attack on the "Scotch school," and especially on Mr Colin Hunter, than this bepraising, almost in the same breath, of an artist who is essentially Scotch in his style—who has yielded, in no small degree, to Mr Hunter's influence.

Among the prizes to be shot for at the coming West of Scotland rifle meeting at Cowglen will be a series of pictures and drawings which have been presented to the Association by various of our Glasgow artists. The donors include William Glover, David Murray, James A. Aitken, Wellwood Rattray, and Andrew Richmond.

A Warning.

IN passing a well-deserved sentence of 30 days' imprisonment upon the keeper of a swindling "register-office" the other day Mr Gemmel dropped a few words of warning that should cause some commotion among the partners in iniquity of that "smart-looking man with a flower in his buttonhole," whose trade it was to cheat poor girls of shillings. There is much cause to fear, as the Stipendiary remarked, that a great many "register-offices" in Glasgow are of the same description as this, and the police might well devote to their suppression some portion of the time they can spare from committing perjury and harrying the honest public.

Gleska Yet!

IN spite of Gleniffer celebrations, the poetic Paisley of old is completely eclipsed by the gushing Glasgow of to-day. Not to speak of Mr Robert Buchanan, have we not the bards of our weekly press, whose effusions can certainly be matched by nothing that Tannahill ever wrote? Take, for instance, this from Saturday's *Weekly Herald* :—

"'Tis night and I sit by the bright cozy fire,
O'er a cup of inspiring tea,
And still as its nectar coils round my old heart
I sing to myself merrily."

There is a good deal more to the same effect, and the strain ends piously thus :—

"Giver of all that makes life bright and glad,
To whom all deep gratitude be,
Ever continue to grant us this gift—
A hot cup of jolly good tea."

Paisley, quotha !

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—At the Old Monkland Agricultural Society's Show, the first prize for flour scones was awarded to Mrs James Miller, and the third to Miss Janet Baker. A natural evolution, but where's the missing link? Between miller and baker there's only the "seconds."

A Powerful and Rac(e)y Speech—That in moving the Derby adjournment.

Making a "Mull" of it—Running steamers on the Kintyre headland.

The Cry from the beached "Macedonia"—
"Come over and help us."

Hippophagy—The Derby steaks.

Figures of Speech—Two-Two.

Land Sailors—Epsom "Salts."

"Seat Rents —Torn trousers.

Elderly Wisdom.

MR WILLIAM COLQUHOUN, Rossthdu, is singularly unfortunate in not having "caught the eye" of the Moderator of the Free General Assembly; and the learned members of that body of ecclesiastics are even more unfortunate in that they did not hear him. His opinion on the Robertson-Smith case was doubtless of national importance, judging from the fact that the unspoken speech has been both printed and published. William is a power, but the world knows not its wisest men.

IRISH HUNGARIANS.

(Scene—An Helensburgh "Pub."; two sons of Erin are looking over the *Herald* of Friday.)
1st Son (his eye catching the heading "Closing of the Hungarian Diet")—I see, Pat, that the hungaren diet's stopit.
2nd Son—Troth, an' that's a pity. The're gran' things them soup kitchens!

NORTH AND SOUTH.—Granny informs us that the new Franciscan church "holds architectural domination on the south side of the Clyde." The old lady doubtless considers that the "architectural domination"—which is a "very excellent good" phrase—of the north is held by her venerable self.

A Man of "Power"—The Derby defender.

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But pledge each neighbour ere you drain

The nectar in the bicker!

And as you quaff the nut brown draught,

Just think of that good fellow

Who first found out that drink for gods—

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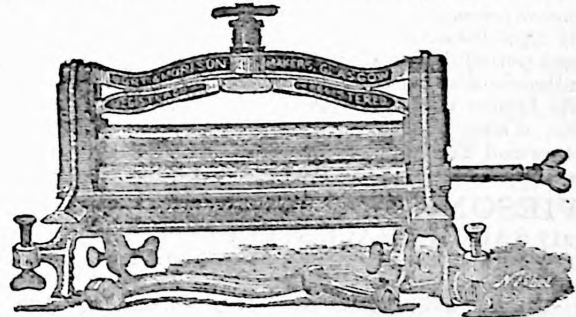
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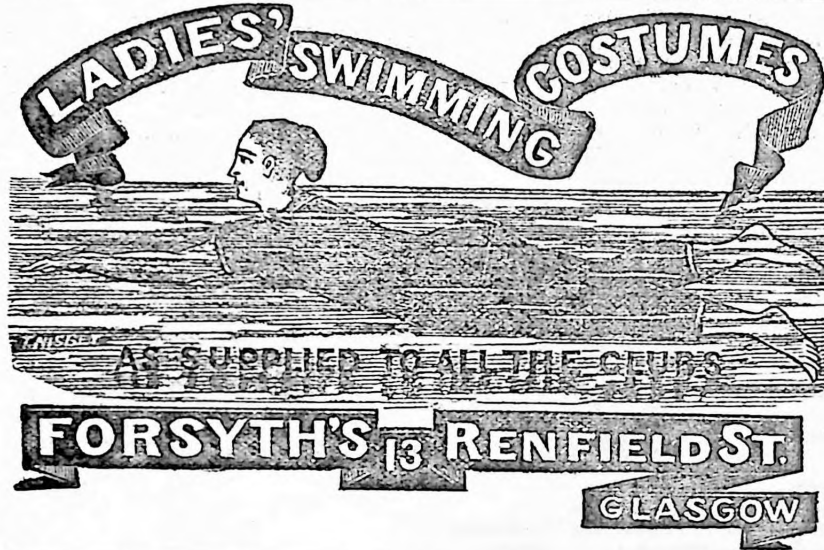


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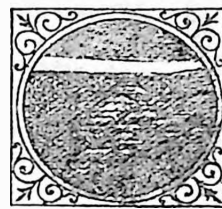
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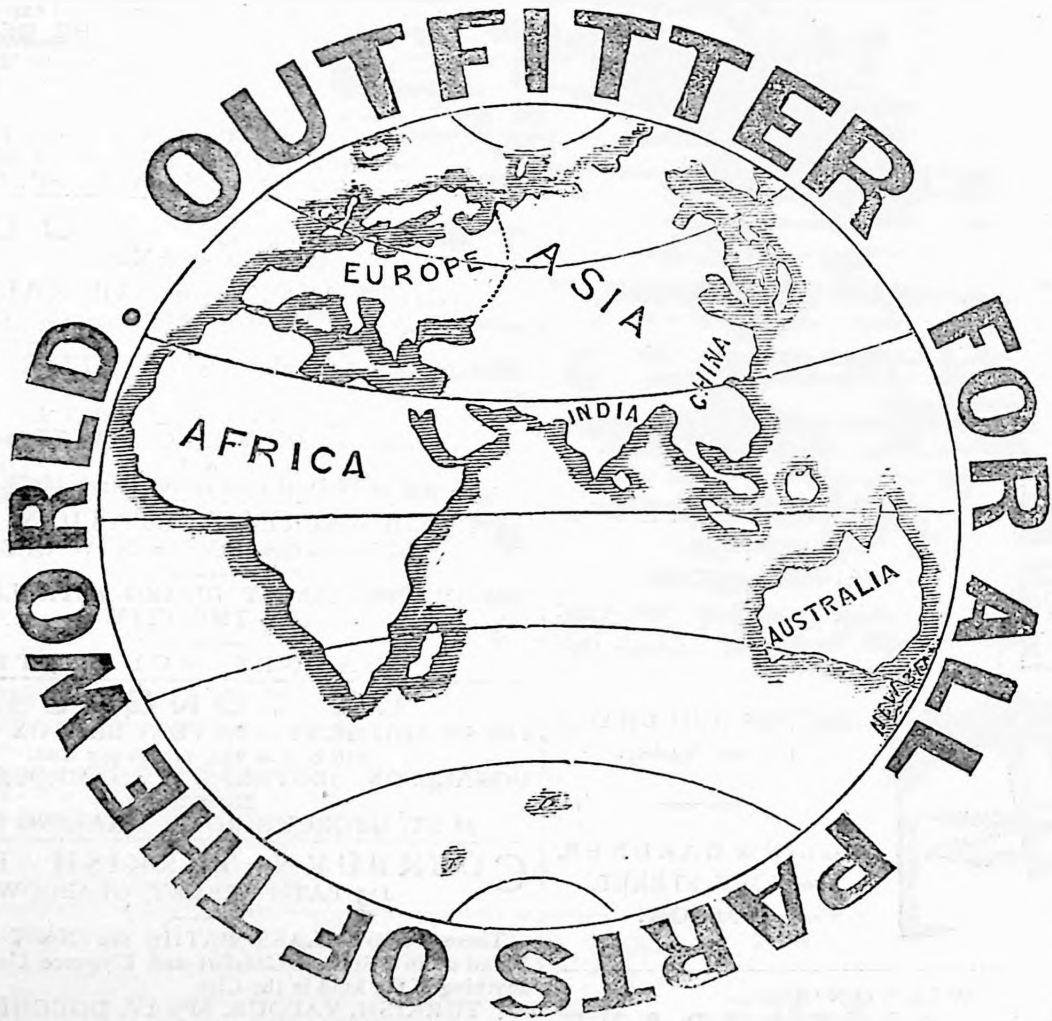
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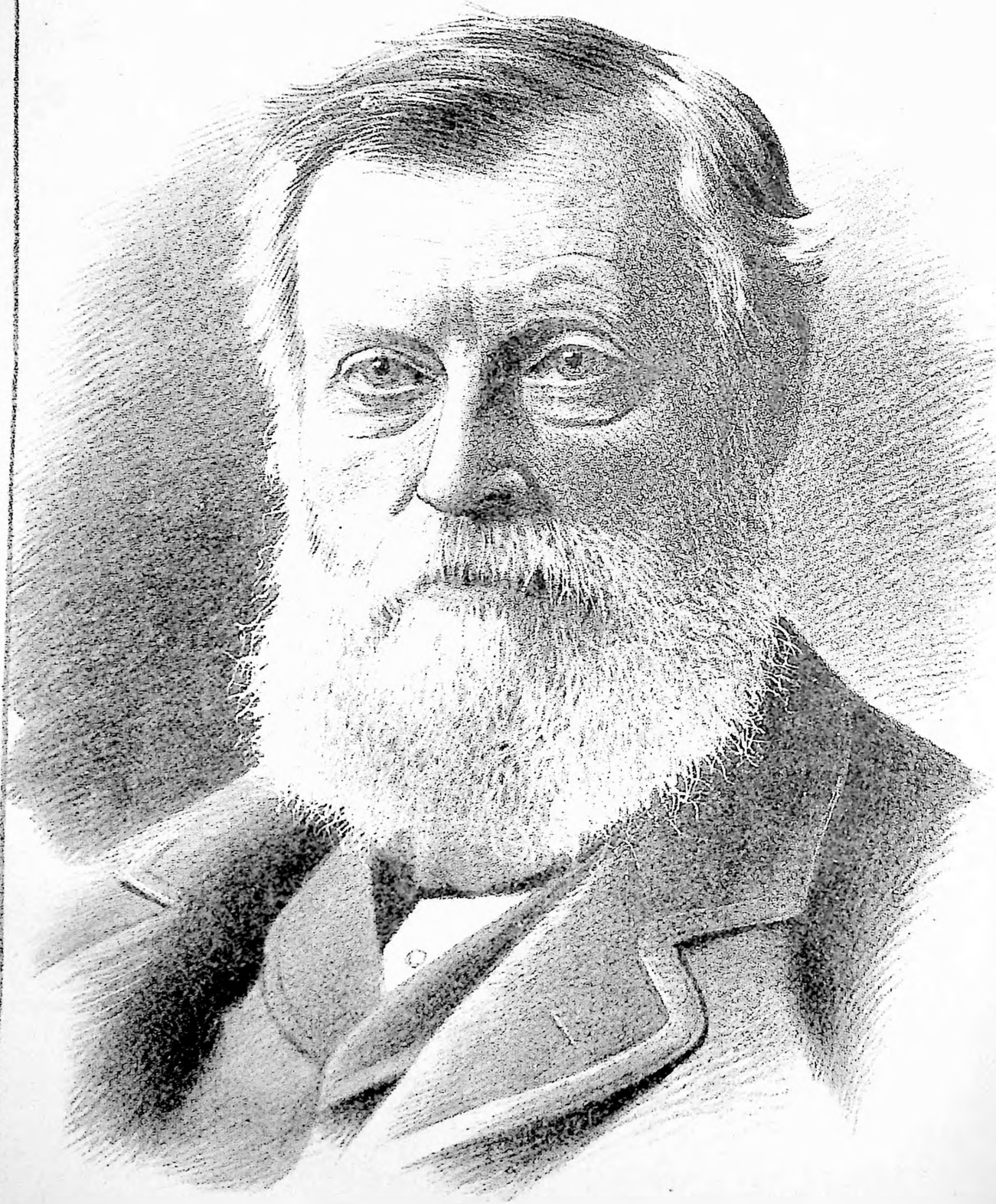
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The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 452. Glasgow, Wednesday, June 15th, 1881. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 452.

WHAT is to be done with Ireland? The Irish have been cajoled, petted, and made much of; they have taken up the time of Parliament session after session; they have received grants of public money; a national subscription on an unprecedented scale of liberality has been organised on their behalf, and whole provinces have been maintained for months on the charity of the people of Great Britain. All this, however, does not satisfy them. The Irishman, insatiable as the daughter of the horse-leech, cries constantly "Give, give," and never yields back what he has once received. Of late, moreover, the island has been rapidly going from bad to worse. Three years ago calls for money resounded over her entire length and breadth; in another twelvemonths these had resolved themselves into grumbles of discontent, then came "veiled rebellion" accompanied by cowardly murders and cruel, heartless outrages; and now we have certain portions of the country in open revolt, while others are only waiting for the signal to levy war against the throne. That such a state of things should prevail is a scandal to British statesmanship. In the interests of the Irish themselves, wayward and perverse as they are, it behoves that the law must be vindicated. The weathercock policy which trims to the east to-day and veres to the west to-morrow must be withdrawn in favour of a definite and unflinching system of government. Mr FORSTER'S attempt to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds has resulted in total and ignominious failure. A trimmer by nature, one who has constantly endeavoured to be all things to all men, his vacillations as Irish Secretary have not been injurious to his own reputation only, but they

have been hurtful to the ministry, to Ireland, and to the nation at large. Mr FORSTER'S official life dates from 1865, in which year he was appointed Under-secretary for the Colonies by Earl Russell. He was then known as a representative Radical, but he had proclivities, at the same time, which attracted him towards the more pronounced champions of aristocracy, and it was a common subject of remark that no two members of the House of Commons were oftener seen together than Mr FORSTER and Lord Cranborne—the Lord Robert Cecil that was, the Marquis of Salisbury that now is. When Mr Gladstone acceded to power in 1868 the former Under Colonial Secretary became Vice-President of the Council, and consequently Educational Minister. His work in connection with the Elementary Education Act is well-known. The measure failed to satisfy either party in the State, but it became law, thanks to the skill of Mr FORSTER. A stronger man might have failed to carry a better bill; so well, however, did the Vice-President of the Council trim his sails, that he caught every favouring breath, let it come from what quarter it might, and ultimately he brought his vessel into port, a little the worse for the voyage, perhaps, but still comparatively safe and sound. The fiasco of 1875, when Mr FORSTER was run against Lord Hartington for the leadership of the Liberals, gave a severe blow to the ambition of the Right Hon. gentleman, and his equanimity must have been further tried in the April of last year when, in the struggle for the ministerial loaves and fishes following upon the general election he succeeded in "attaching" no better prize than the Irish Secretaryship. An opinion has already been given with regard to his conduct of affairs as Chief Secretary in Dublin. It is needless, therefore, to do more than express a hope that some other system than that which

has obtained on the further side of the Irish Sea since the accession of the Liberals to power may shortly be brought into operation. Mr FORSTER is a member—or at least an ex-member of the Society of Friends; he is also a Yorkshire man who cultivates all the characteristics of the traditional tyke, but who delights in the saying that he barks worse than he bites. A rough and stammering speaker, he yet possesses great working power, and in quiet and peaceable times his knowledge of men makes him a capable parliamentary manager. As Irish Secretary, however, he has been fairly put to the wall by the gang of vulgar, impudent tricksters who, by appeals to the cupidity of a savage peasantry, have succeeded in getting themselves returned as members of the House of Commons.

—♦♦♦—
SPEAKING BY THE CUE.

(Scene—Bodega; Time, 11 a.m.; Charly Pyramids and Tom Pool are over a B. & S.)

C. P.—Tom, Tom, you must have got very tight after leaving the room last night. Old Potstroke told me he found you *canoning* your way home about two.

T. P.—Did he tho'? And the old cue-tip assured me that *you* had only got home by a *fluke*.

—♦♦♦—
“FREE” AND EASY MUSSELBURGH.—Last Thursday was “the Fast” in Musselburgh, and we learn that “in none of the churches except the Free were religious services conducted,” while “the chief places of business, *except the public-houses*, were closed.” It would seem that Musselburgh is less spiritually than spirituously minded, and even more easy than “Free.”

A SUBJECT FOR “SMILES.”—Apropos of the Stephenson Centenary, dear old Granny describes Mr Samuel Smiles as the “best of biographers.” My conscience! Where are Boswell, Lockhart, Southey, Carlyle? And Echo—from Buchanan Street—answers, Where?

“SKINNING” THEM.—At the ‘Old English Fair’ in the London Albert Hall Lady Forbes “ran” a stall under the sign of the Golden Fleece. Her Ladyship’s candour reflects credit upon her, and the BAILIE’S, country.

“Old English ‘Fare’”—Roast beef, plum-pudding, and “jolly good ale and old.”

A “Leather” Exhibition—A public flogging.

Gentlemen who get the Baby to hold—Remedy, 203 Perambulator.—GARDINER & HARDIE, 42 Great Clyde Street.

Leather.

ROOM, room for a pair of good lungs;
Give attent while my numbers I lisp in;
Many poets have waggled their tongues
In honour of honest Saint Crispin:
So just to help swell up the throng,
Some jingling rhymes let me tether,
And chorus, my hearts, to the song—
There’s nothing—no, nothing like leather.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

When the Danes came to conquer our land—
Any schoolboy can give you the date, sirs—
They gathered in jolly big band,
And what happened I’ll tell if you wait, sirs;
One crept near where the Scots army camped,
While the others kept hid ’mong the heather,
But he yelled when on thistle he tramped—
And thought there was nothing like leather.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

Our forefathers, far away back,
Tied tight round their flat feet the sandals;
But boots now-a-days, sirs, good lack,
Are to them—well, what gas is to candles.
Let Frenchman still clank with their clogs;
Women pattens still wear in rough weather;
But for all sorts of roads—smooth, or bogs—
There’s nothing, no, nothing like leather.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

Then here’s to our cobblers and snobs,
And here’s to our master shoemakers;
May the first of them never want jobs,
And the latter have “measures” by acres:
And while this life runs that is tapped,
May our hearts be all light as a feather;
Our heads cool, and our feet snugly wrapped
In leather—there’s nothing like leather.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

—♦♦♦—
A “Muscular” Dean.

IT’S Dundee’s turn now. At Thursday’s meeting of the Jutopolitan Town Council, we are told, “a wild scene took place between Mr Cowan and Mr Blair,” in the midst of which “the Dean of Guild suggested that they should take off their coats and go at it.” From this it would appear that in Dundee the Dean of Guild is prepared to act as pugilistic “backer” and “referee” in addition to discharging his normal functions. It would be interesting to hear him and the ecclesiastically-minded Mirrlees exchanging views as to the duties of their office!

—♦♦♦—
TAKING STOCK.—I invest to get, said the shareholder. Investigate then, said the Director. Bubble bursts.

Mercury at his Wits’ End—Within a week at both ends of the thermometer.

A Circular Tour—One on a bicycle.

“Dane”-gerous Work—Acting Hamlet.

BICYCLES. } See the new patterns for 1881. Machines built to
TRICYCLES. } special order. Riding School, Lessons Daily.
Inspection invited.—JENNINGS, 101 Mitchell Street.

Two "Village Hampdens."

AT last week's meeting of the Stonehouse School Board "two ratepayers took their seats," and, in spite of the reading of "letters from legal gentlemen" to the effect that the Board was entitled to hold its meetings privately, sternly refused to budge. The spectacle of that determined audience of two grimly sitting out a dull discussion must have been awe-inspiring—if not a little funny. Were the author of the "Elegy" alive, he might here have realised his "village Hampden who, with dauntless breast," withstood the tyrants of the School Board and the letters of "legal gentlemen."

"BARBERISM" IN NEWMILNS.

(Scene—Main Street.)

1st Weaver (to a companion whom he meets)
—Whare wis ye, Jamie?

2nd Weaver—Och, man, I wis awa' doon seein' oor new barber.

1st Do.—An' hoo's he gettin' on?

2nd Do.—He's gettin' on rare weel, man; he's jist cuttin' a heid the noo.

PUT THAT IN YOUR PIPE!—"Young man wants situation as steward and piper on yacht." So runs an advertisement in the *Herald*; and, though the vocations named appear at first somewhat incongruous, one perceives, on reflection, that it is a steward's proper function to see that meals are served up "piping hot," and afterwards to "pipe all hands" to partake of them.

WHERE THEY BEAT US.—From the official statement of the musketry instruction of the army for 1881, issued last week, it appears that Scottish regiments take a very high place in firing both in infantry regiments and brigade depots. Let us not, however, be too jubilant. There can be no doubt whatever that the Irish corps lick us hollow in drawing the long bow.

THE HIDES OF JUNE, THE HIDES OF JUNE REMEMBER.—And go to the Leather Exhibition. "There's nothing like it."

Something Somewhat Partick-ular—The Annexation Scheme.

"Second Thoughts are Best"—At least we hope so *in re* the new Municipal Buildings.

Honour to whom Honour—Asinus is in expectation of a leather medal from the Exhibition.

Part of a Pawnbroker's Business—Scrutin de (police) list.

MITCHELL'S OLD IRISH WHISKY.

On 'Change.

THREE distinct sensations were experienced on 'Change last week. These were Tharsis, Indian Gold Mines, and Biggar. A fourth might have been added in Uphall and a fifth in Port Washington Coal-Co., if the truth had been fully known, but in these latter cases the electricity was latent. It did not act upon the public pulse as the others did. Each of the three was a galvanic shock, and in two instances the sensation was agreeable. What Biggar thought may be left to the imagination. The Tharsis shareholders thought themselves fortunate, and thanked their lucky stars for favours received. The Indian Gold miners contented themselves with being thankful for favours to come. Hope has not been so long deferred as to make their hearts sick. Their £10 shares, sold a fortnight ago at £40, have since been done at £65. At the moment, therefore, the shareholders are not badly off. The creation of £60,000 new capital is an odd move, but as everybody is to have a share at par, I suppose everybody will be satisfied.

Tharsis shareholders have reason to be gratified, for they not only get a good dividend, but they have also written off liberally and so made themselves more comfortable. The shares are going too high, however, and those who invest in them ought to look out. There seems to be a craze coming, like the one that seized the public some years ago, when the company paid 40 per cent. At the present price the shares do not pay 6 per cent. That is too little for a mine in a foreign land, even taking into account the exceptional position of Tharsis as a manufacturing company.

One of our leading brokers laboriously tries to prove, day after day, in his circular, that Tharsis £7 paid shares are worth a great deal more than the price they realise in the Glasgow market. He does this by a simple question of proportion. If the £10 shares realise £42 5s, it is argued that the £7 shares ought to yield £29 11s 6d, whereas, on the day these figures appeared, the £7 shares fetched only £28 10s, though they were afterwards bid for at £29. But the holder of a £7 share has a £3 call hanging over his head. Men who desire to enjoy contentment and an easy mind would rather pay a little more for the inestimable privilege of knowing that their payments were at an end.

A company has been formed called the "Mont Dore." There is a nice foreign ring about the name, but I believe the concern is located at Bournemouth. It is vaguely described as a "health resort." The capital is £75,000 in £5 shares, and the directors state that part of the capital has been subscribed, but that they are prepared to offer the inestimable boon of the balance at par to an undeserving public. This is kind of the directors. One passage in the prospectus struck me as being remarkable. It is to the following effect—"More than half the present shareholders are medical men, and the directors feel that this fact, coupled with the support accorded by the profession generally, assures the prosperity of the company." What does this mean? If it means anything at all, it conveys to my mind the impression that the medical men interested will send their patients to the new "health resort." Whatever the ailment may be, the sufferers are to be instantly packed off to Bournemouth, that the prosperity of the company may be assured. I cannot draw anything else out of the paragraph, and it strikes me that a recommendation of this description on the part of the directors is hardly a compliment to the medical shareholders. SCRUTATOR.

"METAL MORE ATTRACTIVE."—Somebody advertises a "lead agitator" for sale. Whatever a lead agitator may be, it cannot but be a preferable article to the brazen agitators of whom we have had some experience of late in this city.

Merchant Vessels—Partner-ships.

50 VISITING CARDS (Finest Ivory) while you wait, 1s 6d.—GILLESPIE BROTHERS, 8 Buchanan Street.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—The last theatrical sensation of last week was the appearance of Mr Herman Vezin in the role of *Hamlet*. Somewhat wanting in inspiration, but finished to the finger-tips, and a study in art and poetry and philosophy, Mr Vezin's embodiment of the Danish Prince is such a work as only comes once in a decade. Why the theatre wasn't crowded every night of the six—looking, that is, to our claims as a population of culture as well as intelligence—is simply puzzling to my poor intellect.

Mr Vezin appears to-night and during the week as *Macbeth*.

Mr Benson's grave digger was a distinctly fine performance. He plays the part of *First Witch* in "*Macbeth*."

"Extremes," and the burlesque of "Black-Eyed Susan," will be produced this evening at the Royalty by Mrs Chippendale and the ladies and gentlemen who fight under her banner. The *Mrs Wildbriar* of Mrs Chippendale is one of the finest comedy studies of the day.

The Chippendale company continue at the Royalty for this week and the two weeks succeeding.

Mr Bernard announces that the Gaiety will remain closed till Monday the 18th prox., on which evening Madame Sara Bernhardt will make her appearance on the Glasgow stage.

They are still drawing big houses at the Royal Princesses Theatre with "The Galley Slave." The piece appears to tickle the ears of Mr Beryl's friends, though, for my own part, I am looking out with interest to the production of Mr Wills's "*Jane Shore*," a tragedy produced some six or seven years ago by Mr Wilson Barrett and Miss Heath at the Theatre Royal here.

Those new regulations drawn up by the justices of the peace for the safe conduct of our theatres, are now framed and will come into operation at once. Among them is one to the effect that a public notice is to be posted at the different ticket offices stating that the theatre has been inspected, and that the doors and the gas arrangements had been properly attended to.

Now and then the strangers' book in the Royal Exchange shows a strange juxtaposition of names, but no more curious pair has appeared for a long time than that presented on Tuesday, when Herman Vezin inscribed his name immediately under that of the now immortal Biggar.

This year's meeting of the West of Scotland Rifle Association, which begins at Cowglen on Wednesday, and the columns of descriptive gush that will disfigure the papers for the next few days may tell of its progress if anybody can be found to read. It is the annual carnival of reporters. Editors seem to delight in allowing them to hang themselves in long sentences, lose themselves in metaphoric labyrinths, fall helplessly over angular grammar, and soar into the unknown while painting the lily or adorning the rose. The confusion is picturesque. Here is a gem from last year:—"As I wended my way to the station this morning I laid my account with a wet day." Though not of the "utter" school, it is extremely sweet.

Within the last week or two an inscription has been carved on the Iona cross which marks the resting-place of Dr Norman Macleod at the foot of Campsie fells. Strange to say, though it is chronicled that the genial divine was chaplain to Her Majesty and dean of the Order of the Thistle no mention whatever is made of the Farony Kirk or "Good Words," the two connections by which "Norman" was best known to his admiring countrymen.

I find I was in error when I said that the Columba would take up the Ardrishaig route to-day—her opening, or rather her trial run for the season being fixed for to-morrow, while she gets into proper harness on Wednesday, Captain McGaw being, of course, on "the bridge," and Mr Paterson on the upper deck.

"Give a man luck and you may throw him in the sea," runs the old adage, attributed to Aesop. It would seem to be capable of verification now and again, even in our times. Mr William Pearce, shipbuilder, who, but a handful of years since, was acting as foreman in the shipbuilding yard of Messrs Robert Napier & Sons, has scaled the ladder of commercial success with the ease and rapidity of a prima donna tripping from one octave to another. While many of his fellow workmen are still wielding the maul and belabouring the heads of their caulking irons for 7d an hour, in the different Clyde yards, the indefatigable William has touched the uttermost peak of prosperity, having become owner of the largest shipbuilding establishment on the Clyde. William's latest triumph is reported in the dailies of 9th inst., when at the Thames regatta he entertained for one entire day the "Prince of Wales and suite," on board his new steam yacht "Torfrida." As the Orangemen say, "To the immortal William!" what next,—and next?

Fun of last week, in illustrating Mr Byron's "Punch," gave the "vera effigies" of the pastor of Roseneath Parish Church, Dr Story, and his patron the Duke of Argyll, as appearing in two of the characters of the new comedy.

Partick and Hillhead (or, as Mr J. B. Fleming prefers to call the latter, "the Wart") have not had such a brushing up for many a day as they had on Tuesday evening, prior to the Sheriff's visit next day—and a brushing up to some purpose, too! Why, I'm told that the Wart's cleansing staff have not even yet recovered the whole of their breath. If Mr Fleming's little scheme—for everybody now knows it is J. B.'s—does nothing better, it has at least exercised Bailie Alexander and given the ex-Solicitor-General something to do, not to speak of the pleasant outing and the peeps into divers queer holes and corners it afforded the Sheriff. But with Hillhead in a fever and Partick in a white heat, it was depressing, to say the least of it, that the other day both should have proved "a dry parched land wherein no waters—strong waters, that is—be." It's a fact, BAILIE, there wasn't a drop, and everybody was dry, too!

The Indian Gold Mining Company of Glasgow, whose £10 shares were dealt in last week as high as £65, has given an impetus to all gold mining speculation. The mine "they say" was originally bought for £2500 by Mr Maxwell, a member of the firm of Nicol, Fleming, & Co., and an experienced Australian prospector.

The musical demonstrations by School Board pupils on Friday and Saturday were on the whole very creditable to the children and to Mr Miller their instructor. The different tests revealed a satisfactory average of attainment; but what was chiefly valuable about the vocal exhibitions was the promise they gave for the future. It is clear that musical knowledge will be much greater in the next generation than it is now, imperfect as are our educational arrangements as yet. It will be a step, however, in advance when there is at least one member of the School Board who does not need to admit his ignorance of the subject of music, especially when presiding at demonstrations like this. One would almost fancy it was considered rather a distinction to be entirely ignorant of the subject, so much does making the confession seem to be enjoyed.

Who is responsible for the fixing of the amount of monetary "pledges" in our police offices? I observe that in the Western—which, as everybody knows, is under the care of the redoubtable J. H. Nelson—a man, apparently with capital, has forfeited £5 for using "abusive language" on the street. Now, the ordinary "disorderly" fine is about half-a-guinea. The West End is a wealthy district, and the wise officials there mete out the punishment, not according to the crime, but the funds of an offender!

Among the entertainers who promise us a visit at the forthcoming Fair Holidays is friend Newsome of the Ingram Street Circus—who of course brings his entire company of artists and stud of horses along with him.

The good news from the City Bank Indian Mines has given an agreeable disappointment to the remaining shareholders of the rotten concern. Dr F. L. Robertson made one at the meeting on Friday last; and as he questioned the chairman as to the genuineness of the "find," his well-marked features had an expression of pleasurable incredulity, and confidence that he would not be undeceived, which was worth studying. The rev. gentleman was quite right in asking that the Board of Directors should be composed of local men.

The leather exhibition in Burnbank Hall is not particularly remarkable for the amount of that material on view but rather for other goods which have only the remotest connection with the hide-cured trade. However, it acts as a fine medium for advertising, and for the display, by our damsels and matrons, of the latest summer fashions.

Blind Guides.

THOSE who marvel at the displays of ignorance and fatuity so painfully common in our pulpits are surely not accustomed to take note of the proceedings of Presbyteries when licensing students. Last week, for instance, the Glasgow Presbytery certified that thirteen young gentlemen were qualified instructors of the people, while it appeared that at least three or four of that number had shown themselves hopelessly and ludicrously ignorant of the elements of classical knowledge. A person who "has never learned to scan," or who thinks that Medea was "a goddess" and Orestes "a constellation," may be a very worthy man, and might make an excellent shopkeeper or farmer, but he is hardly likely to be a safe guide where doubtful points of interpretation or doctrine are concerned. It is all very well to "caution these young preachers," as Mr Watt did, "to be very careful in their classical allusions from the pulpit;" but surely congregations have a right to expect that their ministers need not be "careful" in treading on ground with which an urchin of twelve ought to be familiar. The sooner this scandal is amended the better for the interests of the Church.

OUR WEATHER PROPHET.

Jock—We're gaun to ha'e a guid day the morn, Tam; I saw a rainbow the nicht.

Tam—Whaur man?

Jock—Jist at the heid o' Queen Street.

Tam—Man, that's the riff o' the railway.

Jock—Weel, it's gey rainbow-like, then.

Treating a Friend Coolly—Standing him an ice.

A "Summery" Procedure—Going to the Coast.

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.

Underwriters and their Ways.

AN old dame who had been accustomed to read the notices of salvage sales "for behoof of the underwriters," which were in primitive times posted at the church doors of the nearest seaports, was asked by an acquaintance what she intended "making her boy?" Her answer was—"an underwriter." "An underwriter! What's an underwriter?" "That," quoth she, "I dinna ken, but if there's onything gaun they seem to get it." But all that appears to be changed now-a-days, as anything that is going would seem to go into the hands of the insurance brokers and their friends in Manchester, Paris, or elsewhere, according to the revelations made in our Bankruptcy Court. The sums which have been recently lost by persons who do not know the difference between a keelson and a scupper hole is fabulous, and naturally suggests the query—Whether it is not still true that every shoemaker should stick to his last? Underwriting, like every other species of speculation, requires special knowledge, and even a shrewd man like Mr Shepherd of Kirkcaldy would have been better employed in keeping his eye on his former employes, John Barry, M.P., and Tim Healy, M.P., than in throwing away his money in underwriting on ships which were then as safely at the bottom of the sea as the "mermaid" of old ballad fame, or in paying extortionate commissions. Insurance broking is an important part of the business of the nation, and apart altogether from the unfair use made of their names in connection with the recent revelations, the Glasgow underwriters should at once purge themselves of any uncleanness, however slight, which may affect them.

PLAIN SEWING.

(Scene—A sewing class in Board School in the Highlands.)

Government Inspector (examining work done by pupils, to Sewing Mistress)—By another year you must get them to do more plain sewing.

Sewing Mistress (aside to pupils)—Tid I'll not told you you wass take black treed for white seam, ant white treed for black seam, ant it woot be more plainer for ta shentleman to see, whateffer.

[Collapse of Government Inspector.]

"The Sound of Mull"—Tapping a snuff-box.

A "Lysons"-ed Corps—The 5th L.R.V.

"Lay" Members—Turfiters.

"Where Does the Laugh Come In?"
CAPTAIN ANDERSON, of Maryhill, is a personage for whom the BAILIE has long entertained a feeling of admiration not unmixed with awe. It was, therefore, with pained surprise that his Worship read the report of the proceedings on the occasion of "the 25th anniversary of the burgh." The Captain having given some gratifying statistics—such as the fact that "over 13,000 persons had passed through his hands"—the Assessor "hoped that he (Captain Anderson) might be long spared to go out and in amongst them"—which expression of goodwill was received with "great laughter." Where does the laugh come in? There are surely no ludicrous associations connected with the gallant Captain's "out-goings and in-comings." Let the laughers beware lest they be added to the 13,000 who have "passed through the Captain's hands."

ONE FOR THE TRADE.

(Scene—Burnbank Hall; Two acquaintances meeting.)

1st A. (a master boot and shoe maker, jokingly)—Nothing like leather.

2nd A.—I hope not, for it's wretchedly bad now-a-days; these boots I got from you some two months ago are done already.

TRAMWAY TERRORS.—Our intelligent tramway servants succeeded in distinguishing themselves in two instances last week. In each case a lady was thrown to the ground and injured through the carelessness or the gross and wilful neglect of those responsible for her safety. Such incidents are by no means uncommon. How was it that we never heard of such things in connection with the old 'buses, and how long are we to put up with the inconveniences and dangers of the present *regime*?

Where's the "Cat?"—In the "Leather" Exhibition.

A Bright Prospect—Mr "Sun-an'-shine's" reign at Kelvinside Academy.

"The Rivals"—Bend Or and Robert the Devil.

A (Dead) Cattle Show—The Leather Exhibition.

A Common Canter—A vulgar hypocrite.

A Merry-go-round—A waltzer.

High Change"—Change for a £50 note.

Something Like Leather.
THE BAILIE'S Animile, after caracoling around the Burnbank Leather Exhibition last week, was half inclined to go with those who aver "there's nothing like leather." Still, there were many things very much like leather, or in close alliance with the St. Crispian handicraft, that the beastie looked for in vain among the exhibits. Here are a few of the wants trotted out by the retainer:—

The regulation "strap" or "tawse" authorised by the School Board.

The "hides" of youngsters after going through the ordeal of an official "leatherin'" at 71 Duke Street.

The Shakespearian "tanner" who "will last you nine year."

The local "tanner," *alias* "snid," otherwise known in the Queen's lingual coinage as sixpence.

The "bag" or "sack" got by those whose services are no longer required by their employers.

The "sole" of honour, the "heel" of Achilles, and the "upper" ten.

Our high old friend the "Cobbler," from Ben Arthur, Arrochar.

The East Indian "catechu"-men who try to oust our own oak bark.

French "kid" (*gamin*), English "calf," and Irish "bull."

The "belts" or bands of Saturn and Jupiter.

The "shagreen" felt on being sol(e)d while you wait.

The "morocco" whose Dey of renown is long since past.

The old-fashioned chest-protector yclept "cuirass"—pronounced Queer Ass.

DESCENDING TO HIS LEVEL.—Mr Biggar's reception on 'Change last week was a decided mistake. Joseph is certainly not a desirable associate, but one cannot wonder at his returning to the scene of his repulse, since he was given ample reason to believe that he was among kindred spirits.

AN "INSINATION."—What has Partick done to deserve this? A witness in the great "extension" case last week talked of "people who may be very respectable people for Partick, but—" The rest of the invidious sentence was drowned in "loud laughter." If Partick has the spirit of a mouse she will resent this gratuitous slur upon her "respectability."

A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.

Royal Exchanging those feel, I guess,

Who go in Biggar, and come out less.

SUPER-CRITICISM ON SHAKSPERE. — The wife of a certain "super" says that the greatest play her-mann vez-in is *Hamlet*. As you like it, my dear, said Super.

Putting in the "Banns"—Taking a drop or two of Messrs Wilson & Son's (Bann) Whiskey!

A "Trade Exhibition"—A shouting unionist.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the Council are anxious to back out of the Southern Baths' scheme.

That the ratepayers on the "Surrey side" are not willing to be put off any longer.

That their representatives are doing their level best for their constituencies.

That the Corporation seem afraid they have too many irons in the fire.

That property in Bedford Street has become suddenly valuable.

That when municipal building schemes are afoot the property in the district usually does become valuable.

That property speculation has not been very successful these last three years.

That the School Board has fixed the educational assessment for the coming year.

That it is the same as last year.

That the ratepayer's representatives haven't done much as yet in reducing the taxation.

That indeed the major portion of their work at the board has been to advertise their noble selves.

That it is to be hoped their supporters are all quite satisfied.

That underwriting in Glasgow sometimes turns out an expensive amusement.

That the revelations in a recent bankruptcy case disclose one or two "tricks of the trade."

That the way that "fools and their money" have parted reflects no great credit on the commercial acumen of the "centre of civilisation."

That men with money and no brains are meant for those who have brains and no money.

That the Juvenile Delinquency Board has become quite an institution.

That it gets its meetings reported at full length as well as the best of them.

That the members have the BAILIE to thank for this.

That the Elderslie milkman has triumphed over the Paisley authorities.

That the milk adulterators have achieved a great victory.

That cream can now be modified to any extent.

That even the black cow may again become a source of profit.

That at the meeting of the Trades' House held last week the "King of the Coopers" failed to confirm the Cordiners' rules to the constitution of the House, his "instructions" being limited, and leather supple.

That a legal question being raised, it was left

to the "learned" craftsmen to settle, the legal adviser forgetting to give them any advice.

That Visitor Maclean has taken the Bursary Scheme out of the hands of the Convener and the Education Committee.

That so that the "necessitous" may be relieved from applying for its benefits and the wealthier applicants brought forward he has rolled a scholarship and a pension into one.

That the House has accepted the big bait.

That if we have patience we may see a Royal Commission, or possibly the Court of Session change all this.

That the "affaire Biggar" wasn't very creditable to the members of the Royal Exchange.

That the accuracy of Carlyle's opinion concerning Seceder ministers was fully borne out on Tuesday last.

That the pastor of Mains Street congregation is not only "somewhat selfish, irritable, and overbearing," but is also a good example of a spoiled child.

That the tenth Inter-City Cricket Match at Partick last week resulted in the usual way.

That Edinburgh always wins.

That we can do Association football, but Edinburgh can beat us at cricket.

"WHERE'S THE CAT?"

(Scene—On board the Rothesay steamer; One of the hands of the boat arranging passengers' luggage on deck.)

Elderly Maiden—Noo, ma man, tak' perteckler care o' that basket an' no pit onything on the tap o't, for ma cat's in't, an' he's no weel, puir man.

Courteous Celt (without turning round)—Go to ta teeve, you an' your cat!

(E. M. complains to the captain of the incivility of his crew, and the captain orders an ample apology to be made to the lady.)

The Offending Celt (making his bow to the fair owner of Tabby)—Are you ta wumman that a tel't tae go to ta teeve?

E. M.—Yes.

Courteous Celt—Weel, then, ye dinna need tae gang noo.

"There's nothing like leather?" Indeed! Try the beefsteaks in some of our cheap restaurants and you will be convinced of the palpable absurdity of the St. Crispin saw.

A "Superior" Person—Mr Houston of Johnstone.

An "Utter" Wreck—A broken-down æsthete,

J E R S E Y S

(BOYS' and GIRLS'),

For Coast and Country.

ALL SIZES.

FORSYTH'S,

RENFIELD STREET.

PODOPHYLLUM ESSENCE

(Thompson's), for Biliousness, Indigestion, Inaction of the Liver, Constipation, Heartburn, Acid Risings, Flatulence, Sickness, Headache, Giddiness, and all Stomach and Liver Derangements. Bottles, 1s, 1s 6d, and 2s 6d; by Post, 1d extra, from M. F. THOMPSON, Homeopathic Chemist, 17 GORDON STREET, Glasgow. Beware of Imitations.

LIBRAIRIE ETRANGERE

3 CATHEDRAL STREET, corner of Buchanan Street.
ENGLISH & FOREIGN BOOKS, New and Second Hand.

Lowest Prices. Books Lent.

Books in all Languages in Stock or procured.

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.**MITCHELL & CO.'S**

OLD IRISH WHISKY, Belfast, is the Purest and Best in the Market, and received at Melbourne Exhibition Jurors' Highest Award.—Agent for Scotland—DAVID MITCHELL, 20 Hope St., Glasgow.

THE FINEST WHISKY IN THE WORLD.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

HENRY THOMSON & CO'S
OLD IRISH WHISKY.

SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—

ROBERT BROWN, 17 HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.

D'ARCY'S Famed
WHISKY. OLD IRISH
SOLD EVERYWHERE.THE PUREST AND BEST IN THE WORLD.
Sole Proprietor—MATT. D'ARCY & CO., NEWRY.

Wholesale Agents for Scotland—

SMITH BROS., 48 OSWALD STREET, GLASGOW.

C H A M P A G N E.

ST. MARCEAUX.

THIS Wine is acknowledged by Connoisseurs to be Equal to any Champagne in the Market. Quotations, in Magnums, Quarts, and Piuts, from

WILLIAM LANG,

73 AND 79 QUEEN STREET.

NEW ADVERTISEMENT.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,
THE LEADING HATTERS,

For Six Weeks past we have been literally crowded with Customers, our turn-over in GENTLEMEN'S HATS being nearly double that (for the same period) of any former year. This is extremely gratifying, and is truly a fit reward for the extraordinary efforts we have made to meet the requirements of our fellow-citizens. So striking is the value we now offer in Gentlemen's Head-Gear that the merest novice can see the very wide difference in the quality of our Hats as compared with those sold elsewhere; *Fifty per Cent* more than our prices being charged by the Retail Hatters for exact same Shapes and Qualities; it seems an absurd statement, yet we make it advisedly, and are prepared to substantiate the fact. It is very amusing to us (who are behind the scenes) to read the effusions of some of our brethren in the trade, who boldly assert that they sell at *Makers' Prices!* Do they mention the Makers' large discounts, or are they supposed to live on the simple turn-over; again we see puny rivals offering Hats at less than wholesale prices, or thirty per cent, cheaper than *anyone* else in Glasgow. *These are Frauds.* We can show samples from their *Stocks.*

We ourselves maintain that nowhere can such value in Hats be had as at the Colosseum, but there is a "big" difference between our "little" plagiarist friends and ourselves.

We buy only from the largest and best manufacturers in the world, giving gigantic orders, thereby buying at "bottom" prices; we take a little less than the ordinary wholesale profit, with the result that our Clients buy Hats from us as cheap as if they were Hatters buying from any wholesale warehouse. No other house can do this, as *we ourselves now do about one-third of the whole Retail Hat trade of the West of Scotland.* Several *Lorry Loads* of Hats are sold every week at the COLOSSEUM. It is only those Gentlemen who do not know us that will be astonished. We invite everybody to come and inspect our Stock of

GENTLEMEN'S FELT HATS,

Colour, Purity, Quality guaranteed, 3s 6d, 4s 6d, 5s 6d, 7s, and 8s 6d; these last are First Quality French Pullovers. DRESS HATS, the best in the Market, 17s 6d; Rare Value at 8s 6d, 10s 6d, 12s 6d, and 14s 6d. Hats, Caps, every Size, Description, and Quality.

ANOTHER GREAT EXTENSION!

In a Few Days we will Occupy the Premises at present in the possession of the EDINBURGH ROPERIE CO., 64 Jamaica Street, and also those of Messrs WATSON BROS., 62 Jamaica Street.

LADIES' HATS and MILLINERY DEPARTMENTS
Crowded Daily! Ladies, kindly Call as early in the day as possible.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,
HATTERS, MILLINERS,
COLOSSEUM,

SINGLE HATS AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

ENTRANCE { For Ladies, No. 70 } JAMAICA STREET.
{ For Gentlemen, No. 62 }

ROYAL



EXCHANGE.

HALF-YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION BOOK for ENROLLING NEW MEMBERS NOW OPEN.

Town Members, £1 10s; Country Members, £1.
No Ballot necessary.

A. F. SHARP & CO. Receive Advertisements for all BRITISH and FOREIGN PAPERS.

14 ROYAL EXCHANGE SQUARE.

FELT HATS,

5s, 7s, 10s.

OUR THREE LEADING PRICES.

SPECIAL SMART Shapes for "Young Men"—the Best Value in the Market. Bought Direct from the Makers. All intermediate Profit Saved to our Customers.

The HATS at TEN SHILLINGS are WOODROW'S "Prize Medal Felt Hats"—the Highest Class Goods in the Kingdom.

SEE THE SHOW WINDOWS.

MILLER & CO.,
QUEEN STREET CORNER.

CHEAP BOOKS! CHEAP BOOKS!!

MR LINDSAY, 102 QUEEN STREET, projects a new Revolution in Bookselling, and, as a preliminary step, has arranged for a REMORSELESS AND DETERMINED CLEARING SALE of the Whole of his Present Stock before the end of his Lease.

This Week we offer a Lot of Wall Maps of various countries at 9d each; A Book containing 14 Portraits of Celebrated Persons, very suitable for a Scrap Book, for 3½d; Barnes' Commentaries on the New Testament, the 6s volumes now for 3s 3d each; Mrs Brown's Comic Readings, now for 6d each; A Little Religious Work, "The Friends of Christ in the New Testament," by Dr Adams, an American Author, now for 7½d; A Good Little Tale to carry in the pocket to read in the train, "The Foundling of Cru Light," 102 pages, for 2d; One Shilling Essay and Account Books now for 8½d each; A Bible with Twenty Thousand Emendations for 3s 6d, this puts in the shade the new revised edition; A Volume of Children's Hymns with Piano Music, price 5s, for 2s 9d; A Volume of Songs for Children with Piano Music, price 5s, for 2s 9d; Campbell's Tales of the West Highlands, 2 vols., for 5s; A 25s Account Book for 6s 6d; Gems of Scottish Melody, 3s, for 9d; Best Pocket Note Books, 12 for 9d; One Pound of Good Notepaper for 7½d; 100 Fine Square Cream Laid Envelopes for 9d; School Essay Books, 12 for 8½d; The Fiend's Delight, a 1s book for 3½d.

ROBERT LINDSAY, 102 QUEEN STREET.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15th, 1881.

MR JAMES MORTON, Elderslie House, Renfrew, milk-seller that is, millionaire that was supposed to be—before the City of Glasgow Bank burst,—had good ground for being satisfied with himself on Friday last. Whatever the world may think of his deserts the only conviction standing against him at that date was one for having sold as cream an article which on analysis Sheriff COWAN held was not of the quality of cream. In the opinion of many it is well that Sheriff COWAN'S decisions are not

always final, and it is so in the case of Mr JAMES MORTON, because the High Court of Justiciary have not only sustained his appeal, but the Judges expressed the most decided opinion that so far from being censurable, Mr MORTON'S dealings were perfectly honest. Praise from Sir HUBERT STANLEY is praise indeed; and praise from Lords YOUNG and MONCREIFF is not less so—especially in the view of those who might think that Mr MORTON was not out of need of it. But more than this—and Mr MORTON is in fairness entitled to have their Lordships opinions printed and even engraved on his milk barrels—the purchase of cream on which the prosecution was founded was characterised as a "catch and intended as a catch," and the proceedings themselves so far from being beneficial to the public were said to be a troublesome and obtrusive interference with Mr MORTON'S business. His fame may have had something to do with the "fash" he has been caused, but there are not a few who, with all due respect to certain Sheriff-Substitutes, seem not displeased that the milk "fad" has got another summary check in the Supreme Court. Like most other good ideas it has been pushed to extremes long ago. Some people had milk on the brain to such an extent that they even questioned the wisdom of Providence. The best milk was to be got—so they said—from cows kept up three pair of stairs instead of in the green-fields, and the most succulent "Pope's eye" and substantial roasts were to be produced at the same high altitude. Vanity! vanity! and vexation of spirit to certain credulous shareholders who now know that the regulation of the milk supply is not to be attained by riding hobby horses

The Merry Six Hundred.

THE "Liberal Six Hundred" continue to fulfil their mission by providing sport of the most excruciating description for their fellow-citizens. At their last meeting exquisite jokes about "the ladies" were lavished in the most "regardless" fashion; such humorous motions as "that this meeting do not meet any more" were frequent; and the proceedings were punctuated with "laughter," "great laughter," "roars of laughter," "shouts of laughter," and "shrieks of laughter." Why do not "the Six Hundred" go on a tour with a "variety entertainment?" They would beat the "clown cricketers" and the "lady football players" hollow, and the city would endeavour to survive their temporary absence.

Delinquency Dullards.

THE BAILIE, who has a knowledge of these things, has before now had occasion to show our Juvenile Delinquency Board the error of their ways, and to advise them as to the obvious bearing of an Act whose provisions they set themselves to carry out. A few months ago this body gravely discussed the question of admitting outsiders to the benefits of their Reformatory and Industrial Schools, without any countervailing charge in lieu of the Glasgow assessment. His Worship showed at the time that this gratuitous generosity would not stand either in law or equity. Still, in spite of the Magisterial law and logic the Board must needs, forsooth, appoint a committee to consider the matter, and, if necessary, to consult eminent counsel on a question that was as plain as a pikestaff. And here endeth the first lesson.

Unable to agree on so knotty a point the Committee go to the trouble and expense of asking a legal "opinion" from no less an authority than Dr Anderson Kirkwood! Need it be said that this gentleman, as might be seen from Saturday's papers, supports in every jot and tittle the original contention and reading of the Act as herein long ago laid down. So that the upshot of all the ado was simply this,—the Committee were forced to abide by the law and the testimony of common-sense outsiders. They therefore had no other resource at Friday's meeting than to eat the leek in all humility, and unanimously to recommend the Board to prepare a scale of charges for "outside" cases "so as to bring them into accordance with Dr Kirkwood's opinion" and — they ought to have added—the BAILIE'S. Here endeth the second lesson.

OUR RETURN TO HIEMS.

"Now is the winter of our discontent"
When now 'tis June, and June is midway spent.

"THE BRIGHTON OF SCOTLAND."—More "Brightons!" We learn from the *Herald* that the other day "the summer season was opened at Portobello—the 'Brighton of Scotland'—&c., &c., &c. If the representatives of the various "Brightons" should ever happen to meet, the BAILIE rather guesses there would be what dear old Artemus used to call a "fite."

A lady pianist who plays with only one hand is just now the talk of Paris. If the Animile remembers aright the Italian organist invariably plays with one hand only. The Italian has a wonderful turn for music.

A Pawky Pair.

THE senior partner of the firm of Cameron & Ferguson is evidently determined that his junior shall not have a monopoly of fame. Last Tuesday evening he presided at a meeting of that amusing body which styles itself "the Scotch Land Reform Union," and which appears to number some thirty members. The proceedings were of a somewhat remarkable nature, it being resolved to totally reject the minutes of a previous meeting, and "take a fresh start," while "a Mr Jeans" defiantly declared his intention of "forming another union" if he did not get his own way. Messrs Cameron & Ferguson may be congratulated upon having struck out an effective and inexpensive system of advertising.

What the Greenock Folk are Saying.

THAT modesty is the municipal chief's leading feature. That his willingness to make way for royalty was a striking proof of it.

That he drew the line at the heir to the throne, however.

That none of the rest of the royal herd come up to his standard.

That Her Majesty will no doubt agree to come at once, in acknowledgment of such gracious condescension.

That every one is dying to learn what his special means of access to royalty are.

That it is said he once rubbed shoulders with the MacCallum More.

That consequently he expects him to speak a good word to his boy's mother-in-law.

That he has fairly raised the dander of the masons.

That his injudicious remarks will seriously damage the pageant.

That there will be too many holidays all of a heap.

That the "three past masters" cut a sorry figure in print.

That the call from the Sons of the Rock to the Stormy Petrel was a perfect godsend to the brethren.

That the deserted flock will find ample accommodation in the East Parish.

That "David" made short work of the lunacy grants.

That the municipal electors should keep their eyes upon the champion against next November.

That the decision in the Cowan property case is a hard nut for the municipal authorities to crack.

That William has fairly got to windward of them in the matter.

AN "UNTOOTHsome" IDEA.—One of the latest and most curious developments of "the instalment system" shows itself in a local advertisement of artificial teeth, to be paid for by instalments. This announcement suggests some rather disagreeable possibilities. Suppose, for instance, that a purchaser were to break down in his "instalments"—would his sham grinders, or some of them, be liable to be reclaimed, and subsequently disposed of to a new and unsuspecting customer? No! The idea is decidedly the reverse of "toothsome."

Fellows of the Royal Society—The Prince of Wales' personal friends.

A New English "Fair"—Mrs Langtry.

Clerical Timidity.

BASHFULNESS and timidity have not hitherto been considered to be characteristics of the average orator in our Church courts, but, if we are to believe Mr M'Kenzie, of the Glasgow Free Presbytery, we have been wrong all along. "Modest men, particularly from the provinces," says Mr M'Kenzie, were in the last General Assembly, "overawed, bullied, and brow-beaten by the galleries." This is truly a sad state of matters. How would it do, next May, to encourage each timorous little parson "from the provinces" by placing him, while he speaks, between two sturdy city clerics of the Dr Adam type? Meanwhile, one is inclined to slightly alter Cowper's lines, and exclaim—

"Why were 'the public' made so coarse,
Or parsons made so fine?
A kick that would not move a horse
Will kill a sound divine!"

"THE THIRD DAY COMES A FROST."

Extremes meet, cold and heat.
Altogether summer weather
Is most various and precarious;
To-day so warm, to-morrow storm
Of snow and hail—Winter's Tail.
Midsummer Night's Dream a blight
Of bud and bloom, all chill and gloom,
And joy of June all out of tune.

"REACTION" WITH A VENGEANCE.—From a letter in the *Herald* it appears that our sapient rulers permit the emptying of mud punts in the river in the neighbourhood of the Victoria Bridge. Here we have an unmistakable evidence of Conservative reaction. By determined efforts we may yet succeed in restoring the Clyde to its condition in the days of our grandfathers.

HARDLY "FAIR."—Jones, who was in London last week, was asked on his return if he had attended the "Old English Fair." The gay dog replied that the attractions of the young English "fair" left him no eyes for those of the old.

"VACANT."—Councillor Murdoch appears to have odd ideas as to what constitutes a "vacancy." Last week he talked of a certain piece of ground being "still vacant, a merry-go-round being in one corner and a gospel tent in the other." It is surely an abuse of terms to call that spot vacant, where followers of both the world and the Church are so admirably catered for!

- Sara-scenic Art—Mdlle. Bernhardt's.
- The Fun of the "Fair"—Church bazaars.
- A Land Bill—Wm. Kidston of Ferniegair.
- One of the Great Powers—Dynamite.

Megilp.

WRITING at the beginning of last week from Tillietudlem Castle to a Glasgow friend, David Murray says: A week ago this was a painter's paradise. There was no cloud in all the blue save where snowy masses of apple blossom thrust themselves into the sky. Our courtyard was filled with blossom-covered trees, and lifting itself from their midst, with a seeming air of contented possession, rose the tower of the old keep. Away down the valley you caught a glimpse of Crossford lying quietly amid its clustering orchards. Well, well, the scene was a lovely one while it lasted. Now, however, everything has changed. The blossoms have gone and the leaves have come. For great heaps of snowy bloom we have masses of foliage. Even the castle is hid in the festoons of surrounding greenery. But whether looked at under its earlier or its later aspect Tillietudlem is wondrous beautiful: the Wizard of the North showed what an eye he had for the picturesque in nature, as well as the picturesque in life, when he made Tillietudlem the headquarters, as it were, of one of the greatest of his romances.

Francis Powell, the President of the Scottish Water Colour Society, who was in Dunoon a week ago, is back in London, on business, it is understood, in connection with the old Water Colour Society, of which he is one of the members.

Perhaps no village on the West Coast is more picturesquely situated, or is more neglected by our artistic friends, than Arrochar. Last year, however, William Young spent some weeks there, and this year Tom Donald is painting at the top of Loch Long. Sir Noel Paton, by the bye, occupied Ardgarten House in the later weeks of the recent spring.

Our Edinburgh friends—or at least some of the better known of their number—are still busy in their respective studios. Among the members of the Scottish Academy who have not yet betaken themselves to fresh woods and pastures new are M'Taggart and Lockhart. John Smart, R.S.A., however, is at present at Doune, a district which he knows, inch by inch, by this time; and Robert Anderson, A.R.S.A., who has hitherto confined himself to the Arbroath coast, or the pastoral scenes south of Edinburgh, has betaken himself this year to our western seaboard. Mr Anderson is engaged on a series of drawings intended for the coming Exhibition of the Scottish Water Colour Society.

George Reid, R.S.A., has been in London for two or three months painting portraits, among them being those of Sir Bartle Frere, Lord President Inglis, Col. Farquharson of Invercauld, Froude, and Naysmith of steam hammer celebrity, of the last of whom, by the bye, his friend Smiles is at present writing a life;

Duncan M'Kellar, who has completed his spring work at Carmunnock, is now engaged in his studio on a series of figure pictures.

The *Lynn Advertiser* of a week ago gives a long paragraph headed "Pretty Marriage," descriptive of the wedding of George Claussen, the London artist, to Agnes Mary Webster, whose father is editor of the paper in question. Mr Claussen's "Pansies" was one of the more noticeable pictures in the recent exhibition of the Fine Art Institute.

"A Roland for an Oliver"—When the Royal Exchange porter "spied strangers" on Tuesday last.

A Kilmalcolm Sweer for Native Radicals—"By Crums."

Another Scotch Eviction—Mr Biggar ejected from "Change."

Motto for Mr Parker—The better deed, the Biggar blessing.

"Gaiety" with Sara-Money—Bernard with Bernhardt.

Too Suggestive.

OBSERVING that a body styling themselves "the Beaconsfield Purple Guards" had a "blow-out" in Maclean's Hotel the other night, the BAILIE felt somewhat curious to learn what eccentric beings had deliberately chosen so extraordinary an appellation. On reading the list of "those present," he found the Purple Guards to consist of, among others, Mr Warton, M.P., Mr F. Y. Henderson, Mr J. N. Cuthbertson, Mr Donald Munro, and Mr H. A. Long—a sufficiently odd mixture. "What kin' o' beast" a Purple Guard may be—whether of the nature of a "Royal and Ancient Buffalo" or not—his Worship cannot pretend to say; but he may suggest to the Guards that their name is a rather unfortunate one, inasmuch as purple is not very far removed from—black!

ROYALTY THEATRE.

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

MRS CHIPPENDALE AND HER COMPANY IN COMEDY AND BURLESQUE.

THIS EVENING, (TUESDAY), JUNE 14TH, AT 7-30, EXTREMES; OR, MEN OF THE DAY.

After which BURNAND'S Sparkling Burlesque, "BLACK-EYED SUSAN."

Second Prices at Nine o'clock.

Box Plan Open at Messrs J. Muir Wood & Co., from 11 till 4, and at the Theatre from 11 till 3.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE,

MAIN STREET, SOUTH SIDE, GLASGOW.

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

Every Evening this Week at 7-30, (except Saturday),

MR WILSON BARRETT'S COMPANY,

In BARTLEY CAMPBELL'S American Comedy-Drama

NO ESCAPE;

OR, THE GALLEY SLAVE.

SATURDAY FIRST, JUNE 18TH,

Grand Production of W. G. WILLS' Great Play,

JANE SHORE.

Box Plan at Donaldson's Rooms, 91 St. Vincent Street.

THE GAIETY.

Proprietor and Director,Mr CH. BERNARD.

Manageress,Mrs CH. BERNARD.

CLOSED FOR SUMMER VACATION, RE-OPENING

MONDAY AND TUESDAY, JULY 18 AND 19.

MIDLE SARA BERNHARDT.

AND FULL COMPANY OF FRENCH ARTISTES.

SUBSCRIPTION LIST OPEN.

Tickets for all parts of the House now Ready. Box Office

Open from 10 till 4 Daily.

BRIGHT OCTOBER.

(E. Nichol, London.)

Fill me a can with sparkling ale!

Quaff deep the gen'rous liquor!

But pledge each neighbour ere you drain

The nectar in the bicker!

And as you quaff the nut brown draught,

Just think of that good fellow

Who first found out that drink for gods—

COLD ALE so bright and mellow.

REALLY COLD ALE, WITHOUT THE ADDITION OF ICE.

"Bright and Mellow."

J. FRASER, 24 BRUNSWICK STREET.

THEATRE-ROYAL,

(Under Royal Letters-Patent from The Crown.)

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

THIS WEEK ONLY.

SHAKESPEARE'S Tragedy of

MACBETH, in which Mr HERMANN VEIZN

Will Appear as *Macbeth* for the first time in Glasgow,

Supported by

MRS CHARLES CALVERT, MISS CARLOTTA ADDISON, AND A POWERFUL COMPANY.

At 7 30 Precisely,

CUT OFF WITH A SHILLING.

THE THEATRE-ROYAL is not only "THE HANDSOMEST, BEST, and MOST FASHIONABLE THEATRE" in the Provinces, but also "THE CHEAPEST." Gallery, 6d; Pit, 1s; Boxes 1s 6d; Pit Stalls, 2s; Dress Circle, 3s; Balcony and Orchestra Stalls, 5s and 6s; Private Boxes from half-a-guinea. Box Office, at the Theatre; or at Messrs Muir Wood's, Buchanan Street.

Doors Open, 6-30; Commence 7-30.

WEST OF SCOTLAND RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

ANNUAL PRIZE MEETING

AT COWGLEN RANGES,

ON 15TH, 16TH, 17TH, and 18TH JUNE, 1881.

** ALTERATION ON PROGRAMME.—The Three-Entry Competitions are Withdrawn from the Aggregate and Bronze Medals, and remain open over the Meeting.

ENTRIES CLOSE ON WEDNESDAY, 8TH JUNE.

THOMAS STOUT, Jun., Secy.

SPECIAL WEDNESDAY PROMENADES.

ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS

SUBSCRIBERS (on presenting Tickets) FREE.

GRAND PROMENADE CONCERT,

On WEDNESDAY FIRST, 15TH JUNE, from 7-30 to 9-30.

SPLENDID BAND AND PIPERS

OF THE

71st HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY.

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

To be had at Mr Sloan's, 140 Hope Street; and at Garden Gate.

NON-SUBSCRIBERS—ONE SHILLING.

SATURDAY PROMENADE CONCERT

On 18th JUNE.—ADMISSION SIXPENCE, as usual.

INVERARAY AND OBAN.



The Splendid Saloon Steamer

"LORD OF THE ISLES"

Sails DAILY from GREENOCK, calling at KIRN, DUNOON, WEMYSS BAY, ROTHESAY, TIGHNABRUAICH, STRACHUR, and INVERARAY:—

	A.M.	Cent. Enoch's. St.	St.
From GREENOCK at.....	9-15	8-0	8-25 — *7-40

Conveying PASSENGERS to INVERARAY and OBAN via KYLES of BUTE, WEMYSS BAY, and LOCH ECK route.

Full particulars of Tours, Fares, &c., see Programmes (id each), from

M. T CLARK, 5 Oswald Street.

NEW GRASS BUTTER

Of the very Best Quality at

DONALDSON BROTHERS,

9 SHAMROCK STREET,

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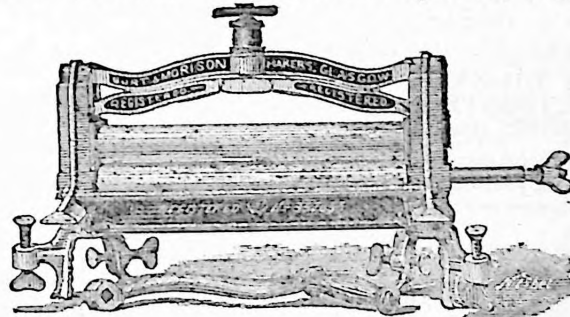
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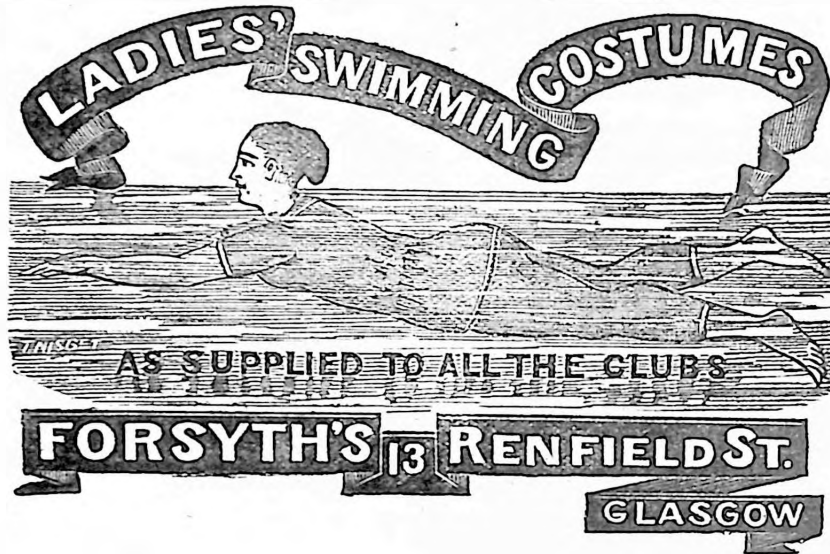


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The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 453. Glasgow, Wednesday, June 22nd, 1881. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 453.

THE BAILIE never feels in better humour than when he is introducing to his friends one who has materially added to the prestige and greatness of his native city. This week he has selected as the Man you Know a man of mark on the banks of the Clyde, and one who has done much to make the "staple industry" of the river both world-wide and famous. Coming of a race of shipbuilders, Mr ALEXANDER STEPHEN was born at Arbroath in 1832. He was educated in Dundee and Aberdeen, subsequently studying at Edinburgh University, where, with the practical sagacity which has since characterised him, he gave special prominence to the subjects bearing most directly on his future professional career. His apprenticeship as a shipwright was begun under his father in Dundee in 1849, and about three years later he came to Glasgow, where, by-and-by, he entered into business as a partner in the ship-building firm of Alexander Stephen & Sons, Kelvinhaugh, of which he ultimately became the head. In 1861 he introduced the plan of ship-building known as "composite," on which a large number of vessels were afterwards built, by other firms as well as his own, and by the Admiralty as well. Finding, in course of time, the premises at Kelvinhaugh too limited, and in view of the growing importance of steam in ocean navigation, Alexander Stephen & Sons bought in 1868 the fine old estate of Linthouse, where works for both engineering and shipbuilding were erected which are among the finest in the world. These specially draw the attention of the passing voyager to the "saut water" by the imposing appearance of their gigantic travelling crane, lifted high in air, and used for putting the heaviest engines and boilers

on board vessels while still on the stocks. The Man you Know is one of the few who are at once heads of firms and continue to make their ship models with their own hands. His vessels are known not only for soundness of construction, but for beauty of form, and it is believed that there is no other living builder who has so many ships of his own design and construction afloat. Many of these have had eventful histories. One, for instance, after doing splendid service as the "Sea King" in the peaceful capacity of a China tea clipper, was converted into the notorious confederate cruiser "Shenandoah," and ultimately became the Sultan of Zanzibar's yacht. Among mail steamers built by Mr STEPHEN were some for Brazil, and in 1872 the Emperor of that state decorated him with the order of a "Knight Officer of the Rose." While the Man you Know has all his life been noted for attending to his own business, he has found that quite compatible with doing some solid public work. In the Govan School Board, of which he has been Chairman ever since the passing of the Education Act, and to which he recently gave the splendid sum of £1,000 to be devoted toward the foundation of bursaries for Govan boys, he has done some service, if not to the state at least to the parish. This Board, which is creditably distinguished for the absence of profitless discussions at its meetings, and for the application of its members to practical business, began with one small school, and has now twelve large, well-constructed schools with a roll of upwards of 10,000 children. An active and zealous Free Church elder, he has long taken a deep interest in ecclesiastical affairs. In private life he is known as a fast and warm friend, and a man of kindly and genial disposition, commanding the respect of all those coming in daily contact with him, whether these be his own employes or people engaged in

similar or cognate branches of business to that carried on by Messrs Alexander Stephen & Sons.

“Oh, Sic a Parish!”

THE Parish of Eaglesham is to be congratulated upon its possession of a most remarkable selection of Road Trustees. In the course of a case heard before Sheriff Cowan at Paisley last week, one of these gentlemen deponed that he “was not aware” that he was a member of the Trust, but at the same time had no doubt on the subject of his being “convener and treasurer of the committee.” Another member had never read or heard of the Act under which this curious Trust is empowered to discharge its functions; and there were further revelations of an equally interesting character. A meeting of the Trust must be almost as amusing an entertainment as a performance of “Where’s the Cat?” or an assemblage of the “Liberal Six Hundred.”

TWO OF A TRADE.

(Scene—Helensburgh Pier; Artist and house painter with traps leaving Gareloch steamer.)

House Painter—I see you’re a brother brush.

Artist (annoyed) — Imphm. (Sarcastic)—Is figure or landscape your forte?

H. P.—Architectural! A wis pentin’ the inside o’ a stable the day. What were you busy at?

A.—I gave the first coat to the outside of a loch; second coated a couple of villages, a few pine trees, and a hill-side!! And finished a thunder cloud and a flash of lightning!!!

H. P.—Goodness gracious! Piece work, I suppose?

A DIFFICULT FEAT.—Last Tuesday, the 14th of June, the heritors of Johnstone were served with a “last notice,” dated 20th May, and demanding payment of the Abbey Manse Tax “within ten days from this date.” Now, the BAILIE regards this as hardly giving the rate-payers a fair chance, and it is not surprising that some of them flatly decline even to attempt the performance of the feat required of them. His Worship is quite certain that he would do so under the circumstances.

Appropriate Spot for “Bull’s-Eyes.”—Cowglen.

“Capital” Premises—Bank buildings.

MITCHELL’S OLD IRISH WHISKY.

Days at the Coast.

“FLEE fro the pres,” yea, “counseil good,”
More needed now than long ago;
When, Chaucer, men had time to brood
In silent calm; when modern “go”

Had not yet taken hold of life,
And set the world in such a flurry;
Thy counseil’s *better* ’mid the strife
Of our high-pressure hurry-scurry!

From out it all I think of thee,
And strive to follow in thy ways;
I fain would shun the crowd, ah me!
’Tis not so easy now-a-days!

Here’s June, and like thee I would lie,
To tell the truth, the summer through,
In “mede al ful of floures,” ay
But this is what one cannot do!

I’m busy now, if e’er I was,
Much more so than Watt’s far-famed bee,
For why? wae’s me! Simply because
I rent a “cottage by the sea!”

At dewy morn my ham and eggs
I bolt, then bolt myself, oh dear!
As fast as two frail fragile legs
Can pull me to the steamboat pier!

Then such a scramble at the station
For seats in stuffy crowded carriage;
I often think all this vexation
I knew naught of till after marriage!

On reaching town my work I plan,
And think how best I may get through it;
’Tis not so hard, since June began,
As going from and getting to it!

And thus for two long months must I
Be four hours daily on the trundle;
I’m not “soft goods,” although I sigh,
And sometimes dream I am a bundle!

’Tis Tennyson has sadly sung
Of vanished happy days; I pout
My plaint and wish my *sixty* ’mong
“The days,” yea, yea! “that are no more!”

MAN AND WIFE.

Country Wife (reading *Citizen* advertisements)
—Losh me, Geordie, what’s this—Young man
wanted to push lubricating oils?

Man—Hout, woman. That means that they
want a chap tae shove a barry o’ barrels along
the street.

HOW THE “FIRST” DO IT.—It is the present
intention of the 1st Lanarkshire Volunteers, on
the occasion of the Royal Review, to march to
Edinburgh and put up “within Messrs Steel &
Coulson’s Brewery at Abbey Hill.” What a
day they’ll have among the beer!

An A-maize-ing Product—Beer from Indian
Corn.

Held as “Red”—The BAILIE bill.

An “Advancing” Business—A pawnbroker’s.

50 VISITING CARDS (Finest Ivory) while you wait,
15 6d.—GILLESPIE BROTHERS, 8 Buchanan Street.

The Modern Æsop.

XI.—TWO SNAILS.

TWO snails crawled out of their hole after a shower, at eventide. In their way they encountered two worms in search, like themselves, of green-stuffs. "It is very strange," said one of the snails, "that, when we go out, we always meet one or more of these nasty, crawling things, defiling the ground wherever they go. I wonder they are not ashamed to be seen, even in the dusk." "I declare," replied the other, with a shudder, "that if there is anything I detest more than another, it is a creeping, slimy, slippery worm. I wouldn't be one of them for all the young lettuces in the garden. I hate slime and slimy things." And they turned aside in disgust.

MORAL.—Scandal-mongers would do well to look to their own foul "trail," when decrying the vices or failings of others.

VERY LIKE A DONKEY!

(Scene—Bridge-of-Allan; Three tipsy "swells" seek to demolish a tailor; The tailor comes off unhurt, and invites praise from a little boy who has been a critical spectator.)

Tailor (grandly and breathing hard)—Weel, my little man! Hoo did I look in that fecht?

Boy (promptly)—Ye jist lookit like a lion, sir.

Tailor (proudly)—A lion, my mannie? And, ah—did you ever see a lion before?

Boy (pawkily, pointing to the donkey-stand)—Oh aye, sir! I've seen them ower there, opposite the U. P. Kirk, wi' creels on their backs!

[Exit boy.]

THE DEUCE AND ALL!—Our old friend Granny has long shown a disposition to "frivol," but matters are now past a joke. Just fancy a sometime respectable old female remarking in print, as she did the other morning, that "American furniture" has "played the very deuce and all with our domestic cabinetmakers!" If the old lady feels herself irresistibly impelled to indulge in a "sweer" of this kind, let her at least keep it to herself.

"BOER" OR "BORE?"—One of the features of the Association meeting at Cowglen last week was an "Anti-Boer Competition." This is a sort of thing which decidedly deserves encouragement; but isn't there a slight mistake in the spelling?

"Seedy" Customers—Nurserymen.

"The Galley Slave"—A sea cook.

On 'Change.

WHILE perfectly willing to accord to the directors of the Tharsis Company all the credit that is due to them, I cannot help thinking that they did rather a vulgar thing in their report issued last week. They actually condescended to advertise themselves by calling attention to the exploits of the company during the past fourteen years. They showed, correctly enough, that they had never paid less than 5 per cent., that on one memorable occasion they paid 40 per cent., then in eight of the fourteen years they had paid from 20 per cent. upwards, and that over the whole period they had returned £26 16s 3d for each £10 originally paid. This is all very nice and satisfying. It also pleases the complacent shareholder who is naturally rejoiced to receive his dividend for £2 10s per £10 share on the year just closed. Yet the proceeding seems to me lacking in dignity, though I confess to its being a good stroke of business and quite legitimate. It will be a particularly good thing for those present shareholders who proudly show the report to their friends, talk the shares up, and then sell in the expectation of buying lower. That is what happened eight years ago, when the company paid 40 per cent. and bagged over £100,000 by issuing shares at a premium.

Indian gold mines attracted less attention last week, one reason being that the historical four ounces per ton promised by the Glasgow Indian Gold Company has not yet been seen. Nobody knows whether the gold was obtained from a selected sample or from one picked up at random on the property. The probability is that the sample would not be too poor. In the meantime everybody is looking out for mining shares that cost £10 and sell at £65. Or rather, to suit the levelling tendencies of the age, and bring gold mines within the limits of the meanest capacity, small investors are looking out for £1 shares that will realise £6 5s. Better in such cases to secure the profit and leave to some one else the expensive duty of holding the interesting infant.

Free trade and protection, their merits and their demerits, are cropping up again quite actively, as I some time ago said they would. They will crop up again more actively than ever in the future, for people are getting tired of this long stretch of masterly inactivity. A change of some kind will therefore be wanted. Some folks change when there is no occasion for it. They are fools, of course. "Better endure the ills we have than fly to others that we know not of." But when people are in a bad way generally, all over the shop, it strikes me as being prudent that they should resolve upon a change of some kind. For weal, for woe, let us turn our front. The argument will be that we cannot be worse than we are at present and that the sooner we have a revolution the better.

SCRUTATOR.

WHICH KILLED HIM?—A poor fellow was found dead at Aberdour the other day, with a whisky-bottle and a copy of the *North British Daily Mail* in his possession. It is a pity the coroner's inquest is not a recognised institution among us. If it were, public curiosity might be gratified by learning whether the deceased expired of the whisky or the newspaper.

"SWEETNESS AND LIGHT."—A local firm of matchmakers advertise one species of their wares as "Domestic Matches," and another as "Safety Matches." Shouldn't the generic term "Love Matches" suffice to embrace both branches of the business? Eh?

The "Premier" Club—The Cabinet.

Gentlemen who get the Baby to hold—Remedy, 20s Perambulator.—GARDINER & HARDIE, 42 Great Clyde Street.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—And so the Theatre Royal, like the Gaiety, is closed, and, what is worse, will remain closed for an indefinite period. I should have liked, seeing that we were treated to the *Hamlet* and the *Macbeth* of Mr Vezin, to have had his *Othello* as well; in this, however, as in other theatrical matters, the audience may propose, but it is the manager—and rightly too—who eventually disposes.

A “delightful and altogether inimitable presentation,” is the phrase employed by the *Pall Mall Gazette* when describing Miss Litton’s performance of *Peggy* in “The Country Girl,” at the London Court Theatre.

Mr Herman Vezin, who has left Glasgow for London, goes off next week on a trip to America, which will extend over a month at least. The English tour of the “Corsican Brothers,” with Mr Vezin in the role of the two *Des Franchis*, begins about the middle of August.

We may expect to welcome Mr Vezin back to Glasgow in the beginning of next November.

—o—

Morris Barnett’s fine old-fashioned comedy of “The Serious Family” will be produced this evening by Mrs Chippendale and her company at the Royalty Theatre. The piece is witty, is full of capital character parts, and really goes well. I recollect a performance of it, several years ago, at the Theatre Royal, in which Mr Toole played *Aminadab Steek*, and Mr Wenman *Captain Murphy McGuire*, which provided one of the most amusing evening’s entertainments I ever saw.

The Chippendale Company will be strengthened this week by the addition of Miss Marie de Grey, a clever and attractive actress who is not without admirers among our local theatre-goers. Miss de Grey’s last appearances here were made in company with Mr Walter Bentley, and she may also be recollecting as having sustained the leading female character in “The Great Divorce Case,” when that bit of French fun was played at the Gaiety Theatre.

Mr Knapp announces the production of “Wild Love”—an Anglo-German play, if I mistake not—at the Royalty, on this day fortnight. It will be represented by Miss Dietz and her company.

—o—

When Madame Sarah Bernhardt appears at the Gaiety on the 18th and 19th prox., the two characters she will sustain will be *Gilberte* in “Frou Frou,” and *Marguerite Gauthier* in “La Dame aux Camelias.”

—o—

Mr Wills’s powerful, if somewhat gloomy, tragedy of “Jane Shore,” has now been substituted, at the South-Side theatre, for “The Galley Slave” of Mr Bartley Campbell. The alteration is a judicious one. “Jane Shore”—which was originally produced, by the bye, at the London Princess’s towards the close of 1877, and was played at the Theatre-Royal here twelve months subsequently, with Miss Heath in the leading part—is a work of great merit. Some of its more exciting passages are instinct with poetry, and it never fails to exercise a striking effect over an audience. At Mr Beryl’s house the *new-role* is sustained by Miss Maude Brennan; Mr George Barrett has likewise an important character assigned to him for performance.

The story of Jane Shore, it may be recollected, had already, when Mr Wills wrote his piece, been made the subject of stage plays—first by Henry Chettle, who wrote about 1590, and again by Nicholas Rowe, whose tragedy was first acted at Drury Lane in 1713.

—o—

It seems I was incorrect in stating last week that Mr William Pearce was at one time “foreman in the shipbuilding yard of Messrs Robert Napier & Sons.” Mr Pearce entered the Messrs Napiers’ yard as manager. I gladly make this correction; but our friend can’t deny that he is a “foreman” shipbuilder now!

—o—

Colonel Donald Matheson goes off to-night to London, to have the dignity of C.B. conferred on him by H.M. the Queen, who leaves Balmoral to-morrow for Windsor.

Mr David Macbrayne has now placed the Columba on the Glasgow and Ardrishaig route, and transferred the Iona to the “other side,” that is, to the Crinan and Banavie station. What a spell these words possess, to be sure! Their very sound is intoxicating. It calls up visions of cloudless skies, and summer seas, and gleaming lakes, and towering mountains. No small portion, moreover, of the attraction which the Land of Lorne exercises over us city dwellers, is directly due to Mr Macbrayne. He brings the Hebrides, so to speak, to our own doors. And he not only does this, but he places a series of floating palaces at our disposal, into which, if we only step, we are carried, in the most luxurious manner, down rivers, and across lakes, and over arms of the sea. Mr Macbrayne, indeed, enables us to translate the verb “to enjoy” into action, in a manner and with a success which has seldom been equalled.

Why, the Columba is nothing less than a species of imperial galleon, so complete are its appointments, and so richly and tastefully is it adorned. And the attention you receive on board, whether you travel “forward,” or your position is “abaft” the paddle-boxes—I trust the terms are strictly nautical and correct—is of the most satisfactory character. The different heads of departments—Captain M Gaw, and Mr Paterson and Mr Turner—are only anxious to promote the comfort of the passengers, and taking their cue from the chiefs, the rank and file of the employes,—the saliors, the stewards, and the rest are every one of them more civil and obliging than another.

—o—

The bill brought in by Sir Herbert Maxwell on behalf of School Board teachers is safe to be thrown out unless its demands are very materially modified. No body of common-sense legislators would ever give effect to its wild, one-sided, and retrograde provisions. Leswalt, Ardrissan, &c., notwithstanding, the status of dominies generally has been vastly improved since the new departure of ’72. The hankering after the old *ad vitam aut culpam* arrangement—the scholastic “fixity of tenure”—is like crying over spilt milk. The so called good old times are gone, and a good riddance too. Your average schoolmaster is sadly lacking in “sweet reasonableness.”

—o—

That admirable vocalist, Mr Hamilton Corbett, has, he tells me, just concluded a most lucrative arrangement for eight months and one week, beginning on the 29th of August, and finishing in the first week of May, 1882. Mr Corbett engages himself to go anywhere, and to sing five nights a week. For this he is to receive £1000 and all expenses, while, in the event of his singing on the sixth night of the week, he will be paid £7 10s for each such performance. His enterprising “proprietors” are, I believe, two private gentlemen of Edinburgh.

—o—

The clerk of the weather was decidedly not kind to the Pen and Pencil Club last Saturday, and in revenge, the members, who were at their annual picnic, laughed at him, and bade him and his floods defiance. Any ordinary mortal can be happy while the sun is shining: the members of the Pen and Pencil were happy in spite of clouds and rain. The picnic was held in the Swiss Cottage in the Benmore grounds—kindly placed at the disposal of the Club by Mr Duncan. The magnificent picture gallery was also thrown open for inspection by the members—and the conservatories received due attention—Mr Wood, Mr Duncan’s courteous representative, having conducted the party through both gallery and conservatories. The unanimous verdict of all who were present was that, notwithstanding the heavy showers and the gloomy skies—(which, by the way, gave charm and variety to the scenery) the Club had never had a more pleasant outing. Sunshine would have made the thing perfect—but in this present state of existence perfection is not to be looked for.

—o—

Contrary to the trite remark that a little learning is a dangerous thing, H. M. Inspectors of Reformatory and Industrial Schools would seem to assign the danger to too much learning. I hear that at the official examination of a local house last week, some youths were presented in Standard VI. The Inspector, however,

would none of it, and pointedly put his veto to any further attempt to reach this "bad eminence!" The beggarly elements are considered amply sufficient for the inmates in question. The "higher subjects" are evidently not meant for the "residuum"—at least such would appear to be the finding of some folks in authority.

How was it, I wonder, that the *Mail* was the only paper that refused to insert notices of the official inspection of these establishments, from the "Cumberland" downwards. Could it be out of deference to Mr Quarrier and his pet schemes—of course the only proper ones—that the *Mail* chose to ignore the certified records of the good work being accomplished by other agencies? Mr Quarrier blows his own trumpet part in the Union Street organ at least once a fortnight all the year round. Surely, then, a little space might have been granted for the plain unvarnished statements of a Government Inspector who comes but once a year.

—o—

Many years ago the "gentle Caleb" wrote his "Rambles Round Glasgow," a book which has become something of a classic, alike from its pleasant snatches of poetry and song, history and archæology, botany and ornithology; but "Caleb" made no pretension to a knowledge of the science of geology. Now, the district extending to thirty or forty miles around this city is specially notable for its geological interest, and Mr Dugald Bell, whose acquaintance with the subject is most intimate, has prepared a delightful companion to Hugh M'Donald's book, and published it under the title of "The Rocks Around Glasgow." Mr Bell's volume is one which everybody interested in the city and its surroundings should possess.

—o—

That Atlantic and North Sea trip I mentioned t'other day is being carried out with the utmost success. One of the members of the party, writing from Thurso to a friend in Glasgow, after describing the view afforded them of St. Kilda, says:—"We could not land, but nine of the natives came out in a boat and made their way on board. They were poor, pale-faced, childish-looking people, with an evident taste for whisky and tobacco. What do you think, by the bye, of St. Kilda for a few of the B. P. B. children? The voyage thither is splendid."

—o—

Messrs J. & R. Edmiston advertise an interesting picture-sale for Tuesday, the 28th, when they will dispose of a number of oil paintings and water-colour drawings, the property of the firm of "John Fisher," who have given up business. The sale will include works by Sam Bough, W. E. Lockhart, John R. Reid, John White, Tom M'Ewan, Peter Buchanan, Tom Donald, C. J. Lauder, A. K. Brown, Duncan M'Kellar, and other well-known artists.

HARD LINES.

(Scene—Restaurant, Buchanan Street.)

Smart Youth (with knowledge of French, to unsophisticated barmaid)—A votre santé, mademoiselle.

Unsophisticated Barmaid (who thinks youth wishes "Vin Sante," one of the new teetotal beverages)—Oh we don't keep it, sir, but you can have either Vitadone or Zoedone.

[Collapse of youth amidst suppressed laughter of bystanders.]

The Gracious "Duncan" — Mine Host of Benmore.

A Russian Court—The "Polish office."

The "Louping" Ill—Club dancing.

Un Nom de Vin.

IN the Sheriff Court last week a young man was accused of assaulting a carpenter, who, when lodging his complaint at the police office, had given his mother's maiden name instead of his own. Asked in Court why he had employed an alias, he replied that it was his custom do so "when he got drunk." It is a nice question whether one ought to congratulate this eccentric personage on his evident anxiety to draw a broad distinction between Philip drunk and Philip sober, or rebuke him for the slur cast upon his maternal ancestors.

MI-STAKE-N.

(Scene—Dunblane; A large garden; Gardener takes a Glasgow friend round to see the peas and get his opinion on the system of placing large stakes at intervals with pieces of cloth attached to frighten the birds away.)

Gardener — Whit d'ye think o' thae peas? Jist tak' a look at them.

Glasgow Friend—Weel, Bauldy, there's no a bad crap. But sharely yer stakes are raither faur apart; and, my certy! yer folk maun be an' awfu' proodfu' lot when they hae tae get their very peastakes dressed aff wi' ribbons!

A FELLOW-FEELING.—In a case concerning certain pigs, which came before the Court of Session the other day, one of the witnesses described himself as having been "bred up with pigs all his life," and said that he "really felt for" the porkers when overcrowded in a cart. The BAILIE respects that porcine witness. Whether or not he "who drives fat oxen should himself be fat," it is clearly right and proper that a gentleman who possesses the distinction of having been "bred up with pigs" should have a fellow-feeling for the woes of his foster-brethren.

SURELY NOT.—Was it right, when Mr Goschen retired from the Constantinople embassy, to give a Duffer-in his place?

The Bankers that Brigands Swear by—Messrs Ransom.

Peter the Great—The winner of the Ascot Royal Hunt Cup.

"Advance Notes"—"Letters of Appointment."

Parochial "Bored"—Being called upon for arrears of poor rates.

"On Tramp"—At the treadmill.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT last meeting of Council was the dullest on record.

That even Johnnie Neil could give no flavour to the proceedings.

That the strongest arguments were weak and watery.

That if the Council meetings are dull in summer they are at least brief.

That the Western Boundaries farce has been brought to a close.

That it has been a fat job for the lawyers.

That the money expended would have both lighted and cleansed the antagonistic parasites for a month of Sundays.

That the Cowglen meeting hasn't been favoured with very brilliant weather.

That visitors to the West of Scotland rifle meeting are accustomed to heavy wet.

That the competitors were fewer than had been anticipated.

That the "general public" was conspicuous by its absence.

That the only "general public" seen on the grounds was the refreshment tent.

That Bridgetonian bowlers had a soaking last week.

That it takes a great deal to cool the enthusiasm of a bowler.

That he usually manages to keep up the spirits.

That the Argyle Free and Mains Street Churches are near neighbours in more respects than one.

That the City Chamberlain's report won't satisfy the property speculators.

That the Liberal Six Hundred have succeeded in extracting a letter from the Right Hon. W. E. Forster.

That the Chief Secretary is obliged "for the steady support of so influential a body of undoubted Liberals."

That we want to know whether the Chief of the Irish Executive saw any account of the last meeting of the Six Hundred.

That the new Cleansing Depot in the North quarter is quite a model of perfection.

That the East-enders didn't relish the Corporation's attention to their comforts in this way.

Men of Light—Lamplighters.

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.

22nd.

LET me lilt a wee bit measure—
Listen you, and I will play—
While my theme supplies the leisure—
I would sing the longest day.

Cruel winter, cold and dreary,
Now is banished far away;
Summer's warmth is ever cheery—
This is now the longest day.

Who dare now say "tempus fugit,"
When the light makes such long stay?
Now nor palest cheek needs rouge it,
Browned by sun on longest day.

Now we hardly know of night-time—
Clouds keep white above the brae—
'Tis indeed a blessed light time—
Welcome then the longest day.

Hardly we're abed when peeping
Through our blinds the sunbeams play;
Is't not wrong now to be sleeping—
Sleeping near the longest day?

Up we steal and shut the shutter,
Still a chink lets in a ray,
And that ray's persistent flutter
Tells the dawn of longest day.

Then the birds come chirrup, chirrup,
"Get up!" still they seem to say;
Who could sleep with such a stir up—
When, pray, is the shortest day?

A Warning.

THE action against the Govan School Board, decided last Wednesday, by Sheriff Mair, has certain grave aspects. It is impossible to deny that, as was emphatically pointed out by the Sheriff, the management of Broomloan Road School has been placed by this case in a more than dubious position. It would perhaps be unfair to suggest that many Board schools are tarred with the same brush as regards "discipline" and other matters; but the decision in which young Master Wardrop is involved may serve as a wholesome warning. Little children are not to be left to the mercy of hot-tempered boys, nor can teachers be permitted to sacrifice justice and honesty in their efforts to screen their subordinates. *Verb. Sap.*

MUCH IN A NAME.—A certain Dr Dionysius Wielobycki, of Edinburgh, last week sued a Portobello tailor for £107 on account of medical attendance. The amount seems large; but, then, consider the privilege of having one's pulse felt and tongue examined by the owner of so awe-inspiring a name!

The Long Vacation—The dominies'.

BICYCLES. } See the new patterns for 1881. Machines built to special order. Riding School, Lessons Daily. TRICYCLES. } Inspection invited.—JENNINGS, 101 Mitchell Street.

A Feminine Juggernaut.

"A MOTHER" writes from Ardnadam to the *Herald*, in a state of palpitating anxiety, to complain of the doings of a lady charioteer who appears to spend her time in urging a wild career about the watering-place in question, and "knocking children down." The poor "mother" seems to have some reason for protest, and if the powers that be do not see their way to take stronger measures, they might at least persuade this female Juggernaut in a small way to give warning when she intends to take her drives abroad, in order that the juvenile population may be kept at home on these alarming occasions.

Hard on Liverpuddle.

IN the course of the discussion at last week's meeting of the Water Commissioners, Mr Watson expressed himself in a fashion which seems to reflect unpleasantly on the personal habits of our Liverpool friends. In the Third City, said that authority, "anyone taking a bath would not be in such haste to repeat it as he might be in Glasgow," while he (Mr W.) "knew a gentleman who looked forward to coming to Glasgow with delight, just because he got good baths." What can be inferred from this save that the taking of a bath is in Liverpool an extremely rare event? Also, has Mr Watson any objection to inform a curious public how often his "delighted" friend treats himself to a visit to Glasgow—and a "wash?"

A DOUBLE WEIGHT.

(Scene—Front of the Exchange; Two cabmen are discussing the running for the "Grand Prix.")

Cabman No. 1—Weel, see here, ye may talk about Archer as ye like, bit gie me Fordham after a'.

Cabman No. 2—Fordham! Chaa! Man a'll tell ye whit. Pit them baith on the same horse an' ye'll see Archer'll come in first.

ASINUS ON THE THISTLE.—When there is a Secretary-of-State for Scotland there will be a place for Scottish (w)Rights among the Cabinet-makers. He-haa!

Two Lilies on One Stem—The Dundee minister and his wife.

Our Weather Profit—*Whalebone, Gingham, & Coy.*—Off umbrellas and parasols.

A False Position—A tramway "lye."

Lamondian Eloquence.

THE "Partick and Hillhead Extension Enquiry" was brought to a close last week amid a perfect blaze of oratorical fireworks. Some of Mr Lamond's flowers of rhetoric are particularly worth quoting. Thus, he remarked that "the Byars Road sewer had been as much praised as a German princess on the eve of her marriage," declared that "the Hillhead Commissioners had no more connection with Kelvin-side than with the Fiji Islands," and referred to "a place behind the Burgh Buildings, where were to be found the bloody remains of thousands of rats, the remains of hams reeking with trichinosis, and all sorts of household garbage." Could anything be more chastely eloquent?

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

I dreamt of heat and blow of roses,
And woke with sleet and blow of noses:
I dreamt of soft and balmy breezes,
To 'wake 'mid'st coughs, and "hoasts," and sneezes:
I dreamt of summer, bathing, sailing,
To 'wake with winter o'er one hail-ing.
To dream of sunny skies, I fain,
Like Caliban, would sleep again.

SINGULAR OMISSION.—In moving the second reading of the Patents for Inventions Bill in the House of Commons the other day, Mr George Anderson enlarged upon the "important inventions" which hail from America, instancing the sewing machine, the knitting machine, the type-setting machine, the telephone, the microphone, the phonograph, the electric light, and so on. The list was a tolerably full one, but, oddly enough, George omitted to mention that important American "invention," the Emma Mine!

AN "UNEXCEPTIONAL" TEUTON.—"A Young German Gentleman," advertising in a local daily for a situation, says that he possesses "unexceptional (*sic*) references" and "a good knowledge of the English language." The youthful Teuton's references may be "unexceptional," whatever that may mean, but the less he says about his knowledge of the English language the better.

BILLSTICKERS BEWARE!—By what right or rule do billstickers immediately appropriate the outside walls of unlet property, or do advertisers mess the dead walls of the city with their stencils? How is the making of profit by the abuse of other people's property justified? An answer will oblige.

George-ian Literature—Sand's and Eliot's.

A "Trial Trip"—His first waltz.

J E R S E Y S

(BOYS' and GIRLS'),

For Coast and Country.

ALL SIZES.

FORSYTH'S,

RENFIELD STREET.

PODOPHYLLUM ESSENCE

(Thompson's), for Biliousness, Indigestion, Inaction of the Liver, Constipation, Heartburn, Acid Risings, Flatulence, Sickness, Headache, Giddiness, and all Stomach and Liver Derangements. Bottles, 1s, 1s 6d, and 2s 6d; by Post, 1d extra, from M. F. THOMPSON, Homœopathic Chemist, 17 GORDON STREET, Glasgow. Beware of Imitations.

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ENGLISH & FOREIGN BOOKS, New and Second Hand.

Lowest Prices. Books Lent.

Books in all Languages in Stock or procured.

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,

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OLD IRISH WHISKY, Belfast, is the Purest and Best in the Market, and received at Melbourne Exhibition Jurors' Highest Award.—Agent for Scotland—DAVID MITCHELL, 20 Hope St., Glasgow.

THE FINEST WHISKY IN THE WORLD.

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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.

NEW ADVERTISEMENT.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,
THE LEADING HATTERS,

For Six Weeks past we have been literally crowded with Customers, our turn-over in GENTLEMEN'S HATS being nearly double that (for the same period) of any former year. This is extremely gratifying, and is truly a fit reward for the extraordinary efforts we have made to meet the requirements of our fellow-citizens. So striking is the value we now offer in Gentlemen's Head-Gear that the merest novice can see the very wide difference in the quality of our Hats as compared with those sold elsewhere; *Fifty per Cent* more than our prices being charged by the Retail Hatters for exact same Shapes and Qualities; it seems an absurd statement, yet we make it advisedly, and are prepared to substantiate the fact. It is very amusing to us (who are behind the scenes) to read the effusions of some of our brethren in the trade, who boldly assert that they sell at *Makers' Prices!* Do they mention the Makers' large discounts, or are they supposed to live on the simple turn-over; again we see puny rivals offering Hats at less than wholesale prices, or thirty per cent. cheaper than *anyone* else in Glasgow. *These are Frauds.* We can show samples from their *Stocks.*

We ourselves maintain that nowhere can such value in Hats be had as at the Colosseum, but there is a "big" difference between our "little" plagiarist friends and ourselves.

We buy only from the largest and best manufacturers in the world, giving gigantic orders, thereby buying at "bottom" prices; we take a little less than the ordinary wholesale profit, with the result that our Clients buy Hats from us as cheap as if they were Hatters buying from any wholesale warehouse. No other house can do this, as *we ourselves now do about one-third of the whole Retail Hat trade of the West of Scotland.* Several *Lorry Loads* of Hats are sold every week at the COLOSSEUM. It is only those Gentlemen who do not know us that will be *astonished.* We invite *everybody* to come and inspect our Stock of

GENTLEMEN'S FELT HATS,

Colour, Purity, Quality guaranteed, 3s 6d, 4s 6d, 5s 6d, 7s, and 8s 6d; these last are First Quality French Pullovers. DRESS HATS, the best in the Market, 17s 6d; Rare Value at 8s 6d, 10s 6d, 12s 6d, and 14s 6d. Hats, Caps, every Size, Description, and Quality.

ANOTHER GREAT EXTENSION!

In a Few Days we will Occupy the Premises at present in the possession of the EDINBURGH ROPERIE CO., 64 Jamaica Street, and also those of Messrs WATSON BROS., 62 Jamaica Street.

LADIES' HATS and MILLINERY DEPARTMENTS
Crowded Daily! Ladies, kindly Call as early in the day as possible.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,
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SINGLE HATS AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

ENTRANCE { For Ladies, No. 70 } JAMAICA STREET.
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HALF-YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION BOOK for ENROLLING NEW MEMBERS NOW OPEN.

Town Members, £1 10s; Country Members, £1.

No Ballot necessary.

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5s, 7s, 10s.

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The HATS at TEN SHILLINGS are WOODROW'S "Prize Medal Felt Hats"—the Highest Class Goods in the Kingdom.

SEE THE SHOW WINDOWS.

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WRITING PAPER & ENVELOPES.

One Pound of GOOD NOTE PAPER for 7½d. 100 CREAM LAID ENVELOPES, Cheapest in Glasgow, very Fine, 7d. Life of HUGH MILLER, 2 Vols., 32s, for 12s 6d. The PREACHER'S LANTERN, 7s 6d, for 4s 6d. An 8s 6d Volume of The DAY OF REST, for 3s 9d. A 7s 6d Volume of the DAY OF REST, for 3s 6d.

ROBERT LINDSAY, 102 QUEEN STREET.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22nd, 1881.

WHAT a wicked world this is, to be sure! Certain people of a very credulous turn of mind have long been known to entertain this opinion; but there has been a prevalent notion among those of greater mental grip that human nature is not quite so bad as these croakers would have their fellow creatures believe. But what can really be said in favour of the innate goodness of human nature after the discovery of the diabolical attempt to blow Sheriff LEES to unknown regions by means of the most powerful missile that was ever constructed by demon or Nihilist! Had the murderous attempt been directed against some tyrannical monster the matter would have admitted of an explanation which could have been supported by many well authenticated historical examples. But why direct such Titanic force against a most estimable and well-meaning gentleman, who has committed no greater crime, so far as is known, than being over zealous in the discharge of his duties as a judge? The plot was truly horrible and the world has the authority of Mr GEORGE ANDERSON, Superintendent of the Maryhill Police, that he was the discoverer of the secret. Not only was Mr ANDERSON the discoverer of the plot, but

it is to him alone that the world is indebted for its knowledge of it. In making himself famous, however, Mr ANDERSON has succeeded in rendering himself and others extremely ridiculous, and causing an amount of alarm which he is powerless to allay. Those who are responsible for the public safety were in even a greater flutter on Saturday than the old women, male and female, who gave credence to such "a horrible tale." Sheriff LEES was made the chief figure in a ridiculous scene which took place in the afternoon in his back green, and about the same hour a colleague of his was to be seen frantically raking his verdant pleasure ground in search of similar missiles, which he believed to have been concealed there for the purpose of spreading desolation in his pleasant suburban home. Both of their Lordships have to thank Mr ANDERSON for the annoyance they have been caused, and probably they will let him know their opinion of his conduct in giving currency to the Fenian "scare," with the most distressing minuteness of detail. Officials like Mr ANDERSON are paid for detecting and investigating crime, but they are highly censurable when they unsettle the public mind at a disturbed time like the present, by giving imaginary or exaggerated accounts of diabolical conspiracies which are constructed out of most trifling incidents.

AN IRISH WOOING.

Biddy (cooly) — Och! Dennis; don't be botherin' me now; it's not a woife I want to be at all, at all.

Dennis (impulsively) — Sure, it's all the comforts in the wurld ye'll have, me jewel, plaze the pigs! An' it's me little cabin that's the clanest, an' the purtiest, an' the smallest within the pravince! Bedad! an' ye can put yer dainty hand down the lum and open the latch ave the dure, if ye loike!

"PUNCH" FOR THIS WEEK.

Gae bring to me ane o' the best,
An' pit o' lemon half a slice in't,
An' jist ane ither sma' request—
You wi' the sugar slip some ice in't.

Awaiting "Orders." — The new Municipal Buildings.

Vault-ing Ambition—Applying for a public-house license.

The "Cream of Tartar" Man-of-War—"Peter the Great."

The Royal Exchange—Osborne for Balmoral.

The Cow, the Little Dog, and the Parsons.

THE proceedings of the Presbytery of Ayr were last week "assisted at" first by a cow and afterwards by a small dog. The cow, after a futile attempt to get into the pulpit, was expelled by an indignant presbyter, but the entrance of the dog seems to have been too much for the reverend gentlemen, who hurried through their business and broke up beneath its patronising gaze. It is understood that the cow is the identical quadruped which in a memorable instance jumped over the moon, while the little dog is the one which "laughed to see such sport" on the same occasion. It would be interesting to learn the sentiments of the distinguished visitors regarding Presbyteries in general and the Presbytery of Ayr in particular.

—♦♦♦—
"CHIPS!"

(Scene—Fruit shop, Buchanan Street.)

Small Boy orders—A ha'penny's worth o' chips—dates, apples, an' oranges, an' the rest in grapes. [Collapse of shop girl.]

SELL FOR PETER.—Peter met Bauldy the other day, and proffered his usual modest request for "hauf-a-croon." Bauldy consented, and dived with gracious benevolence into his waistcoat pocket. Then a change came over his intellectual countenance as he murmured, "Losh me! I've had ma pocket picked. Len' us a penny to pay ma caur hame!" The twain are not on speaking terms now.

AN ELECTRIC WELCOME.—It is proposed to have some of the principal streets of Edinburgh lighted by the Brush system by the time of the Queen's arrival. Her Majesty's reception in her Scottish Metropolis will thus be not only hearty but—electric!

METEOROLOGICAL.—Speaking of the Cowglen rifle meeting, a contemporary remarks that the weather has proved more than a match for the Council, and that "all their calculations have been thrown to the wind." Isn't it a little unfair to make the wind responsible for all mishaps? Surely the rain and the mist were culprits as well.

AQUA FORTIS.—Complaints have been made of "a waste of water." And what is it now with "Your Health in Loch Katrine, Sir Wilfred," after Local Option and Welsh Sunday closing?

Suitable Place for a Lunatic—Lochmaddy Asylum.

The Harmful, Unnecessary Cat.

A WEST Kilbride labourer brought an action against a farmer the other day for the sum of £2 10s as damages, in consequence of the defender's having shot a cat belonging to the pursuer. In the course of the evidence it was stated that the fated feline, in addition to other accomplishments, "would jump and roll on the ground when told to do so." As, however, it appeared that the accomplished one had met his death through an objectionable habit of requisitioning his neighbour's goods in the shape of veal and butter, the Sheriff declined to take his jumps and rolls into consideration, and the pursuer lost his case. The motto of this little story evidently is that even the most distinguished talents are vain unless combined with strict morality.

—♦♦♦—
VISS.

(Scene—Broomielaw; two steamers are side by side with steam up.)

Lowlander (to Highland policeman at shed gate)—Do you know which of these boats goes to Rothesay?

H. P.—Yiss I too. (He "moves on" with head set on springs.)

JACK OF ALL TRADES.—An Edinburgh man who was examined in bankruptcy last week, deponed that, in the course of a not very lengthy career, he had been a teacher in Aberdeen, a Dissenting minister at Chatham, an insurance agent, secretary to two "National Associations," a "Shetland warehouseman," and finally a commission-agent. This isn't bad "among one." Had he added the vocations of quack doctor, strolling player, coal-merchant, book-cavasser, veterinary surgeon, and barman, he might possibly have kept out of the Bankruptcy Court. But then, again, he mightn't.

ABSENCE LENDS ENCHANTMENT!—During the recent race-meeting at Ascot we are told that while a Police Band was playing "the enclosures were almost empty." This is a straight tip for those who imagine that the harmonious efforts of Tonalt and Tugalt will lend additional attraction to our music "in the Parks."

Ruin-in the City—The Municipal Buildings: the stone of the present, and the site of the future.

"Open" to Criticism—The east side of George Square.

A Man of Decisions—Sheriff Mair.

Megilp.

THIS is the age of panoramas—all designed after the pattern of the famous one of the siege of Paris in the Champs Elysees—the first and probably the best of its kind. Mesdag at the Hague is busy with one representing Scheveningen, a subject which, while it is totally devoid of sensation or strong incident, gives the artist ample scope for the display of his mastery over sea and sky. He has put admirable work into both clouds and waves. By the way, why should not the Second City of the Empire have a panorama of its own? It would be a most popular place of resort, and surely Glasgow and its surroundings are picturesque enough for the purpose.

Some excellent black and white studies have recently been completed by Tom M'Ewan for the coming Exhibition in the Institute. One of these, the figure of an old woman threading a needle, is singularly happy. Much skill has been displayed in the rendering of character, and the handling of the work is distinguished by great depth and softness of tone.

The large charcoal drawing of "Wind tossed Waves," contributed by Francis Powell to last year's Black and White Institute Exhibition is one of the chief works at the present Black and White in the Dudley Gallery.

William Young, who spent some time recently painting in the neighbourhood of Milngavie, is now working at Liverpool, where he is likely to spend some weeks. He proposes, when his Liverpool studies have come to an end, to make a walking tour through Wales.

Greenock has once more been fixed on, as his headquarters, by Charles Lauder, the quaint nooks in its older streets, and the characteristic "bits" "down by" at the quay heads, providing him with a wealth of picturesque and effective studies.

J. D. Taylor, who has been busy with shore "bits" for some weeks at Millport, leaves to-day for Portincross, where he proposes to remain till the end of July.

J. Denovan Adam is still working at St. Catherine's. He will send etchings to the Black and White.

The Scotch concert at Dorchester will take place next Thursday under "distinguished patronage."

ONE FOR THE BAKER.

(Restaurant in Blank Street, not a hundred miles from a bridge.)

Customer—Two of those buns, please. How much?

Baker (whose stock in trade is made on a limited scale)—Two pence.

Customer (eating)—They are very nice.

Baker (smiling)—The very best.

Customer—I can put you up to a way of selling more of them, I think.

Baker (hopefully)—I would be very glad to know of it, sir.

Customer (with his hand upon the door)—Then just make them a little larger, my good man. [Collapse of baker.]

"Twixt 'Axe' and Crown"—Trying to borrow five shillings.

"Trade Marks"—Broken heads, and black eyes.

A Chain of Ideas—A telegraph cable.

A Ticklish Position—Under the "oxter."

A "Stern" Fact—A propeller.

"Mr Kilpatrick can face a Difficulty."

ON Saturday Mr Kilpatrick, with his usual energy, took a small party of gentlemen down to Rothesay, to return them to Glasgow on Monday. The latest addition to the company was a pale, silent young man, who seemed much impressed by Mr Kilpatrick and his management; so much so, indeed, that after Mr Kilpatrick had regaled the company with two good rounds of an approved blend he was moved to remark to one of the company: "Mishl—Kilpatrick—can—face—a—difficulty;" and he did not break silence again till more of the approved blend, at Mr Kilpatrick's instigation, had disappeared and Dunoon had been reached, when he again ventured to say to a newly arrived passenger: "Mishl—Kilpatik—cafash—a—diffilty." The weather, the passing steamers and yachts, the scenery, nothing could draw his eye away from the object of his respect and adoration. If Mr Kilpatrick said "drink" he drank and his admiration grew all the more intense. When near Rothesay he advanced gravely to the captain and whispered in his ear: "Mish—Kipatk—cfacea—fikilty." On the quay he boldly cried: "Mish—Kipatk—cafash—iffilty;" and on reaching the hotel, and being put to bed, he wound up his day's observation by groaning to the bedpost: "Mis—ipatk—afishilty" (hic).

POINTED.

(Scene — Falkirk; amateur artist, fuddled, in front of stationer's counter tries to point a pencil.)

Amateur Artist—I shay! There's sharely something wrang wi' the lead. I can't get this pencil tae—tae (hic) tak' a pint; and noo (hic) that it tak's yin it'll no' keep it.

Stationer—Gae'wa man! Hoo d'ye expect it tae keep a pint when you canna keep yer feet! If it wis tae follow your lead it's mair than wan pint it wid hae tae tak' onyway!

High Noon—Mid-day at the recently-fixed Ben Nevis Observatory.

Juvenile Delinquency "Board"—The youngsters' dietary.

A Worthy Grand Lodge—A Bullet in the bull's eye.

"Splendid Misery"—Living sumptuously on credit.

"Extremes"—Begg and Bradlaugh.

An Official Despatch—An execution.

Something Like a "March" Out.

SELKIRK, like other old-fashioned burghs, has had its inspection of the marches, locally known as the common-riding. The chief feature of the day in the Border town was a procession of forty horsemen, "the Provost and his predecessor in office being in front." Now, the BAILIE cannot read accounts of such good old ceremonies as this without wishing that they could be imitated in our midst. What a grand and imposing spectacle it would be to behold the great ones of the Second City riding the marches, "the Provost and his predecessor in office being in front," an' a' the Bailie bodies ahint! My conscience! It would be mair than common riding—it wad be maist un-common riding!

A POINT OF INSPIRATION.

Schoolmaster—Now, William, this won't do. When I ask you to write twenty lines of original poetry you mustn't plagiarise. Now this piece of yours is mostly stolen from Sir Walter Scott.

Willie—Is it, sir? Weel, I wouldna wonder either, for I wrote it wi' a Waverley pen.

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PANS," Sir Wm. Allan, for | 52/6. |
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SLEEP OF CHRIST," Sir Noel Paton, for | 21/. |
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Second Prices at Nine o'clock.

Box Plan Open at Messrs J. Muir Wood & Co., from 11 till 4, and at the Theatre from 11 till 3.

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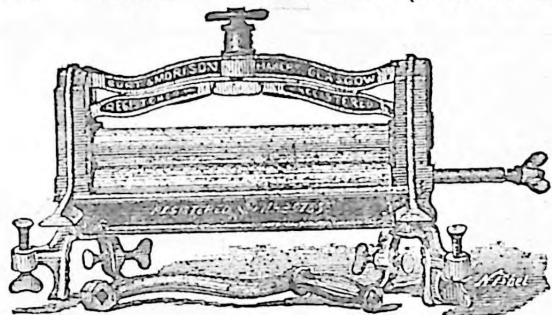
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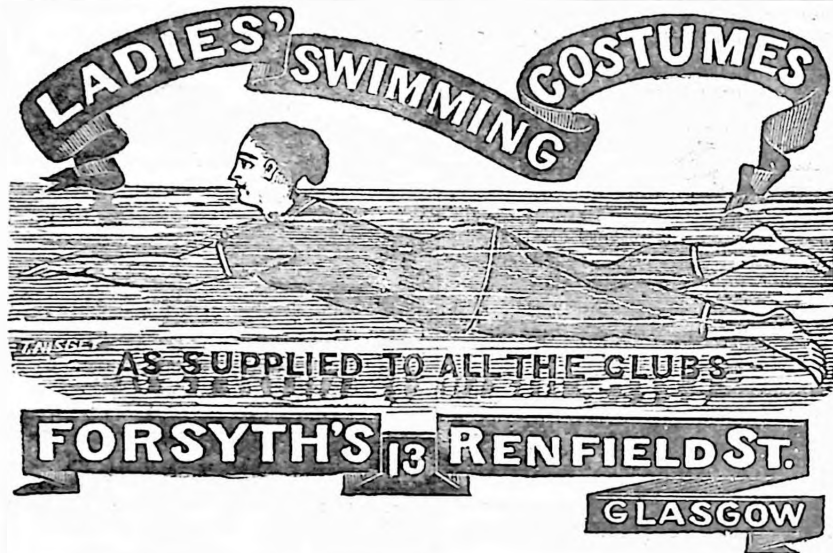
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In the Collection will be found a number of Pictures of considerable value and importance, the greater number direct from the Studios of the Artists, and the Auctioneers have much pleasure in intimating that their instructions from Mr Fisher are to effect an absolute clearance.

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Quaff deep the gen'rous liquor!
But pledge each neighbour ere you drain
The nectar in the bicker!
And as you quaff the nut brown draught,
Just think of that good fellow
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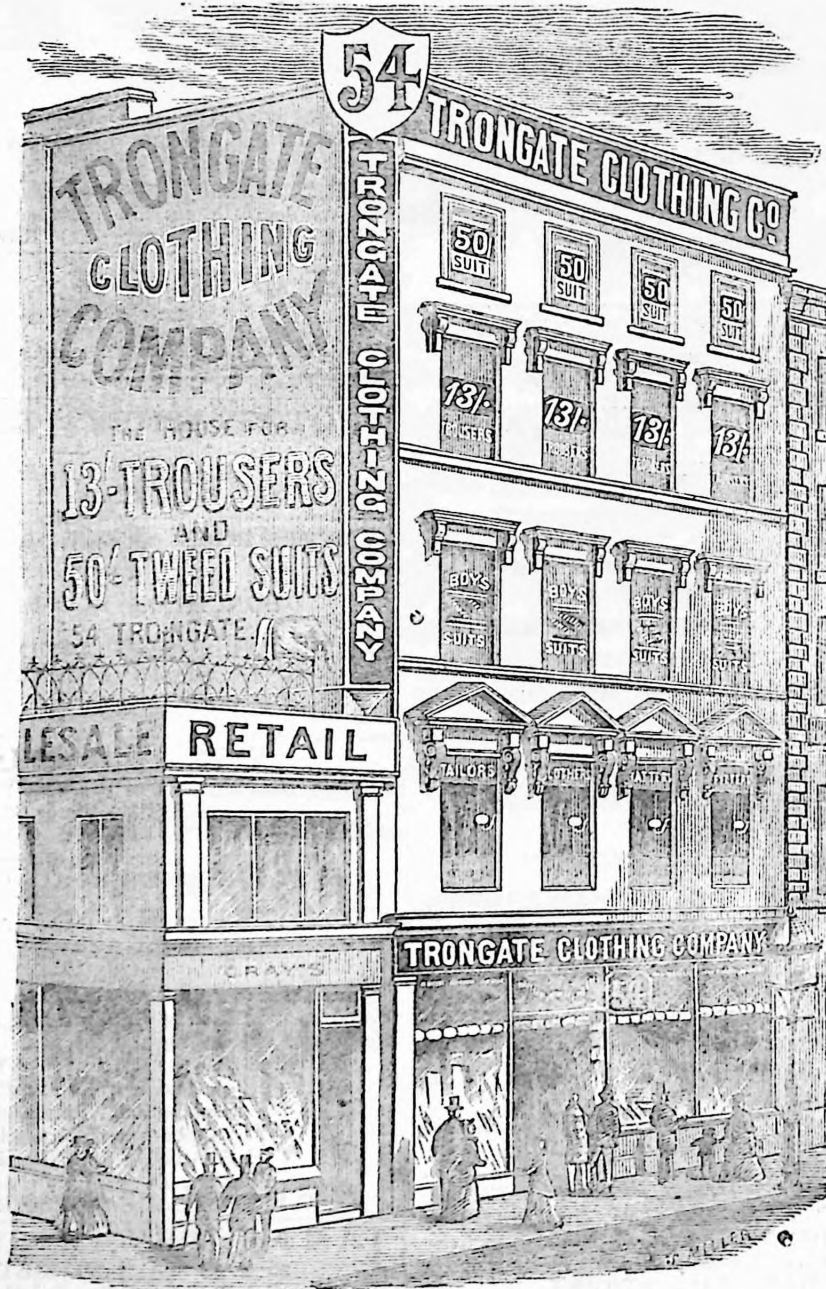
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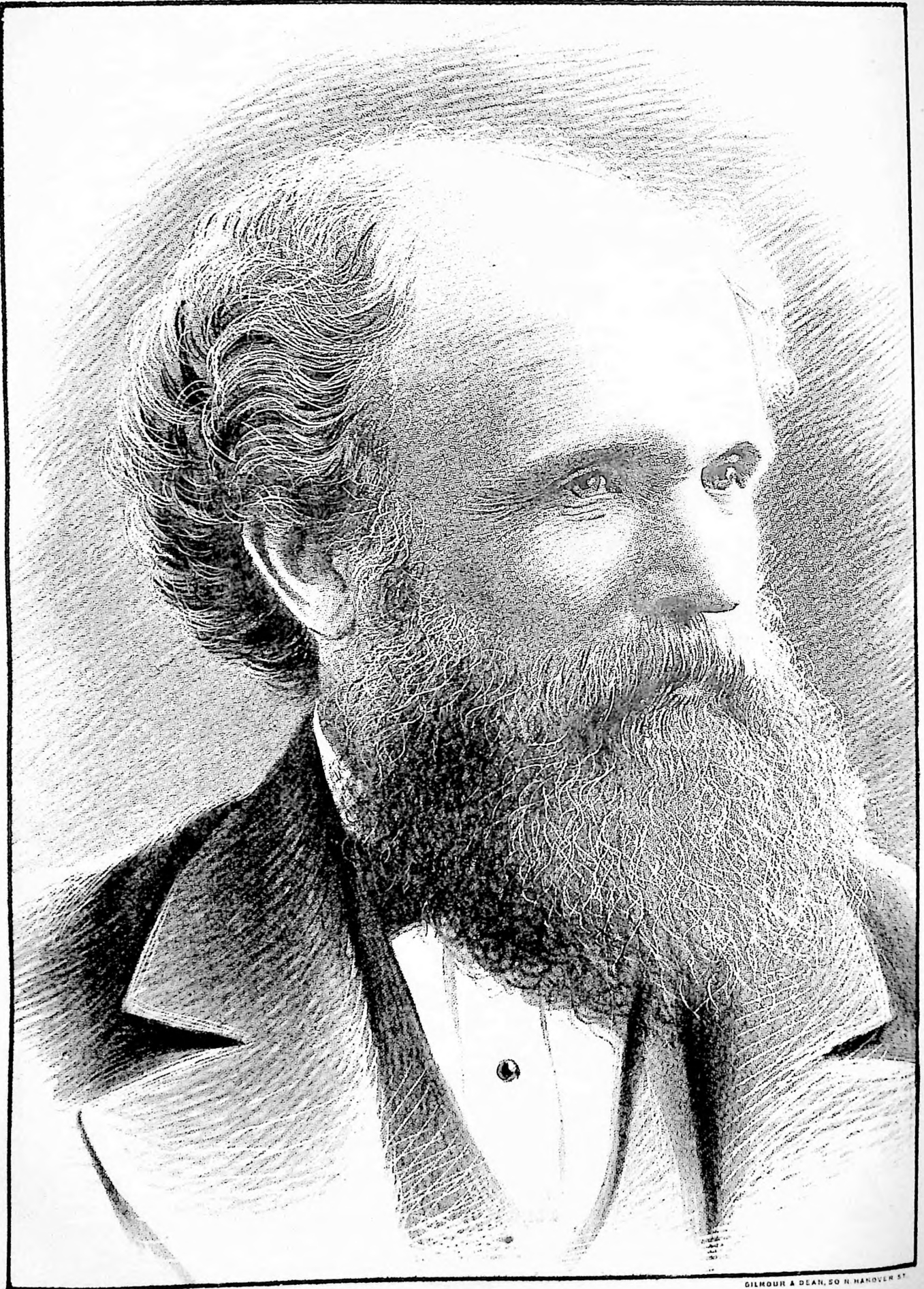
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54 TRONGATE.





The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 454. Glasgow, Wednesday, June 29th, 1881. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 454.

OUR good friends in Partick received a slap on the face from Sheriff Clark on Tuesday from which they won't recover for a while. He not only refused to allow them to annex Kelvinside, but he expressed his opinion in no very ambiguous language that annexation to Partick wasn't a matter which any outlying district ought to hanker over and agitate for. So far as Kelvinside was concerned he declared, in so many words, she would be a distinct sufferer were she to become annexed to the river-side burgh. And yet our Dumbarton Road parasite is far from being an insignificant personality—municipally considered, that is. Provost KENNEDY, who is to all intents and purposes her representative man, is such a chief as any one should be proud to follow. And those who are under him are not less capable in their several spheres than the Provost is in his. A cheery, good-natured little man, shrewd and knowing in the world and its ways, he has guided Partick, during his term of office, with much tact and skill, the Kelvinside fiasco notwithstanding. Mr KENNEDY is a Partick man born and bred. He was born on the Garscube estate some five-and-fifty years ago, and he has lived in Partick ever since. Originally a jobbing joiner—he served his time as a joiner and cartwright with Mr Thomas Baird of Govan—he started on his own account, and in a small enough way, so long ago as 1847. By and bye he began to take joiner contracts for buildings, and then growing ambitious as he grew older, he built various properties on his own account. So successful did these speculations prove that their results enabled him to extend the scope of his labours. He undertook first one large enterprise and then another—now he erected a pier and now a bridge,

VOL, XVIII,

and now he laid down a railway. In this latter connection he is best known by his work at Wemyss Bay. He built the Wemyss Bay Pier and the station at Wemyss Bay, and a portion of the line between Greenock and Wemyss Bay was constructed under his direction. Several of the piers on the Gareloch were also the work of Mr KENNEDY, as were likewise the pier at Erskine Ferry, the Yorkhill and Stobcross Docks, and the present Kelvin Bridge on the Dumbarton Road. Just now he is engaged in the construction of the new railway pier at Helensburgh, and of the line of railway between Bucklyvie and Aberfoyle. Mr KENNEDY holds a large quantity of property in Partick, and also in Glasgow, his more recent buildings being composed of the well-known red sandstone from the Wemyss Bay quarries, which he leased while cutting out the railway. His house of Redclyffe, on the summit of Partickhill, is likewise constructed of the same material. The Provost is now in the last year of his term of office, but a very general feeling prevails among his town-folk that he should submit to go back as Chief Magistrate for another period of three years. As for the Kelvinside scheme, and the manner in which it has been shelved by Sheriff Clark, Provost KENNEDY and his friends can well afford to bear up under the sneers of the irreverent, especially in view of what he has done in the way of renting Muir Park, and otherwise spending both his time and his money for the benefit of his fellow-townsmen, not to speak for a moment of the question about who is to pay the piper in the matter of the Partick expenses. In connection with the general subject, it seems to the BAILIE that, if the extension of the City Boundaries is to be postponed for another generation, the only solution of the problems mixed up with the local government of our surrounding burghs is to be found in the adoption

of Dr Marwick's confederation proposals. This, to be sure, is neither more nor less than a postponing of the inevitable; but something must be done in the meantime, and confederation is the something which seems to meet the present difficulty.

THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY.

(Scene—High Street, Campbeltown. Farmer and his two daughters, while proceeding up the street, meet a pair of tourists, who remove their hats. The daughters bow in return.)

Farmer (to his elder daughter)—Hoo is this ye're booin' tae noo, Curstie? Is't tae some o' thae gauger bodies? If ye boo tae ony body again, it must only be to the Chamberlain, or Mr Hall, or Mr Mackinnon. Min' what I'm tellin' ye.

A MUSCOVITE PLOT.—The secret of the Peter the Great's visit to the Clyde is out, and her object is not the ostensible one. Not only did her captain seek permission to store explosives in Fort Matilda, but one day last week a number of the Muscovite tars "were observed contemplating the two Russian guns" which stand in Well Park, Greenock. If our Sugaropolitan friends wake up some fine morning to find their fortress blown to smithereens and their trophies gone, don't let them say the BAILIE didn't warn them—that's all!

ROTHESAY AT HOLIDAY TIME.

2nd Holiday Bather (on shore, to 1st do., who is up to his knees in the water)—Is't caul, Tam?
1st H. B.—Ay, it's gai an' caul.
2nd H. B.—H'ye taen the cramp, Tam?
1st H. B. (after taking a dive and skinning his nose)—Oh—h—h—h—. It's nearly aff.

THE DIFFERENCE.—This is from the *Herald*:—"Advertising Scheme.—Capitalist (sleeping partner or otherwise) wanted. Capital required about £2000." Ahem! This "advertising scheme" may be all fair and square, but capitalists have an incredulous way of looking upon such appeals rather in the light of scheming advertisements.

Orders in "Council"—The Orders of Architecture.

Our weather Prophet—"Yuille" in Midsummer.

A Flying Visit—One paid in a balloon.

50 VISITING CARDS (Finest Ivory) while you wait, 1s 6d.—GILLESPIE BROTHERS, 8 Buchanan Street.

The New Comet.

PRITHEE, gentle stranger, say
 Whither wanderest thou?
 Where's thy home, and where away?—
 Ah, you're hiding now!
 Comest thou for weal or woe?
 Comest thou for aught?
 Com'st thou curious to know
 Who this earth had got?
 Mind you, we know something here,
 And while there you sail,
 We can through our glasses peer—
 Aye, and square your tail.
 Mean you any time to stay?
 How are all your people?
 Have you really lost your way?—
 That's the College steeple
 Right below there. Grant is there—
 You know Grant?—Professor;
 Thomson, too—a clever pair;
 Science men?—O yes, sir.
 Truth is this: if you don't go,
 These folks soon will tell us
 All about you—fact—you know—
 Figures, fearful fellows!
 But see here; you're not the friend
 Paid a lengthy visit
 Twenty years ago?—then send
 Our love to it. Burned, is it?
 Well-a-well; goodbye, we go,
 But we will not fail
 To watch you every night, and know
 The story of your tail.

REVISED VERSION.

Mrs Wyllie—I'm doubtin', Janet, the minister maun hae had a guid drap toddy in him last nicht. Did ye no' notice the hash he made in readin' the chapter the day—miscawin' words an' pittin' in words an' takin' oot words?

Janet (who has been sound asleep)—Od, woman, it was winnerfu' close in the kirk, an' I was maybe jist no sae intent as I micht hae been.

A PECULIAR "PRISON."—To judge from occasional newspaper paragraphs, Jedburgh Jail would appear to have been constructed with a special view to the escape of malefactors. It should be considered rather a privilege by the criminal classes to be committed thither, since they have the double satisfaction of first outraging the law, and then laughing at their guardians.

LUCK'S NATURE.—Having heard of boxed electricity and bottled moonshine, we wouldn't be surprised although some one were to set "a trap to catch a sunbeam."

A "Strong" (?) Case.—That in the Melbourne Presbytery against the ex-minister of Anderston.

MITCHELL'S OLD IRISH WHISKY.

“Miching Mallecho.”

AN advertisement in last Friday's papers stated that, after the annual meeting of the Glasgow and West of Scotland Branch of the British Medical Association in the Faculty Hall, “omnibuses would leave the Hall at 3 P.M. for Gartnavel, where the President, Dr Yellowlees, would give his address.” This looks uncommonly like an attempt to decoy the unsuspecting members of the Glasgow and West of Scotland Branch into a lunatic asylum, and deserves the attention of persons interested in the liberty of the subject. Everybody knows the “address” of Dr Yellowlees without his “giving” it; or, at all events, it is to be found in the Directory.

THE SCIENTIFIC GAME.

(Scene—Appin Pier.)

Lachie—Ay, ay, Allister, and what did she saw in Glesgow?

Allister—What did she no saw there? She saw all the sports. Ay and she saw the games of bullyards, too.

Lachie—Gosh me what signs that?

Allister—I'll told you that shes go in a big hoose and there's a great big table and a green clot spread over it you see. In comes one gentlemans and he puts three baws on the table, lifts a stick and strikes one baws on the ither and cries oot, hard lines. In comes another gentlemans and strikes one ither baws on the ither, and says “a kiss! be hanged.” That's the games of bullyards, Lachie.

OUTRAGE ON THE MILITARY.—The Edinburgh and Mid-Lothian Rifle Association does not seem to be the most patriotic of bodies. At Blackford last week one of the targets was a moving figure, “painted to represent a British soldier, with red coat and black trousers.” If you *are* jealous of the regulars, gentlemen, you surely needn't take such a ferocious way of expressing your sentiments!

ORE-AL ASS-SAY.—Asinus says he will be well contented if there be as much gold in the mine as there is “brass” in the prospectus.

A Thing of Bute-y—prospective—The coming Mount Stuart mansion.

A Bar's Rest—Sunday.

“The Argyle House”—Inveraray Castle.

Gentlemen who get the Baby to hold—Remedy, 20s Perambulator.—GARDINER & HARDIE, 42 Great Clyde Street.

On 'Change.

STAGNATION has been the order of the day, but at last there is to be a real sensation. In about three weeks the great case of Longbow *versus* Shakeout is coming on. Perhaps it is Shakeout who sues Longbow. That would be good. Perhaps Shakeout sues Longbow and Longbow sues Shakeout. That would be better. The case would then assume colossal proportions, and everybody would be suitably impressed. Everybody would also laugh. They would roar at the absurdity of two sane men rushing into court about a two-penny half-penny dispute which might have been settled in five minutes if anybody possessed the wit or wisdom to interfere.

After all, it is only a question of spittoons and tissue paper. “Men are but children of a larger growth.” The quotation has passed into a proverb. It is also indelibly impressed upon the pages of a missing letter book. The book will very likely be found in company with the missing spittoon, when that useful article shall have been discovered. In three weeks more the mystery will be solved, unless better counsels prevail and the litigants are prevented from sharing the fate that once overtook a certain Horse of great intelligence. Horses of knowledge have sometimes been known to rush into the Court of Session, where mere jackasses would fear to tread.

People are finding their senses again. They are discovering what I told them long ago, only they were too dense to appreciate the words of wisdom distilled weekly through this column. Railway stocks, it is found, are too high. Anybody of common sense might have seen this weeks ago. Some long-headed fellows did see it, and profited accordingly. They sold what they had not got, bought the article in again from another man who had not got it, and so made money out of the transaction. The other man, who requires to get the article from a third fellow who has not got it, seems safe enough, for the times are out of joint at the moment, and bulls have no chance.

Canadian stocks have had a fall, as I expected they would. All the bolstering in the world would not keep them from the fate that awaits them. At present, however, the Canadian railway stocks are simply a kind of Stock Exchange Donnybrook. Bulls and bears are tearing round and asking their neighbours to tread on the tails of their coats. When the polite request is complied with, there is generally a good row.

A stock generally falls when a call is made on it. The action of the market was reversed the other day in the case of the Tharsis £7 paid shares. When the chairman announced a call of £1, the shares actually rose. More than that, they went above their relative worth as compared with the shares upon which no other calls can be paid. So much for paying 25 per cent.

Ports are commonly understood to be places where there is water. Port-Washington is an exception. It is a place where there is no water. It seems also to be a place where there is no coal or iron. Yet it is called a coal and iron company. The £250,000 paid up appears to have nearly all disappeared. Sunk in the “port” probably. It is a pity for the sake of the eminent philanthropists concerned.

SCRUTATOR.

ANOTHER PASSION PLAY.

(Scene—Western Baths bathing pond, morning after publication of the “Revised Edition.”)

1st Bather—Well, have you seen the “Revised Edition”?

2nd Bather (of theatrical proclivities)—No; where is't—in the Gaiety or the Royalty?

A Close (clothes) Friend—A credit tailor.

BICYCLES. } See the new patterns for 1881. Machines built to special order. Riding School, Lessons Daily
TRICYCLES. } Inspection invited.—JENNINGS, 101 Mitchell Street.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—If anything can refresh a "cit." in this hot, thunderous, uncert ain weather, it is the cool wit, the calculated repartee of the Georgian comedy.

Without a whit of the cold cynicism—the icy immorality—which make us shiver over Wycherley and Farquhar, Sheridan, and more especially Goldsmith, have a point which strikes like an icicle—but, if I may be allowed the paradox, a warm, homely icicle. Mr Knapp is providing such entertainment for us this week. To-night (Monday) and to-morrow he gives us "She Stoops to Conquer;" on Wednesday and Thursday we have "The Rivals;" on Thursday Mrs Chippendale takes her benefit with "The School for Scandal;" and on Saturday we shall have "Married Life"—for ever associated with the name of J. B. Buckstone as author and actor.

But, old man, I have not told you the best yet. Dear old "Chip."—I am sure Mr Chippendale will excuse the familiarity—plays his old parts—*Harcastle, Sir Anthony, Sir Peter*. Does not your mouth water, BAILIE?

By the way, I have not mentioned that the afterpiece each evening is Byron's burlesque of "Aladdin." And, in speaking of the burlesque, I beg to call your attention to a gentleman who plays a small part—that of "Te-to-tum, an attendant" but for whom I predict big things. His name in the bill is "Mr A. Akhurst.

They are playing "Proof" this week at the South-Side theatre—"Proof," *the* very best melodrama of our times. I've seen, what melodrama, indeed, have I not seen since the days when Mr Edmund Glover played *Masseroni* till now, but to my mind "Proof" beats them all. To make the performance all the stronger, the company has been increased by the addition of those very capable actors, Messrs Walter Speakman and J. S. Haydon.

The Comedy Company of Messrs Stimson and Dacroy is underlined by Mr Beryl for Monday next. This is the first visit paid to Glasgow by these clever youngsters—the elder has not yet completed his 24th year, but in provincial England, aye and in Ireland as well, they are well-known and popular. Curiously enough one of the characters in which both gentlemen have made a hit is that of *Johnny Lamb*, in the now well-known drama of "New Babylon." Early in life Mr Stimson, I may add, was educated with a view to his becoming a limb of the law, while Mr Dacroy was intended from boyhood for the medical profession, of which his father is a member.

The Ayrshire Yeomanry Cavalry who have been drilling for a week past at Ayr, have their review to-morrow, the annual turn-out winding up with a ball and supper in the County Buildings. The comfort of the officers has been looked after, since the regiment turned out for their annual drills, by Messrs Ferguson & Forrester, of Buchanan Street, who likewise purvey for the entertainments of to-morrow.

Mr Cochran Patrick, M.P. for North Ayrshire, has, I hear, made a suggestion to Mr Mundella anent Sir Herbert Maxwell's Scotch School Boards Bill which, if adopted, might tend to make it less objectionable than in its present shape. He would allow no appeal to the Sheriff or Central Authority when the dismissal of the teacher is resolved upon unanimously by a large School Board. But, in the case of a Board with less than seven members and in the event of dismissal being determined upon by a bare majority, the dismissal should not take effect unless confirmed by "my Lords." This would surely be an ample safeguard against arbitrary or capricious sacking. More than this teachers need not expect; less than this they will probably have to put up with.

That great ship, the "Alaska," built by Messrs Elder for the Guion Line, and sister-ship to the "Arizona," is to be launched on the 13th July. The trial trip of the "Servia"—the mammoth Cunarder built by Messrs J. & G. Thomson—has been fixed for the day previous, Tuesday the 12th July.

The surprise of last week was the appearance—quite rejuvenated—of Cough-no-more in a fine Victoria with a spanking horse and man in livery. Those who craned their necks and strained their optics at the sight should recollect that he is credited with having turned up a few trump cards of late in iron shares, &c. Not being to the manner born, he crouched too much in a corner of the chaise; but probably this is intended as a delicate hint that the venerable beau is willing to have another seated by him. Eh? What an old gallant you are, to be sure!

Our friends of the Western Burns Club take their annual outing on Thursday. The place selected for the trip is Dumfries, while Mr Gilmour (of Messrs Gilmour & Dean) will be the president for the day.

Admirers of the "Langloan Poetess" will learn with regret of the serious illness of her eldest son, Mr James Hamilton, the editor of the memorial volume of her poems.

The Elementary Music Class, taught by Mr William Moodie, gives a concert on Wednesday night, 29th instant, in the City Hall, in aid of the funds of St. George's Choral Union, which unfortunately is in debt somewhat. The class has made remarkable progress since it was started, one proof of which is the ability of the members to bring forward at so early a stage such part-songs and glees as appear in the programme.

The sailings of the "Lord of the Isles" from Glasgow to Inveraray begin on the 1st of July. Passengers have, of course, the option of returning from Inveraray by the Loch Eck or Loch Goil routes. Need a word be said, at this time of day, in praise of the Kyles of Bute, of the Loch Fyne scenery, or of Inveraray—that old world, ducal burgh, with its environment of mountains, with its famous beech-tree avenue, its fishing boats, and castle? And it isn't only the Kyles, and Loch Fyne, and the head-quarters of Maccallum Mohr, to which travellers by the "Lord" are introduced. They travel, as stated, over the whole length of our magnificent river, from the Broomielaw to Rothesay, touching now at Dunoon and now at Wemyss Bay, and they do the journey in a steamer, to travel in which is sufficient of itself to make common folk, like you and me, my Magistrate, perfectly happy.

The alternative routes, in returning, of Loch Eck and Loch Goil, supply the lover of mountain and lake scenery with a succession of views of bewildering grandeur and beauty, and altogether, had I a tourist friend who wanted to become acquainted with the beauties of the Clyde and its tributary lochs, I would certainly insist that he should step on board the "Lord of the Isles" at the Broomielaw, and avail himself of the goods—meaning thereby the tours—which Mr Clark and his directors have specially organised on behalf of the touring community.

When everybody has the miserable Kelvinside squabble in his mind it is wonderful that no one has suggested that an attempt should be made to saddle the enormous expenses which were incurred on those who promoted both petitions. It was not a rate-payers question, neither was it a Kelvinside fears scheme. Why then should they bear the expense?

The popularity of bowling tournaments seems to be decidedly on the wane. The more respectable class of bowlers fight shy of them, and many of them who enter seem to be ashamed to compete under their own names. I am not astonished at this, as the prize money element has brought out a number of professionals who go the round of all the tournaments. The neat drawing game is not for them; it is straight bowls, short jacks, riding out their opponent—all tricks, though often very dexterously performed. At Bridgeton the other evening I was quite surprised to observe how much the feelings of the spectators leaned towards the players who went in for the drawing game.

A Biggar Member—The member of Cavan.

Coast "Bricks."

AN advertisement regarding "bricks for the coast" having appeared extensively in local papers of late, the BAILIE has received numerous inquiries as to what is a "brick for the coast." According to his use and wont, his Worship has appointed a Magisterial Commission on the subject, with the result, up to date, of eliciting the following information:—

Miss Lottie Froufrou considers that an ideal "brick for the coast" is a *pater* with liberal ideas on the subject of summer bonnets and picnics.

Mr Jack Hardup is of opinion that a fellow possessed of a 20 ton yacht, and a willingness to lend an occasional "fiver," fully answers to the description of a "brick for the coast."

Mrs Newwed thinks that there is no "brick for the coast" like "her Tom."

Mr Peter Blacksquad says that the real "brick for the coast" is the publican whose establishment is nearest to the spot where he (Peter) lands "at the Fair."

The Commission is still sitting.

"A JUDGE, AND A GOOD JUDGE TOO."—Renfrewshire lost an able Sheriff, and the Court of Session secured a sensible judge, when Sheriff Fraser was elevated to the Bench. When deciding an action for damages last week, his lordship remarked that, "to use the weapons of ridicule and sarcasm against a man is very often the best way of serving the general interests of the public; they are the natural scourge of incompetency and folly." The sentiments of the BAILIE to a T, my Lord.

CHACUN A SON GOUT.—In a *Herald* leader of Friday, that eminent Frenchman, M. Ferry, is spoken of as neither the candidate of France, nor even the candidate of M. Grévy, but "only a candidate for digestion." What with a gravy president, and an edible aspirant for the post, there is surely material for a political "stew"—à l'Irlandais—of the first order.

COMA-TOSE.—It is stated by one observer that the coma forming part of our latest celestial visitant, the comet, appeared to be about half the diameter of the moon. Either this is mere moonshine, or the luna-tic gazer, like the comet itself, can a tale unfold of imposing proportions.

CHRONOLOGICAL.—A local print somewhat mysteriously intimates that 'the "Twelfth of July" will this year take place at Johnstone.' What can this mean? Is the 12th prox. to be a *dies non* everywhere save Johnstone.

The customary Comet-ary "rule of three"—Nucleus, coma, tail.

A "Shrew"-ed Person—A henpecked husband.

Ods, Buds and Busses!

"GATHER ye rosebuds while ye may
Old Time is still a-flying,
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying."
So sang sweet Milly after tea
To Jack, who had but lately met her;
She thought him quite a catch, while he
Devoutly hoped that he might get her.
Her tone conveyed a hint to say
'Twere well he did not long delay.
"Then be not coy, but use your time,"
She sang, "And, while ye may, go marry."
Jack thought the sentiment sublime—
His heart was beating like Old Harry.
A thought flashed on him as he stood
And turned the music for Miss Milly,
He caught the damsel's drift and would
Have there responded willy-nilly,
But had meanwhile to say him nay—
His parent's presence blocked the way.
Then came the seeing home at night
Which wrought on Jack's heart greater murther.
Too soon her home was reached aright;
Jack would have rather seen it further.
"Gather ye rosebuds," hummed the maid;
Now was his chance—don't think he missed it!
There in that doorway's friendly shade
He held that bud-mouth firm and kissed it!
"What are you doing now, sir, pray?"
"Gathering rosebuds while I may."

TO SUCH BASE USES,

(Scene — Bookstall, Dundas Street Station, Tuesday afternoon.)

Clergyman (who is buying a BAILIE, to friend)
—Hot weather.

Friend—Far too hot even to read. I don't expect you'll get through much literature in weather like this.

Clergyman—Don't I, though. Why, I've gone through a couple of old Bradshaws this month already, and for shaving paper alone!

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—The officers of the 1st Royal Lanark Militia, if great in nothing else, are at all events immense in the way of "front" names. The average seems about four Christian names per head. Take two at random—H. W. P. G. Watkin and J. S. G. A. R. Aikman! The god-fathers and god-mothers have much to answer for. It is quite Too Too much to be handicapped with four or five unnecessary initials.

"What's ado here?" inquired a gentleman the other day, on observing a flag hoisted in Preston Street Bowling Green in the East End. "It's the Brighton torment, sir," replied the old woman to whom the query was addressed.

Conundrum for the times by a "juvenile delinquent" jokeist—Why is a "clipe" like a Comet? Because he is a tale-bearer.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the rate collectorship has been amicably settled.

That the Central has been divided into two districts.

That this will provide a place for both the claimants.

That Hughie Colquhoun has withdrawn his motion.

That all's well that ends well.

That nevertheless a neat little job was intended.

That another member of "ta forse" has been convicted of theft.

That Captain M'Call's black sheep should be sent to Hong Kong, and his white ones kept at home.

That the Scottish Legal Assurance Company have held their annual meeting.

That the gatherings were wont to be the noisiest of the year.

That this year the directors tried to avoid this by fixing the meeting for four o'clock in the afternoon.

That even this precaution didn't prevent a disturbance.

That the chief business transacted at the meeting was the raising of the office-bearers' salaries.

That the secretary and treasurer receive £500 per annum.

That the chairman gets the tidy little sum of £250 for his work.

That each of twelve directors receive the agreeable yearly honorarium of £125.

That besides all this there is the remuneration to auditors, law agents, trustees, and collectors.

That it must be a grand thing to be connected with a working-man's life assurance society.

That the July rush to the coast will begin this week.

That it will culminate during the Fair holidays.

That notwithstanding how hard the times may be, the working man and his wife will be "doon the water" at the Fair.

That the Burgh of Pollokshields has presented a petition for extension.

That the burghers ought to take a warning from Sheriff Clark's words of wisdom anent Kelvinside.

That the City Bank case drags its weary length along.

That everybody but the principals have lost all interest in the business.

That Councillor Jackson and the Parks Com-

mittee have taken over the Andersonian Museum.

That new buildings are looming in the distance.

That the Municipal Buildings should be set afoot before another new iron is thrust in the fire.

"DESPICABLE" CONDUCT.—A correspondent of the *Herald* has disclosed a terrible case of Sabbath-breaking, which consisted in the performance the other Sunday, by the occupants of a yacht off the Innellan shore, not only of "a Yankee hymn," but also of "a strathspey" and "some music-hall ditties of the most despicable kind, such as 'We don't want to fight,' and a song which had 'Maria' for its burden, &c." This is shocking in the extreme—especially the reference to the feminine person—but the horrified correspondent must just console himself with the reflection that persons so "despicable" are quite sure to come to the very worst of bad ends.

A POSER.—The vocabulary of bowls, like that of other pastimes, has its eccentricities. Thus, we are told that a gentleman who distinguished himself at the "Bridgeton Tournament" last week plays a "nice chap and lie game." There is a suggestion of fraud about the phrase "lie game" which is hardly compatible with the ordinary idea of a "nice chap." Perhaps some well-informed "bowlist" will rise to explain.

OUT WITH IT!—Says a contemporary, describing an arrest:—"He accompanied the constables quietly to the lock-up, *where our reporter happened to be at the time.*" The italicised words are certainly candid; but why not make a clean breast, and tell us what our reporter "happened" to be "in for?"

FREIGHTED WITH FALSE FIRE.—Asinus having rather a great mind, takes a somewhat lengthy time to make it up. After ten days' dutiful deliberation, he concludes that the fearful firework found on Mr Copeland's croquet-lawn was a box of stored electricity.

CROWN-ERS' QUEST.—*Peter*—I wonder if B. would lend me five shillings. A man who dresses so swell must be able to afford it. *Bauldy*—I'm just in want of five shillings myself. C. dresses so very shabby,—he must be quite able to let me have it.

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.

Masonry Looking Up.

THE members of the "Lodge Glasgow St. John No. 3 Bis" must have been proud men last Thursday, on the occasion of their trip to the Lake of Menteith. As they drove off on the return journey they were cheered by "the entire population, even the policeman of the district forgetting for the moment the dignity of his office by speeding the parting guests." Think of that! The approbation of the populace—the *profanum vulgus*—does not, of course, signify much; but "the policeman of the district!" My conscience! Masonry is indeed looking up, and a great future opens before it.

ONE FOR THE "LITTERATEURS."

(Scene—Bar of a well-known Rothesay Pub.; *Dramatis personæ*, three Glasgow "swells" and a Bute farmer; A literary discussion has been going on among the strangers.)

1st Swell—After all there is too much mystery about many of Tennyson's pieces for them to be much appreciated.

2nd do.—When I want a quiet read I generally take up Byron.

3rd do.—Yes, but all writers pale before the Divine William. (Turning to farmer)—I suppose you know Shakespeare well, Mr Black?

Farmer (with energy)—Shakespier! Aye, man, I ken him fine, his faither wis a schulemaister at Kingarth. [Collapse of "literary swells."]

"ON THE BU'ST."—The Ass recently disappeared for several weeks, replying, when sternly interrogated as to the cause, "Only an 'animated bu'st, guvner!" And the guileless Magistrate was actually under the impression that the conscienceless one had been "sitting to" his Worship's friend Mr Ewing!

"What's wrang," says a joker from Tollcross, "at the fit o' Buchanan Street?" "Mr Wylie," he adds, "has lost an e'e, an' Mr Lochhead hasna' an e'e left in his head at a'." After a due survey of the puzzled faces of the circle, the Tollcross one explains that the sign now reads—"Wyli - & Lochh - ad!"

The Animile says that when he is asked to take a drop of the "Old Irish" he invariably replies, "I dare say (D'Arcy) I will." He-haw!

"Light" Fines—Deposits for gas meters.

A Tea and Coffee Set—Good Templars.

Notes from Ayr—Meteorological observations.

The Comet.

THE appearance of a comet last week has set thoughtful folks pondering as to what the dread omen may portend. Some think it merely means Mr James Martin's return to the Town Council in November. In the opinion of others it predicts the Rev. Robert Thomson's perversion to Popery, or the arrival of Mr Alphabet Smith from "furrin parts" with a brain cleared of sewage, or the settlement of the Municipal Buildings question, or the conversion of "the League" to common sense, or something equally "horrible and awfu'." Being neither astronomer nor astrologist, the BAILIE declines to give an opinion on the subject; and the eyes of the city are consequently fixed with eager anticipation upon Professor Grant, who strangely neglected to dwell upon this most important aspect of the matter in his letter of last Friday morning.

ORTHODOX TO THE LAST.

(Scene—Main Street, Darvel. Time—Sunday last, 3-30 p.m. Two cronies meet while coming from church)

1st Cronie—Weel, hoo did ye like the sermon the day?

2nd Cronie—Aa wid 'a like't rael weel, mun, if they hadna' sang that pariphris et the end.

1st Cronie—Man, aa saw ye singin' yersel'.

2nd Cronie—Aye, aye; but aa wis singin' psaulms a' the time!

GROSS LIBEL ON A COMEDIAN.—A contemporary says of a particularly respectable and sedate young actor who played in "Jane Shore," at the South-Side theatre last week, that "while he is not just the villain we have been accustomed to look for, he is a fairly satisfactory scoundrel." Is not this overstepping the limits of legitimate criticism?

DEPRESSED PORKERS.—In the iron market the other day, we are told, "pigs indicated a tendency to droop." Poor things! Did nobody think of administering a reviver—in the shape, say of zoedone?

SUPERB!—One of our fearful and wonderful firms of advertising drapers announces "superb pinafores" as an item of his stock. What enterprising rival will oblige us with splendid aprons and magnificent baby-linens?

An A-spire-ing Congregation—That of Kinning Park Free Church.

An Exploring Party—An "interviewer."

GENTLEMEN'S
DEPARTMENT.

BOYS' AND MISSES' SAILOR HATS.

The New Deliveries in this Department are Wonderfully Cheap.
Do not Buy your Boys' Hats elsewhere.

YE LANDE AND WATTER HATTE,
OR THE
LAWN TENNIS HAT.

Extra Quality. Our Price is Fourpence-Halfpenny.
4½d. Note, 4½d.
Sold everywhere from 10½d to 2s 6d.

STRAW HATS. VENTILATED HATS.

For the Hot Weather.

BLACK AND COLOURED FELT HATS.

Very Light—Also in Half-Proof.

THE NEW AMERICAN PATENT
GREASE-PROOF LEATHER.

The best Grease-Proof Band ever introduced; quite new;
great novelty.

FELT HATS, Guaranteed Pure, Fast Dyed, and Durable.

Our Prices are3s 6d, 4s 6d, 5s 6d, 7s, 8s 6d.

Regular Retail Prices..... 5s, 6s, 8s 6d, 10s 6d, 12s 6d.

The Latest Shapos for Young Men. Suitable Shapes for
Elderly Gentlemen. The Largest and Smallest Sizes kept in
Stock.

DRESS HATS.

Our 17s 6d Dress Hats are not surpassed by any in the market
at 21s or 25s.

Our Dress Hats at 8s 6d, 10s 6d, 12s 6d are excellent.

Our 14s 6d Dress Hat is the ordinary Guinea Hat.
Shapes to suit every taste.

Please Note that the ENTRANCE to

THE GENTLEMEN'S DEPARTMENT

Is by No. 62 JAMAICA STREET (Opposite HOWARD ST.)

THE LADIES' DEPARTMENT

Is at No. 70 JAMAICA STREET.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,
THE LEADING HATTERS,
THE LEADING MILLINERS.

SINGLE HATS AT
WHOLESALE PRICES.

J E R S E Y S
(BOYS' and GIRLS'),
For Coast and Country.

ALL SIZES.

FORSYTH'S,
RENFIELD STREET.

PODOPHYLLUM ESSENCE
(Thompson's), for Biliousness, Indigestion, Inaction of the
Liver, Constipation, Heartburn, Acid Risings, Flatulence,
Sickness, Headache, Giddiness, and all Stomach and Liver
Derangements. Bottles, 1s, 1s 6d, and 2s 6d; by Post, 1d extra,
from M. F. THOMPSON, Homœopathic Chemist, 17 GORDON
STREET, Glasgow. Beware of Imitations.

LIBRAIRIE ETRANGERE
3 CATHEDRAL STREET, corner of Buchanan Street.
ENGLISH & FOREIGN BOOKS, New and Second Hand.
Lowest Prices. Books Lent.
Books in all Languages in Stock or procured.

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.

MITCHELL & CO.'S
OLD IRISH WHISKY, Belfast, is the Purest and Best
in the Market, and received at Melbourne Exhibition Jurors'
Highest Award.—Agent for Scotland—DAVID MITCHELL, 20
Hope St., Glasgow.

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

D'ARCY'S Famed
WHISKY. OLD IRISH
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
THE PUREST AND BEST IN THE WORLD.
Sole Proprietor—MATT. D'ARCY & CO., NEWRY.
Wholesale Agents for Scotland—
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CHAMPAGNE.
ST. MARCEAUX.

THIS Wine is acknowledged by Connoisseurs
to be Equal to any Champagne in the Market. Quotations,
in Magnums, Quarts, and Piuts, from
WILLIAM LANG,
73 AND 79 QUEEN STREET.

FELT HATS,

5s, 7s, 10s.

OUR THREE LEADING PRICES.

SPECIAL SMART Shapes for "Young Men"—the Best Value in the Market. Bought Direct from the Makers. All intermediate Profit Saved to our Customers.

The HATS at TEN SHILLINGS are WOODROW'S "Prize Medal Felt Hats"—the Highest Class Goods in the Kingdom.

SEE THE SHOW WINDOWS.

MILLER & CO.,
QUEEN STREET CORNER.

ODD LOTS OF CHEAP BOOKS.

"The Preacher's Lantern," 7s 6d, for 4s 6d, "The Life of the Pious Robert Nelson," a Famous Church of England Worthy, 7s 6d, for 1s 7d. Frances Pover Cobbe's "Pollitics, People, and Places in Italy," price 10s 6d, for 2s. "Polynesian Researches," by Wm. Ellis, 4 vols., now for 6s. Robert Burns' Works, 4 vols., 1819, by Currie, now for 13s. Southey's "Book of the Church," 2 vols., half-bound, for 4s 6d. German Edition of the Life of Humboldt, half-calf, 4s. Demosthenes in German, 4s. "Missionary Magazine," 8 vols., half-bound, 1796, for 4s 9d. "The Mechanic's and Student's Guide in the Construction and Design of General Machine Gearing, &c., &c.," now for 9d. "Ecclesiastical Art in Germany," now for 3s 9d. "The Thirty-Nine Articles," by R. W. Jelf, now for 2s 6d. Macleod's "Castle and Town of Dumbarton," now for 2s 11d. "Foxe's Book of Martyrs," complete, 8 vols., published about £3 3s, now for 27s 6d.

ROBERT LINDSAY, 102 QUEEN STREET.

CORN CURE!!! WART CURE!!!
"FACILE PRINCEPS."

FOREWELL'S PATENT CHIROPODYNE

Effectually removes Corns, Warts, &c., in a few days, without pain. In Bottles, 1s 1/2 each, from The Glasgow Apothecaries Coy., Virginia Street; Jaap, Chemist, Buchanan Street; Spite & Coy., Merchants, St. Enoch Square, and all Respectable Chemists.

ROYAL



EXCHANGE.

HALF-YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION BOOK for ENROLLING NEW MEMBERS NOW OPEN.

Town Members, £1 10s; Country Members, £1.
No Ballot necessary.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 29^h, 1881.

IT is a very long time since the Town Council was so much divided, or suffered such internal disturbance as it has over the question of the Collectorships of Police Rates. "Jobs" were rife in the days of the unreformed municipi-

palities, but they are not uncommon now, and are unlikely ever to become antiquated means of furthering the interests of peddling little dabblers in municipal affairs, and the friends of the same. The awkward matter of the Police Collectorship is of such a character that on being exposed it was only to be expected that the appointment complained of would be rescinded unless the majority of the Town Council were prepared to make everybody snigger and one or two folk very angry. But so soon as Bailie COLQUHOUN by his motion brought this issue distinctly before the Council, he is outflanked by a movement to divide the Central District by cutting off a district which would only be inferior to the Central itself in importance. Now, those who disapprove of the way in which the appointment of an interim collector was gone about cannot be blamed for thinking that this is merely a device to secure Mr JOHN CRAIG in the appointment of Collector for the Central district, and at the same time provide the means of giving Mr JAMES REID, the assistant to the late Collector, a sop in place of the higher promotion to which he has a certain claim. This nice little job is not to be undone; the objections to CRAIG'S appointment are not to be got over; the silence of those who are enforcing them is merely to be secured at the public expense; and in this view it was unwise of Bailie COLQUHOUN to withdraw his motion. What is the true interest of the public with regard to the creation of a Western district is as clear as it is with reference to the appointment of a Collector for the Central district. Why collect the Police rates in the West-end and not the Water rates or the Gas accounts? And if there is to be a district collection, why not have all the three in one office? The cry for years has been to consolidate the finances of the city; the haphazard proposal now is to make a piecemeal division. Is there or is there not a personal question at the bottom of all this? The matter at best is a small one, but its very smallness bears all the harder on the people who are mixed up with it

A thing of Bute-y and a joy for ever—The heir to "Lothair."

A Man you Know who can Come't strong at times—Professor Grant.

A "Comet" that presaged a revolution in Clyde and other shipping—That of Henry Bell.

Jonathan is Patronising.

A HIGHLY amusing production appeared in last Wednesday's *Herald*, signed "American Tourists," and purporting to give those gentlemen's "opinion of the old country," as gained and matured during a journey from Queenstown to Glasgow. It is pleasing to be able to record that that opinion is, on the whole, favourable. It is couched in much the same terms as those which might be employed by a rather pompous dominie in dismissing his pupils after a satisfactory session. Messrs Gladstone and Forster will doubtless be relieved by our Yankee friends' assurance that "there will be no serious collision between the Irish people and the Government of Great Britain." Coming nearer home, we learn that Glasgow "is a much larger and finer city than we expected to see," and the St. Enoch Hotel is blandly commended for "her" appointments and "her" dinners. Our shipbuilding industry is, we are informed, "a large one," and the Clyde for miles "presents a scene of activity not excelled by any little stream in any country." Our "churches and colleges" are likewise "memorable;" and, to sum up, our benignant visitors will "return to America with more exalted opinions of your people and of your industrial and commercial importance among the nations." Now, this is really kind. On behalf of his countrymen, of the "little stream," of the colleges, and the rest, the BAILIE begs most humbly and gratefully to thank our Transatlantic eulogists for their generous recognition of our modest merits. At the same time his Worship would congratulate the "American Tourists" upon their unconscious possession of an amount of "cheek" that is more than American, and altogether sublime.

A DESERTED VILLAGE!

(Scene—Ladybank Junction, Fife; Weaver in a hurry for train.)

Weaver (to porter)—Whan dis the 'Muchty train start?

Porter—'Muchty! man it's awa!

"That," declares Bauldy, "which we call a rose by any other name would smell as wheat." Have we not, he adds, Shakespeare's authority for saying so?

The Bell(e) Collection—A bevy of bridesmaids.
A Clothes "Pin"—Stealing from a back green.

Splendid Stewing Prunes, 4d per lb., at the City Fruit Warehouse, 18 Gordon Street.—M. CAMPBELL.

The Comet-ee on Sky-ence.

Illustrious visitant, thy tale unfold
To us inquisitant; say whence has roll'd
Thy cycle earthwards, coming so unlook'd-for;
Whence hast thou come, and whither art thou book'd for?
Art thou electric light, or merely gas,
Or electricity stor'd up in mass,
Some new-known force as yet but seen from Faure,
Or, as of old, the dread portent of war?
Or Phaethon's ghost, revisiting the world,
Again through space by fiery coursers whirl'd,
Or?—Ask no more, there's but one answer from it,
I've come, I'll go, you see, that's all—a Comet.

OVER-TEMPERING JUSTICE.—The BAILIE has no sympathy with the police when they show themselves ruffians and perjurers, but he would have them protected in the execution of their duty, and he cannot think that Bailie Mowat furthered that object by one of his decisions in the Northern Police Court last week. On the occasion referred to, a fellow who had assaulted a constable so brutally as to incapacitate him for duty was let off with a fine of a couple of guineas. The regulation "sixty days" would have been admirably appropriate in this case.

CONCERNING "SWEERS."—In the Central Police-Court the other day a riotous tailor was described by a witness as having indulged in "severe swearin'." It would be interesting to know at what precise point the line is to be drawn between a mild "sweer" and a severe one. The average Highland policeman's "sweer" may be said to come under the latter category, and to become more and more "severe" with experience and practice in the bearing of false witness against his neighbour—not his "neebour."

TOUCHING APPEAL.—A "widow lady" advertises the loss, between Blairmore and Glasgow, of a purse containing a sum of money "collected for mission." Artful "widow lady!" If the BAILIE should happen to lose *his* purse, he will advertise himself as a "desolate orphan," and swear the money was intended to purchase bicycles and pea-shooters for the poor Afghans.

MAN'S INHUMANITY TO SMALL B(U)OYS.—A shocking indifference to the rights of the juvenile population seems to prevail in Greenock. In instructing the Master of Works to clear a portion of the shore for bathers, the authorities have actually directed him to "place two small b(u)oys to show where deep water begins." This is barbarous.

"A Labour of Love"—A bashful youth essaying to "pop the question."

The Scotch Tweed—The salmon fishing river.

Megilp.

THEY understand the art of entertaining better in London than we do in Glasgow. Writing, t'other day, of an artistic "At Home," a correspondent in the metropolis says:—"Picture to yourself a large studio, with easels placed here and there, on each of which is fixed a canvas. Along the walls are a series of couches, while chairs are scattered promiscuously over the floor. In one corner is a grand piano. The company includes people of every description—painting people, that is, and writing people, and acting people, and singing people. Some of the ladies are too-too 'utter,' and the manner in which they languish on the couches is 'a sicht tae see!'"

"All at once a familiar voice is lifted up in an aria from Faust, and as I look towards the piano I recognise in the features of the singer those of Madame Trebelli; other vocalists follow, as do likewise certain instrumental players.

"Now and then tea and cakes are handed round; there is a supply of 'strong-waters' in the next room; everybody talks to his neighbour; and when I come away I seem to have met all the big folk of London. However this may be, I feel that such a gathering couldn't take place in Glasgow. There are too many petty jealousies, and cheap—and nasty—rivalries, among the same class of people in the 'second city' to make such a meeting possible anywhere with n hearing 'o' the Hee Kirk bell."

Two of the earliest, or rather the two earliest artistic arrivals this year in Iona, have been George Aikman, A.R.S.A., and John Nisbet. By this time Mr Aikman—dear old George—is familiar with every foot of the Sacred Island. So rich is it, however, in pictorial effects—so wonderful are the sunsets, and so white are its sands and so blue is its encompassing sea, that an artist may go thither year after year and still find fresh material for work.

Alexander Davidson, who expects to be back in Glasgow some time next month, has been working, for the past week or two, among various of the more characteristic nooks and corners of old London—now in the neighbourhood of Drury Lane, now at the Water Gate of York House, and now among the old-world Water-side structures at Limehouse. Before coming North he will spend some days, first in Essex and afterwards in Lancashire.

West of Scotland people will be glad to learn that Colin Hunter is "first favourite" for the coming election of Royal Academy Associates. He will not only, "they say," secure the Scotch vote, but a large proportion of the English vote as well. Mr Hunter is at present working in the Isle of Man.

Eager to perfect his drawing—the weak point of our Glasgow school of artists—Edwin Calvert will spend the present season in the atelier of a Parisian painter.

Probably the cleverest art criticisms of the day, and those which possess the quality of keenest insight, are the criticisms which appear in the columns of the London *Spectator*. It is therefore interesting to note that in Saturday's *Spectator*, when discussing the Royal Academy Exhibition, the writer of the Art column declares that "the most imaginative picture" in the South Gallery of the Academy is J. E. Christie's "Pied Piper of Hamelin." "This," he goes on to say, "is one of the unpretentiously good works which make us hopeful of English Art. It has plenty of delicate painting, the drawing is careful and fairly good throughout, and the artist has evidently felt his subject before he painted it. . . . We do not know whether Mr Christie be a young man or not, but if he be, and can do work like this now, he may, if he chooses, hope to fill the place which has been vacant since Pinwell, Mason, and Walker died." This year's prizes for drawing from the antique and etching at the London Slade School have been gained by J. Spiers, a Glasgow student.

James A. Aitken is at present in London.

A "Touch"-ing Performance—Rugby football.

A Great Bore—A Tunnel.

The Modern Æsop.

XII.—TWO TROUT.

TWO trout—one wily and the other wanton—were sporting one day in the pool of a babbling stream. "This won't do for me," said the former. "I haven't had my breakfast yet; and as there won't be a proper fly on the water for some time, I must hunt for a bait elsewhere," and he steered away to look for worms or creepers among the stones. The other, disdainingly hard work, replied, "Time enough for such things when the rainy day sets in. Ta-ta!" and he amused himself with the midges gambling overhead. Presently, an angler daintily cast a tempting fly in his way; and the silly fish, in spite of his tumbling and plunging, soon lay among fellow-captives, with the astonishment of death in the glare of his eye.

MORAL.—Chiefly the idle and the wanton—not the industrious, are snared by the enemy in their customary rounds of life.

THE REWARD OF "RESPECTABILITY."—A "young man" advertises in an evening contemporary for a housekeeper, who must be "thoroughly respectable," have a character that will "stand the strictest investigation," and possess "recommendations;" and to this paragon in the housekeeping line he offers—8s per month! This is hardly an encouragement to acquire or retain an immaculately respectable character. Why, a housekeeper with no character at all could hardly be considered expensive at £4 16s a year!

"EXUBERANT VERBOSITY."—A local reporter remarks of a certain criminal that he has undergone some eight years' imprisonment "for offences against the laws for the regulation of good conduct." My conscience! There's a mouth-filling phrase for you! The Prime Minister had better look to his rhetorical laurels.

Old wives, with all their faults, are generally credited with a fair acquaintance with their Bible. It seems therefore rather surprising to find Granny, in her issue of Friday last, coolly attributing to Solomon the Magistrate's version of *Punch's* advice to people about to get married: "Consider the Lilleys."

PONS ASINORUM.—Asinus, looking to the reticulation of telegraph-wires overhead, believes that he is walking under, rather than over, his celebrated bridge.

Capital Punishment—Noosing the girl at the "halter."

Auchray on ta Mairch.

LAST nicht efter ta sergeant tell aff ta squad, we turnt apoot face to ta rite half mairch, ant was doing ta heavy tramp hame frae ta beat, when Tonalt on ta oser side of me spoke a bit conversation whatefer or no I would soon have a few columps or more to ta PAILIE to keep up ta dignity of ta Heelants. "Of coorse, of coorse," says I, "to pe sure. Tid you'll sink I could traw oot a whole coil of ta Englis' langwich ta same as I was a dictionary or a ready reckoner on ta reel? Ta sings protichous!" "Well, well," says Tonalt, "if I tidna know you was deid because I saw you on ta beat, certainly I would sink you was flein' apoot Hong-Kong wis a few trunk and disorderly pigtails, or else maype had forgot to swear ta rite time and oass was, ant got serty days, to be in ta fashion wis some of ta oser lats."

"That is not a goot observation to sink at all, at all, Tonalt," says I, "because I would as sooner swore an oass upside doon as that or anysing whatefer. Ant, pesides, I would far rathser go to Lochaber ant cut peats as scamper apoot ta heasen Chinee."

"I suppose, Auchray," says Tonalt, "aal ta cheeney plates ant cups come frae ta Chinee?"

"Yis, yis, Tonalt," says I, "to pe sure, ant I am sorry you would have so ig'rance ant no ken that as well as eefrypody. Ant if you'll want anysing in ta cheeney line, I'll chust wrote a letter to Ronalt M'Phædron ant he'll send them for less than half-nosing through ta post-offish order—but I say, Tonalt," says I, "you're going aff ta step ta same as you was a sub. Pring doon your feet wis a goot clamp on ta causey ant let ta citizens know that we're ta solid lats."

So we got intae ta rite step—left, rite; rite, left, ant ta regulation swing of ta airms, ant slooch of ta pody ant soon efter disperse for anoser nicht.—Yours inteedly,

AUCHRAY M'TAVISH, X. 71.

HOW LANGUAGE GROWS.

Paisley Chappie (to itinerant vendor of milk and cream)—Gie's a make's worth o' Morton.

BETTER THAN A COW-GLEN PRIZE. — The pastor of Firth U.P. Church, Kirkwall, has just been presented by his flock—congregational of course—"with a handsome milch cow, warranted of good dairy stock." Parishioners of Carmun-nock please copy.

Observatory—"The observed of all 'observers'" — The Comet.

New Money Table.

BY A "JUVENILE DELINQUENT."

Two foosheys	equal one make.
Two make	" one wing.
Two wing	" one duce.
Two duce	" one thrum.
Two thrum	" one snid or tanner.
Two snid or tanner	" one bob.
Five bob	" one bull.
Four bull	" one quid or slaffer.

Daily Industrial School, Green St.

EXAMINATION OF A BOARD SCHOOL.

(Present—Deputation from the School Board.)

Master (examining a class on Natural History : Animals)—Dux, what is a kid?

Intelligent Pupil—A wee wean, sir.

Member of the Deputation (sotto voce)—He's a clever laddie, that.

THE OTHER ANIMILE.

I say, Jack, did you see the comet last night?

Jack—No; but I saw the "elephant."

ROYALTY THEATRE.

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

OLD COMEDY AND BURLESQUE.

MRS CHIPPENDALE AND HER COMPANY,

Supported by

Miss MARIE DE GREY.

In order to render the Old Comedies in as Complete a manner as possible,

MR CHIPPENDALE

Has consented to enact the parts so long and honourably associated with his name.

THIS EVENING (TUESDAY), JUNE 28TH, AT 7-30,
SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

TO-MORROW (WEDNESDAY), 29TH, AND THURSDAY,
30TH JUNE.

THE RIVALS.

Concluding each Evening with BYRON'S Sparkling Burlesque,
ALADDIN; OR, THE WONDERFUL SCAMP.

SECOND PRICE AT NINE O'CLOCK.

Box Plan Open at Messrs J. Muir Wood & Co., from 11 till 4, and at the Theatre from 11 till 3.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE,

MAIN STREET, SOUTH SIDE, GLASGOW.

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

LAST WEEK OF

MR WILSON BARRETT'S COMPANY.

EVERY EVENING, the Great Play,

P R O O F.

MONDAY FIRST, JULY 4TH,

MESSRS STIMSON AND DACROY'S
COMEDY AND BURLESQUE COMPANY.

FLINT AND STEEL AND

YOUNG DICK WHITTINGTON.

Box Plan at Donaldson's Rooms, 91 St. Vincent Street.

THEATRE ROYAL,

(Under Royal Letters-Patent from The Crown.)

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

THE THEATRE WILL REMAIN CLOSED

FOR THE PRESENT.

Future Arrangements and Re-opening will be duly announced.

T H E G A I E T Y .

Proprietor and Director,Mr CH. BERNARD.
 Manageress,Mrs CH. BERNARD.
 CLOSED FOR SUMMER VACATION.
 MDLLE SARA BERNHARDT,
 AND FULL COMPANY OF FRENCH ARTISTES.
 MONDAY JULY 18th, FROU FROU.
 TUESDAY, JULY 19th, LA DAME AUX CAMELIAS.
 Box Office—Open from 10 till 4 Daily.

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 87 BOTHWELL STREET, GLASGOW
 (5 Minutes West from Central Station).

PLASTER COPIES IN ALL SIZES OF FIGURES & BUSTS
 From the ANTIQUE and MODERN SCULPTURES.
 FIGURES, FOUNTAINS, VASES, &c.,
 In Concrete for Gardens.
 Every Description of SCULPTURE Cleaned, Repaired, or
 Packed and Removed.

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 "LORD OF THE ISLES"
 Sails DAILY from GREENOCK, calling at KIRN,
 DUNOON, WEMYSS BAY, ROTHESAY, TIGHNA-
 BRUAICH, STRACHUR, and INVERARAY:—
 Trains— A.M. Cent. Enoch's. St. Queen St.
 From GREENOCK at..... 9-15 8-0 8-25 — *7-40
 Conveying PASSENGERS to INVERARAY and OBAN
 via KYLES of BUTE, WEMYSS BAY, and LOCH ECK route.
 Full particulars of Tours, Fares, &c., see Programmes (1d
 each), from

M. T CLARK, 5 Oswald Street.



HIGHLAND RURAL RETREAT,
 CAIRNDOW.

During JULY and AUGUST, every FRIDAY at 7-30 p.m.,
 and SATURDAY at 5 30 p.m., on arrival of Steamer, a COACH
 leaves LOCHGOILHEAD for CAIRNDOW HOTEL. The
 Coach returns on MONDAY MORNINGS in time for Early
 Steamer to Greenock and Glasgow.

This Route lies through some of the Finest Scenery in the
 West Highlands, including the famous HELL'S GLEN.
 FARE, 2s.

SPECIAL WEDNESDAY PROMENADES.
ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS.

SUBSCRIBERS (on presenting Tickets) FREE.
 GRAND PROMENADE CONCERT,
 On WEDNESDAY FIRST, 29TH JUNE, from 7-30 to 9-30.
 By the SPLENDID BAND AND PIPERS

OF THE
 71 st HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY.
 Annual Family Ticket, 21s; Single Ticket, 10s 6d;
 To be had at Mr Sloan's, 140 Hope Street; and at Garden Gate.
 NON-SUBSCRIBERS—ONE SHILLING.

SATURDAY PROMENADE CONCERT
 On 2nd JULY.—ADMISSION SIXPENCE, as usual.

ADVERTISEMENTS received for Home and
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 A. F. SHARP & CO., 14 Royal Exchange Square.

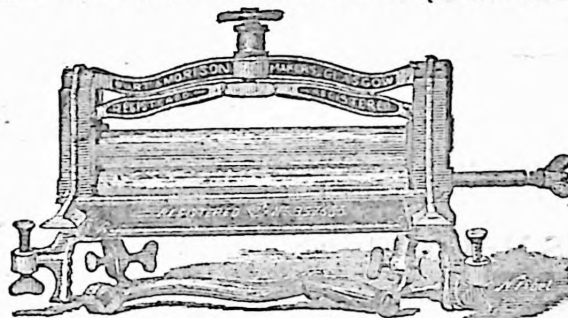
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GLASGOW AND THE HIGHLANDS.

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS, Claymore,
 Columba, Iona, Chevalier, Mountaineer, Pioneer, Clansman,
 Clydesdale, Queen of the
 Staffa, Lake, Gondo-
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 awe, Lochiel, Lochness, Cygnet, Plover, Inverary Castle, Sail
 during the Season for Islay, Oban, Fort-William, Inverness,
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 Ferry, Gairloch, Ullapool, Lochinver, Lochmaddy, Tarbert
 (Harris), and Stornoway, affording Tourists an opportunity
 of visiting the Magnificent Scenery of Glencoe, the Coolin Hills,
 Loch Coruisk, Loch Maree, and the famed Islands of Staffa and
 Iona.—Official Guide, 2d; Illustrated, 6d and 1s.—Time Bills,
 with Maps, free by post, on application to the Proprietor,
 DAVID MACBRAYNE, 119 Hope Street, Glasgow. (The
 Columba or Iona Sails Daily at 7 a.m., conveying Passengers
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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 Num-
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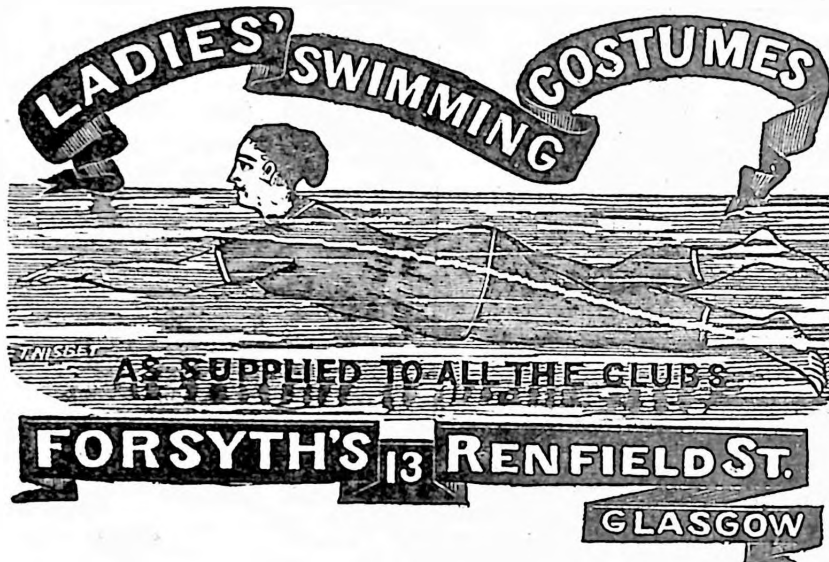
Sole Manufacturers—
 THE "ACME" MACHINE CO.,
 (Late BURT & MORISON),
 WRINGING MACHINE MANUFACTURERS,
 30 BAIN SQUARE (OFF GALLOWGATE).

ROYAL MUSIC HALL,

Under the New Management.
 PROPRIETOR,.....THOS. ROGERS.
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 OPEN EVERY EVENING WITH A STAR COMPANY.
 CHANGE OF ARTISTES EVERY WEEK.
 Open at 7. Concert, 7-30.
 Prices from 6d to One Guinea.

FORSYTH'S
DESIDERATUM
TROUSERS
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RENFIELD ST.,
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All Sizes
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BATHING
DRESSES
FOR
LADIES
AND
GENTLEMEN.



EVERY
DESCRIPTION
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BATHING
PANTS
FROM
6d a Pair.

GRAND HOTEL,
CHARING CROSS, GLASGOW.

"An important addition to the accommodation for strangers visiting the City."—*Glasgow Herald*.
"One of the Finest Hotels in the Three Kingdoms."—*Evening Citizen*.

THIS MAGNIFICENT HOTEL, containing over Two Hundred Apartments, offers unrivalled accommodation to visitors during their stay in Glasgow, whether for one day or for a lengthened period, and no effort will be spared to maintain the present reputation of this House as the First Hotel in Glasgow.

MODERATE TARIFF OF CHARGES. ATTENDANCE FIRST-CLASS. TELEPHONE.
PASSENGER ELEVATOR. FULL TELEGRAPHIC SERVICE SUPPLIED BY "CENTRAL NEWS."

EARLY DINNER of Soup, Fish, Joints, and Sweets or Cheese—Daily, from 1 till 4 p.m.,	3s
TABLE D'HOTE, at 6 o'clock (Sundays at 5),	5s
BEDROOMS (including attendance), from 2s 6d
Secretary and General Manager,	W. G. DAVIDSON.
Superintendent,	ALEXANDER CAMPBELL (from Maclean's Hotel.)

GLASS AND CHINA.

M'DOUGALL & SONS,

77 BUCHANAN STREET, AND AT 8 TO 16 JAIL SQUARE,
ESTABLISHED OVER FIFTY YEARS.

DEPOT FOR MINTON'S, WORCESTER, CROWN DERBY, DRESDEN PORCELAIN, AND DOULTON WARE.
Lowest Trade Terms. Cash Discount allowed.

Sole Glasgow Agents for DR. SALVIATI'S VENETIAN GLASS, a Choice Consignment of which is just to hand, comprising many Beautifully Decorated Examples of this Celebrated Make. INSPECTION INVITED.

BRIGHT OCTOBER

(E. Nichol, London.)

Fill me a can with sparkling ale!
Quaff deep the gen'rous liquo-!
But pledge each neighbour ere you drain
The nectar in the bicker!
And as you quaff the nut brown draught,
Just think of that good fellow
Who first found out that drink for gods—
COLD ALE so bright and mellow.

REALLY COLD ALE, WITHOUT THE ADDITION OF ICE.
"Bright and Mellow."

J. FRASER, 24 BRUNSWICK STREET.

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

CROWN PRINCE RUDOLPH
CARLOWITZ.

On his Visit to our Vaults (Feb. 18th. 1878), His Imperial Highness the CROWN PRINCE RUDOLPH OF AUSTRO-HUNGARY tasted this Wine, and pronounced it to be "exceedingly good."

15/ PER DOZEN QUARTS.

MAX GREGER & COMPANY (LIMITED),
WINE MERCHANTS TO THE QUEEN.

Chief Agents in Scotland—

ADAMS & HODGE,

63 ST. GEORGE'S PLACE
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THE NATIONAL TELEPHONE CO.
(LIMITED.)

(Uniting the Exchanges of the former BELL & EDISON COMPANIES and those of Messrs D. & G. GRAHAM.)

The ONLY Telephone Exchange now in Glasgow. Parties joining now can converse with every Subscriber to the Amalgamated Telephone Exchange.

List of Subscribers supplied free on application.

SPECIAL TERMS FOR PRIVATE TELEPHONE WIRES.

For particulars, &c., apply to

J. O. JEFFRIES, District Manager,
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D. & G. GRAHAM, SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER SMITH,
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N.B.—This Company controls and can supply ALL Telephones and the Most Modern Improvements of the same.

Satisfactory Working Guaranteed.

NEW GRASS BUTTER

Of the very Best Quality at
DONALDSON BROTHERS,
9 SHAMROCK STREET,

AND 28 ST. GEORGE'S ROAD, CHARING CROSS,

COAST AND COUNTRY ORDERS
will be promptly attended to.



AMERICAN PERFORATED 3-PLY VENEER SEATING,

For Fitting up Waiting, Billiard, and Smoking Rooms, Spirit Shops, Restaurants, &c.

SETTEES AND CHAIRS
In Great Variety.

EGLIN & GARDNER,
70 YORK STREET,
GLASGOW.

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.

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

The OLDEST Irish Whiskey in the Market.
The PUREST and most wholesome.
As a stimulant, PREFERRED to the finest brandy.
BOTTLED IN H. M. CUSTOMS STORES.



BANN WHISKEY.

ONE QUALITY ONLY for home trade and exportation—
THE BEST.

SOLD by Agents in every district (Wine Merchants and Grocers) in one dozen cases, each CONTAINING TWO IMPERIAL GALLONS.

JAMES WILSON & SON, BELFAST, Sole Proprietors.
Wholesale Agents for West and Centre of Scotland,
WHEELER & CO., 147 STOCKWELL ST., GLASGOW

THOMAS MOORE,
(Late MOORE & KIDD)

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

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RALSTON & SONS,
141 SAUCHIEHALL STREET 141

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

BRIDGE STREET STATION HOTEL
LUNCHEON ROOMS NOW OPEN.

ONE OF THE FINEST DINING ESTABLISHMENTS
IN THE CITY.

CHARGES MODERATE.

LIGHT CLARET FOR SUMMER USE,
12s, 14s, 16s, 18s, and 20s per Dozen.

The above have been carefully selected from the Vintages of 1874, 1875, and 1877, and are good sound genuine Wines. Those at 18s and 20s are Soft and of Good Bouquet.

JOHN FORBES,
261 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW;
AND 3 BUCKINGHAM BUILDINGS, HILLHEAD.

COCKBURN TURKISH BATHS,
135 BATH STREET, GLASGOW.

These FIRST-CLASS BATHS are NOW OPEN, and Fitted up in a Style of Comfort and Elegance Unsurpassed by anything of the kind in the City.

TURKISH, VAPOUR, SPRAY, DOUCHE, SITZ,
And PLUNGE BATHS,
Heating and Ventilation complete.

Open from 8 a.m. till 10 p.m.

CHARGE for TURKISH, 2s.

Plunge, 1s. 6d. Others in Proportion.

ONE DOZEN TURKISH, 20s.

JAMES MEWAN, RESTAURATEUR,
26 & 28 MAIN STREET, ANDERSTON.
BREAKFASTS, DINNERS, TEAS
French Papers Daily.

No Bargains this Week

AT THE

COLOSSEUM,

J A M A I C A S T R E E T.

The Goods we offer, as compared with what are ordinarily called Special Bargains, are
ABSOLUTE GIFTS.

This is no figure of speech, but a fact Ladies can demonstrate to their own satisfaction by calling on us any day This Month.

FRENCH MILLINERY BONNETS AND HATS CLEARING OUT AT NOMINAL RATES.

We make no reservation. The Whole of our Gigantic and Expensive STOCK of MILLINERY at Prices that will astonish.

SPANISH LACE HATS, in Black, Cream, and Tuscan, at 4s 11d to 21s each; the very Latest Shapes.

Black and Coloured LACE BONNETS, the New **FRUIT and FLORAL BONNETS** (New Stock).

THIS SEASON WE HAVE BEEN POSITIVELY AFRAID TO ADVERTISE OUR MILLINERY DEPARTMENT, as till now our Show Rooms have been daily overcrowded with Customers. The Season being now advanced, we are once more enabled to retain a few Hundred Hats to Show; during the month of May it was an impossibility. Glasgow has plainly shown that the COLOSSEUM has supplied a **LONG FELT WANT.**

NOW FOR THE HATS.

Ladies, we can show you this Week as many New, Fresh, and Fashionable Straw Hats as all the Shopkeepers in Glasgow have together. Words cannot describe the unparalleled and surprising value we This Week offer you. Mr WILSON bought from the Manufacturers **HUNDREDS of THOUSANDS of HIGH-CLASS STRAW HATS and BONNETS in EVERY SHAPE and COLOUR for LADIES, MISSES, and CHILDREN.**

Misses' "Cherry Ripe," "Granny," "Gipsy," "Millais," and "May Queen" Shapes in White, Black, and Brown Straws; Tons at 6d, 7½d, 9d, 10½d, 1s, to 4s 11d each. These are Half-Glasgow Prices to-day.

Ladies' Coast and Garden Hats, immense stock, at 4d, 6d, 9d, 1s, 1s 3d, 1s 6d, and 1s 9d. These are all the newest styles. Also, very special line of Twenty-three Hundred Hats, the New Foreign Pedal and Porcupine; the regular prices everywhere are from 3s 9d to 5s 9d; in two lots, Black, White, and Brown, 1s 11d and 2s 11d each. Ladies who want a High-class Straw should see these.

The New Fancy Mongolian Hats for Ladies; Colosseum price 5d each.

Fancy Tuscan and Tuscan Lace Hats; also the New Black Lace Straws at very low prices.

NEW FANCIES! NEW COMBINATIONS! EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS!

White, Black, and Brown Whole-Straw, Tooth, Spike, Porcupine, and every kind of New Rough Hat or Bonnet at Wholesale Prices.

Princess and the Peri Bonnet, in every Material, at 9d, 1s, 1s 3d, 1s 6d, 2s, to 15s each.

BLACK CHIPS. WHITE CHIPS. MOST EXTRAORDINARY VALUE.

BLACK MOHAIR PRINCESS BONNETS, &c.

In fact, if you want any kind of Hat or Bonnet, no matter what shape or at what price, it must be rare indeed if you do not find it in the enormous New Stock at the Colosseum. We have Hats in Pink, Blue, Green, Yellow, Scarlet, Hats Small and Large, Short and Tall, Round and Square; also, Half-and-Half.

A WORD ABOUT BONNET AND HAT SHAPES.

Several Second-Rate Millinery Houses advertise Shapes at Fourpence—OUR PRICE. For curiosity we bought a few of *their best*; compared to *our best* these were *not worth a penny*. What we sell at Fourpence is the very best Shapes sold in Europe; the largest and most intricate stylish Shapes, the regular every-day price of which is from Sixpence to Two Shillings; and many of our Best French Patterns could not be bought in Scotland even at Two Shillings. If you want a Best French Buckram or Paris Net Shape in Black, White, or Ecu, we have Thousands upon Thousands in the most recent Shapes at Fourpence. **SEE AND BELIEVE.**

HAT AND BONNET ORNAMENTS.

All the New Patterns and Combinations in Steel Gold, Old Gold, Jet, Silver, and Bronze—Grecian, Egyptian, French, and American. Great Grosses at 1d, 2d, 3d, 6d, 9d, 1s, 2s. Riveted Jets, magnificent, 9d to 10s each.

FIVE HUNDRED CARTOONS FRENCH AND ENGLISH FLOWERS. MOST SURPRISINGLY CHEAP.

BEAUTIFUL SINGLE ROSES, the most Delicate and Fashionable Shades, **ONE PENNY HALFPENNY EACH.**

Wreaths, Sprays, and Trails, in Daisies, Buttercups, and all kinds of Leaves, 2½d to 2s each.

High-Class French Mountings, the most Valuable Stock in Scotland. **FERNS, GRASSES, FRUITS, SMALLWORKS.**

FEATHERS! FEATHERS!! FEATHERS!!!

Thousands of Newly-delivered Real Ostrich Feathers, in Cream and Tuscan, for 9d, 1s, and 1s 6d. Very Special Lines, at 1s 11d, 2s 6d 2s 11d, to 15s. Also, a very Special Line of Shaded Ostrich Feathers, magnificent goods, worth from 25s to 60s, these are now offered at 12s to 30s each.

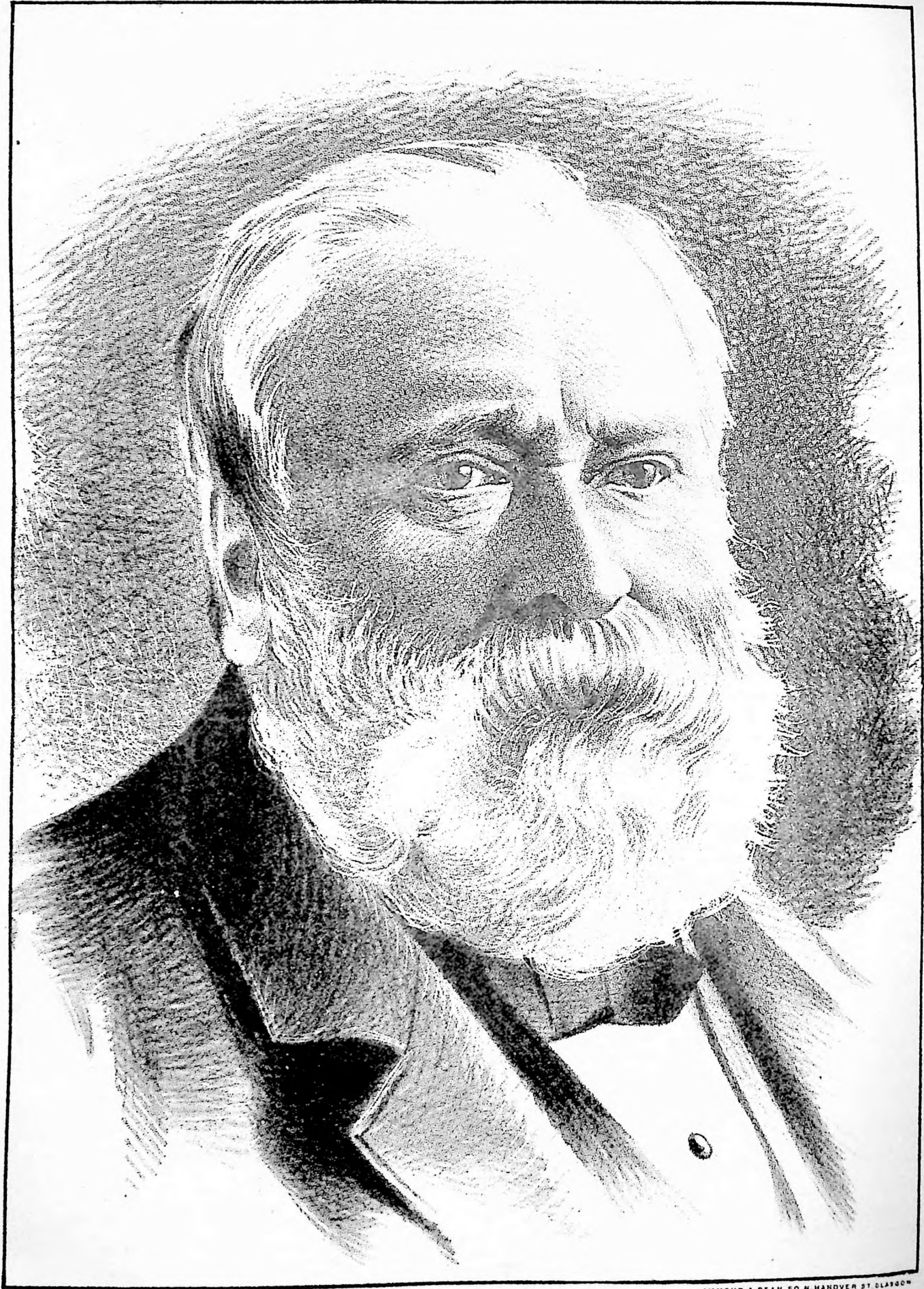
Ladies, *do not* lose this opportunity—**AIGRETTES, POW-POWS, FANCY WINGS, and HACKLES**, at Giving-Away Prices.

HUNDREDS OF BOXES OF BLACK AND COLOURED MILLINERY TIPS. UNPARALLELED PRICES.
RIBBON DEPARTMENT.

The best Value in **OMBERE RIBBONS** in the City—Beautiful Shades, very wide, 7½d; usually sold at 1s 6d; also at 6½d, 4½d, and 2½d; this is not half price—See and compare this fearfully cheap line.

TARTAN RIBBONS—ALL CLANS—Less than Half Regular Prices, 2½d, 4½d, 6½d, 9d, 10½d, and 1s 6d.





The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 455. Glasgow, Wednesday, July 6th, 1881. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 455.

ONE of the best known and best liked of the present generation of Glasgow citizens is Mr R. D. DOUGLAS, Procurator-Fiscal for the Justices of the Peace for the Lower Ward of the County. A gaucy, well-built man, with large and even massive features, his is a figure which, once seen, is not likely to be forgotten in a hurry. And if the outward seeming of Mr DOUGLAS be kenspeckle in its character, his mental traits are not less marked. An able lawyer, familiar with both the civil and the criminal divisions of the profession, and possessed of a keen and forcible intellect, the labours peculiar to his important office he performs with conspicuous tact and ability. And the professional is only one of the sides to the personality of our friend. In private life, or rather among his own intimates, he is the most interesting of men. His fund of humour is of the largest, and he is specially gifted with the dramatic faculty. The traits and stories of the Glasgow lawyers of thirty years ago, which he delights to recount, form a fund of unflinching amusement to those who are privileged to listen to them. When indulging, moreover, in those reminiscences of his earlier days in this city, the Man you Know employs a rich and characteristic Doric such as few of his contemporaries can command. Mr DOUGLAS was born in Edinburgh, attended the Edinburgh Academy, and after undergoing the usual University curriculum, was apprenticed to a Writer to the Signet. On the completion of his "time" he accepted the respectable if not very onerous situation of a law clerk. Coming "through" to this city in 1843, the Man you Know joined the late Mr Alexander Strathern, who subsequently became Sheriff Strathern, in the profession of the law,

VOL. XVIII,

thus forming the well-known firm of Strathern & Douglas. This arrangement continued in force for eleven years, and shortly after it had come to a close our friend was appointed J. P. Fiscal, the post which he still occupies. In addition to this office, Mr DOUGLAS is Procurator-Fiscal for Hillhead. He is, moreover, a Director of the Glasgow Industrial Schools, he is a Director and Honorary Secretary of the "Cumberland" training ship, and he occupies a like double relation towards the Sailors' Home. Mr DOUGLAS was an original member and served for a number of years as Quartermaster in the Queen's Own Glasgow Yeomanry, and was afterwards for several years a Captain in the Fifth Battalion of the Glasgow Rifle Volunteers. It is, of course, in connection with his duties in the Justice of Peace Court that Mr DOUGLAS comes most prominently before the public. For his discharge of these he has won golden opinions from all sorts of people. While he invariably acts with commendable firmness, he is not one of those who deem that every case should result in a conviction. He spends no time in fretting over an acquittal, and when a verdict is returned in accordance with his reading of the law, his demeanour is marked by none of that undue and misbecoming elation in which a public prosecutor is sometimes too apt to indulge. By reason of his office of Fiscal, Mr DOUGLAS conducts the Board of Trade inquiries which are held in Glasgow, and the skill he displays in this department of his office has made him well-known in marine circles, elsewhere as well as here. A bachelor, and likely to remain a bachelor, the Man you Know has none of the crustiness said traditionally to cling to the members of this persuasion. His liking for children is manifested in the almost fatherly interest he takes in the Cumberland Boys, and in the inmates of our Industrial Schools generally. But it is not only

Industrial School children who command Mr DOUGLAS'S regard. Dogs and cats, and indeed almost every separate species of animal, especially if it be of the domestic order, find in him a kind and attentive friend. His manners have at times something of the old-fashioned dignity which belongs to one of his years and position, but if the Fiscal can be dignified he can also be affable, and affable, besides, to those whom the world is too much inclined to treat in a somewhat cavalier fashion. The BAILIE began his notice of Mr DOUGLAS with the remark that he was one of the best-liked among the members of our elder generation, ample reason why he should be so has been given in the body of the article.

H'ENCHANTING.

John (to find who is not the reputed master of the house when his better-half is at home)—They tell me, Wullie, that ye've an awfu' wheen o' poultry at yer place, oot bye.

Wullie—Aye, that I hiv, a heap o' the brawest birds ye ever saw—aboot a hunner a'-the-gither.

John—Man, man, d'ye tell me that. It's nae wunner, then, that ye're henpeckit.

DIABLE!—We have it on the authority of ex-Bailie Young that bowling is "one of the most gentle" of pastimes; and yet at the Motherwell "tournament" there turns up a Wishaw player bearing the alarming appellation of "Robert le Diabie!" Possibly this diabolically-named personage is merely desirous of winning renown as "the Demon Bowler"—à la Mr Frederick Archer—but he really ought to have some consideration for the susceptibilities of nervous folk.

QUEER "FUN."—The BAILIE has occasionally been somewhat at a loss to understand the wild enthusiasm with which yacht-racing inspires a certain portion of the community; but he now learns from a distinguished local authority that "the fun of match-sailing is that everybody is blamed for harassing every other body." That's it, is it?

"Twixt Axe and Crown."—Captain Barrow with his golden gift from King Mensa to the Queen.

"A Brown Study"—West-end windows at present.

What Britannia said to the King of Ashantee—*"Down with your dust."*

A Case of "Gold"—The railway murder.

MITCHELL'S OLD IRISH WHISKY.

A Holiday Query.

"Young bloods look for a time of rest."—*Fulius Caesar.*

THIS is the first week of July—

Time is agoing it rare!—

In what strange bed, next week, sir, will you lie?—

"Whaur are ye gaun at the Fair?"

June has been cold, blæk and rainy,

July may a sweeter smile wear;

If bright days there should chance to be any—

"Whaur are ye gaun at the Fair?"

Balmy the breeze is past Gourcock,

Fresher the scent of the air;

How gently the billows there you rock -

"Whaur are ye gaun at the Fair?"

Round about shores as a moth, say,

Flits round a candle's bright glare?

Kirn, Dunoon, and Innellan, and Rothesay—

"Whaur are ye gaun at the Fair?"

When the sun shines on the Cumbraes,

Pleasant it is to be there;

Very likely you'll weather near some braes—

"Whaur are ye gaun at the Fair?"

Crossing, perchance, o'er to Brodick—

What bay with its bay can compare?—

To walk in your best there methodic—

"Whaur are ye gaun at the Fair?"

Or to the south end of Arran?—

What though your coat has a tear?

The people of pride there are barren—

"Whaur are ye gaun at the Fair?"

Bright be your holiday trip, then,

Would I could with it you share!

'Twould give to this weak hand strong grip, then—

"Whaur are ye gaun at the Fair?"

Prison's a thing to unnerve folks;

Freedom's my day and night prayer;

A slave at the counter to serve folks—

That's where I'm found at the Fair.

EDITORESE.—This from a leader in a local contemporary:—"The members of the local School Boards are the ratepayers' managers and no one must be in a position to dictate to them who (*sic*) they shall employ." Some editors "who" we know ought to be more careful.

A REIGN OF TERROR.—For the month of June the rainfall in Greenock was over 5½ inches, there being 10 dry days and 20 wet ones. A certain "Weather Prophet" must have had Greenock in his prophetic vision when announcing his pluvial vaticinations for last month.

"PLEASURES OF HOPE."—So Saturday is to be a "Fair" Saturday in Greenock. With so many wet ones lately the change ought to be pleurably anticipated.

DICTATION "BILL."—Is all other business of the country to be at a standstill until Mr Gladstone has his own way with the Land Laws?

50 VISITING CARDS (Finest Ivory) while you wait, 1s 6d.—GILLESPIE BROTHERS, 8 Buchanan Street.

The Poetry of the Bench.

EX-BAILIE YOUNG is seldom guilty of "dropping into poetry," but he unquestionably did so "drop" last week at the conclusion of the "Bridgeton Tournament." "The sun," quoth his ex-worship, "had smiled on them by day, and at night it had shed tears of sadness over the mighty fallen." This is an outburst worthy of Ossian—nay, of Martin Farquhar Tupper himself—and it was unkind of the audience to receive it with "laughter." Perhaps this ungenerous derision was due to the inability of their dull and commonplace minds to grasp so bold a conception as that of old Sol indulging in nightly "weeps."

HOW TASTES DIFFER.

(Scene—Public-house bar; enter young man for gill of whisky; present old toper.)

Young Man (explaining)—You see, I'm bothered wi' toothache, and I can't sleep at night unless I know there's some whisky in the hoose.

Old Topper—Man, that's the very time I don't want to sleep.

AS WELL TO KNOW.—Describing the visit of an Indian celebrity to Manchester last week, Granny tells us that the gentleman in question is the Suddurul Mohum Mal of the Nizam of Hyderabad. It may be of further interest to learn that the S.M.M. rejoices in the classic patronymic of Nawab Mukaram Ud Dowlah Bahadur. These be "proper" substantives and no mistake. The old lady's linguistic attainments are not, it will be seen, altogether confined to the "Tuscan" tongue or inscriptions on "Samian" ware.

LEX TALIONIS.—"Servants' Registry for Sale." So runs a surprising advertisement in the *Herald*. Why, the BAILIE always imagined it was the servants, not the registries, that were "sold." The "whirligig of Time" seems, however, to be once more on the spin—literally, not metaphorically.

Barber-ous—A "crop" that can be reaped in any weather all the year round—one's "crop" of hair.

Police "Intelligence"—Letting Lefroy escape.

"Sal" Volatile—The great Sarah B.

A "Striking" Performance—"Flint and steel."

Splendid Stewing Prunes, 4d per lb., at the City Fruit Warehouse, 18 Gordon Street.—M. CAMPBELL.

On 'Change.

GENESIS ii. 11, 12, are referred to for information concerning a new gold company. I have turned up the passage and find the information not complete. To understand the context, it is necessary to go back to the 10th verse. Then the whole passage reads as follows:—"And a river went out of Eden to water the garden; and from thence it was parted, and became into four heads. The name of the first is Pison: that is it which compasseth the whole land of Havilah, where there is gold; and the gold of that land is good." There is more about bdellium and the onyx stone, but that is not to the purpose. It is quite enough—to get gold, or have it mentioned in Genesis. Bdellium and the onyx stone may go their ways and shift for themselves.

On the strength of this emphatic declaration a company has been formed with a capital of £200,000, in the usual £1 shares. The promoters will of course have taken proper care that the titles and contracts are all right. Contracts will have been entered into with Moses, Colenso, Robertson Smith, Hobart Pasha, and other eminent authorities. There will thus be no doubt as to the district of Havilah. Vulgar commentators have asserted that Havilah lay in a delightful region now overflowed by the Persian Gulf. Never mind the vulgar commentators. They are only scholars after all. Have we not the testimony of Genesis ii. 11, 12, to prop up the company and lead it to fortune? What more does a fellow want?

I am interested to learn that the promoters of the company refer to a special edition of the Bible which contains a map of the district in question. This of itself must decide waverers. The correct card on the Derby Day is as nothing compared with the authority of the Pentateuch for investing in a Gold Mine Co., Limited.

The little game seems to be fairly up for the present in Great North of Scotland. Every now and again a great fuss is made about some alteration which is going to open up a glorious future for that maltreated line. Liverpool speculators and others take the stock up and sell it. Then the proposed improvement comes to nought, as it did last week, and the simple folk who bought on the faith of a substantial rise are left lamenting.

Mr James Morton, the dairyman, had always a weakness for live stock. I wonder how the Leicester rams turned out that he sent to New Zealand twenty years ago. The question turns up now through the offer made by the liquidators of the City of Glasgow Bank. These astute gentlemen wish to realise the New Zealand Land Company securities, and the Leicester rams become really important factors in the transaction. If the sheep have been improved by the introduction of Leicester blood, there ought to be some money in the concern at the tender rates.

The Indian Gold Mines Co. of Glasgow, not being vouched for by Moses or the Pentateuch, has performed the remarkable exploit of tumbling from 65 to 45. After all, 45 is not a bad price for the people who paid only 10. It seems to be a question of how many ounces of gold can be squeezed out of a ton of quartz. On this point doctors differ, as usual, and it would seem that the first reports seem to have been a little misleading.

Those who invest in gold mines in Venezuela ought to have their heads shaved. The financial antecedents of that remarkable State are not such as to impart confidence to investors. Rights are said to be conceded, and guarantees are obtained, but of what use are rights and guarantees in the absence of settled government?

The listless state of the iron market was shown by a remark I happened to overhear one day last week. A member of the Ring was at my side, reading the telegrams, when one of the tallest of the fraternity came up and, linking arms in the manner so dear to the iron-dealing heart, walked his friend down the room, saying dismally—

"For heav'n's sake let us sit upon the ground,

And tell sad stories of the death of kings."

That humorist had read Leigh Hunt with appreciation, and he unconsciously formulated an appropriate motto for a bear's circular.

SCRUTATOR.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—Mr Knapp announces—beginning this evening—six nights of Miss Linda Dietz and a romantic drama entitled “A Wild Love.” The troupe by whom Miss Dietz is accompanied includes various competent actors, one of whom is Mr John Vollaire, and another Mr Joseph Carne—the former appeared in “The Great City” of poor Andrew Halliday when it was first produced in Glasgow, and the other was the hero of “The Crisis,” as played at the Gaiety some twelve months ago. Messrs F. H. Herbert and W. H. Brougham are also in the cast.

“The Man of the World,” a comedy which, in Glasgow or elsewhere, is only performed once in a while, will be produced at the Royalty this day week, with Mr Henry Murray in the role of *Sir Pertinax Macsycophant*. Some fourteen years ago, or thereby, Mr Phelps appeared as *Sir Pertinax* in the old Theatre Royal, Dunlop Street, and since then the character has been essayed on our local stage, oftener than once, by Mr Henry Talbot. The piece, however, is practically unknown to the present generation of play-goers—your usual play-going generation has no more than a ten years’ existence—and we may therefore expect to find large audiences attracted by it to Mr Knapp’s house. Mr Murray, I may remind your readers, my Magistrate, is the son of Mr W. H. Murray, the famous Edinburgh manager of thirty years ago.

Mr Beryl, rightly judging that his friends on the South Side find that changes are lightsome, is following up his three weeks of tragic melodrama at the Princess’s Theatre with a fortnight of humorous burlesque. Messrs Stimson and Dacroy appear this evening and during the week in “Flint and Steel,” and “Whittington and his Cat,” two pieces which may be depended on for keeping the audiences in a constant ripple of laughter.

Mr Walter Speakman, the *Lazare* of “Proof” when it was performed last week at the Princesses Theatre, may be recollected as the original *Fitz-James* of Mr William Glover’s “Lady of the Lake.” At that time, now some ten years by-gone, Mr Speakman, if I remember aright, wore the *nom-de-theatre* of Walter Tennyson.

I must prepare the “girls” and the “boys”—especially the boys—to be “thrilled” and “killed” on the 18th and 19th prox. On those dates the “divine Sara” appears at the Gaiety. I predict “pr-r-o-digious” houses, and that there will be nothing “thin” on either occasion save the divine one herself.

The season at the London Court Theatre closed on Saturday night somewhat abruptly, owing, it is said, to the indisposition of Miss Litton. Saturday evening’s programme included “The Country Girl,” with Miss Litton as *Peggy*, and “The Bachelor of Arts,” in which Mr Kyrle Bellew sustained the leading part.

I say, old man, do any of your friends know Mr Alexander Jeans, writer, Glasgow, Home Ruler and Secretary of the Glasgow Land League, and would-be candidate for the Elgin Burghs? He is a tall, sharp-featured, fresh-complexioned man, with a recognisable suggestion about him of not being over robust in body or mind—age about 35. For some years he was a clerk with a local legal firm, but he recently joined the well-filled ranks of half-starving junior lawyers and got land reform on the brain. I am much more likely to see him wearing a clean-starched, well-ironed and piped sow-back mutch than he is to find himself a member of St. Stephens.

At the forthcoming interesting steam yacht race at Douglas, Isle of Man, the Clyde is likely to be worthily represented. Mr T. B. Seath has entered, and his fine new yacht the *Oaks*, which has already made some fast runs on the river, will, it is hoped, take a good position, if not indeed first place.

Friend Charles Groves—beforetime of the Glasgow “boards”—has returned to this country after a lengthened tour in America, and, as I learn from the *Era*, is at present “disengaged.”

A meeting of creditors in the Faculty Hall to elect a trustee on a sequestrated estate is usually a very tame affair indeed, but ex-Councillor Martin threw animation into the one which was held on Friday last, and found an admirable second in a fossil antiquarian bookseller from Edinburgh, who has an old and well-established reputation as a disturber of the peace of many meetings. Of course, the twain made speeches to their heart’s content, interrupted every one else, and imputed unholy motives to persons absent as well as present of both sexes. Where was Mr Martin’s eagle eye when his new-found friend, Stevenson, suggested that an Edinburgh accountant should be appointed to investigate certain “fishy” transactions? Are the professional men of Glasgow not as honest and able as those of Modern Athens? It is an open secret that the misguided bankrupt has been admitted on bail for £200, and is now far beyond the reach of his screeching creditors.

Advise your friends, my magistrate, to get the neat little brochure just issued by Mr Thomas Gray—of Time Table celebrity—and entitled “A Week at Oban, what to see and how to see it.” It is one of the most delightful hand-books imaginable—is it not written by “Johnny” Stewart?—and may be read with advantage whether you journey Oban-wards or remain contentedly at home.

I chanced to be on Princes Pier on Saturday afternoon, when the “Kintyre” arrived from Campbelltown with the disbanded regiment of the Argyle and Bute Artillery Militia. The Falstaffian contingent would have been a model brigade in comparison. What an out-at-the-elbows crew they were, to be sure, and what quantities of strong waters they had imbibed!

On Saturday a large number of the Birmingham Natural History and Microscopical Society proceeded by the Royal Route to Oban on a marine excursion. They left Birmingham in a special Pullman car on the 1st, and their tour will extend till the 12th, during which time they will be engaged in dredging excursions by steamer and land excursions in the district. The party on board the “Columba” numbered over thirty gentlemen, among them being Mr Edmund Tonks, B.C.L., Mr W. R. Hughes, F.L.S., Professor Budge, M.A., F.L.S., F.Z.S., Dr Thomas Wright, F.R.S., &c.

Another instance of the success of Scotsmen in London has been supplied by Mr D. C. Leck, M.A., LL.B., who left Messrs Keyden, Strang, & Gordon’s office in April to study for the English bar, and has passed his entrance examination at the Middle Temple and gained a prize of £100. Mr Leck is a son of the late Rev. Mr Leck of Kilmalcolm.

We—that is, the citizens generally—will lack the light of Bailie Wilson’s gaucy countenance for a time. W. W. has gone to—Venice. *Per contra*, “W.R.W.” has come back to us. How he beamed all over the Exchange to-day, to be sure! Why, even when the sun was hidden by clouds the old room was so brilliant that Mr Beatson actually winked again.

Our friends of the Master Bakers’ Friendly Society went down by rail on Thursday to Peebles, whence they drove to “The Glen,” the country house of Mr Chas. Tennant, M.P. Coming back in the afternoon to the ancient and famous burgh—where everything, by-the-bye, *wasn’t*, on Thursday, at least, “as quiet as the grave”—they dined together in the Cross Keys Hotel, under the chairmanship of Mr Donald Munro.

The Ardrossan School Board have had to pay for their legal whistle and that pretty sweetly. I find from the abstract of income and expenditure for the past year that their law expenses, including compensation to Dominic Marshall, tot up to £1,350. This is considerably in excess either of the entire rate collected, or the joint proceeds from Government grants and school fees. What a rumpus there is bound to be thereabouts by next election time.

I was one of a jocund company—the members of the Western Burns Club to wit—who journeyed to Dumfries on Thursday last. Unfortunately, the skiey influences were of the least propitious, but in their despite we succeeded in making merry in a way and to a degree that must have put the clerk of the weather fairly to the blush. All the Burns haunts in and around the ancient burgh—Lincluden Abbey, Ellisland, and Friar's Carse being of the number—were visited by the party, a capital dinner was partaken of in the Commercial Hotel, two or three pleasant hours were subsequently spent under the genial auspices of Mr Gilmour, the chairman for the day, and, leaving the "Queen of the South" at the reasonable hour of eight P.M., we reached the city on our return just as St. Enoch Square clock was on the "chap of eleven." I should not omit to mention that the "Itinerary for the Day," which was the work of one hight "Pacoma," was quite a bit of literature—being altogether worthy, indeed, not only of the Club, but even of the great name which has been adopted as its designation.

The summer cruise of the Canoe Club has been fixed to open on Friday week, the 15th inst. Eleven A.M. is the hour at which the little fleet is to start from Roseneath.

The directors of the company who own the "Lord of the Isles," together with many of their friends, "did" the Loch Fyne excursion on the Tuesday of last week on board their fine steamer. What with the pleasant company, the fine weather, the splendid scenery, the commodious and comfortable boat, not to speak of the capital dinner supplied by Mr Newlands—who was sub. under, and has succeeded poor David Sutherland in the direction of the department which concerns itself with eatables and drinkables—the day was spent in the most enjoyable manner in the world.

The portrait of ex-Lord Provost Collins, painted by Robert Herdman, R.S.A., to the order of the Municipality, is to be unveiled in the Corporation Halls to-morrow (Tuesday) afternoon.

SUPPLY AND DEMAND.
(Shoemaker's shop.)

Visitor Friend (to old poetical cobbler)—Weel, John, does the muse ever veesit ye now?
John (sadly and sarcastically)—Na, faith, she has owre mony scribblers tae attend tae now-a-days. It takes her a' her time tae get round the *Weekly Mail* fry.

"SAFT A WEE!"—The BAILIE notes an advertisement of a "confectioner's shop (soft drinking) for sale." His Worship is not quite sure that he has caught the advertiser's exact meaning; but it is, at all events, satisfactory to learn that the confectioner, or his establishment, is a "soft-drinking" and not a "hard-drinking" one.

MOUNTAINS AND CRAIGS!—In proof of his assertion that every Radical is prepared to betray his country, a ferocious Tory of the BAILIE'S acquaintance points out that one of the Elgin candidates is unblushingly himself a *craig-seller*!

THIS IS A SORRY SIGHT—*Macbeth*.—The site in ruins for the New Municipal Buildings.

A Go-a-head Fellow—F. Archer.

Sellar on Burns.

IF the shade of Burns be capable of taking an interest in mundane affairs, the bard must be deeply and humbly grateful to Mr Craig Sellar, one of the motely lot at present running, in sporting phrase, for the Elgin Burghs Stakes. Said the distinguished candidate last Friday, "In one word, we (*i.e.* Mr C. S. and his friends) hold the Liberalism of Robert Burns—and we could not find a better Liberal than Burns." This is no doubt, as has been suggested, a very high compliment; but, with all respect to Mr Craig Sellar, anything more like a modern "Liberal" than our great Radical-Tory—or Tory-Radical—it would be difficult to find.

A BAD SIGN.

(Scene—Street Corner; Smith and Brown in conversation; Jones, whose proboscis is of a very decided hue, passes.)

Smith—I say! Jones must be very fond of his cups.

Brown—Oh no. I'm told he's a model of temperance.

Smith—Then I should advise him to bring an action of damages against his nose for slander.

BUT THIS APPEARS, WE MUST CONFESS, NOT FROM THE PULPIT, BUT THE PRESS—*Byron*.—Not only are Church services now shorter, but there is a talk of dispensing wholly with the afternoon diet. We have heard nothing, however, of the clergymen's stipends being also lessened.

"PURVEY" THE WISE IT CALL!—An advertisement in the *Citizen* informs us that "picnic and excursion parties to anywhere on the Gareloch can be purveyed at Glasgow prices by J—G—." The BAILIE has often heard of picnic and excursion parties being "sold," by meteorological and other influences, but never before of their being, like unto tea and cookies, "purveyed."

THE "CENTRE" OF CIVILISATION.—In a painfully learned review Granny talks of "centres (*sic*) and deserts idle." The poor old lady is probably under the impression that she is quoting "Othello!"

"The Wonderful Scamp"—The soi-disant Viscount George de Fontenoy.

What perhaps the New Municipal Buildings might do without this time—Barry-ing powers.

The Star-board—An astronomical society.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the "daft" days are once more upon us.

That the rush to the coast will be of the usual character.

That the accommodation for the rushers will be limited.

That all the same the charges will be unlimited.

That the coast folks have a short summer.

That they usually contrive to make hay while the sun shines.

That the Dean of Guild Court had a busy time of it last week.

That plans were passed for the erection of a couple of billiard rooms in the West-end.

That the one was for an eminent shipbuilder and the other was for an eminent iron master.

That the age of gold is on us at last.

That wherever you turn, gold mines and mining enterprises meet your eye.

That the Corporation of Glasgow are about to be burdened with another gift.

That this is the Kibble Palace statuary.

That it is to be placed in the corridors of the Corporation Galleries.

That several large fans of the new Japanese style will be required for certain of the figures.

That we may soon see a placard in Sauchiehall Street—"Corporation Galleries—free coup, rubbish shot here."

That the "pickers up of unconsidered trifles" will be busy during the long vacation.

That "safe bind, safe find" is a proverb applicable to the thrifty mind.

That heads of families ought "to look to their houses" before departing for the coast.

That the trials of policemen have been uneventful this week.

That the only case worthy of note is that where a bobbie charged a Dundee tourist with standing "every night" at the corner of Stockwell.

That Stipendiary Gemmel properly and promptly dismissed the case.

That "still we are not happy."

That the Govan Parochial Board officials are to have their wages raised.

That the raising of wages is now euphemistically termed a "re-adjustment of salaries."

That the Govan assessment was increased at the previous meeting.

That it is evident into whose pockets some of the increase is to be diverted.

That the Government claim of £45,000 upon the City of Glasgow for prison accommodation has taken the citizens by surprise.

That the "dainty bit plan" regarding the rate collectorship has been knocked on the head.

That Bailie Osborne considered it was hardly "the cheese."

That Hughie is "so wild" that he was induced to withdraw his motion.

That another little "move" will require to be tried.

That jobs can't be found for both the claimants.

That the real Sir Roger ought to get the situation.

The Pleasures of Hope!

AMONG the regulations of the Powderhall Grounds, Edinburgh, is one prohibiting the sale of "intoxicating drinks," to which the irrepressible Cooncillor Hope desired to add another forbidding the smoking of tobacco—why not, by the way, of "poisonous weeds?" Mr Hope had only one supporter, but his name bids him not despair of ultimately carrying his point, and, perhaps—who knows?—of adding further rules making it penal to smile in the grounds, to move at a pace exceeding three miles an hour, to look at any person of the opposite sex, or to wear garments of aught but a "subfusk" hue.

ROMANTIC—VERY.

(Tom and Bill meet on road near Bothwell.)

Tom—Hullo, Bill, where are you bound for?

Bill—The Roman Bridge, to sketch.

Tom—Oh, I see! roamin' in search of the romantic.

Bill—No need for that, my dear boy! I always carry my Roman-tic(k) with me. Ha! ha!

ORIENTAL "ART."—It is understood that the forthcoming "exhibition of oriental art" will include contributions from our American Consul and Mr James Martin. The former will contribute his reminiscences of the Heathen Chinee, and the latter will supply specimens of the wiles of a would-be East-end Cooncillor.

RADICALISM AND LAWLESSNESS.—Barley in Mid-Lothian has, it seems, begun to "shoot." So much for being represented by a Radical Prime Minister. In well-regulated and orderly counties the barley would doubtless have restrained its sporting proclivities till the legal date, the 12th of August.

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.

The Last Straw.

PROMOTERS recommending their investments to the gullible public have often had recourse to flowery and poetic language; but perhaps the most ingenious and briefest puff ever concocted by the accomplished and veracious brotherhood is the statement in a gold mine prospectus which has been published in the local prints that "a descriptive account of the gold in this district will be found in the 2nd chapter of Genesis. A map, showing the district, has been issued with a new edition of the Bible." There, my noble army of investors, is "confirmation strong as Holy Writ" for your money; and only fancy the idea of your becoming part possessors of the original garden of Eden. Gee-roo-sa-lem!

The Day Industrial School.

"They say":—

THAT, thanks to the *Herald*, the Day Industrial School has once again come to the front.

That the quarrel thereanent 'twixt Sheriff Spens and Mr Mitchell, its chairman, is a very pretty one as it stands.

That the Sheriff only re-echoed the opinions of the BAILIE as laid down when the hybrid school was launched.

That therefore the Sheriff was right and the Chairman wrong.

That Mr Mitchell has too many educational irons in the fire.

SUCH IS FAME.

(Scene—Top of tramway car; Passenger reads to a friend the "Modern Æsop" from last week's BAILIE.)

Passenger—Man, is that no guid?

Friend—Oh aye, no bad; but I've seen the book itsel'—Epsom's Fables, ye ken.

HORROR OF HORROR.—Some of the newspapers are not satisfied with merely serving up to us the horror of the murder of Mr Gold, but they must also throw in, to give us the worth of our money, the murder of Mr Briggs. No, we cannot have too much of it.

The New "Screw" Movement—The telegraph clerks' agitation for a rise of salary.

A "Black an' White Exhibition"—The Princess of Thule.

Gentlemen who get the Baby to hold—Remedy, 20s Perambulator.—GARDINER & HARDIE, 42 Great Clyde Street.

Legal Wut.

IT is well-known what a small crumb of humour from the bench is able to send the court into fits of laughter. Last week in a Small Debt action regarding the killing of a cat, a witness stated that the defender drew the harmless, necessary animal up and down a mill lade, calling out "Hallelujah." Sheriff Mair, before whom the case was tried, immediately saw an opening for one of his keen and searching flashes of wit, and asked the witness if the cat's name were "Hallelujah?" The sally was naturally received with "shouts of laughter" by the assembled court, at least so those brief chroniclers of the time, the gentlemen of the press, have carefully informed us.

A FAVOURED PEOPLE.

(Scene—Farm near East Kilbride; Picnic party parleying with old farmer for the use of his field.)

Old Farmer (angrily)—No, a'l no aloo a Glesco person to set a fit in a fiel' o' mine.

Spokesman P.N.P.—But we don't come from Glasgow; we are from Strathbungo.

Old Farmer (his countenance brightening)—Oh, man, that's quite different; jist tak' it.

"Water, Water Everywhere!"

THE inmates of Barnhill Poorhouse seem to be as "very fond of water" as Lord Neaves ironically professed himself to be. They daily get through 44 gallons of that innocent fluid per head. Now, the BAILIE is the last person in the world to discourage a liberal use of water—whether in toddy or otherwise—but, considering that the general Glasgow consumption, including the water used in manufactures, public baths, &c., is but 50 gallons per head, it does look as if the matter called for some inquiry.

"HEAVY TO GET, AND LIGHT TO HOLD."—Presiding at last week's truly "extraordinary" meeting of the Indian Gold Mines Company, Sir William Cunninghame remarked that "gold was a very uncertain commodity." Whereupon the dolorous—not dollar-ous—comment of Asinus is, "Painfully uncertain!"

POULTRY.—There are no fowls like auld fowls as Bauldy said when plying a knife and fork upon the cock of the walk.

On the Track—Cōmet * * * go it.

"Spiritual Independence"—Pot-valour.

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(BOYS' and GIRLS'),
For Coast and Country.

ALL SIZES.

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(Thompson's), for Biliousness, Indigestion, Inaction of the Liver, Constipation, Heartburn, Acid Risings, Flatulence, Sickness, Headache, Giddiness, and all Stomach and Liver Derangements. Bottles, 1s, 1s 6d, and 2s 6d; by Post, 1d extra, from M. F. THOMPSON, Homœopathic Chemist, 17 GORDON STREET, Glasgow. Beware of Imitations.

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FOR SALE AT GREATLY REDUCED RATES.

2d CIGARS, 8 for 1s; Post Free, 1s 2d.

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THIS Wine is acknowledged by Connoisseurs to be Equal to any Champagne in the Market. Quotations, in Magnums, Quarts, and Pints, from
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EXTRAORDINARY OFFERINGS at the COLOSSEUM,
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Next Door to Staffordshire China Hall.

LADIES, see our New Show Windows at No. 64
(Opposite HOWARD ST.)

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WHOLESALE PRICES.

NEW WAY TO SELL STATIONERY.

ACCOUNT BOOKS 1s per Pound, SHOP BOOKS, 10½d per Pound, POCKET NOTE BOOKS 2s per Pound, COPY BOOKS 8d per Pound, MSS. MUSIC BOOK 1s per Pound, PASS BOOKS 9d per Pound, NOTE PAPER 7½ per Pound, &c., &c.

ROBERT LINDSAY, 102 QUEEN STREET.

FELT HATS,

5s, 7s, 10s.

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SPECIAL SMART Shapes for "Young Men"—the Best Value in the Market. Bought Direct from the Makers. All intermediate Profit Saved to our Customers.

The HATS at TEN SHILLINGS are WOODROW'S "Prize Medal Felt Hats"—the Highest Class Goods in the Kingdom.

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HALF-YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION BOOK for ENROLLING NEW MEMBERS NOW OPEN.

Town Members, £1 10s; Country Members, £1.

No Ballot necessary.

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14 ROYAL EXCHANGE SQUARE.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 6th, 1881.

THE author of "Hudibras" fittingly said that pettifoggers damn their souls to share with knaves in cheating fools. If this is the hard fate of the lawyer who is employed in small or mean business, what can be the doom of the unqualified legal practitioner? This very grave speculation regarding the future welfare of a rather numerous class in our midst is occasioned by the report of a decision by Sheriff MAIR in a Small Debt case last week, in which it was sought to recover money which had been paid to what his Lordship called a sham firm for attending a court in which they were not legally qualified to practise. The existence and practices of these so-called law agents are well known. They haunt the Small Debt and J.P. Courts for the purpose of entrapping the ignorant and unwary suitor, and some have even the impudence to advertise themselves in the daily papers. A more detestable set of harpies nowhere exists, and yet they are allowed from year to year to plunder the working classes, and impecunious litigants generally, who fall into their snares. How should such a scandal be tolerated in the much-vaunted Second City in the Empire? Any person who is not legally qualified as a law agent is not entitled to charge fees for any legal business he may undertake, and is, besides, liable in severe penalties. How, then, is it that the Inland Revenue officials do not prosecute some of those law-agents, accountants, or whatever they may call themselves? Again, there is surely some duty on the part of the Sheriffs and the Officers of Court to prevent these loafers haunting the Small Debt Courts and going within the barriers as if they were duly qualified law agents. Dis-rated Sheriff Officers and dilapidated concurrents may be found there, and in the door-ways and lobby every day. But it is the legal profession itself to whom the public are entitled to look for protection from the evil referred to. No law agent who is worth his salt would have even the most indirect dealings with such corbies, but on the other hand it is clearly the duty of the profession to see to the public being protected against unauthorised practitioners. An inspired tailor's cutter, who has been unsuccessful in his calling, may start business as an accountant and law adviser next door to the Dean of Faculty's Co-

operative Legal Store without fear of being interfered with. The Faculty of Procurators has long ceased to exercise any control over the manners or morals of the legal profession, to the serious detriment of both; but this only shows the urgent necessity for associations being formed among law agents and sheriff officers in the interest of the public and their respective callings.

MORE HURRY LESS SPEED.

I've pacèd much this weary, mortal square,
And sage Experience bids me this declare:
In razing houses there's been shown more speed
Than planning new the old ones to succeed.

FISH-EESH-OUS!

(Scene—Oban Pier; Two Highland fishermen talking.)

Neil (slowly)—When we'll go to ta feeshin', Angus, we was got twice as more fush as you, too!

Angus (quickly)—Aye! yiss! But we'll not go as often as twice to ta fushin' as you too, Neil! an' we'll not stay oot as lang as half as you. Hm!! An', an', we'll not call ta feesh fush, whateffer!!!

A DANGEROUS PRECEDENT.—An incident painfully significant of the revolutionary times in which we live occurred at Irvine the other day, when an intoxicated labourer who had knocked down a Toon Cooncillor—was let off with the absurdly lenient sentence of "sixty days." Why, he would have got as much if he had merely "manslaughtered" his wife. More of such mistaken mercy, and we shall have Nihilism rampant in our midst.

SHAKESPEARE AND THE STOLEN BOOTS.—At last week's Sheriff Court a lady, convicted of appropriating an inebriated gentleman's boots, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment. Thereupon, according to the report, she "recited a couplet winding up with, 'When mercy seasons justice,'" "thanked his lordship for his leniency," and gracefully retired. Surely the reign of "sweetness and light" is at hand, when criminals take to favouring the Bench with "elegant extracts" from the poets!

The Press's chief subject for which to publish a "Late Edition"—The result of a horse race! What *better*?

A Crushing Report—The latest telegram from the Indian Gold Mines.

A Certificate of Merit—A ticket of leave,

"Manners" and Customs of the Irish. THE Glasgow public must have read with much astonishment, and some indignation, the extraordinary correspondence between the Inspector of the Barony Parish and the Secretary to the Irish Local Government Board. The insolence of the latter functionary's manner is surpassed only by the outrageousness of his matter. The affair is, however, to be reported to the Home Secretary, and we shall soon learn whether a Jack-in-office is to be encouraged in giving uncivil and unreasonable answers to civil and reasonable questions, or whether he and his "Board" will have orders to be in future more "nice" and less "Irish." We in Glasgow suffer quite enough through Hibernian pauperism without having insult added to injury.

THE CITY OF REFUGE.

(Scene—Glasgow Street; Two little girls *tete-a-tete* at shop window.)

1st Little Girl—Janet, did ye see the comet yet?

2nd do.—Is that the staur wi' the big tail?

1st do.—Aye, weel it's tae burn up the worl' the morn's nicht."

2nd do.—Is't? Ach, weel it can burn awa', I'll jist bide in the hoose wi' ma mither the morn's nicht.

LATEST FROM ANDERSONIA.—In wet weather the Dutch folk provide their cows with water-proof coats, and in like manner the Maryhillites supply their poultry with wardrobes. At least, so it would appear from the fact that the other day Sheriff Balfour sent a man to jail for having "broken into a henhouse at Maryhill and stolen a cloth jacket." But there's always something funny turning up within the jurisdiction of the illustrious "Captain."

TEMPERATE PROTESTANTISM.—Lodgings are advertised in the *Citizen* for two "Protestants," who must also be "temperate." Here's a chance for, say, Mr H. A. Long and the Rev. Robert Thomson. They're a couple of "temperate Protestants," if you like!

A BEERY CLIMAX.—A local dealer recommends his bitter ale as "invaluable, nourishing, wholesome, and pleasant." This is a climax almost as happy as the Frenchman's "*Superbe! Magnifique!! Pretty vell!!!*"

BICYCLES.
TRICYCLES

{ See the new patterns for 1881. Machines built to special order. Riding School, Lessons Daily. Inspection invited.—JENNINGS, 101 Mitchell Street.

Bowling, Champagne, and Elevation. TOO many pastimes are associated with ultra-conviviality, and, if we may judge from the *nom de guerre* adopted by certain players, bowling comes under this objection. At Motherwell, for instance, one bowler figures as "Champagne," while another, at Paisley, unblushingly writes himself down "Elevation." This is bad. To take no other ground, neither champagne nor the elevation consequent upon champagne can possibly be conducive to the steadiness of eye and hand requisite for success in ex-Bailie Young's favourite sport.

A BRIAREAN ADVERTISER.—Somebody advertises for sale a pony, which he is willing to "exchange for 14½ to 15 hands." What this would-be Briareus in a small way wants with such a number of hands is as great a mystery as his offer of a pony in exchange for them. Perhaps we are to understand the word "pony" in its "sporting" sense—in which case £25, or some thirty-three shillings a "hand," does not seem a particularly liberal offer.

"ACH, WHY DID YE DIE?"

Clergyman (to Irish millworker)—Ah, Patrick, we are all mortal. Have you heard that Mr Smith (a well-to-do grocer in the neighbourhood) died yesterday?

Patrick—Dear, oh dear, an' d'ye tell me so! Sure an' he had plenty o' the best o' good aitin' and drinkin', too.

A SLUR ON HER SEX.—In a leader on University education for women Granny remarks, with apparent surprise, upon the "sobriety" with which the ladies "can use the collegiate life." Isn't this something of a libel on your sex, old lady? You surely didn't expect the sweet girl-graduates of Girton and Newnham to take to the flowing bowl like unto the more convivial of their brothers!

A DECIDED ACQUISITION.—The Duke of Hamilton is upon the "auxiliary committee" of the approaching oriental art exhibition. His Grace's experience among "the Jews" will be of great value.

REPORTERESE.—A writer in the *Mail* on "Harbour Notes" refers to some "really necessitous and urgent repairs." The "necessitous repairs" are perhaps not more "urgent" than is the need on the part of the liner of a better acquaintance with the Queen's English.

Megilp.

THE Council of the Scottish Water Colour Society announce that the different sending-in-days for their coming Exhibition will be, for London the 11th, for Edinburgh the 13th, and for Glasgow 15th of August. They further intimate that the Exhibition "will be held in the Galleries of the Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts (who have set apart two rooms, each nearly as large as the Gallery in West Nile Street), and will open simultaneously with their Exhibition of Black and White. The Council are, therefore, specially anxious that this Exhibition should be distinguished for its high quality and attractive nature. To this end they have suspended the Bye-Law restricting the number of Works, and they hope that all will unite in contributing as many and as important works as possible."

New ground has been broken this year by William Carlaw, who has fixed his quarters for the season in the Isle of Man. To his eyes our little dependency in the Irish Sea is full of attractions. "Douglas," he declares, "has all the character of London-super-Mare. Its chief streets are wide and its shops large and fine. The esplanade is quite splendid in its proportions, there are crowds of bathing-machines on the beach, and donkeys and donkey-boys meet you at every turn."

"The weekly market at Douglas wears a strange look to a Scotchman. All day long the market-place is filled with little stands, on which the wives and daughters of the neighbouring farmers vend eggs, or butter, or poultry. They—the said wives and daughters—are done up in their best, and the scene, while exceedingly gay, has also an old-world look which is quite charming."

"Such a sight could not be seen North of the Border. Our Scotch farmers are too exclusive—too genteel, if I may say so, to allow their wives and daughters to go a-marketing in this way."

Port St. Mary, the little Manx village where Mr Carlaw is residing, is lively with fishing folk; its harbour is filled with boats; in the immediate neighbourhood the coast now rises into bold headlands and now retires into deep and picturesque little bays; and the prevailing note of colour over both sea and coast is that delicate grey-green so dear to the artistic eye.

Tom M'Ewan is now located for the season at Selma, on the northern shores of Loch Etive.

One of the pictures selected for reproduction in the "Grosvenor Gallery Guide" in last week's *Punch* is David Murray's "Clyde"—clever caricatures of *Mr Punch* himself, the dog *Toby*, and Sara Bernhardt being introduced into Mr Murray's hawthorns and birches. Herkomer's "Gloom of Idwal," Edgar Barclay's "Algerian Village," and J. T. White's "Ghizeeh," are the other works, comic replicas of which appear in the current number of the metropolitan jester.

The high admiration expressed by the *Spectator* for J. E. Christie's "Pied Piper of Hamelin" was noted in this column last week, and to the admiration of the *Spectator* that of the *Times* has now to be added. Indeed, the worst the critic of the *Times* has to say regarding it is:—"Perhaps the work suffers a very little from a somewhat overstrained conception of the scene, but that is so rare a fault in English art that we can well afford to neglect its existence." For the rest, the writer dwells upon Mr Christie's "imaginative power exercised upon a worthy object," the "variation and depth of tone" of the colour, the "good grouping" of the figures, the "careful and harmonious" background, and the cleverness displayed in the "variety of expression."

The concert given by the Scotch artists at Dorchester for the benefit of the school there proved a great success. The room was crowded to the door. The proceedings were under the patronage of the Rev. W. C. Macfarlane—the vicar of the parish—and Col. Blunt. The performers included Mrs Blunt, Mrs Rattray, and Messrs Rattray, M'Ewen, M'Bride, Hunt, and Townsend. J. E. Christie gave two recitations.

T. Nelson M'Lean, a young London sculptor who is fast making a name for himself, has executed a group after Alma Tadema's "Spring Festival." It is at present on view in Deschamps' Gallery, 171 New Bond Street, London.

Jeans on "Drink."

THAT remarkable candidate for the Elgin Burghs, "Mr James Jeans," of Glasgow, has made a valuable contribution to the great "drink question"—a contribution quite as valuable as most of those which flow from teetotal platforms and teetotal pens. Our distinguished Scotch Land Leaguer "considers that the Land Laws are the chief cause of drinking in this country." Is Mr Jeans quite sure that it is not the other way, and that the drinking is not the chief cause of the Land Laws, or the Liquor Laws the chief cause of the land, or t'other or which? And if not, why not? Think over it, Jeans, and let us know, say, this day six months.

"GIVING IT HIM HOT."

(Scene — Corner of a street—two friends meeting)

First Friend (half-aloud)—Dae ye ken, John, whaur we can get a guid dram aboot here?

Rabid Teetotaler (passing)—Thir nane guid (with additional emphasis)—they're a' wholly abom'nable.

Second Friend—Then ye mun hae taen an awfu' quantity o' them in yir day that ye ken sae weel.

[R. T. quickens his pace.]

THE UNSPEAKABLE RUSS. — The BAILIE confesses to considerable sympathy with the Greenock boatman fined last week for his squabble with a Russian, who—with the meanness characteristic of his detestable race—had refused to pay his fare. The tallow-candle-devourer was admitted'y guilty of the first assault, and, in any case, the crew of the "Peter the Great" had no right whatever to make prisoners of the boatmen as they did. Had the accused occupied a higher social position we should hear more of this.

NORTHWARD HO!—The Earl of Aberdeen last week presented a petition from the Presbytery of Glasgow against the Sunday opening of national museums, &c. It is sad to think our holy men should have been obliged to go so far north in order to find a peer willing to aid them in their endeavour to keep us "all unhappy on Sunday?"

The Play for Printers—"Proof," or a Celebrated "Case."

A Man is Known by the Company he Keeps—A volunteer also.

Advertising "Law Agents."

IT is to be hoped that Sheriff Mair's remarks in the Small Debt Court last Wednesday anent advertising and unqualified "law agents" will have due effect. In one or two instances the benevolent gentlemen who, through the advertising columns of the newspapers, offer legal advice for a shilling, are no doubt honest men, duly qualified; but it is notorious that in the majority of cases the affair is, in the words of the Sheriff, "a mere sham." This latest exposure should open the eyes of the poor dupes whose want of brains is not even compensated by the possession of "plenty money."

The Modern Æsop.

XIII.—TWO CATS.

TWO cats—a father and son—resolved jointly to make a noise in the world. After cater-wauling to little purpose upon a wall, they climbed to the roof of an outhouse, and renewed their yelling—face to face, with their heads down, backs arched, and tails erect—in bold relief against the moonlight sky. "Now," said the elder cat, "we shall get up a sensation, I guess. Follow me, my son, and do your best." But scarcely had he begun, when the man of the house, whose nearness had been overlooked, introduced a brickback upon the scene, and brought the younger to the ground—and the sensation was accomplished—with un- toward variations.

MORAL.—The higher you are when you strive to make a noise, the lower will be your downfall when public opinion knocks you over.

BEWARE!

(Scene—Drug shop, Campbeltown.)

Pat (who has purchased a pot of rat poison)
—Would this kill the likes o' me?

Druggist—It'll kill all kinds of vermin.

Pat—Och, then, it's mysel' that'll need to be carefu'.

The Lorá of the Isles—The Duke of Argyll.
"Wild Love"—An elopement.

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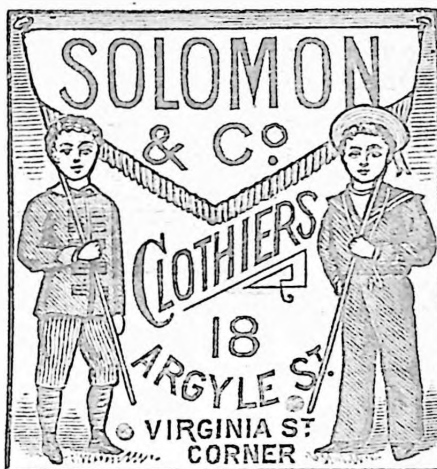
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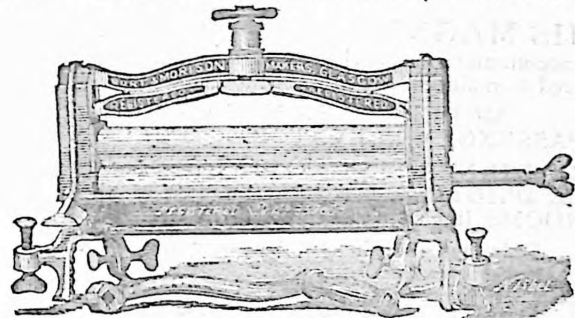
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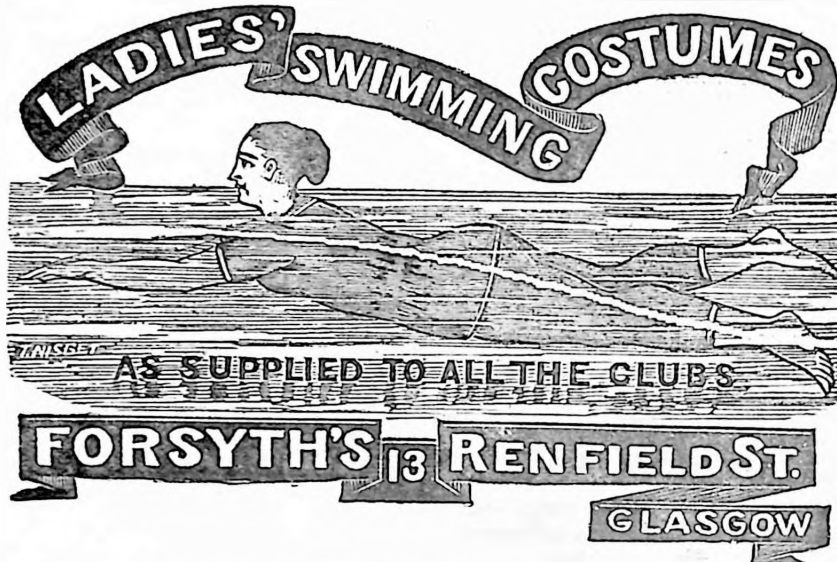


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Quaff deep the gen'rous liquor!
But pledge each neighbour ere you drain
The nectar in the bicker!
And as you quaff the nut brown draught,
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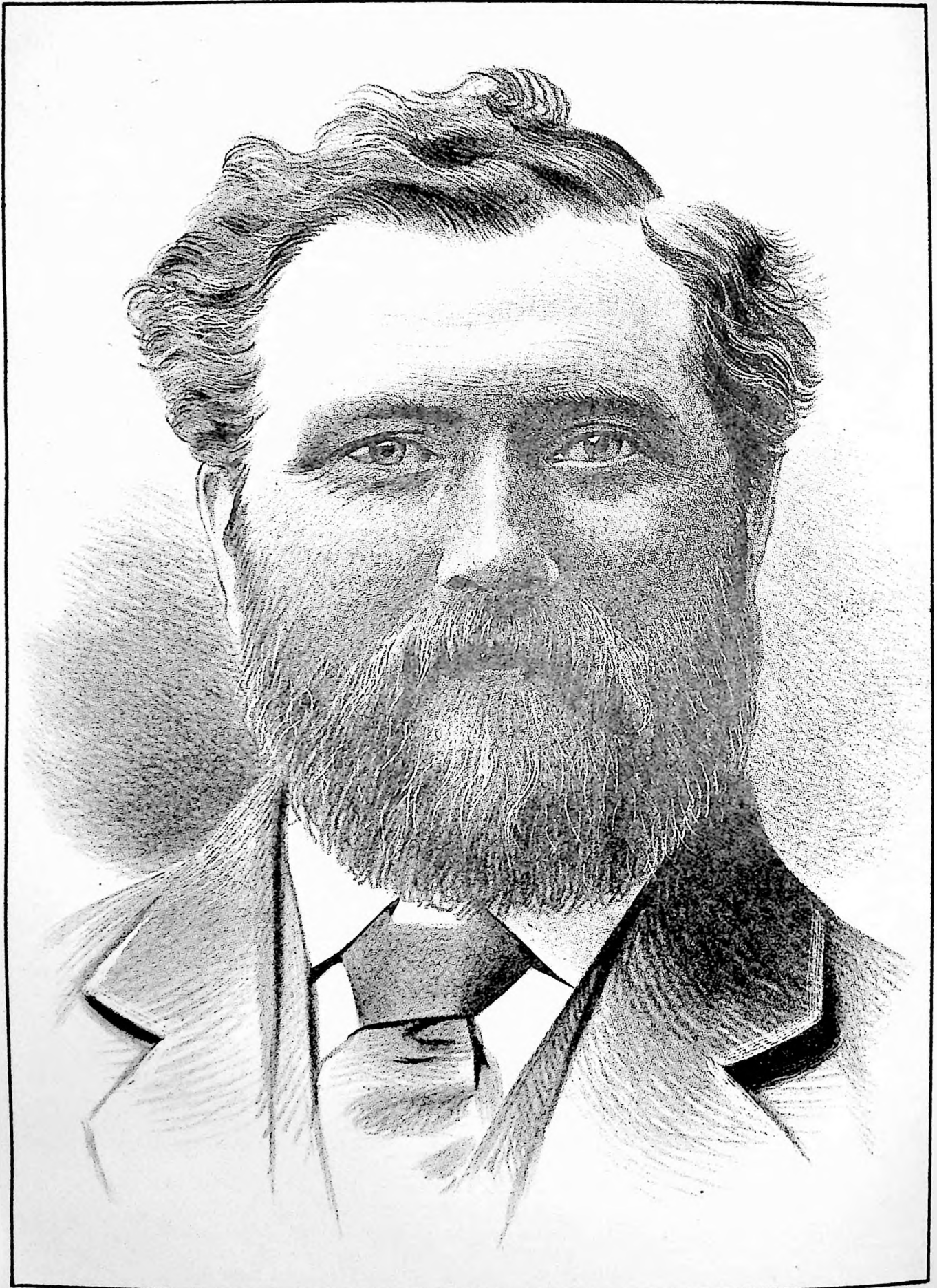
THE LEADING HATTERS IN SCOTLAND,

Gentlemen's Department—62 JAMAICA STREET.

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Next Door to the STAFFORDSHIRE CHINA HALL.





The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 456. Glasgow, Wednesday, July 13th, 1881. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 456.

THE BAILIE feels certain that the majority of his townfolk are only half thankful for one of the chief advantages attending life in Glasgow. To go "doon the water" is so easy, they have been so much accustomed to the river from their childhood upwards, that Father Clyde is to them as much a thing of course as the Trongate or the Goosedubs. If they would only think for a moment, however, of what Glasgow would be without the Clyde, or if the Clyde were such a stream as the Mersey or the Humber, then the river, our own romantic river, the lung as well as the Pactolus of the Second City, would be estimated at its proper value. What a phrase, to be sure, to our poorest as well as our wealthiest—and it always means the more the poorer you are—is that one of "doon the water." What blinks of sunlight on misty hill-sides, what stretches of opalescent sea, what waving of forest boughs and plash of weary waves does it not call up? At this particular season, when all the world and his wife are "doon the water," or will be "doon the water" within the next day or two, the BAILIE has bethought himself of giving the *vera effigies* of one of the folk who are mainly instrumental in conveying them thither. This is ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, or, to give him his popular designation, Captain ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, the managing owner of the Wemyss Bay Steamboat Coy. No one in Glasgow, or for that matter no one in the West of Scotland, is indifferent to the company, or ignorant of the benefits they have conferred on the travelling public. Through busy seasons and through slack ones, in the chill of winter as well as the halcyon days of summer, let the weather be what it may, their service of steamers is maintained with unvarying punctuality. The

VOL, XVIII.

Wemyss Bay Railway was opened for public traffic in 1865, but the record of the present Steamboat Coy. dates from four years later. In the interval the wants of passengers by the Wemyss Bay route were administered to, first by a Steamboat Coy. (Limited) who only succeeded in landing themselves in bankruptcy, and subsequently by the ordinary river steamers, some of which called at the pier and some didn't, according as the temper or the time of the captain permitted. To meet this very unsatisfactory state of things the Wemyss Bay Railway Coy. advertised for tenders for working the service, and one coming from Captain Gillies, the then owner of the well-known "Venus," so long on the Largs and Arran route, was accepted. This acceptance—which took place in 1869—led to the establishment of the present company. At the outset, and for five years thereafter, the Man you Know was associated with Captain Gillies in the active management of the company, and for the last seven years he has had the sole and responsible direction of affairs in his own hand. All this time, notwithstanding the immense traffic conducted by the Company, no single accident of a fatal character has occurred to a passenger by any of their steamers. Indeed, like all prosperous concerns, the history of the Company has been comparatively uneventful. Perhaps the most noted incident in their career was the loss, on Toward Point, of the "Lady Gertrude;" and if we add to this the threatened rupture, in December last, between the Wemyss Bay railway and steamboat companies—which was occasioned by the determination of the former to secure an increased income at the expense of the latter, and was only averted at the last moment by the intervention of the directors of the Caledonian Railway—we have probably included all the salient points in their life as a body cor-

porate. It goes, of course, without saying, that this prosperity is mainly, or should we not say altogether, due to the managing owner of the concern. Captain CAMPBELL is unceasing in his exertions to ensure the comfort of the travelling public. He takes care, in the first instance, that his steamers are constantly up to time in the keeping of their engagements; the craft themselves are commodious and well-appointed; and the various employees, from the masters downwards, are careful and experienced men. Captain CAMPBELL has been connected with the sea all his life. Previous to joining Captain Gillies—who is, by the bye, his father-in-law—in the Wemyss Bay Steamboat Company, he spent a number of years in the service of the Anchor Line, during which he crossed and re-crossed the Atlantic so often that New York became quite as familiar to him as Glasgow. It is only now and then, of course, that his Atlantic training comes of use now-a-days, but one of the rare occasions when it proved of distinct value was on a certain wild morning in the December of '78, when he rescued a sailor from the wreck of the Russian barque "Tavernus," which had sunk on the Skelmorlie Bank, and for the doing of which he now holds a Royal Lifeboat certificate. Of a frank, kindly nature, Captain CAMPBELL is a general favourite, being as well liked, indeed, in his own circles, as his steamers are popular with the general public. To sum up, in closing, his entire argument in a sentence, the BAILIE would say that the Captain at the head of the Wemyss Bay Steamboat Company is the right man in the right place, just as the Company itself has proved to be the proper instrument for working the traffic between Wemyss Bay, Rothesay, Toward, In-nellan, Largs, and Millport.

FACILIS DESCENSUS!—Poor old Granny's language grows more reckless of conventionalities every day. In a leader last Wednesday she dubbed the member for Woodstock "cheeky Churchill," and suggested that he should be "squelched." One shudders to think what linguistic treasures this once respectable female may bring up after her next dive into the depths of Billingsgate.

The Irish "Harvest"—The session's "crop" of measures.

BICYCLES. } See the new patterns for 1881. Machines built to
TRICYCLES. } special order. Riding School, Lessons Daily
Inspection invited.—JENNINGS, 101 Mitchell
Street.

Sarah Bernhardt.

"What should that alphabetical position portend?"—
Twelfth Night.

So, Sarah, shortly you'll be north our way,
And we must give you welcome—that's but right—
Right to receive one well who gives delight
And pleasure to so many; but, please say,
How comes it that you make so short a stay?
Before we rightly see you—there's the spite!—
Enter and exit twice, and then good night!
Really you might have stayed a while—you may?
Now would we tot your graces up, and add
Humbly our praises of those gifts of thine—
A muse with all the merits of the nine!
Ran after, petted, by a world, though mad,
Devoutly worshipping—but, hind'rance sad!
The sonnet stops us at the fourteenth line.

COILY.

(Scene—Deck of "Columba" steamer.)
Smart Cockney (who knows all about the Highlands, to friends who don't)—Now we are going through the Kyles of Bute, Gaelic, you know, for coils; coils like this 'ere rope, you know; they call 'em that because they go round and round about.

THOSE DE'ILS O' DUNDEE!—Dundee is ambitious. She is evidently desirous of being recognised not only as the "seat" of the jute trade, but also as the "seat" of municipal rowdyism. There was another row—or, as the report puts it, "a scene of wild disorder"—in the Town Council last Thursday, when such lively expressions as "deliberate falsehood," "disgraceful," and "contemptible" were interchanged, and "the matter was ended by the Provost remarking that if he had not thought that Mr Cowan was not responsible for his actions he would have taken a different course with him." Hurrah for Jutopolis!

NO DONKEY.—At last week's Teind Court "the minister of the parish of Portmoak" applied for an increase of stipend, and partially gained his point. This attention to his own interests proves that, in spite of the name of his parish, the minister himself is no "moke." (Hee-haw!)

The "Swell Mob"—The crush of well-dressed holidayers at each railway station during the "Fair."

The Douglas in his Hall—The J.P. Fiscal at the County Buildings.

A Dangerous Excrescence on the American Body Politic—A Stal-wart.

Doubly an Ass—An ass-ass-in.

Gentlemen who get the Baby to hold—Remedy, 20; Perambulator.—GARDINER & HARDIE, 42 Great Clyde Street.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT initialed Smith made his first public appearance, after his Continental trip, at the meeting of the Clyde Trust.

That he gave the members the benefit of his extended travels.

That his latest fad is floating stages for the ferries.

That his idea is a good one.

That it ought to be adopted.

That the projected harbour passenger boats are not to be established.

That the police officials are to have their salaries raised.

That Captain M'Call does his best for his subs.

That our local Bankruptcy examinations are as funny as ever.

That the number of enterprising gentlemen who start business without any capital, and "stop short to go again," with any amount of liabilities, is—prodigious!

That the new Act of Parliament hasn't done much towards decreasing reckless trading.

That a Charity Bowling Cup has been proposed.

That Bailie Young sees his way clearly to add to the funds of our local institution.

That this is an idea after "Lord John's" own heart.

That the question is whether bowling is as great an attraction as football.

That the Fair holidays have begun.

That the working man ought to enjoy himself wisely, but not too well.

That the City Bank creditors have been paid another dividend.

That those who compromised are wishing they had held on.

That another milk-poisoning case has occurred in Glasgow.

That it was discovered by the doctor of the Morrison Street Orphan Home.

That he brimstoned and treaced the boys all round.

That Dr. Russell is of opinion that the poison was in the medicine.

That this is another instance of "doctors differing."

Murder will Out—In the Lefroy case as in others through "Bickers."

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.

PROSPECTUS OF THE
Great Gorbals Gold Mining Company
(UNLIMITED).

Capital, £1,000,000, in 8,000,000 Shares of 2s 6d each.
Payment:—2s 5d on Application; ½d on Allotment; and the balance in calls not exceeding ¼d each at intervals of not less than One Week.

Directors.

T. TIDDLER, Esq., "The Ground," Diddlesex.

J. DIDDLE, Esq. (present residence uncertain).

J. SMITH, Esq., London.

H. M. the SULTAN of Turkey, Constantinople.

K. KYTE, Esq., "the Rookery," Sumquhair.

P. PIGEON, Esq., Dovecot Hall, Fleeceshire.

Bankers— { The Bank of England, London.
 { The City of Glasgow Bank, Glasgow.

Solicitors—Messrs SHILLING, FRAWDE, & CO., Glasgow. (See advertisement in evening papers.)

Auditors—Messrs COOKE, BOOX, & CO., London.

Offices—99 Queer Street, Glasgow.

Secretary—J. DIDDLE, Esq.

THIS company, registered as "The Great Gorbals Gold Mining Company (Unlimited)," is formed for the purpose of working the Gold Mines supposed to exist in the vicinity of Gorbals Cross.

Attention was first drawn to the vast mineral wealth of this district by Mr Diddler, the Managing Director and Secretary, who picked up a half-sovereign on the spot. It is true that, on attempting to "melt" the coin, he discovered it to be a "duffer," and passed some weeks thereafter in seclusion; but this is not the only circumstance upon which the Directors base their hopes. Though no reference is made to these mines in Holy Writ, they are distinctly alluded to in the celebrated work of the distinguished Baron Munchausen, while they are also mentioned by the author of "Gulliver's Travels." (The compiler of this Prospectus regrets that he has not these valuable works at hand. Otherwise he should have pleasure in citing chapter and verse.) But testimony even more conclusive, if possible, is given by the great Confucius in a treatise hitherto unpublished. "Ri tol de rol," says the Sage, "tol de rol ido, ri tol de rol tol de rol lay." There is more to a similar effect, but this brief extract is more than enough.

It is said, moreover, that this district is the original "Tom Tiddler's Ground;" and, this being so, it will be at once apparent of what immense advantage it is to have a descendant of "Tom"—Thomas Tiddler, Esq.—on the Directorate.

The accession of Mr Jeremiah Diddler must also be a source of congratulation, and the economy effected by his consent to combine the offices of Managing Director and Secretary is self-evident. Mr Diddler's operations have been hitherto chiefly confined to the extraction of Silver from unpromising sources, but he will no doubt prove himself equally successful in the case of Gold.

Altogether the Great Gorbals Gold Mining Company (Unlimited) must be regarded as one of the most promising—truly promising—schemes placed before the public in recent years.

The full Prospectus, of which the foregoing is an abridgment, may be had on application to the Secretary.

INSPIRING WARRIORS.—Two Paisley youths, who were "seeing the Militia off" the other day, became so filled with martial ardour—and Saucel whisky—that they got pugnacious, and not only fought with each other, but actually "attempted to assault"—my conscience!—the Burgh Treasurer. What terrible fellows the Paisley Militia must be, if their very aspect—combined with Saucel whisky—prompts the spectator to such deeds of "derring do!"

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE.—Mr Henry Murray, who opens at the Royalty to-night in *Sir Pertinax Macsycophant*, bears a name that every true lover of the stage is bound to honour. What pleasant memories gather in the minds of veteran players as they recall the old Theatre Royal, Shakespeare Square, Edinburgh, under the management of Mr Murray's father—a good actor and a good man. Edinburgh was a more brilliant place then than it is now, and all that were brightest and best in the way of intellectual eminence found pleasure in ranking themselves among Mr Murray's audiences. Even think only of the association of the house with Sir Walter Scott and the Waverley Dramas! As befits one who was of the Siddons blood, Mr Murray ever did his best to make his patrons feel the power for good and the wealth of innocent enjoyment that the stage is capable of displaying.

Old Mr Murray did not favour the idea of his own children adopting the stage as a profession, and Mr Henry Murray is the only member of his family who treads the boards. But those who knew Edinburgh some fifteen years ago, will remember Miss Murray as a graceful and refined public reader, with much in her that would have ensured success had she become an actress.

Mr Murray is sure of a hearty welcome. He has a good part in a good play, that has been made famous by at least one of his predecessors; and if report speaks truly, Mr Murray fills the part well.

Those amusing people, Messrs Stimson and Dacroy, begin the second and concluding week of their present engagement with Mr Beryl this evening. That their visit has been a popular one is evidenced by the "big" audiences which filled the Princess's Theatre last week.

And indeed "Flint and Steel," not to speak for a moment of "Dick Whittington," is such a performance as you can't help laughing at, and, having once seen, of going back to. On Friday-night a new comedy by Mr F. W. Broughton, the writer of "Ruth's Romance," will be played for the first time. Its title is "Glass Houses," and stage whispers aver that it is the best piece yet written by its author.

This day week a Surrey drama—suggestive phrase—entitled "Brought to Justice," will be played at the Princess's Theatre; and on Monday fortnight Mr Mackintosh—"What's de matter with dat hat"—begins a six nights' engagement.

The coming appearances of Madame Sara Bernhardt at the Gaiety are naturally being looked forward to in theatrical circles with the keenest interest. In London, and especially in Paris, her *Marguerite Gauthier* must naturally provoke a comparison with that of Madame Doche, the original interpreter of the part, just as her *Gilberte Brigarde* falls to be contrasted with the *Frou-Frou* of Aimée Desclée, but we in Glasgow know nothing of either Doche or Desclée, and perhaps our appreciation, or rather our admiration of Sara will be all the keener on this very account.

Marguerite Gauthier, some of your readers, my Magistrate, may be interested to know, had an original in a certain Marie Duplessis, who died of consumption, in 1847, at the age of twenty-three. The novel on which the play is founded was written in 1848, and the play was first produced in 1852.

The authors of "Frou-Frou" are that M. M. Melhac and Halevy who provided Monsieur Jacques' Offenbach with the libretto of the "Grand Duchesse."

Once more, in accordance with time-honoured usage, the Royal Botanic Gardens, together with the conservatories and hothouses, are thrown open to the holiday folk free of charge. In the Crystal Palace a series of "fetes" will be given by a clever company, and altogether I doubt if a summer day could be spent more pleasantly and sensibly than at the Gardens, which would be even more popular than they are if they were better known.

How much, I wonder, did it cost Mr Wilson to tell the million that there were "No Bargains" at the Colosseum last week. I understand that one paper alone charged £25 per day for inserting his advertisement, and all round the "ads." must have come to a tidy little sum. "Walter," however, who is quite a young man, not more than thirty, I should think, must be reaping a rich harvest from his enterprise. All last week his establishment was crowded from morning till night with customers, and if he isn't "making his pile," to use an Americanism, why, "let me"—like Polonius—"be no assistant for a State, but keep a farm and carters."

Not the least attractive feature of "the fun of the Fair" will be provided by our old friend Mr Newsome, who will be found—together with "Madame" and a capital company—at the old establishment in Ingram Street during the present and three following weeks. "The horseriders," as Mr Sleary, in "Hard Times," delighted to call them, have always been immensely popular in Glasgow, and I have no doubt whatever that every evening for the next month crowds will flock to "Newsome's," eager to welcome back "the old familiar faces" as well as to give encouraging greeting to the new.

The guardians of the city parish poor enjoyed a hearty laugh last week at the expense of our sapient School Board who had written a letter stating that the rate should "respectfully" be allocated at such and such a figure in the three parishes. There seemed some dubiety as to whether "Jeems" was the author of the phrase, or if it had been perpetrated by the "hole fors."

In connection with the attempted murder of President Garfield, it may be of interest to note that his mother, who only died a few months ago, was a native of Cambuslang. In early life she was a domestic in a family in that neighbourhood.

Surely the advent of an heir to the House of Bute ought to be signalled by something more tangible than mere congratulatory speeches and cake and wine banquets. Why, for instance, shouldn't the happy father, meaning thereby Marquis of that ilk, carry out a much needed improvement by constructing a carriage road round the northern shores of the island? At present the coast line, from the Colintrave Ferry round to Ettrick Bay, is quite impassable, not even a footpath being in existence along the beach, and the opening up of a driving road would come as a boon, if not a blessing, to visitors and residents alike, inasmuch as it would introduce them to new views of the Kyles, the most fairy-like district of all our Western Highlands. The Earl of Glasgow made a road round the "Big Cumbræ," let the marquis signalise the recent auspicious event by performing a similar service for Bute.

Wylie Guild's grand scheme to reconstruct the Monkland Iron and Coal Company has been adopted. The capital is to be £200,000, and the chairman is Councillor Peter Bertram, stationer. Does the proverb, "Ne sutor, &c.," apply?

Some time ago I told you that for the police bandmastership a short leet of three had been fixed—Mr Fitzpatrick of the regulars and two local volunteer bandmasters. Mr Fitzpatrick is, I hear, appointed. He was for sometime band-sergeant of the 90th regiment, went through the usual musical course at Kneller Hall, and has since been bandmaster of cavalry, infantry, and Irish militia regiments. Mr Fitzpatrick of the 74th Highlanders was a candidate but his terms—£150 a year—were too much for the Committee.

New lamps have been put up at the office of the British Linen Banking Company. They, however, throw no new light upon the recent note robbery.

GREAT ATTRACTION!!!—If not Booth in "Othello," "Othello" in booth. So "put money in thy purse," and "Be in time!"

"Competition" Run Mad.

THE competitive oratorical system, as adopted in the case of the candidates for the Elgin Burghs, is quite worthy of modern "Liberalism." If not the most objectionable, it is certainly the most ludicrous development of the "competition" craze, which is one of the most pernicious "fads" of the day. Each aspirant makes a rhetorical tour of the constituency, and he who succeeds in obtaining the greatest number of "marks" is adopted as the champion of the "great Liberal party!" What between the caucus system and this latest Elgin "departure," politics threaten to become in this country, as in America, a dirty trade, with which few men of ability or self-respect will care to sully their fingers.

—♦—
"SCRATCH A RUSSIAN," &C.—Whether or not anybody has been "scratching" the crew of the "Peter the Great," we are certainly finding them Tartars. Not content with endangering international amity by brawling with Greenock boatmen, they proceed to frighten the members of the Royal Northern Yacht Club out of their seven senses by proposing to anchor a lighter, laden with explosives, in the Kyles of Bute. The sooner the Muscovites "haud awa' hame" the better for everybody's peace of mind.

"THERE'S A SWEET LITTLE CHERUB—!"—At Barassie Junction the other evening an intoxicated miner was knocked down by a train, which passed over him without inflicting any injuries beyond "one or two scalp wounds." "Another instance," murmured Asinus, as he read the report, "of the preservative properties of alcohol! It's better than an Accident Insurance policy any day!" And he vanished round the corner—to "insure."

LOOKS LIKE IT.—In an obituary paragraph regarding a venerable manufacturer of Dunfermline, a contemporary says that the deceased had, in his time, "rendered invaluable aid" to photographers. Does this mean that the old gentleman was a masculine "professional beauty?"

OLEAGINOUS.—Albeit of a teetotal Lord Provost, Mr Herdman's portrait of Mr Collins is not in water-colours. It is, however, a-ice picture—one that might make ex-Councillor Martin go in for high junx.

The Crying News-uns of the Day—The paper boys at the coast.

"What the Wild Waves are saying"—"Come unto those yellow sands."

On 'Change.

"INDIAN Gold Mines continue to attract attention." So I read the other day in the commercial columns of a daily paper. The sentence was correct. Indian Gold Mines have attracted attention. Moreover, they have within the last few days effectually borne out everything I have said about them. For a respectably conducted company to come down from 4 ounces of gold per ton of quartz to 2 ounces per ton, and then from 2 per ton to 2 ounces in 19 tons, is indeed a humiliation. At the latter rate of production the operation will be something like changing a shilling. Send out twenty bob to India and get back a quid. That is all. It will be well for those who get back the pound for their twenty shillings. A few people I know will not fare so well.

Cathcart and Crosshill, with the district round about, have acquired some reputation for company making. Everybody remembers the Cathcart Cemetery, which was one of the nicest things I ever heard of. I hope the Cathcart District Railway will be managed upon very different principles. Some of my correspondents seem to entertain doubts upon the subject. Their doubts are probably founded upon the route, regarding which there is considerable difference of opinion. It cannot possibly be insinuated that any questions of land proprietorship are involved. Reference to a certain eminent transpontine magistrate, famous for his ready wit and oracular utterances, would possibly cut the Gordian knot in a trice.

It is said that small steamers on the Clyde, constructed for plying up and down the harbour, would pay a good dividend. I should rather not be a passenger in the summer season, especially at low water, but others may be of an entirely different opinion. If a scheme of this kind will pay, why does not somebody take it up? People are fond enough of a profit, and I should think they would go in for it if the profit were to be had.

Several smart folks have written to me saying that I last week quoted Leigh Hunt instead of Shakespeare. If they will only refer to my remarks they will find that I did nothing of the kind. Leigh Hunt makes clever use of the two lines from "Richard II." That was all I indicated. That was what my friend the ironbroker did. In his way he is almost as great a humorist as Leigh Hunt.

Matches are to be made henceforth upon limited liability principles. Bell & Black, Limited, are to be like Aaron's rod, inasmuch as it swallowed up all its competitors. Thus it is stated, in a London paper, that the new company will take the name because the competitors are not well known. This is hard upon poor Mr Jex Long. Without being an egotist, it may be said that he has succeeded in his attempt to keep the private I in the public eye.

Some very curious arguments are advanced for the purpose of inducing me to invest in the Vienna General Omnibus Company, Limited. It is stated that the arrangements for the comfort of the public are thoroughly unsatisfactory, that the streets are very narrow, that tramways already exist, and that the new company will "probably absorb the greater portion of the other lines of omnibuses." It might have been just as well had the promoters satisfied themselves on this last point before they asked for so large a sum as £250,000.

From gold to diamonds is but a step. Both are precious, and much sought for if they can only be had cheaply. Hence the formation of a company to find diamonds in South Africa. The capital is only £650,000. This is a mere nothing, when it is remembered that the returns are not in gold, but diamonds. But the diamonds, should they exist, are in South Africa.

SCRUTATOR.

ENCOURAGING.—The "force" is improving. Only one constable convicted of theft last week! Let's raise their "screws" all round, from the "chief" to the "probationer."

"A Wild Love"—A fellow's sweetheart in a rage.

Jeems Kaye as a Dooker.

DAE ye ever tak' a dook in the saut water, BAILIE? I dinna mean in thae big washin' bynes they ca' "baths," whaur the folk soom about like a when o' dyucks in a pond that's ower wee for them, neither dae I mean in ane o' thae establishments whaur ye get put intae a room six feet by fower, wi' an enamelled water trough in the middle o' the flooer, a tooel hingin' up at the tae end an' a bootjack at the tither; but a dook in the rale saut water—the briny deep—the ocean; at least the ocean sae faur as it goes at, say, The Lergs. It's maybe no jist as braid nor as deep at The Lergs as it is awa' by the Bay o' Biscay, but it's quite braid eneuch and deep eneuch for ony or'nar body tae get a dook in. The Lergs is sacred tae me by mony hallowed memories. When I wis a laddie, an' oor folk gaed doon there for a fortnicht, Kirsty, oor servant lass, used tae tak' me doon tae the shore every mornin', wat or dry, het or cauld, an' when she had ta'en aff my claes she waueded oot wi' me in her arms, an' then the gran' performance began. I've been tell't since that I used tae roar maist awfu', but a' my roarin' wis o' nae avail—three times ower the heid I maun gang, an' three times ower the heid I gaed, reg'lar, every mornin'. Losh, when I min' o't it mak's me shiver even yet—tae think hoo the saut water wid be rinnin' doon my innocent throat, an' hoo my e'en used tae nip for hoors aifter; but Kirsty wis merciless. The bairns o' this generation ken naething o' a' this. They're allooed noo tae dook themsel's, but it wis different then. For the following twenty-three hoors an' three quarters o' the day my wee innocent hert wis in agony, lookin' forrit tae the quarter an hoor o' misery the next mornin'. The funny thing about it a' wis that twice wis ower little, an' fower times ower much—it must jist be the nate three dips, or the charm wis broken, an' ye nicht jist as weel never be doon at the saut water at a'.

For a lang while aifter I wis released frae the charge o' the servant, I couldna bide the thocht o' dookin', but as I grew aulder, an' it's tae be hoped mair enlighthened, I began tae tak' a bit dook, aye takin' care no tae gang intae a vera deep place, till at last I raither began tae like it. I canna say I'm a great soomer yet, but I hope that's nae reason why I shouldna enjoy a dook. Some sedate folk I ken walk deliberately intae the water an' commence tae soom at once, an' aifter they are tired they come oot, without waddin' a hair o' their heids, but that's no' my

way; when I gang in I like tae get mysel' a' wat o'er the heid jist like when I wis a laddie, only noo it's wi' my ain guid will.

There's one thing that disna bother soomers that's vera dangerous tae them wha, like me, maun aye keep their feet on the grund, an' that is, partans. Them that say they ken alloo that partans walk sideways. Noo, I'm no' gaein' tae enter intae ony argument on the subject, but sideways or no' sideways, they seem tae be able tae ken what they're aimin' at, an' it's no lang till ye ken tae. My certie, when they catch ye by the big tae, it strikes me it maitters vera little whether they arrived there sideways or no. Man, BAILIE, they're desperate for haudin' on when they once get a grip. I've seen me, when I wis doon the water for a day, makin' Betty an' the bairns tak' a bit walk along the shore, while I took aff my claes an' put on ane o' yon wee aprons like what ye see the black folks in the missionary records wi', then, rinnin' oot in a' my manly vigour, wi' a calm smile on my countenance, tae enjoy my dook. In five minutes, however, my pleasure wid be turned intae agony when a partan got a haud o' me. Of coorse I wid gie a roar that wid bring Betty an' the bairns rinnin' back, thinkin' dootless a bottle-nosed whale wis attacking me, an' then between wavin' them tae gae awa', an' tryin' to staun on one fit tae get the partan aff my position wis nae joke. Bit there's aye something tae bother us in this world.

Auld Mr M'Cunn wis telling me the ither nicht that lobsters hae mair legs than partans, an' that's the way ye ken the ane frae the ither: but I'm thinkin' that what the partans want in legs they mak' up for in tecth, although ane o' oor bairns, that had been gettin' a lesson in natural history, tell't me they had nae teeth—it wis "pinchers," he declared—pinchers being, sae faur as I can mak' oot, a new-fangled name for "nippers." Hooever, I tell't Betty that if the skulemaister put up the bairns tae come hame an' contradic' their faithers, it wis time tae withdraw them a'thegither frae the skule. As if a man that had ance encoontered a partan didna ken maist decidedly it had teeth, an' gey sharp anes tae.

Hooever, in spite o' partans, star-fish, whilks, an' cockles, I aye ha'e my dook; an' as a' my customers 'll be awa' frae hame at the Fair, I'll maybe get a day or twa doon the water mysel'. And I really need it, for there's jist twa trades in the worl' that needs a dook mair than me, an' that's sweeps an' colliers. I've seen me, aifter

a hard forenoon's wee'in' o' coals, gaein' in tae my dinner wi' my face like a black man's, when my vera bairns—particularly the young anes—were frichtit at me. But a body must dae something for a leevin'.

I hope, BAILIE, that a' your freens that gang doon the water this week 'll tak' a dook, but in an innocent way. No jumpin' oot o' boats or aff rocks intae deep water, but jist waudin' oot till they're up tae aboot the knees, or maybe no sae faur, and then paidlin' aboot, so that if they took the cramp, or got sea sick, they could be hauled in easy.

JEEMS KAYE.

DISCRIMINATION IN "TERMS."—The two following advertisements appear side by side in the *Herald*:—"Rothsay.—Wanted, by four Youths, a Room, from 15th to 25th July. State price." "Rothsay.—Wanted, a Room, by a Young Gentleman, from 14th to 25th July. State terms." Observe the "nice derangement of epitaphs." While the mere "youths" talk plainly and bluntly of "price," the "young gentleman," as befits his gentility, refers delicately to "terms."

"THE 'HUMOUR' OF IT."—Referring to Mr Grant-Duff, a morning contemporary says:—"The new Governor of Madras is known to be not altogether devoid of self-confidence"—not altogether!—"and to have a considerable fund of that dry and in-the-sleeve and subterranean kind of humour, for which the 'cannie' section of his countrymen have a high reputation." My conscience! Humour which is dry, subterranean, and "in-the-sleeve" must be a very remarkable kind of humour indeed.

A SIGN OF THE TIME.—Everything proclaims the silly season to be at hand. To take but two symptoms, our legislators are growing languid, and—the papers record the finding of "a most extraordinary large duck's egg" at Bridge of Allan. Now, a week ago any number of extraordinary "duck's eggs" might have been observed in the cricket-field, and not even their makers bragged about them!

"HIGH ENGLISH."—Is Bailie Laing bent on Anglicising our institutions! If not, why did he refer, in the Corporation Galleries the other day, to "the Lady Mayoress—Mrs Collins?" And if so, would he himself prefer to be spoken of as "Alderman Laing?"

"The History of a Crime"—That of the Brighton railway tragedy.

MITCHELL'S OLD IRISH WHISKY.

Mock Modesty.

ON the occasion of the presentation of his portrait last Tuesday, Mr. Collins said that his municipal reign had not been "marked by what might be designated 'heroic legislation;'" that it was not "characterised by great progress;" and that during it "no great and important work was carried to completion." All this is perfectly true, and would have been still more accurate had the case been put with greater strength; but the mock-modesty business was piled up rather too "mountainous," as Jonathan says, when our 'umble "Ex." went on to say that Mr. Herdman "had made the most of a somewhat indifferent subject." No wonder "a laugh" came in here. As if any Collins considered himself an "indifferent subject!"

Of Two Assassinations.

THE assassin of the American President says in a letter—"It will be no worse for Mrs Garfield to part with her husband this way than by natural death; he is liable to go at any time any way." Julius Cæsar, after having been told by his wife that

"When beggars die, there are no comets seen,
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes,"
replies—

"It seems to me most strange that men should fear,
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come."

Had Guiteau been reading Shakespeare?

VARIEGATED "LIBERALISM."—After glorifying himself to the top of his bent—and to the imminent exhaustion of the compositor's capital "I's"—at Elgin the other day, Mr Asher declared that he was "a Liberal of the Gladstone school." As Mr Craig-Sellar professes to "hold the Liberalism of Robert Burns," the present contest is decidedly illustrative of that "independence of thought" upon which the modern "Liberal" prides himself.

W. R. W. AND "UNSTEADINESS."—Mr. W. R. W. Smith took the first opportunity, after his return from "furrin parts," to complain of the condition of the Finnieston Ferry steps, which are, he says, dangerous, "particularly to people who are the least unsteady." Fie, W. R. W.! You ought to keep your sympathy for worthier objects than people who are in the habit of getting "unsteady."

IN AND OUT.—In reporting the state of the United States President, the newspapers speak of "a more favourable bulletin." But even more favourable would be a bullet *out*.

GENTLEMEN'S DEPARTMENTS.

GENTLEMEN'S FELT HATS.
GENTLEMEN'S DRESS HATS.
GENTLEMEN'S TWEED HATS.
GENTLEMEN'S STRAW HATS.

VENTILATED HATS, HELMETS, AND
SUN HATS.
Cool and Luxurious.

FEATHER WEIGHT FELT HATS.

Just Delivered, another large Lot of the New "Snuff Brown"
Felt Hats. Latest Shapes.

Another Large Delivery of

YE OLDE ENGLISH HATTE,
(OR, YE LANDE AND WATTER HATTE).
THE LAWN TENNIS HATS.

All Colours, Fourpence Halfpenny. Sold Everywhere from
10½d to 2s 6d.

FELT HATS. THE BEST VALUE IN THE KINGDOM.
Guaranteed Pure, Durable, and Fast in the Dyes. Our Lead-
ing Prices are 3s 6d, 4s 6d, 5s 6d, 7s, and 8s 6d. *Fifty per*
Cent. more is charged by the ordinary Retailers for exact same
Qualities and Shapes.

SMART SHAPES. MEDIUM SHAPES. ELDERLY
GENTLEMEN'S SHAPES.
The Sizes Kept in Stock are from 5½ to 7½.

GENTLEMEN'S DRESS HATS.

Our 17s 6d Dress Hats are not surpassed by any in the Marke
at 21s or 25s.
Our Dress Hats at 8s 6d, 10s 6d, 12s 6d are excellent.
Our 14s 6d Dress Hat is the ordinary Guinea Hat.
Shapes to suit every taste.

Please note that the ENTRANCE to
THE GENTLEMEN'S DEPARTMENTS
is by No. 62 JAMAICA STREET (Opposite HOWARD ST.),
FOR THE LADIES' DEPARTMENTS,
Enter by No. 70 JAMAICA STREET
(Next Door to Staffordshire China Hall).

WALTER WILSON & CO.,
THE LEADING HATTERS,
THE LEADING MILLINERS.

SINGLE HATS AT
WHOLESALE PRICES.

J E R S E Y S
(BOYS' and GIRLS'),
For Coast and Country.

ALL SIZES.

FORSYTH'S,
RENFIELD STREET.

THE
NEW FRENCH CORN PLASTER,

for effectually removing hard and soft corns and bunions,
and reducing enlarged toe joints, imported by Mr M. F.
Thompson, is a simple and efficacious means of effecting the
removal of corns, and whilst other plasters are thick and awkward
this French plaster is thin as silk and comfortable to the foot.
There can be little doubt that Mr Thompson has scored a suc-
cess with this French Corn Plaster. LADY MAUDE.

Packets, 1s each; by post, 13 stamps, from
M. F. THOMPSON, CHEMIST, 17 GORDON ST., GLASGOW
Note the Address.

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.

M I T C H E L L & C O.'S
OLD IRISH WHISKY, Belfast, is the Purest and Best
in the Market, and received at Melbourne Exhibition Jurors'
Highest Award.—Agent for Scotland—DAVID MITCHELL, 20
Hope St., Glasgow.

THE FINEST WHISKY IN THE WORLD.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
HENRY THOMSON & CO'S
OLD IRISH WHISKY.
SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—
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OLD IRISH
WHISKY. SOLD EVERYWHERE.
THE PUREST AND BEST IN THE WORLD.
Sole Proprietor—MATT. D'ARCY & CO., NEWRY.
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C H A M P A G N E.
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.

FELT HATS,

5s, 7s, 10s.

OUR THREE LEADING PRICES.

SPECIAL SMART Shapes for "Young Men"—the Best Value in the Market. Bought Direct from the Makers. All intermediate Profit Saved to our Customers.

The HATS at TEN SHILLINGS are WOODROW'S "Prize Medal Felt Hats"—the Highest Class Goods in the Kingdom.

SEE THE SHOW WINDOWS.

MILLER & CO.,
QUEEN STREET CORNER.

CORN CURE!!!

WART CURE!!!

☞ "FACILE PRINCEPS." ☞

FOREWELL'S PATENT CHIROPODYNE

Effectually removes Corns, Warts, &c., in a few days, without pain. In Bottles, 1s 1½d each, from The Glasgow Apothecaries Coy., Virginia Street; Jaap, Chemist, Buchanan Street; Spite & Coy., Merchants, St. Enoch Square, and all Respectable Chemists.

GRAND HOTEL,
GLASGOW.

Gentlemen whose Houses will be shut up during Summer, and who may require to stay in town occasionally, are reminded of the excellent Accommodation and Moderate Charges of this first-class Hotel. Terms for Boarding specially moderate.

A well appointed 'Bus in connection with this Hotel attends arrival and departure of "Columba" Steamer, also principal through Trains at Central and Buchanan Street Stations. Leaves Hotel for Steamer at 6-40 a.m.

**BANKRUPT STOCK OF STATIONERY, BOOKS,
SMALLWARES, &c., &c.**

HAVING bought the above Stock I find there are a great many articles in it of no use for my trade; I will therefore clear them out at Very Trifling Prices, and in some cases give them away for nothing. This is a good opportunity for buying smallwares, nick-nacks, and useful articles for giving away during the Fair Holidays. The following are a few of the articles referred to:—A Large Lot of Picture Scraps, Photographic Albums, Quill Pens, Toothpicks, Boxes of Paints, Scrap Books, Concertinas, Pictures for Framing, Various Sorts of Pencils, Pocket Notebooks, Purses, Card Cases, Fancy Note Paper and Envelopes, Gums, Glues, and a Great Variety of Desirable Odds and Ends.

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3 CATHEDRAL STREET, corner of Buchanan Street.
ENGLISH & FOREIGN BOOKS, New and Second Hand.
Lowest Prices. Books Lent.
Books in all Languages in Stock or procured.

A. F. SHARP & CO. Receive Advertisements for all BRITISH and FOREIGN PAPERS.

14 ROYAL EXCHANGE SQUARE.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 13th, 1881.

THE BAILIE noticed an advertisement the other day, announcing that a personage with an Asiatic name would that evening appear at one of our Baptist churches, wearing "native dress." Now, of all illegitimate developments of the "show business" this sort of thing is, to his Worship's mind, the most objectionable. It is more to be reprehended than even the "shadiest" of Barnumisms. Given under the mask of religion, the performance is nevertheless a "show," and the performer must be regarded in precisely the same light as Prince Rum-ti-foo, of the Cannibal Islands, who will doubtless be found at Vinegar Hill this week, exhibiting to gaping East-enders the manner in which the Cannibal Islanders are wont to disport themselves at home. Any advantage there may be, on the score of honesty, &c., decidedly belongs to Rum-ti-foo. If the Asiatic gentleman is in the habit of wearing his "native dress" in this country, why call attention to the fact? If not, it is the height of childish folly, and worse, to "dress up" in such a fashion. In the name of common decency, let our clergy disassociate themselves from exhibitions of this kind, which cannot but be offensive to every sensible and right-thinking person.

MOTES AND BEAMS.—Last week the "Grand Lodge" of Good Templars, sitting in Edinburgh, severely snubbed a frivolous member who desired to alter a by-law prohibiting dancing "in connection with the Order." The worthy G. T.'s are evidently afraid of the alleged intoxicating effects of "the giddy dance." 'Twere well if they as scrupulously avoided other inebriating influences—such, for instance, as the exuberance of their own verbosity.

A REPUBLICAN PROVOST.—Speaking of America, Provost Mackean, of Paisley, "is sorry to say" that abuses are numerous, "even in that Republican country." The "even" seems to imply that the Provost is guileless enough to consider Republicanism a safeguard against abuses. Would he, one wonders, be willing to admit that there is some good "even in this monarchical country?"

CONTEMPORARY.—The most popular Review of the day—the Windsor Review.

Megilp

THE Turner drawings, lent by the Trustees of the National Gallery, are at present on view in the Corporation Galleries. They are not of a class likely to attract much attention from Fair holiday folk, but they are full of interest and instruction for artists. Some of the pencil sketches are not only marvels of suggestive drawing, but abound in clear, precise touches.

The water-colour drawings of old Glasgow and neighbourhood, by T. Fairbairn, lately bought by the Corporation, are also on view in the Corporation Galleries.

The coming Black and White Exhibition is in luck. One of the exhibitors will be no less distinguished an artist and man of society than Sir Frederick Leighton, the President of the Royal Academy.

L'hermitte's mastery over drawing the figure in charcoal is something wonderful. All visitors to last year's Black and White Exhibition will remember his magnificent "Fish Market at St. Malo." In the approaching Exhibition he will be strongly represented. His black and white drawings in the present Dudley Exhibition are about the finest things there.

Mr Tom Donald is at present at Killin. Mr Alexander Davidson has returned from London.

The Doré Exhibition at the Institute Galleries will close at the end of this month.

William Simpson—"Crimean Simpson"—has been commissioned by the Queen to execute a water-colour drawing of Monday's Volunteer Review in Windsor Park.

The commissions at present held by the Apelles of Lord Beaconsfield—he is known in real life as John Everett Millais—amount, it is said, to £30,000. They are all portraits, a circumstance which is unfortunate for the art of England.

Those who care for the work of Colin Hunter will be glad to possess the etching of his "Mussel Gatherers"—etched by himself—which appears in the July number of the *Art Journal*. The distance is somewhat lacking in delicacy, and the foreground is loose and not very effective, but the middle portion of the work has been treated with considerable skill.

The old premises of the Hogarth Club in Charlotte Street, London, are now closed. The new premises at 27 Albemarle Street will open on 1st August.

COUNTRY CRITICISM.

(Scene.—Hotel, Kirn; Two members of the Parish Kirk getting up steam on Monday morning.)

Fohn—That's a guid glass o' whuskey, Tam.

Tam—Ou aye, guid enough. Bit it's a wee like the sermon we got yestreen, there's no muckle spirit in't.

Fohn—Ah, but it's no sae dry.

AN AGREEABLE SURPRISE.—All Glasgow is by this time familiar with the sterling qualities of our excellent Lord Provost, but few of us suspected until last week that he possessed the gift of eloquence. The words in which, at the special Council meeting, he proposed the Garfield address were well chosen, dignified, and touching. The thing could not have been done better, and two-thirds of our professed orators could not have done it so well. Why have you hidden your light so long under a bushel, my Lord?

Strawberries are now at their best for preserving. Prices are right at the City Fruit Warehouse, 18 GORDON STREET.

Anent the Trades House and its Householders.

"They say":—

THAT the little "learned" maltman the other day led the Trades House a fine dance, with his telegram from London.

That the deputation have returned from their trip without "the plunder," and loaded with expenses.

That they have since taken a run to Aberfoil, to recruit their health—and dine.

That if the House could only "eat" themselves into a knowledge of their duty, they would soon become the most learned society in the world.

That the ability to give and eat good dinners, and not sympathy with the higher interests of the House, are the *sine qua nons* of present aspirants to office.

SWEETEST NUT HATH SOUREST RIND.

Vinegar Hill, thy name is sour,

Yet out to thee a treat is;

Though sour thy name, yet far thy fame

For what are "Fair"-ish sweeties.

A DUBIOUS "COMMENDATION."—Last week at the Edinburgh "session" of those funny people the Good Templars, we are told; "the Grand Lodge commended the prayer union for the entire removal of the liquor traffic to the members and lodges of the Order." Now, most folks used to think that what the G. T.'s wanted was to abolish "the liquor traffic" altogether, and here we have them uniting in prayer for its "removal," apparently as a monopoly, into their hands! Such is G. T. consistency. But perhaps, after all, it's only a case of loose construction.

HERE BE TRUTHS!—In the pursuance of his candidature for the Elgin burghs Mr Asher has hit upon a great truth, which he proclaimed last Wednesday at Peterhead. It is this—That in an election it is better to have three candidates than to have no candidates at all. The Peterheadites cheered this truly Baconian axiom, and when the BAILIE has thoroughly digested it he will doubtless feel able to cheer it too.

TELEGRAPHY IN EXTREMIS.—A Dundee letter-sorter, writing to the *Herald*, describes the telegraph clerks as wearing "coffin-cloth coats." This gruesome "fake" is doubtless intended as an appeal to the hard-hearted Fawcett, implying that the wearers are at death's door. If it doesn't succeed, suppose they take to going about in shrouds?

50 VISITING CARDS (Finest Ivory) while you wait, 1s 6d.—GILLESPIE BROTHERS, 8 Buchanan Street.

Agriculture for Babes.

AT last week's meeting of the Highland and Agricultural Society in Edinburgh it was stated that "my Lords" of the Education Department proposed to encourage "the study of agriculture" in Board Schools. This is good news for the youngsters, who will gladly throw aside "lessons" in order to play at being "farmer's boys." And indeed, what between agriculture, physiology, economy domestic and political, and the rest of it, there will soon be no room left for the time-honoured "R's." When this consummation is attained the modern "educationist" will perhaps be content, and cease from troubling. It is to be hoped, by the way, that this idea of agriculture for juveniles has nothing to do with baby-farming.

A CELTIC OUTRAGE.—The Strathglass Shinty Club are getting up a Highland gathering, one of whose features is to be "a literary competition, consisting of the translation of several lines of English poetry into Gaelic verse." The members of the club ought to let us know upon what particular English poet they intend to inflict this outrage, in order that he, or his representatives, may be prepared for the shock.

Horse Play—"Fair" play on the merry-go-rounds.

FREE ADMISSION

TO

ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS

CONSERVATORIES and HOTHOUSES

during

GLASGOW FAIR WEEK.

Gardens are open from 9 a.m. till Dark.

The Most Talented Company that has ever yet appeared will Perform at the Annual

CRYSTAL PALACE FETES

(Thursday, 14th, to Saturday, 23rd July).

On THURSDAY and FRIDAY, at 3 and 7 p.m., and on

GLASGOW FAIR SATURDAY

Performances at 12, 2, 4, 6, and 8 o'clock.

The Fetes will be continued every day during the week following.

Admission, 6d.

Refreshments served in the Grounds.

JAMES KER & CO.,

CAB AND CARRIAGE HIRERS,

83 BELGROVE STREET.

Brakes and Waggonettes for Excursion Parties. First-Class Marriage Equipages at Moderate Charges.

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

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

LAST WEEK AND ENORMOUS SUCCESS OF

MESSRS STIMSON AND DACROY'S
COMEDY AND BURLESQUE COMPANY.

Both the Comedy and Burlesque received Nightly with Roars of Laughter by Crowded Audiences.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday,
FLINT AND STEEL.

Friday and Saturday, GLASS HOUSES.

Concluding Every Evening with

YOUNG DICK WHITTINGTON.

Doors Open at 7, Overture 7-30; Saturdays half-an-hour earlier.

SECOND PRICE AT 9.

Box Plan at Donaldson's Rooms, 91 St. Vincent Street.

ROYALTY THEATRE.

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

MR HENRY MURRAY,

Supported by the Popular Favourites,

MISS RYDER and MR FRED. W. WYNDHAM,

And a Carefully Selected Company.

TO-NIGHT (MONDAY), JULY 11, and following Evenings,

"THE MAN OF THE WORLD."

Sir Perinax M'Sycophant,Mr HENRY MURRAY.

Preceded at 7-30 by

A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

SECOND PRICE AT NINE O'CLOCK.

THEATRE-ROYAL,

(Under Royal Letters-Patent from The Crown.)

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

THE THEATRE WILL REMAIN CLOSED

FOR THE PRESENT.

Future Arrangements and Re-opening will be duly announced.

NEWSOME'S HIPPODROME & CIRCUS,

INGRAM STREET, GLASGOW,

NOW OPEN EVERY EVENING

FOR ONE MONTH ONLY.

The Costly and Numerous

STUD OF BLOOD HORSES AND PONIES

is now in Great Beauty and High Training.

The present Company has been formed regardless of Expense, and includes the Most Famous Artists in the Profession, and are mostly new to Glasgow Audiences,

GRAND ILLUMINATED MID-DAY PERFORMANCES.

EVERY SATURDAY DURING THE SEASON.

Doors open at Two, commencing at Half-past Two.

These Exhibitions are particularly recommended to Families residing at a distance, being in every respect equal to those of the Evening.

FIRST GRAND MID-DAY PERFORMANCE,

SATURDAY NEXT, 16th JULY.

SPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS AND ATTRACTIONS

FOR THE FAIR HOLIDAYS.

There will be TWO PERFORMANCES DAILY during the week, commencing MONDAY, JULY 18. Doors open at Two and Seven o'clock.

RIDING TAUGHT.—Ladies, Mdle. Adele; Gentlemen, Mr Meers. For terms apply at the Box Office.

Admission, Reserved Seats, 3s; Boxes (Select), 2s; Pit and Promenade, 1s; Gallery, 6d. Children under Ten years of age Half-price to all parts except Gallery.

Doors open at 7; Commence at 7-30. Saturdays, 6-45;

Commence at 7-15.

Box Office open from 11 till 3 Daily.

DIRECTRESS—MADAME NEWSOME, to whom all business communications must be made.

Sole Proprietor,.....Mr J. NEWSOME.

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Proprietor and Director,Mr CH. BERNARD.
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CLOSED FOR SUMMER VACATION.
 MDLLE SARA BERNHARDT,
 AND FULL COMPANY OF FRENCH ARTISTES.
 MONDAY JULY 18th, FROU FROU.
 TUESDAY, JULY 19th, LA DAME AUX CAMELIAS.
 Box Office—Open from 10 till 4 Daily.

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The Splendid Saloon Steamer
"LORD OF THE ISLES"
 Sails DAILY from GLASGOW and GREENOCK, calling
 at KIRN, DUNOON, WEMYSS BAY, ROTHESAY,
 TIGHNABRUAICH, STRACHUR, and INVERARAY:—
 Trains— A.M. Cent. Enoch's. Bridge St.
 From GLASGOW at.....7-15 } 8-0 8-25 —
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 Conveying PASSENGERS to INVERARAY and OBAN
 via KYLES of BUTE, WEMYSS BAY, and LOCH ECK route.
 Full particulars of Tours, Fares, &c., see Programmes (1d
 each), from

M. T. CLARK, 5 Oswald Street.

Royal Route via Crinan and Caledonian Canals.

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THE ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS, Claymore,
 Columba, Iona, Chevalier, Mountaineer, Pioneer, Clansman,
 Clydesdale, Queen of the
 Staffa, Lake, Gondo-
 Islay, lier, Glengarry,
 Glencoe, Linnet, Loch-
 awe, Lochiel, Lochness, Cygnet, Plover, Inverary Castle, Sail
 during the Season for Islay, Oban, Fort-William, Inverness,
 Staffa, Iona, Glencoe, Lochawe, Tobermory, Portree, Strom
 Ferry, Gairloch, Ullapool, Lochinver, Lochmaddy, Tarbert
 (Harris), and Stornoway, affording Tourists an opportunity
 of visiting the Magnificent Scenery of Glencoe, the Coolin Hills,
 Loch Coruisk, Loch Maree, and the famed Islands of Staffa and
 Iona.—Official Guide, 2d; Illustrated, 6d and 1s.—Time Bills,
 with Maps, free by post, on application to the Proprietor,
DAVID MACBRAYNE, 119 Hope Street, Glasgow. (The
 Columba or Iona Sails Daily at 7 a.m., conveying Passengers
 as above.)

**FAIR HOLIDAYS.****LOCHLONG.**

Splendid New Saloon Steamer

"CHANCELLOR" SAILS DAILY FROM ARROCHAR
 at 7-0 a.m. for Blairmore, Cove, and Helensburgh (Train to
 Glasgow at 8 55 a.m.); and at 2-30. p.m. for Blairmore, Hunter's
 Quay, Kirn, Dunoon, Greenock, and Helensburgh (Train to
 Glasgow at 5-35 p.m.)

From HELENSBURGH at 10-30 a.m. (Train from Dundas
 Street at 9-0, and St. Enoch and Central Stations at 10 a.m.) for
 Greenock, Dunoon, Kirn, Hunter's Quay, Blairmore, and Arro-
 char (for Lochlomon); and at 5-55 p.m. (Train from Glasgow
 at 4-50 p.m.) for Kilcreggan, Cove, Blairmore, and Arrochar.

CIRCULAR TICKETS issued on Board for the Round of Loch-
 long, Lochlomon, and Railway from Greenock and Coast Stations.

LOCHLOMOND SALOON STEAMERS sail up Daily at
 8-45 a.m., 12-25 and 5 p.m. (Trains from Dundas Street at 7-40
 and 11-15 a.m., and 3-50 p.m.); and on Saturdays only at 6-40
 p.m. (Train from Glasgow at 5-25 p.m.)

LOCHLOMOND SALOON STEAMER ON HIRE.

GALLERY OF SCULPTURE,

87 BOTHWELL STREET, GLASGOW
 (5 Minutes West from Central Station).

PLASTER COPIES IN ALL SIZES OF FIGURES & BUSTS
 From the ANTIQUE and MODERN SCULPTURES.

FIGURES, FOUNTAINS, VASES, &c.,
 In Concrete for Gardens.

Every Description of SCULPTURE Cleaned, Repaired, or
 Packed and Removed.

**CROWN PRINCE RUDOLPH
CARLOWITZ.**

On his Visit to our Vaults (Feb. 18th. 1878), His Imperial
 Highness the CROWN PRINCE RUDOLPH OF AUSTRO-
 HUNGARY tasted this Wine, and pronounced it to be
 "exceedingly good."

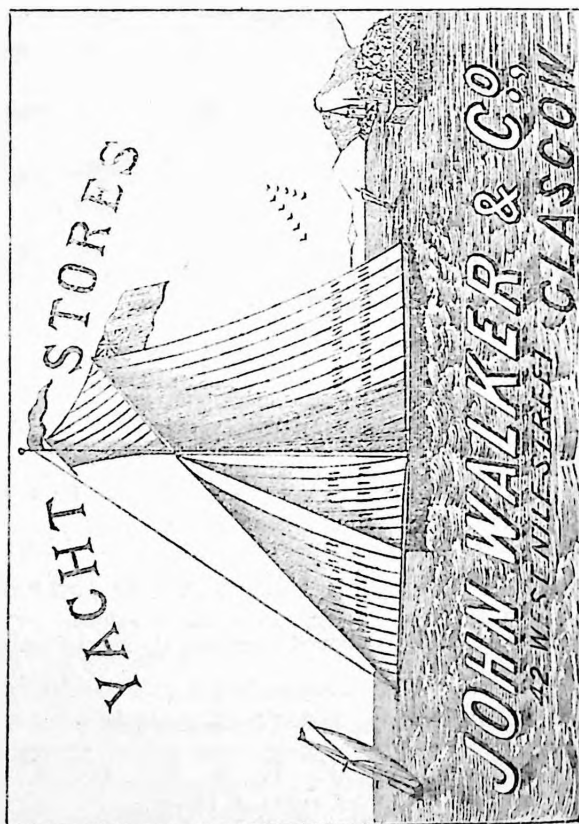
15/ PER DOZEN QUARTS.

MAX GREGER & COMPANY (LIMITED),
 WINE MERCHANTS TO THE QUEEN.

Chief Agents in Scotland—

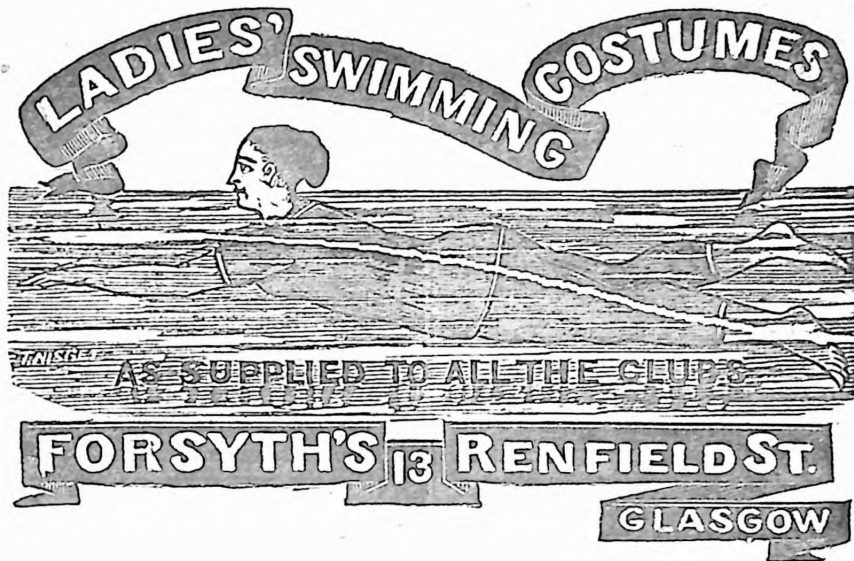
ADAMS & HODGE,

63 ST. GEORGE'S PLACE
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**FAMILY GROCERS,
WINE MERCHANTS.**

AND
 ITALIAN WAREHOUSEMEN.

All Sizes
OF
BATHING
DRESSES
FOR
LADIES
AND
GENTLEMEN.

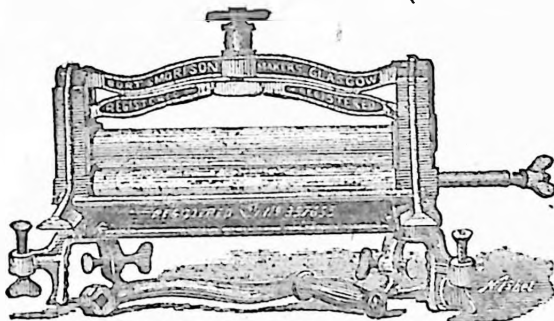


EVERY
DESCRIPTION
OF
BATHING
PANTS
FROM
6d a Pair.

GLASS AND CHINA.

M'DOUGALL & SONS,
77 BUCHANAN STREET, AND AT 8 TO 16 JAIL SQUARE,
ESTABLISHED OVER FIFTY YEARS.
DEPOT FOR MINTON'S, WORCESTER, CROWN DERBY, DRESDEN PORCELAIN, AND DOULTON WARE.
Lowest Trade Terms. Cash Discount allowed.
Sole Glasgow Agents for DR. SALVIATI'S VENETIAN GLASS, a Choice Consignment of which is just to hand,
comprising many Beautifully Decorated Examples of this Celebrated Make. INSPECTION INVITED.

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—
THE "ACME" MACHINE CO.,
(Late BURT & MORISON),
WRINGING MACHINE MANUFACTURERS,
30 BAIN SQUARE (OFF GALLOWSGATE).

FORSYTH'S
DESIDERATUM
TROUSERS
15/6
RENFIELD ST.,
GLASGOW.

JAMES MEWAN, RESTAURATEUR,
26 & 28 MAIN STREET, ANDERSTON.
BREAKFASTS, DINNERS, TEAS
French Papers Daily.

BROWN'S
ROYAL MUSIC HALL,
Under the New Management.
PROPRIETOR,.....THOS. ROGERS.
MANAGERESS,.....MRS ROGERS.
CHAIRMAN,.....MR T. WELLESLEY.
OPEN EVERY EVENING WITH A STAR COMPANY.
CHANGE OF ARTISTES EVERY WEEK.
Open at 7. Concert, 7-30.
Prices from 6d to One Guinea.

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

BRIGHT OCTOBER
(E. Nichol, London.)

Fill me a can with sparkling ale!
Quaff deep the gen'rous liquor!
But pledge each neighbour ere you drain
The nectar in the bicker!
And as you quaff the nut brown draught,
Just think of that good fellow
Who first found out that drink for gods—
COLD ALE so bright and mellow.

REALLY COLD ALE, WITHOUT THE ADDITION OF ICE.
"Bright and Mellow."
J. FRASER, 24 BRUNSWICK STREET.



CALEDONIAN RAILWAY.

GLASGOW FAIR HOLIDAYS.

NINE DAYS' CHEAP EXCURSION
To LONDON,

LIVERPOOL, MANCHESTER, BIRMINGHAM, and
other Places in England, leaving
GLASGOW (Central Station), PAISLEY, and GREENOCK,
and other Places in Scotland,

On THURSDAY, 14th JULY,

And returning from England on FRIDAY, 22nd JULY, 1881.

☞ Holders of Through Tickets to the Continent can return
from London (Euston Station) by any Ordinary Train
up to 29th July, 1881.

FOUR DAYS' CHEAP EXCURSION

To LIVERPOOL, MANCHESTER, and PRESTON, leaving
GLASGOW (Central Station), PAISLEY, and GREENOCK,

On FRIDAY, 15th JULY,

And returning from England on TUESDAY, 19th July, 1881.

	FARES— For 4 Days' Excursion.		For 9 Days' Excursion.	
	1st Cl.	3rd Cl.	1st Cl.	3rd Cl.
London and Back	—	—	60s	30s
Birmingham and Back	—	—	40s	20s
Liverpool and Back	20s	10s	30s	15s
Manchester and Back	20s	10s	30s	15s
Preston and Back	16s	8s	28s	14s

For Hours of Trains, and Fares to other Places in England,
&c., see Bills.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS TO PERTH AND DUNDEE,

By Special Train leaving Glasgow (Buchanan Street Station) on
FRIDAY, 15th JULY, at 4-20 p.m., and on SATURDAY,
16th JULY, at 7-0 a.m.

Passengers may Return by either of the Special Trains leaving
Dundee (West Station) at 6-0 p.m., and Perth (Princes Street)
at 6-50 p.m., on MONDAY and TUESDAY, 18th and 19th JULY.

CHEAP RETURN FARES—First Class. Third Class.

To PERTH.....	8s 9d	4s 5d
DUNDEE.....	12s 6d	6s 3d

TO LANARK,

By Special Train leaving Glasgow (Central Station) on MONDAY
and TUESDAY, 18th and 19th JULY, at 8-50 a.m. Return-
ing at 7-5 p.m. same day, calling at Bridge Street, Eglinton
Street, and Rutherglen both going and returning.

CHEAP RETURN FARES—

FIRST CLASS 3s 10d | THIRD CLASS 2s 1d

Passengers going on Monday may return the following Tues-
day, and those going on Tuesday may return the following
Wednesday, by any of the Ordinary Trains, on payment of
One-Fourth of these Fares additional at the Booking Office
before returning.

RETURN TICKETS AT SINGLE JOURNEY FARES.

From MONDAY, 11th, to SATURDAY, 16th JULY, Return
Tickets at Single Journey Fares will be issued at the Company's
Stations and Booking Offices in Glasgow and Paisley to Beattock,
and Stations South thereof, up to and including Carlisle; also,
to Dumfries and Stations on the Dumfries and Lockerbie
Branch, and to Stations on the Portpatrick Railway. Also, to
Stations on the Callander and Oban Railway West of Callander;
to certain Places in the Western Highlands, via Oban; to
Perth, Dundee, and Stations on the Caledonian Railway North
of Perth and Dundee; and to Through Booking Stations on the
Highland and Great North of Scotland Railways.

These Tickets will be valid for returning by any Train (the
Down Limited Mail and 5-28 p.m. Express Trains from Carlisle
excepted) on any day up to and including THURSDAY, 28th
JULY, except those to Stations on the Highland and Great
North of Scotland Railways, which will be valid on any day
(Sundays excepted) up to and including MONDAY, 25th
JULY, 1881. JAMES SMITHELLS, General Manager.

General Manager's Office, Glasgow, July, 1881.



GLASGOW AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.
CHEAP EXCURSIONS DURING

GLASGOW FAIR HOLIDAYS.
TO LONDON,

On THURSDAY, 14th JULY, by Special Train leaving Glas-
gow (St. Enoch) at 8-30, and Paisley at 8-45 p.m.

Return Fare to London, Third Class,..... 30/.

The Return Train leaves London (St. Pancras) on Friday,
22nd July, at 8-10 p.m. For full particulars as to Times of
Trains and Fares to other Stations in England, see Handbills,
which may be had at the Company's Stations.

TO PARIS, SWITZERLAND, &c.,

On THURSDAY, 14th JULY, by Special Train from St. Enoch,
at 8-30, and Paisley at 8-45 p.m., in connection with Messrs
THOMAS COOK & SON'S Personally Conducted Tours.

Return Fare to Paris, via Dover and Calais, Third Cl, 61/6.
" " " via Newhaven and Dieppe, " 57/6.

For full particulars of Special Excursions through Paris, and
General Continental Arrangements, see Handbills issued by
Messrs THOMAS COOK & SON.

TO LIVERPOOL, MANCHESTER, LEEDS,
AND BRADFORD,

On THURSDAY, 14th JULY, for NINE DAYS.

On FRIDAY, 15th JULY, for FOUR DAYS.

By Train leaving Glasgow (St. Enoch) on Thursday, 14th July,
at 8-0, and Paisley, at 8-15 p.m., and on Friday, 15th July, from
St. Enoch at 2-30 and Paisley at 1-48 p.m.

Return Fares— 4-Day Excursion. 9-Day Excursion.
1st Cl. 3d. Cl. 1st Cl. 3d. Cl.

MANCHESTER or LIVERPOOL, 20/ 10/ 30/ 15/
LEEDS or BRADFORD, 16/ 8/ 28/ 14/

For Times of Return of these Trains, see Bills and Advertise-
ments in Daily Papers.

TO AYR, ARDROSSAN, &c.,

ON MONDAY, TUESDAY, AND WEDNESDAY,
18th, 19th, and 20th July.

Passengers will be Booked from Glasgow by Train leaving St.
Enoch at 9-30, Shields Road at 9-35, and Paisley at 9-45 a.m.

RETURN FARES. 3rd Class.

To KILWINNING, SALTCOATS, } 2s.
ARDROSSAN, IRVINE

To TROON, PRESTWICK, & AYR, 2s 6d.

Returning from Ayr at 6-45; Prestwick, 6-52; Troon, 6-59;
Irvine, 7-8; Ardrossan, 7-0; Saltcoats, 7-5; and Kilwinning at
7-15 p.m.; or by any Ordinary Train on date of issue.

The Tickets are only available on the Date of Issue.

On Friday, 15th July, the 1-15 p.m. Train, Glasgow to Ayr,
and 1-20 p.m. Glasgow to Ardrossan, will be run as on Saturdays.

TO BELFAST AND BACK IN ONE DAY
(via GIRVAN AND STRANRAER).

On THURSDAY, FRIDAY, and SATURDAY,
14th, 15th, and 16th July.

By Train Leaving St. Enoch Station at 6-45 a.m., Shields
Road at 6-50 a.m., and Paisley at 7-0 a.m.

FIRST CLASS, 21s. THIRD CLASS, 10s.

Passengers arrive in Belfast at 1 p.m., and return at 4 p.m.
(Irish time) same day, and have thus about Three Hours in
Belfast. The Tickets are available for Return any day (except
Sunday) up till and inclusive of THURSDAY, 28th JULY, by Train
leaving Belfast, York Road Terminus, at 4 p.m. (Irish time).

RETURN TICKETS at a SINGLE FARE for the DOUBLE
JOURNEY will be issued from GLASGOW (St. Enoch) and
SHIELDS ROAD from MONDAY, 11th, till SATURDAY,
16th July, to

Thornhill,	Dalbeattie,	Pinmore,	Dunragit,
Dumfries,	Castle-Douglas,	Pinwherry,	Castle-Kennedy,
Annan,	Kirkcudbright,	Barrhill,	Stranraer,
Carlisle,	Girvan,	New Luce,	

and Stations on the Portpatrick Railway.

These Tickets are available to RETURN up till and including
THURSDAY, 28th JULY.

W. J. WAINWRIGHT, General Manager.

Glasgow, July, 1881,

THE NATIONAL TELEPHONE CO.
(LIMITED.)

(Uniting the Exchanges of the former BELL & EDISON COMPANIES and those of Messrs D. & G. GRAHAM.)

The ONLY Telephone Exchange now in Glasgow. Parties joining now can converse with every Subscriber to the Amalgamated Telephone Exchange.

List of Subscribers supplied free on application.

SPECIAL TERMS FOR PRIVATE TELEPHONE WIRES.

For particulars, &c., apply to

J. O. JEFFRIES, District Manager,
13 EXCHANGE SQUARE.

Engineers and Contractors,
D. & G. GRAHAM, SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER SMITH,
Chairman Local Board.

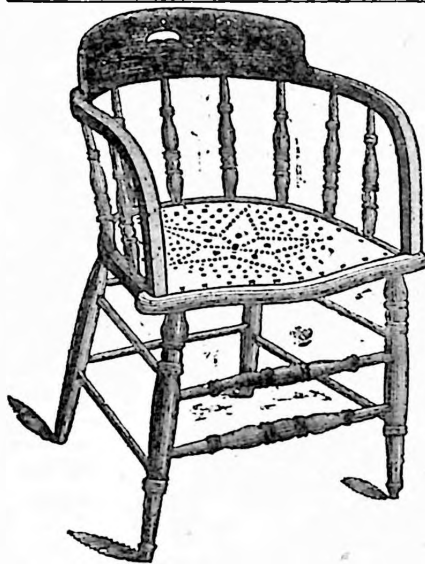
N.B.—This Company controls and can supply ALL Telephones and the Most Modern Improvements of the same.

Satisfactory Working Guaranteed.

NEW GRASS BUTTER

Of the very Best Quality at
DONALDSON BROTHERS,
9 SHAMROCK STREET,
AND 28 ST. GEORGE'S ROAD, CHARING CROSS,

COAST AND COUNTRY ORDERS
will be promptly attended to.



A M E R I C A N
PERFORATED
3-PLY VENEER
SEATING.

For Fitting up Waiting,
Billiard, and Smoking
Rooms, Spirit Shops,
Restaurants, &c.

SETTEES AND
CHAIRS
In Great Variety.

Eglin & Gardner,
70 YORK STREET,
GLASGOW.

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.

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

The OLDEST Irish Whiskey in the Market.
The PUREST and most wholesome.
As a stimulant, PREFERRED to the finest brandy.
BOTTLED IN H. M. CUSTOMS STORES.



BANN
WHISKEY.

ONE QUALITY ONLY for home trade and exportation—
THE BEST.

SOLD by Agents in every district (Wine Merchants
and Grocers) in one dozen cases, each CONTAINING
TWO IMPERIAL GALLONS.

JAMES WILSON & SON, BELFAST, Sole Proprietors.
Wholesale Agents for West and Centre of Scotland,
WHEELER & CO., 147 STOCKWELL ST., GLASGOW

THOMAS MOORE,

(Late MOORE & KIDD)

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

PHOTOGRAPHERS TO THE QUEEN.

RALSTON & SONS,
141 SAUCHIEHALL STREET 141

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

BRIDGE STREET STATION HOTEL
LUNCHEON ROOMS NOW OPEN.

ONE OF THE FINEST DINING ESTABLISHMENTS
IN THE CITY.

CHARGES MODERATE.

LIGHT CLARET FOR SUMMER USE,
12s, 14s, 16s, 18s, and 20s per Dozen.

The above have been carefully selected from the Vintages
of 1874, 1875, and 1877, and are good sound genuine Wines.
Those at 18s and 20s are Soft and of Good Bouquet.

JOHN FORBES,
261 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW;
AND 3 BUCKINGHAM BUILDINGS, HILLHEAD.

COCKBURN TURKISH BATHS,
135 BATH STREET, GLASGOW.

These FIRST-CLASS BATHS are NOW OPEN, and
Fitted up in a Style of Comfort and Elegance Unsurpassed by
anything of the kind in the City.

TURKISH, VAPOUR, SPRAY, DOUCHE, SITZ,
And PLUNGE BATHS,
Heating and Ventilation complete.

Open from 8 a.m till 10 p.m.
CHARGE for TURKISH, 2s.

Plunge, 1s. 6d. Others in Proportion.
ONE DOZEN TURKISH, 20s.

ADVERTISEMENTS received for Home and
Foreign Papers, London and Edinburgh Gazettes, &c.
A. F. SHARP & CO., 14 Royal Exchange Square.

SPECIAL HOLIDAY ANNOUNCEMENTS.

EXTRAORDINARY REDUCTIONS

AT THE

COLOSSEUM

HATS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

HATS, BOATING.

HATS, PICNIC.

HATS, FISHING.

HATS, TRAVELLING.

HATS FOR COUNTRY.

HATS FOR RIVER.

HATS FOR RAIL.

HATS FOR THE MILLION.

THIS WEEK AND NEXT WEEK.

WEDDOW HATS,

For Misses' Coast Wear. The Colosseum price, Twopence each. Cannot be had elsewhere under Sixpence.

MONGOLIAN HATS.

Blue and Buff Mixed. While they last, Fivepence each. These are very Stylish and Novel Coast Hats for Ladies.

JAPANESE HATS.

Blue and White, Fancy Make. Grand Coast Hats for Misses, only 10³/₄d; worth 2s.

WHITE CHIP SHADE HATS.

Very Large, in Granny, Millais, Cherry Ripe, Princess, Victoria, and others. New Droop Shapes for Ladies, only Fourpence each, at the Colosseum only. The same Shapes in Pure White, Fancy Manilla, at Elevenpence-Halfpenny. Wonderful Bronze, the latest London Craze, all Shapes, in Droop, Scoop, and Loop Hats and Bonnets.

EVERY NOVELTY IN HATS FOR THE COAST AT BOTTOM PRICES.

Porcupine, Spike, Tooth, and Rough-and Ready Hats, in Black, White, Brown, Navy, Cardinal, &c., &c., at 4d, 6d, 9d, 1s, 1s 3d, 1s 6d, 1s 9d, 1s 11d, and 2s 6d. Great Piles of the New Foreign Porcupine or Pedal Porcupine, at 1s 11d each; all Shapes and Colours. The Goods are sold to-day in Glasgow at 3s 6d to 5s.

STRAW HATS AND BONNETS.

HUNDREDS OF SHAPES! HUNDREDS OF STYLES! HUNDREDS OF SIZES!

In Chip, Tuscan, Swiss Tuscan Lace, Black Lace Straws, Twist, Pedal, Lattice, Oregon, Leghorn, Panama, Brazilian, Split Straws, Whole Straws, Improved, Bedford, Milan, Italian, Canton, Willow Braid, Mohair Braid, and every other material, Straw or Pliat, that is not obsolete. The New Crinoline, and the Crinoline and Lace Hats in every shade or combination of shades—the most prominent are Black, White, Brown, Cardinal, Antique, Navy, Prune, Bronze, Silver, Gold, Copper, Salmon, Pink, Beige, Peach, &c., &c. Many of these are French shades that are extremely becoming, and are not to be found elsewhere in this City than at the COLOSSEUM. We feel proud of the immense variety of Shapes we can show at present; in fact, if you take only one Hat of each shape and colour from our Stock, we will guarantee that no Retail House in the City have an equal number putting their whole Stock together.

Our Stock of Hats exceeds that of any House in Scotland, either in the Wholesale or Retail Trade.

INSPECTION CORDIALLY INVITED.

MILLINERY BONNETS. MILLINERY HATS. FRENCH PATTERN BONNETS

At Giving-Away Prices. In many cases the Feathers alone are worth more than the Money we now ask for our Best Trimmed Millinery.

SPANISH LACE HATS AND BONNETS,

White, Cream, Tuscan, and Black.

THE NEW PINK AND BLUE LACE BONNETS.

"THE PRINCESS," in Jet, Straw, Fancy or Plain Materials. Prices for the Holidays, 4s 11d to 21s.

BONNET SHAPES, NEWEST STYLES. HAT SHAPES, BEST QUALITIES.

OUR REGULAR PRICE, FOURPENCE.

Don't pay One or Two Shillings for your Shapes when the Finest Manufactured, and the Latest Models, are sold here at the above Price. Thousands selling every day.

HAT AND BONNET ORNAMENTS.

New Patterns in Gold or Jet. Extraordinary Variety. Everything in Ornaments. See the Goods! See the Prices!

RIBBONS, SHADED RIBBONS.

The NEW SHADED RIBBONS. Another Large Delivery, at 2¹/₂d, 4¹/₂d, 6¹/₂d, and 7¹/₂d. These are the widths that were selling at 6¹/₂d, 10¹/₂d, 1s 3d, and 1s 11d everywhere.

GEORGEIOUS RICH SASH RIBBONS, that were 3s 6d, 4s 6d, 5s 6d, to 8s 6d per yard, now for nearly Half-Price.

TARTAN RIBBONS, ALL CLANS, Under Half Regular Prices.

See our Ribbon Counter for the best Value in BLACK AND COLOURED RIBBONS, LATEST DESIGNS.

SPANISH LACES. SPANISH LACES.

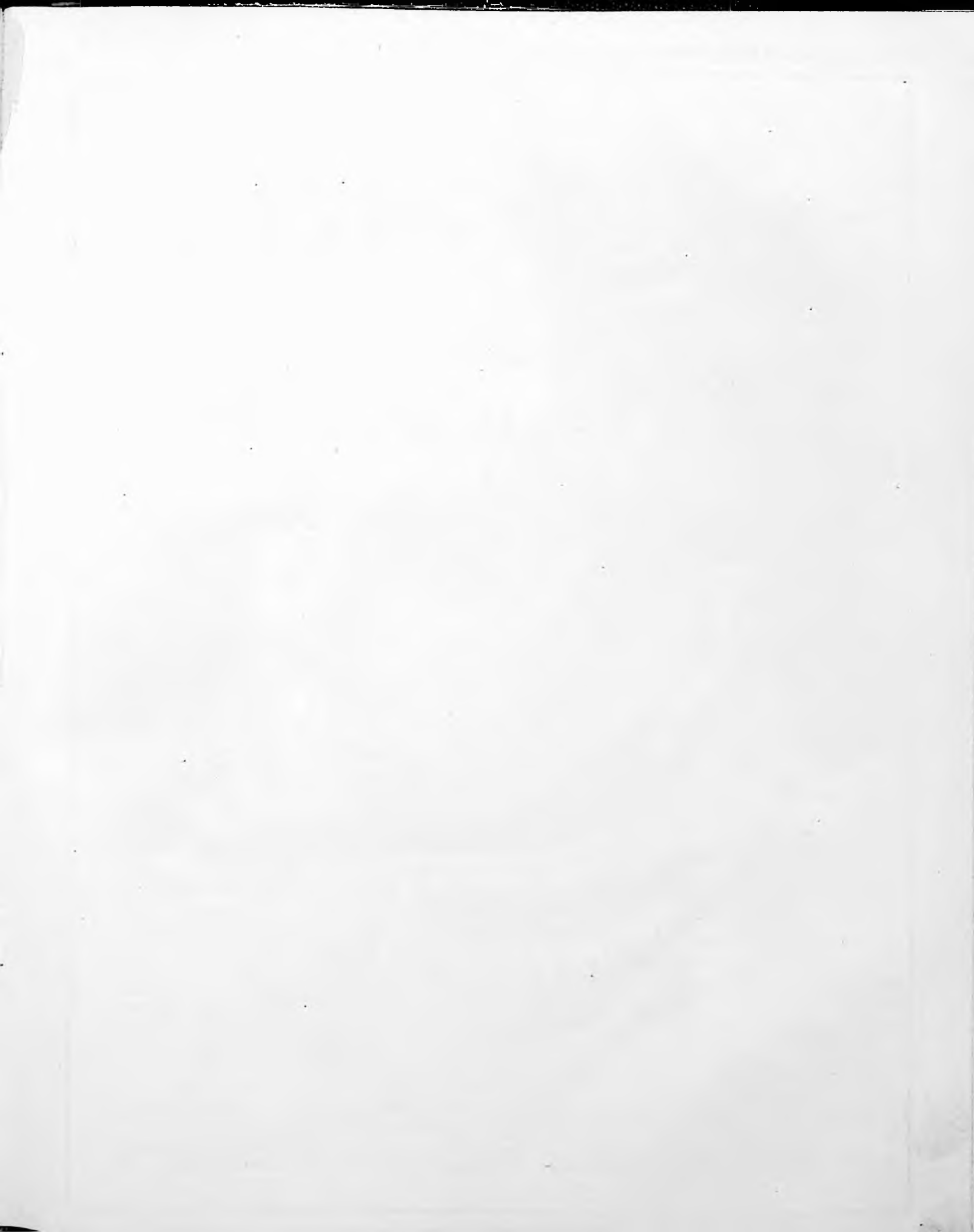
White, Cream, and Tuscan Laces all kinds, 1/2 to 5s per yard. Gloves, Stays, Frillings, Veils, Nets, Muslins, Silks, Satins, Velvets. Wholesale Prices.

FLOWERS. FLOWERS. FLOWERS.

Hundreds of Cartoons French and English Flowers, Surprisingly Cheap.

ROSES. ROSES. ROSES.

The Newest Shades at 1¹/₂d Each. Daisy, Buttercup, and Leaf Wreaths, and Bunches. Artistic French Montures, Half-price. Ferns Grasses, Leaves, Fruits and Smallworks.





The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 457. Glasgow, Wednesday, July 20th, 1881. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 457.

NO actor or actress of our time has gained a title of the celebrity commanded by Mademoiselle SARA BERNHARDT. Other players—Irvings, Booths, Gots, and Salvini—possess a national reputation, the fame of SARA is world-wide. She secedes from the Français, and all Paris is in an uproar. She plays at Copenhagen, and straightway an international difficulty is created between Denmark, Germany, and France, which is only appeased by the withdrawal of the German Minister from the Danish Court. All London is at her feet when she appears at a play-house in the Strand, and no royal progress over the States has aroused enthusiasm equal to that kindled among our cousins on the other side of the Atlantic by her visit to the chief towns and cities of the Union. But in spite of this unique influence, this splendid fame, Mademoiselle BERNHARDT is not without her critics. "She is not," we are told by one writer, "a great actress. Her power is limited, her various methods and mannerisms are often times repeated." Another censor urges that she "is not youthful of presence, owns no natural gaiety, is not graceful of movement, is denied charm of manner, is laboriously rigid and angular of attitude." Mr. Matthew Arnold assures us that "Rachel began almost where Mademoiselle SARA BERNHARDT ends." Mr. Dutton Cook declares that her art is "often too manifest; that she seems to bid too openly for applause." Against this pecking and detraction, however, Mademoiselle SARA can set pages of the most graceful compliment, chapters of the most appreciative criticism, volumes of the most eloquent eulogy. "Given a modern play," says a well-known pressman in the metropolis, "and a strong passionate motive for that

play, and SARA BERNHARDT flings her whole nature into the scene with startling effect. The subtle and delicate inflections of her voice, the curious graces of whimsical caprice and wayward womanhood, the lithe figure and undulating movements, and, above all, the intense femininity of the actress, are all united to a thorough and masterly knowledge of stage-craft and acting art. As a woman she is fascinating; as an artist she has learned how, night after night, to reproduce that fascination. It is this reproduction of her own individuality, this power of self-projection into the characters she portrays, that I fancy constitutes her secret." Mr. Grant White, the celebrated American essayist, describes how he went to the theatre on the occasion of Madlle. BERNHARDT's first performance in New York as strongly prejudiced against her as he ever allowed himself to be against anybody or anything. Her appearance, as she stepped upon the stage, deepened all his unfavourable impressions. Fifteen minutes, however, had hardly passed, before he found his mental attitude toward the actress changing rapidly. "I have never seen," he proceeds, "on the stage, or in real life, a countenance so changed and so elevated, by passing from repose into action, as hers. The face which before seems like the faded picture of some other face, not lovely, becomes instinct with intelligence, and charged, surcharged, with expression. You then see that her eyes are really fine; they become large and brilliant, full of meaning and of light; and her mouth has a sweet expressiveness which, when compared with the character of its lines in repose, is marvellous. No actress that I remember is her equal in the assumption of a look of ecstatic joy. Inspired and remoulded by the expression of this emotion, the eyes and lips of that mean and almost sordid visage, which defies the skill of painters and shames

the art of photography, becomes angelic, worthy of Raphael's conception of a cherub. Such a radiation of purity, of tenderness, such an abandonment to simple, confiding, all-absorbing happiness, is rarely seen portrayed in any form of art—rarely even in nature." After this eager testimony to the genius of Mademoiselle BERNHARDT, the opinion of Mr. Matthew Arnold—whose comparison of BERNHARDT with Rachel has already been quoted—that "temperament and quick intelligence, passion, nervous mobility, grace, smile, voice, charm, poetry, Mademoiselle SARA BERNHARDT has them all," seems almost tame by contrast. Mademoiselle BERNHARDT, who is now somewhere in her 'forties, is of Dutch-Hebrew-French origin. Like almost every great actor or actress, her earliest appearances on the stage were comparative failures. Undeterred, however, by her non-success, she fought bravely on, and ultimately, first at the Odéon, then at the Gymnase, and at last at the Français she came, saw, and conquered. "Quand même" is her motto, and this elliptical form of phrase she regards as a species of exorcism against even the possibility of failure. As Mademoiselle possesses the brightness, she is also burdened with the eccentricities of genius. Has she not used a coffin as a sleeping-place? Did she not go up, day after day, in the captive balloon? Are not her favourite dishes "burnt cats, lizards' tails, and peacocks' brains?" Is it not her custom of an afternoon to play croquet with a skull, and is not the chief adornment of her bed-chamber the skeleton of a man who destroyed himself on account of a disappointment in love? She paints, too, and models in clay, and her pictures and her statues are borne about, partly by way of advertisement, and partly because she really believes that she is a general mistress of all the arts. Mademoiselle BERNHARDT appears at the Gaiety on Monday and Tuesday, the 18th and 19th inst., when she plays two of her chief characters—those of *Gilberte Brigard* in "Frou Frou," and *Marguerite Gauthier* in "La Dame aux Camellias." That her visit to this city will prove a success is one of those things that go without telling. She will attract both the lovers of fashion and the lovers of art. Whether Mademoiselle BERNHARDT will take rank in another generation with Mrs. Siddons and Mademoiselle Mars may safely be left for another generation to decide; at present hers is a name to conjure with all over the civilized world.

ARGYLE BATHS—See Last Page.

The Twelfth.

THE "Protestant Boys" are out,
 "Boyne Water" is all the shout,
 The big Orange lily they're waving for Billy—
 But what is it all about?
 Harry Long in a big red cloak,
 Holds forth with ominous croak,
 That the old man in Rome will be making his home
 In Scotland—lor', ain't it a joke?
 With music and whisky elate,
 The eloquence waxes great—
 The adjective "silly" rhymes "lily" and "Billy,"
 And best describes their state.

A NEW ADJECTIVE.

(Deck of steamer at the Broomielaw; The skipper and his men are arranging the coast luggage and come upon a swarm of orange and sweetie women abaft the paddle-boxes.)
Skipper (to basket women)—Now, just gang awa' forrit or else gang ashore a'thegether—either the one or the two! It's nae use being ceevil, for ceevilin' doesna dae wi' the likes of you.

IN DOING THE FAIR, BY THE FAIR BEING DONE.

"Sweets to the sweet" upon Vinegar Hill!
 Than my fair is no "fairing" that's sweeter;
 Her ways have a warmth that ice-cream cannot chill,
 Yet so coolly she asks me to treat her.
 A nice little treat of the name of a "nip"—
 Than herseif "cold without" isn't "neat"-er,
 There's no need of sugar with that honey'd lip,
 She's so sweet, as she drinks I could eat her.

BAILIES AND MEN.—Describing a carriage accident met with the other day by a St. Andrews Bailie and two of his friends, a contemporary says that "the Bailie" was severely hurt, but that "the two men" got off better. The distinction drawn between magisterial and ordinary humanity is delightful, and cannot fail to recal the story of that other Bailie, who withered a disrespectful female with—"Woman, I'm no a man—I'm a Magistrate!"

VINEGAR 'ILL.—With a midsummer night's dream of Swallow's, ice-cream, nightmares and daylighted horses, wax warriors, Pepper's ghost, modern Samsons and ancient gingerbread, slippered pantaloons, broadsword combats, the lady of lions, fat dwarves, shooting saloons, photographic portraits, blue fire and the black art, drums, bagpipes, *fair* ladies, thimblerriggers, "temples of the drama," and all the fun of the Fair.

The Elgin Liberal Electors to Mr Asher—
 "Sellar canna buy the heart that beats aye for
 thine an' thee."

MITCHELL'S OLD IRISH WHISKY.

Fun for the Fair.

FOR the next fortnight, more or less, Glasgow, young and old, will go in for enjoying itself according to its bent; but, as some folks have no particular bent, or, if they have, are unaware of the fact, the BAILIE steps forward to the assistance of such feeble and uncertain folk. If, then, you want fully to enjoy the fun of the Fair—

Visit every show at Vinegar Hill, and "partake" at every refreshment-stall on the ground. (N.B.—The society of the Fat Lady is peculiarly refreshing in sultry weather, and hot peas are a seasonable dish on a broiling day). Or—

Shut yourself up at home, and employ your leisure in mastering the details of the Robertson Smith case, including original articles, newspaper leaders, and debates in Presbyteries and Assemblies. Or—

Travel to London, third-class, in company with fifteen fellow-occupants of the same compartment and a large bottle of whisky. Or—

Go "doon the water," miss the last steamer home, and camp out *sub Jove pluvio*. Or—

Begin the study of Arabic, in order that you may have an intelligent comprehension of the situation in North Africa. Or—

Establish yourself in a temporary observatory on the top of "Tennants' Lum," and draw up a meteorological report—moral as well as physical—in opposition to the one-horse affair on Ben Nevis. Or—

Put money in your purse by giving a series of lectures on board the "Peter the Great" on "the advantages of Nihilism." Or—

Sample as much "Fair whisky" as you can get through during the holidays. (N.B.—This plan has the advantage of entailing additional holidays, while you recover from the consequent attack of *delirium tremens*) Or—

Attend, so far as possible, to your ordinary business, and take a holiday when you can spend it with some approach to comfort. And—

If you fail to enjoy yourself don't blame the BAILIE!

AN UTTERANCE OF THE "UTTER."

Classicist—What think ye of Virgil?

Æsthete—"Too too" Tittery.

"I'll be *blowed* if I stay here," as Bauldy said one stormy day as he paced the deck of the "Iona" outside of the Crinan.

50 VISITING CARDS (Finest Ivory) while you wait, 1s 6d.—GILLESPIE BROTHERS, 8 Buchanan Street.

On 'Change.

A WELL-KNOWN figure passed quietly off the boards last Tuesday. Railway men will especially lament the loss of Mr John M'Gavin, whose sagacity has more than once helped to get a company out of trouble. Clear heads like his are not too numerous, and the shrewdness which brought him fortune was also valuable to his friends.

A London paper remarks that "the mismanagement of these Glasgow people have exposed the whole business to suspicion." The writer is discoursing about the Indian Gold Mines muddle. I do not particularly admire his grammar, but his ill-constructed contention is otherwise unassailable. "Somebody blundered," as the poet laureate has observed. Explanations do not seem to make the affair any clearer.

The value of a thing is said to be what it will fetch in the market. Practically this is perhaps true. Theoretically it is all wrong. The political economist wisely recognises a distinction between "price" and "value." There is a difference in the two words, though these are often considered to be interchangeable terms.

Tharsis reminds of this just now. Once upon a time Tharsis fetched over 50. Wise people sold out then. Wise people pretty generally do sell out when they can get five times the capital they paid up on their shares. They may rest assured that in the majority of cases they will be able to buy in cheaper. That is what happened in the case of Tharsis. The wise men aforesaid sold out at over 50, and they bought in again at 25. Who can blame them? Not I. If 99 stupid fellows choose to buy at a high price no one can say nay. That is clearly their business. A tailor is impertinently said to be only the ninth part of a man. I never could see why. I know several tailors who can lick any man of their size and weight on 'Change.

My sensible tailor, being 11 per cent. over proof of brains, would not give 30 for the Tharsis £10 paid shares now selling at 43 or thereabouts. He would argue in this wise:—At 50 the shares will pay 5 per cent., the last dividend being 25 per cent. per annum upon £10 or £2 10s per share. But for a little less than 5 per cent. a stock can be got for something rather over par. It is secured, too. Why then pay five times par to secure the same return. Add to this that the stock at rather over par is secured. The other at five times par is purely speculative. The mine is in a foreign land over which we have little or no control. A revolution might occur and play ducks and drakes with the whole concern, as happened with the 175 million sterling that Spain is owing to us now.

The usual solemn farce is played by the banks on the Fair Saturday of every year. They open at 9 and shut at 10.30. Nobody bothers them on these occasions. They enjoy the solitude of the city and say nice things about Sir John Lubbock,

Yeast is to be made on limited liability principles. I am asked to contribute part of the £120,000, in £1 shares, to carry out this idea. One would think there was froth enough in the limited liability market already. SCRUTATOR.

"SHOPPY."

(Scene—Country village.)

Hungry Traveller (to youthful inhabitant)—Can you tell me if there's a shop in this place?

Youthful Inhabitant—Ay, there's a joiner's shop roon the corner.

Glasgow Gold Mines—"Auld" is not "Guild" that glitters.

CON.—What Firth reminds one of the sky? The Sol-way, to be sure.

A Sweetie-stand—Where ye "stand" sweeties.

ARGYLE BATHS—See Last Page.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—Though Glasgow Fair is not the institution it was when you and I "were boys together," there is still plenty of "fun" provided for those who seek it. It is not my present purpose to speak of the innumerable excursions which can be enjoyed for "next to nothing" at the present season, nor shall I deal with the dulcet delights of Vinegar Hill. I would rather remind holiday-makers who find themselves unable to leave the City, and who have souls above shows and sweeties, that the theatres, &c., present unusual attractions. The great event of the coming week is, of course, Mdle. Bernhard's appearance at the Gaiety; while at the Royalty we are to have typical productions of two typical dramatists—Byron and Broughton, comedy and burlesque; and at the Royal Princess's Mr Beryl will thrill his audiences with the startling situations of "Brought to Justice." Nor must the ever-popular "New-some's" be forgotten, nor the Botanic Gardens, which, as usual in July, now wake up from what is very like a year's somnolency, all for the benefit of "the Fair folk."

—o—
"A Fight for Life," the new three act drama in which Mr Charles Kelly and Miss Florence Terry will appear at the Gaiety on Monday week, is taken by the playwrights, Messrs Savile Clarke and Du Tereaux, from the three volume novel of the same title by Mr Moy Thomas, which was originally published, some fifteen or twenty years ago, in the pages of *Cassell's Magazine*. The drama, like the novel, is a powerful one. It tells the story of a soldier who is driven to desertion by the brutality of his superior officers, and who would rather die than undergo the punishment of the lash.

—o—
Had it not been that Mr Knapp's "list" was full for the whole of the present year, we should have had a visit at the Royalty from Mr Sims Reeves, the eminent tenor having been anxious to appear at that house—of course in the musical drama—in a farewell visit to this city.

—o—
How comes it, I wonder, that so many dominies under the Board and eke outwith its control, are this year spending their long holiday term in town? Their so doing must surely be of choice and not of necessity. The stipends, though somewhat lowered by cheese-paring "Ratepayers' Candidates," are still handsome to a degree. Than your average headmaster under the *régime* now obtaining, I know of no sort or condition of men that should be better able to afford a settlement out in the clear for a month or so. Formerly, our schoolmasters almost to a man used to be very much abroad during July. Now, lots of them may be met with daily in certain little convivial "howfs" in town, as merry as men should be who have "got no work to do" and yet get liberally paid for doing it!

—o—
On the other hand, many of our best-known schoolmasters are far beyond hearing of Sanct Mungo's chimes, having pitched their tents for the time by mount, and stream, and sea. Here are the whereabouts, BAILIE, of some of these pedagogic personages:—Rector Menzies, Hutcheson Grammar School, Kildonan, Arran; Rector Ross, E. C. Normal, Holy Isle, Arran; Mr M'Millan, Alexander's Charity, Southend, Kintyre; Mr Loch-head, Hutcheson Girls' School, Whiting Bay; Mr Lamont, City "Pub.," Millport; Mr M'Neil, Centre Street School, Continent; Mr Murray, Henderson Street School, Maryport; Mr Laidlaw, Crookston Street School, Dunoon; Mr Donald, Thomson Street School, Mount Vernon; Mr Adam, City "Pub.," Prestwick, Ayr; Mr Ness, St. Matthew's, Millport; Mr Thomson, Turcen Street School, Elie, Fife; Mr Brodie, Kinning Park School, Whiting Bay; Dr Dick, F. C. Normal, Steps Road; Mr Donaldson, Bishop Street School, Gourrock; Mr Jardine, Abbotsford School, Cambuslang; Mr Henderson, Turcen Street School, Portobello; Mr Liddell, St. James' School, Millport; Mr Watt, E. C. Normal, Ardeer; Inspector Kerr, Garscadden, Duntocher; Mr Christie, Head Master of the Collegiate School, Queen's Park, Kilm; Dr Colville, Newton Park School, Leven, Fife. But more of this anon.

The announcement of the sudden death of Mr John M'Gavin gave to all who knew him—and that was nearly everybody in Glasgow—the sense of a personal loss. One of the most prominent, he was, at the same time, one of the best beloved of our citizens. His kindly heart, his charitable spirit, his gentle ways, his love of peace—when peace was to be had without dishonour—won the affection of all who came in contact with him. He was firm as a rock whenever principle was concerned, but, even in the advocacy of what many regard as extreme views, he never hurt another's feelings or made one single enemy.

As a lover and patron of art he will be long remembered. His refined taste led him to sympathise with refined art—the mysterious and the suggestive had for him an irresistible attraction. The close friend of Geo. Paul Chalmers, he was also the warm admirer of Corot and Millet and Rousseau, and all those other great painters who have made the modern French landscape school so famous. His collection is, in its own way, one that it would be difficult to rival. In every respect, John M'Gavin was a man who merited the position he held in the esteem and love of his fellow-citizens.

—o—
Those unfortunates—and they are more numerous than their luckier brethren may suppose—who find it impossible to partake of the delights of sea-bathing at this season, may be glad to be reminded of the existence of an establishment in the City where they can enjoy greater luxury and variety in the bath line than is attainable in the average home. I refer to the "Cockburn Baths," which are appropriately situated in Bath Street, and of which Mr Philp is proprietor. For "comfort combined with economy" it would not be easy to find an establishment superior to this.

—o—
The current number of *Decoration* has drawn largely upon Glasgow, or rather perhaps Glasgow has "drawn" largely upon it. In addition to the principal subject, a large classical picture of many figures; by the author and artist editor, Mr Moyr Smith, a native of Glasgow, there are a design for a chimneypiece by Mr John Thomson, in the style of his father, the eminent "Greek," and a sheet showing designs in silver-work by Mr Gildard, the well-known assistant-architect of the Office of Public Works. Q.

The Greenock "Mystery."

IT seems to take but little to get up an excitement in Greenock. The latest sensation "doon by" was caused by a militiaman who went off to join his regiment in Yorkshire without making public announcement of his intentions, and straightway became the subject of much talk and many elaborate paragraphs. Your Sugaropolitan who is desirous of leaving the town, and who is *not* desirous of being turned into a "mysterious disappearance," should call on the Provost, and at the *Telegraph* office, and give due notice of his weighty purpose.

BELYING HIS NAME.—A man named Fox has been sentenced by Stipendiary Gemmel to thirty days' imprisonment for maliciously throwing stones at a passing engine, also for committing a breach of the peace by loudly cursing and swearing. In spite of his name, his conduct clearly proved him a "proper" goose.

"Wether" Profits—Butcher's.

"Fair" Proverbial Philosophy.

IT is the early bird that catches the "Columba."
Better a late steamer back to town than sleeping out at Rosa.

One may go further and fare worse—not much—than doon the watter.

A return ticket is the best policy.

The fewer men the greater chance of lodgings.

One good dram deserves another.

Rolling stones gather no moss at Bowling.

When drunk chaffs drunk then comes the tug of war.

A friend who can lend half-a-crown the week after the Fair is a friend indeed.

Empty vessels bring no grist to the mill.

There is no use in crying over a spill in a small boat.

Never fall out of—a railway train.

A soft answer turneth not away wet weather.

Dookin' cures more than the doctor.

Money is the route of all holiday pleasure.

A pocket pistol covereth a multitude of sins.

Handsome is who hansom does it.

There are none so blind as those who get blin' fou.

The darkest hour with a drouth is that before the pubs. open.

Take it for all in all there is no place like—Glesca.

WITH A RUSH!

(Scene — Cutter yacht "Gipsy" off Callum's Hole; 2-30 a.m.; squall coming on.)

Owner — Down with the topsail, lads. Be quick, lower away.

Highland Skipper — Lower away, inteed; she'll no lower away whateffer, she's stuck; put keep her on her coorse moreover, an' if she'll carry away she'll pe lower notwithstanding.

[Crash.]

A NEW MILKY WAY.—Explaining his process of "setting" milk, an advertiser in a morning paper states that the milk is "entirely submerged in water." This is a decided innovation. The old method was to submerge the water in the milk.

Positive, Comparative, and Superlative—Fast, Tanner; faster, Erisconi; fastest, Iroquois.

Not "a little French Milliner"—The man-milliner Worth.

An August Assembly—The coming Review at Edinburgh.

A "Light" Blow—A sun-stroke.

Smoke.

IT is satisfactory that a serious effort is at last to be made to put a stop to the nuisance caused by the smoke of river-steamers. There is no excuse whatever for the foul, black volumes which pour from the funnels of these steamers, poisoning the air and defiling the hands, faces, and dress of everybody in the neighbourhood. If the smoke nuisance can be suppressed on shore, as it can be, it can also be suppressed on the water, and if it is suppressed on other waters, as it is, it can also be suppressed on the Clyde. The authorities of Greenock and Rothesay are to be congratulated upon the attitude they have assumed in this matter. Let us hope that their determination will not end, as it has begun, in "smoke."

ONE FOR THE CLOTH.

(Scene—A country road; A number of sheep are being driven along.)

Parish Clergyman—Dear me, William, I do not remember having before seen so many black sheep in a small flock.

Shepherd—Ay, sir! Then yir knowledge o' several members o' yir congregation mun be unca sma'.

Happy Volunteers.

WHAT lucky dogs these Volunteers are to be sure. Here are the London Scottish, on the occasion of the approaching review at Edinburgh, asked to breakfast and dinner, while the "firm of brewers, Messrs. J. H. Younger & Co., have invited every man to partake of refreshments *ad libitum* in their cool and extensive stores." Oh geminie, isn't this last inducement too much to refuse? Bauldy says that to have a day's freedom in a brewery he will join the ranks and wear a kilt with the best of them.

QUIS CUSTODES CUSTODIET?—To judge from a recent paragraph, Motherwell Police Station seems to be managed in a very free and easy fashion. "During the temporary absence of the police," we are told, two miners entered the Station, and were about to release the prisoners when they were discovered. What was the cause of the guardians' "temporary absence?" Were they "round the corner?"

Police Commission—To keep the peace.

A Paper with a "Circle"-lation—The *Globe*.

A Corn Merchant—A chiropodist.

Port Holes—Winebibbers' mouths.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the Fair saturnalia has begun.

That the British workman is on the loose.

That it is to be hoped all will enjoy themselves during the holidays.

That the 12th of July passed over without serious disturbance.

That oor Rubbart of Ladywell was one of the prominent figures at the procession from the Green.

That he made one of his characteristic speeches at Johnstone.

That he blessed King Humbert and banned the Pope.

That "Rubbart's" bark is waur than his bite.

That Popes are not afraid to admit him to their palaces at Rome.

That Rubbart has never yet managed to convert even a cardinal.

That the Revenue officers have discovered a new source of income.

That it is called "obscuration."

That a number of the officials are not very sure what it means.

That it can only be explained up stairs, Revenue Office, Glasgow.

That the new bridge over the Kelvin is hardly a thing of beauty and a joy for ever.

That it is about as graceful as the Barony Parish Church.

That Councillor Jackson and the Parks Committee can hardly boast of the "graceful design and elegant structure."

That, as a piece of Corporation work, it might have been a little more artistic.

That the legal fun of the fair was supplied at the Justice of Peace Court this week.

That Mr Spens, Mr Gray, and Mr R. D. Douglas were the principal actors.

That it was a very small storm in a teacup after all.

That the new Green regulations have been confirmed.

That the objectors did not put in an appearance to sustain their appeals.

That 'Arry Halfred and his supporters will soon have something to say on the subject.

That they ought to have spoken at the proper time.

That after the steed is stolen the stable door is shut.

That quite a power of business was done at last meeting of Council.

That the new Municipal Buildings scheme was trotted out once more.

That Councillor Gray wanted to know whether the foundation-stone would be laid during his Lordship's reign, or if the present Councillors would live to see it.

That Mr Gray is a man of an inquiring mind.

That he also possesses a good deal of humour.

That he might have asked an easier conundrum.

That Bailie Osborne is anxious to abolish the procession at the opening of the Justiciary Court.

That the "Lords of Convention" will have a say in the matter.

That the tramway directors have snubbed the Corporation.

That they refuse to supply dress or uniform for their drivers and conductors.

That the Council have not the power to enforce their recommendation.

That Alphabet Smith was exceedingly funny on the question.

That the Councillors "chortled in their joy" as he described the "ragamuffin appearance of a new caught guard."

That Continental travel has improved the elegance of Mr Smith's diction.

That the Parks rate assessment is to be increased.

That the people are to pay for music.

That economical Convener Jackson is not so very economical of the public money as was expected.

That the assessment of the Barony Parish is also raised.

That it is a fine cheap city to live in is Glasgow.

A Street Nuisance.

WE have too many street nuisances in Glasgow, and not the least irritating of them are the long processions of carts, full or empty, which constantly prevent one from crossing. A dozen, or it may be twenty, in number, they crawl along close together, to the intense annoyance of busy folks who do not happen to possess the patience of Job. The police are, of course, to blame. They have power to regulate the traffic, and it is their duty to impress upon drivers that the pedestrian has rights as well as the charioteer. No vehicle should be allowed to follow another at a less distance than, say, six feet.

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.

The Modern Clerk.

THERE soon will be no working men
 For trade of any kind,
 For every sprouting youth you meet
 To "klerking" is inclined.
 Despising honest work, each lad
 Aspires with all his heart
 To be a modern gentleman,
 And learn the klerkly art.
 Although his father bore the hod,
 The more the fool was he,
 When any fool who writes and coonts
 Can klerk so easily.
 From clericus, a Latin word,
 The name doth come we know;
 But then it meant a learn'd young man,
 And not a klerk—ho! ho!
 Alas! alas! for poor young men
 Who ape gentility—
 Who think they are all gentlemen
 Because they're klerks—he! he!
 Their "screw" hebdomadal is just
 In shillings twenty-five;
 'Tis wondrous strange when they take wives,
 What doth keep them alive!
 But some discerning folk there are
 Who know a thing or two;
 And think there is a difference
 'Twixt clerk and klerk—Do you?

"OVER THE GARDEN"—GATE.
 (Watering-place on the Clyde)

She (sweet 17)—Come over into our garden,
 Charlie. I've something to tell you.
He—All right, Ethel, will I jump the gate?
She—Yes do. You must be a regular antelope.
He (wretch that he was)—That's all right so
 long as I'm not an "anterloper."

MINUTE "RECORDS."—"A party by the
 name of" William J. Haley, dating from Hamil-
 ton, writes to the *Herald* a letter beginning
 thusly:—"It is not often that Mr John Fergu-
 son and I agree, but when we do the fact should
 be recorded." Should it really, William? And
 when a naturalist observes, through a powerful
 microscope, two animaculæ having a set-to,
 should *that* fact also be recorded?

SERIOUS INDEED!—Jones says that the out-
 rages on British subjects in North Africa are
 serious Sfax. So are his outrages on the
 English language.

Passing Strange—That a teetotal Lord
 Provost should be followed by a Ure (ewer).

A Smithsonian Institution—A farrier's
 "smiddy."

"Public" Companies—Wine, beer, and spirit
 associations.

ARGYLE BATHS—See Last Page.

That Boy of Bute's!

WHEN are we to hear the last of the great
 and unique Bute Baby? Since the interest-
 ing young gentleman made his appearance on
 the scene hardly a day has passed without the
 publication of a letter on the subject from his
 proud papa. If this sort of thing is to continue,
 we may expect to be informed when Master
 Dumfries is vaccinated, gets into "short clothes,"
 cuts his first teeth, has measles, and passes
 through the other exciting episodes of infancy.
 Such items, will, no doubt, possess a vast interest
 for a certain section of the community; but,
 after all, that section is not a very important
 one, and it may be hinted to the noble Marquis
 that, strange as it may seem, there is just a pos-
 sibility that he and his "blessed baby" may
 become a couple of unmitigated bores.

"TRUTHFUL" BOBBY.

T. B. No. 1 (to comrade *T. B. No. 2*)—Did ye
 tak' the swell tae the offish last nicht, Toogal?
Toogal—Yiss.
T. B. No. 1—Wass he fined?
Toogal—Yiss, to be shurely.
T. B. No. 1—An' what was he daeing?
Toogal—Ugh, naething, but he had nae wut-
 nishes an' we jist said he wass trunk an' dish-
 orderly.

THE GRANTON HEROES.—Two yachting
 "gentlemen," together with "the yacht's boy,"
 were upset out of a boat off Granton the other
 day. The "gentlemen" swam to their yacht;
 but the boy would have been drowned had it
 not been for a passing steamer. Now, the
 BAILIE wants those heroic "gentlemen" to send
 him their names, in order that he may recom-
 mend them for the Albert Medal, or at least for
 a parchment from the Humane Society.

AN INEXHAUSTIBLE MINE.—In reviewing a
 book on Scotticisms the other day, Granny re-
 marked that the author's list might be extended.
 She should set to and supply deficiencies from
 her own venerable columns.

A SALT AFFAIR.—The "Saline Games" are
 advertised for the 11th of August. In order to
 have things "in a concatenation accordingly"
 the charge for admission to the grounds should
 be "salt" too.

A Feline Remark—Mew! mew!

An "Ancient Gardener"—Adam.

Strawberries are now at their best for preserving. Prices are right at the City Fruit Warehouse, 18 GORDON STREET.

GENTLEMEN'S DEPARTMENTS.

GENTLEMEN'S FELT HATS.
GENTLEMEN'S DRESS HATS.
GENTLEMEN'S TWEED HATS.
GENTLEMEN'S STRAW HATS.

VENTILATED HATS, HELMETS, AND
SUN HATS.
Cool and Luxurious.

FEATHER WEIGHT FELT HATS.
Just Delivered, another large Lot of the New "Snuff Brown"
Felt Hats. Latest Shapes.

Another Large Delivery of
YE OLDE ENGLISH HATTE,
(OR, YE LANDE AND WATTER HATTE).
THE LAWN TENNIS HATS.

All Colours, Fourpence Halfpenny. Sold Everywhere from
10½d to 2s 6d.
FELT HATS. THE BEST VALUE IN THE KINGDOM.
Guaranteed Pure, Durable, and Fast in the Dyes. Our Lead-
ing Prices are 3s 6d, 4s 6d, 5s 6d, 7s, and 8s 6d. *Fifty per
Cent. more* is charged by the ordinary Retailers for exact same
Qualities and Shapes.

SMART SHAPES. MEDIUM SHAPES. ELDERLY
GENTLEMEN'S SHAPES.
The Sizes Kept in Stock are from 5½ to 7½.

GENTLEMEN'S DRESS HATS.
Our 17s 6d Dress Hats are not surpassed by any in the Marke
at 21s or 25s.
Our Dress Hats at 8s 6d, 10s 6d, 12s 6d are excellent.
Our 14s 6d Dress Hat is the ordinary Guinea Hat.
Shapes to suit every taste.

Please note that the ENTRANCE to
THE GENTLEMEN'S DEPARTMENTS
Is by No. 62 JAMAICA STREET (Opposite HOWARD ST.);
FOR THE LADIES' DEPARTMENTS,
Enter by No. 70 JAMAICA STREET
(Next Door to Staffordshire China Hall).

WALTER WILSON & CO.,
THE LEADING HATTERS,
THE LEADING MILLINERS.

SINGLE HATS AT
WHOLESALE PRICES.

THE
NEW FRENCH CORN PLASTER,
for effectually removing hard and soft corns and bunions,
and reducing enlarged toe joints, imported by Mr M. F.
Thompson, is a simple and efficacious means of effecting the
removal of corns, and whilst other plasters are thick and awkward
this French plaster is thin as silk and comfortable to the foot.
There can be little doubt that Mr Thompson has scored a suc-
cess with this French Corn Plaster. LADY MAUDE.
Packets, 1s each; by post, 13 stamps, from
M. F. THOMPSON, CHEMIST, 17 GORDON ST., GLASGOW
Note the Address.

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.

MITCHELL & CO.'S
OLD IRISH WHISKY, Belfast, is the Purest and Best
in the Market, and received at Melbourne Exhibition Jurors'
Highest Award.—Agent for Scotland—DAVID MITCHELL, 20
Hope St., Glasgow.

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

D'ARCY'S Famed
WHISKY. OLD IRISH
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
THE PUREST AND BEST IN THE WORLD.
Sole Proprietor—MATT. D'ARCY & CO., NEWRY.
Wholesale Agents for Scotland—
SMITH BROS., 48 OSWALD STREET, GLASGOW.

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.

CORN CURE!!! WART CURE!!!
"FACILE PRINCEPS."
FOREWELL'S PATENT CHIROPODYNE
Effectually removes Corns, Warts, &c., in a few days,
without pain. In Bottles, 1s 1½d each, from The Glasgow
Apothecaries Coy., Virginia Street; Jaap, Chemist, Buchanan
Street; Spite & Coy., Merchants, St. Enoch Square, and all
Respectable Chemists.

LIBRAIRIE ETRANGERE
3 CATHEDRAL STREET, corner of Buchanan Street.
ENGLISH & FOREIGN BOOKS, New and Second Hand.
Lowest Prices. Books Lent.
Books in all Languages in Stock or procured.

FELT HATS,

5s, 7s, 10s.

OUR THREE LEADING PRICES.

SPECIAL SMART Shapes for "Young Men"—the Best Value in the Market. Bought Direct from the Makers. All intermediate Profit Saved to our Customers.

The HATS at TEN SHILLINGS are WOODROW'S "Prize Medal Felt Hats"—the Highest Class Goods in the Kingdom.

SEE THE SHOW WINDOWS.

MILLER & CO.,
QUEEN STREET CORNER.

GRAND HOTEL,
GLASGOW.

Gentlemen whose Houses will be shut up during Summer, and who may require to stay in town occasionally, are reminded of the excellent Accommodation and Moderate Charges of this first-class Hotel. Terms for Boarding specially moderate.

A well appointed 'Bus in connection with this Hotel attends arrival and departure of "Columba" Steamer, also principal through Trains at Central and Buchanan Street Stations. Leaves Hotel for Steamer at 6-40 a.m.

BICYCLE & BOWLING GREEN SHOES,

Specially got up for the purpose, 7s 6d a pair.
Light and Easy.—No Damp Feet.

ANATOMICAL BOOTS,

Made on Lasts specially prepared for each Customer. No
Corns or Bunions.

J. COOPER, 33 EGLINTON STREET.
Established 1842.

CIGARS! CIGARS!!

BEFORE proceeding to the Coast, call at the "World Renowned" Cigar Establishment, 68 Argyle Street, and provide yourself with a box of their Famed Cigars, or a sample of

7 FOR ONE SHILLING.

BOX of 100 for 13/6.

" 50 " 7/.

" 25 " 3/6

DON'T HESITATE.

JOB LOTS OF PICTURE SCRAPS AND
various Interesting and Useful Articles for the Fair Holidays, at LINDSAY'S, 102 Queen Street.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 20th, 1881.

THERE are no greater slaves of fashion than modern medicine men in spite of all their improved scientific and social advantages. En-

lightenment in their case does not seem to be able to overcome the effects of an antiquated and absurd system of etiquette, which is handed down from one generation to another of the professors of the healing art, with the view of securing their own as against the public advantage. No doubt there are many doctors who disregard these venerable rules of conduct and thereby sacrifice their personal comfort, and get themselves looked upon as not being "sound." Medical heterodoxy is almost as ridiculous, in some of its aspects, as its clerical friend; but both are equally effective with the public. The question on which all branches of the profession are at one is the occult connection between medical skill and the keeping of a carriage. No sooner has the young Sawbones taken his degree and stumbled on a practice than he begins to have dreams of a "pill-box." If his friends are well-to-do it falls to them to provide a nag and a brougham; if not, young Dr Sangrados handicaps himself by hiring an inferior article, so as to be upsides with his rival Dr Podophyllin over the way, who has, probably, bought his out of money borrowed from his father-in-law. The absurdity of this carriage craze is only surpassed by the fact that so soon as the wish for it is realised the public are mulcted to maintain it by being required to pay increased fees. There is no sudden access of skill or knowledge; nothing, in fact, but the assumption of superior airs, which not infrequently detracts from a young practitioner's popularity, both with the public and his profession. That the possession of a chaise does not conduce to humility in a medical man is to be seen every day, but the marvel is, that having in view the increased facilities for travelling in the city, so many educated and presumably sensible men lend themselves to what is at best a vulgar prejudice.

CLEAR AS MUD.

(Scene—Greenock Quay; Captain meets gab-bartman.)

Captain—Where's your boat, Thomas?
Gabbartman—Cley'd up, sir.
Captain—Clayed up! What do you mean?
Gabbartman—It's sunk up the Clyde!

A "Militia"-ous Lot—The Penicuik rioters.
The Queen's Prize—Princess Beatrice.
To Set the Clyde on Fire—"Flint and Steel."
A genuine Turkey Sponge—The Sultan.
Vanity Fair—Vinegar Hill,

Historic Gems Reset.

I. THE PRINCE AND THE JESTFUL JUDGE.—Henry, Prince of Wales, afterwards Henry VIII., was a youth of a somewhat impetuous disposition. Entering the Court of Judge Jeffreys, well known as editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, upon a certain occasion, he found that amiable and witty Judge doing justice upon one of his (Henry's) companions, and without more ado dealt the man of law a goodly stroke between the eyes. Jeffreys, ever ready with his quip, remarked as he picked himself up, "Nay, my liege, this is not the Court of King's Punch." This ready retort so pleased the Prince that he not only forgave the Judge, but forthwith appointed him Master of the Revels.

II. THE CROWN PRINCE.—The same merry Prince, being sadly impecunious, entered his father's bedchamber one morning, with the design of securing the royal crown, and raising money upon it at one of the establishments of Master Attyboroughe, his uncle. The monarch, however, always slept with one eye open, and, observing his son's purpose, he laconically remarked, "Drop it!" "Nay, sire," was the Prince's facetious reply, "it is my intention to pop it!" which he did, going thereafter upon what a chronicler of the period quaintly terms "ye unmytygayted scoope" with the proceeds.

III. FRANKLIN'S WHISTLE.—The late Sir Benjamin Franklin was when a boy passionately fond of musical instruments, especially the common tin whistle. Accordingly, meeting one day another lad who was performing on a peculiarly loud and shrill instrument of this kind, young Franklin determined to possess himself of the treasure. To this end he craftily offered the unsuspecting stranger fabulous numbers of pennies for the whistle, and, getting it into his possession, made off at the top of his speed, the too credulous musician being left lamenting. This little incident is said to have been the first indication of the astuteness which subsequently led Franklin to his discovery of the North Pole.

CROSS-PURPOSES.

(Scene—Corner of Argyle and Queen Streets ; Saturday night, six p.m.)

Member of the Salvation Army (to boy standing in street)—Are you for-given (Govan) ?

Boy—No, I'm for Partick.

Jugglery—At the Pottery there, out by the Fair.

ARGYLE BATHS—See Last Page.

A Fair Shilling's Worth.

FIRST of all, we'll go to Swallow's;
Smoking flax
See swallowed, also knives and daggers;
Then the wax
Figures moving, most pathetic,
Lefroy, the Queen,
All moulded, coloured, draped æsthetic,
Just between
Where choir of nigger minstrels practise
High-toned Black Art,
And artists in the very van
Take off your carte,
The Thespian cart on which the players
To tatters tear
The passions ; then the biggest show
That's in the Fair,
"The people, O the people"—*For*,
(I quote his "Bells"),
Than this, if all the world's a stage,
None else excels.

[We've spent our money, so again must see
The wizard, giants, and menagerie,
Fat women, dwarves, and Pepper's ghost; the rare
And wondrous ferlies spread all o'er the Fair.]

"WHAT A FALLING OFF WAS THERE."

(Scene—Interior of public in Rutherglen ; Time, 11-30 p.m. ; Landlord and waiter are busy squaring up matters after the labours of the day.)

Landlord (to waiter, in hurried tones)—Wi—Wi—Willie, what's the meaning o' this? There's ower muckle whisky ower the day.

Waiter (snappishly)—I canna help it; Tamson wis oot o' the town a' day.

"MISTRESS AND 'MAID.'"—Rich, vulgar, and ignorant people have frequently odd ideas as to the position of "the governess;" but one seldom comes across anything so rich as the following advertisement, clipped from the *Herald*:—"Governess Wanted to act as Maid to Young Ladies who have left school." Who is expected to "act as governess" in this singular establishment? The cook?

BOY-COTTING HIM.—Some genial person advertises thusly in a local paper:—"Board at moderate rate wanted for Boy, where there are no children." Puir laddie!

THE OLD STORY.—A bankrupt at Greenock named Nathan, explained to his creditors that he started business without any funds. Just so, Nathan, to begin with; and a great deal more before you put up the shutters.

Profits of "Pubs."—Bar-gains.

BICYCLES. } See the new patterns for 1881. Machines built to
TRICYCLES. } special order. Riding School, Lessons Daily
Inspection invited.—JENNINGS, 101 Mitchell
Street.

Megilp.

THE subject for next winter's gold medal competition at the Royal Academy is "Job receiving the news of his calamities."

One of the coming pictorial sensations in this city will be Mrs. Butler's (Miss Thompson's) "Scotland For Ever." This, as is well-known, is a representation of the charge of the Scots Greys at Waterloo. Whether it will serve to reinstate the artist in the position she gained among our lovers of pictures by her "Roll-call," and lost by her "Quatre Bras" and "Bal-clava," remains to be seen.

Artists may be reminded that the sending-in day for the forthcoming autumn exhibition of the Newcastle-upon-Tyne Arts Association is the second Friday of August, and that the Exhibition opens to the public on the Friday fortnight, the 26th of the month. The works hung in last year's Exhibition of the Association were over 600 in number, and of these 126 were sold, realising the sum of £5,045. This year the committee of the Association have been promised contributions from many of the leading London artists, both in and out of the Academy.

Mademoiselle Sara Bernhardt's little collection of paintings and sculptures is at present on view in the art galleries in Leicester Square, London, which have received the title of "Le Salon à Londres." The leading picture is that "La Jeune Fille et la Mort," an etching of which was shown in last year's Black and White Exhibition in the Fine Art Institute. To the mind of metropolitan critics Mademoiselle Bernhardt is seen to more advantage as a sculpture than as a painter of pictures.

An Exhibition of paintings on china, terra cotta, &c., is to be open during the autumn in Crossley's Art Gallery, Newark-on-Trent, where those who think of exhibiting should apply for information. It is likely that before long we in Glasgow may have an opportunity of seeing some very fine china painting done by two French artists at present residing in London, Messrs Ballin and Mollet. These gentlemen have it in contemplation to open here a small Exhibition of their work, and I trust they will carry out their intention.

THE PIPES.

Sunday morning in the Highlands; Free Church clergyman, who is meditating in his garden on his sermon, is suddenly interrupted by a wandering piper striking up "Tullochgorum" on the road outside the garden wall; He is at first fairly dumbfounded, but recovering himself addresses the piper thus:—Stop, sir! Do you know what day this is?

Tonalt (the piper, who is half seas over)—Hooch aye, she'll ken prawly; what woot hindter her to ken saat whatefer.

Minister (impressively)—Do you know the fourth commandment?

Tonalt (slowly)—Oich, she'll nott ferry pe shure—(with decision) putt if you'll whussle't I'll play't. [Collapse of clergyman.]

SHOCKING SUGGESTION.—It was alike unkind and irreverent of that fellow Jones to suggest that "the Lord Provost Gallery" will be popularly known as "the Chamber of Horrors."

Gentlemen who get the Baby to hold—Remedy, 20s Per-ambulator.—GARDINER & HARDIE, 42 Great Clyde Street.

The Modern Æsop.

XIV.—Two Cows.

TWO cows—one milch and the other dry—were grazing together. "You are eating as if you had got a 'mission' to eat, or believe you are living for the special benefit of your kith and kin," said the dry cow; "as I don't see your calf, perhaps you are 'going in' for being a public benefactor." "Oh! I do not see your calf either," replied the other; "yet there is no falling-off in your appetite. Pray, what is your object in life? It cannot be meat; for the 'flesh' is, of course, beneath your consideration. And it cannot be milk; for you are as dry as the husk of a cocoa-nut." [Left ruminating.]

MORAL.—Persons with "missions" are sneered at as "enthusiasts;" but the sneerers themselves are seen to be quite as earnest over worldly trifles centred wholly upon self.

REFORM IN BANKING.—On a barricade in Crown Street, South Side, the following notice may be observed:—

"Temporary premises,
Royal Bank of Scotland.
NO BILLS."

Surely, says Peter, there's no call for Mr Anderson's Banking Bill after this.

GOOD BUT SELDOM.

(Campbeltown Harbour; early morning; arrival of first fishing smack.)

English Fish Buyer (to skipper)—Well, Lauchie, good news this morning?

Lauchie—Ou aye, very good fush, but very seldom.

A "Fair" Day's Work—Doing Vinegar Hill and the public-houses.

"The Liberty of the Press"—A summer holiday.

A Tight-rope Performance—Hanging.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE
MAIN STREET, SOUTH SIDE, GLASGOW.
Sole Lessee and Manager,.....Mr H. CECIL BERYL.
MONDAY, JULY 18th, FOR SIX NIGHTS ONLY,
MR LIONEL ELLIS AND COMPANY
In the Great Surrey Drama,
BROUGHT TO JUSTICE.
Box Plan at Donaldson's Rooms, 91 St. Vincent Street.
Doors Open at 7, Overture 7-30; Saturdays half-an-hour earlier.
SECOND PRICE AT 9.
Monday First, July 25th, Mr MACKINTOSH AND COMPANY.

SEE THE CHEAP LOTS FOR THE
FAIR HOLIDAYS,
NOW SELLING AT 102 QUEEN STREET.

ROYALTY THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager.....Mr E. L. KNAPP.
 MONDAY, 18th JULY, and Every Evening at 7-30,
 W. F. BROUGHTON'S Comedy,

LIGHT AND SHADE,

Followed by H. J. BYRON'S Burlesque,

L A S O N N A M B U L A,

SECOND PRICE AT NINE O'CLOCK.

FREE ADMISSION

TO

ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS

CONSERVATORIES and HOTHOUSES

during

GLASGOW FAIR WEEK.

Gardens are open from 9 a.m. till Dark.

M. DOMINIQUE and his Talented Company are Performing with immense success at the Annual

CRYSTAL PALACE FETES

On FRIDAY, Performances at 3 and 7 p.m., and on

GLASGOW FAIR SATURDAY

Performances at 12, 2, 4, 6, and 8 o'clock.

Grotesque and other Balloons will ascend at intervals.

The Fetes will be continued on MONDAY and TUESDAY at 12, 3, 5, and 7-30 p.m.; and on WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, FRIDAY, and SATURDAY at 3-30 and 7-30 p.m. Admission, 6d.

Refreshments served in the Grounds.

NEWSOME'S HIPPODROME & CIRCUS,

INGRAM STREET, GLASGOW,

NOW OPEN EVERY EVENING

FOR ONE MONTH ONLY.

The Costly and Numerous

STUD OF BLOOD HORSES AND PONIES

is now in Great Beauty and High Training.

The present Company has been formed regardless of Expense, and includes the Most Famous Artistes in the Profession, and are mostly new to Glasgow Audiences,

GRAND ILLUMINATED MID-DAY PERFORMANCES EVERY SATURDAY DURING THE SEASON.

Doors open at Two, commencing at Half-past Two.

These Exhibitions are particularly recommended to Families residing at a distance, being in every respect equal to those of the Evening.

FIRST GRAND MID-DAY PERFORMANCE, SATURDAY NEXT, 16th JULY.**SPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS AND ATTRACTIONS FOR THE FAIR HOLIDAYS.**

There will be TWO PERFORMANCES DAILY during the week, commencing MONDAY, JULY 18. Doors open at Two and Seven o'clock.

RIDING TAUGHT.—Ladies, Mdle. Adele; Gentlemen, Mr Meers. For terms apply at the Box Office.

Admission, Reserved Seats, 3s; Boxes (Select), 2s; Pit and Promenade, 1s; Gallery, 6d. Children under Ten years of age Half-price to all parts except Gallery.

Doors open at 7; Commence at 7-30. Saturdays, 6-45; Commence at 7-15.

Box Office open from 11 till 3 Daily.

DIRECTRESS—MADAME NEWSOME, to whom all business communications must be made.

Sole Proprietor,.....Mr J. NEWSOME.

T H E G A I E T Y.

Proprietor and Director,Mr CH. BERNARD.

Manageress,Mrs CH. BERNARD.

MDLLE SARA BERNHARDT,

AND FULL COMPANY OF FRENCH ARTISTES.

MONDAY JULY 18th, FROU FROU.

TUESDAY, JULY 19th, LA DAME AUX CAMELIAS,

Box Office—Open from 10 till 4 Daily.

GLOVES AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

2-Buttoned BLACK KID GLOVES, 1s 6d, 1s 11d, 2s 6d.

4-Buttoned BLACK KID GLOVES, 1s 9d, 2s 6d, 2s 11d.

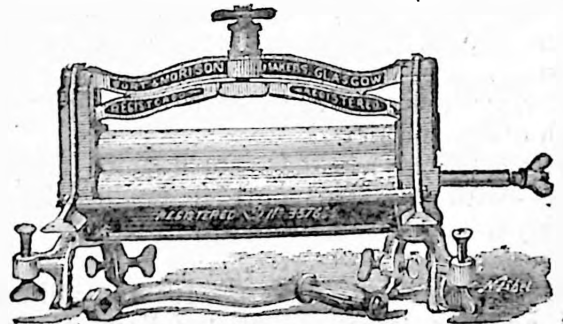
2-Buttoned TAN, BLACK POINTS, 1s 11d, 2s 6d, 3s 6d.

4-Buttoned TAN, BLACK POINTS, 1s 9d, 2s 6d, 2s 11d.

The above are Special Value, and much worn in Paris and London.

JNO. D. MACARTHUR,

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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—

THE "ACME" MACHINE CO.,

(Late BURT & MORISON),

WRINGING MACHINE MANUFACTURERS,
 30 BAIN SQUARE (OFF GALLOWGATE).

ALBION HALL, COLLEGE STREET, GLASGOW.
SIX NIGHTS ONLY,
COMMENCING MONDAY, JULY 18, 1881.

HEALTH LECTURES

FOR THE PEOPLE, BY
PROFESSOR W. H. HALE,
The American Medical Specialist.

SUBJECTS:—

MONDAY, JULY 18, Diseases of the Throat and Lungs.
TUESDAY, JULY 19, Diseases of the Eye.
WEDNESDAY, JULY 20, Rheumatism and Skin Diseases.
THURSDAY, JULY 21, at 2 P.M.,
A Private Lecture (for Ladies only.)
THURSDAY, JULY 21, at 8 P.M.,
A Private Lecture (for Men only.)
FRIDAY, JULY 22, Diseases of the Throat and Lungs.
SATURDAY, JULY 23, at 2 P.M.,
A Private Lecture (for Ladies only.)
SATURDAY, JULY 23, at 8 P.M.,
A Private Lecture (for Men only.)

Commence at 8. Carriages at 10.

Admission—Sixpence, One Shilling, and Two Shillings.

Each Lecture is profusely illustrated. The Illustrations for the entire Course will cover over 250,000 square feet of canvas, and will be projected upon a screen, 25 feet square, by the most powerful Oxy-hydrogen Lime-light Stereopticon in Europe. During each Lecture there will be shown some of the following:—Mount Vesuvius during an Eruption; Summer and Winter Landscapes, with snow actually falling; the Great Fire of London; the Blood actually in Circulation in the Human Body; Eddystone Lighthouse, by Sunset, and during a Storm; numerous beautiful specimens of Greek and Roman Statuary; the Royal Family; the Worship of Bacchus; and many Scenes Illustrative of American Life.

Professor HALE'S OFFICE is at No. 243 BATH STREET, GLASGOW, where he treats all Chronic and Nervous Diseases, and all Diseases of the Throat and Lungs.

Office Hours—From 10 A.M. to 4 P.M., and from 5 to 8 P.M.

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26 & 28 MAIN STREET, ANDERSTON.
BREAKFASTS, DINNERS, TEAS
French Papers Daily

BROWN'S
ROYAL MUSIC HALL,
Under the New Management.
PROPRIETOR,.....THOS. ROGERS.
MANAGERESS,.....MRS ROGERS.
CHAIRMAN,.....MR T. WELLESLEY.
OPEN EVERY EVENING WITH A STAR COMPANY.
CHANGE OF ARTISTES EVERY WEEK.
Open at 7. Concert, 7-30.
Prices from 6d to One Guinea.

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CAB AND CARRIAGE HIRERS,
83 BELLGROVE STREET.
Brakes and Waggonettes for Excursion Parties. First-Class
Marriage Equipages at Moderate Charges.

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AUCTIONEERS AND VALUATORS,
ROYAL EXCHANGE SALE-ROOMS

ADVERTISEMENTS received for Home and
Foreign Papers, London and Edinburgh Gazettes, &c.
A. F. SHARP & CO., 14 Royal Exchange Square,

BRIGHT OCTOBER.

(E. Nichol, London.)

Fill me a can with sparkling ale!
Quaff deep the gen'rous liquor!
But pledge each neighbour ere you drain
The nectar in the bicker!
And as you quaff the nut brown draught,
Just think of that good fellow
Who first found out that drink for gods—
COLD ALE so bright and mellow.

REALLY COLD ALE, WITHOUT THE ADDITION OF ICE.

"Bright and Mellow."

J. FRASER, 24 BRUNSWICK STREET.

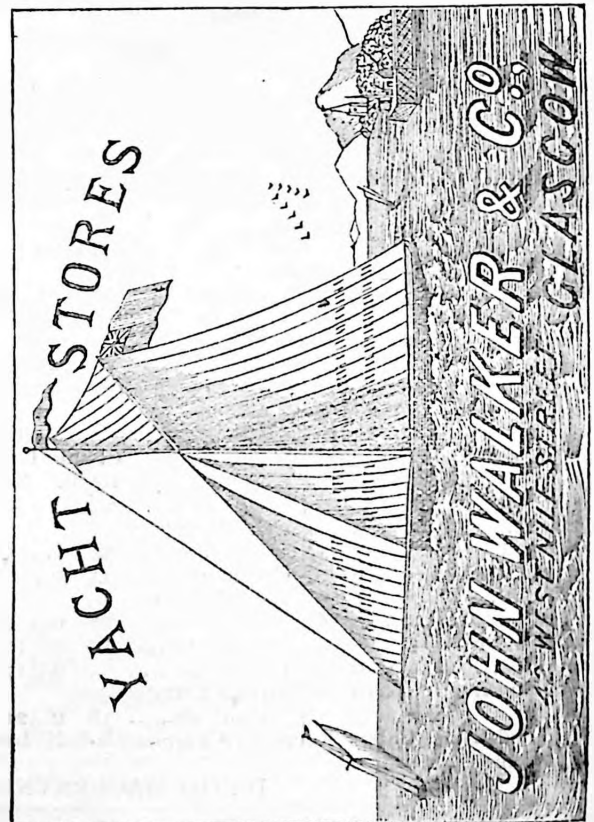
CROWN PRINCE RUDOLPH CARLOWITZ.

On his Visit to our Vaults (Feb. 18th. 1878), His Imperial Highness the CROWN PRINCE RUDOLPH OF AUSTRO-HUNGARY tasted this Wine, and pronounced it to be "exceedingly good."

15/ PER DOZEN QUARTS.

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WINE MERCHANTS TO THE QUEEN,
Chief Agents in Scotland—
ADAMS & HODGE,
63 ST. GEORGE'S PLACE
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FAMILY GROCERS,
WINE MERCHANTS.



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ITALIAN WAREHOUSEMEN.

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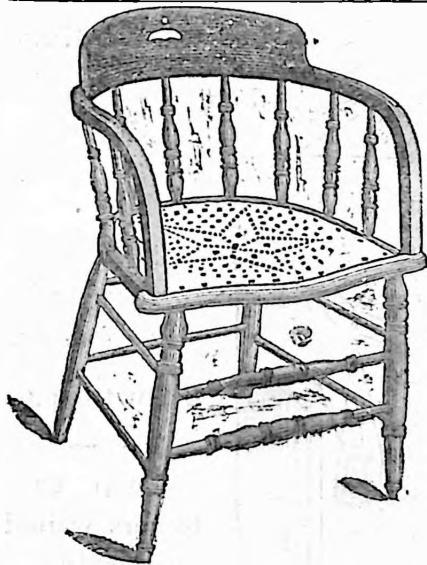
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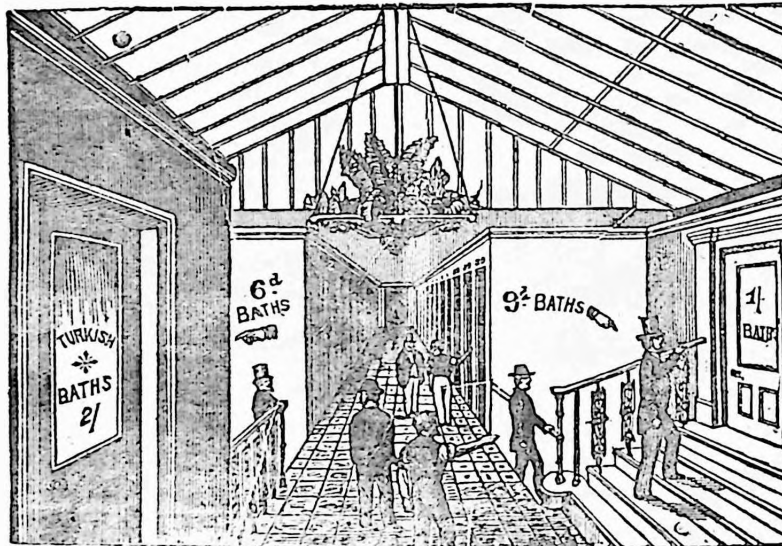
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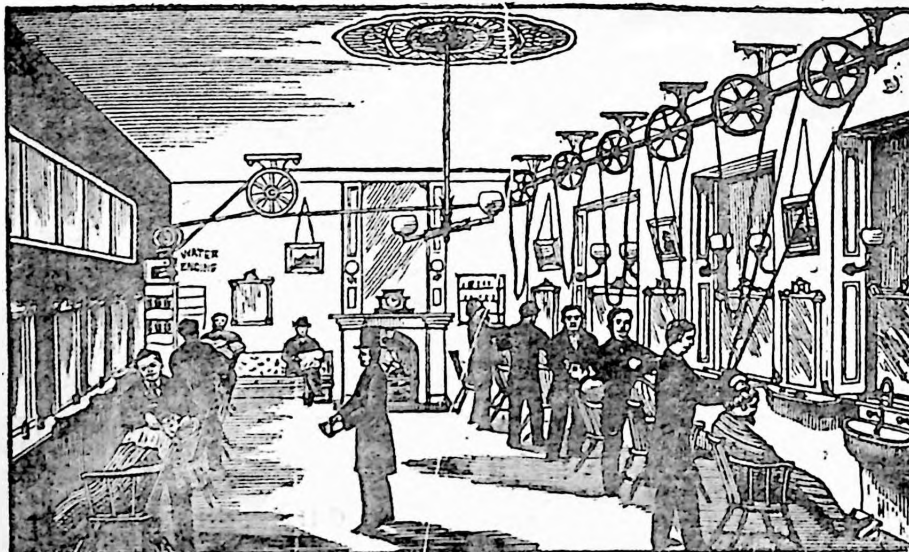
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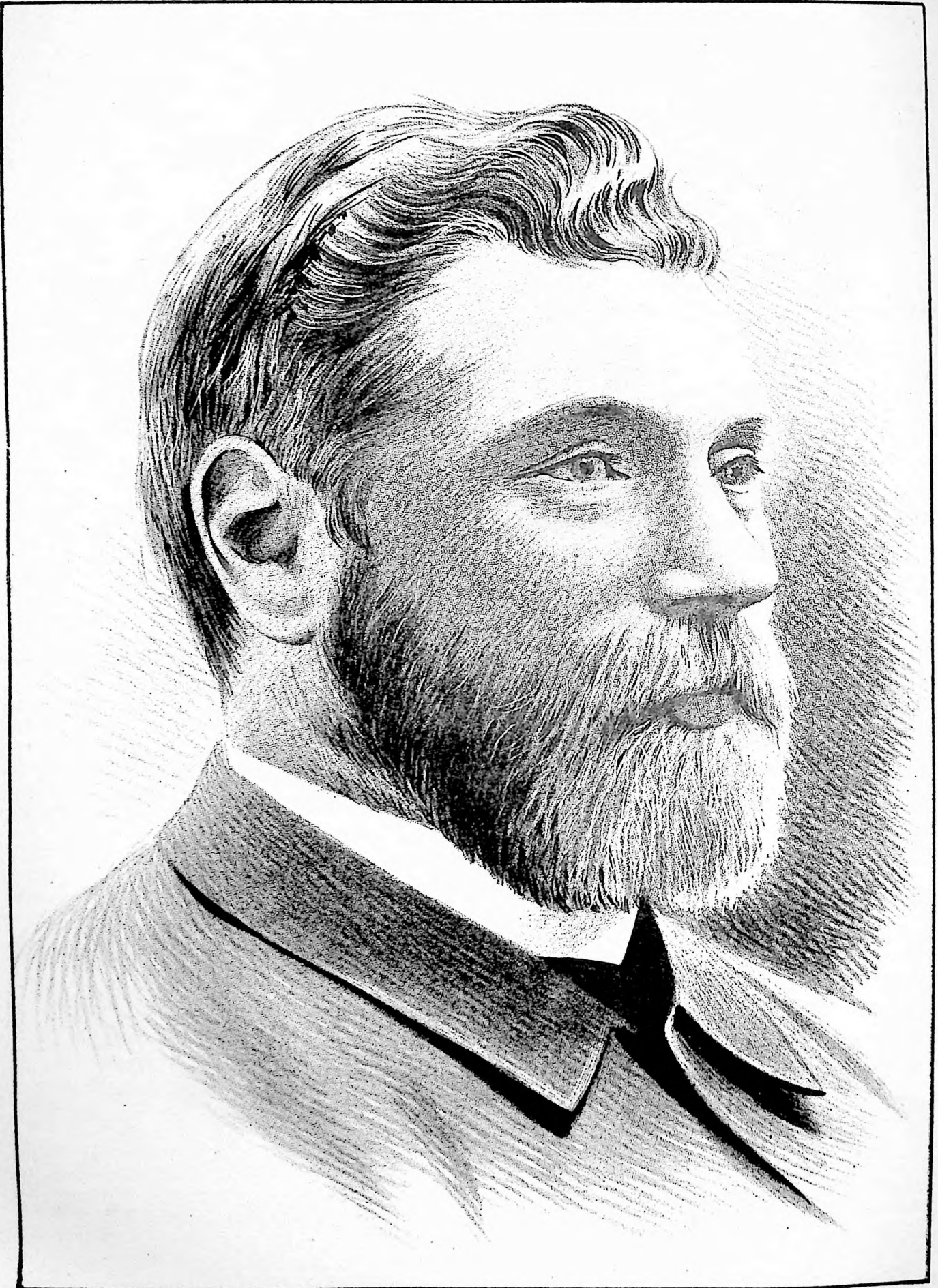
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Sketch showing Interior of Hair Dressing Saloons.





The Bailie.

“MY CONSCIENCE!”

No. 458. Glasgow, Wednesday, July 27th, 1881. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 458.

THE BAILIE returns to-day to his favourite summer text of “Doun the Water!” a phrase which to your Southron is devoid of meaning, but is full of signification to those who dwell in the city of St. Mungo. Your true Glasgowegian pronounces it with loving reverence for the associations which cling to it. To him it suggests the deck of the “Columba” or of the “Lord,” the big ships gliding down the long river and past the fortified rock, and the curling waters of the Firth as it broadens to the sea. It suggests the villa towns half smothered in greenery that rise along every creek and inlet of the estuary, the emerald lawns where, with ripples of laughter, youth and beauty wield the light bat and drive the tennis ball. It means hours of luxurious laziness beneath umbrageous trees, where, lulled to slumber by the murmurous hum of insect and of leaf, “bulls” and “bears” cease from troubling and the jaded brain finds rest. It means fishing in the twilight, when the boat rocks on the gently heaving wave, when the pipe is lit and the tale is told, and the flask is duly handed round, while whiting and flounder, agape with amazement, are hauled from their native brine. It means quiet strolls by the pleasant woodland ways, and long rambles over the elastic turf of the mountain-side. And, best of all, it suggests a return to town with a stock of health on hand that augurs ill for the income of the family doctor. There is, of course, another and less brilliant side to the picture. Very often “Doun the Watter” suggests to paterfamilias the risk of dyspepsia consequent on the hasty bolting of breakfast; the chance of apoplexy while running to catch the boat; the sulphurous and sooty atmosphere of the tunnels he has to pass through daily. It

VOL. XVIII,

suggests to the *mater* the day of reckoning for breakages done—that day when glass and crockery rise to an abnormal value; the discovery, on returning to the family home, that the gentle housebreaker has been at work, and that the *lares* and *penates* are gone. Upon the whole, however, the BAILIE is of opinion that the bright side of the picture is much brighter than the dark side is dark; and, acting upon that opinion, he goes in for the institution of “Doun the Water.” Of course the responsibility laid upon him of guiding and keeping in order the world in general and the city of Glasgow in particular prevents him from doing the orthodox “sixty days,” but he is an unfailing Saturday-to-Monday sojourner at one or other of our Clyde resorts. And, recognising the fact that it behoves one in his position to set a good example, he never fails on these occasions to attend church during at least one part of the day. This to him is not only a duty but a pleasure. To be in one of these little kirks on a warm July day, when all the doors are left open and the light breeze carries in the sweet fragrance of clover and honeysuckle and the faint odour of the woods, when the ear never loses the low wash of the adjacent sea, when butterflies flutter about the heads of the worshippers and a swallow sometimes darts from one open window to another, is to gain a recollection which, like Wordsworth’s vision of daffodils, will fill the heart with pleasure in after years. And when to this there falls to be added a seemly service, good music, and a thoughtful and eloquent sermon, the Magistrate leaves the church with an undefinable sense that it is good for him to have been there, and that life, for the coming six days, will be all the sweeter and better for the influence. It is, therefore, with a feeling of satisfaction that the BAILIE this week presents to his readers the portrait of the Rev. GEORGE

MATHESON, D.D., the popular minister of Innellan. The Man you Know is a native of Glasgow, being a son of Mr Matheson, of the old-established firm of Messrs Wilson & Matheson, and a nephew of the late Mr John Matheson, whose death was such a loss to the artistic, the musical, and the charitable institutions of the city. No notice of Mr MATHESON would be complete without some allusion to the terrible affliction of blindness under which he has suffered from his youth. This came not at once but by degrees, and was occasioned by an internal inflammation of the eyes. Undeterred from the pursuit of his studies by the misfortune that had befallen him, he entered the University when his course at the High School had been completed, and ultimately graduated as an M.A. with honours in philosophy. Subsequent to this Mr MATHESON took the degree of B.D., was licensed as a preacher, and immediately thereafter became assistant to the Rev. Dr. Macduff in Sandyford Parish. After spending two years in Sandyford the Man you Know received a call to Innellan—this was in 1868—and in Innellan he has since remained. For years Mr MATHE-SON has been generally recognised as one of the leading scholars in the Church of Scotland. His first separate work was the "Aids to the Study of German Theology." This attracted much attention, not only at home but on the continent, and in America as well. It was followed, at an interval of some years, by "The Growth of the Spirit of Christianity;" and "The Natural Elements of Revealed Theology, being the Baird Lecture for 1881," has just been issued from the press. In addition to these more important works, the minister of Innellan has been a large contributor to our ecclesiastical press. He has written, among other magazines, for the *Contemporary*, the *Modern*, the *British Quarterly*, and the *Princeton Reviews*, and for *Good Words*, and other religious or semi-religious serials—indeed, the August number of the *Sunday Magazine* contains a copy of graceful verses from his pen entitled "Times of Need." In 1879 the University of Edinburgh, recognising Mr MATHESON'S high standing in the world of letters—a standing, it must never be forgotten, which was only gained in the face of tremendous physical odds—conferred on him the degree of D.D., and the BAILIE will make bold to say that seldom has a similar distinction been more worthily won. Some twelve months ago, it is interesting to note, Dr MATHESON received a unanimous call to suc-

ceed the Rev. Dr Cumming, of Crown Court Chapel, London, but this he saw fit to decline, and no one is likely to feel any great astonishment at his decision. It would be a change indeed, from the fresh airs and moorland scents of Innellan, with its congregation of personal friends, to the rush and roar of the wilderness of London. And this brings the BAILIE back, at the close, to his old text of "Doun the Water," and, as he recalls the manifold delights of the river and its shores, he once more asks his friends to join with him in rejoicing that their combined lots have been cast in the city of Sanct Mungo.

After the Fair.

THE Fair is over; some have spent it well,
 Browsing, sun-tanned, among the heath and clover;
 Others have spent it—ah, I need not tell—
 You know—at any rate, the Fair is over.
 "Where have you been?" is heard on every side,
 And I, for one, can boldly make my answer;
 The shutters up, and I no longer tied,
 Straight to the steamboat quay I nimbly ran, sir.
 And there I booked myself for—guess you where?
 Aha! you'd guess, and guess, and never find it!
 Suffice it 'twas an island, as a beach was there—
 A beach, and cottage white, with hills behind it.
 Each day I clambered up these hills, and lay,
 Snug as in bed, among the ruddy heather,
 Watching the white-topped rockers kiss the bay,
 And, mad with glee, roll laughing back together.
 'Twas merry fun; what mattered it to me,
 Though papers came, and two days back were dated?
 News to the winds! let but the sun shine free—
 A morning bright was all the news I waited.
 O health! I found thy very dwelling-place,
 And thou didst make me welcome; that mountain rude
 Rose up a palace in its noble grace,
 And I a pilgrim, poor, called Gratitude.
 Now, brown as autumn leaf, I'm back to town,
 Armed with a shield of strength that will defy
 Winter and all his storms to put me down—
 Although I'd rather winter would not try.
 And so the Fair is over—bless the Fair!
 The Fair to some is nought but noise and bustle;
 The Fair to me is solitude, fresh air,
 Nor sound save winds, and waves, and trees that rustle.

A "NEAT" HINT.

(Scene—A public bar.)

Tonal (holding his tumbler to the light)—Her
 whuskey pe awfu' trumlie ta day, Mr Smert.
Publican—Ay, Donal, it's like yer bill, it's no
 "settled" yet.

Old Saw Re-set—There is but one step be-
 tween a Lord Provostship and Knighthood.

The Tale of a Tub—The wash-house debate.

MITCHELL'S OLD IRISH WHISKY.

'Fiat Experimentum —.'

A PROPOS of colliery accidents, some ingenious person writes to a local daily, suggesting that "at Government expense an experimental colliery be fitted up, where, under every possible variety of conditions, explosions should be attempted." This pleasing proposal involves, of course, the presence of various "vile bodies" in the "experimental mine" during the experimental explosions. Is the ingenious person prepared to be one of those "bodies"? If so, the BAILIE is prepared to name a goodly number of companion "heroes and martyrs," whose immolation in the cause of science and humanity would enable them to be of use *once* in their lives.

OBAN WEATHER,
(Scene—Oban.)

Traveller (growling about the wet weather, to waiting maid)—I say, lassie, when had you a fair day here?

Highland Waiting Maid—I don't know, sir, but I'll ask Miss Cawmill. [Goes to ask.]

Traveller (to himself)—It must be a bad case if she can't remember herself.

H. W. M.—Miss Cawmill says the last fair day we had was on the 28th o' May.

Traveller (horrified)—Good gracious! You don't mean to say it's been raining since the 28th o' May.

H. W. M.—Rainin'! I don't know indeed sir, but that wis the last Oban fair, whatever.

WHAT IT HAS COME TO.—At last week's meeting of the Edinburgh Free Presbytery Mr Macaulay accused certain fellow-Churchmen of "conjuring with the dead, and raising money on false pretences." My conscience! Fraud and witchcraft! So this is what the admission of the thin edge of the wedge—of organs, and hymns, and "painted windows," and like abominations—has come to! Eh, Dr Begg?

THE PROVOST OF LEITH *loq.*—If your mother will do me any honour, so; if not, let her open the next docks herself. I look to be either knight or baronet, I can assure you!—*1st Henry IV.*

OPHELIA ON A FAIR "DRUNK."—"They bore him barefaced on the bier (qy. 'beer'?)"—*Hamlet, Act IV. Sc. V.*

The Bank "Rest"—Monday next.

Strawberries are now at their best for preserving. Prices are right at the City Fruit Warehouse, 18 GORDON STREET.

On 'Change.

NORTH BRITISH is a highly interesting stock. Not from a dividend point of view, for there is little interest in that way, and sometimes even the preference stocks fail. But the ordinary stock is a great study. It is also an Eastern Mystery. Just when everybody expects it to go up, say from good traffics or some other cause, it suddenly slides away down. Per contra, when the stock ought under ordinary conditions to go down, the Eastern Mystery unexpectedly takes a start upwards. Just now there is distinct feeling to press it up. There is no reason for the movement, unless it be that somebody wants to do something later on. I hope this will not result in a "do." 86 is a long price to pay for a stock that sometimes returns 1 or 2 per cent., but more usually yields nothing.

Opportunities for investment are so rare at present that people rush into such stocks just as they rush into pig iron. Yet pig iron cannot be a good thing to buy for holding. The make is too great, and the statistics are far too sinister to encourage buying. No doubt some of the people who are in would like to get out. A change of ownership would distribute the loss, and on this principle it would be a good thing to see fresh holders in. Those who are out may not see the matter in this light, particularly when so many of them believe that iron must touch 45 before long.

I am glad to learn that my two litigious friends have taken the advice I tendered to them a month ago. These stalwart sons of iron have much to thank me for. They have also to thank their more cold-blooded friends who saw with my eyes. From this time forward the birds will in their little nests agree. What is a spittoon or a letter-book more or less compared to harmony among friends?

When a Dutchman and an Irishman fall out, a single-minded Scotchman may perhaps chance to come by his own.

"All is not gold that glitters," says the proverb. One of the iron fellows, remarkable for his ready wit, rhymes the adage out with the words, "Exchange men are not spitters." The two dolorous litigants will probably find, when too late, that some of their gold has glittered into the pockets of their legal advisers.

Gold is also wanted for the construction of a railway in Texas. The line is not to be laid with gold, but with iron or steel rails. The rails are to be made of American iron, made of American ore. All the work will be done in the United States. Only the gold is wanted from this side the Atlantic.

Indian Gold Mine shares have disappeared for the present. People are not so fond of speaking about them now. Naturally. Too much was made of the affair at first. Those who were in wanted to improve their credit by telling everybody that the 100 shares for which they paid £1000 were worth £6500. I wonder if anybody got an advance on the basis of the latter valuation.

Ursa Major is at work again among the Grand Trunks. To the ordinary mind it may seem incredible that Ursa Major could get into a trunk at all. Nevertheless, that Great Bear has been in and out of trunks often. This time the lid may close upon his toes unless he looks sharp, accepts the inevitable, closes his account, and pays his differences like a man. SCRUTATOR.

Fortune's "Beck"—The winner of the Queen's Prize.

A Doubly Wat(t) Dock—The new one at Greenock.

Successful Instance of "Currie"-ing Favour—That of Sir Donald, K.C.M.G.

A "Tell"-ing Speech—"Ye crags and peaks!"

A Talkative Firm—Wordie & Co.

BICYCLES. } (See the new patterns for 1881. Machines built to special order. Riding School, Lessons Daily. TRICYCLES. } Inspection invited.—JENNINGS, 101 Mitchell Street.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—Mr Knapp announces, this week, the performance of a play entitled "Current Coin." This has been written by Mr Julian Cross—a comedian who is well and favourably known in this city, and it will be represented by a company under the direction of Miss Fanny Pitt—before time the leading lady at the Theatre Royal under the management of Mr Glover.

Mr Walter Searle's comedy and burlesque company appear at the Royalty on Monday next, and Mr Charles Sullivan with "Peep o' Day" on Monday week.

"Pair-o'-Wings," a comedy-drama of the approved sensational class, and the work of Mr Paul Meritt—stoutest and most somnolent of play-wrights—and that funny comedian, Mr Edward Righton, will be played this evening at the Gaiety Theatre, and will be preceded by that delicate little piece entitled "One Touch of Nature." The company who will appear on the occasion is a strong one. It is headed with Mr Charles Keliy, and includes Mr J. C. Cowper, Mr Robert Brough, and Mr Sydney Charteris, and Misses Florence Terry, Fanny Brough, and Ada Murray.

There ought to be large audiences at the Princesses Theatre during the present week. Mr William Mackintosh appears on Mr Beryl's stage every night of the six. Mr Mackintosh is an actor who has numerous claims on our local play-goers, and an actor, moreover, on whom Glasgow play-goers have numerous claims. Was it not by them that his merits were first recognised? Did not their open-mouthed applause precede, and indeed lead to his successful engagement by Mr Hare and Mr Kendal? "False Glitter," a drama written by Mr Frank Harvey of the Beatrice Comedy Company, and a little character piece entitled "Pebbles," will be presented up till Friday—when Mr Mackintosh will take his benefit, and when Mr and Mrs Beryl will appear. Miss Marie Rhodes has been specially engaged to support Mr Mackintosh during the week.

Never, I suppose, has there been a greater exodus to the Coast than during the recent Fair holidays. Indeed, during the Fair Friday and Saturday, the "rush" was something tremendous. The railway trains, especially those going Greenock and Wemyss Bay-wards, were of unprecedented size—"they" talk of £6000 having been taken in fares during these days, at the St. Enoch Square Station alone—while steamer after steamer was packed, nay, crammed, from stem to stern.

The "Columbia," enormous vessel as she is, was a sight to see on the Fair Friday. Before she arrived at Princes Pier, standing room was apparently at a premium on her broad and capacious decks. At Princes Pier, moreover, what seemed a whole boat-load of passengers was taken on board, and her living cargo was further increased both at Dunoon and Rothesay. Saturday's experience was a repetition of that of Friday, and if possible only "more so."

Notwithstanding the enormous crowds, however, not only did no personal mishap occur to any of the passengers, but in no case did a parcel or package go amissing, or was any luggage delivered at its wrong destination.

The policy, therefore, inaugurated this year by Mr M'Brayne, that is, that of issuing, during the Fair season, a return at the rate of a single ticket, has turned out a complete success. It has not interfered with his usual tourist traffic—tourists avoid the river during "the Fair"—and it has been taken advantage of to the utmost by the multitudes to whom "the Fair" is the main interval of rest from toil during the twelve weary months of the year.

The Athenæum of Saturday notes that "opera in Italian is becoming more and more an anachronism," and looks forward to the "regular establishment in this country of opera in German and English."

The annual dinner of the Kintyre Club takes place on the 5th of August. It will be held this year in Campbeltown.

"I can call the spirits from the vasty deep" says the poet. "But will they come?" is the natural response. A well-informed writer in the *Herald* of this morning answers the question in the affirmative. Writing of the funeral service in London yesterday, in connection with the lamented death of Dean Stanley, the writer says that "the following hymn, specially written for the occasion by Mr Henry Hart Milman, was sung by the choir." The hymn begins with the words "Brother, thou art gone before us." Seeing that "Mr Henry Hart Milman," better known as Dean Milman, died thirteen years ago, and that "The Martyr of Antioch," from which the hymn is taken, was published during his lifetime, it is not easy to see how he could have written the lines with any application to Dean Stanley, unless on the supposition that Granny can call up spirits and that they do really come.

It is rumoured that the decision of the case in the Court of Session of the City Bank *versus* Mackinnon is likely to be unfavourable to the Liquidators, on the ground that the latter are not the parties entitled to recover. The case, however, may possibly be carried on by parties who bought stock at or about the period during which Mr Mackinnon was a director of the bank, on the faith of the balance sheets then published.

Brediland is again on the rampage. He aired his eloquence at the ordinary at Inverness sheep and wool market, and the Paisley chief astonished Lochiel, Tulloch, The Chisholm, and other kilted heroes; and what for no? But the northern papers have made sad havoc with his name. One calls him Mr Macgregor Comyn, another Mr Comyn P. Macgregor, while the only paper that does his name justice is the *Northern Chronicle*, the new Conservative organ of the north. Surely one good turn deserves another.

The good folks of Ayr are having a spate of revival preaching this week. Not only does "Miss Mary White of Glasgow" hold forth under the auspices of the Ayr Young Women's Christian Association, but the following "drawing" bill is extensively posted over the town:—"Ayrshire Christian Union.—Look here! Have you been to the Tent on the South Quay? Scroggie and Hill are preaching there every night. Come early!"

"One of the 'Granton heroes,'" my Magistrate, mentioned in your issue for the 20th inst., asks me to say that he and his comrade are aged respectively 17 and 19, and that the "yacht's boy," who was upset with them in their boat off Granton, is "somewhere about 24." The "boy," my correspondent adds, was in no danger of drowning. He was a prize-taker at the Granton swimming races, had "a firm hold of a life buoy which would have sustained thrice his weight, and, besides, two rowing boats came out to the spot shortly after he was picked up." After this explanation, as it seems to me, the only thing left for your Honour is to exclaim, with fat *Jack Falstaff*, "Lord, lord, how this world is given to lying!"

The new arrangement for additional circuit courts being held in Glasgow will tell somewhat severely on our court officials and poor law agents here. It does seem rather sore on the hard-wrought Sheriff-Principal that he should be brought back to town on the 15th of next month, just a fortnight or so after the vacation has started; and in this connection I may inform you that Sheriff Clark did not receive a penny for his extra labours over "that miserable Burgh business," though it was hinted in some quarters that he had a fee of £20 a day for the enquiry.

It will be interesting to watch what view a practical Glasgow jury takes of the claims of gentle maidens deserted by their faithless swains. At the forthcoming Circuit a breach of promise action comes up in which the fair plaintiff sues a master-painter in Glasgow for £500. Hitherto the "feck" of these cases have been disposed of in chambers by Sheriff Lees. In this instance, however, the parties were desirous that their cause should be tried before a jury in Edinburgh, but the Crown authorities have shifted the locus to the Glasgow Circuit,

Mr Punch's "Postlethwaite"—meaning thereby Mr Oscar Wilde—has had the temerity to issue a volume of verse, and the current numbers of the *Athenaeum* and the *Saturday Review* describe it, the former as "artificial and insincere," and the latter as belonging to "a class which is the special terror of reviewers, the poetry which is neither good nor bad, which calls for neither praise nor ridicule." The *Review* further adds that much of Mr Wilde's imagery is "profuse and careless," and that a "large proportion" of his poems are deformed by "a sensual and ignoble tone." Hard words these, surely, for the apostle of "art for art's sake only," one who says of himself

. in dreams of Art
And loftiest culture I would stand apart,
Neither for God nor for his enemies.

Mr Wilde, who is in his 25th year, is the son of Sir William Wilde, the Dublin oculist, and his mother, Lady Wilde, used to write clever occasional verses, the personal character of which sometimes necessitated her appearance in the Dublin law courts.

"Like master, like man." And so, having lost the honour of being canvassed by the Lord Advocate, Glasgow is to be favoured with a candidate in the person of Mr Craig Sellar, his factotum. At least it is reported that the rejected of the Elgin Burghs is now throwing sheep's eyes at the seat nominally held by Mr Middleton.

Among the contributors to the August *Cornhill* is—Mr Theodore Tilton. How time flies, to be sure, and what creatures of time and circumstances we are. Half-a-dozen years ago Tilton's name would have caused a rush on the magazine—to-day it is next to forgotten.

In the 19th clause of the New Municipal Buildings Competition instructions it is said that "no restrictions are imposed as regards style, but preference will be given to the Classic." If "preference will be given to the Classic style," who would be fool enough to compete in any other? There are, however, "Classic" and *Classic*—the Classic of London and Leeds, and the Classic of Glasgow and Edinburgh.

Millport would seem to be the holiday paradise of pedagogues. Besides those mentioned last week there are there at present M. Chardenal, kindly, Frenchy, gentlemanly; Mr Cameron of Milton School, Mr Powell of Freeland School, and Mr William Miller of Tonic Sol-fa fame.

HARD ON THE BICYCLIST.

(Scene—Craignish Inn; Rain falling heavily.)
Bicycling Tourist—May I take my machine in here?

Highland Hostess—Na na, she'll no pring her gig in here and turn her hoose into a byre.

PRESERVE US A!—The King of the Sandwich Islands remarked, in the course of a speech the other day, that he had no Land Leaguers in his dominions. Happy man! If he is anxious for some however, we might spare him a few, and send them over "tinned." Preserved Land Leaguer, oh King!—would be more toothsome than even raw missionary—although perhaps not quite so wholesome.

The "Railway Plant"—The creeping plant.

An Unsatisfying Diet—A diet of court.

An Historical Diet—"The Diet of Worms."

The Modern Æsop.

XV.—TWO BEES.

TWO bees—a honey and a drone—alighted, towards sunset, upon the trunk of a tree. Muttered the drone to the busy-bee, which was laden with honey, "I have been looking for you all over the place. I am starving, and you might help me with a little of your substance." "Why so?" asked the other. "I have had the pleasure of toiling all the day for it. Add the virtue of independence to the dignity of labour, and gather for yourself." "Say you so," rejoined the drone; "then I must take it by force." But as the drone had no sting, the struggle was vain; and he soon lay legs uppermost, a helpless tit-bit for a watchful robin.

MORAL.—The lazy and the "loafing" will waste as much time and energy over scheming "how not to do it" as would suffice to gain an honest living, and come to a troublous end for their pains.

THREE TIMES ONCE.

At the Inverness wool and sheep market, two parties met, in kilts, of course. The one looking at the other said—"Iss zat you, Tonald?"

No response. Another look.

"Iss zat you, Tougal?"

Still no response.

With hand over eyes, and a more careful scrutiny still—"Iss zat you, *Lauchie*?"

"Ay, it iss me, ant it wass me all the three times you'll ask."

EASY "DEAS" IT!—To judge from a case tried at last Thursday's Greenock Police Court, Mr Deas, the local inspector of poor, seems to believe in the *fortiter in re* rather than the *suaviter in modo*. To hustle out by the shoulders a female applicant for relief, and then to give her in charge for disorderly conduct because she, naturally enough, takes refuge in tears, is doubtless an admirable method of keeping down the poor-rates, whatever sentimental humanitarians may think of it.

NOMINIS UMBRA!—At Paisley last week George Gilfillan was—*proh pudor!*—sent to prison for stealing 50 bags of starch. Shade of the mighty, that it should come to this! Had the purloined articles been firkins of "butter," now, there would have been a certain appropriateness in the affair. But starch! My conscience!

"Main" Attendants—Tide-waiters.

A "Swift" Work—Gulliver's travels.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT it was a dull week last week.
 That there was no BAILIE published.
 That two numbers are welcome in one week.
 That seven days without a BAILIE are the dark days indeed.
 That the volunteers are furbishing up their accoutrements for the Royal Review.
 That some uniforms will then see the light hat haven't been aired for many a day.
 That the magistrates have recommended a general holiday for the occasion.
 That this should swell the crowd.
 That it is more than the Edinburgh Bailies would have done for Glasgow.
 That the Queen's Prize hasn't come to Scotland.
 That it was a narrow shave.
 That better luck next time.
 That the local shots have taken a fair proportion of the Wimbledon prize money.
 That our working folk have gone back to their work.
 That they made the most of the holidays.
 That some of the halflin chappies were more liberal than judicious in their potatoes.
 That the majority of the excursionists enjoyed themselves in a rational manner.
 That the holders of gas shares are enjoying another scare.
 That all our streets are to be lit by electricity.
 That Sir William Thomson "himself hath said it."
 That, "greatly to his credit," Lord Provost Ure has every faith in the "stored electricity" notion.
 That the streets of Glasgow want "light, more light."
 That ex-Provost Collins is to be made a knight.
 That he has wrought hard for the distinction.
 That the conditions of the preliminary competition for the new Municipal Buildings have been published.
 That they are of a most elaborate character.
 That no fiasco like the last seems possible if the articles are adhered to.
 That the famous coach-and-six may be driven through the rules.
 That the east-end of George Square is one of the "sites," but hardly one of the "sights" of Glasgow.
 That the Gas Managers have had their annual gathering.
 That they dearly love a conference.

That the amount of "gas" in their papers is something extraordinary.

That the trips are much more enjoyable than the meetings.

AT THE COAST (LATELY).

PATERFAMILIAS (loquitur):
 Now is the summer of our discontent;
 Kept within doors, our money fruitless spent;
 And all the hopes we cherished so fond,
 By this incessant downpour wholly drowned.

RATHER OUT OF THE WAY.

Old Woman (in draper's shop buying a new ribbon for the Fair holidays)—Noo, are ye share the colour o't 'ull staun?

Smart Shopman—Stand! ay, it would stand the air of the deserts of Sahara.

Old Woman—Weel, it's no thae pairts we're gaun tae this Fair. We've taen a room and kitchen at Gourrock.

THE MODERN SAIREY GAMP.—Considerable public interest attaches to the case of the nurse who was tried in Edinburgh last week on a charge of endangering the life of an infant committed to her care. The prisoner in this instance may be congratulated upon having escaped scot-free; but it is to be hoped, for all our sakes, that ladies of this class are not generally in the habit, like her, of regarding themselves as "medical women," "entitled" to administer deadly poisons, and of acting upon that view.

THE "PILGRIM'S" PROGRESS.—Among the inebriates brought before Mr Gemmel last week was one gentleman who described himself as "a pilgrim." If this bibulous wanderer be musically inclined, the most appropriate ditty he could select to cheer his temporary seclusion would be "The Pilgrim of Love" or "Sweet Spirit, Hear my Prayer."

A PROPHET OF IMMORALITY.—Writing about the Kirkcaldy race-meeting, Granny's correspondent observes, "I do not pretend to be a moral prophet." Goodness gracious! Surely the old lady does not mean to say that she has gone in for *immoral* prophets—or profits?

O BLEST RETREAT.—Of some books that have been "entered in Stationers' Hall," the wonder is that they were allowed to come out again.

A Cart(e)-de-visit(e)—A doctor's brougham.

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.

To the Fair Farewell.

THE Ghosts shall fade away,
The "stars" themselves grow dim with won
And Swallow take to flight;
The Penny Shows, the "People's Palaces,"
The Thespian Temples, the great Fair itself,
Yea, all which it inherit shall dissolve.
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The pride, pomp, and circumstance of Glasgow Fair!
Farewell! the Show-ground's occupation's gone!

LORNE CAUGHT TRIPPING.—Sabbatarian Canada can't forgive the Marquis of Lorne for travelling on Sunday, albeit he started on Saturday night, and was accompanied by "a distinguished Presbyterian doctor of divinity;" and, from the Sabbatarian point of view, it must be admitted that the latter circumstance was not much in his Lordship's favour. It could scarcely be pleaded—if the Marquis will pardon the "odorous" comparison—that a pickpocket's guilt was condoned by the fact of his having been assisted in his operations by a distinguished member of the police-force. Could it, now?

AT IT AGAIN.—A contemporary, desiring to describe a dog-fight at Cranstonhill, styles it "a contest which had been arranged to take place between two animals of the canine species." Some fine day a contest will be arranged to take place between the BAILIE and certain animals of the anti-human species who seem unable to express themselves in plain English.

ÆSTHETICISM AND SPELLING.—A "gentleman's two-coloured umbrella" is advertised as lost. Does the description mean that the umbrella is "æsthetic" in tint, in fact, "too, too?"

LODGINGS WANTED.

(Scene—Foot of Sinclair Street, Helensburgh, on Fair Saturday; 8-30 P.M.)

Tipsy Visitor—A' say, bobby, dae ye ken whaur a' staye?

Police Sergeant—That I do not, my man.

T. V.—Hanged if I dae aither; it's a queer place this whaur a man canna fin' his ain ludgin's.

For Field Drains—Ditch tiles. And it might be "Dutch" also, judging from the designs the BAILIE has before him.

From "The Pursuit of Pleasure"—After the Fair.

A Fair-y Circle—Swallow's.

50 VISITING CARDS (Finest Ivory) while you wait, 1s 6d.—GILLESPIE BROTHERS, 8 Buchanan Street.

The Noble Savage.

IT seems that the only Glasgow visitor to Belfast who misconducted himself last week was a gentleman appropriately named Savage, who "got the worse of drink, shouted 'Home Rule,' kicked the constable who arrested him, and was sentenced to one month's imprisonment." This unexpected extension of his visit will probably induce Savagius—as my Lord Byron dubbed the mighty Landor—to take his next pleasure more wisely, if not more sadly. Suppose he were to try Cork or Galway when the Fair-time comes round again? Either would suit him better than the cold and unsympathetic North.

THE LAND O' CAKES.

(Scene—River steamer; Deck hand feeding little dog with oatcake.)

Cockney Tourist—What breed do you call that?
Deck Hand—She's a cake breid, sir.

SADDLE THE RIGHT HORSE.—Speaking of the order preserved at the Bridge Wharf during the holidays, a contemporary says that "the absence of rioting and disorderly conduct reflect (*sic*) great credit on Captain Sinclair, of the Marine Division of Police." This is slightly suggestive of the "Pinafore" ditty—

"'Tis greatly to his credit,
For he himself has said it!"

It does not seem to have occurred to the ungrammatical scribe that some little credit is due to the good sense and good conduct of the holiday-makers.

HOW ABOUT THE CUDDIES?—The Greenock folks calculate that, at the laying of the foundation-stones of the James Watt Dock and Municipal Buildings, part will be taken in the procession by "about eight thousand persons and between two and three hundred horses." This is very well so far; but no account seems to have been taken of what is always the most prominent feature on such occasions. What about the donkeys?

According to the Brighton of Scotland cynic, the most disagreeable quality a man can possess in that fashionable suburb is a memory for grandfathers.

As Helensburgh is a *very* religious town, the cynic's analysis of the true article may enable that community to test itself. Christian walk, 1000; Christian talk, 0001. Any other proportions are known as Hyp. Ocr. Isy.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,
THE COLOSSEUM,
 HAVE THE LARGEST STOCK OF HATS IN THE
 KINGDOM.
 EXTRAORDINARY VALUE.
 EXTRAORDINARY VARIETY.

Note.—The Gentlemen's Entrance is by No. 62 JAMAICA
 STREET
 (Opposite HOWARD ST.);

The Ladies' Entrance is by No. 70 JAMAICA STREET
 (Next Door to Staffordshire China Hall).

Just Delivered, another Large Lot of

YE OLDE ENGLISH HATTE,
 or the **LAWN TENNIS HAT,**

in all New Colours,
 at Fourpence Halfpenny.

The very same as have been sold in Glasgow at from 2s to 4s
 each.

See our New Show Windows at
 No. 64 JAMAICA STREET
 for Special Value in Ladies' Hats, Flowers, Ribbons, Laces, &c.

**SINGLE HATS AT
 WHOLESALE PRICES.**

SOME CHEAP BOOKS.

Wilson's Tales of the Borders, in 12 handy volumes, price
 36s; now for 26s. Waverley Novels, in 12 handy volumes, 36s;
 now for 27s 6d. Josephus' Works, Virtues fine edition, illus-
 trated, price 50s; for 10s 6d. Kitto's Daily Bible Illustrations,
 8 volumes, latest edition, for 29s. Chambers's Best and
 Handiest Dictionary, now for 3s. Professor Bain's Life of
 Hugh Miller, 2 volumes, 32s; a few copies for 12s 6d each.
 The Companion Work to Addison's Spectator, the Tatler and
 the Guardian, three copies at 3s 6d each.

ROBERT LINDSAY, 102 QUEEN STREET.

GRAND HOTEL,
 GLASGOW.

Gentlemen whose Houses will be shut up during Summer,
 and who may require to stay in town occasionally, are reminded
 of the excellent Accommodation and Moderate Charges of this
 first-class Hotel. Terms for Boarding specially moderate.

A well appointed 'Bus in connection with this Hotel attends
 arrival and departure of "Columba" Steamer, also principal
 through Trains at Central and Buchanan Street Stations. Leaves
 Hotel for Steamer at 6-40 a.m.

BICYCLE & BOWLING GREEN SHOES,

Specially got up for the purpose, 7s 6d a pair.
 Light and Easy.—No Damp Feet.

ANATOMICAL BOOTS,

Made on Lasts specially prepared for each Customer. No
 Corns or Bunions.

J. COOPER, 33 EGLINTON STREET.
 Established 1842.

**THE
 NEW FRENCH CORN PLASTER,**

for effectually removing hard and soft corns and bunions,
 and reducing enlarged toe joints, imported by Mr M. F.
 Thompson, is a simple and efficacious means of effecting the
 removal of corns, and whilst other plasters are thick and awkward
 this French plaster is thin as silk and comfortable to the foot.
 There can be little doubt that Mr Thompson has scored a suc-
 cess with this French Corn Plaster. **LADY MAUDE.**

Packets, 1s each; by post, 13 stamps, from
 M. F. THOMPSON, CHEMIST, 17 GORDON ST., GLASGOW
Note the Address.

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.

MITCHELL & CO.'S

OLD IRISH WHISKY, Belfast, is the Purest and Best
 in the Market, and received at Melbourne Exhibition Jurors'
 Highest Award.—Agent for Scotland—**DAVID MITCHELL, 20**
 Hope St., Glasgow.

THE FINEST WHISKY IN THE WORLD.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

HENRY THOMSON & CO.'S
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SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—

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**D'ARCY'S Famed
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Wholesale Agents for Scotland—

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CHAMPAGNE.

ST. MARCEAUX.

THIS Wine is acknowledged by Connoisseurs
 to be Equal to any Champagne in the Market. Quotations,
 in Magnums, Quarts, and Piuts, from

WILLIAM LANG,
 73 AND 79 QUEEN STREET.

CORN CURE!!!

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“FACILE PRINCEPS.”

FOREWELL'S PATENT CHIROPODYNE

Effectually removes Corns, Warts, &c., in a few days,
 without pain. In Bottles, 1s 1³/₄d each, from The Glasgow
 Apothecaries Coy., Virginia Street; Jaap, Chemist, Buchanan
 Street; Spite & Coy., Merchants, St. Enoch Square, and all
 Respectable Chemists.

LIBRAIRIE ETRANGERE

3 CATHEDRAL STREET, corner of Buchanan Street
 ENGLISH & FOREIGN BOOKS, New and Second Hand.

Lowest Prices. Books Lent.

Books in all Languages in Stock or procured.

FELT HATS,

5s, 7s, 10s.

OUR THREE LEADING PRICES.

SPECIAL SMART Shapes for "Young Men"—the Best Value in the Market. Bought Direct from the Makers. All intermediate Profit Saved to our Customers.

The HATS at TEN SHILLINGS are WOODROW'S "Prize Medal Felt Hats"—the Highest Class Goods in the Kingdom.

SEE THE SHOW WINDOWS.

MILLER & CO.,
QUEEN STREET CORNER.

CIGARS! CIGARS!!

BEFORE proceeding to the Coast, call at the "World Renowned" Cigar Establishment, 68 Argyle Street, and provide yourself with a box of their Famed Cigars, or a sample of

7 FOR ONE SHILLING.

BOX of 100 for 13/6.

" 50 " 7/.

" 25 " 3/6

DON'T HESITATE.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 27th, 1881.

A MARYHILL grocer, who pleaded guilty the other day to a charge of selling un-sound ham, was let off with the absurdly inadequate penalty—or rather no penalty—of 10s 6d. The cool effrontery of the fellow's "explanation" seems to the BAILIE to aggravate his offence twentyfold rather than to justify any modification of his punishment. "He said the ham was a fresh meat ham, and owing to the warm weather it had become tainted. *It was then boiled, and sold at the reduced price of 10d a pound!*" Is so disgraceful a case to be allowed to end thus, and are greedy and unscrupulous shopkeepers to be allowed to deliberately poison their customers at the rate of half-a-guinea per head?

An Empty Ceremony—Holding a service in city churches on Fair Sunday.

Wrong to a T—For police detective read police defective.

The Fun of the "Fair"—Flirting.

"Pour Encourager les Autres."

THE Superintendentship of the Greenock police force seems to be a position as difficult as it is, doubtless, honourable. His Worship's good friend Captain Orr has been getting into sad trouble with the members of the Town Council, who have called a certain act of his "a disgrace," a matter for reprimand, a thing not to be tolerated, and other hard names. And what is the dreadful conduct that has so agitated the "celestial minds" of the Sugaropolitan Cooncillors? Why, the dismissal of a constable who had publicly stated his intention of refusing to obey the next time he was ordered out for Sunday duty! The Council seem to have an idea that the Superintendent ought respectfully to consult A1 and Z26 as to the times and seasons at which they would prefer to do their work.

"SHUT YOUR MOUTH!"—A Berwickshire clergyman having applied, at last week's Teind Court, for an increase of "four chalders," Lord Deas pleasantly remarked, "We had better shut his mouth by giving him three chalders." The observation was doubtless tasteful and to the point, and three chalders of meal form an admirable gag; but is not the precedent rather dangerous, my Lord? When the Berwickshire parson again opens his mouth, after swallowing and digesting the three chalders, is it to be similarly "shut" again? And, if so, how often is the process to be repeated?

A WARNING.—Newspaper-readers may have noticed that, one hot day in Sheffield a week or so ago, an empty whisky cask exploded suddenly, with a loud report and painful consequences. The BAILIE'S reason for recalling the circumstance is this. A considerable number of his fellow-citizens, who have been holding the Fair not wisely but too well, are at present very much in the position of empty whisky casks. Let such animated puncheons take warning, and beware how they expose themselves to the sun!

ICI ON PARLE FRANCAIS!—Apropos of the Duke of Edinburgh's visit to the Forth, a local paper says that one of the dock sheds has been "fitted up as a *salle à mangé*." Why will the unspeakable reporter persist in plunging recklessly into languages "he does not understand?"

"The Rivals"—Corporal Ingram and Major Pearce.

A Roaring Trade—A showman's,

Unreasonable "People!"

THE chairman of last week's meeting of the Tramway Company had a crow to pick with the public, and he picked it more in sorrow than in anger. "If," said Mr Young, "people would leave us alone, and deal with the company as the company wish to deal by them, there would not be a single shilling to pay for law expenses." Probably not; but the trouble, as Americans say, is that "people" do not quite see their way to accepting this naive version of the Golden Rule. Suppose the Company were to set the example, by doing to others—including servants as well as "people"—as they would be done by? It might be found to pay in the end.

"The Trammels of Domesticity."

ONE of the BAILIE'S grandiloquent friends of the daily press speaks of the "campers-out" during the Fair as "those who, during the Fair week, cast off the trammels of domesticity, and spend their days and nights *al fresco*." My conscience! Some of these quite too awfully utter euphuists might derive benefit from the perusal of a certain essay concerning "Thunder and Small Beer," which a plain-spoken person of the name of Thackeray once indited for the benefit of the *Times* newspaper in particular and superfine scribblers in general. But would the "purr silly cratur"—hem! Carlyle!—understand it? That's the question.

OUR LARKY PREMIER. — The Member for Mid-Lothian *is* going it, and no mistake. He has been extremely jaunty of late, but the climax was reached last Wednesday, when he offered to lay any member of the House of Commons 10 to 1 on a given Parliamentary "event." This is getting serious. If the good folks of Edinburghshire don't remonstrate with their gay and festive representative, we shall hear of the old gentleman being seen at the Bar of the House—the refreshment bar, that is—one of these fine evenings, "tossing for drinks!"

NON-HOMŒOPATHIC PRACTITIONERS.—Two Edinburgh youths were sent to prison last week for pelting a policeman with bricks. Probably the poor fellows had the philanthropic, and non-homŒopathic, design of turning the bobby himself into a "brick," by "compounding" him with dust whereto he was *not* kin." (*Vide* "Hamlet.")

A "Baron" Honour—The proposed peerage for Mr Froude.

ARGYLE BATHS—See Last Page.

"Temperate" Swindling.

GREAT is the ingenuity of "the Bar." It is quite usual for an advocate to seek to condone his client's offence on the ground that, to quote a charming ditty of the period, "he must have been drunk when he did it;" and now we find a lawyer seeking mercy for a dishonest clerk because, forsooth, "he had been elected president of the Temperance Society in Montrose on twelve consecutive occasions." Fortunately, however, for the property and persons of the respectable and reasonable portion of the community, the law pays but little regard to such claims on the part of either the drunken ruffian or the teetotal thief.

"Musselburgh Races."

A PARTY of excursionists from Alexandria were greatly disgusted to find no horse-racing going on when they arrived at Musselburgh the other day. The worthy Alexandrians, having apparently never heard of Musselburgh save in connection with "the Races," were evidently under the impression that its inhabitants spent their time daily, and all the year round, in "backing the favourite." Were they equally disappointed, during their brief sojourn in Edinburgh, by the discovery that the population of the Scottish capital is not wholly given over to the production and consumption of the renowned, but ill-fated, "Rock"?

"IN CARMAGNOLE COMPLETE."—Terpsichore, as she appears at Rothesay, wears the aspect rather of Fury than of a Muse. At a ball there the other evening doors were smashed, ladies' wraps stolen, a free fight instituted, and "nothing could be heard for the screams of the women and the shouting and swearing of the men, while blood flowed freely from many heads and faces," till the police "put in an appearance," to use the reporter's darling phrase. The "carmagnole de Paris" was but small potatoes compared to this.

"DOST THOU NOT SUSPECT MY"—LEAD? —In the Penicuik riot case the other day one witness, a plumber, said he had "more respect for his lead" than to allow it to be used on the skulls of the militiamen. Truly, unless the average militiaman be even more leaden-witted than this seems to imply, here is ground for a fresh riot.

Gentlemen who get the Baby to hold—Remedy, 20s Perambulator.—GARDINER & HARDIE, 42 Great Clyde Street.

ARGYLE BATHS—See Last Page.

Megilp.

THE lessons taught by last year's Black and White Exhibition have not been thrown away on Glasgow painters. The wonderful results obtained by French and English artists, who were accustomed to use charcoal and to produce with it complete pictures that did not require the aid of colour to make them impressive, opened the eyes of many here to their own shortcomings. The good result of this will be seen in the approaching Black and White Exhibition. Our own local men will show to much greater advantage than they did last year.

James A. Aitken is at present at Belmullet, in the wilds of Mayo. The cliff scenery there is exceedingly grand, and the whole district is one not sufficiently well known to artists. After this hint, however, it is to be hoped that all the members of the Glasgow Art Club will not go over there next year. They might select a deputation by lot.

It is understood that among the Exhibitors in the Black and White Exhibition will be several members of the Salmagundi Sketching Club of New York.

The sales in the London Black and White have, unfortunately, not been very brilliant. The Exhibition is a good one, but not too well hung.

It is to be hoped that no artist will be so misguided as to send "black and whites" in oil to the Exhibition. Oil is a medium with which it rarely happens that anything satisfactory can be done in monochrome. In a black and white in oil you feel something is lacking, and that something is colour.

If the results obtained under the new regime at the Haldane Academy equal the loudly expressed and confident expectations of those who have been put into power, then shall Glasgow be blessed indeed, in an art way.

The little colony of Scotch, or rather Glasgow artists who sojourned through the late spring and early summer at Dorchester on the Thames, seem to have improved the time—so far, at least, as the production of pictures was concerned. Previous to taking their departure for the North, they opened, some ten days ago, an exhibition of their works in the School-room of the village, and upwards of a hundred picture studies and drawings were exhibited. The feature of the collection was "The May Queen" of J. E. Christie, a companion to his Grosvenor "Rose among Thorns." This represented a little girl walking through the grass of a meadow, and bearing in her arms a branch of hawthorn laden with the sweet-smelling blossoms of the May. The other contributors to the Exhibition were A. K. Brown, Wellwood Rattray, Tom Hunt, C. M'Ewen, A. East, W. M'Bride, and Mrs Rattray—the last named of whom was represented by a pair of small landscapes.

The Royal Academy Exhibition will be closed on the evening of Monday next, the 1st proximo, and those of the Grosvenor Gallery and the Old Water-Colour Society, on Saturday the 30th instant.

An interesting picture sale will take place in the rooms in London of Messrs Christie and Manson, on Saturday. It is that of the "remaining works of the late Solomon Alexander Hart, R.A." Much curiosity will be felt, both in London and elsewhere, as to the prices which the "remaining works" of the late Academician will bring.

An Exhibition of "Paintings and Drawings of the Sea" will be held in the rooms of the London Fine Art Society, in the coming winter. The paintings will be confined to the works of invited artists, but drawings may be sent in for approval to the Secretary, at 148 New Bond Street, between the 1st and 7th of November.

THOSE MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS. — For a Scottish competition might there not be a Scottish adjudicator? "Stands Scotland where it did" if it doesn't know Classicism?

Underwriters—Libellers.

ARGYLE BATHS—See Last Page.

Adult Delinquents.

"They say":—

THAT Mr R. M. Murray is bent on being "another Neil" in the Juvenile Delinquency Board.

That he nurses his wrath to keep it warm for the open monthly meetings.

That his accumulated bile is usually expended on some absent member.

That he discovered a genuine mare's nest on Friday last.

That the mair the merrier.

That R. M. M. got heavily sat upon by the Laird of Lethamhill.

SOMETHING LIKE A FISHING.

(Scene—Lamlash Quay; Two fishermen having a confab.)

1st Fisherman—Wass you at the fushin' last nicht, Tougal?

2nd Fisherman—Yes, Archie, and we cot a fush on effery hook, but if we'll wass oot the nicht afore we was cot twice as more.

DICKITY DUKE-ITY DOCK.

"The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith:"

Now no longer need it rock

From side to side, or endwards duck

Since open'd by a Duke a dock.

THE FAIR AND THE WEATHER.

Extremes meet, the sour and sweet,

Vinegar Hill and my fairing;

Cold and heat on the weather sheet

July is seen equally sharing.

"PUTTING HIS FOOT IN IT." — Councillor Richmond is the latest humourist of the Town Council. Referring to the matter of stop-cocks, this incipient Artemus Ward stated that "within 300 feet three stop-cocks wanted covers; and although the foot of a horse could not have got into any of the stop-cocks, the foot of a donkey could." Has the worthy Councillor been trying the size of the apertures with his pedal extremities?

THE NEW PENS.

In "auld lang syne" bad pens make folk growl,

"Said my father, the deacon, afore me,"

But give them the "Hindoo," the "Pickwick," or "Owl,"

And in smiles they sit writing before ye.

With the "Waverley" labour to pleasure aye turns.

The rhymster can spin a Decameron;

If they make one better, and call that one "Burns,"

Then hurrah for Macniven & Cameron!

Just out—

THE BIG WAVERLEY, } 6d and 1s per Box.

THE BIG 'J' PEN, } At all Stationers.

Sample Box, with all the kinds, by Post, 1s id.

Patentees of Pens and Penholders—MACNIVEN & CAMERON,
23 to 33 Blair Street, Edinburgh. (Estd. 1770.)

Beware of the party offering imitations of these Pens.

A Holiday Catechism.

THE BAILIE takes no little interest in the young idea. He is by no means a hard task-master, and would not like to see the young 'uns badgered with lessons during their respite from standards, extra subjects, and other scholastic ills that all juvenile flesh is now heir to. Still, a little learning is far from being a dangerous thing, even at holiday time, when all play and no work is apt to make Jack rather wild and rampant. A course of catechising, after the style of Mangnall, Pinnock, Joyce, and the Shorter "Carritch" might be of service. With this in view, his Worship's own "educationist," aided and abetted by the Animile, has just drawn up a "question book" anent subjects all over the educational shop, meant "for such as are of weaker capacity." Here is a sample of their handiwork:—

- Q. Is it necessary to repeat history?
A. Clearly not, as "history repeats itself."
- Q. What was a most gruesome historical diet?
A. The Diet of Worms, in 1521.
- Q. Which Standard should you try to reach?
A. "The Standard on the Braes o' Mar."
- Q. What is physiology?
A. The art of making fizzin' drinks.
- Q. What is domestic economy—at say rent time?
A. In Scotland, shooting the moon; in Ireland, shooting the landlord.
- Q. Which was the first comet seen in these parts?
A. That of Henry Bell in 1811.
- Q. Where was there a great display of shooting stars last week?—A. At Wimbledon.
- Q. Who is King of the Sandwich Islands?
A. Kalakua Lang, of 73 Queen Street.
- Q. Where is Scone?—A. In bakers' shops.
- Q. Where is the great Colosseum?
A. In Jamaica Street, under that ancient rum 'un W. W.
- Q. Which tiles are worn under foot?—A. Encaustic tiles.
- Q. Are not tall hats of great antiquity?
A. Yes, many of them; especially those on sale in Paddy's Market.
- Q. What is the mariner's compass?—A. From C to C.
- Q. What was Sir Walter Raleigh's favourite air?
A. "The Garden where the Praties grow."
- Q. Are pirates still met with in Eastern seas?
A. Rarely; they have mostly gone to the States and turned publishers.
- Q. Where are whales found?
A. They are seldom found; being so big, it is difficult to lose them.
- Q. What was Noah's ark?—A. Arc? Why, the rainbow.
- Q. Which is the largest moth mentioned in Scripture?
A. The behe-moth (Job xl. 15-24).
- Q. Which are the best and worst letters of the alphabet?
A. The best, L S D; the worst, I O U.
- Q. What is the peculiar property of gold?
A. To make those who have it look down on those who haven't.
- Q. How would you render into Latin "Mind your eye?"
A. *Mens vester Ego.*
- Q. What is a false quantity in classics?
A. Not giving Measure for Measure.
- Q. Would you decline *hoc*?—A. *Hock*? Certainly not.
- Q. Why is the BAILIE'S Animile so unsteady at times?
A. Because he is not a "proper" ass.

OUTWITTED.

(Col. Greenhorn, shooting hares with "the moose" to beat up and "daft Wullie" to bag the game, has shot six, when, getting tired, "daft Wullie" grumbles and "the moose" complains. On being assured that only one more clump of juniper bushes requires beating up, "the moose" runs too far ahead and with great energy resumes work.)

Colonel (pointing his gun at "the moose" and shouting angrily)—Come back out o' that, you little monkey, or, s'help me! I'll shoot you like a rabbit!

Daft Wullie (throwing down the game bag and making for home)—Ye'll no mak' game o' me! If ye shoot "the moose" ye'll hae tae cairey 'um hame yersel', fur I'll no d'it!

A SYMPATHETIC SOUL!—One, at least, of the Paisley magistrates seems to think there should be different laws for the rich and for the poor; but his view of the matter is by no means that usually attributed to "the great unpaid." Last week the worthy in question let off with a paltry fine of 7s 6d a drunken "wabster," who had brutally assaulted his wife, the reason given for this leniency being that the Bench "sympathised with the native weaver's poverty." It is not stated, but may be inferred, that the Magistrate also sympathised with "the native weaver's" cowardly ferocity and his bibulous propensities.

A Sound Argument—A discussion by telephone.

Opening Letters—A B C.

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

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And Specially-Selected Company of London Artists.
ONE TOUCH OF NATURE,
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P A I R - O' - W I N G S.
Open at 6-30: Commence at 7-30. Prices from 6d. to 5s.

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PROGRAMME CHANGES ENTIRELY EACH WEEK. GRAND ILLUMINATED MORNING PERFORMANCE EVERY SATURDAY.

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PROPRIETOR,.....THOS. ROGERS.

MANAGERESS,.....MRS ROGERS.

CHAIRMAN,.....MR T. WELLESLEY.

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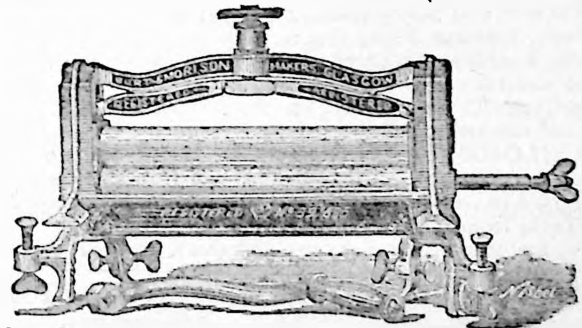
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(E. Nichol, London.)

Fill me a can with sparkling ale!
Quaff deep the gen'rous liquor!
But pledge each neighbour ere you drain
The nectar in the bicker!
And as you quaff the nut brown draught,
Just think of that good fellow
Who first found out that drink for gods—
COLD ALE so bright and mellow.

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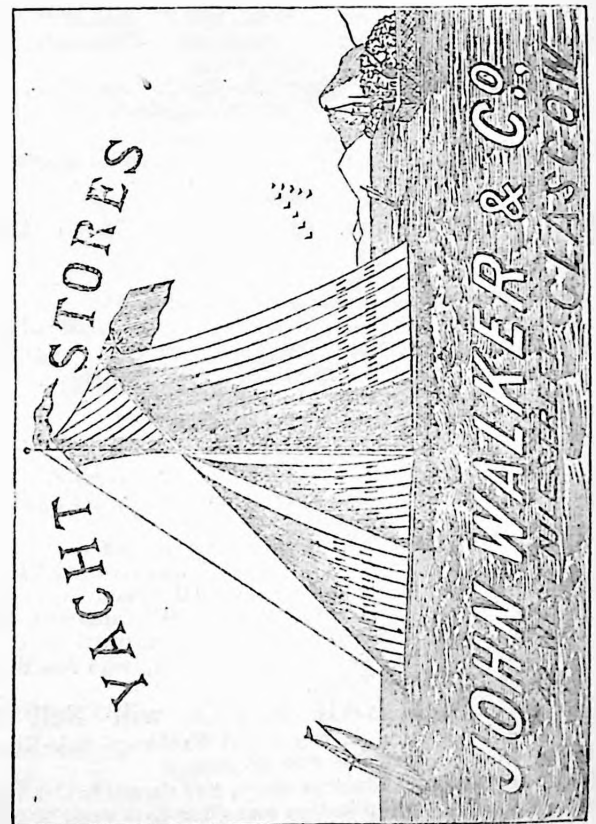
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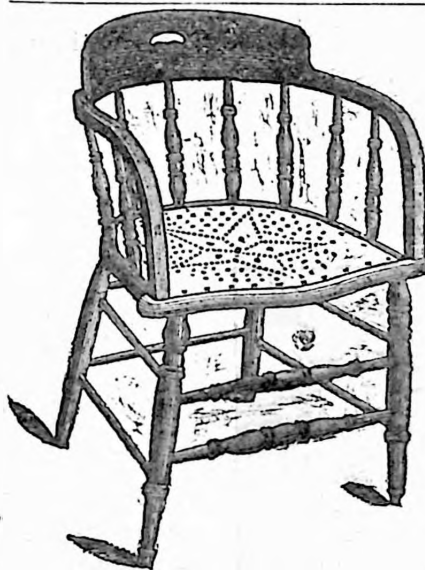
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9 SHAMROCK STREET,
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COAST AND COUNTRY ORDERS
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These FIRST-CLASS BATHS are NOW OPEN, and
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anything of the kind in the City.

TURKISH, VAPOUR, SPRAY, DOUCHE, SITZ,
And PLUNGE BATHS,
Heating and Ventilation complete.

Open from 8 a.m. till 10 p.m.
CHARGE for TURKISH, 2s.
Plunge, 1s. 6d. Others in Proportion.
ONE DOZEN TURKISH, 20s.

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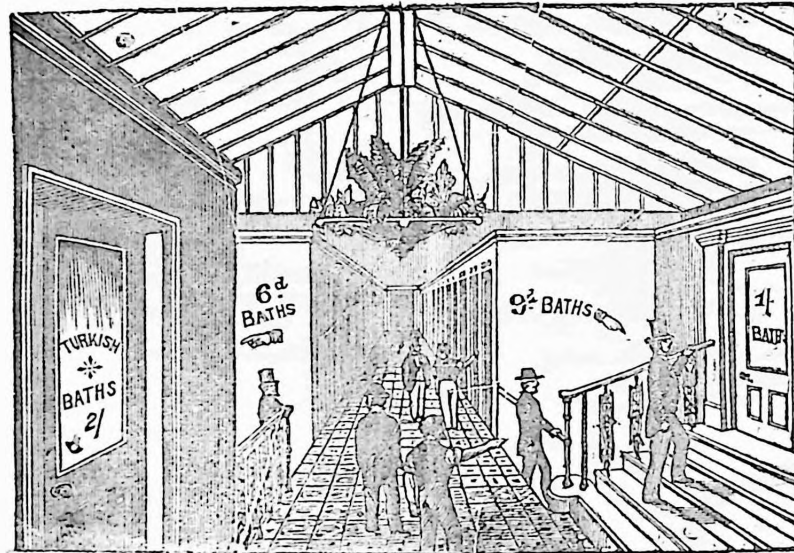
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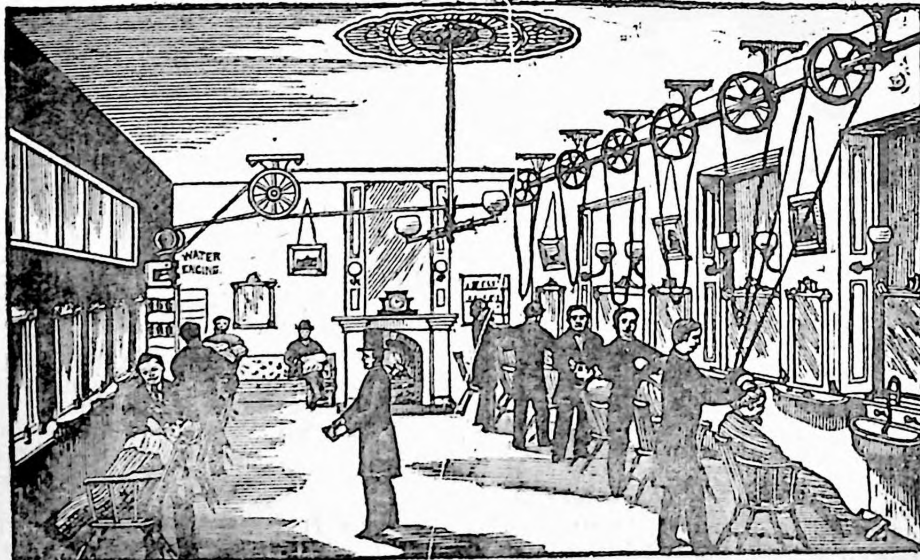
Shampooing,

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First-Class Assistants.



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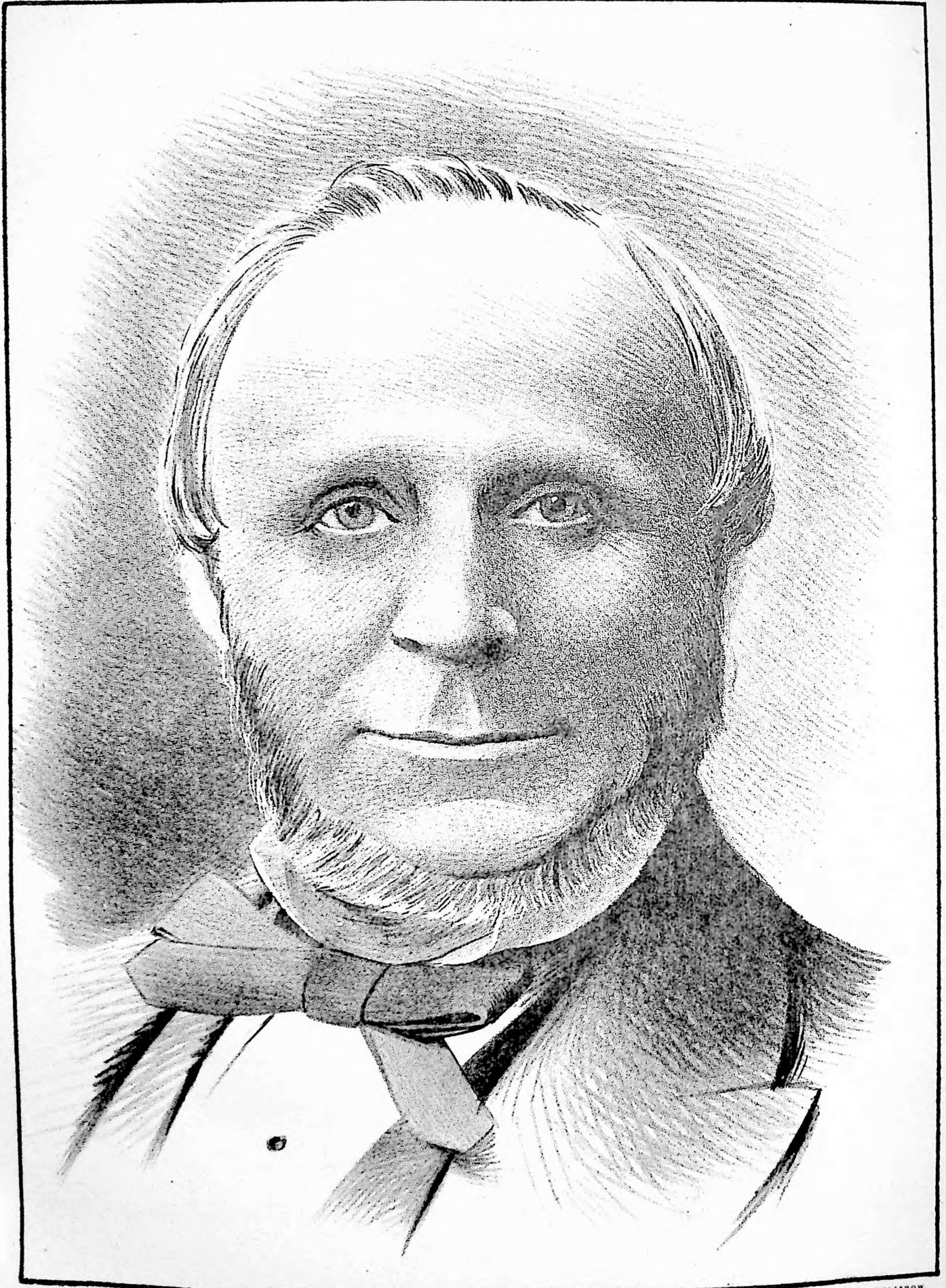
5,000 Customers waited on weekly.

One trial solicited.

A. E. Aston & Co.
Proprietors.

Sketch showing Interior of Hair Dressing Saloons.





The Bailie.

“MY CONSCIENCE!”

No. 459. Glasgow, Wednesday, August 3rd, 1881. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 459.

PROVOST CAMPBELL, of Greenock, is a busy man. Indeed it puzzles even his closest friends how he can find time to fulfil the multifarious duties connected with the various public offices he holds. Of these Provost of the burgh, chairman of the Greenock Harbour and School Boards, *ex officio* member of the Clyde Lighthouses Trust, chairman of the Local Marine Board, member of the Free Church Assembly, and patron of no end of teetotal and kindred societies, do not exhaust the tale. And not only does he find time to attend to the duties pertaining to them all, but he is ready and willing to dogmatise at any moment on any and every subject under the sun. His own estimate of himself can best be gauged by his having graciously condescended the other week to make way for the Queen or the Heir to the Throne in connection with the laying of the foundation-stone of the James Watt Dock, but after these royalties, Provost CAMPBELL, it was intimated, must come next in order. Strange to say, Mr CAMPBELL owes his elevation to the posts of Provost of the town and Chairman of the School Board, not so much to his own merits as, in the one case, to the personal dislike of his predecessor in office to the councillor who was regarded as likely to occupy the vacant chair, and in the other to the modesty of a brother Free Churchman who declined to take the chairmanship when it was offered to him. Rumour has it, moreover, that in each case the parties who were the means of pitchforking Mr CAMPBELL into office would, within three months after having done so, have worked as hard to get him out again if they could possibly have undone their previous work. He is shrewdly suspected of having offended both patrons by

his high-handed style of dealing, as well with themselves personally as with their most cherished and valued schemes. Provost CAMPBELL is beyond all question the hero of the working men of Greenock, the teetotalers, the Good Templars, the anti-Robertson Smithites, and the goody-goodies of both sexes generally, but he is by no means so popular among the people of his own position in life, and this includes a section, at least, of the members of the Town Council. He wants the tact displayed by some of his predecessors in the Provost's chair in keeping the wheels of the municipal machinery in good going condition. It has been hinted that his ambition points to a seat in St. Stephens, but whether this will ever come to pass is a problem for the future. The Provost is a native of Greenock, from which port his father sailed for many years as a shipmaster. After receiving a fair education, the Man you Know served an apprenticeship to the law with the late Provost Neill, and subsequently entered the office of Mr Alan Ker, where he acquired a fair knowledge of mercantile business. When little more than twenty-one, Mr CAMPBELL was elected a member of the local Parochial Board. Some years afterwards—in 1868—he was returned to a seat at the Council, in 1871 he became a Bailie, and on the retirement of Provost Lyle, in 1879, he was appointed to the post of Chief Magistrate. Since his accession to the provostship Mr CAMPBELL has taken part in several questions of local importance. Last year he had a tilt in St. Stephen's with the Clyde Trustees and the Lighthouse Trustees regarding the Channel-way of the Clyde, and was successful in defending the interests of his burgh against all odds. In addition to his municipal and other work, the Provost, with characteristic audacity, has adventured oftener than once into the fields of authorship. His experience in parochial matters

has been embodied in a pamphlet on "Pauperism and the Poor-law," he has written in favour of the *petite agriculture* and against the amalgamation of the Midland and South-Western railways, and of late his leisure hours have been occupied with a history of his native town. Bustling and busy as the Provost is, and determined, like all other sectaries, to have his own way in everything, Provost CAMPBELL must still be allowed the credit of doing what he regards as his best—and doing that with the utmost eagerness—for Greenock. He can hardly be grudged, therefore, any little distinction that may accrue from the part he is to play on Saturday. The occasion will be a big one locally, and what is more, and this Mr CAMPBELL may regard as of still greater importance than the immediate *kudos*, the erection of the Town Hall and the construction of the James Watt Dock are likely to be associated with his name long after every other event of his provostship, and even the provostship itself, are quite forgotten. The Town Hall and the Dock, or rather the Dock and the Town Hall—since the one thing is the natural outcome of the other—the BAILIE may further be allowed to say are encouraging evidences of the prosperity of one of the most prosperous communities in Scotland. The arrangements, moreover, regarding them, have all been made with commendable celerity and despatch. Would it be too much to say that, in the matter of the Town Hall at least, Glasgow might, with advantage, take a leaf out of the book of the lesser and less ambitious burgh?

THE LAST DAY.

Mrs Tamson—Losh me, Mrs Smith, did you see in the papers that the world's tae come tae an' en' on the 15th o' November?

Mrs Smith—Save us, is't? Bit I suppose it maun come sometime, tho' it's jist a great pity it wasna a day or twa suner and it would 'a saved us paying ony rent!

" 'Tis the last rose of summer,' thank goodness," said paterfamilias as he got out of bed at the coast on Monday morning at 5 o'clock.

Unmistakable *Eyedentity*—A brace of black eyes.

Not A-meer Trifle—The victory of Ayoub Khan.

A Highland Storm—A Celtic gathering.

50 VISITING CARDS (Finest Ivory) while you wait,
1s 6d.—GILLESPIE BROTHERS, 8 Buchanan Street.

Go, July!

GO, July,
Thou month of rain,
Unruly
Thou'st been again:
And August,
That thy soft heels
Still doggest,
Its course now wheels—
While summer,
The poets sing,
Looks glummer
Than even spring:
Since corn-fields,
That should have been
Nigh shorn fields,
Are yet quite green;
And muddy
Is every road,
Nobody
Can walk abroad.
O, July,
Thou month of rain,
Unruly
Thou'st been again!

COME, August!
Be thy intent
The raw gust
St. Swithin sent
To scatter
And bring us heat.
No matter
Although the feet
Of autumn
The greenish leaves
'Gins rot 'em—
They are not thieves
Who, making
A barter fair,
Keep taking,
And leaving where
They plundered
A gift more rare!
Theft none dared
Impute it there.
Then, August,
That on thy way
Now joggest—
The sun, we pray!

A GOURMET.

(Scene—Restaurant in Argyle Street; Enter Donald with English friend.)

Donald—Well, George, what'll ye hafe?"

George (with quite a London air and giving his moustache a stroke the while)—Oh! I'll take a quart of beer and a couple of meat pies.

Donald (awe-struck, and feeling his pockets)—Goot gracious, wull you can eat aal that at wance?

A "NEW DEPARTURE" FOR THE "NEW PROFESSION."—The following advertisement is culled from Saturday's *Educational News*:—"Wanted, 1st August, an Assistant Master (ex-P.T.) in a large Mixed British School. Duties—to teach infants and lower division of Standard I., *needlework in upper standards*," &c., &c. Fancy a master teaching needlework to advanced pupils! As well expect a mistress to nstruct boys in the "goose step," or, say, swimming.

IN THE "WIND."—Notwithstanding, says Peter, the *dictum* of the ornithological Duke, and *apropos* of the hoist of Councillor Collins, the (K)nightin(g)gale is chronicled to come to Scotland.

A "Mayors" (and Provosts') Nest—The London Mansion-House last Wednesday evening.

The Man of the "World"—Atlas.

B(e)ier Houses—Undertakers' establishments.

A Body-Guard—A life-preserver.

MITCHELL'S OLD IRISH WHISKY.

On 'Change.

DONALD CURRIE is not happy. He has played his cards neatly, he has been flattered by society, and he entertained a Prime Minister so effectually that he has been gazetted to a knighthood. For all that he is like the constable in the play. To adopt Mr Gilbert, for a little minute, he can be imagined as singing

"When there's joint stock Castle bulding to be done
Donald Currie's lot is not a happy one."

Few men of his calibre have sustained such grievous humiliations as have fallen to his lot since the issue of his prospectus. That remarkable document has been blamed for conveying too little information, but in one respect at least it has been alarmingly frank. It admits that the company is to be transmitted to the public at a premium, and it also admits that the fleet already afloat is to be handed over to the new company at about £23 10s per ton. A few shipbuilders on the Clyde might perhaps be glad to supply the Company with new steamers at the money. If pressed they might even take a little less.

Mr Wylie Guild has not fared pleasantly over his scheme for the reorganisation of the Monkland Iron Co. For some reason or other the public refuse to believe in the scheme and the shareholders detest it because it does not give them a chance. While there was a chance of the scheme prospering the shares went down, and when it became possible that the scheme would not prosper the shares went up. They are low enough even now, so low that the price is almost nominal and the risk of loss is therefore about nil.

What a far-reaching place this Glasgow is! Just fancy an assembly of business men in a distant place like Peterborough, somewhere in Canada, discussing how they might best satisfy the requirements of the Glasgow Stock Exchange! Yet they did so, and amended their bye-laws so effectually that duplicate transfer books will now be kept in Glasgow. It transpired that 100,000 dollars had been sent from Glasgow for investment in the debentures of the concern. That was good, but not at all surprising, when it is considered that the company has paid 8 per cent.

Mr Maskelyne, the famous juggler, has invented something. Like other inventors he wishes to hand it over to a company—for a consideration. I have never seen the invention, but I presume it to be another example of the triumph of mind over matter. No reason need be assigned—

"Ah no, I cannot tell, quoth he,
But 'twas a famous victory."

Who would not be a biscuit baker? They are far more lucky than the dabblers in stocks or the dealers in pig-iron warrants. Two of them are extending their premises just now, and one flourishes exceedingly in the Town Council and on board his yacht.

Is it not carrying things too far to drive trust and agency companies into the River Plate? That does not seem a fit destination for British capital, especially when the promoters want so large a sum as a million and a quarter sterling. All the republics nestling on the shores of the River Plate, and on its tributaries, are notoriously turbulent and prone to revolutions. They have been more quiet lately, but no one knows how soon the flames may blaze out again. Everybody remembers the story of the facetious Briton, a resident in Buenos Ayres, who used to raise his window in the morning and ask the first man who passed, "Who is the head of the Government to-day?"

Railways have had a rattling fall. So they ought. I do not profess to be an infallible prophet, but I fancy I have been pretty sure on these cards. I do not mind repeating that I will be correct on iron, too. Warrants will be at 45s before long unless the unexpected happens. It sometimes does, but it is not likely to this time.

An end is said to have been put to that marvellous coalition between a certain advertising stockbroker and a speculative Scotchman well known for his audacious transactions in pig iron and railway stocks. Such combinations rarely last very long. In the meantime, I hear, Grand Trunks are still to be "banged."

After a long period of apparent inanition, the notorious Emma Mine has come to the front again. Not in Glasgow, however. Glasgow men were too sorely burnt last time, and, as everybody knows, "burnt bairns dread the fire." London has now the credit of forcing up the shares from nothing to about £4. That was nice, but not for those who bought. Then the shares went back again by their own weight. But nobody said that George was in the swim this time.

A Clyde Subway is not an unreasonable proposition, but no one makes it. Surely it would be more rational if our capitalists, instead of sending their money to concerns like the Sosa-Y-Mendez Gold Co.—which has burst up as I predicted—took the matter seriously in hand and bored a tunnel beneath our aromatic river. The Liverpool gentlemen are going to make a tunnel two miles long to enable them to reach Birkenhead on the Cheshire side of the Mersey. The quality of Mersey, as we know, is not strained, and in that respect Dicky Sam is nearly our equal. But not quite. We can beat him at perfumes.

There is mystery about a Clyde tunnel, and it would be simpler far than the Mersey scheme. People are apt to quake when they think of a tunnel below the river, or a tunnel of any kind for the matter of that. Would they be surprised to learn that there are in these islands nearly 60,000 miles of underground tunnels, part railway but mostly mines, and [that] nearly 400,000 people find employment in them.

SCRUTATOR.

THE TEXT.

(Scene—Country village; Time, 11 o'clock A.M.,
Monday; Two old cronies meet.)

William—Weel, Tammas, was ye at the kirk yesterday?

Tammas (seriously)—I was that.

William—An' what was your minister on?

Tammas (jokingly)—O! he was on his feet as usual. [William wheels about and walks on.]

THE PALLADIUM OF OUR LIBERTIES.

Liberty's a glorious prize,
The Press's pride this prize to save;
A Press of power, where Truth allies
With press-gangs and the "galley"-slave,

A POSER.—One of the principal "events" at last week's Royal Renfrewshire Militia Athletic Sports was, it seems, a "Subalterns' Donkey Race." Judging from the report of the proceedings, it must have been somewhat difficult to decide which was the biggest donkey on the ground, and whether the palm of asininity was due to a quadruped or to a biped competitor.

A-Breast of the period.—"All dickie."

Dominie-cal Letters.—A B C.

Colour-Blindness.—Blind-man's-"buff."

"Glass Houses"—Publics.

"A Broken Trust"—A breach of promise.

"Waste" Paper—Misspent pound notes.

A Refiner of Spirits —A moral reformer.

Established upwards of half a century, Adam's fruit warehouse, 58 St. Enoch Square, where all Fruits can be had in their seasons. Only the best quality are kept. Note address, JAS. ADAM & CO., 58 St. Enoch Square, and 55 Gordon Street.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR RAILIE.—The *pièce de resistance* at the Royalty Theatre this week is the late Andrew Halliday's comedy, "Love or Money," with which the London Vandeville was opened some dozen years ago. At that time the principal *role*—that of *Major Buncombe*, a pseudo-military adventurer of the Captain Costigan type—was sustained by poor George Honey, who also played the part at the Prince of Wales Theatre during his penultimate visit to Glasgow.

Mr Walter Searle is the Royalty *Buncombe*, and he is supported by a clever company, including faces old and new.

"Love or Money" will be followed each evening by the smart burlesque of "Fra Diavolo Junior."

Mr Beryl this week puts on the stage of the South-Side theatre a new "farical comedy" called "Turtle Doves," in which the chief part is played by that clever comedian, Mr H. D. Burton. If I mistake not, Mr Burton's last visit to Glasgow was with the Majiltons. The afterpiece is a production entitled "Bears not Beasts," and is described as a "burlesque comic opera." Both pieces are novelties in Glasgow.

Mr Charles Kelly and his company conclude their present visit to the Gaiety this week. Let me advise your friends, my Magistrate, who have not yet seen "Pair-o'-Wings," the piece in which they appear, to make a point of seeing it on some one or other of the coming five nights. The piece, may I say, is an exceedingly clever one. For one thing, the way in which the interest is maintained to the very close, together with the quality of surprise which comes in just as the curtain falls, seems to me almost unequalled in recent stage plays.

The acting, it goes without telling, is wonderfully good all round. Not to mention Mr Kelly himself, who sustains a character part with rare insight and artistic skill, Miss Brough, Miss Florence Terry, Mr Sydney Charteris, and Mr Cartwright are all seen to the utmost advantage in their several parts.

Playgoers of two or three years' standing must have pleasant recollections of Mr Charteris, who was for some time a member of Mr Glover's stock company at the Theatre Royal.

Friend Newsome finds business so good at the Ingram Street cirque that he is constrained to stay with us somewhat longer than he at first intended. As of yore, the "ole man" is of the horse horsey, and makes equestrianism proper the overshadowing feature of the programme. The entertainment provided by man and beast is invariably of the best. Mr Newsome's great aim is "to witch the world with noble horsemanship," and in this he succeeds to a nicety. I looked in on Saturday night, and found the house packed in every part save the stalls. That evergreen hippo-dramatic friend of our youth, "Dick Turpin," was evidently the great draw. In this the great little horse-breaker, aided and abetted by his "Bonny Black Bess," acted the part of the bold, bad highwayman to perfection. The piece is altogether quite realistically gone through. Go, my Magistrate, and give the light of your countenance to one of the most popular Men you Know, ere he sets out for the East Countrie.

Your readers must have been amused by Mr Ure's Mansion House speech, tracing a connection between the sovereignty of the realm and the municipal sovereignty of the Second City. This is how it stands. The Earl of Lennox was Lord Provost of Glasgow in the year 1578, and was also father of Lord Darnley, progenitor of her present Majesty. Thus, Lennox—Darnley—Victoria—Ure. Twiggez-vous?

The Glasgow sailings of the "Lord of the Isles" have proved so popular with the touring public that Mr Clark, the manager of the company, has determined that they shall be continued throughout the month of August. A peep at Inveraray—not to speak of "The Kyles" and Loch Fyne—in these brilliant autumn days, provides a sufficiently exhilarating tonic to the brain and the nerves of your ever-worked toiler in close rooms and grimy city streets.

Quite a flood of panegyric has been turned on by the London papers over the death of Mr Neilson, the well-known reporter on the staff of the *Times*. It is obvious, however, from the nature of the obituary notices, that many of them were written by men who did not know Mr Neilson personally. They prefer, therefore, to deal generally with the Reporters' Gallery at Westminster, and thus with Mr Neilson as an official rather than as an individual. An excuse for them may possibly be found in the fact that he was really more of an official than an individual. The man who had been in "The Gallery" before the passing of the first Reform Bill, and who had heard Canning, Wellington, Peel, O'Connell, Palmerston, and every parliamentary leader of note for more than half-a-century, could hardly be otherwise than notable, and the late Mr Neilson was a kind of walking compendium of political reminiscences.

I am told by one of the rejected ones that for the appointment of teacher in an Arran school, lately vacant—stipend £140 a-year—there were no less than 127 applicants! Was not this simply "Prodigious?" The "new profession" is already enormously overstocked.

If the following be a fair sample, the teaching at our Board Schools seems to be of an eminently practical nature. It is the production of a maiden of tender years, a pupil at a school not a hundred miles off, and is forwarded to me by the pastor of the shrewd little woman, who had been desired to give her ideas on the subject of "Perseverance":—

— Street Public School, —,
June 8th, 1881.

"Mr —, Dear Sir,—I take the pleasure of giving you a description of perseverance. To work hard all day, and when the pay-day comes put past as much as possible, and succeed by getting more put past every pay-day, and when you have a very large sum put past take and start some kind of business of your own. I think the best kind of business to start would be a spirit-shop, for it is a very profitable business, for you could adulterate it with water as a great many do, and thus gain more profit. That is what I would call perseverance.—I am, yours truly,

This young lady should develop into a notable housewife, if she only "perseveres!"

The Oriental Art Loan Exhibition to be opened in the Corporation Galleries on the 1st November next already gives promise of being a great success, and quite a host of public men have been pressed into the service as an auxiliary committee to assist in the formation of the collection. Some dukes and others have already been mentioned, but to the names given I may now add those of Sir Daniel Macnee, Sir Richard Wallace, M P., and Messrs Anderson, Cameron, Crum, Bolton, J. A. Campbell, Donald Currie, Hamilton of Dalziel, Tennant, Cochran Patrick, and Orr Ewing—Members of Parliament every one of them. The Exhibition is meant specially to be illustrative of Japanese and Persian art manufactures, comprising pottery, porcelain, bronzes, art metal work, enamels, lacquer, carvings, silks, and other textiles, arms, instruments, &c.

While on this subject it may be noted, that within the past week or two, several interesting additions have been made to the natural history section of the Kelvingrove museum, and in view of the fact that the room at disposal is not even sufficient for the treasures belonging absolutely to the Corporation, it does seem a little absurd to have large cases of stuff on loan which are nothing but purely advertising stations.

A man of note in provincial journalism, and one upon whom I have had my eye for—the truth must out!—some thirty years, is at present spending a holiday at Dunoon. I refer to Mr Robt. Ackrill, of Harrogate, proprietor and editor of half-a-dozen flourishing journals of his own founding—the *Harrogate Herald*, *Knaresborough Post*, *Ripon Gazette*, *Niddersdale Times*, &c.—and conductor of a big printing business besides.

I wonder whether the Glasgow section of "The Society of the Rose" have still a corporate being. If it have, I can give the members two most pathetic—most pathetic as it seems to me—sentences, from a recent letter of "the Master's." The letter was sent in return for a pleasant little book forwarded to Mr Ruskin by its author, a rising member of the guild of literature, and one in whom he has manifested considerable personal interest. After speaking pleasantly of the volume and its subject, the "Graduate of Oxford" proceeds:—"I am too old to read anything but first-rate work now. I have no time for my Plato or Pindar—how much less for new books."

The letter bears date of the 28th of June, and was written at Brantwood, Coniston, that little house built of Cumberland slate which nestles at the foot of Coniston Moor and has the bluewaters of the lake directly in front, with the huge mass of the "Old Man" filling up the sky beyond—that little house where our great teacher has gone to spend his last years, alone with his own thoughts, among the silence of lawn, and wood, and misty moorland.

By-the-bye, the seal on Mr Ruskin's letter—he uses an envelope but always seals it with wax—is worthy of being noted. It bears a heart, enclosed in a circle, with the words "To-day, to-day, to-day" imprinted, one on each side of the triangle formed by the emblem of life.

The annual trip of the Water Commissioners takes place on Thursday and Friday. Won't Jamie Martin be missed this year, unless, to be sure, his whilom colleagues send him a complimentary ticket for the outing.

The presentation marble busts of Colonel Sir Archibald C. Campbell and Lady Campbell are now finished, and the presentation will take place at Blythswood on Wednesday.

S(H)AVED.

(Scene—Barber's shop; Little boy presiding; Enter volunteer officer, heavy swell, to get shaved.)

Volunteer Officer (with dignity)—I ah—want a shave. Where—ah—is the bah-bah?

Little Boy (briskly)—He's oot, sir, bit I'll barber ye. Sit doon, sir.

Volunteer Officer (unsheathing his sword and laying it across his knees)—Come on, my little fellah! but remembah, if you shed my blood you shall d-i-e!

Little Boy (after an expeditious and bloodless shave)—A' richt, sir. Onything else, sir?

Volunteer Officer (sheathing his sword after a prolonged inspection of his face)—Hah! you little beggah! were you not afraid?

Little Boy (coolly, stropping his razor)—If I'd 'a drawn yer bluid, I'd 'a cuttit yer throat! Tippence, please, sir. [Exit officer.]

The Ass wishes to know why it is that a tramway guard will never share the fate of Lot's wife. Because, the creature replies with a roughish "he-haw," he never looks behind.

Striking a Balance.—The man who gave short weight says it is not so easy to do business on a small "scale."

Happy Thought!

THE latest development of "party warfare" is a lawn-tennis match in London between teams representing the Government and the Opposition. This is an idea which is capable of being transplanted and further developed. Suppose, for instance, that next November we were to do away with the war of words, and all the unseemly strife that has hitherto marked a municipal election, and were to substitute, say, a friendly match at bowls? Or, if the weather forbade the satisfactory exercise of that gentle and popular pastime, skittles, billiards, or any other indoor sport would do. Ex-Bailie Young might confidently be counted on to carry out all necessary arrangements, and the result could not, at the very least, be less satisfactory than that of the present method. Under the system proposed we might even find ourselves in possession of a Council capable of grappling with so mighty a question as that of providing decent municipal buildings for the city. Let's try!

A BROTH OF A BOY.

Important Young Merchant (engaging new boy)—Now, my boy, remember, if I engage you, I shall give you every opportunity of promotion, but you must submit pleasantly to strict discipline—I am something of a martinet.

Boy—Oh, I thought, sir, you were a sugar-broker.

[*Aside*—If he had said he was something o' a fule I wia a kent his meaning better.]

SEESTU?

Full Corporal, R.R. Militia, Irvine Moor (to full private, do.)—I h'ard we wur maybe gaun tae Tunis, Jock.

Full Private—Are ye tellin' true?

F. C.—Sfax daith!

NEW LAMPS FOR OLD ONES.—At the British Linen Company door we see the chickens, but *where's the hen?* Or perhaps rather, we see the *sate-lights*, but where's the sun? Peter sees only the jelly-glasses of the epergne without the centre, perhaps, like others, forgetful of the proverb about fules an' bairns.

"A Thing no fellow can understand"—Why Mr Wm. Collins has been made a knight.

Triumphantly *Feminine*—The muses.

"The Country of the Moors"—Scotland.

A Popular (H)eir—The Prince of Wales.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the two bobbies have been acquitted of assault and perjury.

That their brother Charlies are quite elated at the result of the trial.

That the hat was sent round for the defence.

That the appeal was liberally responded to.

That there was a deal of hard swearing at the trial.

That the verdict was the equivocal one of "not proven."

That this means "don't do it again."

That the breach between the Stipendiary and the Police authorities is greater than ever.

That Mr Gemmel can "jouk and let the jaw gae by."

That the June and July coasters have returned to town.

That they have not been blessed with the best of weather.

That even the tail of the heat wave didn't favour them.

That all are glad to get back except the youngsters.

That August will surely be a warmer month than its two predecessors.

That our ex-Lord Provost has been made a knight.

That our present Lord Provost has been dining with the Lord Mayor of London at the Mansion House.

That he replied to the toast of the evening.

That the "centre of civilisation" is a few pumpkins just now.

That the Chairman of the Govan Parochial Board endeavoured to explain the necessity for the increased rates at last meeting.

That friend Charley "protested too much."

That the increase in the rental of the parish ought to meet the additional expenditure.

That the salaries are all going up once more.

That this is what "maks the mare tae go."

That the publicans have been sitting on the magistrates.

That the magistrates will shortly have an opportunity of sitting on the publicans.

That the bark of the Bonifaces is waur than their bite.

That the Chairman of the Wine and Spirit trade has a dangerous "gift o' the gab."

That he occasionally swears at lairge.

That he does his friends no good by his attacks on the magistracy.

That the dominies are back from the cod fishing to the code teaching.

That the dominies are a lucky lot.

That the claims under the Employers' Liability Act are causing some stir among parties interested.

That the Law Courts will be kept busy with such cases.

That it is a grand Act for the lawyers.

MILITARY DESCENT.

(Scene—A barrack square.)

Drill-Sergeant—Why, you goose, you've been over a month in the regiment, and I'm hanged if you're not within a whit of being as stupid as the first day you had drill. There's Dennis Doyle now, he only joined the other day, and he's already excellent at it.

Awkward Recruit—Aisy for him, bedad, hereditary transmission; his grandfather and father wur soldiers.

ON A TURKEY CARPET.

Atween two stools, the Ottoman

Again is on the tapis,*

And to this foolish, naughty man,

There's none need say *verb. sapis*.

Experientia doesn't doct,

The fools are those that could suppose it.

* *Sapis* governs "tapis" in

The rhyme, though "tapis" did begin.

WENT-URING PAST HIS DEPTH.—The Cove correspondent of the *Helensburgh Times* announces, for the benefit of all whom it may concern, that "the school is closed for the holidays, and the children have went (*sic*) in for enjoyment with a light and merry heart." It is very evident not only that the school is closed, but also that the schoolmaster has betaken himself abroad. If this ungrammatical "Cove" were to "went" in for a gentle course of Lindley Murray, sensitive readers would have lighter hearts, and those humorously-inclined less merry ones.

FORFAR.

Aberdonian Mistress—Far is't ye come frae, Fanny?

Servant—Farfar.

Mistress—Far far? Hoo far? and far is't?

Servant—Farfar, I say, no far far! I might say far far for I'm faur-far-er awa' frae't than I fancy.

Mistress—Farfar? Far far? Faur-far-er? Oh, I see! Forfar!

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.

A Teetotal Alarm.

THE "League" ought really to interfere in the matter of the forthcoming Volunteer Review at Edinburgh. A conspiracy seems to have been entered into by the brewers and distillers of the East to, in plain language, fuddle our citizen soldiers, and render as many as possible of them, in "regular" parlance, "drunk for duty." The average Volunteer is not absolutely proof against temptation, and when he finds himself housed in a brewery or spirit-store, with liquor supplied gratuitously, and—as they say in the French restaurants—*à discretion*, the probable consequence will not be increased steadiness in the march past. In fact, the "*à discretion*" is likely to lead to indiscretion. Such, at least, is the view taken by many worthy members of society, and, as the BAILIE has said, it seems clearly the duty of "the League" to take the matter up. If they fail to do so, they may probably be even more idiotically employed.

"ONE FOR HIS NOB."

(Scene—Parish church near Dunbar; *Dramatis personæ*, church beadle and clerical stranger.)

Stranger (who has expressed himself as greatly pleased with the interior)—And you've had it all nicely painted and done up since I was here before. I hope that you painted your minister at the same time.

Beadle—Oh, oor minister doesna need ony pentin', tho' a lot o' you chaps that come to assist him noo an' then wud be nane the waur, some o' us think, o' a guid tarrin'.

A WARNING.—At the Langholm "common-riding" last week solemn notice was, in accordance with use and wont, given to all "land-loupers, dub-scoupers, an' gae-by-the-gate swingers" not "tae breed habblements or brabblements," on pain of having "their lugs nailed tae the Trone wi' a twalpenney nail." The BAILIE gladly takes the opportunity of recording the observance of a good old custom, and, at the same time, of warning land-loupers, &c., nearer home that, in the case of similar offences, a somewhat similar punishment awaits them at his Worship's hands.

A "Stock"-hole—The Share Exchange.

Figurative Language—A balance sheet.

The Place for Pawnbrokers—*Lenzie*.

Gentlemen who get the Baby to hold—Remedy, 20s Perambulator.—GARDINER & HARDIE, 42 Great Clyde Street.

The Whole—Donkey.

DESCRIBING the "amusing" capture of a thief at Greenock the other day, a contemporary says that "the policeman at once started off at full gallop to intercept him." The term "gallop" being generally applied to what the typical reporter would call quadrupedal progression, are we to gather that the Greenock authorities have "gone the whole hog," and pressed four-footed constables into their service? We in Glasgow have hitherto contented ourselves with employing those who are merely metaphorically d-nk-ys; but there's no saying what we may come to yet.

THE WEAKER VESSEL.

(Scene—Within fifty miles of Stra'ven); *Dramatis Personæ*, a husband and his red-haired better-half, who are busily engaged in asserting their rival claims to supremacy in the domestic discipline of the household; on the appearance of another outbreak the husband piteously exclaims—

Keep back frae me, woman, keep back, or ye'll set me on fire!

Wife—Nae fear o' that, Robin! Nae fears! ye're ower green for that! [The weaker vessel subsides quietly into the nearest chair.]

WHERE "HAVE" HE BEEN BROUGHT UP!—Thus a morning contemporary:—"Yesterday the official programme of the proceedings which take place at Greenock to-morrow week in connection with the laying of the foundation-stones by Provost Campbell of the James Watt Dock and the Corporation Buildings, along with the dinner invitations, have (*sic*) been issued." It is to be hoped the official programme "have" been issued in a somewhat nearer approach to the English tongue than is this notification of it.

THE "MAN" FROM DUMBARTON.—That Dumbarton magnate, who had a somewhat expensive interview with Mr Stipendiary Gemmel last Thursday morning, and who by his own account "hated swearers, hated liars, and was not a drunkard," seems to have been reading up his Shakespeare for the occasion. In response to the magistrate's question, "What are you?" he retorted sternly, "A man." The First Murderer makes the same rejoinder to Macbeth; but the BAILIE will not be so cruel as to continue the comparison or the quotation.

Short Commons—Diminutive M.P.s.

The Most Infirm Man—Rab-shakeh.

WHERE'S THE POLICE?

The COLOSSEUM has been entered by burglars, but happily they got no further than the New Premises which Walter Wilson & Co. have just acquired, and which happened still to have the doors left on, which served to divide from the Great Hat House the premises lately occupied by Messrs Watson Bros.

Good gracious! Good gracious!

It's really audacious—

Nay, more, it's vexatious,

To think that those fellows, professors predacious,
So vilely furacious,

Should come in a manner so skilled and tenacious
And try to break in, with a will pertinacious,
To steal from a mart that's so famed and capacious.
Now, we all of us know our police are sagacious,

Bibacious, mendacious, pugnacious,
Voracious, vivacious, loquacious,

And quite ostentatious when folks disputacious

Appear to be even the least pervicacious—

All this our police are—if not efficacious,

But where do they go to? good gracious! good gracious!

Anywhere, anywhere out of the way,

Away from the jemmies and clubs—

With Maggie to love and no burglar to slay,

Nor ruffian with bludgeon his back to belay,

But trusting to chance and to Chubbs!

But really the bobbies are scarcely to blame;
Were they ever so watchful 'twould just be the same,
For Wilson has won such a marvellous fame—

In connection with Hats so great is his name

That truly 'tis scarcely surprising

If people who haven't the cash to procure

Should get a good "jemmy," and show on his door

How they prize his fine head-gear by prising.

But, burglars, we tell ye, 'tis foolish to try
To steal, when his hats so cheap you may buy.

But please take a hint—we needn't explain—

If you try it once more—you will never again.

SOME THINGS WORTHY OF NOTICE THIS WEEK.

Faiths of the World, 2 large volumes, gives an account of every different religion, published at 50s, now for 20s. For the schools now opening there is Essay Paper, 120 sheets for 10d; Exercise Books, 12 for 8½d; a very complete Dictionary for 5d. School Books at the lowest prices. Hugh Macdonald's Days at the Coast, the 3s 6d edition in paper covers, now only 1s 6d.

ROBERT LINDSAY, 102 QUEEN STREET.

GRAND HOTEL, GLASGOW.

Gentlemen whose Houses will be shut up during Summer, and who may require to stay in town occasionally, are reminded of the excellent Accommodation and Moderate Charges of this first-class Hotel. Terms for Boarding specially moderate.

A well appointed 'Bus in connection with this Hotel attends arrival and departure of "Columba" Steamer, also principal through Trains at Central and Buchanan Street Stations. Leaves Hotel for Steamer at 6-20 a.m.

BICYCLE & BOWLING GREEN SHOES,

Specially got up for the purpose, 7s 6d a pair.

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DON'T HESITATE.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 3rd, 1881.

"WHAT has come of the Collectorship of Police Assessment for the Central District?" has been a question asked by not a few people out-of-doors during the last fortnight. Of course the moles were not idle. They never work harder than when a friendly "job" is in hand, and the Collectorship was too good a thing for their friend to be let slip without a supreme effort. If their friend could not find the support needed to land him as the winner, it might have been expected that the candidate on whose behalf the most interest had been expressed both within and without the Council would have been allowed to win "hands down." Such a mode of procedure would have been entirely contrary to the rules of the Irish game of "spoil five." The sub-committee of the Police Board must therefore try a flank movement by proposing that the highly estimable and efficient Collector for the South-Side should be promoted to the Central District at a salary of £450 a year, and that Mr JOHN CRAIG and Mr JAMES REID should have the Eastern and Southern

Districts at £300 a year each. There may appear to be some cleverness in this, but it is the kind of cleverness—a compromise—which kills itself. Accordingly, the principal committee reversed the decision of the sub-committee by a majority of 8 to 2, recommending that Mr REID should be appointed Principal Collector with the salary of £450. It is probably not surprising to find that the head and tail of this extremely select minority of two consisted of Messrs J. L. SELKIRK and WILLIAM COLLINS—body it had none. Of yesterday's discussion it is needless to speak at present. The final issue was not taken between the two candidates who had spent the better part of their lives in the service of the public, but between the one of them whom it had been attempted to exclude by a sharp move on the part of the friends of the other—the East-ender. In the final result the claims of long and faithful service to promotion have been vindicated against personal influence, however powerful—a result decidedly to the public advantage.

A "FAIR" HAUL.

(Scene—Deck of the "Gael;" *Dramatis personæ*, two Glasgow Fair folk returning to their native haunts.)

No. 1—And hae ye had gude feeshin'?

No. 2—Gran', man, gran'. We were oot for five 'oors an' a hauf last nicht, an' what d'ye think we cotched?

No. 1—Dinna ken.

No. 2—A corn-beef tin an' a partan.

"ARGYLE" IS MY NAME.—How in a free fight these "Free" Christians love each other. The nearer the kirk is sometimes the farther from grace, not however from that "grace beyond the reach of art," the grace of the development of muscular Christianity. In the Church militant "who would be 'Free' themselves must strike the blow," and blows seem by some "Free" churchmen to be the only arguments that are readily understood.

ALAS, POOR IDIOT!—In the course of a review on Friday morning Granny exclaimed mournfully, "Where is the village idiot to-day? He has been improved off the face of the earth. In olden times he spent a harmless and contented existence in perfect freedom." Poor old soul! And had she no congenial society during her country excursions at the Fair?

The Sir-prize—The new knighthood,

More Burns Relics.

THE *Ayr Observer* of Friday week notices some photos of the "wicked town" and other more or less wicked places immortalised by Burns, now on exhibition at the shop of Messrs Irvine, booksellers there, and recommends its readers "to call at Messrs Irvine's, the sight of *them* alone being well worthy of a visit, and few, we think, will visit without purchasing." "The sight of Messrs Irvine," says Asinus, "maun be guid for sair een. Let W. W. see tae their being immediately bocht for the poets' corner." And truly, as it seems to the BAILIE, any museum in which Burns is represented must necessarily be incomplete without such relics of the bard. In the interests of bibliomaniacs, moreover, these bibliopoles should be locked up if it be true that "no one can visit without purchasing!" Asinus has long been puzzled over the bard's lines—

Yarrow an' Tweed to monie a tune,
Owre Scotland rings,
While *Irvine*, Lugar, Ayr, an' Doon
Naebody sings.

With the information supplied by the *Ayr Observer*, he begins to have an inkling, however, of the reason why "naebody sang," or is likely to sing, either of the Irvine of Burns's time or the Irvine of to-day.

"YOU PAYS YOUR MONEY."

(Scene—Deck of the "Vulcan.")

Lady of Importance (pointing with parasol)—
Eh, ah, I say, steward, what d'ye call this place oveh heah?

The M'Omish (purser and steward)—What?
That's Por-Glesca.

L. O. I.—And, ah, this place ovah heah.

The M'Omish—Whaat? That's Eellensboro.

L. O. I.—And what d'ye call that place ovah theah?

The M'Omish (indignantly)—Ach, ples here and ples there, it's aal nonchence, mem. This is the ples you pay your fare!

CHARITY ENDING AT HOME.

Scene—Street; children playing; little girl runs in front of passing cab; she is saved by a gentleman who is passing, and who, turning to girl standing by, says sharply—Why did you allow the child to run into danger like that?

S. G.—Oh, she's nane o' oors!

BICYCLES.
TRICYCLES.

{ See the new patterns for 1881. Machines built to special order. Riding School, Lessons Daily. Inspection invited.—JENNINGS, 101 Mitchell Street.

He-Haw I

THE Animile having disappeared for a few days towards the end of last week from the distinguished circle occasionally honoured by his presence, on recovering from his temporary indisposition and reappearing in his old haunts, he was greatly shocked on learning that a rumour had been current to the effect that he had given his last kick and hee-haw—had in fact become defunct. This startling intelligence, Asinus believes, must have originated in the brain of some conceited rival anxious to obtain the coveted post so ably held by him. To prove he is neither dead nor "feeling that way," our worthy, though eccentric retainer, brought the following defiant rhymes to our *sanctum sanctorum*, with a request that they should be put in a prominent place in the present issue.

No one who reads his "Haw, hee-haw!" can doubt that the beastie is still "alive and kicking" and as much an ass as ever.

A rumour has been widely spread—
The Ass, the BAILIE'S Ass is dead,
So weak-lunged asses raise the head
And "Haw, hee-haw."

Rejoicing o'er a brother's fall,
With eager haste they one and all
Begin as loud as they can bawl
To "Haw, hee-haw."

Each hears his own sweet voice again,
Raised loud re-echoing o'er the plain
With glee he shouts the sweet refrain:
"Haw, haw, hee-haw."

And so from mouth to mouth it goes,
And louder still the clamour grows,
As each ass thinks how sweetly flows
His "Haw, hee-haw."

And much enrapt are they to find
They have the power as well's the mind
To howl like others of their kind
"Haw, haw, hee-haw."

And lo, the cause of all this din
Kicks up his heels and grins a grin,
The greatest ass that wears a skin,
"Haw, haw, hee-haw."

IRISH COMFORT.

(Scene—Drymen Kirkyard.)

Gravedigger (to Irish tramp who is passing, coughing loudly)—That's a bad cough you have got. Pat.

Tramp—Yes, but be jabers there's a few lying around ye who would like if they had it!

An Old Glasgow "belle"—Matty.

The Rage of the Age—Puffing.

Strawberries are now at their best for preserving. Prices are right at the City Fruit Warehouse, 18 GORDON STREET.

Megilp

THE arrangements for the coming Black and White Exhibition are already in a forward condition. Last week, at a meeting of the Council of the Fine Art Institute, it was arranged that the task of "hanging" the exhibits should be placed in the hands of William Glover, James Richardson, and H. L. Anderson. Surely no more satisfactory trio of "hangers" could be selected than the three gentlemen named. Mr Anderson's long connection with the Institute, Mr Richardson's delicate taste and travelled experience, and the knowledge gained by Mr Glover in years of earnest working in this special medium, are the best guarantees that the arrangement of the Exhibition will be satisfactory, both to exhibitors and to the general public.

The noticing of theatres is foreign to this column, but it is still within the province of any *flaneur* whose special groove pertains to art and artistic things to remark that no better harmony of colour than that presented by Miss Florence Terry in the third act of "Pair-o'-Wings," at the Gaiety, has been seen of late in this city. Miss Terry's dress is of a soft yellow tone, and in one particular passage of the act, where she leans against a curtain of rich, turquoise blue, which emphasises the hues of both her face and her costume, she provides a delightful illustration of one of the truest, simplest, and yet, alas, most neglected laws of colour.

Let us hope that, in the event of the gallery of the late Mr John M'Gavin coming to the hammer, another policy will be pursued than that adopted with regard to the A. B. Stewart pictures. West of Scotland works, for instance, should be sold in Glasgow, and Chalmers and Boughs and M'Taggarts in Edinburgh; and by doing this, not only would the best prices be realised for the separate paintings, but the largest measure of justice would also be done to the reputation of the respective artists. To sell Scotch pictures in London is to let them go, in the first place, for a sum which is in no way a proper measure of their value, and in the next place is to do serious injury to the painter or painters whose works they are. Would it not be well, by the bye, were Mr M'Gavin's trustees to take counsel, concerning the "bestowal" of his gallery, with some of his late colleagues in the Council of the Fine Art Institute?

Emile Vernier, the French landscape and sea painter, who from his contributions to the Institute Exhibitions is becoming well known in Glasgow, has just been made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour.

J. D. Adam, who is still at St. Catherine's, has of late spent a large portion of his time in the practice of water colour drawing—the larger portion of his work being meant for the coming Exhibition of the Scottish Water Colour Society.

Colin Hunter and William Carlaw have returned to Helensburgh, their Isle of Man studies being now completed.

Those who care for what may be termed the literature of painting will find much to interest them in the article on "The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood," which appears in the current number of the *Magazine of Art*. It is by no means very satisfying, and this remark applies to all that its author—W. M. Rossetti—has written, but it is clever for all that, and contains not a little out-of-the-way information. One of the seven members of the P.R.B., which was started, it may be noted, in 1848, was F. G. Stephens, who, however, failing as an artist, has of late years figured as an art critic. Mr Stephens, indeed, is the Aristarchus who is permitted, summer after summer, to belabour Scottish art and Scottish artists in the columns of the *Athenaeum*.

One of the things not generally known is that the Princess of Wales is an amateur artist of skill. She contributes two drawings to the ninth—that now open—Black and White Exhibition at the Dudley Gallery, and last week she was elected an honorary member of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, a distinction, by the bye, already enjoyed by the Princess Louise, by Mr Gladstone, by Sir Richard Wallace, by Dr Prescott Hewett, and by Mr Ruskin. The Crown Princess of Prussia, again, is an honorary member of the Water Colour Institute.

"A Stay of Execution"—A reprieve.

Information for Authors.

THE BAILIE has been amused by an advertisement which has persistently appeared in the *Herald* for some time back from a benevolent London "Editor," who announces that "Amateur Authors may contribute" to his magazine. His Worship would supplement this interesting information by assuring amateur, and other, authors that they may contribute not only to the benevolent Editor's but to any magazine; that—which is more—their contributions, if good enough, may be printed; and that—which is more still—they may even be paid for!

ONE FOR THE CITIZENS.

(Scene—Pier of the Firth; Monday morning; Wemyss Bay steamer "Argyle" ready to start.)

Bellman (in usual stentorian tones)—Notiss! Lost on Saturday evenin' a leather pocket-book containin' seven one pound notes. Anybody returnin' same to me will be handsomely rewarded. (Waits for a second, but receiving no response continues.) An' ye're no gaun tae gee't up, are ye no? Ye'd better haun't oot here, for if ony o' ye's seen wi' a poun' up in Glesca they'll be wonnerin' whaur ye got it. (Laughter. Boat begins to move away.) Aye weel, tak' it wi' ye, I'll no say ye're oot the need o't, we've sookit ye gey weel sin' ye cam doon this Fair. (Roars of laughter from the steamer.)

ASSERTIONS.

Scotchman—Div ye ken the laird o' Kilbreach? He's a full kizzen o' mine!!!

Highlander—Hoots, hoots. I ken the man far waur than you.

A Stearing Youth—A coxswain.

A Big Wig—A(n) heir apparent.

"Casus Belli"—A married lady's flirtation.

Real Jam—Old Gooseberry.

A Wooden Spoon—A blockhead of a lover.

In "auld lang syne" bad pens make folk growl,
 "Said my father, the deacon, afore me;"
 But give them the "Hindoo," the "Pickwick," or "Owl,"
 And in smiles they sit writing before ye.
 With the "Waverley" labour to pleasure aye turns.
 The rhymster can spin a Decameron;
 If they make one better, and call that one "Burns,"
 Then hurrah for Macniven & Cameron!

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The Modern Æsop.

XVI.—TWO SPIDERS.

TWO spiders—one with and the other without a web—were on a rose-bush, waiting to catch a fly. "Yours is an admirable contrivance, certainly," said the latter, who was too finely "levelled-up" to spin a web for himself; "but I expect to secure my fly without such an elaborate expenditure of patience and ingenuity." "It is the old-fashioned way of snaring flies, I believe," replied the other; "but, being a superior kind of spider, you have learned to despise it as antiquated, no doubt, and know of a better." "Sh—. Here comes a blue-bottle. Hide, or he will see you." As the other crept back into the centre of his web, the crafty spider pounced upon the fly, and chuckled consumedly over his capture.

MORAL.—Audacity often circumvents plodding genius, and clutches the prize earned by patient worth.

A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

Stranger (at the coast)—Do ye ken whaur a Maaster Gardner, a maaster corkcutter, stays?

Native—Is it Mr Gardner's, or Mr Corkcutter's address you want?

Stranger—No, man, it's Maaster Gardner's, the master corkcutters.

Native—Ye're jist bletherin'. How can Mr Gardner be a cork, or a cork be a Mr Gardner? or a corkcutter a Master Gardner?

Stranger (puzzled and scratching his head)—It's Mister Gardner by name I want, a cork cutter by nature!

Native—O I see't noo; just gang on a wee bit, turn to the richt, then anither wee bit, and turn to the left and his place is opposite!

Stranger (enlightened and relieved)—'Am much obleeged!

SITES FOR SAIR EEN.

Convener whom? this mural wreck!

Whence, wherefore, why this thus, my Liege?

George Square, Saltmarket, and elsewhere look like

A city storm'd in state of siege.

This mural wreck with ruins strewn,

'Tis man's design, not time's decay,

Nor earthquake's sharp and shattery shock—

It looks not well, say does it pay?

PAINTING THE LILY.—A local musician dedicates a waltz to "the Hon. John Ure, Esq., Lord Provost." Is this excess of titular distinction intended to console Mr Ure, Esq., for his predecessor's approaching elevation?

A Temper-Rising Measure.—The Land Bill.

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PARTNERS of FIRMS whose Names are not already on the Register, and who wish to have their Names inserted in the List of Voters, and

ELECTORS who have more than One Qualification, and who wish to be Registered for different Qualifications from those of last year, are requested either to call at the Office of the Assessor or to communicate their wishes to the Assessor in writing, on or before 16th August current, so as to avoid the necessity for their respectively lodging Claims to be Enrolled by the Sheriff as Partners and for such different Qualifications.

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B R I G H T O C T O B E R.

(E. Nichol, London.)

Fill me a can with sparkling ale!
Quaff deep the gen'rous liquor!
But pledge each neighbour ere you drain
The nectar in the bicker!
And as you quaff the nut brown draught,
Just think of that good fellow
Who first found out that drink for gods—
COLD ALE so bright and mellow.

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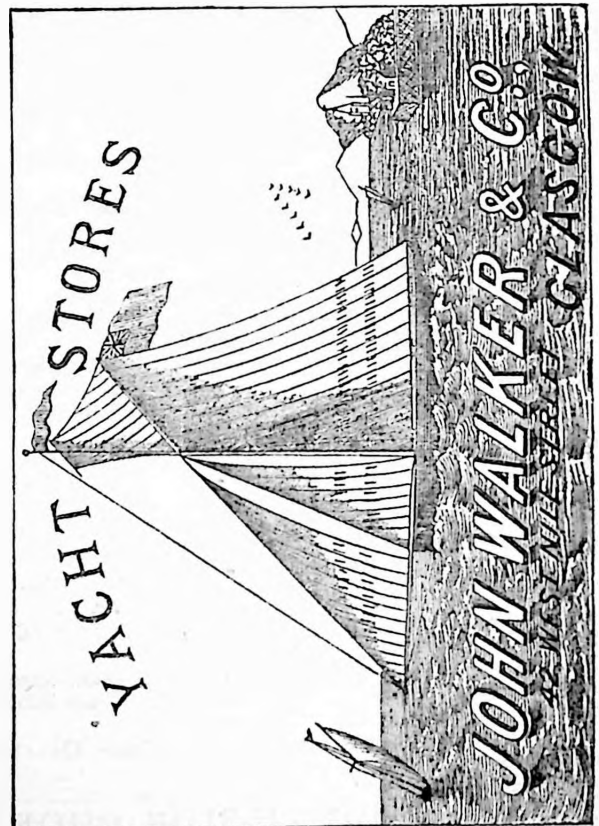
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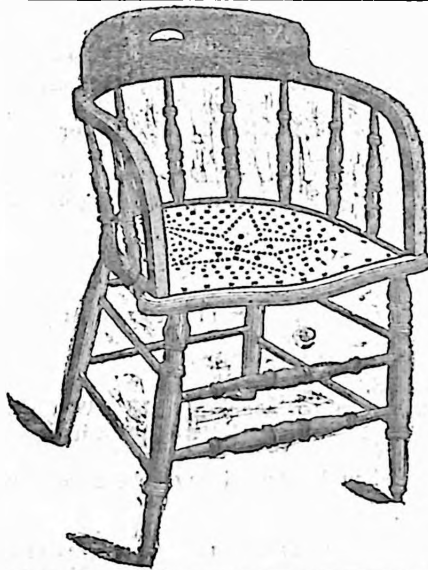
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In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Friday, 5th August.

**PUBLIC SALE OF
OIL PAINTINGS AND WATER-COLOUR
DRAWINGS**

(The Property of H. J. Hunter & Co., Carvers and Gilders, 20 Renfield Street, and Sold in consequence of a Dissolution of Partnership), including Examples of

Walter Paton,	A. K. Brown,	J. Greenlees,
Allan M'Dougall,	J. Ewbank,	W. Currie,
H. M'Culloch,	A. Donaldson,	M. Stanley,
J. Docharty,	Silk,	Jobling,
J. M'Master,	Mackenzie,	&c., &c., &c.

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell the above,
by Auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, North
Court, St. Vincent Place, on Friday, 5th August, at One o'clock.
On View on Morning of Sale.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 29th July, 1881.

The **OLDEST** Irish Whiskey in the Market.
The **PUREST** and most wholesome.
As a stimulant, **PREFERRED** to the finest brandy.
BOTTLED IN H. M. CUSTOMS STORES.



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ONE QUALITY ONLY for home trade and exportation—
THE BEST.

SOLD by Agents in every district (Wine Merchants
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TWO IMPERIAL GALLONS.

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LUNCHEON ROOMS NOW OPEN.

ONE OF THE FINEST DINING ESTABLISHMENTS
IN THE CITY.

CHARGES MODERATE.

LIGHT CLARET FOR SUMMER USE,
12s, 14s, 16s, 18s, and 20s per Dozen.

The above have been carefully selected from the Vintages
of 1874, 1875, and 1877, and are good sound genuine Wines.
Those at 18s and 20s are Soft and of Good Bouquet.

JOHN FORBES,
261 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW;
AND 3 BUCKINGHAM BUILDINGS, HILLHEAD!

WALTER WILSON & CO.,**JAMAICA STREET.****END OF THE SEASON.****CLOSING OUT SALE at the COLOSSEUM.**

FEARFUL REDUCTIONS IN HATS. TERRIFIC REDUCTIONS IN BONNETS.

SHOCKING SLAUGHTER OF THE VALUES.

DREADFUL REDUCTIONS IN FLOWERS.

DITTO DITTO IN FEATHERS, RIBBONS, LACES, STRAWS, SHAPES, MILLINERY, &c.

FLOWERS, HUNDREDS OF BOXES OF FLOWERS.

French and English at 1½d, 2½d, 3½d, 4½d, 6½d, 9d, 1s, 1s 1½d, 2s 1½d, and 3s 1½d per spray. In many instances this is not half-price. Call early and get a good selection. Roses, Roses, Roses. Every kind of Flower or Leaf at half price.

Goods that have been

BASHED, DASHED, CASHED, HASHED, LASHED, MASHED, TASHED,

Or in any way damaged or destroyed, offered at this extraordinary sale for a mere nothing. Immense purchases of Mourning Flowers in wreaths, sprays, and trails. The price of these only during this sale is 1d, 2d, 3d, 4d, 5d, and 6d each. Fruits for Hat Trimmings—Strawberries, Blackberries, Blaeberrys, Gooseberries, Raspberries, Apples, Pears, Peaches, Oranges, Lemons, Grapes, Black, White, and Red Currants, Rowans, Plums, Cherries, Nuts, &c., &c., at sale prices. All our high-class French Montures now at sale prices. Ladies, do not fail to visit us at once, and secure a share of the bargains Mr Wilson now offers to the public of Glasgow and District.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

NO LETTER ORDERS can be attended to during This Sale. All Goods must be selected by the purchaser in our Warehouse.

FEATHERS! FEATHERS!! FEATHERS!!!

LOOK.—Plumes of 3 Large Black Ostrich Tips, for One Penny the Plume. 3 Large Showy Black Tips for One Penny. Cream, White, Blue, Tuscan, and every new Colour in Flats, and Tips, at 3d, 6d, 9d, 1s, 1s 6d, to 2s 1½d. Never was better value in Real Ostrich Feathers offered in this country.

AIGRETTES, TUFTS, CELLIOS, HACKLES,

In every Colour, at any Price.

We are determined to Clear, and have marked the Goods at prices that will make a Clean Sweep in a short time.

WINGS—Real Ptarmigan, One Penny; worth 1s.**RIBBONS, RHIBBONS, RHIBBONNS, RRHIBBOONNSS,**

The greatest offering of the Season.

Ribbons of every kind, colour, and width, from the Broad Sash to the Tiniest Ribbon used for Trimming, Christening Ribbons, Wedding Ribbons, Party Ribbons, Mourning Ribbons, Sash Ribbons, Bow Ribbons, Rosette Ribbons, Ribbons for Trimming, Ribbons for the Hair, Ribbons for the Shoes, in fact, Ribbons for everything, anything, or everywhere.

RIBBONS ORNAMENTAL, RIBBONS USEFUL, RIBBONS NEITHER ORNAMENTAL or Useful we do not offer. (You must try elsewhere for this line.)

All our Ribbons must be Sold. Beautiful Black Satin Ribbons, Tie width, 4½d, 5½d, 6½d; regular retail everyday prices, 9d, 1s, 1s 3d. Shaded Ribbon, 2½d, 4½d, 6½d, 7½d; lately sold at 6½d, 10½d, 1s 6d, 2s. Basketfuls of Oddments, Shortlengths, &c.

LACES, LACES, LACES.

See our White, Cream, and Tuscan Laces, at ½d per yard; worse has been sold at 3d.

LACES, Black, White, and Cream, at prices that must please our clients.Beautiful **BEADED LACES**, 2 inches wide, 1s, and 1s 6d per yard.The largest and most valuable Stock in Glasgow of Rich **JET BEADED LACES**, 1s 1½d, 2s 1½d, 3s 1½d, to 15s per yard.**SCARF LACES**, best qualities, reduced prices. **GLOVES**, Wholesale prices. **FRILLINGS.****HAT AND BONNET ORNAMENTS. THE NEW OMBRE ORNAMENTS.****STEEL ORNAMENTS. SHADED ORNAMENTS.****JET ORNAMENTS**, thousands, at 1d each. Also, Grosses at 2d, 3d, 4d, 6d, 9d, 1s, to 10s each. **HOLLOW CUT JET BEADS** at 2d to 2s per string. Secure what you want for the Autumn; they will rise in price; Jet will prevail again during the present season.**JET and JET and STEEL GIMPS and FRINGES.**—Milliners, Drapers, and others should secure lines of these wonderful cheap Ornaments. See them.**MILLINERY BONNETS. MILLINERY HATS.**

Hundreds of Light Bonnets, that were sold at from 10s to 35s, now marked for this Sale at 1s 1½d, 2s 1½d, 3s 1½d, 4s 1½d, and 5s 1½d. We do not wish to startle the community; thus we refrain from quoting prices in Rich Trimmed Goods. Nothing could be lost in looking at them.

CRAPES—SPECIAL BARGAINS. SILKS, SATINS, FANCY MATERIALS, GAUZES, GOSSAMERS, MUSLINS MARKED DOWN. UNTRIMMED HATS AND BONNETS.

We have classed all our Chips into Five Great Lots. Bring this Advertisement, and choose for yourself.

Lot marked No. 1, all at 11½d each.

"	"	"	2,	1s 1½d	"
"	"	"	3,	2s 1½d	"
"	"	"	4,	3s 1½d	"
"	"	"	5,	4s 1½d	"

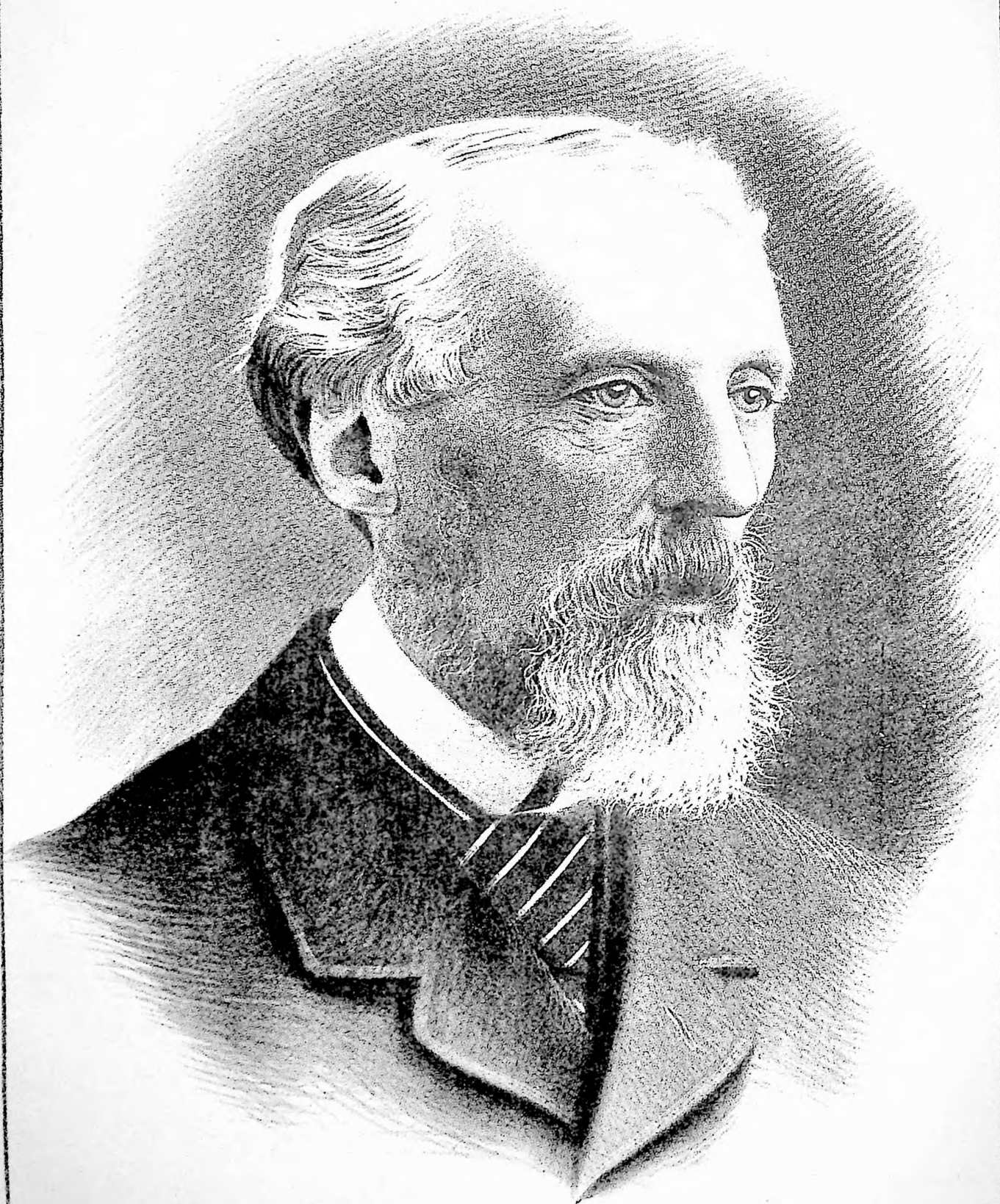
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GLASGOW: Printed by WILLIAM MUNRO at his General Printing Office, 80 Gordon Street; and Published for the Proprietors, by A. F. SHARP & Co. (who will receive Advertisements for the BAILIE), 14 Royal Exchange Square.





The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 460. Glasgow, Wednesday, August 10th, 1881. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 460.

NO single profession in our midst is more generally respected than that which has to do with the practice of the law. One of the standing jokes, to be sure, is to speak of the lawyer as a "shark," and another is to refer to the eminently respectable firm of "Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap," or to those distinguished practitioners "Miss Sally" and "Mr Sampson Brass." In the same way, however, the doctor is termed a "sawbones," while the typical parson is sought for in "Dr Cantwell." And while the seamy side of each of the learned professions is thus recognised, there is no doubt, of all three, that the one which stands highest in local repute is that, as we say in the Scottish dialect, of the "writer." To succeed in the law is to possess a whole world of patience and perseverance, the appetite for close and drudging labour, a keen intellect, and mainly, and above all, the faculty of common sense. To these various gifts, moreover, must be added that of unusual probity. A successful lawyer may be—although he seldom is—a "near" man, he may be plagued with the necessity for getting riches not for himself but for others, he may—and indeed he usually does—"lay by" an ample store of this world's gear, but he must always, by virtue of his very success, be a man against whom no breath of scandal can ever blow, one upon whose 'scutcheon there is no blot. Mr COLIN DUNLOP DONALD, Dean of the Faculty of Procurators, possesses a two-fold interest for his fellow-townsmen. He is, in the first place, the leading representative of an old Glasgow family, and he is also one of the best known and most trusted of all our local professors of the art of law. The father of Mr DONALD, who was a writer like himself, carried on business in this city for over fifty years.

VOL. XVIII.

Born in Glasgow—in a tenement in St. Enoch Square which still retains its original aspect—three months after Waterloo, the Man you Know was educated at the Grammar School and at the old College in the High Street. At the age of 16 he entered his father's office as an apprentice, and spent the next 10 years partly as an apprentice and partly as a clerk, a species of training which made him conversant with all the departments of the business, and proved of invaluable assistance in his future practice as a lawyer. In 1842 he was assumed as a partner by his father and his elder brother, Mr Thomas Donald. Mr Donald, sen., died in 1859, but the business was carried on under the same designation till 1871, in which year, in consequence of the then well-known firm of Messrs M'Grigor, Stevenson, and Fleming having lost two of its partners by the death of Mr James Stevenson and the appointment of Mr J. S. Fleming to be cashier of the Royal Bank of Scotland, it was amalgamated with that of C. D. Donald & Sons. Two members of this company, the Man you Know and Mr J. B. Smith, became partners in the new, or amalgamated concern, while Mr Thomas Donald, the senior of the three, acceded to the important post of Commissary Clerk of Lanarkshire. Dr A. B. M'Grigor, it may be added in this connection, is the respected chief of the firm of Messrs M'Grigor, Donald & Co. Early in life Mr C. D. DONALD became a "writer," and when our local "writers" formed themselves into a "Society" Mr DONALD was unanimously elected their President. He continued to hold this post till 1875, when the Society was absorbed into the Faculty of Procurators, and five years afterwards, in the May of last year, indeed, the Faculty, while he was absent in England, and altogether without his knowledge, elected him Dean in room of Dr Anderson Kirkwood, whose term of office had then expired. The

election was remarkable, as well by reason of the elevation of Mr DONALD, as of the unanimous selection by the Faculty of a chief who had of old been the head of a rival and opposing clan. In addition to his position as Dean of the Faculty of Procurators, the Man you Know is a Director of the Union Bank of Scotland, of the City of Glasgow Life Assurance Co., and of the Royal Exchange. Slightly pompous in manner, and inclined to value his own opinion at its very highest price, he is yet an excellent example of your successful lawyer. Mr DONALD is not only a man of the highest honour, but he has a ready brain, possesses a large capacity for hard work, and, above everything, is blessed with an abundant fund of common sense.

EVERY-DAY-ONCE-A-WEEK.

(Scene — Post-office in Kyles; A few people waiting outside for letters.)

Gentleman (to district dominie)—Expecting a letter to-day?

Dominie—No, *Oban Times*.

Gentleman—Is it a daily or a weekly paper?

Dominie—Weekly.

Gentleman—What day does it come out?

Dominie—Oh, every day.

[Collapse of gentleman.]

SOMETHING LIKE A "VEHICLE."—In last week's papers "George Anderson, Supt. of Police" announces "by order" that, during the present operations on the Maryhill Aqueduct, "the roadway through the bridge will be 12 feet high and 11 feet wide, and that no vehicle exceeding these dimensions can get passage." Does Mr Anderson expect the Car of Juggernaut to turn up in the neighbourhood of his burgh, that he thinks it necessary to make this intimation?

COLD COMFORT FOR MANAGERS.—In a note to his judgment on the Aberdeen Theatre case Sheriff Comrie Thomson remarks, "Stage dresses have not for their main design the prevention of cold." You're wrong, my Lord. Every stage accessory is designed with a view to the prevention of "frosts." But perhaps the worthy Sheriff intends a sly hit at certain theatrical vestments which have been described as "beginning too late, and ending too soon."

New Motto for the Duke of Argyll—"Anson is that Anson does."

Established upwards of half a century, Adam's fruit warehouse, 58 St. Enoch Square, where all Fruits can be had in their seasons. Only the best quality are kept. Note address, 188. ADAM & Co., 58 St. Enoch Square, and 55 Gordon Street.

"Dulcet in Contagion."

"From tube as black
As winter chimney, or well-polish'd jet,
Exhale Mundungus, ill-perfuming scent."
—*The Splendid Shilling*.

DEAR BAILIE, I write you a letter,
And I'll struggle to put it in rhyme;
For a laugh I am often your debtor—
You are serious, too, by a time.

I'm a woman; and that, I am sure,
Will insure the insertion of this,
For women in your eyes are pure,
Aye, and good, too, and all that brings bliss.
Well, that's granted—I'll on with my say;
You must know then I'm fond of sweet music,
And when a good band is to play,
You will find me for sure—that's if you seek.

But pleasure and pain are allied—
The thorn and the rose bud you know;
There are shadows all bright things beside—
Yet shadow can substance outglow.

Last Thursday the music was grand,
'Twas the band of the regiment that played,
And I 'mongst the crowd took my stand,
And once in I was fixed, so I stayed.

But O, my dear BAILIE, d'ye know,
Each man had a pipe in his face,
And he'd puff, and he'd spit, and he'd blow—
Sweet music was all out of place!

I'm sure it is far, far from right?
I'm sure you'd not do it?—you're wise;
Such selfishness staggers me quite—
Puffing smoke in a lady's blue eyes!

Now, BAILIE, a wee word from you
(Things look stern when they're staring in print)
Might do good—or who knows, but a few
May take this home, my own little hint?

As for smoking, it's all very good
When it's kept in its place—where that place is
Let smokers find out—yet they should
Know to smoke—not in non-smoker's faces!

PULPIT DEGENERACY.

First Country Wife (to second C. W.)—Hiv
ye mind o' Mr Tamson, oor last minister?

Second C. W.—Ou ay! he was a talented man,
a gran' lood preacher.

"WHY DID YOU KICK ME DOWNSTAIRS?"—
The *Herald* tells us that, after last week's presentation to Sir Archibald and Lady Campbell, "the guests retired with the speeding marks of hospitality of the gallant host and honourable hostess." "Speeding marks of hospitality" is rather equivocally suggestive, isn't it?

Sabbath Desecration—Preaching other parson's sermons.

Field Glasses—Drams at a picnic.

Garb for Aquatic Sports—Duck trousers.

A Stand-Still—A disused whisky manufactory.

MITCHELL'S OLD IRISH WHISKY.

Outrage on a Nobleman.

ACCORDING to the *Scotsman*, Earl Granville was the other day "hurled" into the House of Lords. As the Edinburgh oracle never by any possibility makes a mistake as regards either matter or manner [this is sarcasm] one reads this statement with some consternation. That an elderly and amiable nobleman should be violently precipitated into the midst of his Peers, and that the circumstance should be ignored by every journal save one, which refers to it in the most matter-of-course tone—these are things that must fill every right-thinking citizen with abhorrence and alarm. The affair calls for immediate investigation; and whether the "hurling" agent was Fenian dynamite or democratic toe, steps must at once be taken to prevent the repetition of so scandalous an outrage upon the person and office of a hereditary legislator.

A MATERNAL WIFE.

(Scene—Road leading from a railway station.)

First Friend (who has been absent from the village for a considerable time)—Hoo's Tammas Yule.

2nd Do.—He's quite weel. Man he's maerried.

1st Do.—Wha has he gotten?

2nd Do. (laughing)—Betty M'Clure.

1st Do.—Guidsake, she nicht be his mither.

2nd Do.—Weel so in yae respect she is, for a' believe she gies him mony a guid thrashin'.

CHEAP AT THE MONEY.—Gentlemen with a taste for kicking small boys in the stomach would do well to arrange to have their cases considered by Bailie Farquhar. That modern Rhadamanthus will permit them to indulge their amiable idiosyncrasy for the modest sum of half-a-guinea. (*Vide* last Wednesday's evening papers.)

AT IT AGAIN!—Referring to the Liverpool trial, that linguistic assassin Jones says that if Hamlet, in the shape of O'Donovan Rossa, was absent from the cast, a sufficiently prominent part was taken by *O'Feeley*. (Can the wretch mean Ophelia?)

TONING IT DOWN.—The latest "reportorial" epithet for a spectacle is "rather splendid." Slightly magnificent that, eh?

Free and Ease-y—A "Free" Chapel-of-ease.

MUIR'S, 33 Nelson Street, City.—Largest and best Selected Stock of Birds, Parrots, and Cages, Tortoises, &c., &c.

On 'Change.

SCOTCHMEN are often much abused when they venture from home. Should they go to London they are especially liable to be twitted with the assertion that the ancient hills of their native land were too impoverished to support a sturdy population. Sometimes they get credit for doing extremely good things. It is occasionally even asserted that they amass enormous fortunes, and an instance of this kind occurred last week. Writers to what are called "Society" journals peruse the BAILIE regularly, and they evidently took to heart what I said about the speculative Scotchman and the advertising stockbroker. The only mistake they made was in drawing upon their imagination for their facts, and exaggerating everything. The speculative Scotchman was said to have made £100,000 by a "bear" transaction in Trunks. Next to having money, the reputation of having it is best, and I daresay the financier in question will take proper advantage of his good character. But the money could not have been made in the manner suggested, and the alleged profit is incompatible with the extent of the transactions and the actual reduction in price.

A well known figure-head has ceased to stem the troubled waters of this stormy ocean. In former years his absence was expected about the 11th of August, and it was always associated in my mind with the advent of St. Grouse. This year the absentee has started for the moors a full fortnight too soon.

Pig iron does not look cheerful. That was to be expected. It is not a consummation devoutly to be wished for, but it belonged to the inevitable. There will be a further fall, and people are now paying over 46s for an article which ought certainly to be below 45s.

Cleveland, on the contrary, is looking up. It is actually gay and festive. Not content with pouring supplies of cheap iron into Scotland, it contemplates a new railway which will create an avenue to millions of tons more. This will be awkward for the local pig iron trade two years hence, for I am informed that the new line will be completed about the summer of 1883.

Aberdeen men are usually considered sharp blades. Everybody remembers the story of the Israelite who ruefully returned to London, saying that he could not make a living among the Aberdonians, who, he considered, must represent the Lost Tribes. The management of the Aberdeen Land Association does not sustain the reputation of Bon-Accord for smartness. The company was formed to deal in land and advance thereon, but Aberdeen was too small a field for its operations. It became ambitious, and began to do business in Glasgow. The result was that it advanced £54,800 in Glasgow, of which £5000 is acknowledged to be irrecoverable, and £25,000 more is "in considerable jeopardy," to use the words of the chairman. These land and property concerns from a distance were a curse to Glasgow. They swooped down upon us from Edinburgh, Aberdeen, and other places, thinking that Glasgow was a mine of wealth. Through indiscriminate advances and purchases they forced up property to a price which was purely artificial, and when the inevitable crash came, they turned round and blamed the bad times and the City Bank. The bank failure had nothing to do with their misfortunes. These would have come in any case as the natural consequence of reckless trading; and the gigantic piles of unoccupied buildings, all put up by greedy speculators from a distance, are a standing protest against the folly which led people to meddle with a business they knew nothing about.

SCRUTATOR.

Appropriate Step on the Part of Dr Cameron—Pairing with *Cotton* because he wants to come down.

Crown Livings—Royal incomes.

Sham Fights—Stage combats.

50 VISITING CARDS (Finest Ivory) while you wait, 1s 6d.—GILLESPIE BROTHERS, 8 Buchanan Street.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR PAILIE—The capital Irish drama entitled "Peep o' Day" will be performed this evening and during the week at the Royalty. It will be supported by Mr Charles Sullivan and his company. The latter includes several old friends, among them being Miss Maud Brennan, Mr Adam Laffer, and Mr Tom Nerry.

The coming autumn and winter season at the Royalty Theatre will be of the most brilliant description. Edward Terry will pay a second visit to Mr Knapp's house, beginning on Monday, August 22; the new Gilbert-Sullivan opera of "Patience, or Bantorno's Bride," will be produced early in September; Mr J. L. Toole and Miss Mariot are also on Mr Knapp's list, as is likewise "The Guv'nor," which took so well on the occasion of its former performance here. When "The Guv'nor" goes Mr Irving, and the entire company of the London Lyceum Theatre, will appear. This last named engagement will, of course, be the chief local dramatic event of the year. The round of Mr Irving's more famous parts, Shakespearian and otherwise—not forgetting "The Cyp"—will be produced during his stay, and produced with all the completeness, and the attention to scenic effect, which distinguished the performances at the London Lyceum.

Miss Bateman, with the new melodrama entitled "His Wife," in which she sustains the role of a woman who is disavowed by her husband and who dies in a mad-house, is another of Mr Knapp's visitors, as are also Mr Edward Compton and Mr Char. Wyndham, the latter of whom will appear in a part he has not yet sustained in this city.

The great Drury Lane drama entitled "The World," the work of Mr Henry Peitt, is another piece which will be played at the Royalty; where the company of Messrs Robertson and Bruce will also appear in a new comedy.

At Christmas Mr D'Oyly Carte's company will produce the new comic opera entitled "Claude Duval," and written by Messrs Stephens and Solomon, on Mr Knapp's stage.

Those terribly fascinating fellows, "The Pirates of Penzance," will be on view to-night, and for a number of nights to come, at the Gaiety. Various well-known and popular names are included in the caste of "The Pirates," one of them being that of Mr G.W. Marlock, who appears, once more, as the *Pirate King!*

Mr Bernard played his trump card, of course, with Mlle. Sara Bernhardt, but he has a Queen of Hearts in his pack still. This is Madame Helena Modjeska, who comes to the Gaiety in November next, and who will be supported by the company of Mr Wilson Barrett, of the London Court and Princesses Theatres. Another of Mr Bernard's announcements which will be read with interest is the approaching visit of "The Colonel," the satire on aestheticism written by Mr Burnand of *Funch*, and recently played with so much success at the London Priore of Wales Theatre. "The Colonel" will be supported, among others, by Mr Edgar Bruce and Mr Beerbohm Tree. Mr David James and the company from the London Vaudeville Theatre, will also appear at the Gaiety during the present season, as will likewise the opera company of Carl Rosa, Mr John Coleman, and the "Pinafore" company of Mr D'Oyly Carte.

The company under the direction of Mr H. D. Burton did good business at the Royal Princesses Theatre last week. During the coming six nights the programme will consist of a "farical comedy" yelet "Ice Cream," and of the "comic opera" of "Bears not Beasts."

I may mention that Mr Beryl is the favourite of the six applicants for the lease of the Aberreen Theatre, presently held by Mr Raisbeck Robinson, a Margate solicitor, and husband of Miss Annie Daidwin, the actress.

Mr Beryl's arrangements for the coming autumn and winter season are now complete—indeed, they have been complete for several months past. Our South Side manager being one of those keen-sighted men of business who believe in "taking time by the forelock." One of his early engagements is that of Mr F. A. Scudamore, who will appear in the new drama entitled "Fight-

ing Fortune;" Mr James Buchanan will return with the Charles Reade play of "Never too Late to Mend;" and the drama of the national drama of Ireland will be supported by Mr Charles Sullivan. The Wilkie Collins play of "Man and Wife," with Miss Herwick in the role of the heroine, will be presented when Mr Sullivan goes, and this will give place, in turn, to the legitimate drama, as interpreted by Mr Walter Bentley. Visits are also promised from Mr Calder, from Mr Charles Maylin, and from "Joe" Eldred—the last named of whom will produce the "Princess of Trebizonde" and the "Grand Duchess."

Immediately before the pantomime—the subject of which is the ever-popular one of "Aladdin," "The Colonel" will be produced by Mr Beryl, with Mr Charles Collins in the leading part.

"They say" that quite a number of changes are impending in connection with the Theatre Royal. The lease of the Theatre, it is understood, has lapsed, and it is quite on the cards that the house itself may shortly change hands. Rumour points to Mr William Glover as the new lessee. Should Mr Glover once more assume the reins of management, we may look for a Christmas pantomime of unusual brilliancy, and at least one great production of a Scottish play—meaning thereby a Scott play—in the course of the season.

Mr Newsome brings his present brief visit to a close on Saturday. Thereafter he goes to Edinburgh, and opens in his handsome little house in Nicholson Street on Monday next. For the closing nights that spirited piece, "The Steeple Chase and Harvest Home," will form the main item of interest.

Mr Hengler has finished his summer season in Dublin, and is presently in the Raikes Hall Gardens at Blackpool, the favourite Lancashire watering-place. Thence he goes cross country to Scarborough, and opens in the height of the season. Myers has been "tenting" all over the north of England, and has just settled down at Nottingham with his big show.

I am glad to observe that your colleagues, my Magistrate, in the government of this great city, have at last begun the renovation of the exterior of St. Andrew's Church—one of the finest of our local examples of ecclesiastical architecture. We may now expect to see the committee of the congregation put the finishing touch to the internal decorations, by arranging for the erection of the stained glass window in the east end of the building, so strenuously advocated by Dr Robertson, and so handsomely subscribed for by the congregation.

To-day's meeting of the Govan School Board was attended by four members—one of whom was the chairman—and five reporters! Do you call this a division of labour, my Magistrate?

The members of the Natural History Society of Glasgow have just decided on getting up an exhibition which is certain to prove attractive to the *scoters* of Glasgow and the West of Scotland. They propose to give as complete as possible an exposition of the fauna and flora of the British Islands, special prominence being given to the zoological and botanical specimens of the Clydesdale district. The display will likely take place in the Queen's Rooms in October next, and will last for three or four days—the proceedings being inaugurated by a conversazione.

So Glasgow is to be favoured with yet another candidate for the seat at present held by Mr Middleton! The latest name mentioned in connection with the matter is that of Mr Russell of Ascog, and it seems that he has been accepted by the Council of the Glasgow Liberal Association as their nominee to contest the seat whenever it shall become vacant.

Advise those of your friends, PAILIE, who are anxious to know something of "the land we live in" from actual experience, to adopt the "new circular tour" of Lochlomon, Loch Long, Glencroe, Inveraray, Loch Fyne, the Kyles, and the Clyde. You can overtake all this in a single day, and on the payment of a most reasonable scale of fares.

A good story is told of a tourist who arrived in Glasgow last week for the purpose of "doing" the Highlands. His plan included a trip to Oban, and he started in the "Columba," with Mr John Stewart's new guide book in his pocket. Somehow or other the guide book description did not tally with the scenery. No ancient castles were visible at points where ancient castles ought to have bulked largely in the landscape. Our tourist was disappointed and chagrined. He declared that guide books were a delusion, and that Oban was a snare. It occurred to a friend to inquire from what coign of vantage Oban had been viewed. "From the deck of the steamer," was the ready response. "But from what steamer?" became the natural inquiry. "From the 'Columba,' of course," was the reply, "at a quay where we stopped to let people out and take in a lot more who had arrived by a canal boat." The unlucky tourist had never been farther than Ardrishaig!

Luss Annual Highland Gathering has been fixed for Friday week, the 19th inst. Let all Colquhoun and Lennox men make a note of the date.

I do not wish to be an alarmist, but I am told by those who ought to know that doubts prevail as to the stability of the new training-brig "Cumbria," recently attached to the "Cumberland" training-ship. She is said to be far too lightly ballasted; indeed, so much so, that to avoid the risk of heeling over when there's any wind about, the "royals" are but rarely set. With the fate of the "Eurydice" and "Atalanta" in view, surely the directors should at once see to the remedying of a defect so palpable to even the veriest land-lubber. A stitch in time, etc.

The band of the Russian Imperial Ironclad, "Peter the Great," will "assist"—as the phrase is—at Wednesday evening's promenade concert in the Botanic Gardens.

Mr Walker of Lethamhill, chairman of one of the schools under the Delinquency Board, takes no end of interest in our industrial school inmates. On Thursday last a merry and select party "assisted" by special invitation at the annual treat given on his estate to quite a regiment of as tidy, orderly, and joyous little lads and lasses as eye could look upon. The lady of the manor dealt out the creature comforts with no niggard hand, and kept up the merriment among the young folks with rare zest. The outing was hugely relished by both old and young. When Mr Walker gives another treat, "may I be there to see."

Little things are ever and anon cropping up to remind me, my Magistrate, of the flight of time, but on no recent occasion did I experience this feeling so much as on Thursday last, the day on which the annual inspection of the Water Works was begun. The first Act for the supply of water from Loch Katrine is dated 2nd July, 1855; and of the members of Town Council of that day only twelve now survive, and of these but one continues to sit in our municipal parliament—to wit, Mr John Mitchell of Moore Park. The other eleven names are—ex-Provosts Andrew Galbraith and Peter Clouston, and Messrs John M'Intyre, Andrew Paterson, Robert Neilson, James Drummond, James Graham, James Hannan, Jas. Couper, James Watt Macgregor, and Thomas Boyd.

The Committee of the Glasgow Select Choir, finding the details of management too onerous to be undertaken by any of themselves, have appointed Mr James Airlie to be their business agent.

ART "MANUFACTURES."—After Posilthwaite had written *ma cher ami*, instead of "my cerami," he explained that it was all right as old china was such a *dear* friend. He was not so happy in speaking of the free type of art as the "atheistic," although there are those who don't believe in it.

The Modern Æsop.

XVII.—TWO GROUSE.

TWO grouse—a cock and a hen—were cosily pecking together among some bracken. "No staring dogs and no whistling men about to-day, my dear. Really I am beginning quite to enjoy my life in this quiet place," said the hen bird. "I will have a little flutter just to stretch my wings, this lovely morning, and be with you again in no time." As she rose, however, "Bang—bang" went a gun. "Come back—come back," called the other in a warning note; but as he got up to look for his mate, he, too, fell a victim to—"Bang."

MORAL.—Mischievous lurks where virtue hides, and if you are "worth powder and shot," beware of exposing yourself to your known enemy.

GIFF-GAFF.

(Scene—Deck of "Lord of the Isles;" the steamer is nearing the Broomielaw; two small boys standing at the funnel are summing up how much they have spent on the day's outing.)

1st *Small Boy*—Bit, by the bye, Jock, 'am awn you a penny yet.

2nd *Do*.—Awe ye needna min' that, Wull, a penny's naither here nor there. An' forbye ye stood me pancakes and candy twice the day!

"Queerness" isn't confined now-a-days to the 'Shaws. The douce burghers of Queensferry are bidding fair to put our friends on the south-side in the shade before long. They, or rather the burgh, appeared the other week in the bankruptcy court, and as if this were not a sufficiently novel proceeding, we are now informed that "Queensferry annual . . . regatta will take place in Mrs Wilkie's park on Friday, the 12th August." A regatta in a park! After this we make expect to see a horse-race on a river.

THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.—At the meeting of the Huntington Copper and Sulphur Company the other day, the Chairman remarked, with considerable *naïveté*, that "their great drawback had been want of ore." This is as if a diamond-digger should declare his one difficulty to be lack of diamonds!

A BLACK AFFAIR.—A brass band is advertised for, "to accompany Black Chapter Procession to Irvine." As if processions and bands hadn't contributed enough "black chapters" to our local history!

A "Pitch" Battle—A Fight between tars.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT August weather is as bad as any other.

That the price of the loaf has been raised.

That one day you hear of a coming meeting of master bakers.

That next day it is announced that "it was unanimously resolved to raise the price of the 4 lb. loaf."

That the unanimity of the bakers in a matter like this is—prodigious!

That the Municipal Buildings Committee have again appointed Mr Charles Barry adjudicator of the completed plans for the new buildings.

That in this case he has been called "adviser."

That a word more or less isn't much.

That the matter of harbour ferry boats was once more trotted out at last Clyde Trust meeting.

That the straw was pretty well threshed.

That it has been remitted to a committee to reconsider the business.

That the leading officials of the Trust are not in favour of the scheme.

That Mr Deas is anxious to have the credit of building an overhead high level bridge across the Clyde.

That failing this he would prefer a tunnel from north to south under the river.

That either scheme would cost a pretty penny.

That the Bailies are up in arms anent the filthy condition of the District Police Courts.

That Bailie Dunlop is crying out against the ventilation in the Southern Police Court.

That some folk have cried out oftener than once against Bailie Dunlop's practice of ventilating his opinions through the press and otherwise.

That Bailie Wilson thinks "they'll need to get up a public subscription" to remedy the existing state of things in the Eastern Police Court.

That W. W. is so much accustomed to subscriptions and donations that he regards them as infallible remedies for every trouble that flesh is heir to.

That the Central used to be the "black hole of Calcutta" of the Police Courts.

That never a word is heard about the ventilation there since the appointment of Stipendiary Gemmel.

That Greenock was *en fete* on Saturday.

That the "Merry Masons" were conspicuous by their absence.

That the citizen soldiers are delighted with their prospects for the 25th.

That there will be a large contingent in Edinburgh from Lanarkshire on the occasion.

That the officers in certain corps are paying the travelling expenses of the men.

That this is the way to secure a big turn-out.

That the magistrates are determined to put down the trafficking in spirit licences.

That a good income can be made by buying and selling spirit shops.

That the dinner of the Kintyre Club was eaten in Campbeltown on Friday night.

That Bailie Dunlop was one of the speakers.

That he is proud of his position as a Bailie of the Second City of the Empire.

That he is third on the list, in point of rank, from Lord Provost Ure.

That he will soon be two or three rungs higher up on the ladder.

That the dinner of the Club will be again held in Campbeltown this time three years.

That it is then to be presided over by Lord Provost Dunlop of Glasgow.

A STERN BOW.

(Conversation overheard on the Bridge Wharf on the arrival of the "Columba," between two of ta force.)

Force No. 1—She'll be a praw boat the Columpine.

Force No. 2—Yiss she'll be wass.

Force No. 1—But eef Captain M'Gaw wud ontlly pring her up wi' her stern pefore her pow she wudna need tae referse her engines pack-warts for to-morn, moreofer.

AN "INEBRIATE" IDEA.—The following advertisement appears in the *Herald*:—"Wanted, a person of means, must be a teetotaller, to join another in starting an Inebriate Asylum." Why must the "pecunious party" be a teetotaller? Surely, if the asylum is to be an "inebriate" one, it would be advisable to secure the services of somebody who is "inebriate" too. He would understand the business better. But perhaps the other fellow proposes to do all that is necessary in the inebriate line.

PUTTING IT MILDLY.—Referring to the lamented death of Mr James Clark, a contemporary speaks of his disrelish for "the somewhat verbose life of a Paisley Town Councillor." Somewhat verbose! My conscience!

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.

Our Municipal Orators.—No. 1.

A LITTLE rotund man, with a high set, lean voice, Mr M'Laren cuts a distinct figure in the Council. A personage of means, commercial experience, and much practice in speaking at electioneering meetings and parochial boards, he considers himself a judicious compound of Demosthenes and Nestor, capable of cogitating valuable advice, and giving it intelligible utterance on all matters appertaining to the City. He does not think himself among his betters, and makes no apology for appearing in our local parliament. In style he is profuse, diffuse, and sometimes obtuse; in manner conscious and self-confident. For grammar generally he has small respect, and syntax in particular he laughs to scorn. The tenses he ignores; with the relation of the verb to its nominative he betrays a very far-off friend acquaintance; and perspicuity is not his forte. It is not in his way to wait for the right word in the right place, or hanker after a neat phrase. His wish is to carry his audience with the stream of his eloquence, and, whether it be clear or drumly, it is his greatest endeavour to keep the flood at an ideal high water mark. In his eye there is a decided look of self-consciousness; occasionally he turns it on the Lord Provost, but oftener on the reporters, as if he felt that, among the verbiage of his fellows, they had now something worth chronicling. His speeches are seldom a success; his confreres are more astonished than convinced by the outpour of words, words, words; but at the close of his peroration he sinks into his chair with a smiling, perspiring face, and looks complacently around the chamber, perfectly assured that the oratory of the day is over.

THE DOMESTIC SERGEANT-AT-ARMS.

(Scene—The foot of a stair leading to a dwelling-house; Time, 11 P.M.)

1st Friend (on his way home)—Hallo, Tammas, what's the maetter?

2nd Do.—Oh, it's the white sergeant, she'll no let me in the nicht, an' see hoo she's torn ma coat.

1st Do.—Guidsake, man, ye're as bad as Bradlaugh wis the ither day.

RED AND GREEN.—Somebody advertises in the *Citizen* the loss of a "green Cardinal." How came the verdant dignitary to "lose" himself, and who is he?

Gentlemen who get the Baby to hold—Remedy, 20s Perambulator.—GARDINER & HARDIE, 42 Great Clyde Street.

Ars est Celare Artem.

WITH art so high so deep am I
So sympathetic,
My Lares and Penates must
Be all æsthetic.
I've gone into as quite too-too
The latest fad o'
The *ton* of taste; my hall I've graced
With such a dado.
My old blue china pots and jars
Are awiul hideous,
Much more than Greek, that queer antique
Of cut perphidias.
My old blue china jugs and mugs
All lovely crack'd are.
My chairs and tables, pots and pans
As lovely black'd are.
I have an angel ebonis'd,
A little cherub as
Lampblack'd as night, a household god
As dark as Erebus.
My lily and my heliotrope
In languid droop lie,
My 4-ply Kidderminster rug
Is quite two-two-ply.
Where Kyrle curls and tirlwhirls
Are not indented,
One *suite* so sweet with carving quaint
Is ornamented;
Not undercut the foliage, but
Like print of butter—
* * * * *
The whole jingbang and ricmatic
Is quite *too* utter.

SOLD.

(Scene—A provision shop.)

Mrs Sharp—A' want a pund o' yer best saut butter, Mr Green.

Mr Green—A' cannae gie ye't, Mrs Sharp; yer accoont is faur ower big already.

Mrs Sharp—Weel, weel, Mr Green (opening her hand and showing a half-crown), a' maun jist gang wi' ma ready money some ither where. [With that she instantly goes off.]

NOT TO BE "STOOD."—At a meeting of Row School Board the other day, when Mr Kidston distinguished himself after his usual fashion, we are informed that "most of the members were standing." This was doubtless very liberal on the part of "most of the members;" but, considering the excited state of the meeting, would it not be advisable to "stand" something milder next time.

"LITTLE GAMES" AT PEEBLES.—The other day the inhabitants of Peebles held certain "games," which wound up with the breakage of windows, machinery, &c., by stones "nearly the size of bricks." If such "little games" as this are customary at Peebles, there is even more sarcasm in the phrase, "Peebles for plesure," than has hitherto attached to it.

THE GREAT SALE,
FOR 21 DAYS, AT THE
COLOSSEUM.

FRESH BARGAIN LOTS LAID OUT.

So great are the Reductions that it is almost impossible to describe the great and wonderful Offerings we make This Week in all Departments.

MILLINERY HATS AND BONNETS.

See them. See Prices.

STRAW HATS AND BONNETS

From One Halfpenny to Four and Elevenpence.

We offer the pick of our whole Stock of Fine White, Black, or Fancy Chips, Tuscan Lace Hats, Fine Cord Hats &c., &c., the Prices of which were from 5s 9d to 15s each. During the Great Sale your choice for 4s 11d.

See our Windows during this Sale.

RIBBONS—Extraordinary line of French Shaded Ribbons, purchased from one of the largest Parisian Wholesale Houses one-fourth under the regular wholesale price. These Shaded Ribbons are the quality that was everywhere sold at 4s 6d per yard; our Price during Sale 11½d per yard. The 1s 6d (English make) Shaded Ribbons for 4½d. This last line is pushed by so-called Cheap Selling Houses at 11½d. Our Street Shop Windows at 64 Jamaica Street are filled with them. Call and examine.

THE LAST OF THE LAWN TENNIS HATS.

All that remains of those Wonderful Hats, sold elsewhere as Lande and Water Hatte. Ye Old English Hatte, in exact same quality as those we now offer at from 10½d to 2s 6d each. Our last Price is Threepence each.

Clouded, Shaded, Marled and Self Colours.

Come at once; they cannot last long.

BOYS' SAILOR HATS.

In order to clear, 1½d, 6½d, 1s, and 1s 11d each; worth double.

This is a Startling Line.

FLOWERS! FLOWERS!! FLOWERS!!!

Ladies, secure a portion of the Bargains we offer in High-class Flowers. Sale Prices

FEATHERS.	FEATHERS.
RIBBONS.	RIBBONS.
LACES.	LACES.
ORNAMENTS.	ORNAMENTS.
CHIPS.	CHIPS.
STRAWS.	STRAWS.
SHAPES.	SHAPES.

Do not think of buying without first inspecting our Stock.

GENTLEMENS FELT HATS.

The Latest Shapes and Colours, 3s 6d, 4s 6d, 5s 6d, 7s and 8s 6d

GENTLEMEN'S DRESS HATS,

The Newest Styles, Rare Values, 8s 6d, 10s 6d, 12s 6d, 14s 6d, and 17s 6d.

This Sale will be continued for 21 days only.

The entrance to Gentlemen's Warehouse is by No. 62 Jamaica Street (Opposite Howard Street),

The Entrance to Ladies' Hat Departments is by No. 70 (next to the Staffordshire China Hall).

Our Street Show Windows are at No. 64 Jamaica Street.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,
THE LEADING HATTERS,
THE LEADING MILLINERS.
COLOSSEUM,

THE
NEW FRENCH CORN PLASTER,

for effectually removing hard and soft corns and bunions, and reducing enlarged toe joints, imported by Mr M. F. Thompson, is a simple and efficacious means of effecting the removal of corns, and whilst other plasters are thick and awkward this French plaster is thin as silk and comfortable to the foot. There can be little doubt that Mr Thompson has scored a success with this French Corn Plaster. **LADY MAUDE.**

Packets, 1s each; by post, 13 stamps, from
M. F. THOMPSON, CHEMIST, 17 GORDON ST., GLASGOW
Note the Address.

BICYCLE & BOWLING GREEN SHOES,

Specially got up for the purpose, 7s 6d a pair.

Light and Easy.—No Damp Feet.

ANATOMICAL BOOTS,

Made on Lasts specially prepared for each Customer. No
Corns or Bunions.

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Established 1842.

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OLD IRISH WHISKY, Belfast, is the Purest and Best in the Market, and received at Melbourne Exhibition Jurors' Highest Award.—Agent for Scotland—**DAVID MITCHELL, 20 Hope St., Glasgow.**

THE FINEST WHISKY IN THE WORLD.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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D'ARCY'S Famed
WHISKY. OLD IRISH
SOLD EVERYWHERE.

THE PUREST AND BEST IN THE WORLD.
Sole Proprietor—**MATT. D'ARCY & CO., NEWRY.**

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SMITH BROS., 48 OSWALD STREET, GLASGOW.

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.

CORN CURE!!! WART CURE!!!

“FACILE PRINCEPS.”

FOREWELL'S PATENT CHIROPODYNE

Effectually removes Corns, Warts, &c., in a few days, without pain. In Bottles, 1s 1½d each, from The Glasgow Apothecaries Coy., Virginia Street; Jaap, Chemist, Buchanan Street; Spite & Coy., Merchants, St. Enoch Square, and all Respectable Chemists.

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3 CATHEDRAL STREET, corner of Buchanan Street
ENGLISH & FOREIGN BOOKS, New and Second Hand.

Lowest Prices. Books Lent.

Books in all Languages in Stock or procured.

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5s, 7s, 10s.

OUR THREE LEADING PRICES.

SPECIAL SMART Shapes for "Young Men"—the Best Value in the Market. Bought Direct from the Makers. All intermediate Profit Saved to our Customers.

The HATS at TEN SHILLINGS are WOODROW'S "Prize Medal Felt Hats"—the Highest Class Goods in the Kingdom.

SEE THE SHOW WINDOWS.

MILLER & CO.,
QUEEN STREET CORNER.

GRAND HOTEL,
GLASGOW.

Gentlemen whose Houses will be shut up during Summer, and who may require to stay in town occasionally, are reminded of the excellent Accommodation and Moderate Charges of this first-class Hotel. Terms for Boarding specially moderate.

A well appointed 'Bus in connection with this Hotel attends arrival and departure of "Columba" Steamer, also principal through Trains at Central and Buchanan Street Stations. Leaves Hotel for Steamer at 6-40 a.m.

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SPECIAL CHEAP LOTS OF STATIONERY THIS WEEK.

Good Commercial Envelopes, 2s 11d per 1000.

Fine Lot of Repp Lined Note Paper, only 9d per pound; worth 1s 6d.

Fine Cream Laid Square Shape Envelopes, only 9d per 100.

ROBERT LINDSAY, 102 QUEEN STREET.

CIGARS! CIGARS!!

J. & R. SINCLAIR, of the "World Renowned" Cigar Establishment, 68 ARGYLE ST., continues to draw the attention of the Public to their leading "Speciality" in Cigars, viz., Seven for One Shilling, and for quality and condition they are unequalled in Glasgow.

GIVE THEM A TRIAL—

7 FOR ONE SHILLING.

BOX of 100 for 13/6.

£, 50 " 7/.

" 25 " 3/6

J. & R. SINCLAIR,

68 ARGYLE STREET.

(Four Doors East of Queen Street.)

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138 SAUCHIEHALL ST. (Adjoining New Art Galleries.)

3 Books or Magazines at a Time.

Per Annum, 21s. Half-year, 12s 6d. Quarter, 7s 6d.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 10th, 1881.

THERE seems to be some strange and mysterious connection between titular distinction and "the watery element." The Sovereign is, as we know, termed "the fountain of honour," and one of the most important honours that flow from that fountain is the Order of the Bath. This singular association has been further illustrated by two recent events in which the good folks of Glasgow are more or less interested. The Premier is treated to a cruise by Mr Currie; the Home Secretary receives a similar attention at the hands of Mr Collins; and, lo, after a due interval, "Sir Donald" and "Sir William!" Deeply pondering these things, the Animile "concludes" that *he* would like an advance from asininity to chivalry—no "odorous" comparison meant!—and he therefore proposes treating Lord Randolph Churchill to a shilling-worth of boating at Gourock next Fair, in anticipation of that frisky youth's ultimate succession to the Premiership. May both Asinus and Randolph attain all the elevation they deserve!

THE FIRST WARNING.—Governmental neglect of the BAILIE'S beloved country in favour of Afghanistan, Ireland, France, the Transvaal, and other foreign parts, has, it seems, led to the establishment of a mint at Port-Glasgow. By the time we have set up a Home-Office at Camlachie, a War Department in the Goose-dubs, and an Admiralty at Ru'glen—perhaps *then* Messrs Gladstone & Co. may see fit to pay a little attention to Scotch business.

AWA' HAME!—Among the visitors with whom *puir auld* Scotland is to be afflicted before the year is out are, it seems, Don Carlos and Messrs Moody and Sankey. Let's set about organising a choir, as numerous as "select," to greet the invaders with the stirring strains of "Will ye no gang back again?"

SUITABLE ACCOMMODATION.—Certain of the Argyll Free Church rowdies were the other evening "accommodated with a hall in the neighbourhood of the Marine Police Office." And a most appropriate neighbourhood too!

The Rev. Mr Rennie to his Furniture—"Thou art so near and yet *so-fa'!*"

Commercial Circles—"Rings."

How It Was.

HERE are a few of the reasons why some people didn't enjoy their "sixty days" at the coast:—

Mr John Quiverful didn't enjoy himself, because he regards the whole affair as a confounded nuisance and take-in, upsetting a man's business and domestic arrangements, playing the mischief with his digestion, and causing him to spend a lot of money that he can't afford, all to no purpose save to comply with an idiotic fashion that, &c., &c., &c.

Mrs John Quiverful didn't enjoy herself, because of Mr Quiverful's *extraordinary* conduct in insisting upon taking a house smaller than those *dreadful* Snobbingtons', whom everybody knows to be common *whisky* people, yet who actually drive their carriage, and give themselves such airs that really, &c., &c., &c.

Miss Virginia Quiverful didn't enjoy herself because she has come to the conclusion—since celebrating her thirty-third birthday—that all earthly enjoyment is a vanity, if not a sin.

Mr Osric Mild Quiverful didn't enjoy himself, because the neighbourhood presented a most plentiful lack alike of utterness, intensity, and blue china—to say nothing of "enjoyment" being a thing essentially vulgar, Philistine, and unæsthetic.

Mr Joe Quiverful didn't enjoy himself, because the gov'nor insisted on a fellah coming down every night, by Jove, and there wasn't in the wretched little place a music-hall, a billiard-room, a bar, or even a tobacco-shop with a good-looking gal in it, by Jove, where a fellah could spend his evenings in a rational manner.

Mr Charles Coldstream Quiverful didn't enjoy himself, because—aw—he has ceased to enjoy anything.

Miss Flo Quiverful didn't enjoy herself, because the horrid weather prevented her from airing the new dresses she had coaxed out of papa, and Fred Swellington never turned up in his yacht as he *promised* to do.

Master Jack Quiverful & Co. didn't enjoy themselves, because 'pa *would* have a beastly tutor fellah down every day, to bully them, as if they were at school, instead of its being the holidays.

And the "tutor fellow," strange to say, didn't enjoy himself either!

A Drachm Shop—A druggist's.

Strawberries are now at their best for preserving. Prices are right at the City Fruit Warehouse, 13 GORDON STREET.

The Country in Danger!

IF some of us in Scotland have of late been saying unkind things of the Irish Members, these gentlemen had their revenge in the House of Commons last Wednesday. They made light of the Lyon-King-at-Arms; spoke irreverently of the Bible Board, its Secretary, and its Law-Agent; mocked at her Majesty's Limner for Scotland; and succeeded in eliciting expressions of sympathy from the Treasury Benches. This is dreadful. Should these wild Irishmen be further indulged there is no saying which of our treasured institutions they may next attack—the Lord High Commissioner of the General Assembly, the Baird Trust, or — *horrescimur referentes!*—the Convention of Royal Burghs itself. Where was the Member for Mid-Lothian, that he did not come to the succour of his adopted country?

A WARNING TO LODGERS.

(Scene—Convivial meeting in "apartments" in Sauchiehall Street; Hour, 3 A.M.)

Chorus—"For he's a jolly good fellow, for he's

Door opens quickly and a head, unmistakably a landlady's, inside a night cap appears; a shrill voice gives tongue:—"I'll no pit up wi' this. A' they that dinna stay here 'll gang at ance, and a' they that stay here 'll gang in a week!"

MR CRAMB AND HIS PHANTOM.—At last week's meeting of the City Parochial Board, Mr Cramb indulged in a daring flight of eloquence. The new Poor Law Bill, said he, was "one of those phantom bills passing through the Parliamentary atmosphere, and leaving nothing more than a shadow behind." The shadow of a phantom must indeed be a fearsome thing, and it cannot be wondered at that Mr Cramb should deprecate the subjection of the public nerves to the shock of its encounter.

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.—Mr Neil is anxious that the electric light should be introduced in the streets of Glasgow. But if Johnny would only give us an occasional flash of his olden oratory, we should be independent of all the new-fangled illuminants under the sun!

Appropriate Prayer for Irish Landlords—
"God bless the Duke of Argyll."

Hammermen—Auctioneers.

BICYCLES. } See the new patterns for 1881. Machines built to
TRICYCLES. } special order. Riding School, Lessons Daily.
Inspection invited.—JENNINGS, 101 Mitchell Street.

Megilp.

THE coming Exhibition of the Scottish Society of Painters in Water Colours, which opens in the Galleries of the Fine Art Institute on the 6th of next month, will be the strongest exhibition of the kind yet held north of the Tweed, or indeed out of London itself. Every separate member is more eager than another to make the collection worthy of the position it has taken up. Moreover, the larger wall space now at the disposal of the Society must naturally increase the number of pictures placed on view, and this of itself will give much additional importance to the Exhibition.

Numerous painters, by the bye, as well in Glasgow as in Edinburgh, whose work in water colour has attracted attention both in the Institute and the Royal Scottish Academy, are still outside of the Water Colour Society. Let us hope that, during the coming season, the vacancies in the lists of members and associates will be filled up by the addition of certain, at least, of these gentlemen.

Among the chief pictures of the coming season in this city will be a net mending scene, a four feet water colour drawing by William Carlaw. It represents three men working at a net which lies extended on the shore, near them is a boat lying high and dry, and for a background we have the tumbling waters of the sea. This, beyond all question, is the most important work yet painted by Mr Carlaw. Every separate portion has been executed with the utmost care and with surpassing skill, while an effect of oneness is given to the whole by the exquisite feeling of sunshine by which it is permeated. All Mr Carlaw's work of the current year, however, is exceedingly fine. One large drawing of Roseneath will find hosts of admirers, especially among those familiar with that delightful village; while a series of studies made in the Isle of Man, mostly of boats and boating subjects, and one or two Arran scenes, will serve to show him in a more powerful light than he has appeared on any former occasion.

One of Wellwood Rattray's contributions to the coming Black and White Exhibition will be an upright charcoal sketch, four feet high, illustrative of an English river scene. "May Flowers," a view of an English meadow decked out in all the bravery of early summer, is an important oil picture, painted by Mr Rattray at Dorchester, on the Thames.

Joseph Henderson is once more working at Craig-na-hoolie, on the western shore of Loch Lomond, and immediately under the shadow of Inch Tavanagh.

Several water colour studies were completed last week at Luss by William Glover, who is likely to be again found in the delightful little Dumbartonshire village within the next day or two.

Corrie has once more become an artistic centre. So satisfied were Messrs Pettie and M'Whirter with the work they accomplished last year among the Arran hills—it would be more correct, perhaps, to say the work accomplished by the latter, as Mr Pettie seldom works outside of his own studio—that they have again proceeded thither.

C. E. Johnson is another artist who has arrived at Corrie, and a fourth is David Murray, whose spring and summer studies at Tillietudlem were brought to a close at the middle of last week.

To complete the tale, the circle includes no lesser a personage than Sir Daniel Macnee, P.R.S.A., most kindly of men and most entertaining of story-tellers.

AT ITS HEAD A GRASS-GREEN TURF, AT ITS HEELS A STONE.—The site of the new Municipal Buildings is not altogether unprofitable. It promises a good crop of grass, and perhaps the Corporation may make hay while the sun shines.

Tract Distributors—The six Great Powers (*vide* Turkey.)

"Spirits in Prison"—Whisky in "bond."

Trial Discourses—Counsels' addresses.

"What's de Matter wi' dat Hat?" THAT Bradlaugh incident in the House of Commons has caused the English of some of our local contemporaries to be as outrageous as the proceedings at Westminster on Wednesday last. Here is what one of them says:—

"Mr Labouchere, in the House of Commons last night, said—I apprehend, sir, I shall colleague in the representation of Northampton. The hon. received the following letter from my hon. within the precincts of this House. I have reference to the conduct of a member of this House be in order in laying before you a communication in gentleman says:—"

If Mr Labouchere be correctly reported, he must surely have been dining not wisely but too well before putting his question to Alderman Fowler.

A DOUBLE THRUST.

(Scene—A police court.)

Magistrate (to Irishman before him for a breach of the peace)—Guilty or not guilty?

Pat—Shure now, yir honour, what a question to ask when the witnesses agin me are polis.

MORE LIKE IT.—While the members of the Free Presbytery were engaged last week in "sitting upon" the loving brethren of Argyll Church a suggestion was made that "assessors be appointed to sit with the Deacons' Court of the congregation, and to assist in maintaining order." The proposal was doubtless well meant; but would it not be more to the purpose to appoint a few stalwart special constables or policemen in plain clothes.

RAISING A "FLETT" REPUTATION.—The Rev. Flett, of Paisley, has been distinguishing himself by trying to get up a "Land League agitation" among the hitherto law-abiding and Arcadian Orcadians, who, he says, "require to be aroused to a sense of their danger." Is he quite sure that it is not the public who "require to be aroused" to a sense of the reverend gentleman's importance and "philanthropy?"

PUNCH'S PILOT.—In *Punch* of last week there is a caricature—"The Clyde: Beauties of Scottish Scenery as seen by an Artist." But there are none so blind as those who wont see; and, unfortunately for the glorification of the Cockney, steamboat smoke is a Clyde invention.

Evolution—MacSproute boasts of an ancestry farther back than Adam—of Mother Earth, from whom even Adam was himself descended.

An August Visitor—The Queen to Edinburgh on the 25th.

A Lesson—From the handing of the Collector's books over to *Reid*.

What the Greenock Folk are Saying.

THAT the Provost got Queen's Weather, though he did not get the Queen for the pageant.

That the change from Friday to Saturday proved a lucky hit.

That it made all the difference between success and failure.

That there is something in having a providential Provost after all.

That he looked quite grand in his official trappings.

That his cup ought to be full after Saturday's proceedings.

That he should remember the proverb, "a fu' cup is ill tae carry."

That a copy of last week's BAILIE was not deposited in the vases.

That the officials who were to blame for the omission deserve to be severely trounced for it.

That Denny put his foot in it completely at the Dock ceremony.

That considering the circumstances, his striking up of the "merry masons" was intensely *malapropos*.

That Jamieson's eastern blend was by far the most picturesque part of the procession.

That the parsons were too lengthy at the banquet.

That the grace, especially, was monstrous.

That historical after-dinner speeches are out of place.

That there will be a big bill to pay.

That the ladies no doubt noted the Provost's remark about handing the trowels down to his posterity.

A "TIP" FOR THE ROUGHS.—Bailie Dunlop's motives for tempering justice with mercy are peculiar. The other day he mitigated the punishment of a brutal rowdy, because, forsooth, the fellow was slightly deaf and pretended to be dumb! On the same principle he might let a thief off because he was short-sighted and pretended to be lame. The dangerous classes will doubtless profit by the hint thus given them.

COMPANION "CURIOS."—Among the treasures of the Paisley Museum are now numbered "the bow and arrows of 'Sitting Bull,' the Indian chief." Not to be beaten by Seestu, we should immediately add to our invaluable Kelvingrove collection "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune!"

A "Wet" Dock.—The prisoners' in the Central Court on a Monday morning (*vide* the number of inebriates tried.)

A Musical Rest—A so(h)fa.

ROYALTY THEATRE.

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

MR AND MRS CHARLES SULLIVAN AND THEIR
SPECIALLY SELECTED COMPANY,

In FALCONER'S Great Drama,

"PEEP O' DAY,"

THIS EVENING. TUESDAY, AUGUST 9th, at 7-30.

"PEEP O' DAY."

Barry O'Toole,.....Mr CHARLES SULLIVAN.

Mary Grace,.....Mrs CHARLES SULLIVAN.

AN IRISHMAN'S FORTUNE.

Faudeen O'Rafferty,.....Mr CHARLES SULLIVAN.

Countess Molingar,.....Mrs CHARLES SULLIVAN.

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GRAND PROMENADE CONCERT,

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On 13th AUGUST—Admission: Sixpence, as usual.

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CHAIRMAN,MR T. WELLESLEY.

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CHANGE OF ARTISTES EVERY WEEK.

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Luss, August, 1881.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

To LODGERS, PARTNERS of FIRMS, and ELECTORS who may have more than One Qualification.

LODGERS.—All Persons whose Qualifications are based upon the occupation of Lodgings, and who wish to be Enrolled in respect thereof, must, on or before the 21st day of September next, lodge with the Assessor, 24 Ingram Street, Glasgow, their Claims according to the Statutory Form, copies of which may be had on application at the Office of the Assessor.

PARTNERS of FIRMS whose Names are not already on the Register, and who wish to have their Names inserted in the List of Voters, and

ELECTORS who have more than One Qualification, and who wish to be Registered for different Qualifications from those of last year, are requested either to call at the Office of the Assessor or to communicate their wishes to the Assessor in writing, on or before 16th August current, so as to avoid the necessity for their respectively lodging Claims to be Enrolled by the Sheriff as Partners and for such different Qualifications.

W. CAMPBELL, Assessor.

24 Ingram Street, Glasgow, 1st August, 1881.

QUEEN'S PARK FOOTBALL CLUB.

ANNUAL AMATEUR ATHLETIC MEETING, HAMPDEN PARK, MOUNT FLORIDA, SATURDAY, 3RD SEPTEMBER, 1881.

By kind Permission of Colonel Lambton and Officers, the BAND of the 71ST HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY will be Present.

Entries (with H. & P. M'Neil, 21 Renfield Street) for Confined Events not later than Tuesday, 23rd August; for Open Events, by Tuesday, 30th August.

N.B.—Preliminary Day, Saturday, 27th August.

MONDAY EVENING SINGING CLASS.

MR WILLIAM MOODIE begs to announce that he intends to open an ELEMENTARY CLASS (Staff Notation) on the Evening of MONDAY, 8th AUGUST, at 8 P.M.

Fees for the Course of Thirteen Lessons:—Gentlemen, 3s; Ladies, 2s; Boys (Treble or Alto), 1s each. Class-Books, 6d extra.

Tickets and Books may be had from Messrs GALLIE, 99 Buchanan Street.

ADVERTISEMENTS received for Home and

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During JULY and AUGUST, every FRIDAY at 7-30 p.m., and SATURDAY at 5 30 p.m., on arrival of Steamer, a COACH leaves LOCHGOILHEAD for CAIRNDOW HOTEL. The Coach returns on MONDAY MORNINGS in time for Early Steamer to Greenock and Glasgow.

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Quaff deep the gen'rous liquor!
But pledge each neighbour ere you drain
The nectar in the bicker!
And as you quaff the nut brown draught,
Just think of that good fellow
Who first found out that drink for gods—
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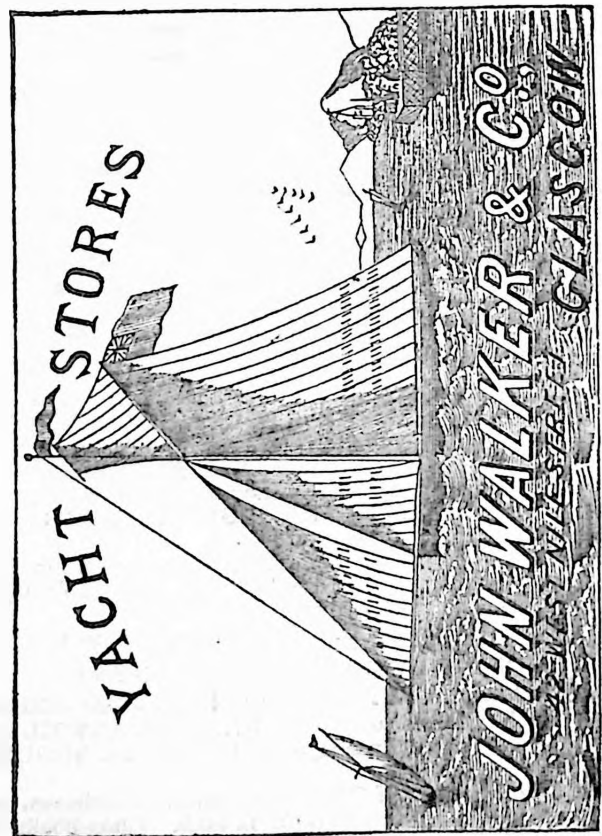
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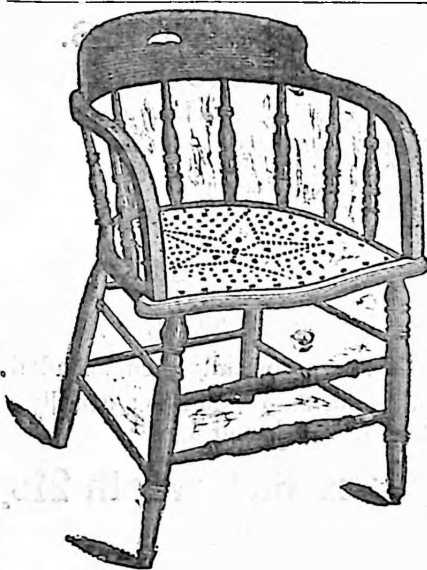
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ex ZELINI, from Leghorn.

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. have received in-
structions from Signor Del Colombo, Volterra, to Sell by
Auction, in their Rooms, on Wednesday and Thursday, 10th
and 11th August, at Twelve o'clock each day, a Large and
Varied Consignment of Rich and Elaborately carved Bardiglio,
Agate, Yellow Sienna, Verde Antique, and Brocatello Marbles,
in polished Statuary and Vases of various styles, including a
Pair of Handsome Agate Vases, 7 feet high; Statuettes of the
"Seasons," "Venus de Medici," Canova's "Venus in the
Shell," "The Greek Slave," "The Elements," and other Works
of Ancient and Modern Sculpture; also, Artistic Vases of Hebe,
Etruscan, Medicis, Grecian, Gothic, Florentine, Neapolitan,
Pompeian, and Herculanean Designs, splendidly carved in alto
and baso relievo, suitable for the decoration of Entrance Halls,
Drawing-Rooms, Libraries and Shop Windows; and a large
variety of similar articles of a decorative and useful character,
just imported from Italy expressly for this Sale.

On View on Morning of Sale.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 8th August, 1881.

The **OLDEST** Irish Whiskey in the Market.
The **PUREST** and most wholesome.
As a stimulant, **PREFERRED** to the finest brandy.
BOTTLED IN H. M. CUSTOMS STORES.



BANN
WHISKEY.

ONE QUALITY ONLY for home trade and exportation—
THE BEST.

SOLD by Agents in every district (Wine Merchants
and Grocers) in one dozen cases, each CONTAINING
TWO IMPERIAL GALLONS.

JAMES WILSON & SON, BELFAST, Sole Proprietors.
Wholesale Agents for West and Centre of Scotland,
WHEELER & CO., 147 STOCKWELL ST., GLASGOW

THOMAS MOORE,
(Late MOORE & KIDD)
AUCTIONEER and APPRAISER,
ARGYLE SALE-ROOMS, 19 Gordon Street.

PHOTOGRAPHERS TO THE QUEEN.

RALSTON & SONS,
141 SAUCHIEHALL STREET 141
AND
311 BYARS ROAD, (Opposite the Burgh Hall), HILLHEAD.

LIGHT CLARET FOR SUMMER USE,
12s, 14s, 16s, 18s, and 20s per Dozen.
The above have been carefully selected from the Vintages
of 1874, 1875, and 1877, and are good sound genuine Wines.
Those at 18s and 20s are Soft and of Good Bouquet.

JOHN FORBES,
261 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW;
AND 3 BUCKINGHAM BUILDINGS, HILLHEAD

**THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY VALUE
EVER OFFERED IN THE CITY AT
184 SAUCHIEHALL ST.
(Opposite COPELAND & LYE'S Warehouse.)**

Single Articles at Wholesale Prices.

RESTORERS—

Mrs Allen's,	3/4	per 6/	bottle.
Rossetter's,	2/6	" 3/6	"
Sheldon's,	2/6	" 3/6	"
Lockyer's,	1/2	" 1/6	"
Barron Evan's,	/9	" 1/	"
Anreoline,	3/9	" 5/	"
Photoerome,	2/	" 3/6	"

RIMMEL'S PERFUMES—

/4	per /6	bottle.
/8	" 1/	"
1/6	" 2/6	"
3/	" 5/	"

TOILET VINEGAR, TOOTH POWDERS, FLORIDA WATER,
EAU DE COLOGNE, TOILET SOAPS, FACE POWDERS,
&c., &c.

Single Articles at Wholesale Prices.

6d Articles for 4d; 1s for 8d; 2s 6d for 1s 6d;
3s 6d for 2s.

Whittaker & Grossmith's Perfumes.

Large Stock of the above.

Single Articles at Wholesale Prices.

CLEAVER'S TEREBENE SOAP,	9d	per 1s 6d	box.
MONA BOUQUET,	6d	per 1s	bottle.
WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP,	3½d	per 6d	cake.
PEAR'S TRANSPARENT SOAP,	6½d	per 1s	size.
ARGYLE RAZOR,	1s	per 1s 6d	size.
HOLLOW GROUND RAZOR,	1s 11½d	per 3s 6d	size.
SPROCK'S RAZOR,	4s	per 5s	size.

Single Articles at Wholesale Prices.

ARGYLE RAZOR STROPS,	1/	per 1/6	size.
ARMY " "	1/	" 1/6	"
MECHI'S " "	1/9	" 2/6	"
GRADUATORY " "	3/	" 5/	"
SHAVING BRUSHES,	/5½	" /9	"
FRENCH BADGER BRUSHES,	/9½	" 1/	"
PURE " "	1/11	" 3/6	"

SHAVING SOAPS—

TRANSPARENT,	/4½	" /6	"
ALMOND CREAM,	/8	" 1/	"
EUXESIS,	/11	" 1/6	"
HINDE'S WIRE BRUSHES,	1/5	" 2/6	"

The Largest Stock of Hair, Cloth, Tooth, Nail, and
Bath Brushes in the City.

Single Articles at Wholesale Prices.

IMPORTANT TO LADIES.**GREAT REDUCTIONS.****TAILS OF REAL HAIR.**

1st Quality only sold.

1/6	Tails reduced to	1/3
2/6	" "	2/1
4/6	" "	3/9
7/6	" "	5/11
10/6	" "	7/11
21/	" "	15/10

The 7/11 and 15/10 Tails are specially recommended.

FOREHEAD FRINGES, 1s 6d, 2s 3d, and 3s; usually
sold at 2s 6d, 3s 6d, and 5s.

**Gent.'s New Dress Wigs with Crown and Parting, 12s 6d; worth 21s.
usually sold at 30s.**

All the above Goods can be obtained at

**184 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, 366 ARGYLE STREET,
8 DUNLOP STREET, and 188 BLACKBURN STREET,**

BRANCHES OF THE

ARGYLE BATHS.

**WARM BATHS, 6d, 9d, and 1s each. HAIR-CUTTING, 4d.
The most complete Establishment in Scotland.**





The Bailie.

“MY CONSCIENCE!”

No. 461. Glasgow, Wednesday, August 17th, 1881. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 461.

WE in the west country are about to be favoured with a visit from Royalty. On the Tuesday of next week His Royal Highness, ALFRED ERNEST ALBERT, Duke of Edinburgh, Earl of Kent, and Earl of Ulster in the peerage of Great Britain, and Duke of Saxony and Prince of Saxe-Coburg Gotha in the records of the German Empire, will “come west” from Edinburgh, for the purpose of making a formal inspection of the Clyde Training-Ship Cumberland. The Duke, who completed his thirty-seventh year a few days ago, is the fourth son of Her Majesty the Queen. A quiet, self-contained man, who has seen much of the world, and who mixes, from choice, in other society than that of the “highest circles,” he has never laid himself out to secure any special measure of what is usually termed popularity. And yet there is no cause why he should be less thought of than any other member of the Royal Family. All his life he has been a hard worker. He was trained from his boyhood to the sea, and after passing a sufficiently severe examination, was appointed, in 1858, to H.M.S. frigate “Euryalus.” Changing, shortly afterwards, to the “St. George,” he spent several years in foreign service—the Mediterranean, the American, and the West Indian stations being those on which he was chiefly engaged. In December 1862, His Royal Highness received a formal proffer of the throne of Greece, but his own views, coinciding with those of the English Ministry of the day, determined him upon declining the honour. The Dukedom of Edinburgh dates from 1866, as does also the Mastership of the Trinity House. Early in the following year the Duke was appointed to the command of the “Galatea,”

VOL. XVIII.

and immediately thereafter he set out on a voyage round the world. It was while on this—shall we say excursion?—that His Royal Highness was shot at, and severely wounded, by a Fenian Emissary. The crime was perpetrated at a pic-nic held at Clontarf, near Port Jackson, in New South Wales. On being hit the Duke fell forward on his knees, exclaiming that his “back was broken.” He partially recovered shortly afterwards, and with characteristic pluck, notwithstanding that he was suffering the most acute pain, he sent a message to the crowds who were eagerly waiting outside the tent whither he had been conveyed, saying that he “wasn’t much hurt, and would be better presently.” The would-be murderer, an Irishman named O’Farrell, was summarily tried for his crime, convicted, and “hanged by the neck till he was dead,” four weeks afterwards. The wedding of the DUKE with the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia, in the January of 1874, seems only a matter of yesterday, and his more recent appearances as commander of the “Sultan,” and as Admiral of the Reserve Fleet, are familiar to us all. It has already been remarked that the DUKE is a man of quiet and self-contained disposition, and that he has but few intimates. To this it may be added that he indulges one taste, and that is music. He is a violinist of much skill, and has even written one or two tasteful and attractive scores. Some day he will be wonderfully rich. His income of twenty-five thousand pounds per annum is never lived up to, and splendid as this income is the Duchess of Edinburgh enjoys at least twice as much again in her own right. The occasion of the visit of His Royal Highness to the river is interesting, as well on account of his inspection of the “Cumberland” as of the luncheon to which he is to be entertained by Mr John Burns on board of the “Servia,” the

great Cunarder which is regarded by her builders and owners as the future crack steamer of the Atlantic. That he will be received with enthusiasm, not on the "Cumberland" only, but at Greenock, and by the crowds who will fill the fleet of craft of every kind, from the humble punt to the smart racing yacht, with which the mouth of the Gareloch will be studded, "goes without telling." And the Duke is deserving of the enthusiasm with which he will be greeted. He is a son of the Queen, a prince of the realm, and a professional sailor of skill and experience.

"Sweerin' Govan."

IF we may believe the reports of the local powers that be, Govan is about the "sweerin'est" burgh in braid Scotland. Commissioner Donald is of opinion that extra constables are required for the purpose of checking public profanity, and the superintendent of police says he "has dozens of people up every week for swearing and using bad language." It is difficult to account for this unpleasant epidemic, except on the not impossible supposition that Mr Bradlaugh has numerous adherents in our flourishing suburb. That illustrious demagogue is so extremely anxious to swear that it is natural enough for his followers to sympathetically take the oath "at lairge."

A BARBER-OUS PRESCRIPTION.

(Scene—Interior of dwelling-house; *Dramatis personæ*, mother, son, and polite doctor; son suffering from a bad cold, caught through having his hair cut.)

Polite Doctor (feeling his pulse)—Slightly fevered, seems to have got a chill.

Mother—I dinna ken hoo he could get it, sir, unless it was last nicht when he went oot for a cow.

Polite Doctor—Oh, he has a cow has he, the very thing, just put him on a *milk diet*.

[The son thinks if the doctor had graduated at either Ox-ford or E(a)ton he would have ordered him a beef-steak instead of *blanc-mange*.]

A Select Sir-cle—A round of knights in Glasgow.

A "Gaze" Excursion—A panorama.

A "Cook" Excursion—A policeman's visits.

Loafers—Bakers.

50 VISITING CARDS (Finest Ivory) while you wait,
18 6d.—GILLESPIE BROTHERS, 8 Buchanan Street.

The Twelfth.

(A Bird's Eye View.)

"Yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe."—*Othello*.

NOW gather round old Mother Grouse,
And listen to her words,
And keep ye still as any mouse,
Nor chatter ye like birds.

This is the "Twelfth;" now, that to you
May nothing mean at all,
But I've seen "Twelfths," and not a few,
And know what may befall.

Now cock your ears, and when you hear
The slightest rustling sound,
Take to your wings, and danger fear,
Fly fast, and close to ground.

That's my advice—in after time
You're sure to thank me for't;
Men come, and 'tis not thought a crime
To kill us—it's called sport.

Well, keep your eyes and ears agog,
Since our death proves their fun;
And first they'll likely send a dog
To "start a covey"—pun!

And should you hap to catch such words
As "'eather," or "'moor-'en,"
Don't fluster much, my little birds,
Fly off at leisure then.

Now smooth ye every feather out,
And, if aught's in a name,
We'll prove to-day beyond a doubt
We're what we're called—that's game!

What's that that yonder makes a stir?
The enemy?—aye, is't!

Up then, and—(whirr!)—keep lower—(whirr!)—
I think we're—(whirr!)—we're—missed!

A GOOD SUBSTITUTE.

(Scene—Church door.)

Antient (to enquiring parishioner)—Wis't the beadle ye were wantin' to see?

Enquiring Parishioner—Aye, it wis jist him I wanted.

Antient—Man, he's awa for his holidays the noo, but the minister has promised to dae his wark for him the time he's aff.

CIRCUMLOCUTION. — Somebody advertises, "Lost, large black dog, between Newfoundland and setter." If the dog was lost "between" two other dogs, why not say at once, "Lost, three dogs?"

"'Tis 'grease,' but living 'grease' no more!" as the poetical butcher remarked after slaying the fatted porker.

A *Touching Incident*—Inspector Denning's assault on Bradlaugh.

"Her Majesty's Ministers" — The Royal Chaplains.

Strawberries are now at their best for preserving. Prices are right at the City Fruit Warehouse, 18 GORDON STREET.

Jealous Atoms.

MR GEORGE ANDERSON has, it seems, given great offence in various quarters by a recent remark in the House of Commons to the effect that "Glasgow and Dundee are the two industrial towns in Scotland." The BAILIE learns, from a thoroughly untrustworthy source, that Ru'glen, Paisley, Kilmalcolm, and Greenock have already entered claims to be considered as proportionately "industrial" as Jutopolis and the Second City, and numerous protests from other parts of the country may shortly be expected. Mr Anderson evidently does not know what it is to excite the ire of a swarm of gnats.

NO SAE HEELAN'.

(Scene—Corner of Queen Street and Argyle Street; Wednesday afternoon.)

Small Boy—Bylee! Bylee, sur!

Farmer (who is passing with his son)—Get oot the road, ye brat.

Small Boy—Bylee! Bylee-e-e-rr a Bylee!

Farmer—Guidsake, Jock, d'ye hear that, eh man? He ca's me a bailie? Here, my callan, gies yin; no, I'll tak' twa? Whit's yer name, ma laddie?

Small Boy—John Thomson, sur.

Farmer—Are ye a Hielan'man?

Small Boy—Aye, I'm a Hielan'man. I cum frae M'Pherson Street.

Farmer—I thocht sae.

"SOMETHING IN HER HEAD."—A lady who had an interview with Bailie Laing last week, in consequence of having been discovered in a state of "how came you so?" informed the Court that "she was not intoxicated, but took something in her head which affected her brain and ended in a fit that made her fall to the ground." The Court, however, failed to perceive the distinction, and if the afflicted lady desires to avoid "fits" and save her pocket in the future, she would do well to give up "taking something in her head."

Dining-room Figures of Speech — Barmaid (calling down spout to cooks below)—"Potatoes, *one*—Small roast beef, *two*."

Autumnal Note — There's no cutting-down machine like by-sickles.

The Cut Direct—An early harvest is soon sickle-y.

Fool Moon—The honey-moon.

A Midsummer Knight—Sir William Collins.

MITCHELL'S OLD IRISH WHISKY.

On 'Change.

A GLEAM of sunshine has irradiated the cloudy skies of the pig iron market. Some one has actually discovered that a few Belgian makers have got orders. Hence, it is hopefully argued, everybody else ought to receive orders. The logic is not clear, but it seems to be believed in. That may be for a time, but not for long. Nothing in commerce is more certain than that a fall is imminent in the price of pig iron. I have already given my reasons for this opinion, and so need not enlarge on the subject. A partial recovery now and then is of no consequence. Such things occur constantly, and are not matter of surprise. Iron must come down, and they are wise who did not buy, as they were advised to do, when warrants were at 50s.

Somebody will have to pay for the eccentricity of Grand Trunk stocks. What I said last week is true enough, for it is not given to every speculator to make £100,000. A few tidy sums have been bagged in Glasgow over this miserable business, but the game is now up, and not worth the candle till conditions change.

Diamonds threaten to supersede gold in public estimation. The prospect of picking up precious stones by the bushel is not unpleasant, but it is about as illusory as the idea that every gold mine in India is a sure road to fortune. Golcondas and El Dorados are not picked up every day on the roadside. Were that the case, we might hope for a Cairngorm Supply Co., Limited, or an organisation to squeeze gold out of the quartz which abounds at Blair-Athole and Struan. SCRUTATOR.

A DOUBLE REPROOF.

(Scene—A ladies' tea-party.)

Mrs Bruce (hostess)—Tha'se been disgracefu' proceedins' lately in Argyll Free Kirk an' the Dumbarten U.P. Presbytery. Ministers are certainly nae better than ither folk.

Mrs Wallace—That's no sayin' muckle, Mrs Bruce, aither for yersel' or yer guests.

ICI ON PARLE FRANÇAIS.—Here's a delightful advertisement, clipped from the *Citizen*, which might be made a useful exercise for any one beginning the study of the French language:—"Un jeune Monsieur avoir dessein de vais à Paris pour quinze jours en Septembre, serai joyeux recontrer un Compagnon.—Addresser," &c. This "jeune Monsieur" probably thinks he has done something rather clever; but he would do well to invest in a grammar as well as a dictionary before again venturing on the doubtful sea of an unknown tongue. The "French of Stratford-atte-Bowe" could have been nothing to this extraordinary achievement.

"YOU'RE ANOTHER!"—Talking of Paisley Fair, an evening paper styles the showmen "nomads of entertainment." The said "nomads" are in consequence highly indignant, as they strongly object to being "called names."

The Education Estimates—School inspectors' reports.

BICYCLERS. } See the new patterns for 1881. Machines built to
TRICYCLERS. } special order. Riding School, Lessous Daily.
Inspection invited.—FENNINGS, 101 Mitchell Street.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—Falconer gives place to Boucicault at the Royalty this week, when "Arrah-na-Pogue" will be played, with Mr and Mrs Charles Sullivan in the leading parts, and such old friends as Tom Nerney and Adam Leffler we'll "to the fore." I confess that, to my mind, "The Colleen Bawn" is the queen of Irish melodrama, but "Arrah" runs her majesty very close. *Shaun* is one of the most irresistible of "hboys."

Next week Mr Edward Terry comes to the Royalty with the great London Gaiety success, "The Forty Thieves," and all Glasgow will be splitting its sides over the countless comicalities of the wonderful "burlesque comedy" which Mr Hollingshead so ingeniously introduced to the Cockneys a few months back.

Mr D'Oyly Carte's Company is still doing big things at the Gaiety with "The Pirates of Penzance" and "In the Sulks." Next week the "Pirates" yield to Mr David James and company, in Mr Albery's clever comedy of "Tweedie's Rights," which will then be played for the first time in Glasgow.

By the bye, BAILIE, I wonder how many "most successful dramas of the day" are travelling just now. This question occurs to me, as we are to have Mr George Leitch, the original "Sithors to Grind," at the Royal Princesses this week, in "the most successful drama of the day, Uncle Zac," in which Mr Leitch will perform the principal part. The play is said to abound in exciting situations and striking effects, with sensationalism enough to satisfy the strongest of dramatic tastes. "Sithors to Grind" will be presented during Mr Leitch's visit.

The Matthews' Minstrels—the original C. C. C.—who are presently in Cooke's Circus, Edinburgh, will open in the West Nile Street cirque on Monday the 29th inst., their visit extending to Saturday, 2nd September.

I hear that Mr Hengler's equestrian company will be early with us for the winter campaign. Saturday the 12th November is mentioned as the "inaugural" night.

The Cumrae School Board and their head-master are in a fair way of becoming famous, and forming a sort of companion picture to the Ardrrossan-Marshall case. The old dominie of Millport has been asked by the Board to "retire," in view of indifferent health, and equally indifferent inspectors' reports. The ancient pedagogue, however, knows a game worth two of that. Some time ago he was offered a retiring pension of £70 a-year, but this was despised and rejected. £80 were afterwards tried, with the same result, and the Board were given to understand that they could only get rid of their servant by allowing him to hold his house and garden for life, and by granting a pension of £100 a-year as well! Of course the Board could not for a moment entertain so preposterous a proposal. Hence the donning of the legal war-paint by both parties, and consequent work for their "writers."

That London mission of friends Burt and M'Dougall—that irrepressible, one had almost written "irresponsible," pair—undertaken for the purpose of "strengthening the hands of the Government," is surely *the* humorous event of the week.

The "peal of bells," ordered some time ago by the Corporation for the Cross steeple, will probably be placed in position early in September. The bells are sixteen in number, the largest being somewhere about 18 cwts. in weight, and the smallest between 3 and 4 cwts. It is expected that the cost of the "peal" will be upwards of £1200. May I add that the bells have been cast in the Gorbals Brass Foundry, Portugal Street, and that they would have been placed in the Cross steeple ere now had it not been for the difficulty in setting them into tune.

Bailie Morrison will spend a portion of the late autumn in Italy and Greece.

The visit of the Duke of Edinburgh to the "Cumberland" training ship, on the Tuesday of next week, will be of a comparatively private nature. He will arrive at Greenock from the east at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, will reach the "Cumberland" half-an-hour later, will inspect the boys, will subsequently lunch on board the "Servia" by the special invitation of Mr John Burns, will return to Greenock at 4 p.m., and will reach Edinburgh at 7 o'clock in the evening.

A "man you know," my Magistrate—no other, indeed, than Fleming of Baird's, has left the members of the "Ring," as he says himself, "to their own devices," having gone down to his place in Cantyre a-shooting of the grouse.

Our friend Sir James Bain is going off on a lengthened tour—on one, indeed, that will occupy him for a considerable space, his route being by America, thence to Japan, China, the East Indies, and back by the Red Sea and the Mediterranean.

"They say" that a sensation is in store for the gossip-mongers of the city. A certain notable, if report speaks correctly, may be indicted, before long, for "breach of promise." What a stir the affair will make, to be sure, should it really come to pass.

The wills of three well-known Glasgow gentlemen—two of whom were professional men, while the third was a merchant—have recently become known. One of these was the late Mr Peter White, who left £362,000; another was Dr Adam Paterson, whose fortune is estimated at £93,000; and the third was Mr John M'Gavin, the value of whose personalty is set down at £79,000.

"Stories of Scottish Sports" is the title of a work which is likely to prove interesting to all those who are fond of indulging in such healthy pastimes as curling, golfing, yachting, fishing, shooting, shinty, &c. The volume has just been issued by Messrs D. Bryce & Son. It is by Mr T. Dykes, formerly of the Glasgow press, now of London, and whose signature of "Rockwood" is well known to readers of the *Glasgow Herald*. Two Clyde yachting yarns; some hunting songs, &c., complete a readable little book, the cover of which has been cunningly illustrated by a local artist.

I observe that the statues in George Square are now being "named," and that the pedestal of King William at the Cross is having its inscription renewed.

The annual inspection of the Parks takes place on Thursday first, and now that Mr George Jackson is convener of the Parks Committee, a new departure is to be inaugurated. All the Council are invited to take part in the proceedings this year, and, to crown all, the ceremony is to wind up with a luncheon in the Kelvingrove Museum.

In the sultry weather which has at last descended upon us one is particularly sensible of the benefits of an establishment in the heart of the city where one can remove the stains of travel or business, reissuing refreshed and invigorated. Of such places of true "recreation" we have more than one in our midst, but none more worthy of notice than those of Messrs Aston, whose well-known head-quarters are in Argyle Street, and who have opened branches in Sauchiehall Street, Dunlop Street, and on the South-Side. At each of these establishments will be found every appliance for bathing, hair-dressing, &c., while the attendants are attentive and the charges easily discharged.

The favourite "Highland Game" for the Sassenach—Grouse.

Aristocratic Bagmen—Nobility on the moors.

"The Waterman"—The clerk of the weather.

A Gunpowder Plot.

THOUGH last week's "dynamite scare" in Dundee happily turned out to be unfounded, inasmuch as there was no dynamite in the case, still it is not exactly soothing to learn that blasting-cartridges are habitually dropped about so carelessly by miners that they are liable at any moment to find their way into the furnaces of public works, or, it may be, into our domestic scuttles. Despite the easy assurance that the cartridges in question "are not at all considered dangerous explosives," the BAILIE would think "once, twice, or even thrice" before experimenting upon a blazing fire with "six inches by one" of powder. Perhaps colliers and colliery-managers will in future respect this timid prejudice on his Worship's part. He fancies some of his readers may share it with him.

Says Rennie, Reverend Rennie,
"I'm a U.P., I won't pay a penny
For repairs on the Monkton Mansel!"
But Rennie, Reverend Rennie,
Though a U.P., you'll need to pay many
More coins than a penny, perchance!

A CONSUMMATION TO BE WISHED.—The Free Assembly Commissioners express their sorrow for the propensity "to bite and devour one another" displayed by the members of the Argyll Church. As it seems to the BAILIE, however, it would be cause for rejoicing rather than for sorrow if the mutual "devouring" process could be literally carried out. The example of the Kilkenny cats is one which might be advantageously followed in this case.

A "KIND OF" DIFFICULT MATTER.—Dr Begg says that, as a clergyman is "a kind of Chancellor of the Exchequer" and "a kind of Prime Minister," he ought to be tested, before ordination, "in regard to his common sense." The BAILIE fully admits the desirability of such a test, were it at all practicable; but where are you to find a duly qualified board of examiners, Doctor?

DOUBTFUL FAVOURS OF FORTUNE.—Sweet are the uses of "Liberalism!" The Duke of Argyll likens his former beloved colleagues to a lot of jelly-fishes, and Mr David Fortune retorts, on behalf of the Government, "You're another!" Messrs Gladstone & Co. are decidedly more deserving of sympathy on account of Mr Fortune's championship than on account of the Duke's attack.

The People's Friend—The policeman.

The "Fiery Untamed" Railway.

IN consequence," as the Northern correspondent of a Glasgow paper quaintly puts it, "of the rising popularity of Findhorn as an interesting place," it is proposed to reopen the "defunct" railway to Forres, but Bailie Burn, of the latter place, advocates in preference the construction of a canal, "as being more tractable and less expensive." The worthy Bailie evidently regards railways in the light of new-fangled, dangerous, and "intractable" monsters, and if such ideas prevail in Forres to any great extent it must be almost as "interesting" a place as Findhorn itself. Let Mr Burn take heart of grace, however. Such is the progress of science that the dreaded railway is now almost as "tractable" as even the douce, sober, old-fashioned canal.

Stopping His "Gas."

A "TRAVELLING auctioneer"—this is, the BAILIE believes, a polite synonym for "Cheap John"—has brought an action of interdict against the Corporation of Renfrew for cutting off his supply of gas. No wonder the poor fellow feels aggrieved. Fancy depriving a "travelling auctioneer" of his supply of "gas!" Anyone who remembers Mr Sambourne's cut of "the pedlar with the conceit taken out of him," in "The New Sandford and Merton," can realise the effect. Why, it's equivalent to depriving him of the better part of his stock-in-trade, and consequently of his means of livelihood.

DE GUSTIBUS NON EST DISPUTANDUM.

(Scene — Juvenile cricket club; Small boy found out smoking by his still smaller brother.)

Smaller Brother (aware of the rigour of parental law on this point, demands authoritatively before an admiring circle)—Gie us a smoke.

Small Boy (painfully aware of the above fact, complies cheerfully)—Jist three draws min' ye.

Smaller Brother (takes the pipe, considers an instant and returns it with)—Na a wid raither tell.

UNDOING THE REFORMATION.—Dr Begg to the rescue! The first Roman Catholic church built in Berwickshire since the Reformation is now being erected at Dunse. Are we to regard this terrible circumstance as one more result of the operations of the present minister of Govan?

The Highest Coi(g)n of the Realm—The Sovereign, at the Review.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the Police accounts have been published.

That they are both interesting and instructive.

That the public officials are hardly the underpaid lot they would have you believe.

That there are some nice pickings in the various departments.

That the £95 16s 9d for the keep of a horse for the Sanitary department isn't bad.

That at this rate the animal is under no necessity of eating his own head off.

That the Free Kirk Presbytery are supplying sport for the Philistines.

That the Argyle Church case is a very pretty quarrel as it stands.

That the next meeting between pastor and congregation will result in another rumpus.

That the presence of a few constables may be advantageous.

That Council meetings in the summer months are short and sharp.

That the business is gone through with a pleasing alacrity.

That even Johnnie Neil talks briefly, incisively, and to the point.

That the only prosy gushers are those superior persons, Preceptor Mathieson and Alphabet Smith.

That the volunteers will have a busy time of it from this to the 25th.

That marching and counter-marching will be the order of the night as well as the day.

That the Lanarkshire men have a reputation to maintain.

That Councillor Jackson has had his full share of trips to London during the last twelve-months.

That the latest fad is market reconstruction.

That the respectable portion of the Glasgow public deal with respectable shops.

That respectable shops have to pay respectable rents.

That a grand and comprehensive scheme for market reconstruction will cost a pile of money.

That it would be as well to see the way clearly out of the Improvement scheme before embarking on another expensive notion.

That the Lanarkshire Artillery Volunteers didn't do much at Shoeburyness.

That their name is conspicuous by its absence from the prize list.

That the School Board has resumed its work for the season.

That the Board is doing some excellent work.

Sitting on Ferniegair.

POOR Mr Kidston got sadly sat upon at last Wednesday's meeting of the Free Assembly Commission. He had given notice of four subjects which he desired to have discussed, including so varied an assortment of topics as the conduct of the Hebrew classes in Aberdeen Divinity Hall, the operations of the Hymnal Committee, Professor Bruce's book on "The Chief End of Revelations," and the International Electrical Exhibition at Paris. With the first three of these the Commission promptly and resolutely declined to have anything to do, while the fourth question seems to have been taken up only on protest. If this sort of thing goes on, Ferniegair will have to set up a wee kirk o' his ain, where he can play Pope to his heart's content.

MARRY, COME UP.

He'll ope the gate, he'll 'ope I'm there,
And then elope there's none knows where.
"O happy, happy, happy pair,
None but the brave deserves the fair."

LOST CHARMS.—A lady advertises in an evening paper the loss of her "charms." The BAILIE is too gallant to admit the possibility of a lady's ceasing to be charming, except in the case of "emancipated females"—where, with Mattie's approval, he draws the line. It may be that this disconsolate fair one is one of the "emancipated." If so, she has but to re-sex herself in order to see her "charms" come back as surely as the errant flock of Little Bo-Peep, carrying their "tails," in the shape of respect and homage, behind them.

A DELUSIVE ANNOUNCEMENT.—One day last week the BAILIE'S eye happened to fall on a theatrical advertisement, and he was somewhat surprised to read, in prominent type, "Mr D'Oyly Carte's Company . . . In the Sulks." His Worship made a point of visiting the Gaiety Theatre that very evening, and he is obliged to record that the advertisement was a delusion and a snare. The company were *not* "in the sulks" any more than the audience were, and the latter were uproariously merry.

Luss *en fête*, feet and feat—At her "Highland Games," on Friday, the 19th.

The Gay Season—With "The Gaiety."

A Lunatic—The *man* in the honey-moon.

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.

Our Municipal Orators.—No. 2.

AT one time—ere he was honoured with the title of Preceptor—Councillor Mathieson, in the obscure windings and turnings of his speeches, was amenable to a quiet rebuke from the chair or a hint from his brethren; but ever since the venerable prefix was added to his name he has been a Sir Oracle, and when he speaks no dog must bark. Success spoils many men, and it has made a wonderful difference in the sapient ex-Bailie as an orator. They have made a father of him in the Council, and he lectures his children to the full extent of his somewhat hazy views on any topic, without the slightest regard to the feelings of his audience. When he rises—with his fresh face, grizzled beard, twinkling eye, and middle sized, sturdy form—he feels that he has something to say, and though his discourse be a string of the merest common-places, hidden in a mist of words, he will discourse at all hazards. He plumes himself on marshalling figures and occasionally attempts to give a literary turn to a sentence—no matter how foreign to one another his tropes and metaphors may be. Ideas are not the Preceptor's strong point; should he hit on one he is capable of attenuating it imperceptibly. Of wit there is no gleam and of humour not a touch in his long-winded phraseology, but he himself never dreams that these are not qualities specially peculiar to his sagacious intellect. The Preceptor, who always means well, is a man of hobbies—as for instance the price of water to residents outside our parliamentary burgh, and the Roads and Bridges question. On such themes he is deadly in earnest, and believes his colleagues to be altogether in the dark. He emphasises his opinions with strong voice and stern demeanour, but, unfortunately, he never instils a harmonious sympathy with his words into the minds of his hearers. They will interrupt; now and then they even interject a gentle sneer. It is pleasant on such occasions to watch his glance, for the Preceptor is of touchy temper. The least questioning of his argument brings him to a sudden stand-still. With a withering eye on his smiling tormentors, however, he shows his teeth and proceeds with his oration. He will have his say, he insists on his right to be heard to the end, and if, after all, his eloquence does not convince, like a true man he knows that he has done his duty, and that his compeers have rejected the light. Were his orations reported in full—as they seldom are—they would com-

pare favourably, length-wise, with those of almost any public speaker of the day. Cynics are apt to characterise Mr Mathieson as conceited—he is well aware himself that he is wise.

MUSIC TURNED POLICEMAN.—One of the most remarkable instances on record of the power of music—heavenly maid!—was related in the Southern Police Court last week, when a pawnbroker told how he had charmed a drunken barber to sleep and to his capture by the tones of a musical box which the said barber had stolen and offered in pledge. Has no modern bard sufficient ingenuity to adopt this incident as the *motif* of a new ode on St. Cecilia's Day, to replace the efforts of Dryden and Pope, who are both pretty well “played” out?

FUN-NY GEOGRAPHY.—Ever since the Elgin Burghs election *Fun* has been labouring with a tremendous joke, which was brought to light only last week, and which explains Mr Craig Sellar's rejection on the ground that “in the neighbourhood of the modern *Athens* the popular taste would naturally tend in an *Attic* direction, and wish to have nothing to do with the *Sellar*.” The lustre of this brilliant sally is marred solely by the fact that Elgin is no more “in the neighbourhood” of the modern Athens than, say, Newcastle is “in the neighbourhood” of the modern Babylon.

THE MARYHILL LOTUS-EATERS.—According to one of the Maryhill Police Commissioners, “the clock in the old Burgh Buildings” has “been standing at twenty minutes past three for about six months.” Rosalind, in “As You Like It,” tells us a good deal about the progress or non-progress of time in various cases. Had the witty lady been alive to-day, she would surely have included the Maryhill folks among those whom the old enemy “stands still withal.” With them it appears to be “always afternoon.”

ONE FOR “THE PUBLIC.”—Govanhill has once more asserted itself in the person of its Provost, whose name it is Millen, who occupies a desk in the counting-house of Dixon & Co., and who declared at last meeting of the Commissioners that he “didn't care for the public.” Will the public feel “sat upon,” or will they be content with the knowledge that they are still of some account in the calculations of such minor lights as Premiers, Presidents, and Emperors?

The “Latest Out”—Mr Dillon, M.P.

Paisley Races—Weavers and thread makers.

THE TWENTY-ONE DAYS' SALE
AT THE
COLOSSEUM.

ANOTHER WEEK OF EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS.
ROSES! ROSES!! ROSES!!! Sale Prices.

Ladies! secure a portion of the Special Lines laid out for the coming week.

OSTRICH FEATHERS! OSTRICH FEATHERS!!
Real Ostrich Feathers from 9d each in all New Colours.
See the value we offer.

WONDERFUL LINES IN BLACK TIPS.
No letter orders can be attended to—the Goods at this Sale must be Selected in our Warehouse by the Purchaser. Our Street Show Windows at 62 Jamaica Street are filled with Goods marked in Plain Figures at Sale Prices. Ladies who know what High-class Goods really are should take a look at the Ribbons we have ticketed in our Windows. Any Article sold from the Windows at Marked Prices.

LACES! LACES!! LACES!!!
At the Lace Counter we offer Tremendous Bargains.
WHITE, CREAM, and TUSCAN LACES, at ½d per yard.

Also, Special Lines from 3d to 7s 6d per yard.
BLACK SPANISH LACES. Rare Value.
The Largest and Most Valuable Stock in Glasgow of
JET BEADED LACES, 1s to 15s per yard.

Inspection invited.
RIBBONS! RIBBONS!! RIBBONS!!!

In our Ribbon Department we offer Lots that surprise every one, and no wonder. We submit Several Hundred Boxes of French Shaded Ribbons, the Newest Colours and Finest Qualities. They are 5 inches wide, and put up in pieces of 13 Metres each. The value of these Ribbons is about 3s 6d per yard; but we see a few cutting houses in town show them in their windows at 2s 6d per yard. Our price during this sale is Elevenpence Halfpenny per yard (any length cut).

Also Special Lines of Shaded Ribbons at 2½d, 4½d, 4¾d, 6½d, 6¾d, 7½d, and 9d. These are half-price.

BLACK RIBBONS! BLACK RIBBONS!!
Hundreds of Boxes High-Class Goods. Wholesale Prices.
Specials Line of Black Satin and Faille Ribbons, 2½ and 2¾ inches wide, for 2¾ and 3¾ per yard. Only Four Hundred Pieces left. See our Show Windows for these great lines.

We will Sacrifice our Whole Stock of
MILLINERY HATS, MILLINERY BONNETS,
MOB and DRESS CAPS.

The Whole Stock must be cleared during this Great Sale.
Light Bonnets that were from 10s to 35s each now marked for this Sale at 1s 11d, 2s 11d, 3s 11d, 4s 11d, and 5s 11d.

Jet Bonnets and Hats, Lace Bonnets, Beautiful Ombre Toque Hats, 3s 11d each. (See Windows)

BOYS' AND GIRLS' SAILOR HATS.
Parents and guardians, see the Hats marked 1s 11d in our Show Cases at 62 JAMAICA STREET. Also lines at 1½d, 4½d, 9d, 1s, and 1s 6d.

HATS FOR THE COAST AND COUNTRY
GENTLEMEN'S DEPARTMENTS.
GENTLEMEN'S FELTS, GENTLEMEN'S SATINS,
DRESS HATS FOR GENTLEMEN,

8s 6d, 10s 6d, 12s 6d, 14s 6d, and 17s 6d.
FELT HATS FOR GENTLEMEN.
3s 6d, 4s 6d, 5s 5d, 7s, and 8s 6d.

Fifty per cent more than our prices are charged for the same goods by the ordinary Retail Hatter.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,
GENTLEMAN'S HAT WAREHOUSE,
62 JAMAICA STREET,
Opposite Howard Street.
LADIES' HAT WAREHOUSE, 70 JAMAICA STREET,
Next to Staffordshire China Hall.
NEW SHOW WINDOWS, 64 JAMAICA STREET.
NO OTHER ESTABLISHMENT.

THE
NEW FRENCH CORN PLASTER,

for effectually removing hard and soft corns and bunions, and reducing enlarged toe joints, imported by Mr M. F. Thompson, is a simple and efficacious means of effecting the removal of corns, and whilst other plasters are thick and awkward this French plaster is thin as silk and comfortable to the foot. There can be little doubt that Mr Thompson has scored a success with this French Corn Plaster. **LADY MAUDE.**

Packets, 1s each; by post, 13 stamps, from
M. F. THOMPSON, CHEMIST, 17 GORDON ST., GLASGOW
Note the Address.

BICYCLE & BOWLING GREEN SHOES,

Specially got up for the purpose, 7s 6d a pair.
Light and Easy.—No Damp Feet.

ANATOMICAL BOOTS,

Made on Lasts specially prepared for each Customer. No
Corns or Bunions.

J. COOPER, 33 EGLINTON STREET.
Established 1842.

MITCHELL & CO.'S

OLD IRISH WHISKY, Belfast, is the Purest and Best in the Market, and received at Melbourne Exhibition Jurors' Highest Award.—Agent for Scotland—**DAVID MITCHELL, 20 Hope St., Glasgow.**

THE FINEST WHISKY IN THE WORLD.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

HENRY THOMSON & CO'S
OLD IRISH WHISKY.

SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—

ROBERT BROWN, 17 HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.

D'ARCY'S Famed
WHISKY. **OLD IRISH**
SOLD EVERYWHERE.

THE PUREST AND BEST IN THE WORLD.
Sole Proprietor—**MATT. D'ARCY & CO., NEWRY.**

Wholesale Agents for Scotland—

SMITH BROS., 48 OSWALD STREET, GLASGOW.

CHAMPAGNE.

ST. MARCEAUX.

THIS Wine is acknowledged by Connoisseurs to be Equal to any Champagne in the Market. Quotations, in Magnums, Quarts, and Piints, from

WILLIAM LANG,

73 AND 79 QUEEN STREET.

CORN CURE!!! WART CURE!!!

“FACILE PRINCEPS.”

FOREWELL'S PATENT CHIROPODYNE

Effectually removes Corns, Warts, &c., in a few days, without pain. In Bottles, 1s 1½d each, from The Glasgow Apothecaries Coy., Virginia Street; Jaap, Chemist, Buchanan Street; Spite & Coy., Merchants, St. Enoch Square, and all Respectable Chemists.

LIBRAIRIE ETRANGERE

3 CATHEDRAL STREET, corner of Buchanan Street
ENGLISH & FOREIGN BOOKS, New and Second Hand.

Lowest Prices. Books Lent.

Books in all Languages in Stock or procured.

BOYS' SCHOOL OUTFITS (HOME and CONTINENTAL).

FORSYTH,

CLOTHIER AND HOSIER,

5 and 13 RENFIELD STREET.

LAW BOOKS SPECIAL THIS WEEK

Bell's Lectures on Conveyancing, 2 vols. for 45s. Trayner's Latin Maxims for 13s. Hendry's Styles for 12s 6d. Begg's Conveyancing Code, 12s. Hutcheson on Justice of Peace, etc., 4 vols. half-bound, for 3s 6d. Introduction to the New Testament by John David Michaeli, 6 vols. bound, for 7s 6d. Still on hand Splendid Lot of Repp Lined Note Paper at 9d per pound, and Envelopes to match at 9d per 100.

ROBERT LINDSAY, 102 QUEEN STREET.

GRAND HOTEL, GLASGOW.

Gentlemen whose Houses will be shut up during Summer, and who may require to stay in town occasionally, are reminded of the excellent Accommodation and Moderate Charges of this first-class Hotel. Terms for Boarding specially moderate.

A well appointed 'Bus in connection with this Hotel attends arrival and departure of "Columba" Steamer, also principal through Trains at Central and Buchanan Street Stations. Leaves Hotel for Steamer at 6-40 a.m.

COATES' CURATIVE MEDICAL MAGNETS.

JAMES COATES, Ph.D., is Sole Proprietor of the Simplified Curative Medical Magnets, recommended by the Faculty.

ONLY OFFICE IN GLASGOW—

ROYALTY BUILDINGS, 62 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

Consultations Daily from 10 to 9.

36 Page Pamphlet Post Free on Application.

CIGARS! CIGARS!!

J. & R. SINCLAIR, of the "World Renowned" Cigar Establishment, 68 ARGYLE ST., continues to draw the attention of the Public to their leading "Speciality" in Cigars, viz., Seven for One Shilling, and for quality and condition they are unequalled in Glasgow.

GIVE THEM A TRIAL—

7 FOR ONE SHILLING.

BOX of 100 for 13/6.

" 50 " 7/.

" 25 " 3/6

J. & R. SINCLAIR,

68 ARGYLE STREET.

(Four Doors East of Queen Street.)

MACKENZIE'S WEST-END LIBRARY,

138 SAUCHIEHALL ST. (Adjoining New Art Galleries.)

3 Books or Magazines at a Time.

Per Annum, 21s. Half-year, 12s 6d. Quarter, 7s 6d.

FELT HATS,

5s, 7s, 10s.

OUR THREE LEADING PRICES.

SPECIAL SMART Shapes for "Young Men"—the Best Value in the Market. Bought Direct from the Makers. All intermediate Profit Saved to our Customers.

The HATS at TEN SHILLINGS are Woodrow's "Prize Medal Felt Hats"—the Highest Class Goods in the Kingdom.

SEE THE SHOW WINDOWS.

MILLER & CO., QUEEN STREET CORNER.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 17th, 1881.

THE tendency of individual as well as corporate debt and expenditure to increase is notorious, and it is quite manifest from the Abstract Statements of the Revenue and Expenditure and Balance Accounts of the Magistrates and Council of Glasgow (Police) for last year (which were published last week) that the City of Glasgow is no exception to the general rule. The number and variety of the entries in these accounts, as well as the largeness of the figures on the debit and credit sides of them, may well surprise many of those who have the skill to understand them. They certainly give countenance to the suggestion which has been made by some that Glasgow, as a city, is over-governed, and that at an enormous annual expenditure to the public, besides the hundreds of thousands of pounds which have been borrowed for the purpose of being sunk in the capital account of each department—Statute Labour, Streets Improvement, Sanitary, Police, &c. Many of the details in the accounts are of the fly-in-the-amber order, while others are very instructive. Thus the citizens of Glasgow were, during the last year, mulcted in fines to the lively tune of £11,593 18s 4d, which must represent the enforcement of a good many oppressive as well as useful laws. These fines were imposed by the Stipendiary and by our worthy friends, the unpaid Magistrates; but while the former and his clerk cost the city £1,200, the cost of carriage hires conveying the unpaid Magistrates to and from the Police Courts was £731 15s 2d, and the salaries of their assessors in the Police Courts and clerks allowed them was £1755, which facts being in-

terpreted mean that the employment of unpaid magistrates actually costs the city more than would pay two additional stipendiaries and clerks with the same adequate salaries which Mr GEMMEL and his clerk receive. This is a suggestive fact, which is not generally known, but is nevertheless worthy of serious consideration by the public, in view of the too heavy burdens which our "great unpaid" have at present to bear.

What the Greenock Folk are Saying.

THAT there was a deal of gush about the ex-M.P.'s note.
 That it is difficult to understand what it all means.
 That he took care not to certify about the meat.
 That the grumblings on that score were both loud and deep.
 That a job of the sort should only have been given to a bred purveyor.
 That the price paid ought to have secured a first-rate spread.
 That the "Captain" has come in for a wonderful amount of praise.
 That he deserved it all.
 That the 'Tizer won't need to open a separate bank account for the indignation fund.
 That the Grand Master set a splendid example to the junior fry of masons.
 That it is not so long since Abram Lyle was Provost.
 That he had something to do with the initiation of the James Watt Dock.
 That, strange to say, his name was not mentioned throughout Saturday's proceedings.
 That the Provost might have remembered the hand that raised him to power.
 That chief butlers and chief bakers are to be found even in these days.

CHAMPAGNE IN SPRINGS.—Ever since the recent discovery of a bottle of champagne in an Inverness-shire mountain spring, Northern gamekeepers have been "prospecting" diligently in hopes of a "find" similar to that of their lucky comrades. Up to date, however, no success has rewarded their praiseworthy endeavours; nor has a *câche* of *pâté de fois gras* turned up in a rabbit warren. By the way, why didn't Shakespeare's Banished Duke include "champagne in springs" among the benefits attendant on a "life exempt from public haunts?"

FIAT EXPERIMENTUM.—An "unqualified" Paisley medico advertises for an assistantship, adding that "practice" is "an object." One pities the "vile bodies" that are destined to be subjected to his unqualified "experiments."

PETS FOR THE PARLOUR.—A local naturalist announces among his latest arrivals "cutthroats" and live alligators. My conscience! Here be pleasant specimens of ladies' pets!

A Brief Career—The Lord Advocate's.

ORNITHOLOGGY.—MUIR'S, 33 Nelson Street, City.—Largest and best Selected Stock of Birds, Parrots, Cockatoos, Cages, &c.

The "Amenities" of Arbroath.

IF we are to believe an official report lately issued, Arbroath must be rather a pleasant place of abode. It seems that the medical men of the town decline to report cases of smallpox occurring in their practice, "on the plea that their patients, when engaged in trade, are afraid of the effect of publicity on their customers!" Such a tradesman and such a doctor would be lightly punished by the loss of business in the former case and of diploma in the latter. They are precisely in the position of the ruffian who commits murder for gain, except that the ruffian is, on the whole, the least guilty of the trio, since he is probably both ignorant and desperate.

A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE.

(Scene—Inside the moving train when the mind is clear.)

Passenger A—He's a grand man, in fact he's a perfect God-send tae the toon.

Passenger B—Weel, for yin, I ken his practice is like onything but his preachin'.

Passenger A—Preachin'! Why he's perfectly renovated the toon wi't.

Passenger C—Wi' his preachin'! Losh keep me, he maun be a perfect evangelist.

Passenger A—Evangelist! Man he's only a baker.

AN ADDITION TO THE LANGUAGE.—The expression "Chinee," meaning an individual native of China, has hitherto been employed by the vulgar and the jocular alone, but it has just received Granny's ponderous sanction, the old lady having made use of it in her news-columns last Wednesday. It is now, therefore, part of the language, and the acclimatisation of the equally elegant "Portugee" will doubtless follow in due course.

SYNTAX A LA SKINNER.—Mr Skinner, Town-Clerk of Edinburgh, has evidently a soul above grammar, not to speak of style. In an intimation regarding the Royal Review he says that "the Town Council Committee . . . request that all parties wishing tickets to send in their names." The worthy man must have had Royal Review on the brain when he perpetrated this "elegant extract."

"Rest, rest, perturbed spirit," as the sea-sick excursionist said, trying to keep the last glass of whisky "down."

Climbing Plants—Alpine stocks.

Megilp.

THE prospects of the approaching Black and White Exhibition are of the most encouraging character. Already the lower regions of the Institute are filled with picture cases, and the "Selecting Committee" are busy over the pictures themselves in the gallery above.

Among the "exhibits" will be some dozen specimens of Leon L'hermitte—whose "Fish market of St Malo" was the finest charcoal work in last year's Exhibition. These will be partly charcoal drawings and partly etchings. Jules Jacquemart—alas that one should be forced to say the late Jules Jacquemart—will also be represented in the Exhibition, as will likewise be all, or nearly all of the leading workers in Black and White in the French capital.

Of Dutch artists the Exhibition will be favoured with examples of Artz, of Mauve, and of Israels.

Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., has implemented his promise of sending a drawing to the "Black and White." John Tenniel is another famous English artist who will be represented in the Exhibition.

A dashing, four-foot drawing, wrought with something of the breadth and force of an oil painting, will be the chief contribution of Collin Hunter to the coming Water Colour Exhibition in the galleries of the Fine Art Institute. It is a sea scene, and was executed in the Isle of Man.

The collection of sculpture to be shown in the Galleries of the Institute, together with the works in Black and White, promises to be unusually interesting in its character. Among the artists from whom contributions are expected are Hamo Thornycroft, George Lawson, George Halse, and W. G. Stevenson.

Tom Donald, who is still at Killin, is busy over a picture of the Dochart in spate.

An exhibition of much more than average excellence will be opened, in the course of the present autumn, in Kirkcaldy. Intending exhibitors should note that the close of the "sending-in" time is fast approaching, and should therefore lose no time in putting themselves in communication with Mr Storrar, the hon. secretary.

THE LAW'S MAJESTY A LA RU'GLEN.—At the Rutherglen Police Court last week a man, charged with furious driving, "in the course of the evidence loudly declared one of the witnesses to be a (past-participle) liar." No notice appears to have been taken of this very seemly remark, but, in convicting the accused, the Bailie "expressed his sorrow that he was unable to double the fine." He seems to have forgotten that the law recognises an offence called "contempt of court" which is punishable by imprisonment.

OUR "INSPIRED" RULERS.—Mr Robert Darroch, of the Glasgow Liberal Association—who, by the way, my Lords of the Upper House, considers you a very "impertinent" lot because you don't agree with him—describes the Government as "a row of inspired men, wishing to do justice at all hazards." Mr Darroch may not be aware of it, but nothing would be easier than to construct a dozen Governments, exactly answering his description, from among the inmates of Gartnavel.

Gentlemen who get the Baby to hold—Remedy, 203 Perambulator.—GARDINER & HARDIE, 42 Great Clyde Street.

"Sinfu', Shamefu' Wark."

THE great Stark, of Duntocher, has been going it again. At last week's meeting of the Duntocher U.P. Presbytery, of which he was Moderator, he laid about him on all sides after the manner of a pantomime king with his bladder-cudgel, avowing himself the while a "Christian gentleman," and declaring, like other little great men, that he "did not care for the public." Naturally, the general tone of the debate was taken from the person who professed to "moderate" it, and was characterised throughout by the "you're another" style of argument. On the whole, the proceedings were very aptly described by a worthy elder, who, in the midst of what the report euphuistically styles an "interlude," caught up his hat, and shook the dust of the meeting off his feet, exclaiming, "I'll awa' hame! This is sinfu', shamefu' wark."

A CREDIT TO US A'!—It is said that at the precious "Irish Convention" of Chicago at least one "delegate" from Glasgow was present "under an alias." If that "delegate" be not a creature of the imagination, it is highly probable that he possesses not only one, but several aliases. It would be interesting to learn under what alias he last figured in Glasgow, and also whether he is the personage who "'loaned' 7000 dollars to himself," or the one who "hooked" the 1000 dollars subscribed "to start an Irish paper in Scotland" (!)—or both.

"ROME, ROME, THOU ART NO MORE —!" —At last week's meeting of the Portobello Police Commissioners Bailie Buchan said, in reference to the "Old Roman Road," that "when the Romans were the local authority the road was passable in summer and winter, but now it was only passable in dry weather." Under these circumstances, the best plan is to find out who is "the noblest Roman of them all" in the Police Commission, and make a "local authority" of him. Perhaps Bailie Buchan himself would oblige.

HARD-ON HIM.—Learning that the correct pronunciation of the name of Mr Gladstone's seat is "Harden," Asinus professes anxiety to know whether that pronunciation is adopted because the Premier is such a "hard 'un," or on account of his (h)arden-t spirit—not "spirits." Hee-haw!

Established upwards of half a century, Adam's fruit warehouse, 58 St. Enoch Square, where all Fruits can be had in their seasons. Only the best quality are kept. Note address, JAS. ADAM & Co., 58 St. Enoch Square, and 55 Gordon Street.

Why I'm Not "Off to the Moors."
BECAUSE the correspondent of the *Heather* says that birds are very scarce, and I like some return for my money.

Because the correspondent of the *Feather* says that birds are very plentiful, and I don't care for sport which degenerates into butchery.

Because business is dull, and I feel it my duty to stick to the ship.

Because business is becoming brisker, and I must take advantage of the turn of the tide.

Because I'm getting up in years, and must leave sport to younger men.

Because I'm not an old man yet, and have plenty of shooting seasons before me.

Because I feel rather poorly, and am scarcely up to the hard work involved.

Because I've laid in a sufficient stock of health during the summer to last me till next year.

Because I disapprove, on humanitarian grounds, of the slaughter of game for mere sport.

Because I never turn out till pheasant shooting begins.

Because my eye is not so true as it once was.

Because my hand is no longer to be depended upon.

Because I'm growing rather stout for hill-climbing and heather tramping.

Because I've got no moor to "off to."

THE GENEROUS PEDDIE.—The Scottish Establishment ought to be deeply grateful to Mr Dick Peddie, that distinguished statesman having postponed his demolition of our national Church till the next session of Parliament. As the next General Assembly will doubtless be the last under present circumstances, advantage will probably be taken of its meeting to pass a vote of thanks to the considerate member for Kilmarnock.

A TEACHER OF "WAIT."—A recent advertisement in the *Herald* runs: "Master Wanted for Ladies' School, to teach *Waiting*, Arithmetic, English." Are we to suppose that the "ladies' school" is an institution for the training of tablemaids, barmaids, and waitresses? or is the italicised word merely the intelligent comp.'s version of "writing?"

Of "Edinburgh Reviews," which the mightiest, queries Peter: the past—the pen; the present—the sword? The Animile, quoting Lindley Murray, replies, "Baith's best!"

"The Higher Circles,"—Rainbows.

Hutcheson's Hospital—Pensioners' Inquisition.

"They say"

THAT this august body has held several sittings, and the people interested whisper—

That acts of recession have been made by the "Select" Committee.

That the survival of the "influentialists" has been assured.

That consequently the uninfluential—"those who have no help in man"—the aged, blind, paralysed, and infirm, have come off second best.

That one of the city guilds—not a dying one either—has taken up the case of the ostracised.

That as the names and qualifications of all pensioners have hitherto been kept a profound secret to all but the patrons, the Pensioners' Committee have in view the asking of such "returns" in order that they may be able to judge of how the fund is administered.

Hadn't Councillor M'Gaan, queries a Dumbar-ton ass, better tak' tent o' his name?

T H E G A I E T Y

Proprietor and Director, Mr CH. BERNARD.

Manageress, Mrs CH. BERNARD.

LAST WEEK. LAST WEEK.

D'OYLY CARTE'S OPERA COMPANY,
 PIRATES OF PENZANCE.

AND

IN THE SULKS.

Box Office Open from 10 till 4 Daily Seats by note or wire to the General Manager and Secretary, ... Mr SAM. H. S. AUSTIN.

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

SOLE Lessee and Manager, Mr H. CECIL BERYL,

Every Evening this Week at 7-30 (Saturday at 7),

MR GEORGE LEITCH AND COMPANY

IN

UNCLE ZAC;

OR, A WILD REVENGE.

Box Plan at Donaldson's Rooms, 91 St. Vincent Street.

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

THIS EVENING, TUESDAY, AUGUST 16th, at 7-30.

MR AND MRS CHARLES SULLIVAN IN

ARRAH-NA-POGUE.

Box Office Open Daily from 10 till 3.

MONDAY, AUGUST 22, MR EDWARD TERRY.

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ROYAL MUSIC HALL,
 Under the New Management.

PROPRIETOR, THOS. ROGERS.

MANAGERESS, MRS ROGERS.

CHAIRMAN, MR T. WELLESLEY.

OPEN EVERY EVENING WITH A STAR COMPANY.

CHANGE OF ARTISTES EVERY WEEK.

Open at 7. Concert, 7-30.

Prices from 6d to One Guinea.

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M'DOUGALL & SONS,

77 BUCHANAN STREET, AND AT 8 TO 16 JAIL SQUARE,

ESTABLISHED OVER FIFTY YEARS.

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Sole Glasgow Agents for DR. SALVIATI'S VENETIAN GLASS, a Choice Consignment of which is just to hand, comprising many Beautifully Decorated Examples of this Celebrated Make. INSPECTION INVITED.

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ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS.

SUBSCRIBERS (on presenting Tickets) FREE.

ON WEDNESDAY FIRST, 17th AUGUST, FROM 7 TO 9.

By kind Permission of the COMMANDER and OFFICERS,

The BAND of the

RUSSIAN IMPERIAL IRONCLAD

PETER THE GREAT

Conducted by Herr TORK, will perform.

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

To be had at Mr Sloan's, 140 Hope St., and at Garden Gate.

NON-SUBSCRIBERS—ONE SHILLING.

SATURDAY PROMENADE CONCERT,

On 20th AUGUST—Admission: Sixpence, as usual.

LUSS HIGHLAND GATHERING,
LOCH LOMOND.

ON FRIDAY, 19th AUGUST, 1881.

ABOVE £125 IN PRIZES FOR OPEN AND LOCAL EVENTS.

J. M'I., Hon. Secy.

Luss, August, 1881.

QUEEN'S PARK FOOTBALL CLUB.

ANNUAL AMATEUR ATHLETIC MEETING,

HAMPDEN PARK, MOUNT FLORIDA,

SATURDAY, 3rd SEPTEMBER, 1881.

By kind Permission of Colonel Lambton and Officers, the BAND of the 71st HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY will be Present.

Entries (with H. & P. M'Neil, 21 Renfield Street) for Confined Events not later than Tuesday, 23rd August; for Open Events, by Tuesday, 30th August.

N.B.—Preliminary Day, Saturday, 27th August.

FRUIT WAREHOUSES AND ORIENTAL EMPORIUMS,

97 & 99 ST. VINCENT ST. AND 25A RENFIELD ST.,
GLASGOW,

AND 12 STEWARTON STREET, WISHAW,

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3 minutes' walk from Central Station.

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CAIRNDOW.

During JULY and AUGUST, every FRIDAY at 7-30 p.m., and SATURDAY at 5 30 p.m., on arrival of Steamer, a COACH leaves LOCHGOILHEAD for CAIRNDOW HOTEL. The Coach returns on MONDAY MORNINGS in time for Early Steamer to Greenock and Glasgow.

This Route lies through some of the Finest Scenery in the West Highlands, including the famous HELL'S GLEN.

FARE, 2s.



NEW CIRCULAR
ONE-DAY TOUR

Via LOCHLOMOND, INVERARAY,
and WEMYSS BAY,



Per 6-15 a.m. Train from EDINBURGH (Waverley), and GLASGOW (Dundas Street) at 7-40 a.m., to BALLOCH PIER, STEAMER on Lochlomond to TARBET, COACH to INVERARAY, and STEAMER LORD OF THE ISLES to WEMYSS BAY, thence to destination by Caledonian Railway.

FARES FOR THE TOUR FROM BALLOCH PIER.

To Edinburgh.....1st Class, 21s 9d 3rd Class, 16s 9d.

To Glasgow.....1st Class, 16s 3d 3rd Class, 14s 3d.

Coachman and Guard's fee, 6d each.

Note.—Passengers for this Tour require to book to Balloch Pier by the N.B. Railway, and take Through Tickets on board the Lochlomond Steamers.

CROWN PRINCE RUDOLPH
CARLOWITZ.

On his Visit to our Vaults (Feb. 18th. 1878), His Imperial Highness the CROWN PRINCE RUDOLPH OF AUSTRO-HUNGARY tasted this Wine, and pronounced it to be "exceedingly good."

15/ PER DOZEN QUARTS.

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WINE MERCHANTS TO THE QUEEN.

Chief Agents in Scotland—

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141 SAUCHIEHALL STREET 141

AND

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The Splendid Saloon Steamer
"LORD OF THE ISLES"

Sails DAILY from GLASGOW and GREENOCK, calling at KIRN, DUNOON, WEMYSS BAY, ROTHESAY, TIGHNABRUAICH, STRACHUR, and INVERARAY:—

From GLASGOW at.....	7-15	} 8-0	} 8-25	} —
„ GREENOCK at	9-15			
„ WEMYSS BAY, at 10-10	—			

Conveying PASSENGERS to INVERARAY and OBAN via KYLES of BUTE, WEMYSS BAY, and LOCH ECK route. Full particulars of Tours, Fares, &c., see Programmes (1d each), from

M. T. CLARK, 5 Oswald Street.

Royal Route via Crinan and Caledonian Canals.

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THE ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS, Claymore, Columba, Iona, Chevalier, Mountaineer, Pioneer, Clansman, Clydesdale, Staffa, Islay, Glencoe, Queen of the Lake, Gondolier, Glengarry, Linnet, Lochawe, Lochiel, Lochness, Cygnet, Plover, Inverary Castle, Sail during the Season for Islay, Oban, Fort-William, Inverness, Staffa, Iona, Glencoe, Lochawe, Tobermory, Portree, Strone Ferry, Gairloch, Ullapool, Lochinver, Lochmaddy, Tarbert (Harris), and Stornoway, affording Tourists an opportunity of visiting the Magnificent Scenery of Glencoe, the Coolin Hills, Loch Coruisk, Loch Maree, and the famed Islands of Staffa and Iona.—Official Guide, 2d; Illustrated, 6d and 1s.—Time Bills, with Maps, free by post, on application to the Proprietor, DAVID MACBRAYNE, 119 Hope Street, Glasgow. (The Columba or Iona Sails Daily at 7 a.m., conveying Passengers as above.)

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Splendid New Saloon Steamer
"CHANCELLOR" SAILS DAILY FROM ARROCHAR at 7-0 a.m. for Blairmore, Cove, and Helensburgh (Train to Glasgow at 8 55 a.m.); and at 2-30 p.m. for Blairmore, Hunter's Quay, Kirn, Dunoon, Greenock, and Helensburgh (Train to Glasgow at 5-35 p.m.)

From HELENSBURGH at 10-30 a.m. (Train from Dundas Street at 9-0, and St. Enoch and Central Stations at 10 a.m.) for Greenock, Dunoon, Kirn, Hunter's Quay, Blairmore, and Arrochar (for Lochlomond); and at 5-55 p.m. (Train from Glasgow at 4-50 p.m.) for Kilcreggan, Cove, Blairmore, and Arrochar.

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LOCHLOMOND SALOON STEAMERS sail up Daily at 8-45 a.m., 12-25 and 5 p.m. (Trains from Dundas Street at 7-40 and 11-15 a.m., and 3-50 p.m.); and on Saturdays only at 6-40 p.m. (Train from Glasgow at 5-25 p.m.)

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JAMES MEWAN, RESTAURATEUR,
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BREAKFASTS, DINNERS, TEAS
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JAMES KERR & CO.,
CAB AND CARRIAGE HIRERS,
83 BELLGROVE STREET.
Brakes and Waggonettes for Excursion Parties. First-Class
Marriage Equipages at Moderate Charges.

B R I G H T O C T O B E R

(E. Nichol, London.)

Fill me a can with sparkling ale!

Quaff deep the gen'rous liquor!

But pledge each neighbour ere you drain

The nectar in the bicker!

And as you quaff the nut brown draught,

Just think of that good fellow

Who first found out that drink for gods—

COLD ALE so bright and mellow.

REALLY COLD ALE, WITHOUT THE ADDITION OF ICE,
"Bright and Mellow."

J. FRASER, 24 BRUNSWICK STREET.

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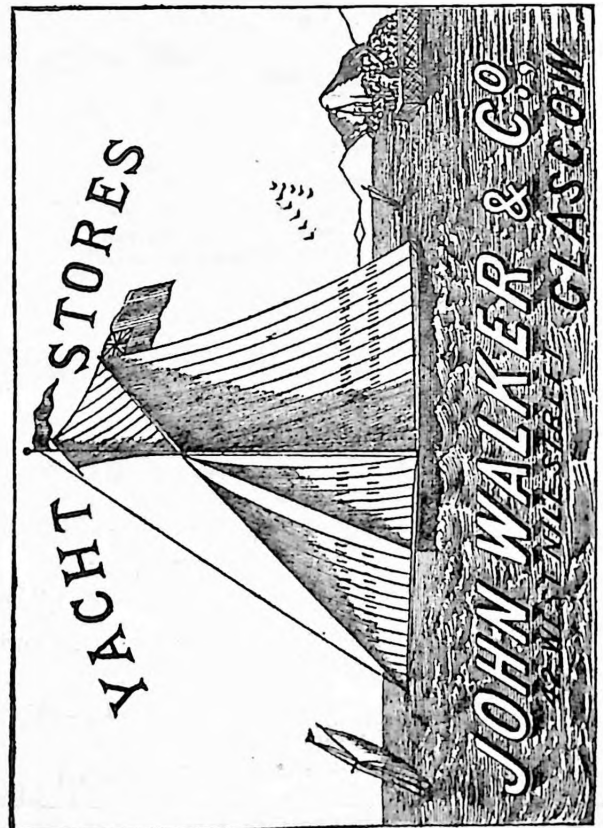
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Of the very Best Quality at

DONALDSON BROTHERS,
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A MERICAN
PERFORATED
3-PLY VENEER
SEATING,

For Fitting up Waiting,
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SETTEES AND
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In Great Variety.

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Black and White Sketches,

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The OLDEST Irish Whiskey in the Market.
The PUREST and most wholesome.
As a stimulant, PREFERRED to the finest brandy.
BOTTLED IN H. M. CUSTOMS STORES.



BANN
WHISKEY.

ONE QUALITY ONLY for home trade and exportation—
THE BEST.

SOLD by Agents in every district (Wine Merchants
and Grocers) in one dozen cases, each CONTAINING
TWO IMPERIAL GALLONS.

JAMES WILSON & SON, BELFAST, Sole Proprietors.
Wholesale Agents for West and Centre of Scotland,
WHEELER & CO., 147 STOCKWELL ST., GLASGOW

T H O M A S M O O R E,
(Late MOORE & KIDD)

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

L IGH T CLARE T FOR SUMMER USE,
12s, 14s, 16s, 18s, and 20s per Dozen.

The above have been carefully selected from the Vintages
of 1874, 1875, and 1877, and are good sound genuine Wines.
Those at 18s and 20s are Soft and of Good Bouquet.

JOHN FORBES,
261 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW;
AND 3 BUCKINGHAM BUILDINGS, HILLHEAD.

**THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY VALUE
EVER OFFERED IN THE CITY AT
184 SAUCHIEHALL ST.
(Opposite COPLAND & LYE'S Warehouse.)**

Single Articles at Wholesale Prices.

RESTORERS—

Mrs Allen's,	3/4 per 6/ bottle.
Rossetter's,	2/6 " 3/6 "
Sheldon's,	2/6 " 3/6 "
Lockyer's,	1/2 " 1/6 "
Barrow Evan's,	/9 " 1/ "
Aureoline,	3/9 " 5/ "
Photochrome,	2/ " 3/6 "

RIMMEL'S PERFUMES—

/4 per /6 bottle.
/8 " 1/ "
1/6 " 2/6 "
3/ " 5/ "

TOILET VINEGAR, TOOTH POWDERS, FLORIDA WATER,
EAU DE COLOGNE, TOILET SOAPS, FACE POWDERS,
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Single Articles at Wholesale Prices.

6d Articles for 4d; 1s for 8d; 2s 6d for 1s 6d;
3s 6d for 2s.

Whittaker & Grossmith's Perfumes.

Large Stock of the above.

Single Articles at Wholesale Prices.

CLEAVER'S TEREBENE SOAP,	9d per 1s 6d box.
MONA BOUQUET,	6d per 1s bottle.
WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP,	3½d per 6d cake.
PEAR'S TRANSPARENT SOAP,	6½d per 1s size.
ARGYLE RAZOR,	1s per 1s 6d size.
HOLLOW GROUND RAZOR,	1s 11½d per 3s 6d size.
SPROCK'S RAZOR,	4s per 5s size.

Single Articles at Wholesale Prices.

ARGYLE RAZOR STROPS,	1/ per 1/6 size.
ARMY " "	1/ " 1/6 "
MECH'S " "	1/9 " 2/6 "
GRADUATORY " "	3/ " 5/ "
SHAVING BRUSHES,	/5½ " /9 "
FRENCH BADGER BRUSHES,	/9½ " 1/ "
PURE " "	1/11 " 3/6 "

SHAVING SOAPS—

TRANSPARENT,	/4½ " /6 "
ALMOND CREAM,	/8 " 1/ "
EUXESIS,	/11 " 1/6 "
HINDE'S WIRE BRUSHES,	1/5 " 2/6 "

The Largest Stock of Hair, Cloth, Tooth, Nail, and
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Single Articles at Wholesale Prices.

IMPORTANT TO LADIES.

GREAT REDUCTIONS.

TAILS OF REAL HAIR.

1st Quality only sold.

1/6 Tails reduced to	1/3
2/6 " " "	2/1
4/6 " " "	3/9
7/6 " " "	5/11
10/6 " " "	7/11
21/ " " "	15/10

The 7/11 and 15/10 Tails are specially recommended.
FOREHEAD FRINGES, 1s 6d, 2s 3d, and 3s; usually
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**Gent.'s New Dress Wigs with Crown and Parting, 12s 6d; worth 21s,
usually sold at 30s.**

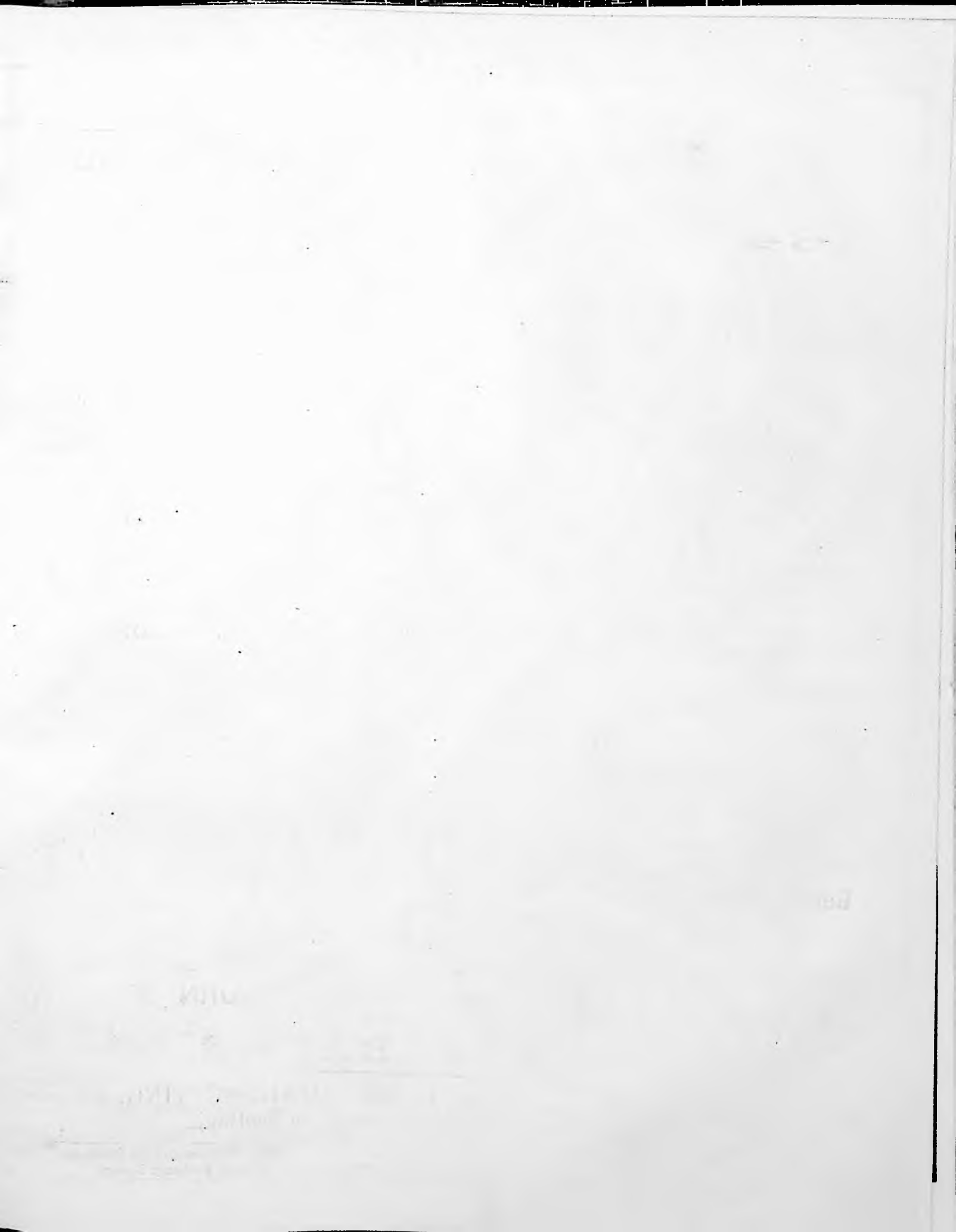
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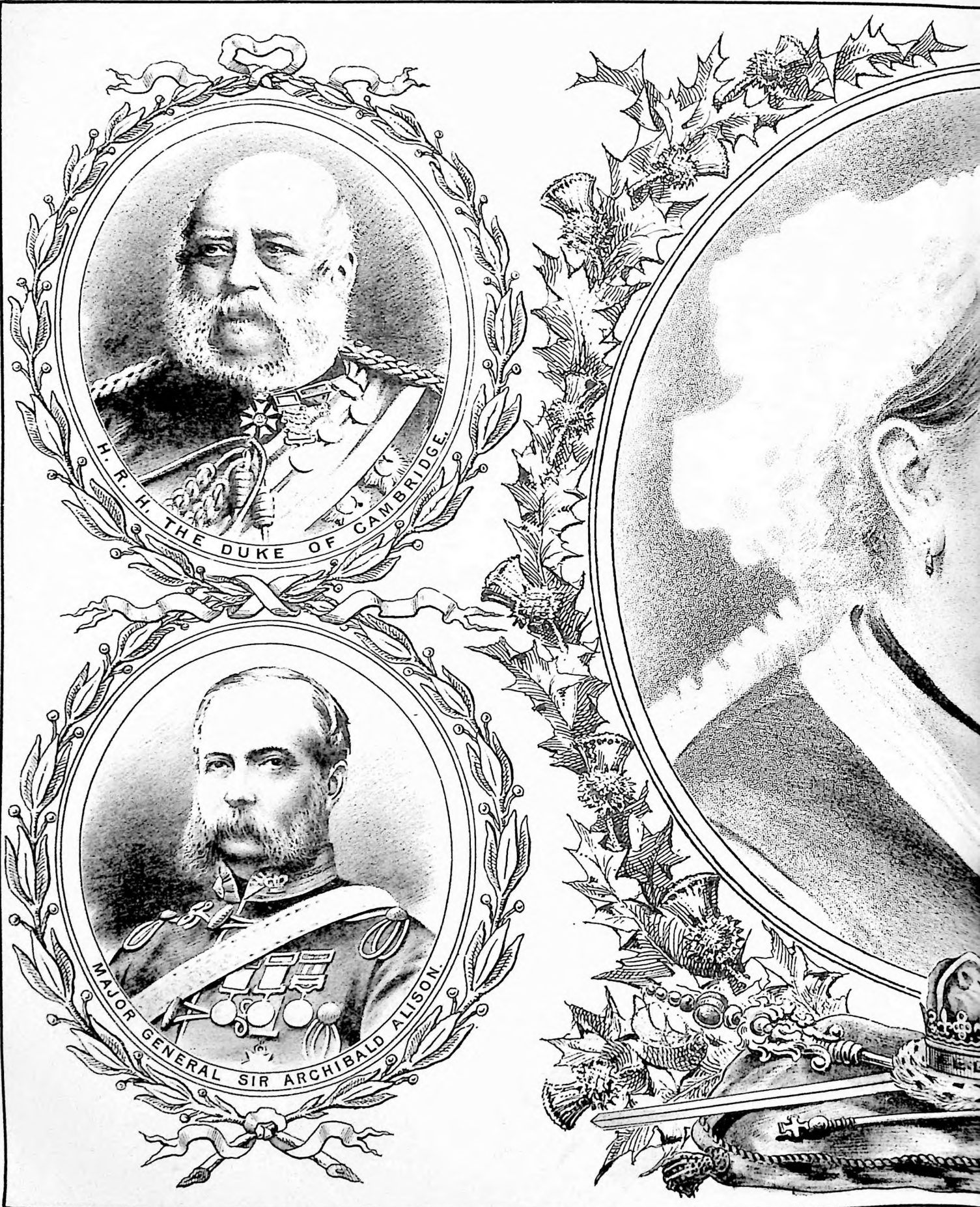
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8 DUNLOP STREET, and 188 BLACKBURN STREET,**

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**WARM BATHS, 6d, 9d, and 1s each. HAIR-CUTTING, 4d.
The most complete Establishment in Scotland.**

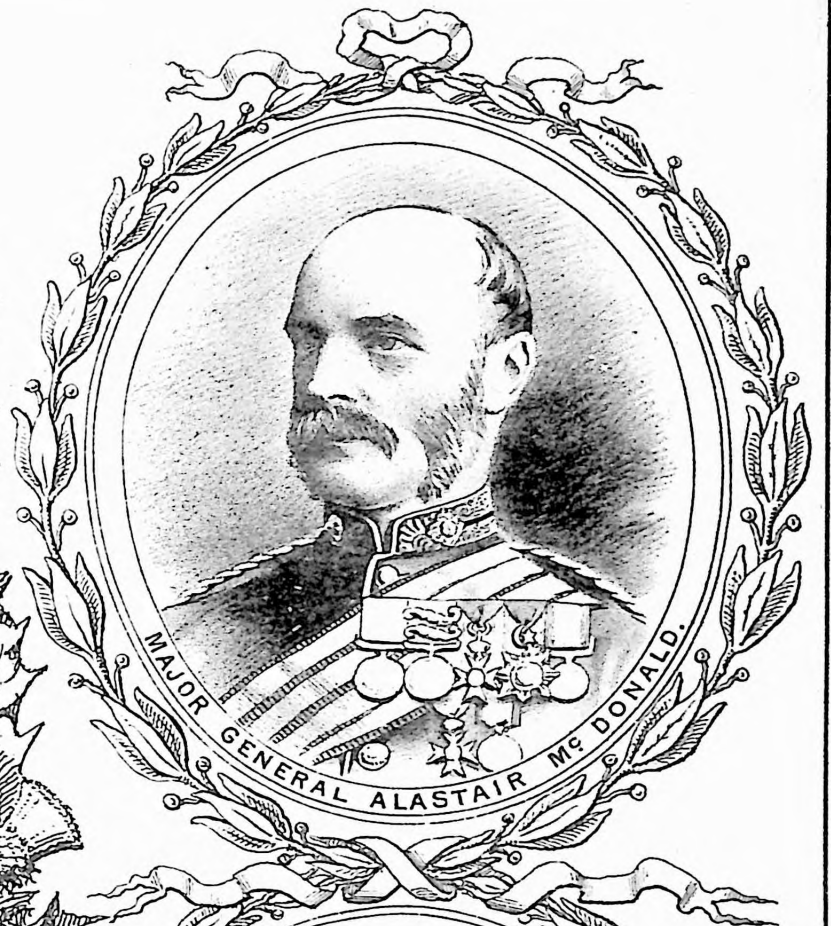


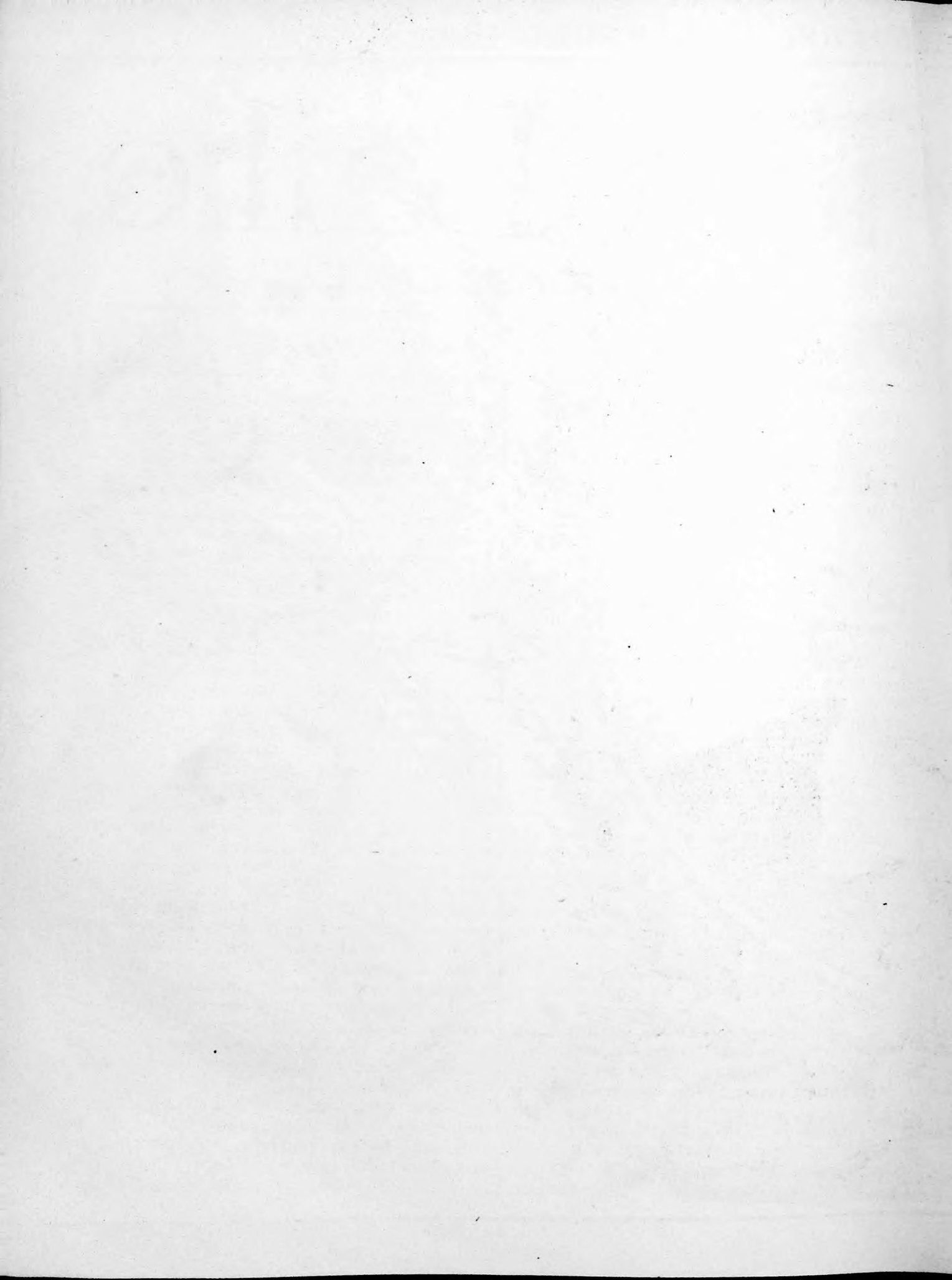


H. R. H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

MAJOR GENERAL SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON.

DINBURGH, 25TH AUGUST, 1881.





The Bailie.

“MY CONSCIENCE!”

No. 462. Glasgow, Wednesday, August 24th, 1881. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 462.

NEVER, since we provided the southern half of Britain with a king, has there been a prouder day for “Auld Scotland” than that which will dawn on Thursday next. Like all other nations—all nations, at least, who preserve a marked nationality of their own, we value military prowess above everything, and on Thursday we shall make such a military display as would be impossible to any other people but ourselves. An army nearly as large as that with which Wellington conquered at Waterloo, will assemble on that day at the foot of Arthur’s Seat, to be reviewed by Royalty. And this force will be no scratch assemblage of fortuitous atoms. The 40,000 men of which it will consist are the flower of the nation. They are best described by their own term of “Volunteers.” The organisation is in every respect a “voluntary” one, and in this very circumstance lies its greatest strength as well as its greatest honour. Next to Her Majesty herself, the largest measure of purely personal interest—for the good folk of Glasgow at all events—connected with Thursday’s event, centres round Major-General Sir ARCHIBALD ALISON, the officer in command of the first division of the army. Sir ARCHIBALD is connected with this city, both by early training and on account of his distinguished father, so long the Sheriff Principal of the County. He was born in Edinburgh in 1826, and was educated in Edinburgh and Glasgow Universities. Entering the army in his twentieth year, he became a Captain in 1853, a Major three years afterwards, a Lieutenant-Colonel in 1858, and a Colonel in 1867. Sir ARCHIBALD saw active service early in his military career. He fought in the Crimea, and he was secretary to Lord Clyde during the sup-

pression of the Indian Mutiny—losing an arm at the sharp passage of arms which took place at the Relief of Lucknow. When Sir Garnet Wolseley was sent out to the Gold Coast, to subdue the Ashantees, Col. ALISON was appointed his second in command. In all the events of the short but exacting campaign he took an important part. He was present at the battle of Amoafu, at the capture of Bequah, and at the fighting at Ordahsu; and when Coomassie fell he entered its enclosure of wattle and mud at the head of the 72nd Highlanders. The Colonel succeeded to the baronetcy on the death of his father in 1867, and since then he has filled various important posts both in this country and in Ireland, and in all he has approved himself an able and thoroughly trustworthy officer. Major-General CAMERON, C.B., who commands the Second Division of the army, has, like Sir ARCHIBALD, been a soldier from his youth. He served, first as a Major, and subsequently as Lieutenant-Colonel of the German-British Legion, he has commanded the infantry brigade stationed at Gibraltar, and at present he has the military division which has York for its centre under his charge. Sir JOHN M’LEOD, who is in command of the Third Division, is a Major-General of the Forces in Ireland. Major-General ALASTAIR M’DONALD, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army in Scotland, naturally takes the place which an earlier rumour assigned to Lord Strathnairn, and is responsible for the day’s successful issue. General M’DONALD, who was born in 1830, saw service in the Crimea, and has since acted as aide-de-camp to H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge. He possesses the nervous, excitable temperament of the Celt, grafted on the habits of the military martinet. At the same time, he has, like General ALISON, aspired to a niche in the temple of literature, but unlike Sir ARCHIBALD—whose effort was in the direc-

tion of military organisation—he has dealt rather with social than with warlike topics. So much for the chiefs of the day. Of the “men” themselves what shall be said? The BAILIE does not wish to indulge in the “high-falutin’” strain, but it is impossible to contemplate this vast body of citizen soldiers, proving, as they will prove on Thursday, their genuine patriotism and military ardour at so much self-sacrifice, without a swelling at the heart. It is good in this cynical age, with its cold and sub-acid criticism of all that we used to regard as noble and great—it is good, the BAILIE repeats, to give some swing to thoughts like these. Commercial greatness is a very fine thing in its way, but even yet we are not altogether a nation of shopkeepers. We would fain look back sometimes to the heroic age and hear “Donald’s, Evan’s fame ring in each clansman’s ears.”

NOT TO BE DISPOSED OF.

(Scene—Manse of west coast parish minister, who (the minister not the manse) is understood to preach in Gaelic in the forenoon and English in the afternoon of every Sunday, and who receives a visit on Monday morning from one of his Gaelic parishioners.)

Parish Minister—Well, Donald, what is the matter this morning?

Donald—She’ll want to know what pe your reason for not preaching the Gallic for the last three Lord’s days?

P. M.—Because the beadle told me that not one of you came to hear me preach it.

Donald—Oh, but she was there waitin’ eevery day, and she’ll shust come to inform you that unless you preach the Gallic on the Lord’s morning once a day evermore, she’ll go to the Free Kirk where she’ll get the Gallic twice a day.

P. M.—Very well, Donald, and as an inducement for you to go I shall pay your seat rent in the Free Church.

Donald (shaking his fist to the P. M.)—Ah, you’ll no shust get quat o’ her so easy’s that.

[Tableau, triumphant exit of Donald and despair of the parish minister.]

“Latest ‘Reports’ from the Moors”—“Bang—bang—bang!”

The Grand Stand—Round the beer barrels after the fatigues of the day.

50 VISITING CARDS (Finest Ivory) while you wait,
1s 6d.—GILLESPIE BROTHERS, 8 Buchanan Street.

Eyes Front!

VOLUNTEERS, attention, pray;
The BAILIE has a word to say
To all who shoulder arms to-day—
Eyes front!

A very simple thing, and still
’Tis that completes the soldiers’ drill—
Neglected, all else goes for nil;
Eyes front!

Especially on the marching ground,
Where great attractions may be found
To tempt a fellow to look round—
Eyes front!

Don’t think you’re one of forty thousand,
And what you do the crowd allows, and
Winks at it. No, knit your brows, and
Eyes front!

Be firm, boys, in your marching past,
Nor left nor right sly glance cast—
From “Forward—right,” to “halt” at last,
Eyes front!

This straight, stern stare is hard to do
When one askanse his Queen might view—
Think, all the same, the Queen sees *you*;
Eyes front!

Is’t all unneeded, this in print?
Yet, boys, you’ll own there’s something in’t;
Then do not scorn the BAILIE’S hint—
Eyes front!

And when at last you quit the scene,
And order—well—not “arms” I mean,
Who then will pledge me in “The Queen?”
Ayes front!

ROUGH ON HIM.

(Scene: Railway book-stall.)

Boy (to Swell)—Ruff’s Guide to the Turf, sir—just out.

Swell—Aw, thought the average rough could find his way to the turf without a guide.

A “CIVIL” QUESTION.—In the “General Orders” regarding the Edinburgh Review it is stated that the ground will be kept by soldiers and marines, “assisted by the civil police.” The “civil” police! Then what is the Glasgow contingent to do?

FLOWERY.—The Lord Provost informed us the other day that he had “revived an old custom of having flowers in the Council Chamber.” In the case of certain flowers (of rhetoric) the old custom is one more honoured in the breach than the observance.

The Presiding General at the Review—General holiday.

The Presiding General at the Brewery—General Indulgence.

BOYS’ SCHOOL OUTFITS.—FORSYTH’S, 5 and 13 Renfield Street

Our Municipal Orators.—No. 3.

IF Mr George Jackson is not the youngest member of the Town Council he is undoubtedly the youngest in appearance, and occasionally craves pardon for intruding his views on the grave and reverend seniors. Rather over the middle height, spare of form, with hairless face—if we except a straggling moustache—keen eyed and with full, rounded brow, there lingers about him a look of antiquated boyhood. His aspect generally is one of wild and half-apologetic humility, as if he felt that he had been thrust among monied men before his time. But for all that George is thoroughly cognisant of his rights, and asserts them with a quiet firmness and determination. Early in his municipal career he suspected that some of his wealthier colleagues regarded him as a working man's candidate, and one day, with a degree of unwonted heat and energy, he took the opportunity of removing that delusion from their minds. In unmistakable language he let them know once for all that he was no such thing; that since he had reached the floor of the chambers he stood among them a gentleman among gentlemen. Since that time no one has dared to curl the lip at George Jackson. If talent counts for anything in the municipal body George should not be a pigmy among his brethren. Endowed with fair faculties he has informed himself and can give in passable English a clear deliverance on most local matters, maugre his meagre education in youth. Though no orator, his demagogic outpourings when a Tribune of the people have not been useless, but have done much in the way of assisting him towards fluency of speech. He is equal to grasping the leading points of a subject, and prides himself in uttering his opinions syllogistically. One would almost say that he had studied Bacon in his teens. He is capable of demonstrating very clearly that "if all men are mortal, Councillors are men, and therefore they are mortal." He is great in statistics and submits them, on the same principle. Always perspicuous—albeit not free from sophistry in his reasoning—with a monotonous flow of words and no attempt at gesture or jocularly, George seldom fails to find hearers. Above all things he is politic—wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove—unless to one or two of his compeers who are nothing more than himself in position. He would turn—like the worm—for instance on Councillor Neil, should "Johnny" ever find occasion to call any of his sayings or doings into question.

In committee he has proved himself eminently useful; in the Council, deferential; and he now stands well with all the brethren whose influence is worth courting. He appears to be a favourite with the Lord Provost, and is watchful not to transgress the rules of speech when addressing the chair. If, however, he should, by any possibility, be out of order, and the general clamour, backed by the chair, go against him, his manner grows bland on the instant, and his seat is resumed with the most graceful of smiles, albeit that his mind may remain undelivered of the wisdom with which it was teeming. Should he succeed as well in business as he is doing in public life George is likely one day to wear the magisterial robes.

The Night before the Royal Review.

(After Tennyson—a long way.)

YOU must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
 To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all this pluvial year:
 Of all this stormy year, mother, the maddest, merriest day,
 For I'm off to march before the Queen, all in my clothes so gay.
 There's many a bright, bright sword, they say, but none so bright as mine;
 There's Bowser, and Towser, there's Smart and Superfine;
 But none so sharp as little Snip's, in all the land, they say;
 So I'm off to march before the Queen, all in my togs so gay.
 I feel so very weary, mother, that I shall never wake
 If you do not pull my nose when the day begins to break.
 They call me "snobbish," "little Snip," but I care not what they say,
 For I'm to march before the Queen, all in my clothes so gay.

REVERSING ORDER.

(Scene—Tea-party.)

Hostess (kindly) — I suppose, Patrick, you won't object to take a cinder in your last cup?

Patrick (elated)—Shure no, ma'am, and av ye plaze I'll take the last cup first.

BLACK AND BLUE.—Bailie Dunlop last week fined a man called Charles Blue for assaulting the police. Is it not monstrous and unnatural that one who is at the same time a "Charley" and "Blue" should employ his "little hands" in doing violence to his brethren?

Latest "August" Spectacle—See columns of Volunteer Review. Edinburgh: Alison & Company.

The Army "List" — Taking "the Queen's shilling."

"Peace Hath her Victories"—Yes, a piece of ordnance.

BICYCLES. } See the new patterns for 1881. Machines built to special order. Riding School, Lessons Daily.
 TRICYCLES. } Inspection invited.—JENNINGS, 101 Mitchel Street.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—The reappearance for a fortnight of Mr Edward Terry at the Royalty Theatre means a couple of weeks of mad, rollicking fun on the stage, and unbounded mirth and laughter "in front." To-night the programme consists of a comedy entitled "New Brooms," and the famous burlesque of "Robbing Roy, or Scotch and Kilt," and both are sufficiently humorous to set even the dullest of us on the grin.

"New Brooms," which is new to Glasgow, is the work of Mr H. J. Byron, and is of the class of pieces of which "Artful Cards" and "Snowball" are the leading types. When writing it, the author informs us, there was no intention to "point a moral or adora a tale," indeed it has neither moral nor lesson, its one end and aim being that of making the audience laugh.

Of the fun of "Robbing Roy" there is no need to speak at this time of day. When Mr Terry was here in the fall of last year, and for months after he left, the city was fairly "hotchin'" with the wild puns provided by Mr Burnand for his Scottish burlesque.

Mr Terry's acting in the part of *Rob*, the *Dougal* of Mr Beresford, and the *Helen* of Miss Maria Jones, are figures conceived and carried out in the maddest spirit of burlesque. Miss Katie Ryan and Miss Lilian Frances are graceful representatives of *Diana* and her faithful *Francis*.

"Uncle Zac," at the Royal Princess's, has—well, since you will have it—drawn like a "L-itch," and Mr Beryl has certainly scored another success by his engagement of this clever company. To-night "Sithors to Grind" will be produced, with Mr Leitch in his favourite part of *Joe Stammers*. Next Monday "Fighting Fortune" will occupy the boards of the Princess's. By-the-bye, Mr Beryl, I may state, was next to Mr M'Farland in his attempt to secure the Aberdeen theatre, for which, of course, the local man secured the preference.

Mr David James, who makes his first appearance on the Glasgow stage at the Gaiety this evening, is a comedian of approved skill. Some dozen years ago he formed one of the celebrated burlesque company at the little Strand Theatre, and together with Messrs Thorne and Montague he opened the Vaudeville Theatre early in the year 1870. Mr James was the original *Fenkins* in the "Two Roses," he has played with distinguished success in classical English comedy, and in parts like those he will support in "Tweedie's Rights" and "Punch" he manifests a power over the delineation of character which places him at the top of all the character actors of the day.

Various well-known players will make their appearance at the Gaiety in company with Mr James. One of these is Mr Edward Chessman—our original *Cabriolo* in Glasgow, a "fellow of infinite jest and large experience; Mr Hargreaves—"Daddy" Hargreaves—is another; a third is Mr Otway Compton; Miss Marie Illington, of the Vaudeville, is a fourth; and Miss Lottie Harcourt, aforesaid of the Gaiety, a fifth.

"Tweedie's Rights," by the bye, is the work of Mr James Albery, while "Punch" was written by Mr H. J. Byron. In the one piece Mr James sustains the *role* of a tipsy and not very conscientious stone-mason, while his part in the other is that of a Punch-and-Judy man, a figure which recalls, in certain particulars, the *Dick Dolland* of "Uncle Dick's Darling."

The Town Council, exhausted by their onerous duties in connection with the inspection of the Parks last Thursday, sat down in the best of moods to the sumptuous "feed" provided for them in the Corporation Galleries. Like the first famous "tatie and herrin'" spread at Renfrew, the afternoon passed off so enjoyably—the Provost was in the chair, and Bailie Young acted as croupier—that it was unanimously agreed to repeat the experiment annually.

Among the recent tourists and pleasure-seekers on the famous Loch Eck route, prominent mention should be made of Sir Wm. Jenner, Bart., M.D., and party, who were for a brief period the guests of Mr James Duncan, the genial laird of Benmore.

That was quite a unique incident in the Circuit the other morning. The trial of the Greenock man Paul was coming on before Lord Deas, and as the work in the New Court had not begun, Lord Craighill took a seat beside the elder judge. The matter of a "plea" was being considered, when Lord Craighill had the temerity to offer an opinion differing from that of his senior. In his most cantankerous mood, Lord Deas simply interrogated, "Are you going to try the case?" The "No!" and the look of Lord Craighill were full of a meaning that words cannot render.

Speaking of Lord Deas, I would say that he is a typical Scotsman every inch of him—full of angular traits and oddities of character. He is the relic of a past generation, and has no fellow on the bench. Much good work he has done in his time, but nature must fail, and old age is beginning to tell severely on the august veteran.

Hitherto juries have stood, or rather sat, in awe of Lord Deas, but Mr Dansken, of the Landlords' Association, showed, last week, that the most rigid dignity may be confronted, and that with success. He spoke out on Thursday in a strong-lunged style, and in a manner laid down the law to the bench, much to the surprise of the electrified audience.

The "Count" got ten years on Wednesday for stealing £1400 worth of jewellery, and on Thursday a panel named Paul received a like sentence for causing the death of his wife in a most cruel and barbarous fashion. "What will a man not give for his life?"

Next Thursday the Volunteers may well exclaim, "What a day we're having!" At the very latest they must all be astir in Glasgow by 4 a.m.—some a full hour earlier—and all be in full parade order on their respective drill-grounds before 5. It will be interesting to watch the management of the commissariat department on the occasion. At present the arrangements seem to be shrouded in mystery, even to those in charge, and they have issued advices to the men that in case of accident each man should provide himself with such food as can be carried in his ammunition pouch. Though rifles are to be carried as usual, a request has been made that pocket pistols are not to be taken unless by the medical officers. Much remark has been caused by the fact that the reputedly wealthiest regiments are not the most generous in providing for the wants of the rank and file.

The increase in the number of Circuit Courts must be a god-send to our citizen magistrates, as they furnish an inexpensive academy for the acquiring of judicial bearing and knowledge. Two of the most assiduous students at the Courts last week were Bailies Wilson and Dunlop. Q.

FACT, OF COURSE.

(Scene—Cottage garden, Sunday morning; The tenant is busily employed in securing a swarm of bees just hived from his neighbour's garden, —the Free Kirk minister's.)

Enter Minister (excitedly)—These are my bees.

Tenant—You are welcome to take them.

Minister—It's a pity that bees should hive on Sunday. Very annoying, indeed.

Tenant—You see, sir, they are Auld Kirk bees, sir, an' Auld Kirk bees always hive when ready, be it Sunday or Saturday. If you want bees no tae hive on Sundays, you should try some Free Kirk yins.

"The Sweets of Matrimony" — Marriage bouquets.

A Jaunty Lot—Our city clergymen.

Why I Don't Intend Going to the Review.

BECAUSE I am not a volunteer.
 Because I am not an early riser.
 Because I don't care for a crush.
 Because I can't get a ticket for the grand stand.
 Because I like to see Glasgow empty.
 Because I won't get a holiday.
 Because I'll get it all in the BAILIE.
 Because I can't afford it.

AN HONOUR NO LESS CHEAP THAN "CAPITAL."

That which the Queen can not avoid—
 A knighthood to Lord Provost Boyd;
 A pleasure not quite unalloy'd
 Since cits. with "sirs" are well-nigh cloy'd,
 Yea, quite benighted; how annoy'd
 Must be, moreover, each new knight, a sharer
 Of "sir," with baronet—now not much rarer—
 How less distinguished each successive bearer:
 "Sir" now so cheap, who envy would the wearer!

REMORSE!—Under the heading, "Remorse of Conscience," a contemporary records how a watch, lost eighteen months ago, has just been restored to its owner through the Partick Superintendent of Police. That must have been a very tough conscience, or a very mild description of remorse!

ELECTRIFYING THEM.—We are told that in the German Department of the Paris electrical exhibition electricity "is largely applied to pedagogy." Does this mean that the German schoolboy is chastised by means of "chained lightning?"

REST WRESTED.—The Sabbath tramway cars were only to take people to and from Church His Worship would like to know to or from what church people are taken by the car that at three o'clock passes up Union Street?

Glasgow Astheticism — Painting the Caledonian Railway Bridge over the Clyde the same colour as the muddy river flowing underneath.

"Lying" Time (sometimes)—That spent in the witness-box.

"My lines have fallen in pleasant places," quoted Bauldy when he got a good "basket."

A Love-tenant of Heart-ill-ery — *Brevet* — Captain Cupid.

A Great Gun—A canon of the church-militant-Field Drill—Ploughing for turnips.

What an Agent isn't always—A-gent.

Gentlemen who get the Baby to hold—Remedy, 20s Per-ambulator.—GARDINER & HARDIE, 42 Great Clyde Street.

Megilp.

THE approach of autumn, and the early opening of the Black and White and Water Colour Exhibitions, have brought quite a flock of our artist friends back to town. The stay they are likely to make, however, will necessarily be limited, the brown and gold of autumn possessing still stronger attractions for them than the delicate blues and greys of spring, or the luscious greens of high summer.

James A. Aitken, who spent several weeks at Belmullet, on the west coast of Mayo, returned to Glasgow on Tuesday. His summer's work has mainly consisted of water colour sketches, its subjects being drawn, of course, from the tall cliffs, and strongly marked beach effects, in which the Mayo sea-board abounds.

Another artist who is to be found in his studio is Edwin Calvert. Mr Calvert has been in Paris for several months busy over figure studies.

William Young is likewise in town.

The "hangers" of the Water Colour Exhibition will be Wm. Young, J. G. Whyte, and W. F. Vallance, R.S.A.

It was mentioned in this column a fortnight ago that, although John Pettie were in Arran, his sojourn there was more likely to be one of pleasure than undertaken for purposes of study. Contrary, however, to his usual custom, it seems that he intends to go in, this year, for hard work. A wooden house is being constructed for him at Corrie, and he proposes, when it is once completed, to fit it up as a studio, and to paint for several hours every day.

A similar erection has already been finished for John M'Whirter, who is "pegging away" with his usual air of pre-occupied eagerness.

Two or three little flower and foreground studies, similar to a pair which may be recollected appearing as in the Loan Exhibition of four years ago—will be contributed by Mr M'Whirter to the approaching Exhibition of the Water Colour Society.

Wellwood Rattray, J. D. Adam, Peter Buchanan, and J. E. Christie, were all at Kilcreggan last week, the three last named, being guests of Mr Rattray. Mr Adam and Mr Christie are now at St. Catherine's on Loch Fyne.

A. K. Brown, who had been in Glasgow for some weeks subsequent to his return from the south, left for Dippen, in Arran, on Thursday.

Robert Brydall, formerly of the Glasgow School of Art, announces the opening of the St. George's Art School, at 147 St. George's Road, at the beginning of next month. Mr Brydall has passed examinations, conducted by the authorities at South Kensington, in all the various branches of the pictorial art.

An innovation, and a very capital one too, was tried at a flower show held at Borgue, in Kirkcudbrightshire, on Saturday. This was the exhibition, along with the flowers, of a little gallery of pictures and water-colour drawings, the property of a local gentleman. Among the artists represented in the collection were David Murray, Robert M'Gregor, Alexander Davidson, Tom Donald, and Duncan M'Kellar.

"THOMAS CAMPBELL, 'POET.'"—We'll likely be hearing next of William Shakespeare, "dramatist," William Pitt, "statesman," William Wallace, "patriot," and so on. In the further inscribing of "the statues in the Square," there ought certainly to be added "novelist" to the name of Walter Scott, and "mechanical engineer" to that of James Watt.

An "August" Proceeding—The march past.

"The Place of Honour"—The saluting point.

Storage of Force—The volunteers in railway carriages.

The One Thing Needful—Good weather.

Jeems Kaye at the Review.

MAN, BAILIE, I'm gled it's a' ower; my heid has been in a perfect bizz for the last fortnicht about this Review.

I'm a volunteer, as I think I tell't ye before, in the kilties. No' that I'm Heelan', ye ken, but I like the kilts, it's such a braw dress and quite different frae the ither corps wi' the red coats and black troosers, some o' them wi' a shaving brush stuck in the front o' their hats, and some wi' a sort o' gimlet sticking up.

Hooever, that's neither here nor there. Bein' a corporal, ye see, I tak' maist as much pride in the regiment as the Cornel himsel', and I'm greatly looked up tae. But, as I was saying, we had a hard week's drill, back and forrit, up and doon, shoothing arms, dressing by the left, &c., &c., till I wis weary. For the sake o' the regiment, hooever, I stuck in, although I personally had nae need tae go through't a', as I'm an efficient.

I'll pass ower oor march tae the railway station and oor hurl through. We arrived at last at Edinburgh, and as we were marching doon the Cannogate everybody "hurrahed" at us. "Hurrah! for the kilties!" "Here's the forty-seccant!" some cried, and when we heard that we held up oor heids an' threw oot oor legs like yae man. On oor road doon the Cornel got me beside him, and as we were marching along we were cracking awa', and he says:—

"Man, Mr Kaye, if ye werena sae wee and stoot I wid mak' ye a sergeant at once, richt aff the reel." "I'm obleeged tae ye, Cornel," I replied, "but we've a' oor bits o' deficiencies, there's nane o' us perfect; there's a great lot o' the men bowlie and that's fully waur than being stoot." The Cornel laughed, and I ventures to ask, "Whaur are we gaun first?"

"Oh," says he, "Mr Kaye, we go tae the Review first, then tae the breweree tae get a refreshment; ye are aware that wan o' the brewerees is tae be at oor disposal."

"Weel, Cornel," I remarked, "It's certainly better than a ginger beer manufactory, but it was an awfu' peety ye didna put in for a distillery. Beer is guid enough for thae or'nar regiments, but for a Heelan' regiment we should hae whisky. Hooever, I hae a wee drap in a bottle in my glengarry, and I need hardly say it's at your service; in fact, if ye could come intae this close I wid gie ye a bit taste at once."

But the Cornel, being on a horse, couldna tak' advantage o' my offer, and so on we strode tae the tune o' "Heelan' Laddie" and the

"Hills o' Glenorchy." Man, BAILIE, I wis prood! Dod, I grippit my gun by the hin' en' and marched on like the best o' them. The pipes fairly set my bluid up; I wid hae knockit O'Donovan Rossa, and the Land League, and a' their tin canisters full o' infernal machines tae Jericho, if they had come in my way. As the pipes skirled oot and the drums rattled, particularly the wee yin—I think they ca't a kettle drum—I wis for the meenet like a second Wallace or Bruce.

"Oh for a Rooshian or a Prooshian," I says tae masel', "I wid ding them doon tae the ither side o' Portobello wi' yae blow o' this bayonet."

There were twa gey impident looking lassies marching alangside o' us, and yin, pointin' tae me, says:—"Look at that auld cove! he should be oot hurling the perambulator!"

The idea! Me hurling a perambulator, and my youngest bairn 10 year auld! Hooever, I looks at the Cornel and says in a pleasant jocular way—

"D'ye hear what thae hizzies are saying about ye, Cornel? but never mind, ye're in a noble cause and ye can afford tae laugh at them."

Bit I wid weary ye, BAILIE, wi' a' the oots and ins o' the Review. We had a lang stand, and the wee bottle in my glengarry wis o' great service tae me and my left-haun man, a dacent bricklayer wi' a red heid frae Tobermory. There were twa or three wanted tae be freens wi' me when they saw the bottle, but it widna go ower them a'.

As I stood leaning ower the neb o' my gun I surveyed the scene, and, BAILIE, it wis a gran' yin. In the park were forty thoosan' brave Scotchmen, gathered frae a' quarters, frae Stra'bungo in the west tae Peterhead in the east, frae the uttermost ends o' the sooth, tae the faurest awa' place in the north, brave, loyal volunteers, some eating biscuits, ither taking a smoke, but a' animated by a praiseworthy desire to do or die in defence o' their native lan'. When the trumpet o' the regiment sounded, the echt or nine huner men o' that regiment, as if moved by electricity, grasped their guns, some by the thick en' and some by the sna'en', an' a' prepared tae do what wis asked o' them—march tae Musselburgh or Newhaven, or onywhere, tae repel the invaders. As Shakspeare says—

Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do or die,
Gallant six hundred!!

and sae on.

The kin' o' heid officers, sich as generals and sergeants, flew aboot on horses wi' feathers in

their hats, and big swords, and spurs, and every noo and again yin wid touch his hat tae anither and hand oot a telegraphic message and then wheel awa' again, and back and forrit, and roon aboot, and then yin wid stand up in his stirrups and roar oot in French, then the bugler wid try tae gae us a bit tune, but, sae faur as I cood see, a bugle's nae great instrument tae play a tune on. Man, the battle o' Waterloo could have been naething tae't, except, of course, we had nae rale fechtin'.

On the hechts above Arthur's Seat, were congregated the fathers, mothers, sisters, and wee brithers o' the volunteers. Being debarred by reason o' age or sex frae being volunteers themsel's, they still did what they could tae encourage us; the parasols, the roon-aboot hats, and the gay dresses o' the young ladies made up a grand picture. Of course I looked at the young women wi' a' fatherly e'e, but I must alloo that if I had been a widower there wis twa or three that I cood there and then have gane up and offered the hand and heart o' a brave, middle-aged volunteer tae, a corporal, tae, min' ye.

At last we got the word tae "march," and on we marched, the pipers blawing as loud as they could; the tune wis "The Campbells are coming." As we got opposite the Queen we got the word "halt," so we a' halted, and an "Aid de colong," or whatever they ca' them, rides up and cries oot, "Is Corporal Kaye here?"

"Here," says I.

"Where?" says he.

"Second man frae the left in the fourth raw; next the man wi' the red heid," says I.

So he comes up and shook hands wi' me, and said he wid ask the Cornel's permission tae get me oot o' the ranks tae let the Queen sec me.

"Oh," I cries, "the Cornel, puir man, has nae mair tae dae wi't than you hae. I'm a volunteer, free tae go and come as I like," and oot I walks; the pipers struck up "See the Conquering Hero comes," and I steps modestly up tae the Queen, and she says—

"Really, Mr Kaye, I'm prood tae see you. I've taen in the BAILIE since the beginning and hae them a' bound noo, and I often thocht o' ordering a hunerwecht or twa o' coals frae you when I'm doon at Balmoral. It's a prood day for me, Mr Kaye, and if it wisna that a' the seats roon aboot me are full o' my grand-children I wid ask ye up. Hooever, noo that I've seen you I'm happy."

"My honoured leddy," I says, "this is a great

day for me that's born o' poor but honest parents, and workin' awa' in an or'nar sma' way in Stra'-bungo! Little did I think that I wid ever be introduced tae oor Queen," and I took aff my glengarry keeping the bottle weel rowed up in't, and then strode proodly back tae the ranks and took my place. I wis delighted tae think that of a' the volunteers the Glasgow Highlanders were sae highly honoured. The pipes struck up again and we walked on, the observed of a' observers. Cheer after cheer rent the sky as oor echteen hundred bare legs glistened in the summer sunshine, and oor Colonel said that after this, stoot or no stoot, I wid be made a sergeant, preparatory tae being made general o' the hale regiment.

Aifter the Review wis a' ower, we marched awa' tae the breweree, and I being the hero o' the day, I wis put up beside the Cornel on a twenty-gallon cask, and the rest a' sat roon us. We sat a guid while—it's no every day ye have the run o' a breweree, and on getting oot we wended oor way tae the railway station, where we embarked for Glasgow amid the cheers o' the assembled thoosan's. Glasgow was reached safe and soon', and I, for yin, had, and have lots o' plesant memories o' the great Volunteer Review o' 1881.

JEEMS KAYE.

[NOTE BY BAILIE—What does all this mean? Does Jeems intend to give up the Coal-ree for the prophetic line of business?]

WHO WOULD BE A BAGMAN?

(Scene—Smoke room in west coast hotel; *Dramatis personæ*, swell commercial man, who thinks himself no small potato, and elderly native who has had introduction from landlord.)

Elderly Native—Shust so, and are you a gentlemans or a commersial travilier on buzz-nish here?

Swell Commercial (good humouredly)—Well, I may say I am both. I have the pleasure of representing the largest house in the soft goods trade in Glasgow.

E. N. (delighted)—Aye, aye, aye, then you'll knew my son, Lachie there; he's in a fine situ-ayshun there like yourself; he's a polisman.

[Collapse of S. C., who calls feebly for "two" of Hollands.]

The Very Flower of the Volunteer Army—
The scarlet-runner.

Established upwards of half a century, Adam's fruit warehouse, 58 St. Enoch Square, where all Fruits can be had in their seasons. Only the best quality are kept. Note address, JAS. ADAM & CO., 58 St. Enoch Square, and 55 Gordon Street.

LAST ADVERTISEMENT.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,
COLOSSEUM, JAMAICA STREET.

GREAT SALE OF SUMMER GOODS.

LAST DAY OF SALE, SATURDAY NEXT, 27TH INST.

This is the Last Detailed Advertisement that will appear concerning this remarkable Sale. During the few remaining days of this Sale we offer such "Tremendous Bargains" that those shall come who never came before, and those who always come, come now the more.

Ladies, read the first portion of this Advertisement. Gentlemen, read the last portion.

The Bargains we offer savour of romance; they are no fiction, however. Bring this Advertisement with you, and the various lines will be shown you.

HATS! HATS!! HATS!!!

TERMINATION OF SALE BARGAINS. FINAL REDUCTIONS—PRODIGAL AND EXCESSIVE.

MILLINERY HATS, BONNETS.

Caps and Head-Dresses of all kinds offered at prices that must clear every article out by Saturday next. Ladies, if you intend visiting the Capital during the Volunteer Review, buy one of our Summer Hats or Bonnets at the reduced price. We offer beautiful Trimmed Hats at 4s 11d, 5s 11d, 7s 11d, and 10s 6d; also, all that remains of our Patterns at very low prices, in order to clear. Profit is no consideration. Goods sold regardless of cost. Jet-Beaded Bonnets, magnificent, 15s each. Mourning Bonnets and Hats, Large Stock. Two Hundred Light Bonnets, slightly soiled, that were marked from 15s to 30s, now for 1s 11d, 2s 11d to 4s 11d.

FLOWERS, FRENCH AND ENGLISH. ROSES! ROSES!! ROSES!!

BOXES OF ROSES AT ONE HALFPENNY EACH.

EXQUISITE FRENCH ROSES REDUCED, REDUCED.

Ladies who visit us frequently know how extensive is this department in our business, and what an immense variety we show of unmounted Flowers, Leaves, and Smallwork of all kinds, also the vast range of Trails and Bouquets we keep on hand. To those less acquainted with this department, we may say that the assortment offered during the next few days embraces Floral Trimmings of all kinds, fine Dress Garnitures, Rose Sprays and Bunches, Wheat Sprays, fine Poppy Sprays, Fruit Sprays and Wreaths, in the following kinds—Red, Black, and White Currants; Cherries, Apples, Pears, Peaches, Oranges, Lemons, Grapes, Plums, Gooseberries, Strawberries, Raspberries, Blaberries, Blackberries, Nuts, &c. Also, Blossom Wreaths of all kinds, Bridal Wreaths, Wreaths in Mignonette, Silk Roses, Pansies, Buttercups, Daisies, Heliotrope, Asters, China Asters, Carnations, Forget-Me-Nots, Geraniums, Lilac, Lily of the Valley, Marigolds, Chrysanthemums, and almost every other known Leaf, Grass, Flower, or Fruit. Special lines of Ivy Wreaths, 4½d each. See them.

GENTLEMEN'S FELT HATS. YOUTHS' FELT HATS. BOYS' FELT HATS.

GIGANTIC DELIVERIES OF NEW GOODS.

GREAT PREPARATIONS FOR THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW.

WALTER WILSON & CO. EQUIPPED FOR THE BATTLE.

NO SCARCITY OF HATS FOR THE FIELD DAY.

THE COLOSSEUM FELT HATS.

3s 6d, (3s 9d Special Review), 4s 6d, 5s 6d, 7s, and 8s 6d.

Our 3s 9d Review Hats are most astonishing; inferior Hats are sold in this city at 7s.

DRESS HATS, 8s 6d, 10s 6d, 12s 6d, 14s 6d, and for the best quality made 17s 6d—worth 25s.

If we had "a thousand tongues" to extol the merits of our Gentlemen's Felt and Dress Hats, we could not sufficiently panegyrised them. Surely and steadily the stern fact is becoming apparent to all, *that Fifty per Cent. more than the prices charged at the Colosseum* is obtained by the ordinary Retail Hatters of Scotland. Gentlemen cannot obtain more Sterling Value, Better Variety, or Later Fashions than we offer.

Our 17s 6d Dress Hat is worn by the leading gentlemen residing in the West of Scotland. This Hat gives universal satisfaction. We have every confidence in recommending it to gentlemen who have paid 20s to 30s for their Hats.

GENTLEMEN'S TWEED HATS, FISHING HATS, TRAVELLING CAPS, POLO CAPS,

SHOOTING CAPS, &c., &c.

BOYS' AND MISSES' SAILOR HATS.

A PLUM! DO NOT MISS IT.

LAST DAY, 27th AUGUST. *Please note.*

The pick of our best Sailors, Jack-Tar, Bacchante, Monarch, and Navy Straw Hats, suitable for Girls or Boys. To clear them we ask 1s 11d. This Line of Boating and Coast Hats are

Equal to any in the City for quality, variety, and intrinsic value.

And incomparably superior to any in the City for cheapness.

Rare Line of Straw Hats. Pick for 1s. Rare Line of Straw Hats. Pick for 4½d.

GLOVES, Wholesale Prices.

FRILLINGS, STAYS, UMBRELLAS. CRAPES; Extraordinary Value.

SILKS, SATINS, and all Requisites for Trimming Hats and Bonnets.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,

THE LEADING HATTERS,

GENTLEMEN'S HAT WAREHOUSE, 62 JAMAICA STREET, (Opposite Howard Street).

LADIES' HAT AND MILLINERY DEPARTMENTS, 70 JAMAICA STREET, (Next Staffordshire China Hall).

New Millinery Show Windows, 64 Jamaica Street. Workers' Entry, only at No. 74 Jamaica Street.

Goods Entry, Arch No. 66, off Ann Street.

COLOSSEUM, JAMAICA STREET.

FELT HATS,
5s, 7s, 10s.

OUR THREE LEADING PRICES.

SPECIAL SMART Shapes for "Young Men"—the Best Value in the Market. Bought Direct from the Makers. All intermediate Profit Saved to our Customers.

The HATS at TEN SHILLINGS are WOODROW'S "Prize Medal Felt Hats"—the Highest Class Goods in the Kingdom.

SEE THE SHOW WINDOWS.

MILLER & CO.,
QUEEN STREET CORNER.

COME and have a Rummage through Lindsay's Piles of Books. This Week we have a Window filled with Books at 3rd each, and another with Books at 6d and 1s each; and still on hand some of that Lot of Fine Commercial Envelopes at 2s 11d per 1000 and Commercial Note Paper at 7th per Pound. Fine Repp Note at 9d per Pound. Fine Repp Envelopes at 9d per 100. Splendid Scottish Historical Tale, "The Abbot of Aberbrothock," now for 8d.

ROBERT LINDSAY, 102 QUEEN STREET.

GRAND HOTEL,
GLASGOW.

Gentlemen whose Houses will be shut up during Summer, and who may require to stay in town occasionally, are reminded of the excellent Accommodation and Moderate Charges of this first-class Hotel. Terms for Boarding specially moderate.

A well appointed 'Bus in connection with this Hotel attends arrival and departure of "Columba" Steamer, also principal through Trains at Central and Buchanan Street Stations. Leaves Hotel for Steamer at 6-40 a.m.

COATES' CURATIVE MEDICAL MAGNETS.

JAMES COATES, PH.D., is Sole Proprietor of the Simplified Curative Medical Magnets, recommended by the Faculty.

ONLY OFFICE IN GLASGOW—

ROYALTY BUILDINGS, 62 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

Consultations Daily from 10 to 9.

36 Page Pamphlet Post Free on Application.

CIGARS! CIGARS!!

J. & R. SINCLAIR, of the "World Renowned" Cigar Establishment, 68 ARGYLE ST., continues to draw the attention of the Public to their leading "Speciality" in Cigars, viz., Seven for One Shilling, and for quality and condition they are unequalled in Glasgow.

GIVE THEM A TRIAL—

7 FOR ONE SHILLING.

BOX of 100 for 13/6.

" 50 " 7/.

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J. & R. SINCLAIR,
68 ARGYLE STREET.

(Four Doors East of Queen Street.)

MACKENZIE'S WEST-END LIBRARY,
138 SAUCHIEHALL ST. (Adjoining New Art Galleries.)

3 Books or Magazines at a Time.

Per Annum, 21s. Half-year, 12s 6d. Quarter, 7s 6d.

THE NEW FRENCH CORN PLASTER,

for effectually removing hard and soft corns and bunions, and reducing enlarged toe joints, imported by Mr M. F. Thompson, is a simple and efficacious means of effecting the removal of corns, and whilst other plasters are thick and awkward this French plaster is thin as silk and comfortable to the foot. There can be little doubt that Mr Thompson has scored a success with this French Corn Plaster. **LADY MAUDE.**

Packets, 1s each; by post, 13 stamps, from

M. F. THOMPSON, CHEMIST, 17 GORDON ST., GLASGOW
Note the Address.

BICYCLE & BOWLING GREEN SHOES,

Specially got up for the purpose, 7s 6d a pair.

Light and Easy.—No Damp Feet.

ANATOMICAL BOOTS,

Made on Lasts specially prepared for each Customer. No Corns or Bunions.

J. COOPER, 33 EGLINTON STREET
Established 1842.

MITCHELL & CO.'S

OLD IRISH WHISKY, Belfast, is the Purest and Best in the Market, and received at Melbourne Exhibition Jurors Highest Award.—Agent for Scotland—**DAVID MITCHELL, 20 Hope St., Glasgow.**

THE FINEST WHISKY IN THE WORLD.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

HENRY THOMSON & CO.'S
OLD IRISH WHISKY.

SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—

ROBERT BROWN, 17 HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.

D'ARCY'S FAMED OLD IRISH WHISKY.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.

THE PUREST AND BEST IN THE WORLD.
Sole Proprietor—**MATT. D'ARCY & CO., NEWRY.**

Wholesale Agents for Scotland—

SMITH BROS., 48 OSWALD STREET, GLASGOW.

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.

CORN CURE!!!

WART CURE!!!

“FACILE PRINCEPS.”

FOREWELL'S PATENT CHIROPODYNE

Effectually removes Corns, Warts, &c., in a few days, without pain. In Bottles, is 1st each, from The Glasgow Apothecaries Coy., Virginia Street; Jaap, Chemist, Buchanan Street; Spite & Coy., Merchants, St. Enoch Square, and all Respectable Chemists.

LIBRAIRIE ETRANGERE

3 CATHEDRAL STREET, corner of Buchanan Street
ENGLISH & FOREIGN BOOKS, New and Second Hand.

Lowest Prices. Books Lent.

Books in all Languages in Stock or procured.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 24th, 1881.

"**LURRAH** for the **QUEEN**" is all very fine, but, like the exhilarating effects of champagne, it is an exceedingly fleeting pleasure. After all, the truest subject and the truest citizen is the man who exercises a careful guardianship over his own and his town's affairs—to meddle with his neighbours is always a dangerous matter. In this light it is with some concern that the public have learned that the Police Board purpose increasing the salaries of their officers to the respectable figure of £875 8s per annum. Increases are not a crop at present in private life, and it is not unworthy of note that the crop of increases which the Police Board intend giving their servants in the main fall to the highly, if not already too highly, paid superior officials. A few servants of the city had to suffer a reduction of ten per cent. on their salaries owing to the depression resulting from the City of Glasgow Bank failure, but this did not extend to the employees of the Police Board. Why they should get an increase at present can only be learned from the halting statement made by the **LORD PROVOST**, which was effectively capped by **Mr GRAY**'s notice of an amendment that the proposed increases are neither expedient nor necessary. In the case of many of the under officials they are both—in that of the superiors', neither. A ten pound note goes a long way to the man whose salary is only sufficient to provide the necessaries of life, while a hundred only adds to the top sawyer's opportunities of indulging in extravagance and luxury. The relative value of the services of public officials is a delicate matter, but when the Inspector of the Cleansing Department is appraised at twenty per cent. above the Assistant to the Master of Works, and fifty per cent. above the Inspector of Lighting and the Superintendent of Police, it does certainly appear that the salaries of all the city officials should be looked to. Who are the members of the Town Council who are prepared to see to this being done?

The "Greys"—The 1st L.A.V.

The Sewage Canal—The River Clyde.

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.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT all the world and his wife will be at Edinburgh on Thursday.

That the BAILIE will be there.

That the Animile will be there.

That many another ass will be there.

That the Glasgow Town Councillors are quite elated at receiving tickets for the grand stand.

That this is the result of the discussion of Monday week.

That the publicity given to the matter in the papers also helped.

That Councillor Gray's "happy thoughts" contributed likewise. And moreover,

That the authorities of certain neighbouring "burghs" are bursting with envy.

That they expected to be treated in a manner like unto the dignitaries of the "Second City."

That the new lamps on Glasgow Bridge are a great improvement.

That they give double the light of the old ones.

That only half of the previous number are required.

That a like improvement is needed on the other bridges.

That the wholesale increase of official salaries is creating some stir.

That the already overtaxed ratepayers will require to pay the piper.

That the city taxes are swelling the population of the outlying districts.

That they also swell the quantity of unlet property in the city.

That there is quite sufficient as it is.

That if the assessment were paid on all the empty tenements it would go far to meet the proposed additional expenditure.

That the humours of the week were supplied by the Circuit Court Judges.

That "their Lordships" were unusually jocular during the first two days' trials.

That a slight breeze arose on the third morning.

That the elder Judge's wine had been corked on the previous night.

That crusty old lawyers have the "passions of their kind."

That the scene didn't contribute to the dignity of the Bench.

That a new Sewage scheme has been proposed.

That of course it supersedes and improves on all the rest.

Strawberries are now at their best for preserving. Prices are right at the City Fruit Warehouse, 18 GORDON STREET.

The Invasion of 1881.

Being the Remarkable Experiences of Private GOOSESTEP,
Onety-oneth Lanarkshire Rifle Volunteers.

IT was with a full sense of my duties and responsibilities that a few weeks ago I enrolled myself in the ranks of the Volunteer Force of my country, and it was with even a fuller sense of these duties and responsibilities that I announced my intention of taking part in the Royal Review.

Had I consulted my own convenience—my own selfish interests—I should have remained quietly at home. But no! My country called, and, like the late M. Fechter in "The Duke's Motto," I was there! What would Her Most Gracious Majesty have thought had it come to her august ears that I—whose loyal greeting her adorable daughter-in-law had expressly and distinctly acknowledged on the occasion of the New Post-Office ceremonial, though Jack Smith, the idiot, pretends it was to him she bowed—that I had turned sluggard and craven at such a time? Perish the thought! I would do or die, and, in company with 39,999 other gallant hearts—more or less—would take the shine out of Windsor, and make the helmeted despots of the Continent tremble on their bayonet-propped and serf-encircled thrones.

That was how I put it when I gave in my name for the 25th, though I regret to say that neither my self-sacrificing patriotism nor my eloquence seemed to be duly appreciated in the Orderly Room.

This lack of appreciation, however, I treated with the same silent contempt that I opposed to the would-be sarcasms of an ignorant drill-instructor and the sneers of those who assumed the airs of veterans on the strength of a few short months' or years' seniority to myself. What I learned on the drill-ground I practised in the seclusion of my bed-chamber, giving myself the word of command in a voice of thunder that drew remonstrances from my landlady, and frightened her youngest but one, a sickly urchin, into fits; and on my way down to the office of a morning I shouldered my umbrella, and "marched past" every lamp-post, as if it were Her Most Gracious Majesty—meaning no disrespect.

At length the fated day arrived. I had joined two or three brethren-in-arms the night before in a jovial supper—pork chops, Welsh rabbits, London stout, and toddy to follow—but I felt a presentiment of coming ill.

We reached Edinburgh in safety, marched to

the ground, and Her Most Gracious Majesty drove down the line, looking very hard, as she passed, at ME. The next item on the programme was the march-past, but hardly had we formed by our right into echelons and quarter-battalions, preparatory thereto, when there came a tremendous booming from the direction of the Firth of Forth. "It's the wind," said the Duke of Cambridge. "A tramway-car in Princes Street," said General M'Donald. "Neither," was my calm correction. "It's cannon, and Russian cannon!"

I had scarcely uttered the words when over Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags came pouring millions of men in the hated uniform of the Muscovite, while the guns of the Castle were turned against us, and the Calton Hill and Scott Monument were occupied by the crew of the "Peter the Great," who had arrived in their boats *per* Forth and Clyde Canal.

In an instant all was confusion. The Duke fainted, General M'Donald wrung his hands and wept like a child. At that moment an elderly man in Highland costume touched me on the shoulder and whispered, "*She's wantin' ye!*" "All right, John," I rejoined, and followed Mr Brown to the Royal carriage. "Where is the gallant Goosestep?" cried its Most Gracious occupant. "Here, madam," was my reply. "Bless you!" she exclaimed, and, handing me a Field Marshal's baton, pinning the Victoria Cross upon my breast, and investing me with the spare Order of the Garter which she always carries in her pocket, she faintly ejaculated, "Save us!"

I kissed the Most Gracious hand, and galloped to the front. "Eyes right!" I thundered. "Prepare to receive cavalry at three thousand paces! Right wheel! As you were! Attention!! Charge!!!" . . . But 'twere egotistic to dwell upon the subsequent events of that most glorious, though terrible day. Enough to say, I *did* save them—Her Most Gracious and all; and amid the "bang, bang, bang" of the *feu de joie* that celebrated our victory—

I awoke, to find my landlady hammering like a dozen village blacksmiths at my bedroom door.

A MAGISTERIAL HAT-TRIBUTE.—The Queen on her visit to the Scottish Metropolis, will likely confer a knight-hood on its Lord Provost. The BAILIE remembers when on the occasion of a Royal Visit the young ladies of Edinburgh presented the Lord Provost with a night-cap.

MITCHELL'S OLD IRISH WHISKY.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

MAIN STREET, SOUTH SIDE, GLASGOW.

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

Every Evening this Week at 7-30 (Saturday at 7),

MR GEORGE LEITCH AND COMPANY

In the Domestic Drama in 3 Acts,

SITHORS TO GRIND.Preceded by **THE LADY OF MUNSTER.**

Box Plan at Donaldson's Rooms, 91 St. Vincent Street.

T H E G A I E T Y

Proprietor and Director,Mr CH. BERNARD.

Manageress,Mrs CH. BERNARD.

TO-NIGHT AND DURING THE WEEK,

MR DAVID JAMES

AND LONDON COMPANY.

TWEEDIE'S RIGHTS.

Box Office Open from 10 till 4 Daily Seats by note or wire to the

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

ROYALTY THEATRE.

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

MR EDWARD TERRY

and his Specially Selected London Company.

THIS EVENING, TUESDAY, AUGUST 23rd, at 7-30,**NEW BROOMS.**To conclude with the Successful Burlesque, **ROBBING ROY.**

Rob Roy Macgregor,.....Mr EDWARD TERRY.

MONDAY, AUGUST 29, and following Evenings, production**of the enormously successful burlesque, FORTY THIEVES.****SPECIAL WEDNESDAY PROMENADES.****ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS.**

SUBSCRIBERS (on presenting Tickets) FREE.

ON WEDNESDAY FIRST, 24th AUGUST, FROM 7 to 9.The **BAND of the RUSSIAN IMPERIAL IRONCLAD****PETER THE GREAT**Conducted by Herr **TORK**, will perform.

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

To be had at Mr Sloan's, 140 Hope St., and at Garden Gate.

NON-SUBSCRIBERS—ONE SHILLING.

SATURDAY PROMENADE CONCERT,

On 27th AUGUST—Admission: Sixpence, as usual.

OVERCOATS.

IT has been our aim from the first to make this Department a leading one with us, and our exertions have been responded to in a most gratifying degree.

Our object at present is respectfully to invite Gentlemen to favour us with an early call, when we will show them the **LATEST NOVELTIES in STYLES**, suitable for the approaching Season.

SAMPLE GARMENTS OF THE VARIOUS SHAPES CAN BE SEEN.

FORSYTH'S,**RENFIELD STREET.**

CALEDONIAN RAILWAY.

VOLUNTEER REVIEW AT EDINBURGH

ON

THURSDAY, 25th AUGUST, 1881.

The Caledonian Railway Company hereby gives Notice that the Passenger Train Service on the **LEITH and BALERMO BRANCHES** will be Suspended on the above date.

Also, that the Train Service to and from Edinburgh, and other places, will be Irregular upon that day in consequence of the running of the Special Trains with Volunteers; and further, that a number of Local Trains between Glasgow and Callander, Wemyss Bay, East Kilbride, Coatbridge, Bothwell, Hamilton, Motherwell, Carstairs, and Lanark, and other places, will be Suspended.

For particulars see Special Bills, to be had at the various Stations of the Company.

In consequence of the large number of Volunteers that have to be conveyed to and from Edinburgh, it may become necessary to Restrict the Booking of Ordinary Passengers on the day of the Review.

The Through Train Service will be continued as close as possible to the usual time, but the Company will not hold themselves responsible for any irregularity on the occasion.

Horses and Private Carriages will *not* be conveyed to and from Edinburgh on the day of the Review by any Train.

JAMES SMITHELLS, General Manager.

Glasgow, August, 1881.

HUNGARIAN WINES

One Dozen Sample Case of our Different Sorts of Carlowitz, 25s.

THE WINE FLAGON SYSTEM.

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.

Terms—Cash.

ADAMS & HODGE,

63 ST. GEORGE'S PLACE,

GLASGOW,

Chief Agents in Scotland for

MAX GREGER & Co.,

By Special Appointment, Wine Merchants

to Her Majesty the Queen.

Descriptive Pamphlet and Price List of all kinds of Wines in

Bottle can be had Free on Application.



BROWN'S

ROYAL MUSIC HALL,

Under the New Management.

PROPRIETOR,.....THOS. ROGERS.

MANAGERESS,.....MRS ROGERS.

CHAIRMAN,.....MR T. WELLESLEY.

OPEN EVERY EVENING WITH A STAR COMPANY.**CHANGE OF ARTISTES EVERY WEEK.**

Open at 7. Concert, 7-30.

Prices from 6d to One Guinea.

GLASS AND CHINA.

M'DOUGALL & SONS,

77 BUCHANAN STREET, AND AT 8 TO 16 JAIL SQUARE,

ESTABLISHED OVER FIFTY YEARS.

DEPOT FOR MINTON'S, WORCESTER, CROWN DERBY, DRESDEN PORCELAIN, AND DOULTON WARE.

Lowest Trade Terms.

Cash Discount allowed.

Sole Glasgow Agents for **DR. SALVIATI'S VENETIAN GLASS**, a Choice Consignment of which is just to hand, comprising many Beautifully Decorated Examples of this Celebrated Make. **INSPECTION INVITED.**

BOYS'
HIGH CLASS
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
LARGE AND SELECT STOCK. NEWEST STYLES.

FORSYTH'S,

RENFIELD STREET.

THE MOST WONDERFUL VALUE
IN SCOTLAND IS
STUART CRANSTON & CO.'S
TEA AT 2/2 PER POUND.

FAMILIES WHO ARE PAYING 2/6 PER LB. ARE RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED TO MAKE ONE TRIAL PURCHASE, AND JUDGE FOR THEMSELVES.

PURE INDIAN AND ASSAM TEAS,
AT 2/4, 2/8, AND 3/ PER LB.

These INDIAN TEAS are noted for their ENORMOUS STRENGTH and PURITY OF QUALITY AND FLAVOUR; and at their various Prices they CANNOT BE BEATEN, for Real Value and Intrinsic Worth, by the Teas offered by any Individual, Firm, Company, or Association of Planters in the World; and they are commended to the notice of lovers and Connoisseurs of the Indian Leaf.

STUART CRANSTON & CO.,
TRAINED TEA-TASTERS,
QUEEN STREET CORNER, GLASGOW.



Waterproof.

Thoroughly
SCOTCH TWEED
WATERPROOFS
(Two Plies of Tweed and one of
Vulcanised Rubber),
LOOK LIKE AN ORDINARY
OVERCOAT, AND YET IS
THOROUGHLY WATERPROOF.

SPECIAL
THE
"ZEPHYR SIPHONIA,"
Only Weighs a Few Ozs.,
PRICE 21s.

RUBBER
YACHTING SHOES,
EVERY STYLE.

THORNTON, CURRIE, & CO.,

43, 45, & 47 JAMAICA STREET, GLASGOW.

Thoroughly
LADIES'
WATERPROOFS
(In every Variety of Material),
LARGE STOCK.
CAPES, with and without Hoods,
PALETOTS, ULSTERS,
THOROUGHLY WATERPROOF.

SPECIAL
CANTON CAPES,
BLACK AND BLUE,
ALL SIZES, 21s EACH.

MISSES'
CANTON CAPES,
ALL SIZES.



Waterproof.

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The Splendid Saloon Steamer
"LORD OF THE ISLES"

Sails DAILY from GLASGOW and GREENOCK, calling at KIRN, DUNOON, WEMYSS BAY, ROTHESAY, TIGHNABRUAICH, STRACHUR, and INVERARAY:—

Trains—	A.M.	Cent.	Enoch's.	Bridge St.
From GLASGOW at.....	7-15	}	8-0	8-25
„ GREENOCK at	9-15			
„ WEMYSS BAY at 10-10	—			

Conveying PASSENGERS to INVERARAY and OBAN via KYLES of BUTE, WEMYSS BAY, and LOCH ECK route. Full particulars of Tours, Fares, &c., see Programmes (1d each), from

M. T. CLARK, 5 Oswald Street.

Royal Route via Crinan and Caledonian Canals.

GLASGOW AND THE HIGHLANDS.

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS, Claymore, Columba, Iona, Chevalier, Mountaineer, Pioneer, Clansman,

Clydesdale, Staffa, Islay, Glencoe, Lochiel, Lochness, Cygnet, Plover, Inverary Castle, Sail during the Season for Islay, Oban, Fort-William, Inverness, Staffa, Iona, Glencoe, Lochawe, Tobermory, Portree, Strome Ferry, Gairloch, Ullapool, Lochinver, Lochmaddy, Tarbert (Harris), and Stornoway, affording Tourists an opportunity of visiting the Magnificent Scenery of Glencoe, the Coolin Hills, Loch Coruisk, Loch Maree, and the famed Islands of Staffa and Iona.—Official Guide, 2d; Illustrated, 6d and 1s.—Time Bills, with Maps, free by post, on application to the Proprietor, DAVID MACBRAYNE, 119 Hope Street, Glasgow. (The Columba or Iona Sails Daily at 7 a.m., conveying Passengers as above.)



Queen of the Lake, Gondolier, Glengarry, Linnet, Loch-aw, Lochness, Cygnet, Plover, Inverary Castle, Sail during the Season for Islay, Oban, Fort-William, Inverness, Staffa, Iona, Glencoe, Lochawe, Tobermory, Portree, Strome Ferry, Gairloch, Ullapool, Lochinver, Lochmaddy, Tarbert (Harris), and Stornoway, affording Tourists an opportunity of visiting the Magnificent Scenery of Glencoe, the Coolin Hills, Loch Coruisk, Loch Maree, and the famed Islands of Staffa and Iona.—Official Guide, 2d; Illustrated, 6d and 1s.—Time Bills, with Maps, free by post, on application to the Proprietor, DAVID MACBRAYNE, 119 Hope Street, Glasgow. (The Columba or Iona Sails Daily at 7 a.m., conveying Passengers as above.)

L O C H L O N G.

Splendid New Saloon Steamer
"CHANCELLOR" SAILS DAILY FROM ARROCHAR at 7-0 a.m. for Blairmore, Cove, and Helensburgh (Train to Glasgow at 8 55 a.m.); and at 2-30 p.m. for Blairmore, Hunter's Quay, Kirn, Dunoon, Greenock, and Helensburgh (Train to Glasgow at 5-35 p.m.)

From HELENSBURGH at 10-30 a.m. (Train from Dundas Street at 9-0, and St. Enoch and Central Stations at 10 a.m.) for Greenock, Dunoon, Kirn, Hunter's Quay, Blairmore, and Arrochar (for Lochlomond); and at 5-55 p.m. (Train from Glasgow at 4-50 p.m.) for Kilcreggan, Cove, Blairmore, and Arrochar.

CIRCULAR TICKETS issued on Board for the Round of Loch-long, Lochlomond, and Railway from Greenock and Coast Stations.

LOCHLOMOND SALOON STEAMERS sail up Daily at 8-45 a.m., 12-25 and 5 p.m. (Trains from Dundas Street at 7-40 and 11-15 a.m., and 3-50 p.m.); and on Saturdays only at 6-40 p.m. (Train from Glasgow at 5-25 p.m.)

LOCHLOMOND SALOON STEAMER ON HIRE.

JAMES M'EWAN, RESTAURATEUR,
26 & 28 MAIN STREET, ANDERSTON.
BREAKFASTS, DINNERS, TEAS
French Papers Daily.

JAMES KER R & C O.,
CAB AND CARRIAGE HIRERS,
83 BELGROVE STREET.
Brakes and Waggonettes for Excursion Parties. First-Class
Marriage Equipages at Moderate Charges.

HIGHLAND RURAL RETREAT,
CAIRNDOW.

During JULY and AUGUST, every FRIDAY at 7-30 p.m., and SATURDAY at 5 30 p.m., on arrival of Steamer, a COACH leaves LOCHGOILHEAD for CAIRNDOW HOTEL. The Coach returns on MONDAY MORNINGS in time for Early Steamer to Greenock and Glasgow.

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FARE, 2s.

QUEEN'S PARK FOOTBALL CLUB.
ANNUAL AMATEUR ATHLETIC MEETING,
HAMPDEN PARK, MOUNT FLORIDA,
SATURDAY, 3RD SEPTEMBER, 1881.

By kind Permission of Colonel Lambton and Officers, the BAND of the 71ST HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY will be Present.

Entries (with H. & P. M'Neil, 21 Renfield Street) for Con- fined Events not later than Tuesday, 23rd August; for Open Events, by Tuesday, 30th August.

N.B.—Preliminary Day, Saturday, 27th August.

FRUIT WAREHOUSES AND ORIENTAL
EMPORIUMS,

97 & 99 ST. VINCENT ST. AND 25A RENFIELD ST.,
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HOME & FOREIGN FRUIT MERCHANT & ORIENTAL IMPORTER.
Best Goods—Moderate Prices.

B R I G H T O C T O B E R.

(E. Nichol, London.)

Fill me a can with sparkling ale!

Quaff deep the gen'rous liquor!

But pledge each neighbour ere you drain

The nectar in the bicker!

And as you quaff the nut brown draught,

Just think of that good fellow

Who first found out that drink for gods—

COLD ALE so bright and mellow.

REALLY COLD ALE, WITHOUT THE ADDITION OF ICE.

"Bright and Mellow."

J. FRASER, 24 BRUNSWICK STREET.

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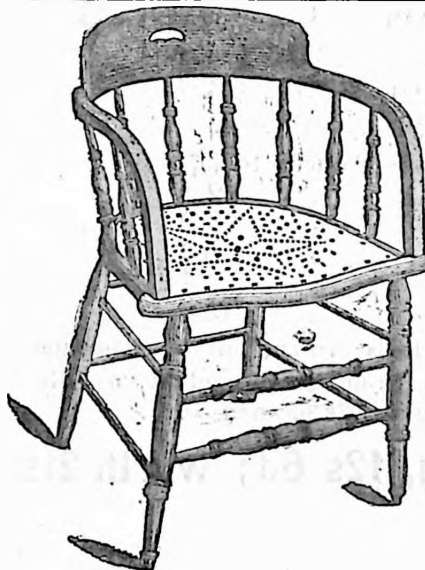
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COAST AND COUNTRY ORDERS
will be promptly attended to.



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3-PLY VENEER
SEATING.

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Billiard, and Smoking
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Restaurants, &c.

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CHAIRS
In Great Variety.

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GLASGOW.

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The PUREST and most wholesome.
As a stimulant, PREFERRED to the finest brandy.
BOTTLED IN H. M. CUSTOMS STONES.



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ONE QUALITY ONLY for home trade and exportation—
THE BEST.

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THOMAS MOORE,
(Late Moore & Kidd)

AUCTIONEER and APPRAISER,
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LIGHT CLARET FOR SUMMER USE,
12s, 14s, 16s, 18s, and 20s per Dozen.

The above have been carefully selected from the Vintages of 1874, 1875, and 1877, and are good sound genuine Wines. Those at 18s and 20s are Soft and of Good Bouquet.

JOHN FORBES,
261 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW;
AND 3 BUCKINGHAM BUILDINGS, HILLHEAD!

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Single Articles at Wholesale Prices.

RESTORERS—

Mrs Allen's,	3/4	per 6/	bottle.
Rossetter's,	2/6	" 3/6	"
Sheldon's,	2/6	" 3/6	"
Lockyer's,	1/2	" 1/6	"
Barrow Evan's,	/9	" 1/	"
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RIMMEL'S PERFUMES—

/4	per	/6	bottle.
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HOLLOW GROUND RAZOR,	1s 11½d	per 3s 6d	size.
SPROCK'S RAZOR,	4s	per 5s	size.

Single Articles at Wholesale Prices.

ARGYLE RAZOR STROPS,	1/	per 1/6	size.
ARMY " "	1/	" 1/6	"
MECHI'S " "	1/9	" 2/6	"
GRADUATORY " "	3/	" 5/	"
SHAVING BRUSHES,	/5½	" /9	"
FRENCH BADGER BRUSHES,	/9½	" 1/	"
PURE " "	1/11	" 3/6	"

SHAVING SOAPS—

TRANSPARENT,	/4½	" /6	"
ALMOND CREAM,	/8	" 1/	"
EUXESIS,	/11	" 1/6	"
HINDE'S WIRE BRUSHES,	1/5	" 2/6	"

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The 7/11 and 15/10 Tails are specially recommended.

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**Gent.'s New Dress Wigs with Crown and Parting, 12s 6d; worth 21s.
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REPORT OF THE
COMMISSIONER OF
THE LAND OFFICE
FOR THE YEAR 1902

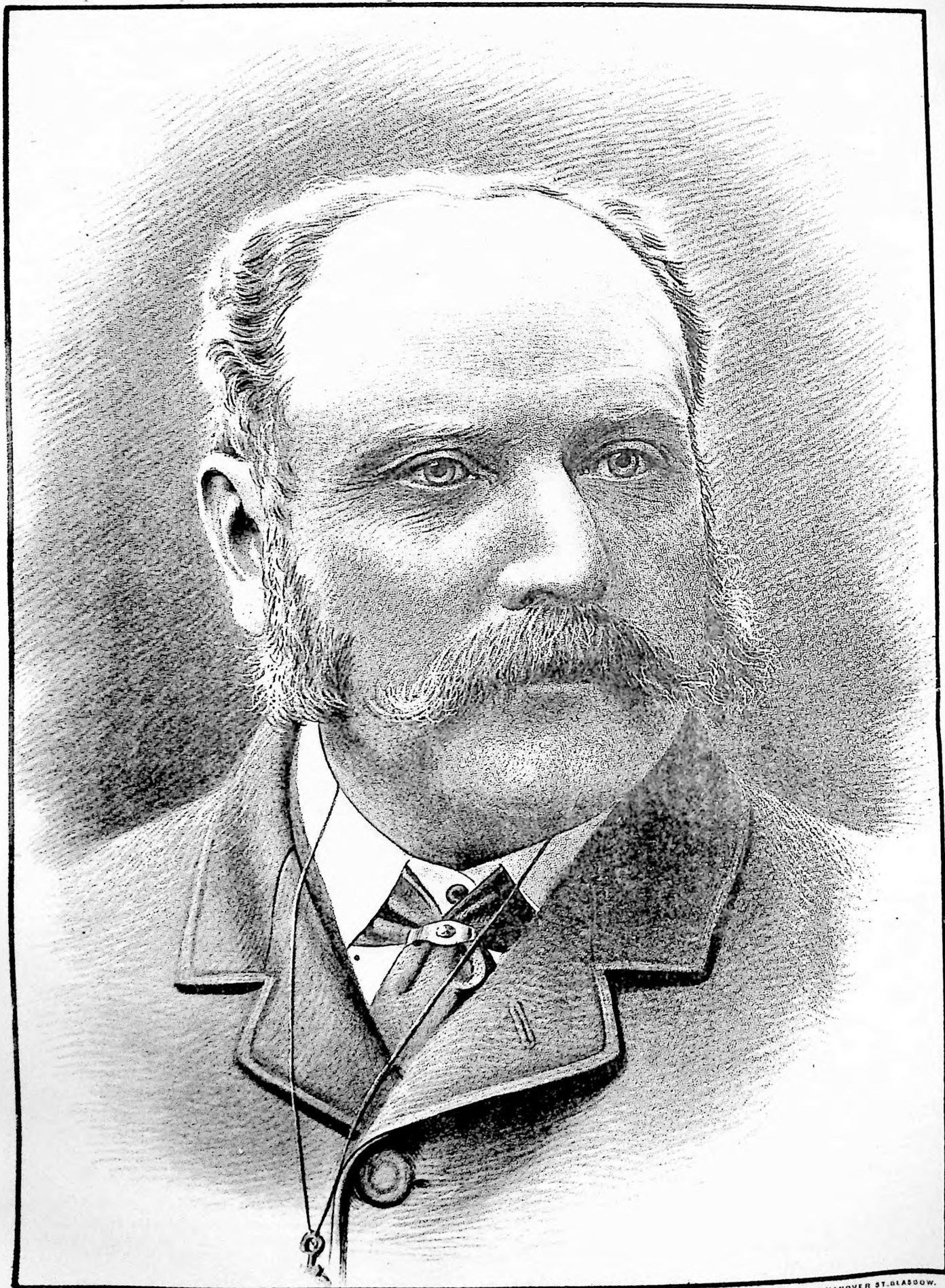
Class of Land	Area in Acres	Value
Public Land	1,234,567	\$1,234,567
Private Land	2,345,678	\$2,345,678
Unimproved Land	3,456,789	\$3,456,789
Improved Land	4,567,890	\$4,567,890
Total	11,604,924	\$11,604,924

The following table shows the amount of land sold during the year 1902, and the proceeds therefrom. The land was sold at public auction, and the proceeds were paid to the State Treasury.

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The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 463. Glasgow, Wednesday, August 31st, 1881. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 463.

IN the days of Rob Roy, when the Highlands meant anywhere beyond "Mullguy," there were few boats of any description on the Clyde, and the only way of reaching such lovely places as Holy Loch (there was no Hunter's Quay then) or Ardentinny, was by some little smack in the herring or heather besom trade. Ships like the "Columba" or the "Lord" were in their sapling state of innocence, Rothesay a street of miserable thatched houses, and Oban a place unknown to Lowlanders. The BAILIE in those early days, therefore, when he went from home, got his plaid fastened comfortably by Mattie, took his stick into his hand, and tramped. It is needless to remark that he has had a love for keeping his feet on good hard ground ever since, but conforming to the spirit of the times, he has become of late somewhat of a sailor—almost, as he would say, against his "inclinations." A Lord Provost of Glasgow now-a-days without a yacht—ma conscience!—the thing's impossible. An occasional touch of squeamishness checks the enthusiasm of the Magistrate now and then, or he would be found at times shifting preventer backstays, stowing jib topsails, and sitting even on the end of spinnaker booms, for his pluck—his hot poker pluck—is undoubted. So he merely dresses in blue serge, pipeclays his shoes, shifts his quid, and with hat off stands by to give the time for the "Hip, hip, hooray," which salutes the winner. This week, at the finish of one of the most successful yachting seasons on the Clyde, he will be found—his blue bonnet ornamented with crown and lion of gold, "oor bran burgee"—answering the signal from the Commodore for owners to assemble on board in the sweet little bay of Blackfarland, in the Kyles of Bute; or proposing at nine o'clock

breakfast in the morning the healths of the prize winners in the races of the closing cruise of the Royal Clyde Yacht Club, over that "hinnmost cup" which in Scotland, from the observance of an old and honourable custom, both "cheers and inebriates." In the Council, nothing delights him more than to hear his brother members busily engaged in belaying the binnacle. It is quite refreshing for him to watch Bailie Morris, a native of the Largs, having his bounce toned down of a Wednesday by Deacon M'Vicar of Gourock, with the remark, "Whauraboots was your boat whan we cairrit awa oor tapmast?" A great reader of those spin-driven articles of Spinnaker, he is proud of "his river," as he calls the Clyde; and when talking in a tarnation sense, which he very seldom does, he points out that we built the largest yacht afloat—the "Livadia"—gybing with his proverbial canniness to the "Vanduaara," which he holds to be the fastest. Nor does he fail to point with pride to the continued successes of "Annasona," "May," "Sleuthhound," and "Neptune," while looking forward with hope to the performances of the little "Madge," now trying her luck in the waters of Brother Jonathan. And while witnessing with pride the success of Clyde yachts and the increase of yachting enthusiasm, he cannot fail to notice its best patrons, in the very first rank of which stands the Man you Know. Coming to Glasgow thirty years ago, Mr T. L. ARNOTT, of the well-known house in Jamaica Street, soon showed by his business aptitude, and knowledge of the trade, that he would take a great commercial lead in this great commercial city. A half-brother of the noted Dublin merchant, Sir John Arnott, he has won success in Glasgow almost equal to that acquired by his distinguished relative in Ireland. But it is as a yachtsman that Mr ARNOTT is best known. His sea life dates from

the days of the "Thought," when that noted boat the "Torpido" was built to beat her. This yachting duel, in which the stakes were £500 a side, excited considerable interest at the time, the "Torpido" being manned by a crew of seventeen skippers. She won, and Mr ARNOTT secured her some time afterwards for the Clyde. Her voyage round to the Largs was an adventurous one—that noted old salt Bauldie Wright resigning the tiller, indeed, at one time, with the remark, "Boys, seein' we have tae gang, we micht as weel hae a cup o' tea before startin'." But the "Torpido" reached the Clyde, and won many races for Mr ARNOTT, till she was sold, and a new 40-tonner, the "Thane," was built for him by Fife of Fairlie. Though not so keen of racing now, the Man you Know takes an eager interest in the sport even yet, and has been a flag-officer of all three clubs, the Royal Northern, the Clyde, and the Mudhook. Indeed, he helped greatly to develop the latter, the most successful Corinthian Club existing. He is a member of the Yacht Racing Association, the Jockey Club of the yachting world, and never fails to promote, by every means in his power, this healthiest of pastimes. Mr ARNOTT has never come much before the public—he was at one time a manager of the Western Infirmary—but in his own circles he is a wonderful favourite. Shrewd and clever, wide in his views and kindly in his dealings, the Man you Know is a capital representative of the commercial enterprise of the Second City on the one hand, and of the yachtsmen of the Clyde on the other.

IN THE NAME OF THE PROPHET—GAS!—A correspondent of the *Herald* professes to have struck—not "ile," but—gas at Hogganfield Loch, whose numerous springs, he says, give off a brilliantly inflammable vapour. The discoverer suggests that the Town Council should "do something to utilise the gas." Does he mean them to use it to inflate their speeches withal, or to employ it as the light of the future, *vice* the electric?

BRAZEN VESSELS.—According to a recent report, a number of so-called "temperance drinks" are found to contain "a dangerous amount of copper." Does this account for the quantity of "brass" contained—and exhibited—by the average teetotaller?

"Stark" Moss-Troopers — The Volunteers who visited Queen Street on their return from the Review.

Edinburgh, 25th August.

THE BAILIE was at the Review—

Were you?
How it pitiless rained pit-a-pat—
Did that!
But the brave volunteers—
Who know no compeers—
Marched stoutly the mud through and through,
And drew
From thousands a thousand of cheers.
And the Queen, all as plucky's the rest,
Confessed
It was wet, but her carriage she oped,
And hoped
Her men marching bold
Would not after take cold,
For 'twas really a day just the best
To test
The daring of young and of old.
Like a rock each battalion marched past—
The last
Were the "kilties" that grace our own Green;
I ween,
A smarter seven hundred.
With healthy cheeks sunned-red,
Never gave their Glengarries a cast,
Or passed,
With more surety that foes—pooh!—they none dread.
But the BAILIE, while at it this week,
Must speak
Of more than the Lanarkshire men,
Or then
You might think he was partial—
But no, near and far shall
He treat on a par, and declare
No where
Could there gather hearts like true and martial.
The Review, then, of Eighteen, eight, one,
Is done,
And I hope there is no one the worse,
Or nurs-
Ing colds they then got;
If so, something hot
I prescribe, and just add in this toast—
Our boast—
The Queen! and her like there is not!

NIMBL(E) O' WIT.—At two o'clock the other morning a youth named Nimblo, on being discovered by the police "whaur nae man should be" at that hour—namely, in a Pollokshaws public-house—naively asked his friends in blue to "give him a drink." Shortly thereafter he was hospitably invited to drink his fill—out of a tin can.

AN "AD." FOR A TANNER.—"Dr Tanner is not dead." No; he only understands the art of advertising.

Tired of Bond-age—The Birmingham Watch Committee.

Married for "Cash"—Mr Bright's youngest daughter.

50 VISITING CARDS (Finest Ivory) while you wait,
1s 6d.—GILLESPIE BROTHERS, 8 Buchanan Street.

Some Famous Reviews.

BESIDES the *Edinburgh Review*, *Quarterly Review*, *Contemporary Review*, &c., the world has seen several Reviews which may be deemed worthy to rank with the spectacle of Thursday.

There was, for instance, the celebrated Review of the Volunteer Force of the Cannibal Islands, held in the year One by his Majesty the King. The proceedings passed off with the greatest *eclat*, and after the march-past the principal officers dined upon the Royal Family.

One of the grandest spectacles of the kind in more recent years was undoubtedly His Semi-Transparency the Hereditary Grand Duke of Kalbsbraten's Review of his army. The troops numbered fifteen officers and four and a half men, and the time occupied in passing the salutary point was exactly thirty-two seconds.

On the 32nd of July, 1882, H.R.H. the Duke of Cambric, Commander-in-Chief, reviewed the Vraibleusian army at Awfulhot. Nine-tenths of the soldiers were killed or prostrated by sun-stroke, but the gallant Duke—who wore a *degagé* costume of white linen, had a punkah going over his head, and was continuously supplied with iced beverages—said he never felt more comfortable in his life.

On numerous occasions the superior Courts of the country have reviewed the decisions of those below, with results more or less unsatisfactory to litigants.

Another famous Review—
Outraged Reader: "Oh, shut up."

INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE.—In the course of some sneering references to Scotland in general, and the Review in particular, *Truth* of last week declares that there have been "a series of misunderstandings" and "wranglings," on the subject of the event in question, "between the Lord Provosts and Town Councils of Edinburgh and Glasgow." See what it is to be the omniscient editor of a "society paper!" Strange as it may appear, neither Glasgow nor Edinburgh was cognisant of the misunderstandings and wranglings till the great Labby—who, by the way, seems degenerating into Flabby—was kind enough to enlighten us.

Oh Kaye!—Jeems doing the prophetic.

"They come as a boon and a blessing to men,
The Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley Pen."
Sample Box, with all the kinds, by Post, 1s id.
Patentees of Pens and Penholders—MACNIVEN & CAMERON,
23 to 33 Blair Street, Edinburgh. (Estd. 1770.)
Penmakers to Her Majesty's Government Offices.
Beware of the party offering imitations of these Pens.

On 'Change.

MONEY, which is proverbially understood to make the mare go, made a great many nightmares go last week. There would have been racing and chasing on Glasgow Exchange, had there been anybody left in that palatial but comfortless building on Thursday. As it happened, everybody of any consequence was in Edinburgh when the intelligence arrived that the Bank rate had been raised to 4 per cent. One per cent. is of no consequence when people are wet and miserable, so the news attracted little attention when it became known. It was on Friday, after the excitement of the Review had passed away, that people began to reflect seriously upon the situation. Those who had not carefully read the BAILIE rushed into the market and sold. Had they read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested this particular column, they would not have had very much to sell. The result was a fall in price, which will very likely become greater. A time to buy will come, but that time is not yet. Of the bear and the bull the former is the better animal just at present.

The reasons for this deduction are pretty obvious. One reason is the rain. Persistent deluges are not good for the crops, and much less grain will be reaped in Great Britain this year than last. Britons have to be fed. Not having enough for themselves, they will import a lot. and pay for it. Very likely they will require to pay through the nose. The process, nasal or otherwise, involves an export of gold, and an export of gold, when carried beyond a certain point, involves a rise in the rate of discount. This happened last week, and the most ominous feature of the proceeding was that the Bank of France acted simultaneously with the Bank of England. These two financial institutions are not done with us yet, and more may be expected from them presently.

One good thing will ensue—the enhanced price of money will cause a cessation of the gold and silver mining speculation. It was all very well launching doubtful schemes when money was cheap, but it is a different thing when money is dear.

Railways got a shake owing to the rise in the Bank rate. Just on the very day that the Scotch lines were doing an enormous lot of work, and making lots of money for their shareholders, there came intelligence that smashed the stocks. North British, which perhaps did the largest business, was the worst hit, and the fall in the stock has been disastrous. I have not much sympathy for the holders, who had no business whatever to place the stock where it stood in the market.

Pig iron ought this week to share the depression of last week in rails. Warrants cannot maintain present rates. The export is too small, the stock too large, and the production too ample. There will be a fall this week to 45s or lower.

When Dick Whittington went to London, he is said to have laboured under the delusion that the streets were paved with gold. Dick did pretty well in the capital, though his first anticipations were not realised. The golden pavement was an allegory, in fact, like many passages in the Bible, which some people translate literally. I am reminded of the literal translation by the publication of a prospectus announcing the launch of a new gold company. Money has been made in the Broadway of New York as well as in Wall Street, but it does not follow that to call an obscure gold mine after a street is to make it the highway to fortune.

Last year Great Britain spent 122 millions sterling in liquor. For that reason somebody wants to float a new company with a magnificent capital, and the object of ameliorating the condition of the human race by providing people with pure beverages. Among the odd outcomes of cheap money this is one of the oddest. Philanthropy is sometimes made to pay, and in the multitude of "zones" and "dones" now being advertised there may be wisdom; but I hardly see the force of this scheme, even though it has the approval of that comic man, Sir Wilfrid Lawson. To my mind there is more sense in a joint-stock scheme for cultivating oysters. These bivalves are dear enough, at any rate.

English Damsons are now at their best for preserving. Prices are right at the City Fruit Warehouse, 18 GORDON STREET.

SCRUTATOR.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—Mr Edward Terry's engagement at the Royalty has proved a big success, both as regards the style of his performances and the crowds who witnessed them. "New Brooms," which had not previously been performed in Glasgow, provided a new character—*Albermarle Tozer*—for Mr Terry, the salient points of which he seized and treated with remarkable skill and finish. It was, however, in "Robbing Roy" that Mr Terry shone most conspicuous. Why, his singing of "Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch," not to speak of the humours of his Highland fling and sword dance, were themselves "worth double the money," to use an ancient stage gag. "The Forty Thieves," which has been one of Mr Hollingshead's great triumphs at the London Gaiety, will be presented this evening by Mr Terry and his clever company.

"Patience," the latest and most popular of the Gilbert-Sullivan series of operas, will be played, for the first time in Glasgow, at the Royalty, on Monday next. Mr Toole, dear old Johnny, makes his *debut*, or is it his *re-entree*? on Mr Knapp's stage, when "Patience" is withdrawn.

Mr David James, and his friends of the London Vaudeville, give place this evening at the Gaiety to Mr Charles Wyncham's "Olivette" company. All who saw this amusing operabouffe when previously in Glasgow will be glad to renew their acquaintance with its catching airs and distinct bits of "character" studies. Those who didn't assist at the performance of "Olivette" when it was played at the Royalty must visit the Gaiety this week, and become "One of hus."

"Fighting-Fortune," a tale of the failure of the City of Glasgow Bank, will be produced this evening at the Royal Princesses Theatre. The company by whom it will be presented is under the direction of Mr F. A. Scudamore, and has, among its members, Mr W. H. Hallatt and Mr John Amory—the latter of whom is Mr Barry Sullivan's second son.

Mr Beryl announces for next week a return visit from Mr James Buchanan in "Never too late to mend."

Mr Charles announces the opening of the Grand Theatre in the Cowcaddens early in September, when Mr George Rignold will appear in his original part of *Amos Clarke*, in Watts Phillips' melodrama of that name, and in the famous nautical play of "Black-eyed Susan."

For the last year or two, Mr James Clark, banker, has been a troubler of the J.P.'s whenever a theatrical license came up for consideration, but to-day he was positively unbearable. The remarks were altogether superfluous and uncalled for. However, the comments of his colleagues and the smartness of the Gaiety lessee proved more than a match for Mr Clark. If, in future, he would think before speaking, and pay some little attention to grammar and courtesy, the state of the Court, if not of the J.P. himself, would be distinctly the more gracious.

Our local and successful Parliamentary Debating Association begins the session for the present winter on Thursday evening.

What is this I hear anent the brass band of the 10th L.R.V.—the Glasgow Highlanders—and their non-appearance at Thursday's Review? Can it be true that at the parade on Tuesday night last the banditti positively refused to turn out on the occasion unless each man were presented with five shillings for his brazen performance, together with travelling expenses and upkeep for the day? The bandsmen must have been unconscionably unpatriotic. That they were there and then disbanded, kicked out of the drill-hall, and ordered to send in their Queen's uniform without delay, was only to be expected. Mr Agnew can easily fill the places of the recreants.

The sixth annual exhibition of pictures and water colour drawings, held by the Newcastle Arts Association, was opened in the Assembly Rooms, Newcastle, to-day.

I was one of the people, BAILIE, who did *not* visit Edinburgh on Thursday. No, determined for once to enjoy a quiet holiday, I arranged to go down by the "Columba" to Rothesay. But what do you think? Why, it seemed as if all the world and his wife—I mean, of course, all the Glasgow world, who, unreasonable man that he is, not only brought his wife, but his "sisters, his cousins, and his aunts," not to speak of half-a-dozen children as well—had been seized, equally with myself, with the wish to enjoy a quiet holiday on board the "Columba," and the consequence was that the great steamer was packed on Thursday in a way that I never saw her packed before. And not only was the "Columba" filled on Thursday, but the "Lord of the Isles," the "Edinburgh" and "Windsor Castles," and the "Ivanhoe," were equally crowded on that day. To my poor judgment, indeed, it appeared that, instead of the good folk of St. Mungo using the holiday set apart by our pastors and masters to make a trip, as they were instructed, to Edinburgh, they used the day, not single spies but in battalions, "doon the water."

Was it the waters above, the waters underneath, or the "strong waters" inside that made one of our best-known Lieut.-Colonels so sorry a spectacle after the march past? The exhibition made the unskilful laugh, but the judicious grieve.

"They say" that another church bazaar, to be conducted this time on "strictly Scriptural principles," will shortly be announced; and "they"—whoever "they" may be—add that it will afford an outing and airing for some somewhat antiquated maidens.

A Frugal "Beak."

WHILE trying a tramway-case the other day Bailie Farquhar took occasion to remark that "he had once been charged a penny for travelling 30 yards, and he afterwards took good care not to go into a car again until he reached the station." This instance of Magisterial economy is pleasing, and should have a good effect upon the mind of the juvenile spendthrift. "Take care of the pence, and"—who knows but one day you may be a Bailie! There is, however, another saw bearing upon the subject—something about "penny wise and pound," &c. It would be but poor thrift to save a penny fare and lose an important appointment, or even spoil a new hat. Eh, Bailie?

So take this warning as it's meant—

False thrift you may it find

To, when on business you are bent,

Have *such* a frugal mind.

Cowper (with the chill off.)

VERY LIGHT INFANTRY.—What remarkably light-footed fellows our citizen soldiers seem to have become all of a sudden! According to a daily paper, the Volunteers at Edinburgh had at one time "between two and three inches of water and slush *beneath their feet*." This beats Mr Pope's "swift Camilla" all to sticks, and Mistress Venus, supported by "forceless flowers," is simply nowhere. If these warriors bold can stand on "water and slush," it may assuredly be said of them, as Friar Laurence said of Juliet, "O, so light a foot will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint!"

Whose the Monument?

THE Greenock folk are talking of erecting a monument to the memory of James Watt. Now, the BAILIE has always thought that this matter of "monuments" is in great danger of being overdone; and surely here is a case in point. James Watt's best monument is his peaceful and beneficent revolution which his discoveries wrought throughout the world. *Si monumentum requiris, circumspice.* If, however, the Sugaropolitans want anything further, have they not already perpetuated their hero's name by a great public work—to say nothing of Chantrey's marble masterpiece in the Library, or the nondescript pile on the Cemetery heights? No, no. James Watt requires no additional "monument" in the place of his birth. Are the originators of the scheme quite sure that they are not hankering after "monuments" for themselves?

A Wonderful "Salute."

AMONG the titbits of the reports of last week's doings in Edinburgh—which seem rather vapid now, don't they, good people?—was the account of the Duchess of Edinburgh's arrival, anent whilk the awe-stricken reporter solemnly notes that the Duke, on meeting the Duchess, "saluted" her. (N.B. "Salute" is Reporterese for "kiss.") My conscience! Did he now? Think of that! What a remarkable circumstance, and how worthy of being elaborately telegraphed all over the country! A husband, after a brief separation from his wife, kis—beg pardon, "salutes" her! Fancy! Now, if he had "taken a sight" at her, or stood on his head, or danced a hornpipe on the platform, or done anything reasonable of that kind, it would, of course, have been natural and unworthy of mention; but that k—ten thousand pardons!—that salute! Isn't it quite too awfully awful?

AN ALLEGATION.—Bauldy says that Mr John Burns hardly displayed his usual hospitality the other day in consigning the Duke of Edinburgh to an *Alligator*.

The most prominent "General,"—says "one of the drookit" at the Royal Review—after passing the saluting point—"General" stampede.

A Touching Ceremony—Ex-Lord Provost Collins' knighthood.

"The Secret of Scotland's Greatness (according to the *London Times*)—Oatmeal.

"Racy" Literature—"The Turf Guide."

The Revolt of Brobdingnag.

THE fair fame of that sometime amiable monster, the modern giant, is in danger. It has long been a popular belief—for which Charles Dickens must be held chiefly responsible—that giants, especially those whose habitat is the caravan, are invariably of a gentle, not to say submissive, disposition, and much more apt to be bullied than to bully; but what is this story that comes to us from Irvine? Why, that a "show giant" has been fined for knocking a man down and "rendering him unconscious!" This symptom of a return to the manners and customs of the bad old giants is rather alarming; but it is so far reassuring that Mr Thomas M'Guire, the violent giant in question, was sufficiently on his good behaviour to pay his fine, and refrain from annihilating Bench, police, and spectators, *à la* Samson Agonistes.

UNCONSCIOUS OF HIS ADVANTAGES.—"Policeman X," of the Renfrewshire Constabulary, writes to the *Herald* complaining that he has to attend cricket and football matches on the South Side without extra pay. Discontented and ungrateful X! Are you not aware that thousands of people gladly undergo considerable inconvenience, and pay money, in order to enjoy the privilege which you value so lightly?

ONE FAITHFUL SHEPHERD.—In reporting the decision of the U.P. minister of Millport to remain where he is instead of accepting a "call" to the neighbourhood of Glasgow, a contemporary mentions as a remarkable fact that he "sacrifices about £250 per annum" by so deciding. It is to be hoped other U.P. ministers appreciate the compliment of the implied surprise that the reverend gentleman should not have proved himself "an hireling."

OATS (*VIDE* JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY).—The *Times* in a kindly notice of our Volunteers in the Scottish Metropolis, says "it is frequently said that the Scots owe their physical superiority, and even their large proportion of brain, to the use of oat-meal." At least an *Edinburgh Review* having been aforetime "cultivated on a little oat-meal" was well known to that worthy Dean of Saint Paul's who was wont to jest at the scars left by certain surgical operations.

Unequalled Generosity.—That of the weather clerk who on Thursday stood a "wet" all round.

The "Main" Floor—The bed of the ocean.

A Free Pass—A right of way.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the Edinburgh Review is over.
That everything was a success but the weather.

That the gathering was "immens."

That the Lanarkshire regiments were the steadiest troops in the field.

That Glasgow particularly distinguished itself on the occasion.

That the conduct of the local corps reflected credit on Auld Sanct Mungo.

That the medicos of the city have been busy since the return of the volunteers from Edinburgh.

That ex-Lord Provost Collins has been made a knight.

That Sir William is as delighted as if he had succeeded in making Glasgow sober during his term of office.

That he is quite consoled for the Municipal Buildings fiasco.

That even David Fortune has become an inch and a half taller since Friday.

That the Solons of the Trades House have got into such a position that the Educational Committee refuses to obtemper the instructions of the House.

That they are endeavouring to get out of the difficulty.

That behind the law of the House is a stronger aw.

That the Deacons' choosing day is approaching.

That the Incorporations are holding their Lammas courts.

That the "whip" of the Trades House is at his old game.

That common-sense and the public have triumphed in the matter of the Police salaries.

That the claims of the useful portions of the machine have been recognised, and those of the ornamental dismissed.

That the Ward Committees, for once, have been of value.

That everybody is satisfied.

A TERRIBLE BLOW.—It is vehemently, not to say fiercely, denied by a London paper that "Lord Colin Campbell will next session formally join the Conservative party." In consequence of this denial the Conservative party is preparing to give up the ghost as resignedly as may be.

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A Sulky Story.

POOR dear Dr Story is "cross;" he has had his little dignity outraged; and he threatens that he "won't play." And what has ruffled his serene, not to say celestial, mind? Why, the fact that the School Board of which he is chairman proposes, at the instigation of certain "Scribes and Pharisees," to supplement his religious inspection of schools by engaging "some wandering, unemployed clergyman" to do additional religious inspection. Should this wandering and unemployed "individual" appear on the scene, the magnanimous Doctor will withdraw not only himself but also certain prizes which he has been in the habit of giving. Awed by this double threat, the Board seems likely to pull in its horns; and the result will probably be that the wandering and unemployed individual will be left to wander in non-employment, while the settled and busy minister of Roseneath continues to rule the roast and "religiously inspect" to his heart's content.

BREAKING OUT IN A FRESH PLACE.—It is not often the BAILIE finds himself able to compliment the Glasgow Trades Council, but last Wednesday evening one of the members of that body said a thing which deserves a pat on the back. Speaking on the Corporation salaries question, he remarked that in the case of such salaries it was customary for an increase to "begin at the top and not come very far down," and for a reduction to "begin at the bottom and not go very far up." This reproduction of his Worship's remarks of last week is not without epigrammatic point.

HOW IT IS.—Mr Healy, M.P., wants to know why the vacant office of Royal Historiographer for Scotland should be filled up. Well, you see, Mr H., one reason why we want an official historian is that we do not possess the advantage of having the annals of our country written for us in the Newgate Calendar, like—well, like some folks. Twiggez-vous?

A frien' asked the Animile t'other day whether he didn't consider last Thursday's Review a complete *mud-dle*. Asinus, who attended the review like all other loyal and patriotic volunteers, declares that, for his part, he couldn't see the slightest *ground* for such a question.

"Cuttings from *Truth*"—Lies. (That's so!)

Gentlemen who get the Baby to hold—Remedy, 20s Perambulator.—GARDINER & HARDIE, 42 Great Clyde Street.

MITCHELL'S OLD IRISH WHISKY.

Our Municipal Orators.—No. 4.

BAILIE DUNLOP once had the fortune or misfortune to deliver a speech on the books in the Mitchell Library, and ever since that memorable event he has passed among his fellows as *the* literary magistrate. A more glorious fate never befell mortal. The dream of the Bailie's youth has been realised in the days of his matured manhood. When quite a young man he attempted to enter the kingdom of Belles Lettres as a lecturer in unknown villages; and, after long years of obscurity, it is no wonder that he comes to the front as the exponent of culture in the circumscribed sphere of the Council with an unruffled complacency. Though the "literary" designation was conferred on him by his brethren in a spirit of irony it is very nectar to his soul that his hankerings after fame should be even recognised in this small way. The community have also come to know of him as a municipal genius, and he takes every opportunity to air his views and personality for their benefit. At Circuit Courts he may be seen, in company if possible with a celebrity such as Mr Bret Harte, taking lessons in law; at public meetings, especially when the robes are worn, his individuality towers above the herd; at Police Courts he is a Daniel come to judgment. His sleek, oily aspect is marked, his self-pleased expression of countenance never leaves him. On the Bench, the Bailie is at his best. There his eyes beam with importance; there his wisdom is made manifest in the long harangues which preface his sentences. In the Council Chamber he has found his level. There are few subjects of literary interest brought up in that arena, and the Bailie's capacity for business discussion is not of the highest order. When he is in the full flow of an oration he—like many who have been demagogues in their minority—trades largely on his past compositions, and consequently his utterances have a juvenile essayistic flavour, as if the phrases had been coined and conned a quarter of a century ago. At odd times he tries, as he would say himself, "the *extempore*." When any abuse crops up and appeals strongly to his moral sense the Bailie will rise, and in a jerky, emphatic way deliver himself fitfully, but emotionally withal. Intellectually, his grasp of a subject is not very firm, and, being wise, he seldom ventures into the regions of logic. It is said to be a fact in physiology that the inner thinkings leave their impressions on the face, and the countenance of Mr Dunlop

supplies a corroboration of the notion. His smartness and notoriety form the daily diet of his cogitations, and when he parades the mart or the street the *ego* is supreme in his visage and demeanour: the least observant novice may see at a glance that he believes himself to be the cynosure of all admiring eyes. The vulgar consider him the vainest of all the vanities in the Council. Some wits even assert that his eloquence displays a wealth of sound and a poverty of sense; but such opinions are only to be ranked among the penalties which attend in the wake of greatness.

Young Ideas Topsy-Turvey.

THE, in every sense of the word, new Member for Edinburgh—the young and gifted Buchanan, upon whom the political mantle of Macaulay is expected to fall—has been in a terrible flutter ever since his election, by which remarkable event he seems to have been completely taken aback. Immediately after it he declared himself to have been, ever since the previous evening, "hardly in possession of his faculties," and, to all appearance, he is not quite in possession of them yet. Let us hope, for his own sake, that reason may resume her sway before he rises to make his maiden speech at St Stephen's. It is not, after all, an overwhelming or bewildering honour to be returned to Parliament as the nominee of so very parochial a body as the "Edinburgh United (!) Liberal Association" has lately shown itself to be.

VIVE LE SPORT!—Granny's latest editorial metaphor is drawn from the billiard-room. She remarked in a leader the other day that "conscience sometimes puts on a good deal of 'side.'" We shall next have her "going Nap." on her opinions!

A GREAT BLOW-OUT.—He had a fine ear for music the piper who played "Wha'll be king but Charlie" before he saluted a Hanoverian Sovereign.

Inn-dependence—A hotel-keeper's livelihood (especially in Edinburgh!)

Look-as a Non Lucendo—The Prince's Street "illumination."

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FORSYTH'S,
RENFIELD STREET.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 31st, 1881.

THE surprising, which is said to happen so seldom, rarely falls so flat as the announcement that the late Lord Provost was to be made a knight. Few, it may be, expected that he would secure that honour, and as few outside of his own circle of friends know or care what he has secured it for. Would those who made representations on his behalf to Mr GLADSTONE have the goodness to let their fellow citizens know what deeds worthy of knightly fame were performed by Lord Provost COLLINS during his term of office? How poor a figure has he cut in comparison with still living predecessors like Mr ANDREW GALBRAITH and Mr PETER CLOUSTON, neither of whom wished for or received any title at the hands of Her Majesty! What was the reason that the Municipal Building Scheme was pushed on so precipitously during his reign? Was it during that period that the howling waste on the eastern side of George Square was formed by the demolition of properties which might have been standing and occupied till the present day? Was it during the same period that the range of shops and dwelling-houses at the corner of Broomielaw and Robertson Streets were depopulated to form a site for a suite of buildings commensurate with the ideas of some of the Clyde Trustees and their servants? Will some spirited representative in the Town Council and the Clyde Trust endeavour to find out how much direct and consequential loss the public has sustained owing to the foolish way in which these projects were gone about, and how far Sir WILLIAM COLLINS was to blame in either matter?

BANE AND ANTIDOTE.—“A feeling of dryness crept into the air,” remarks a contemporary discussing the weather on a recent memorable occasion, “and the ‘glass’ was reported as rising.” Let’s hope the feeling of “dryness” had crept out of the air by the time the “glass” was reported as set down again.

The Question of the Evening in Edinburgh Last Thursday—“Where was Princes Street when the (electric) light went out?”

A “Capital” Strike — That of the wards against the increase of official salaries.

Litterally Marshalled and Muddled—In the march past.

Hutcheson’s Hospital.

SOME time ago occasion was taken in these columns to sound a note of warning to the patrons of Hutcheson’s Hospital in reference to the general management of the affairs of that Corporation, and more particularly to the treatment which they were then threatening to administer to the pensioners under their care. Unfortunately this warning has had little or no effect. From all quarters the wailings of the widow and orphan, beggared by the withdrawal of their pensions, reach the ears of the Magistrate, and their cries have roused in him a feeling of the keenest indignation, not to say scorn, against the authorities who have thus done wrong to these helpless sufferers. It is reassuring, however, that this matter is drawing forth the sympathy and active exertions of those who will not rest till justice is secured to the relics of their less fortunate brethren. Two or three of the city Incorporations have appointed committees to investigate into the rights and wrongs of the question. Let the brethren of the other several crafts go and do likewise, and they will speedily realize the truth of the motto of their house that “Union is strength,” and reap the reward in the blessing of those who at present are ready to perish.

“Blut und Eisen.”

THE inhabitants of Maryhill have not been specially remarkable in the past for the “amenity” of their manners or the mildness of their customs, and, if we may judge from a case reported last week, the authorities are in no hurry to inaugurate a milder state of things. In the case referred to, a man pleaded guilty to assaulting his wife “with a rod of iron, to the effusion of blood,” and was—“dismissed with an admonition!” The presiding Bailie apparently considers the “blood and iron” policy, as applied to the wife of one’s bosom, a thing not, indeed, to be encouraged, but, at the same time, not to be visited with too severe reprehension. Natheless, the admonished disciplinarian might do well to discontinue his Bismarckian methods. There may be such a thing as public opinion even in Maryhill.

“AT THE REVIEW.”

Old Woman (looking at the number of people on Arthur’s Seat and Salisbury Crags)—Eh me, whit a desperate number o’ fouk’s there the day; losh me, if I ken the haaf o’ them!

Alfred the Great—The Poet Laureate.

Some Royal Review Readings.
 A Horse Marine—The Duke of Edinburgh.
 Arthur's Seat—The Duke of Connaught's residence.
 Salisbury Crags—Chateau Cecil heights.
 Royal Enclosure—The Calton Hill "quod"-rangle.
 The Grand Stand—Messrs Younger's largesse.
 A Bitter Experience—Getting the free run of the breweries.
 "Still" Waters—Those in the so-called water-bottles.
 "Aux Armes, Citoyens!"—Voila les pocket-pistols.
 The *Citizen Army*—The horde of news-boys.
 An Ordeal of Water—The flooded Meadows.
 Scots Greys—The London Scottish.
 Ancient Wetter-uns (veterans?)—The Royal Archers.
 Contradiction in Terms—The civil police.
 Esprit de Corps—Whisky.
 Mounted Company—The crowds on the crags.
 Light Horse—Merry-go-rounds.
 Caviare to "the General"—Knowing who's who.
 The Raining Sovereign—Jupiter Pluvius.
 An air apparent—"John Brown."

AN EXTINGUISHER.

(Scene—Balmoral bar, Edinburgh; Thursday last.)

Diminutive Swell (elevated with conceit)—Well, Bill, had you a good view of Her Majesty? I saw her splendidly.

Tall Easy-going Fellow (looking smilingly down at the D. S.)—Do you think, Smith, she saw you?

PLEASURES OF HOPE.—Bailie Farquhar is evidently of a confiding disposition. After fining a tramway-driver for a petty offence the other day he expressed a "hope" that the Company would recoup the man. Verily a forlorn hope! Why not have added a suggestion that they should array their erring servant in purple and fine linen, and forthwith introduce him to the working-man's paradise of "eight hours' work and eight hours' play, eight hours' sleep and eight bob a day?"

Soliloquy (by the spirit of the weather at the Review)—"After me the deluge."

BICYCLES. } Reduction in Prices to clear our Stock of New
 TRICYCLES. } and Second-Hand Machines from £4 upwards.
 See the "Duplex Excelsior," "C.ub,"
 "Premier," "D.H.F.," "Kudge," "Timbulake," "Express," &c.—Agents for Glasgow:
 JENNINGS & CO., 101 Mitchell Street.

The Anti-Vivisection Howl.
 THE anti-vivisection howl—which is at the same time an anti-scientific and an anti-human howl—is at present being raised in our midst with forty-noodle power. So long as the howl, or shriek, or bray, proceeded merely from old women of both sexes, with soft hearts, softer heads, and nothing particular to do, it was best treated with amusement or pity; but a different tone is necessary when, as is now the case in Glasgow, persons of some position, and of a reputation for common-sense, join in. Thanks are therefore due to Dr Coats, and others like him, for refuting false arguments, and misstatements of fact which, however they be looked at, are most reprehensible. How far passion and prejudice can go is proved by the spectacle of a man of Mr Macgeorge's reputation bringing forward the extraordinary contentions, and still more extraordinary misrepresentations, of which he has been guilty. The vast bulk of intelligent thought—scientific and non-scientific—as well as the authority of every organ of public opinion worthy of the name, is notoriously in favour of vivisection as practised in this country. Let feeble and undecided folk, then, turn to such guides as these, and not to the blind fanaticism which would still further tie the hands of good and kindly men labouring in the cause of suffering humanity—humanity which suffers as much from false "humanitarianism" as from anything else.

"SCOTLAND FOR EVER!"

Lov'd land of the Queen, proud land of the thistle,
 How her capital echoes with patriot's cheers;
 In "defence, not defiance" their bayonets bristle—
 Forty-thousand leal, gallant, brave, brow Volunteers!

"OUR OWN" GUSHETH.—How's this for high, apropos of the assembling of the Glasgow Volunteers at the railway stations last Thursday morning?—"As each man paraded to attention, performed 'fours right!' and marched off with trailed arms to the music of the regimental band, an onlooker might be pardoned if he traced the faint resemblance to a bearing indicative of a consciousness that an important page of history was being rapidly filled up." Pardoned, young man? Certainly. You might well be pardoned for anything after *that*.

The Reigning Belle at the Royal Review—"Sairey Gamp."

The Three R's—"Royal," "Rainy," "Review!"

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THE task of hanging the Black and White and Water Colour Exhibitions in the Galleries of the Institute, has now been completed; Mr Walker—the secretary to the Institute—is busy over the catalogue to both exhibitions; the members of the press have been invited to inspect them on Saturday; the private view is fixed for Monday; and they will be formally opened on Tuesday, and remain open for something like three months. It is just possible that the earliest impression made by both collections on the mind of a visitor will be one of disappointment. The effect of the large gallery, hung from end to end with works in black and white, is undeniably monotonous, while nobody can fail to be struck with the lack of variety among the water colours—sea pieces and landscapes, landscapes and sea pieces being repeated everywhere, till a figure subject, let its excellence be what it might, would be hailed as a positive relief. This, however, is only the first impression. When the works in black and white come to be studied in detail, the astonishing ability displayed, especially by the foreign contributors, will at once remove all suggestion of monotony from the collection; and as for the water colours, it may safely be said that their charms are such as will attract the lover of art, not once or twice, but a dozen of times to the galleries they occupy.

The place of honour in the Black and White Exhibition has been accorded to a contribution by Sir Fredk. Leighton, P.R.A. This is a wonderfully delicate pencil drawing of a spray of almond blossom. In order to preserve the individuality of this delightful work, the hangers have framed it, so to speak, with a little border of crimson cloth.

J. D. Adam has sent two very large—indeed, the two very largest drawings which appear in the Galleries, one of which is a black and white of a bull, and another of a deer.

The contributions of L'hermite, although less important, individually, than his "Fish Market" of last year, are still very fine; a figure-piece which will attract much attention is a charcoal of a monk, the work of Vasseur, a well-known Munich artist; and Vernier, Buhot, Lalanne, Flameng, Dien, and Richeton are all represented to excellent advantage.

Seymour Haden's latest series of etchings will be on view in the "Black and White," as will also be David Law's "Etchings from the Thames."

Francis Powell sends a large sea piece, and Robert Herdman some exquisite little studies, to the Black and White Exhibition.

An etching by Colin Hunter, of the head of the Gareloch, is probably the most important example he has yet produced in this medium of artistic expression.

The black and white work of our local artists will naturally, however, create the largest measure of curiosity and interest in local circles, and it may safely be said of this that, while it is by no means equal to that contributed from abroad, it yet manifests a very important improvement over the Glasgow studies sent to last year's Exhibition.

Alexander Davidson is represented by a series of four domestic subjects, by a view of the "Old Curiosity Shop" of Charles Dickens, by one of "The Water Gate—York House," by a "Scene in Regent's Park," and by a composition of figures and landscape entitled "Fisher Bairns." "Off Duty" is Duncan M'Kellar's most important work; J. D. Taylor sends a Cumbræ study; and three drawings, full of strength and character, come from R. M'G. Coventry.

A detailed account of the work of A. K. Brown, Wellwood Rattray, Tom Donald, M'Master, Tom Hunt, A. K. Boyd, East, and Tom M'Ewan, as well as of that of William Glover, James A. Aitken, and David Murray, must be left to another occasion.

It may interest our local contributors to the Black and White Exhibition to know that their claims have received particular attention at the hands of Messrs Richardson, Glover, and Anderson, the three members of the hanging committee. The "line," indeed, is in a great measure occupied by Glasgow works; and in no case, where it was at all possible, have the drawings "sent in" by a local artist been either "skied" or hung in immediate contiguity to the floor.

As was of course to be expected, the largest number of exhibits on the walls of the Water Colour Galleries come from the Edinburgh members of the Society—Messrs Herdman, Smart, Anderson, Otto Ledye, and W. F. Vallance, being specially well represented. The contributions of Francis Powell and William M'Taggart, the President and Vice-President, are also noticeable, as well on account of their number as of their excellence.

The results of David Murray's summer stay at Tillietudlem will be shown, in part, in the Water Colour Exhibition; Joseph Henderson has not sent many contributions to the Galleries, but they are one and all characteristic examples of his pencil.

William Glover's skilful handling and admirable notion of effect find ample expression among the water colours; as do likewise the strong, vivid style of James A. Aitken, and the delicate and eminently natural work of William Young.

A. K. Brown, J. G. Whyte, Tom Donald, and Wm. Leiper—the last of whom has sent a cliff drawing, with a long stretch of sea for a background—are among the other water-colourists whose work is worthy of special attention.

The hanging of the Water Colour Exhibition has been so skilfully arranged that in almost every case the highest pictures are even with, or only immediately above the level of the eye.

There will be no opening dinner this year of the Water Colour Society.

The "Art Club Album" of Black and White Sketches, which is about to be published by Messrs Gillespie Brothers, of Buchanan Street, is quite unique in its way—on this side of the Border, at least. It will contain over fifty sketches, all of which are capital examples of the respective artists. Perhaps the most interesting of the various illustrations will be the "Birthplace of the Club," a drawing by William Young of a scene near Old Kilpatrick. The "Notes" to the Album will be supplied by Mr Walker, of the Fine Art Institute, whose wide knowledge and cultivated taste are a sufficient guarantee that they will be at once appropriate and effective.

Quite a host of well-known artists have of late taken up their abode on the North-East Coast. R. W. Allan is at Gamrie in Banff, and Wm. Carlaw is busy working at Stonehaven, where are also A. D. Reid and Messrs Mann and Dove.

One of Mr Mann's interiors—a work in which figures play a leading part—is spoken of with much enthusiasm by those who have seen it; Mr Carlaw has completed some strongly marked cliff studies since his arrival in the Stonehaven district.

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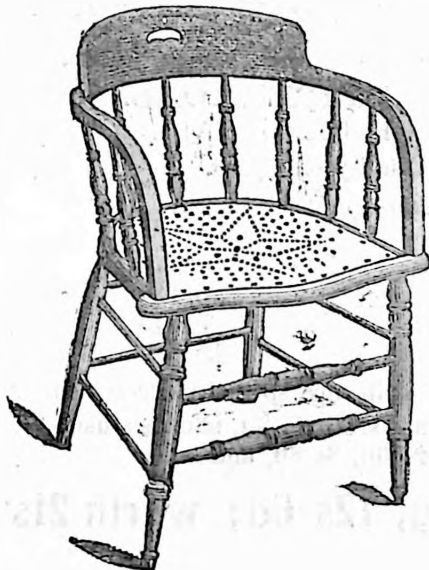
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1st Quality only sold.

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The 7/11 and 15/10 Tails are specially recommended
FOREHEAD FRINGES, 1s 6d, 2s 3d, and 3s; usually
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usually sold at 30s.**

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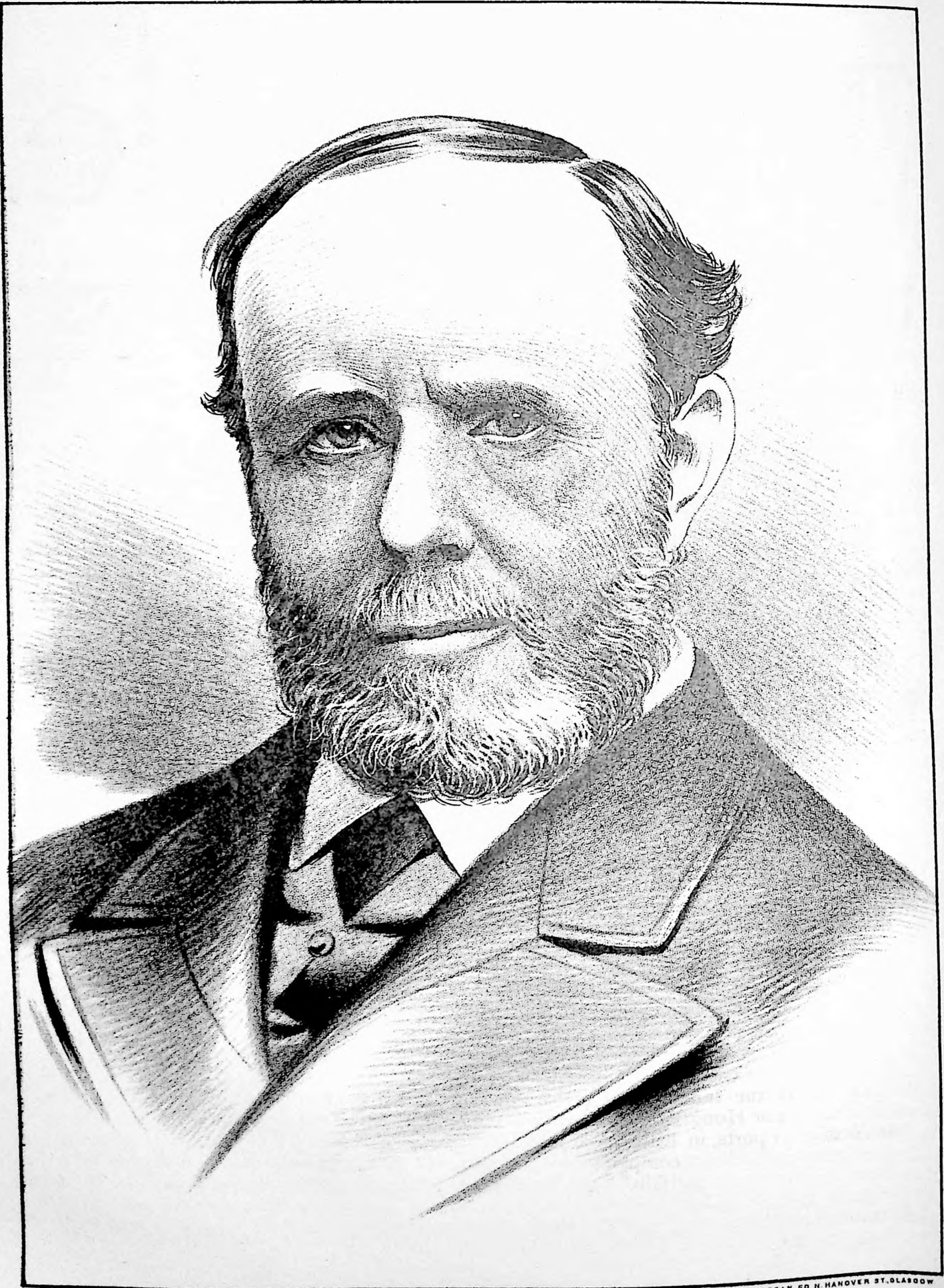
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**WARM BATHS, 6d, 9d, and 1s each. HAIR-CUTTING, 4d.
The most complete Establishment in Scotland.**



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The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 464. Glasgow, Wednesday, September 7th, 1881. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 464.

EVERY steam-ship company, be it great or small, is of special interest to Glasgow. We largely live and move in, and our success or our failure as a community is bound up, more or less, with ships and shipping. And if a company of limited, or only medium proportions has claims on our attention, how much greater are those possessed by the chief carrying systems of the world, the Cunard, the Inman, or the Anchor lines, or the Peninsular and Oriental or the Messageries Maritimes Companies, two concerns whose ships cover every sea southward and eastward from our own shores. Of all these several enterprises, perhaps the greatest, as it is also the oldest, is the Peninsular and Oriental Company. Started half-a-century ago with three small sailing vessels, which traded between Falmouth and the leading ports on the Peninsula, as far, that is, as Gibraltar, the P. and O. Company now possesses a fleet which sums up, in the aggregate, to no less than 170,000 tons of steam-shiping. And if the fortunes of the company have altered since its early days, so also have the conditions under which its business is conducted. Then a fortnight was sometimes spent on the distance between London and Falmouth, and other six weeks were occupied in voyaging through the Bay of Biscay and as far south as Lisbon or Cadiz; now you are taken from London or Southampton, along the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, across the Indian Ocean, and eastward to Calcutta or Hong-Kong, or it may even be the Australian ports, in little more than half the time passed in those comparatively primitive days in reaching the "Gib." Up to 1868 the ships of the company were remarkable for their comfort and efficiency, and for the regu-

larity with which their service was conducted. About that date, however, the introduction of the compound engine, and the opening of the Suez Canal—two events which completely revolutionised the steam shipping trade—rendered it necessary that the fleet should be entirely remodelled. It was at this juncture that the peculiar talents of the Man you Know—Mr THOMAS SUTHERLAND—were called into requisition, and proved of signal value to the shareholders of the P. and O. Mr SUTHERLAND, who is a native of Aberdeen, began his business life in an office in that city. Going southward about the year of the first Exhibition, he entered the P. and O. office in London. Before long he was promoted to a clerkship in the Bombay agency of the concern, and from Bombay he was transferred, in 1854, to Hong-Kong, where he first occupied the post of Chief Clerk, and latterly that of Agent, at that station. During Mr SUTHERLAND'S stay in China he was elected a member of the Legislative Council, he also started the Hong-Kong and Shanghai Bank, and he promoted and was appointed a Director of the Hong-Kong and Whampoa Dock Company. Recalled to London in 1867, he was at once, on his return, made one of the P. and O. Managers. From Manager he became Managing Director, and twelvemonths ago the Directors unanimously elected him to the post of Chairman. When the Man you Know returned to London he at once realised the difficulties that the company had to contend against in the altered circumstances in which it was then placed, and foresaw, with admirable prescience, the way in which these were to be best overcome. Through the vigorous and sweeping reforms which he introduced, and the skill and enlightened judgment with which he determined the proper size and class of ships that the company required for its special trade, he

not only succeeded in rescuing it from threatened disaster, but even placed it on a more sound and efficient basis than it had ever before occupied. It was only natural, therefore, that Mr SUTHERLAND'S eminent services to the company, his great administrative abilities, his thorough knowledge of steam shipping, and of the special requirements of the trade with the East, should be rewarded by his appointment to the post of Chairman. And while this was no more than the due reward of merit on the one hand, it was also the selection, on the other, most likely to tend to the general well-being and prosperity of the company. While Mr SUTHERLAND possesses, in a marked degree, the well-known intellectual characteristics of the Aberdonian, he unites with them a suavity of manner, a tact, and a genial humour, such as can only be acquired by the Scot who has been in daily contact with men of all classes, and in every clime. The number of vessels which are at present being constructed for the P. & O. Company on the Clyde show the appreciation entertained by Mr SUTHERLAND and his colleagues for the work done on our river. He is at present on a visit to the West coast, and the BAILIE trusts that his enjoyable outing on Saturday on board the *S.S. Rome*, the latest addition to the fleet of the company, may lead, in the future, to his more frequent appearances among us.

LEZE-MAJESTY.

(Scene—Falkirk Flower Show; Interior of the tent for the exhibition of bee swarming.)

Operator (who has captured the "queen" and is holding her up)—A lot o' ye gaed to the Review at Edinbro' to see Her Majesty but didna, but athout gaun so far ye see her noo!

A GENERAL WADE.—In its Review number for Saturday, the *Graphic* appropriately styles the great event of the 25th ult., as "The Wade Past." How many Volunteers, the BAILIE wonders, felt inclined next day to "lift up their hands and bless" *this* "General Wade?"

A "Mauv-ais sujet"—One dressed in mauve of course.

A Be(k)nighted Person—Sir William Collins.

BICYCLES. } Reduction in Prices to clear our Stock of New
TRICYCLES. } and Second-Hand Machines from £4 upwards.
See the "Duplex Excelsior," "Club,"
"Premier," "D.H.F.," "Rudge," "Timbu-
lake," "Express," &c.—Agents for Glasgow:
JENNINGS & Co., 104 Mitchell Street.

Black and White.

THE Institute—the Galleries—
Once more present a sight
Of picture-gems brought us to please—
A show of "Black and White."
How strange the words! Your ear they start—
Like sound of "wrong and right"—
Like "first and last"—like "meet and part"—
So wide seem "black and white."
The truth is this—the truth?—Oh no,
The word fits not in quite—
'Tis falsehood's self alone can show
The *lie* of "black" and "white."
[You're hazy, Mr Poet, please—
There seems some discord slight,
Like banging on piano keys,
Haphazard black and white.]
Again they somewhat smell, you know,
Of anti-slav'ry fight,
When Uncle Tom, through Mrs Stowe,
Proved "black" as good as "white."
Speaking of Stowe, Lord Byron sings
Of beauties brown—the light
Of love that from a dark eye springs—
A mesmeric "black and white."
But see, I've wandered far away—
I've soared like aimless kite
High with my tale; I've yet my say
To say of "Black and White."
Yet no; Megilp will do the rest—
He knows; I only write
A rhyme to please the ear at best—
A jingle "black" on "white."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

(Scene—Kilmalcolm Horticultural Show.)
Farmer No. 1—A say, Jock, is't a horizontal show they ca' this?

Farmer No. 2—Na, na, lad, it's no a "horizontal" show, it's a horricultural yin.

"HOW MUCH DO YOU SYMPATHISE?"—Paisley's sympathy with "others' woe" seems to be remarkably profound. The other day at "a meeting of gentlemen desirous of expressing sympathy with the sufferers by the recent disaster to the fishing-fleet in the Shetlands," there were present "Provost Mackean, Treasurer Clark, two Bailies, and 'other two' gentlemen." Even if we regard the Provost as counting, say, four, and the Treasurer and Bailies two each, the assemblage does not say much for Seestu philanthropy.

An Employé who always shows a "franc" expression of countenance—A French commis-sionaire.

A(p)peal to the People—The coming bells on the Cross steeple.

Boys' SCHOOL OUTFITS,—FORSYTH'S, 5 and 13 Renfield Street.

The Whole Hog.

THAT great institution, the bazaar, is at present in a transition state. While some promoters ban the time-honoured "raffle" as an unclean thing, and decline to supply visitors with "refreshments" of a more potent description than coffee or lemonade, others go in for still more peculiar eccentricities in a different direction. Thus, at a bazaar held in Ayr last week, under what the newspapers love to call "fashionable auspices," creature comforts were dispensed by ladies and gentlemen fancifully "dressed up" to represent waiters and barmaids, and among the articles on sale at the different stalls was a selection of live-stock, including ponies, lambs, dogs, cats, and—"a black pig"! This is "going the whole hog" with a vengeance. Hitherto the idea of a bazaar has been associated with everything that is at the same time pretty and useless; but, however desirable it may be to supplement the *dulce* by the *utile*, it is surely going too far in the *utile* direction to turn the stalls into pig-styes!

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

(Scene—Vicinity of band stand, West-end Park; Thursday evening; A silly looking youth, with a cracked voice and S. A. on his collar, fills up intervals in music by selling the "Salvation Army Gazette."

Vendor (croaks out)—*War Cry! War Cry!* Ha'penny each. Great battles an' vict'ries this week!

1st Voice (from crowd)—*A waur cry than the yin you've got I widna like to hear.*

2nd do.—*Gae hame, Johnny, you've a face like a Fast-day!* [Band begins to play.]

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.—Sir William Collins seems almost as much at a loss as the rest of us to account for his knighthood. He has come to the conclusion, however, that it is meant as "a compliment to the great community over which he had the honour to preside for three years." Well, the BAILIE supposes that's the best we can make of it; but why, in the name of goodness, not select some more appropriate vehicle for the compliment?

The Best "Performing" Dog—"Purvis."

"They come as a boon and a blessing to men,
The Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley Pen.
Sample Box, with all the kinds, by Post, is id.
Patentees of Pens and Penholders—MACNIVEN & CAMERON,
23 to 33 Blair Street, Edinburgh. (Estd. 1770.)
Penmakers to Her Majesty's Government Offices.
Beware of the party offering imitations o these Pens."

On 'Change.

EXPECTATIONS are sometimes not realised. The unexpected is said always to happen. So it did the other day in railways. They were bought in the expectation of a large increase from the Review. That part of the anticipation was realised, but the other was not. The stocks went up in anticipation of the Review, and when the increased traffics came they went down again.

The unexpected happened also in the pig-iron market. There was a clear drop of 1/ per ton in sight, so the makers laid their heads together to reduce the production. That averted the fall, and my prediction of 45/ has not yet been realised. But it will. Pig-iron cannot but go to 45/, unless present conditions be materially altered. There seems little chance that a change will take place. If the Scotch makers want Middlesborough to work amicably, they ought to be civil. Everybody remembers what happened when Middlesborough approached Glasgow on the subject.

The London & Glasgow Engineering Company, the name of which, to its fullest extent, is too long to be often used in this column, has intimated a dividend of 5 per cent. So it did last time. So it did the time before. In fact, it keeps on paying 5 per cent. Seeing that the £25 shares have stuck at 24, the return is not all a bad one. It is especially good when money is comparatively cheap, notwithstanding the gold drain in America, and when shipbuilding, though fairly brisk, is not so active as we would like it to be. When iron goes down a few shillings a ton there will be a better margin for shipbuilders, unless they are reduced by competition to lower their building rates. Why should they? Capitalists must live as well as workmen, and the empty yards on the Clyde are ominous of what may occur should dividends go below 5 per cent.

A great blast is being made about tramways in the west-end of London. Glasgow capitalists are invited to subscribe and make the tramways. Capital is so plentiful, apparently, that it is to be picked up for the asking, but people in the west-end of London are supposed to have money also. It seems but natural that they should subscribe for their own tramways, if they really want them. A bait of 6 per cent. is held out to all who will pay up their shares in full, without availing themselves of the latitude allowed by a liberal yet confiding directorate. My own impression is, that the fish will not bite. London is badly contrived for tramways. They were not thought of when London was invented. They might do well enough in the west-end, as they have done elsewhere, but the metropolitan defect is that they do not connect. There is consequently no fixed station at which a passenger can get off, and make sure of finding a car to take him to his destination. Should he get off at all, he must walk or hire. Neither alternative is agreeable.—SCRUTATOR.

VARIEGATED ORATORY.—There seems to be a considerable amount of rhetorical power running to waste in the Paisley Burgh Parochial Board. At last Wednesday's meeting of that body the weary Abbey Manse tax question was made a text whereon to found discourses dealing with a variety of subjects, ranging from "the manner in which 'honour' was satisfied in the age of chivalry," to "the state of Ireland, and the 'rotten' Scottish establishment with its infringement on Dissenters' consciences." Not even Mr Gladstone in a Budget speech could cover a wider field than this.

Established upwards of half a century, Adam's fruit warehouse, 58 St. Enoch Square, where all Fruits can be had in their seasons. Only the best quality are kept. Note address, JAS. ADAM & Co., 58 St. Enoch Square, and 55 Gordon Street

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—Of course we are all going up, this week, to the Royalty Theatre. Like yourself, I am one of those unhappy ones who are only acquainted with "Patience" through newspaper notices, and by the aid of the illustrated journals. Please the pigs, however, now that the piece is about to be played at the Royalty, I shall remain no longer in this condition of baleful ignorance.

Various well-known actors take part in the representation of "Patience." Its hero, indeed, *Mr Reginald Bunthorne*—the fleshly, the bard of aperient, is no other than Mr George Thorne, our old *Nat Gosling*; Mr Arthur Rousbey is the idyllist, *Mr Archibald Grosvenor*; Miss Ethel M'Alpine is *Patience*, milkmaid and heroine; and the part of *Lady Jane*, most ponderous of middle-aged aesthetes, is taken by Miss Fanny Edwards.

There is no need to say anything at this time of day with regard to the story of "Patience"—to tell how *Bunthorne* wooed and was rejected by a milkmaid, how he transferred his affections to *Lady Jane*—who threw him over for a duke, and how he was condemned, at the close, to a life of single "utterness."

I have seen it mentioned more than once that the æsthetic satires had their origin in *Punch*, and that "Where's the Cat?" the "Colonel," and "Patience," are accordingly descended, in a direct line, from the *Maudie* and *Postlethwaite* of Mr Du Maurier. This, however, as I take it, is only partially correct. The earliest ridicule thrown on the "too-too" clique dates some seven or eight years back, and was contained in "The Golden Butterfly" of Messrs Besant and Rice. In a later novel, entitled "The Monks of Thelema," the same authors renewed their attack on the aesthetes, singling out Mr Pater as the special object of their satire, just as, more recently, Mr Du Maurier, and now Mr Gilbert, have poured out the vials of their contempt on Mr Oscar Wilde.

Mr James Buchanan re-appears this evening, and during the week, at the Royal Princesses Theatre, as the hero of Charles Reade's realistic play of "It's Never too Late to Mend." While at the Princesses some months ago with this piece, Mr Buchanan drew crowded houses, and gained great applause; he will be equally successful, I venture to predict, during his present occupancy of Mr Beryl's stage.

By the bye, I hear most favourable accounts of the forthcoming pantomime, "Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp," for which Mr Beryl is making most elaborate and expensive preparations. Among the old favourites who will have parts in "Aladdin" will be Mr Danvers, one of the most promising of our younger stock of pantomimists.

When "The Colonel"—Mr Burnand's æsthetic satire—will be produced next Monday at the Gaiety, the *title-role* will be assumed by Mr Edgar Bruce, the manager of the London Prince of Wales Theatre, and whose appearance at the Theatre Royal here as *Bilwawney*, in the "Engaged" of Mr Gilbert, is still recollected in playgoing circles. The *Richard Forrester* of "The Colonel" will be Mr Garthorne—younger brother to Mr Kendal; Miss Otway will be the red-haired, "utter," æsthetic wife; and Miss Cissy Graham the young Philistine widow who is forced to be æsthetic against her will. All the familiar jokes—that, for instance, about "lunching on lilies," and the famous proposal that a newly-married pair should "live up to a blue teapot"—are introduced and made the most of in "The Colonel." Need I add that while Mr Burnand's comedy is an adaptation of "Le Mari à la Campagne," it has its counterpart in the old-fashioned and aforetime popular "Serious Family" of Morris Barnett. "The Colonel" was originally produced at the London Prince of Wales Theatre on the 2nd of last February.

Mr Toole, accompanied, of course, by his *fidus Achates* Mr George Loveday, begins an engagement of a fortnight's duration this evening at the Edinburgh Theatre Royal. The great comedian comes to the Royalty on Monday the 19th inst. Mr Toole's last appearance in this city was made a couple of years ago, at the Prince of Wales Theatre, then under the management of Mr William Sidney.

A portrait is to be presented to Lord Advocate Balfour by the Liberals of North Ayrshire on Wednesday, in the George Hotel, Kilmarnock, in recognition of his services to the party at last election. George Elder, Esq., of Knockcastle, will occupy the chair on the occasion.

Much ridicule, and some indignation, have been expended upon Miss Braddon's audacity in "editing" and "abridging" Scott into "penny numbers." Why? The task might doubtless have been placed in more appropriate hands, but the idea is an excellent one, and the lady's general ability is undoubted. Sir Walter is neglected by the present generation to an astonishing extent. Who knows how much these modest little books may do towards weaning from vicious literature (!) those to whom the Wizard is at present but a name—if as much—and towards sending them to the "unabridged" fountain, even as "Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare" have sent many a thoughtful boy to the glorious original?

The new Town Hall of Ayr will be opened on Monday the 19th of September, with a performance by the local Choral Union, of Handel's Messiah. Mr Edward Lloyd has been engaged for the occasion, also Miss Clements, a new soprano, Mr Kiddell and Miss Fyfe completing the quartet of principals. Mr Hugh M'Nabb will conduct, and there will of course be an orchestra. The new organ built by Lewis, of London, will likewise be played. The organ, it may be remarked, is understood to be a very good one, and it is the largest the firm has as yet constructed in Scotland, with the exception of their St. Andrew's Halls instrument.

The annual excursion of the Glasgow St. Andrew Society takes place on Thursday—the steamer "Shandon" having been chartered to convey the members on that day to and from the Kyles of Bute.

The Glasgow Presbytery of Old Light Seceders will meet tomorrow eight days for a hard day's work in Mains St. Church. At mid-day the members of Presbytery will endeavour to solder up an ugly rent between themselves and a member of Mains Street congregation.

The Matthews Minstrels have scored a big success in Hengler's Cirque. The burnt-cork troupe are not of yesterday. For eighteen years they have been before the public in all parts of the country, and have always managed to pay twenty shillings in the pound. The "four-and-twenty black-birds" set down a very dainty dish before their patrons and serve it up in first-rate style.

Mr Airlie announces that the opening of this season's City Hall Saturday Evening Concerts will take place on Saturday next. The company to appear on the occasion includes Miss Agnes Ross, Miss Kate Baxter, Mr Faulkner Leigh, and Mr Barrington Foote.

The late Mr M'Gavin's handsome gift to the city, of Linnell's picture "A Coming Storm," has now been hung in the east room of the Corporation Galleries.

"They say" that the coming Lord Dean of Guild is one, my Magistrate, of your Men you Know, being no other, indeed, than Mr Alexander Stephen, Shipbuilder.

That great Cunarder, the *Servia*, comes up to the crane at the Broomielaw, this week.

The closing cruise of the Royal Northern Yacht Club will start from Rothesay on Thursday, and will be continued over Friday and Saturday.

The (Irish) Woman of the Period—Miss Anna Parnell.

"Spoke Sarcastic."

IN addressing the *savans* at York last week we find Sir William Thomson observing that in the present day, "We cannot shut our eyes to the fact of a lamentable decadence of wind power." Well, some people are hard to satisfy, but this utterance of Sir William's, fresh from Glasgow, with its Town Council, its Presbyteries, its Liberal Association, to say nothing of John Ferguson and Miss Parnell, will astonish most folks. Many of us would regard a slight decadence of the local wind power which afflicts us as the very reverse of lamentable, but the supply, alas, seems inexhaustible. "Decadence of wind power," quotha! and the British Association itself in full blast at the time! Sir William, Sir William, what a sarcastic man you are.

NEVER AT A LOSS.

(Scene—A back street, 6 A.M.)

Barney—Where have yiss baen, Pat?

Pat—At Ted Docherty's wake.

Barney—What's the matter wid yir oeye?

Pat—Och shure, it's in mournin' for the funeral.

LONDON ASSURANCE.—What does the *Times* mean by this? One day last week it devoted a leader to the Eastern and Western Capitals of Scotland, and, after complimenting Glasgow's enterprise, liberality, and the rest of it, the writer went on to say, "Very different in all respects is Edinburgh. The society of Edinburgh is eminently steady and respectable." Does the Thunderer mean to "insinuate" that we are *not* steady and respectable? If so, the BAILIE has half a mind to undertake a pilgrimage to Printing House Square, for the express purpose of pulling the Thunderer's impudent nose.

"I'M VERY FOND OF WATER."—Apropos of the Review, General M'Donald has sent his "warmest thanks and highest appreciation" to the Edinburgh "superintendent of waterworks." There is no accounting, of course, for tastes; but, to the BAILIE'S mind, the less said about these same "waterworks" the better!

"LANG" LOOKED FOR.—It seems that the King of the Sandwich Islands intends to come to Glasgow before returning to his anxious subjects. His Majesty's first visit will doubtless be paid to his brother potentate—the King of the Sandwich "Islands" in Queen Street.

ORNITHOLOGY.—MUIR'S, 33 Nelson Street, City.—Largest and best Selected Stock of Birds, Parrots, Cockatoos, Cages, &c.

"You Pays Your Money," &c.

A THIEF who was arrested at the Waverley Station the other day implored his captors "not to be hard on him, as he had just come from Glasgow." Are we to interpret this plea as a compliment to our good city, or the reverse? On one hand, the felonious personage may have meant to imply that his residence in Glasgow had rendered him incapable of distinguishing between *meum* and *tuum*, and, on the other, that the deplorable result was produced by his having exchanged the pure moral atmosphere of the West for the corrupting influences of the East. The reader may take his choice of these alternatives, according as his place of abode is the East or the West Countrie.

NOT TO BE "GUIDED."—What did the Lord Provost mean the other day by describing Liverpool as "the city to which we should look for guidance?" If we are to "look for guidance" to one-horse Southron boroughs, we may as well prepare to take a back seat at once. No, no, my Lord! We yield to London, as in duty bound, but we remain the Second City, and in that capacity "none but ourselves can be our parallel"—much less our "guide."

NEGLECTING HIS OPPORTUNITIES.—Mr Shaw, who was in the chair at last week's meeting of the Barony Parochial Board, took occasion to remark that he was "no judge of bulls." If that be so, Mr Shaw's perceptive faculties must be decidedly deficient. A gentleman who has had to do with parochial affairs, and has listened to parochial orations, for any length of time, ought to be an excellent judge of "bulls."

"TO ENCOURAGE THE OTHERS."—Young Greenock continues to urge on its pleasing career. At the Sugaropolitan Police Court last Wednesday, no fewer than seventeen urchins were brought up on different charges of house-breaking and theft. The spectacle did not seem to strike the presiding Bailie as being anything out the common, since he contented himself with "admonishing" the young Jack Sheppards—*pour encourager les autres*, no doubt.

MORE LIKE IT.—Speaking at Edinburgh last week, Miss Parnell advised her hearers to "keep their hands in their pockets" The fair patriot is evidently a little flurried by her recent exertions. What she meant to say was, no doubt, "Let us get our hands into your pockets."

Appropriate Name for the late Session—The "Rump"-us Parliament.

Our Municipal Orators.—No. 5.
STATURICALLY, Bailie Waddel is the Zæchæus of the Town Council. A short, squarish figure, with a grey face set in a semi-circular frame of grey whiskers, intelligent eyes that twinkle under heavy, round lids, and a narrow, well made, furrowed, forehead, he brings up the idea of the odd little men who drugged the drouthy Dutchman, Rip Van Winkle, into a twenty years' sleep on the Kaatskill mountains. But although nature has curtailed his physical dimensions she has dowered the Bailie with a clear intellect, a strong character, and a capacious fund of common sense. Common sense, indeed, is his tutelar goddess. By her he has risen, by her he swears (metaphorically), by her he is a personage of some importance in the public affairs of Glasgow. There is no shade of the fanciful in Mr Waddel. Like other men who have come to the front by their own exertions he has a profound reverence for experience—he never theorises; he brings the past to bear upon the needs of the present. He is well aware of the power of industry and perseverance. These have raised him to a place to which some brethren born under more affluent stars can afford to stoop, and he accepts the position with becoming pride, conscious that greater virtue is implied in scrambling up than in wandering down a hill. Beyond all things the Bailie is a man of grim earnestness. No lame joke mars his march, no easy humour oils his reflections. Seldom he obtrudes himself in the Chamber unless he has something to say, and then he speaks with impulse and emphasis. Often inclined to be sublime he will sometimes slide into the ridiculous, but there is no stammering with the abridged magistrate. He mounts his unwinged Pegasus with right good will and, being a light rider at best, the steed grows furious and runs right off with him, making sad havoc among the intricacies of grammar and the British language generally. A disciple of utility he has an utter contempt for the æsthetic, the polished, the classical. He gallops right on, mingling words, phrases, and sentences into a glerious *debris* as he careers towards the goal that looms before him. His chief effort was made when some one proposed a library in connection with the new Municipal Buildings. Commencing calmly, in a clear, ringing voice—W. R. W. never needs to tell him to speak out—he declared that newspapers were much more instructive to the working classes than philosophic tomes—thundered impassionedly, gesticu-

lated wildly, and sank exhausted in a new-born sweat. It was a height of eloquence never before reached in the Council, never to be eclipsed, and never to be forgotten. The Bailie is a genial, kenspeckle mortal, and may be seen any day on the streets in company with a tall, bulky umbrella that bulges out in the centre like the earth near the equator. There, or anywhere, the fates have packed him with a wonderful amount of faculty.

Somnus the Director.

(An amusing incident occurred here in connection with the Queen's journey to Edinburgh. A well-known Glasgow citizen, and a railway director, too, had travelled all the way to Carlisle for the purpose of piloting the royal train northwards. His disgust may be imagined when he found, on waking in the morning, that he had overslept himself and that the train had passed through while he was in bed.—*Carlisle Correspondent of the Briggate Calendar.*)

Air—"When Constabulary Duty," &c.

WHEN our Queen requires to travel in the morning
 In the morning,
 And would like some small attention to be shown
 To be shown,
 Is an honour seldom got without suborning
 'Out suborning,
 As Directors of the Railway long have known
 Long have known.
 The question first arises, "Who's to do it?"
 Who's to do it?
 A matter very hard to settle well
 Settle well.
 And if muddled, then the man will surely rue it
 Surely rue it.
 As the sequel of this song will plainly tell—
Chorus—When there's early morning duty to be done
 To be done,
 A sleepy head is not the proper one.

T'other day the Queen through Carlisle was a-passing
 Was a-passing,
 A Director to receive her well was got
 Well was got,
 But a man whose given very much to "gassing"
 Much to gassing,
 One can't always trust to be upon the spot
 'Pon the spot.
 The official who this duty had requested
 Had requested
 Didn't bargain for the early time of day
 Time of day,
 For in bed our Volunteer was calmly nested
 Calmly nested
 When Her Majesty was well upon her way.
Chorus—When there's early morning duty to be done
 To be done,
 A sleepy head is not the proper one.

ONE OR T'OTHER.

(Scene—Deck of S.S. "Kinloch.")
Tonald—Was you iver in Campbeltown before?
Tugald—No niffer, but Campbeltown has
 been offen in me, whatiffer!

50 VISITING CARDS (Finest Ivory) while you wait,
 13 Gd.—GILLESPIE BROTHERS, 8 Buchanan Street.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the increase of salaries question wasn't decided without a stiff fight.

That the migration from the Council Chamber when the votes came to be taken was something extraordinary.

That even the Provost's principal henchman deserted his Lordship in his hour of need.

That Bailie Selkirk had the fear of his constituency before his eyes.

That so had a goodly number of the other Councillors.

That the voting was a half-hearted concern altogether.

That the Corporation Assessment is to be increased this year.

That Glasgow will soon be the best assessed town in the kingdom.

That our authorities are always laying on and never taking off.

That even with a surplus on the year of £13,292 on the gas accounts, they decline to reduce our lighting bills.

That if the balance had been on the other side, a rise would have immediately followed.

That we must just grin and bear it.

That a new Sabbath Observance Society has been started.

That the Society consists of Ferniegair.

That Mr Macintosh is his profit.

That the latter is to have a fixed salary.

That it is a very neat little job as it stands.

That the harvest prospects are not particularly brilliant.

That we are threatened with a dear loaf.

That the winter promises to be a hard one.

That the East-enders are not to have the site of the Gallowgate Barracks for an open-space.

That the ground will be feued.

That there is a deal of unlet property in the East-end already.

A PROBLEM.—In the City Hall last week that gentle maiden—Miss Anna Parnell—said that the Welsh people would probably express approval of the Land Act, "if we knew what they were talking about." The BAILIE wonders what Miss Parnell herself would say on the subject if she knew what she was talking about.

Ancient Saw for the Bradford Manufacturers
—Great cry and little wool.

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.

An Edifying Squabble.

"POT!" "Kettle!" "You're dirty!" "You're black!" "You're a nigger!" "You're an Anna Parnell!" "You scream—the public will judge of your honesty—you a 'middling member'—you play on your organ and only assume the responsibility when it's for your own advantage—you play the double part of scurrilous editor and respectable M.P.—you say that the correspondence in your journal is genuine but WE KNOW that other correspondences (*sic*) were mainly got up by your hired servants!" Was ever anything so funny? Talk of the Eatanswill papers, why they "arn't in it" with our *North British Daily Mail* and *Glasgow Herald*. That latest shriek of the old lady in Buchanan Street has sent everybody into fits of laughter. Amusing she always is, but never, surely, before, did she make such sport for the Philistines. But what will you have? Old women will be old women, especially when they get angry, and will "behave as sich" all the world over.

QUERER FISH.

(Scene—Millport Quay; Glasgow boy meets Millport boy who has been fishing.)

Glasgow Boy—What kinna fish d'ye ca' thae? They're awfu' bonie.

Millport Boy—Theyca' them bobies, bit they're no guid, their looks are the best o' them.

Glasgow Boy—Bobies! Man that's whut they ca' the polismen in Glesca', an' their looks are the best o' them, tae.

"HYACINTHINE LOCKS."—An Orkney U.P. minister having recently taken unto himself a Glasgow bride, the lady has just been presented with "an ornament in the shape of a flower, constructed of over 80 different shades of hair procured from members of the congregation." It would be interesting to know what particular vegetable this remarkably variegated floral offering is supposed to represent. A tulip is about the most diversely-coloured of flowers, but it would be difficult to find even a tulip boasting eighty distinct hues. Somebody at the BAILIE'S elbow suggests that the capillary blossom may possibly be an idealised dandelion, with eighty different shades of—auburn. If this theory be correct, that U.P. congregation must be a sight to see.

A Garden Plot—An elopement scheme.

English Damsons are now at their best for preserving. Prices are right at the City Fruit Warehouse, 18 GORDON STREET.

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Inspection and comparison invited, with the full confidence that better or cheaper Goods were never before offered for sale. Ladies are requested to call and see the Goods. Observe—Hours of Business, Nine till Six.

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The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7th, 1881.

THERE can be little doubt as to the soundness of the resolution come to by the Town Council, at the meeting last week, to bring under the consideration of the Govern-

ment the desirableness of appointing a Departmental Commission to consider and report as to the expediency of extending the municipal, sanitary, and police boundaries of burghs in Scotland so as to place the whole urban population of each populous district under one system of municipal, sanitary, and police administration. That such a Commission should be granted if no better means of attaining the desired end can be suggested is as clear as it is certain that the present reign of disorder is the cause of great trouble and expense to the inhabitants of populous districts included in the resolution. Only the other day the Board of Inland Revenue recognised the absurdity of the inhabitants of Pollokshields being obliged to pay their Income Tax in Renfrewshire, and have accordingly attached the collection to the Glasgow district. Why should the inhabitants of such populous districts as Pollokshields, Crosshill, Kinning Park, and, for that part of it, even Pollokshaws, be put to the inconvenience of paying taxes or having to seek for legal redress in Paisley instead of Glasgow, which is a much more easily got at forum? The County Buildings in Paisley are probably the dirtiest in Great Britain, so that no one would willingly prefer County Square to Wilson Street. The difficulty to be guarded against, however, on the whole matter is to keep it out of the hands of the so-called politicians—the men who are always thinking of gaining or losing votes. The question of Parliamentary boundaries is not involved, and, therefore, the Parliamentary "bummer" has no right to have a finger in the pie.

"MAK' YERSEL AT HAME."

(Scene — Hotel in Dumbartonshire; Time, "twixt the gloamin' and the mirk." An ordination dinner is going on in the upper room, when two worthies, wet and shivering, enter the coffee-room, ring the bell, and place their backs to the fire; the door opens, and a well-known suburban reverend brother, whom the visitors take for a waiter, looks in.)

First Visitor (gruffly)—Here, ma man, bring us twa whuskies, and look gey-an sherp for we're gaun wi' the next train.

Reverend Brother (stalking up to the fire with his hands under his coat tails, and looking visitor in the face)—It's you, Hugh? Ye'd better mak' it three whuskies, an' I'll tak' yin wi' ye.

(An hour later, "Three blyther lads, that lee lang nicht, ye wadna find in christendie.")

Jeems Kaye and the Barony Dairy.

I'M nae great judge o' kye, Bailie, but I scrutinise my tax papers noo an' then, an' the ither day I wis raither astonished tae read o' the daens o' the Barony Parochial Board.

They've bocht—an' for the paupers mind ye—nine kye at £30 apiece, an' a bull at £60! Bit they had a wee bit discussion about the maitter.

As Mr Pettigrew an' me read the story in the *Ceetizen* the same nicht, we had a bit crack aboot it, an' he wis like Mr John Young, he said, "dear kye were as easy kept as cheap yins."

"Vera true," I says, "but if yin o' the dear kye wis tae dee—an' I suppose even the Barony Parochial Board kye are bit mortal—£30 is a heap mair tae lose than £15, an' I think it's no jist the thing that when you an' me an' ither dacent ratepayers hae tae be content wi' milk frae a dairyman's coo at £10 or £15—an' guid kens some may be even less—that the paupers should get it frae yin at £30."

"The chairman," replies Mr Pettigrew, "said they took the advice o' yin o' the best breeders in Scotlan', an' he said they couldna possibly get a better breed o' stock for the place." "I quite believe that," says I, "but if they go on that footin' they'll be buying smoked ham for the pauper's breakfast at sixteen pence, an' fresh butter at echteen pence, no tae speak o' finnan haddies, an' soda scones for tea!" An', Bailie, I gied Mr Pettigrew a look as I said this.

Besides, this is no a'. Aifter the report o' the discussion cam the ominous words, "the subject then droopt." Jist so, an' a guid few pounds, I've nae doot, o' the ratepayers' money droopt too. Man, Bailie, it seems strange tae me that if a man keeps oot o' the purshoose, an' works a hard day's wark, an' his wife's able tae buy—say a bawbee's worth o' skim milk frae a £10 coo, that if he jist goes into the "hoose," he's supplied at yince wi' the best o' milk frae a £30 coo—no tae speak o' the £60 bull!

JEEMS KAYE.

A REVISED VERSION.—The *Herald's* travelling agricultural correspondent in the Far West describes a certain mineral well as a "modern Pool of Salome." No doubt the good man means "Siloam;" but if he *will* go in for scriptural parallels, he might at least take the trouble of "verifying his quotations."

The Town-Head—The Lord Provost.

Gentlemen who get the Baby to hold—Remedy, 20s Perambulator.—GARDINER & HARDIE, 42 Great Clyde Street.

Spinnaker-ana.

HE was a Cockney tourist, and he went down to Largs pier to see how the yacht races were going on. The man he inquired at was a real native of "the Lairgs." "Weel, its this way, ye see, Jock M'Kirdy got a bit fluke o' win oot o' Balloch Bay, and wathered oot on Tam Morris, but Bauldie Jack, gettin a bit airt o' his ain, set his spinnaker on his bowsprit end and ran past the twa o' them, but Jock kep his luff and wadna let him bye, and got the bowie furst, ye see, and staying sharp roun in the last o' the slack watter, he broke his tack short aff, and, underbowin' the flood tide, ye understan, held the grip tae the finish, ye see;" and the Cockney rushed off to the Brisbane for a brandy and soda to relieve his aching head.

He had bought a yacht, and had read from end to end a manual of yacht sailing. He then went on board and gave his orders to get the boat underway. "Have you spliced the lee earring to the aftermost bob stay?"

"Ay, ay, Sir;" sang out the skipper.

"And reefed the bowsprit down to the sheef of the topmast?"

"Ay, ay, Sir; all right, Sir."

"Then make fast the fore topping left to the lee binnacle; garboard strake the weather keels on, scupper lee runners, make all fast and belay." And he went below quite satisfied that he could sail his own ship.

INDECENT GLEE.—In reporting the Duke of Edinburgh's visit to H. M. S. Clyde at Aberdeen last week, a contemporary makes a remark which is rather equivocal as regards both the loyalty of the inhabitants and the popularity of the Duke. "A crowd gathered on the bank near the vessel," says the scribe, "and after about twenty minutes, during which His Royal Highness minutely inspected the arrangements on board and the discipline of the men, *they were gratified by seeing him leave.*" Now, whatever their feelings, would it not have been only decent on the part of the crowd to assume a sorrow for the departure of H.R.H., even if they had it not?

"THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION."—England, Scotland, and—in spite of the Parnellites—Ireland.

A Black and Blue Exhibition—A damaged eye.

MITCHELL'S OLD IRISH WHISKY.

Megilp.

THE hopes entertained with regard to the combined Black and White and Water Colour Exhibitions in the Galleries of the Fine Art Institute have been fully realised. Not only are the number of the exhibits in both collections largely in advance of those of last year, but the general level of excellence is also much higher. It is difficult, indeed, to believe that a collection from which all colour was strictly excluded could become so interesting as that which now occupies the large gallery and three of the smaller galleries of the Institute. In walking through these we realise, almost for the first time, what resources the skilled artist possesses in form alone. He can produce at once the most delicate and strongest effects by the aid of simple black and white. The magic of his art can be as fully manifested with a piece of charcoal as though he had employed a palette "set" with all the colours of the rainbow.

It must not be supposed, however, while this is said that the Exhibition is above criticism. Indeed if black and white shows the strength it also displays the weakness of those who work in it. And the walls of the present Exhibition contain manifold instances of the weakness of our local artists. Trick and repetition, and unskilful drawing, and poverty of imagination are to be detected only too frequently in their contributions. It is not given to every one to possess the wide experience of William Glover, James A. Aitken's knowledge of pictorial effect, or the mingled delicacy and power of David Murray.

William Carlaw is another artist who is seen to great advantage in the galleries as are also Coventry, Pratt, Davidson, and Wellwood Rattray.

Perhaps the most telling features of the water colour portion of the Exhibition are Allan's "Funeral of Carlyle," Glover's "Burial Place of the Argyles," and James A. Aitken's crisp, breezy seapieces.

Powell, M'Taggart, Murray, A. K. Brown, Pollok Nisbet, Carlaw, Colin Hunter, Denovan Adam, and J. G. Whyte are other contributors whose contributions should be studied by a visitor.

Instead of opening in the beginning of June, as was the case last year, it has been arranged that the Dundee Fine Art Exhibition for the present season shall be placed on view on the 1st of next month. Last year's sales amounted to close on £500.

One of the pictures which has attracted much attention in the Newcastle Arts Exhibition is the "October at Aberfoyle" of A. K. Brown.

The tenth annual exhibition of the Kirkcaldy Fine Art Association will be opened to-morrow (Wednesday) afternoon by the Earl of Glasgow. It contains no fewer than 880 works. These are generally small in size, but a hurried run through the rooms yesterday conveyed the notion that the general average was very fair indeed. The collection includes examples of Constable, Pettie, M'Taggart, Bough, Albert Moore, Aumonier, Billet, Masure, Clara Montalba, and Lady Lindsay, while among the Glasgow artists represented are Robert Greenlees, Miss Greenlees, David Murray, J. A. Aitken, A. K. Brown, Alex. Davidson, John Grey, Hutcheson, Duncan Mackellar, East, M'Ewan, Duncan M'Laurin, Wellwood Rattray, Boyd, and Brydall.

James A. Aitken has left town for the Trossachs, where he will spend the remaining weeks of Autumn.

A. K. Brown, who returned a day or two ago from Arran, will go to Aberfoyle towards the end of the week.

John Cairney is at present at West Kilbride, eagerly studying the incomparable sunsets across the Arran hills—sunsets that are incomparable, at all events, south of the island of Skye.

J. D. Adam and Wellwood Rattray left a week ago for Aberfoyle, where they propose to spend the coming weeks of autumn.

A Black and White Exhibition — The Matthews' C C C minstrels.

The Age of Science — The jubilee of the British Association.

The Modern Æsop.

XVIII.—Two Lions.

TWO lions—one tame and the other not—were caged as neighbours in a menagerie. "Behave yourself more quietly, my brother," remonstrated the tame lion with his relative, who was restless and noisy under restraint. "Such fierce raging is all very well in the forest, but is out of place here." "You call yourself the king of beasts," growled the other. "Why, your roar is like a cub's whine. Your mane would disgrace a mule; and your manners better become a whipped hound." "Be it so. I get all I want without fume and fury. Take it coolly, my noble friend, for you won't get your supper any the sooner for your antics, and you only terrify or amuse children."

MORAL.—A savage mein is not independence, nor is meekness servility. The manners of a boor don't become any one who eats white bread.

A BASE(LESS) LIBEL.—A local leader-writer displayed considerable temerity the other day. Discussing the lessons to be learned from the Review, he conjured up the figure of "a lazy, an indifferent, or a foolish officer—the man who has become a Volunteer for the uniform and the mess dinner, with its most infrequent discreditable features of imbibings." My conscience! The BAILIE has known blood—almost—shed for less than that. And, if it comes to that, who ever encountered a Volunteer officer who was either lazy, indifferent, or foolish? Who ever knew one who cared a dump for his uniform or his "mess dinner"? Who ever heard of one "excessively imbibing"? Pshaw! The groundlessness and absurdity of the libel can alone preserve the imaginative scribbler from immolation by the swords of Brown, Jones, and Robinson of "Ours."

"ENCOURAGE US!"—In commending her Irish friends to her Glasgow audience last week, Miss Parnell wound up with the old refrain—"Give them your money, and encourage them." The audience cheered, of course, but it is to be feared the amount of "encouragement" from this quarter will be limited. When Paddy makes his way across the Channel, and becomes, more or less, a man of substance, he is prodigal enough of breath in the cause of his "distracted country," but he prefers to keep his money and "encourage" himself.

The Explosives Company — The Fenian brotherhood.

TURNING THE LAUGH.
(Scene—A country road.)

Young Swell (in waggonette, belonging to a picnic party)—Hallo, old fellow! What do you pay for your starch?

Middle-aged Gent (on horseback)—Ask your mother when you get home. I believe she does my washing.

OH, SNAKES!—The sea-serpent has turned up off one of the Orkney Islands in a most aggravated form. It attacked a herring-boat, tried to get on board, and "showed its teeth." It is to be presumed the beast has grown desperate at having been so frequently argued out of existence, and has determined to assert itself.

VOLUNTEER ELEMENTARY TRAINING—THE DRILL SERGEANT ECLIPSED!—After the great volunteer war with the elements at Edinburgh, on the 25th ult., some 30,000 of the volunteers were well trained at the rate of 10,000 an hour! A rail feat, says Bauldy. Well done, he adds, stokers and pokers—especially the latter!

The British Association—Our Asinus and his kinsfolk.

Evolutionary—Sir John Lubbock on his ants'-sisters.

A Female Anna-rchist—Miss Parnell.

The Final Tie—Married to a widow.

ROYALTY THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager.....Mr E. L. KNAPP.
THIS EVENING, TUESDAY, SEPT. 6th, at 7-30,
MR DOYLY CARTE'S COMPANY,
In GILBERT and SULLIVAN'S New Æsthetic Opera,
PATIENCE.

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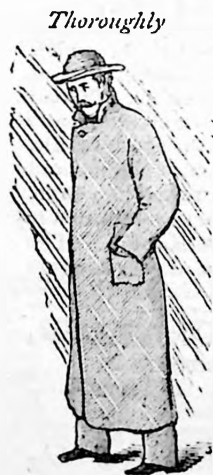
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Quaff deep the gen'rous liquor!

But pledge each neighbour ere you drain

The nectar in the bicker!

And as you quaff the nut brown draught,

Just think of that good fellow

Who first found out that drink for gods—

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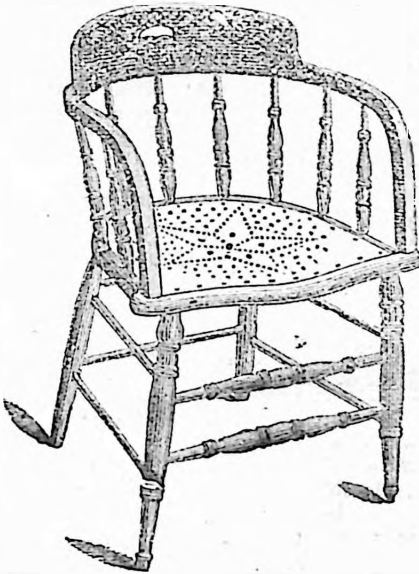
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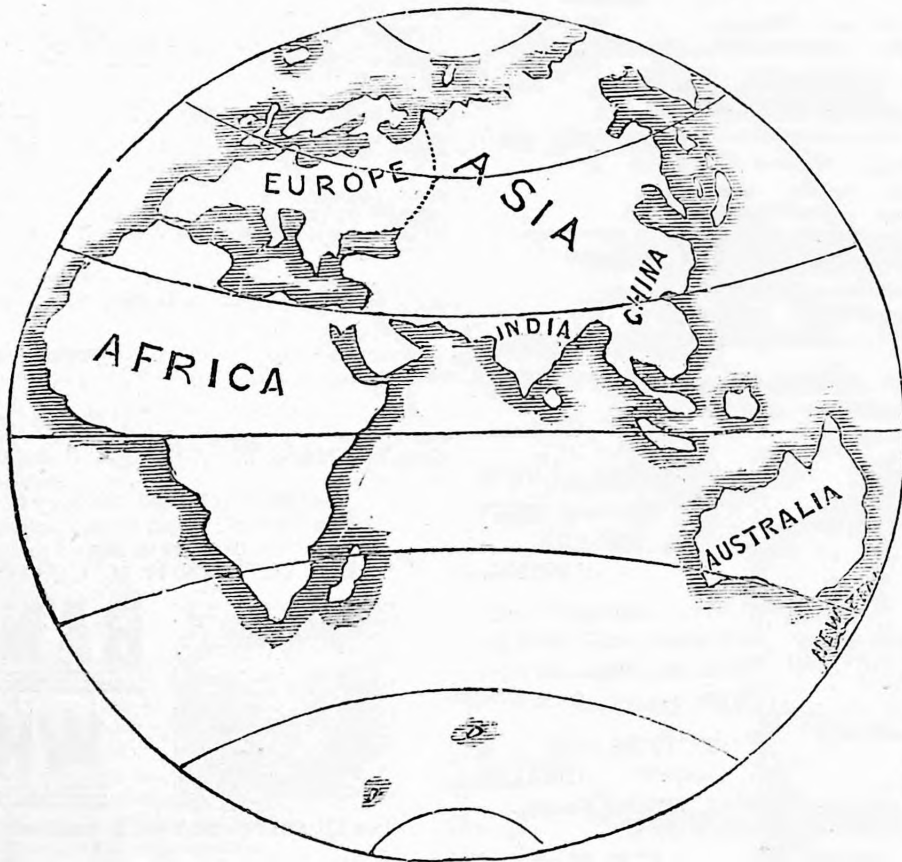
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The Bailie.

“MY CONSCIENCE!”

No. 465. Glasgow, Wednesday, September 14th, 1881. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 465.

PROBABLY no man of to-day commands such universal regard as General GARFIELD. All over the world, in Europe and Australia, equally with America, his condition is a subject of constant interest. The people of Melbourne and Vienna are as depressed when the news concerning him is unfavourable, as they are cheered when it is good. Up till the day, in 1880, when GARFIELD was selected by the Chicago Republican Convention as its nominee for the Presidency of the United States, he was practically unknown out of America; up to the moment when he was shot by Guiteau in the railway station at Washington, he was regarded, in this country at least, as no more than so much wax in the hands of the brilliant and far-seeing Blaine, the statesman he had selected as the Chief of his Cabinet. The pistol of the murderer, however, changed all this. When the first thrill of horror at the crime had died out, it was succeeded by something which even resembled personal affection towards the distinguished sufferer. For the first time men seemed to realise the greatness of the President. The various incidents in his career were told over with minute care. His early years of struggle and privation in the Ohio log-hut where he was born, the days he spent as a lad on board a canal boat, his return to field work, his eagerness for study—which resulted in his entering a neighbouring school as a pupil, and rapidly rising to the post of pupil teacher—his college course, and lastly, his appointment to a Professorship of Ancient Languages and English Literature in an Ohio Academy, were all dwelt upon as if each separate incident were of world-wide importance. And while the earlier portion of GARFIELD'S life received this large measure

of attention, that which followed was treated with equal particularity. When the Secession War broke out, the BAILIE may remind his readers that the President at once ranged himself on the side of the North, and before long—so important had he become—received a commission as colonel of the 42nd Ohio regiment. He first saw active service in Eastern Kentucky, where he defeated a Confederate force under General Marshall. At the Battle of Shiloh he commanded a brigade, and soon afterwards he was appointed Chief of the Staff to General Rosecrans, and served in this capacity at the bloody fight of Chickamauga, the result of which was the retirement from Tennessee of Braxton Bragg, one of the most enterprising and successful of the Southern generals. GARFIELD'S experience in the field terminated with Chickamauga—where, by the bye, he directed, personally, the pointing of a field-battery at the crisis of the day. At the time when the battle was being fought he had been elected to Congress by his native district in Ohio, and, yielding to the expressed desire of President Lincoln, who urged that it was necessary to have a certain number of capable military men in the Legislature, he retired from the army, and was henceforward known as a politician. This was towards the close of 1863, and, in the seventeen succeeding years, General GARFIELD was known as one of the most capable and most respected members of the Republican party. He was an out and out supporter of “hard money,” as opposed to an inflated paper currency; administrative reform had in him an enthusiastic advocate; and while he could not see his way to propose any very sweeping alteration in the tariff of the United States, he still declared that he was for a “protection that would lead to ultimate free trade.” As has already been hinted, his nomination to the post of President was a surprise.

His election, however, naturally followed on his nomination. In all that has happened since his attempted murder, the brave, cheerful nature of the man has been made abundantly manifest. Day after day, week after week, and now month after month has been passed by him on a bed of pain. Throughout this terrible trial he has maintained a uniform, uncomplaining demeanour. Only a splendid constitution could have withstood the physical shock to which he has been subjected; only a splendid mind and character could have risen superior to the suffering by which that shock has been accompanied.

EAST-END INTELLIGENCE.

(Saturday afternoon, Glasgow Green; Music by band of Russian warship "Peter the Great.")

Carter (to his wife)—Come on oot o' this, Jean, whit are ye stannin' there for? Come on. There's naebody kens that masick, it's Rooshan.

MORE DEPRECIATION.—This is really intolerable. Only last week the BAILIE was obliged to rebuke our worthy Lord Provost for speaking of Liverpool as our "guide," and now no less a personage than the Prince of Wales declares that "everybody knows" the same city to be "the second greatest town in the United Kingdom." No doubt H.R.H. had read Mr Ure's remarks, and come to the conclusion that he ought to know best. It is too bad to have one municipal chief taking away our moral character—as "Sir William" still delights to do—and his successor decrying our importance. The best thing to be done now is to furnish the Prince with the correct statistics. See to it, my Lord.

SALARIES.—Councillor Filshill says that, "If one official has his salary advanced, and not another, it is like a vote of censure on the one who did not get the advance." Possibly not so—that it is no vote of censure, but rather an ignorance of unseen, and consequently unknown officials. There is more point in the remark of Councillor Neil, that "In the increasing of salaries there should be some *uniform* practice."

The Flower Show — The sunflowers in "Patience."

Good Taste in the Management of the School of Art—Getting its prospectus printed *in Derby*.

"Æstheticism"—The lily-pot of gull-ever.

A Regular Shine—The electric light.

MITCHELL'S OLD IRISH WHISKY.

Duo.

"And both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse."

—As You Like It.

GIL.

WHENE'ER I write a play,
The people seem to say,
" 'Tis just the thing needed;
Before he succeeded,
And will again to-day."
I know the public taste,
On them my art I waste;
I've wrought now with "Patience,"
And dished them up rations
Of jingling rhymes, and chaste.
A Bab-ling Ballad, young man;
A *World* and *Truth*, young man;
A rhymer poetical 'gainst what's æsthetical
Pick them up sharp! young man.

SUL.

Conceive me if you can,
A tuneful-eared young man,
A harmony maker,
And never-mistaker
Of what can the folks trepan;
I know what they like to hear—
I can hit it exact—that's queer!
With smart accidentals
I tickle their dentals—
The common chord soothes the ear.
A natural, sharp young man,
No common time young man;
Give me a libretto with music to set, O
You'll find I'm the right young man.

GIL.

A "Pinafore," pert young man,
A patter-song, quick young man,
A rhymer on "totally," never-yet-wrote-a-lay-
But-caught-the-times young man.

SUL.

A drawing-room piece young man,
A baritone-bawled young man,
An all-the-world-pratest-of-Sullivan's-latest—
Too-two-shilling-net, young man.

BOTH.

O do conceive us then,
Two popular young men,
With "Pirates" and "Pinafore," "Patience," and—in-afore-
All-seats-are-filled young men!

THE FESTIVE "DEPUTY."—They seem to understand the "deputation fake" in Leith. It was stated last week that two members of a Town Council deputation to London stipulated that they should receive "expenses" at the rate of £7 7s. a day, or—to be precise—£2,682 15s. per annum. Some of us would be glad to "deputate" all our lives for less than half the money!

Æstheticism in a Nutshell—"The Colonel," (kernal.)

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AGAINST
LOSS. { By using a Fire and Thief-Proof Safe. Milner's,
Second-hand and New, from £5. Safes by Perry,
"Phillips," "Chubb," Whitfield, &c., 100 in Stock.
from £3 10s upwards. Inspection invited. State
Size Required.—JENNINGS & Co., Bicycle and Safe
Agents, 101 Mitchell Street, Glasgow.

"The Great Burgh."

IF Greenock was unable to secure the presence and assistance of Royalty on a recent occasion, she should be in some measure consoled by last week's visit from Lord Shaftesbury. In acknowledging an address from the Corporation that estimable—if somewhat unctuous—peer waxed almost hysterical in his thanks to Providence for the "climax" of honour which he had reached. "He had received great honours at the hands of the school people of Glasgow and Edinburgh, in the little burgh of Tain, and now from the great burgh of Greenock; and he trusted that the honour which had been conferred on him would be an encouragement for many others to follow in the same career." My conscience! There will be no standing the conceit of our friends "doun by" after this. It is quite a new experience to have a real live lord gushing thusly in their midst.

CAMPBELTOWN AGAIN.

Tugal—I doot you're the waur o' the Campbeltown.

Tonal—Aye, I think I wid be the better o' a drap o' Islay.

"ETERNAL HOWLS."—Mr W. R. W. Smith is constantly laying us under some fresh obligation or other. Hardly a day passes without some new ray of enlightenment—on matters sanitary, social, or what not—flashing from that omniscient source. The latest may be described as linguistic or philological. We now know, thanks to W. R. W., that an "eternal howl" is synonymous with a "timorously apologetic tone;" and henceforth the educated, if sleepless, citizen will objurgate the timorous apologies of the feline disturbers of his repose, while, in like manner, should the BAILIE ever have the misfortune to disagree with W. R. W., he will couple the disagreement with—an eternal howl!

SINGULAR EFFECT OF ENCOUNTERING A SCARECROW.—Somebody advertises having lost his artificial teeth in a tramway-car. That must have been a particularly gruesome-looking guard—whose apparition caused the passenger's very teeth to drop out!

Moonstruck—By the sunflower.

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The Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley Pen.
Sample Box, with all the kinds, by Post, 1s 1d.
Patentees of Pens and Penholders—MACNIVEN & CAMERON,
23 to 33 Blair Street, Edinburgh. (Estd. 1770.)
Penmakers to Her Majesty's Government Offices.
Beware of the party offering imitations o these Pens.

On 'Change.

MY family is getting larger. Since I last contributed to this column another youthful branch of the house of Scrutator has appeared upon the terrestrial scene. Strictly speaking the incident may be considered as chiefly interesting to Mrs Scrutator and myself. It is not so, however. The event concerns the general public, and in this wise. It was duly chronicled in the leading newspapers of Glasgow and London, in a manner befitting the importance of the occasion. A day or two afterwards I received the following eminently sympathetic letter:—

"Confidential.—Burlington Chambers, 1 Boyle Street, Savile Row, London.—Mr Snelling begs to state he is prepared to advance sums of money on personal security alone without publicity or delay. Loans also arranged on all descriptions of approved security at 5 per cent. per annum and on Policies of Assurance. Hours 12 to 6."

My thanks are due to the philanthropist who rushed to my aid at a crisis which he evidently considered to be of unexampled gravity. I am happy to inform him that through a previous arrangement with an avuncular relative I am not at the moment in a state bordering upon despair. When that time comes I shall be pleased to communicate with my unknown benefactor. In the meantime my experience may act as a solemn warning to others who might possibly fall an unsuspecting prey to the Metropolitan bill discounter.

Pig-iron has been excited during the past week. My prediction of a fall to 45s is yet unfulfilled, but it will be. The excitement of last week, and the rise that followed, were as unsubstantial as anything I ever saw in the market. Because a few makers want to repair their furnaces, and set them going again with a greater production than ever, the howl of damping down furnaces is set up and the whole market is in a commotion. It is a humiliating sight to behold the Scotch producers, once the monarchs of the craft, taking off their hats and begging the Middlesborough people to stop making. When the Middlesborough makers, with greater foresight than their Glasgow competitors, saw what was going to happen, they wished to arrange with Glasgow about production, but they did not get much encouragement. If the Middlesborough makers are wise they will refuse the overtures made to them, and it is most likely they will do so. They have the ball at their feet just now and they can afford to kick it. Even should they consent to go into the combination, the rise in price, produced by fictitious means, can be only temporary.

A week ago I recorded that stocks had gone down on the increased traffics derived from the Review in Edinburgh. I pointed out the reason of the anomaly. Another anomaly has occurred since. A reduced dividend on Caledonian stock was announced, and the price straightway went up. The reason was that a knot of people had made up their minds to call Caledonian down. Meet any of them on the street, and they would call heaven to witness that the stock could not possibly pay more than 2½ per cent. After the assertion had been made a few hundred times, they began to believe it themselves. So did their friends, who went about and howled down the stock likewise. In justice to the Scotch dealers, I must here state that I found this miserable trickery more common in London than in Glasgow. It existed in Glasgow also, however, and the fellows who indulged in it are men to be shunned. The reaction has sent the stock up to over 105. At this figure it is too dear, for a stock bearing only 3½ per cent. It must not be forgotten that we are now in a half-year which compares with a 2½ per cent. dividend last time.

SCRUTATOR.

The Sewage Scheme—A policy of precipitation.

One of the Original Representatives of "Patience"—Job.

50 VISITING CARDS (Finest Ivory) while you wait 1s 6d.—GILLESPIE BROTHERS, 8 Buchanan Street.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—Of course there will be a rush this week on "The Colonel" at the Gaiety—it only runs for one week—and all those, therefore, who, having assisted at the production of an æsthetic opera at the Royalty, are anxious to make themselves familiar with an æsthetic drama at the house "over the way," had better "be in time, be in time." "The Colonel," as I mentioned last week, is by Mr Burnand of *Punch*, and follows on the lines of Morris Barnett's "Serious Family"—played a couple of months ago at the Royalty by Mrs Chippendale and her company. Both pieces, indeed, are adaptations of the same French comedy, but while Barnett made his arch-impostor assume the cloak of religion to cover his nefarious schemes, Burnand has turned him into the director of the Æsthetic High Art Company, and provides him with victims among the disciples of "the intense," "the utter," and "the symphonious." The *Deus ex machina* of the earlier comedy is *Captain Murphy Maguire*, a rollicking Irish soldier, and that of the later *Colonel Wootveell Wood* of the U.S. Cavalry, a polished, incisive, and rather cynical man of the world. In the one play the rascal goes under the appellation of *Amindab Sleek*, while in the other he bears the name of *Lambert Streyke*, but his fate in both pieces is the same—his end is worse than his beginning.

On Monday next Mr Bernard promises us a visit from Mr William Sidney, who will appear, together with a specially selected company, in "The O'Dowd," the Irish drama recently produced by Mr Boucicault at the Adelphi Theatre, London.

Mr James Buchanan and his company are still drawing crowds at Mr Beryl's popular theatre on the South-Side. "It is Never Too Late to Mend"—which, by the way, has just been re-produced with great magnificence in London—is now superseded by Mr C. H. Hazlewood's "great drama," "Waiting for the Verdict." They like "great dramas" on the South-Side—and, to tell the truth, I have a hankering that way myself.

"Patience," at the Royalty, is proving the greatest hit of the season. The theatre is nightly filled to the doors—some nights, indeed, hundreds of people are turned away for want of standing room, even, in the interior—and go where you will you find it one of the main topics of conversation. But there is no need to wonder at this success. The music is capitally sung—the "Willow Wally" duet is sufficiently enticing of itself to make you go back again and again to hear it, the acting is full of character, and the staging, why the staging is perfect. Nothing more Burne Jonesian has been seen, either inside or outside the Grosvenor Gallery, than the style of the Ladies *Angela*, *Saphir*, and *Ella*, in the earlier portion of the piece. And let me say that, as it seems to me, their Burne Jones attitudes and attire are wonderfully graceful, much more graceful, indeed, than are the attire and the attitudes assumed by the same young ladies when they appear at the close as

"prettily pattering, cheerily chattering,
Every-day young girls."

Has it been noticed, I wonder, that the make-up of *Patience*, the heroine of the opera, is copied from "Betty," Mr Luke Fildes' Royal Academy picture of six years ago.

Let me recall to everybody's recollection that "Patience" must be withdrawn from the Royalty at the close of the present week.

Mr Charles will open the Grand Theatre, as the Prince of Wales has been re-christened, on Monday, when Mr George Rignold will appear in the *title-role* in Watts Phillips' drama of "Amos Clark." This is one of Mr Rignold's original parts—he created it in 1872 at the London Queen's, the theatre where he first gained a position, the theatre where he sustained every species of part, where he "roared and stamped and fumed" as *King Wenzel* in "Hinko," and where he played *Caliban* with admirable breadth and emphasis.

"Amos Clark" is a drama without a hero, so-called, inasmuch as the central figure is a man who has been cradled into evil by wrong, who develops a relentless, unscrupulous nature, and

who finally murders his uncle—a personage, however, who, in other years, had done cruel injury to his mother, and whose death may therefore be regarded in the light of a species of wild justice.

This piece was one of the most successful of Watts Phillips' works, albeit it has taken no hold as yet on the stage. It will be succeeded at the Grand Theatre on the following Monday by "Black-Eyed Susan."

Mr Toole is drawing crowded houses at the Edinburgh Theatre Royal. And well he may. Not depending for his success on his personal popularity alone, he is taking round with him the entire company of the London Folly, Mr John Billington, Mr Garden—so admirable in "Our Boys," Mr Ward, and the rest, which last phrase includes clever Miss Eliza Johnstone.

The Folly company with Mr Toole at their head appear on this night week at the Glasgow Royalty.

Mr Irving began his provincial tour on Monday last at the Grand Theatre, Leeds. His company numbers 60 performers and 35 supernumeraries. He carries with him 700 dresses, 35 suits of armour, and the Lyceum scenery for the eight pieces which form the country repertory of the company, and which are "Hamlet," "Othello," "The Merchant of Venice," "Charles I.," "Eugene Aram," "The Cup," "The Belle's Stratagem," and "The Bells." Altogether the impedimenta fill four railway trucks, which, added to the four composite carriages hired for the conveyance of the company from place to place, form a special train. Was ever such "players' progress" heard of before? Mr Irving's visit to the Royalty will be paid towards the middle of next month.

The Matthew's Minstrels are still having a good time at the West Nile Street Cirque. Messrs W. & H. Matthews, the "bosses," are a host in themselves. Our old friend Wilsom—he has been a nigger since '57—makes a model interlocutor, and as of yore sings a ballad with all the finish of a Sims Reeves. Couldn't Mr Wilsom, as on his last visit with the Hague-Dillon troupe, give us a few nights of those Christy Minstrel ditties that were all the rage when you and I were young. I'm sure it would draw. The dancing of Messrs Pierce & Monaghan is quite a feature of the performances. Nothing finer in its way has ever been seen here. Altogether the show is of the best.

The Second of the City Hall Saturday Evening Concerts—which, as Bailie Farquhar took such pains to impress upon his hearers t'other night, were instituted "28 years ago"—takes place on the 17th, when an excellent "ballad programme" will be submitted.

By the way, where *was* the Lord Provost last Saturday night?

When you see Corporal Kaye, BAILIE, tell him from me that his published experiences of the great National Review were read at Nairn on the night of Friday, the 2nd, by Mr Vallance, of Glasgow.

Apropos of "the Volunteers," there is presently on view in Annan's in Sauchiehall Street a photograph of Robertson's excellent picture of Glasgow Volunteers on Glasgow Green—a picture painted about twenty years ago. It contains portraits of, among other well-known citizens, Sheriffs Alison, Bell, and Strathern, Lord Provosts Galbraith and Clouston Robert Dalglish, M.P., Drs M'Leod, Caird, and Gillan, Captains Baird and Rothead, also of members of some of the then recently-formed corps of *cadets*. Robertson died a young man, shortly after this picture was completed.

The Glasgow "Parliamentary" entered on the political work of the session last Thursday evening again with "The Man you Know," Mr John Turnbull, jun., as speaker. As usual a "no confidence" motion in the present Imperial Government was introduced, and after being discussed for about two hours the debate was adjourned till next Thursday, when a division will be taken.

Chance throws us among strange bedfellows. Such must have been Mr Pearce's opinion at the banquet to King Kalakua in the Corporation Galleries last Wednesday evening, when he found himself "sandwiched" between Councillor John Neil and Mr Irwin, of Govan Parochial Board fame. In a manner neglected by the powers at the head of the room, "the greatest shipbuilder in the world" evidently felt quite at home, and chatted away gaily with "Johnny," who proved a most attentive listener.

Another grouping, not less interesting in a way, was that of Councillor Jackson and his editorial chief, Mr Stoddart of the *Herald*.

The very lengthy menu card of the Kalakua banquet, drawn out in elegant French, must have puzzled not a few of our municipal rulers, of whom the company was mainly composed; and many must have been the appeals to the waiters for the plain English of this, that, and the other dish. The dinner itself was a *chef d'œuvre* of the culinary art, and the fact that the eating lasted over two hours is an eloquent testimony to the number and variety of the courses provided by Messrs Ferguson & Forrester. And the wines! Ma conscience! To one or two present, indeed, the dinner and its accompaniments was as trying to their stomachs as the card had been to their brains, and it is reported that an ex-occupant of the civic chair had to beat a hasty retreat from the table.

The chief fun of the evening, however, was provided by the magic lantern which the Corporation provided for the delectation of the King of the—Sandwich Islands!

Loungers in Buchanan Street one afternoon last week were not probably aware that one of the most distinguished and versatile of our lady novelists and essayists might have been there seen, engaged in a lively and animated conversation with a parson hailing from the South Side. The lady in question was the well-known Mrs Oliphant, and she was *en route* for the manse of Rosneath parish, amidst the scenery of which lies the story of some of her novels, and the acquaintance of which she first made when writing the *Life of Edward Irving*. The distinguished authoress is again in our nearer neighbourhood, being, I understand, the guest of the Rev. W. W. Tulloch, of Maxwell Church.

Like other associations, the Sunday Society has been in a quiescent state throughout the summer months, but it is not to be imagined that it has collapsed. Dr Carpenter, of London, Professor Blackie, and Professor Nichol, are to give addresses during the ensuing session; and Mr Rhys Davies, the authority on Buddhism, Mr Ford Maddox Brown, the painter of "The Last of England," and Mr W. W. Rosetti, are also likely to address audiences in the Queen's Rooms under the auspices of the Society.

It seems but the other day, BAILIE, that the name of George J. Miller was one of the best-known and most respected in local musical circles. George in his day has played many parts but is hardly likely ever again to add to the number. Paralysis and other fell strokes have brought him to a low ebb. As in health, so in wealth the veteran is now, and has been for some time, an utter wreck. Mr Miller was for thirteen years principal cornet in the Grenadier Guards, and afterwards a first favourite in the Crystal Palace Orchestra under Mr Manns. He taught the great Levy his notes, and first appeared in public here as bandmaster of the 63rd (Suffolk) Regiment. Mr Miller was also for many years conductor of the orchestra at the Fine Art Institute Exhibitions, librarian and cornet player at the launching of the Orchestral Concerts, a member of the Royal and Royalty orchestras, instructor of the Cumberland and Mossbank boys' brass bands, besides being bandmaster to our Artillery Volunteers, to the Airdrie, Cleland, Pollokshaws, and other bands. If but a moiety of his whilom friends would come to his aid the old man would at any rate be "blessed in his basket and in his store, kail and potatoes." So mote it be. I shall gladly lend a helping hand.

The peopling with steamers of our far-famed Scottish lochs goes on apace and soon there will be hardly a loch in Scotland but will have a "boat of its own," enabling the enthusiastic tourist to explore it from end to end. Towards this end no man has done more than Mr Thomas B. Seath, one of the "Men you Know," and I hear, my Magistrate, that he is about to build a handsome little craft for the far-away Loch Maree, and that in all probability he will shortly be performing a similar service for Loch Tay.

The Royal and Ancient Potato and Herring Incorporation had splendid weather for its annual outing at Renfrew on Wednesday. Everything was propitious, and the diverse cookery of the herrings elicited general admiration. The only drawback to the enjoyment was the exceeding friskiness of some Paisley "bodies" who had accidentally become mixed up with the members and their friends. For the future, a black mark ought to be placed against these votaries of Bacchus.

Disregarding the warnings of the past, Granny has been going in for unknown tongues again. The other day she talked about a "*recherche (sic) déjeuner*" having been given to King Kalakua in the evening! We shall presently have the "Tuscan Tongue" trotted out once more!

Crimean Simpson, is at present on a visit to the Prince of Wales at Abergeldie.

Our Fauna and Flora.

AS the BAILIE'S own Gossiper stated not long ago that the members of the Natural History Society of Glasgow intend to hold an exhibition towards the end of autumn of the fauna and flora of the British Isles, special prominence being given to the zoological and botanical specimens of the Clydesdale district. His Worship is now in a position to particularise a few of the most interesting local exhibits, from the mention of which it will be gathered that the show is to be of a highly curious and instructive character. The zoological specimens, then, will include—

The BAILIE'S Ass.

Bulls and Bears from Buchanan Street. (The pugnacity of these creatures being notorious, they will be safely housed at opposite extremities of the exhibition rooms.)

Little Ducks. (A most attractive collection.)

Old Cats.

Donkeys, Puppies, and Curs.

Social Bees.

Ditto Wasps, Spiders, and Scorpions.

Among the botanical specimens will be shown—

Lilies and Roses. (Classed, for convenience of inspection, with the Little Ducks.)

Drawing-room Wallflowers. (It is difficult to obtain these in any save a slightly faded condition, but efforts will be made to secure a few fresh specimens.)

Dandy-lions. (Some of them presenting strongly-marked characteristics of the Wallflower family.)

Weeds. (A large and comprehensive class.)

Further details will be given shortly.

Magistrates and Majesty—Red-herrings and sandwiches.

"Flags" of all Nations—Paving stones.

English Damsons are now at their best for preserving. Prices are right at the City Fruit Warehouse, 18 GORDON STREET.

Wonders of the Clyde.

As noted by Mr M'JUMPS, during a trip on board the
"Monarch of the Seas."

WONDER when we're going to start.

Wonder if a B. and S. would make me feel any livelier than I do at present, after getting up at so unearthly an hour. Shouldn't wonder.

Wonder why that atrabilious-looking parson glares at me so, as I re-appear, gracefully wiping my moustache.

Wonder if he's anything to do with "the League."

Wonder when breakfast will be ready.

Wonder what I should begin with.

Wonder if I should have some more salmon-steak, or some beef-ditto, or some grouse, or some cold beef, or some ditto ham, or—

Wonder if they'd object if I were to go in for the whole lot in succession.

Wonder how any civilised being can be such a glutton as that elderly person opposite.

Wonder if he expects the Company to make any profit out of *him*.

Wonder how just a wee nip of curaçoa and brandy, by way of *chasse*, would go down.

Wonder who invented that dulcet, yet piquant, combination.

Wonder if I didn't read somewhere that it was George IV.

Wonder, if so, why some fellahs can object to statues being reared to so great and good a man.

Wonder if that little snob in yellow tweed thinks his cigar—ugh!—is composed of tobacco.

Wonder if it wouldn't be as well to light up myself, by way of protest.

Wonder, since it's getting so warm, what they can do down below in the way of a sherry cobbler.

Wonder if Delmonico could beat that.

Wonder if I should light another weed.

Wonder how some of those people can wrap themselves up in novels and newspapers, regardless of the beauties of nature and—ah—all that sort of thing.

Wonder whether that stout party with the broken nose is a bishop in mufti or a prize-fighter.

Wonder if they've any claret-cup on board.

Wonder how curaçoa and B. tastes *iced*.

Wonder I didn't think of that before.

Wonder how it is that the second tastes nicer than the first, and the third nicer than the second.

Wonder why this cigar's so difficult to light.

Wonder what that pretty girl is smiling at.

Wonder if I've made a conquest, or—

Wonder if there's a "black" on my nose, or anything the matter with my collar or tie.

Wonder if they could tell me below.

Wonder what makes those steward fellows grin so.

Wonder if I wouldn't be more cuffer—comfort—comfortable down here than on deck.

Wonder what makes me so shlee—leepy.

Wonder if it's the stotion of the meamer—I mean motion of the steamer.

Wonder—

A "Strong" Recommendation.

THE Local Authority of Dregghorn Parish met last week to consider a number of applications for the important office of scavenger. Various were the qualifications urged by the candidates. One pleaded that he had "a strong wife;" another that he was "a good singer at evangelistic meetings" and had "a practical acquaintance with divine truth;" a third, that he was a bricklayer, slater, and sweep; while a fourth forwarded a testimonial from his wife. In the end the powerfully wedded one was elected. Moral: If your ambition soars so high as the office of scavenger, don't waste your time upon evangelistic meetings; or in acquiring the arts of the bricklayer, the slater, and the sweep; or in cultivating the good opinion of your spouse; but—go in for a "Strong Woman of the Wilderness," and there you are!

WOULD YOU DARE DO IT?

(Scene—Campbeltown Quay; Monday 5-31 A.M. Steamer "Kinloch" leaving for Glasgow.)

Captain (in a commanding voice)—Pull in that gangway.

A Young Lady in the Crowd (in anxious tone)—No he'll no pull in the gangway, there mair passengers tae come.

Clerk in Steamboat Office (attempting to carry out the Captain's orders)—Ah, but time is up.

Young Lady (rushing to him)—Time up or down, just you take your time. My young man is comin' and goin'.

[Crowd raises cheers for young lady and two extra passengers go aboard. General waving of handkerchiefs.]

Autumn Manœuvres—Coquettings of continental crowned heads.

The New "Light Brig-aid"—On Jamaica Street Bridge.

BOYS' SCHOOL OUTFITS.—FORSYTH'S, 5 and 13 Renfield Street

Our Municipal Orators.—No. 6.

THE temperament of John Neil may be compared to a piece of hard coal in a smouldering state. It requires to be sternly hit and maltreated before it betrays its inflammable qualities. John was struck in such a manner last November when the Council refused him a Bailieship. The blow had a splendid effect. It brought out all the latent force of his nature. He emitted a glare and a smoke that scorched and "scomfished" his weaker eyed and weaker lunged brethren—enveloped the chaumer in a glorious gloom for six weeks. The country stood in awe; refractory members of minor burghs were infected, imitated his style, and threatened to become "John Neils" when their views were not adopted. No wonder he was copied, for he showed himself a perfect genius in undiluted abuse. He flung malignant epithets about with picturesque profuseness, all heedless whether they were applicable to the personages he addressed, and even went the length of describing one of his colleagues as physically, intellectually, and morally blind. If he had had the courage to persevere in the Cambyses vein he might now have been a hero—in a fair way of earning a wooden statue. But the task was too much for him and John suddenly sank to his level—that of a decent, plodding man with a dim vision of the right in the misty distance before him. It was a grand opportunity he allowed to slip through his fingers. His fury has expired, and the Council is no more the entertaining theatre it was in the days of his obstreperous energy. The reporters no longer stretch their ear drums to catch the "scenes," and the public wait in vain for broken columns of zesty amusement. Despite his obtuseness, John is acquainted with the ways of the world, and has made sufficient money to class him among the wealthier of the municipal orators. Moreover, he is "learned"—the only College man of the Council. He knows this well, and always—when he can take time—turns his sentences with a view to artistic finish. Of course he never succeeds. He always manages to put the right word in the wrong place, and to arrange his statements in such a way that they very often come out insoluble conundrums. For a long time he has been understood to be a kind of champion of the people, and he has made many ineffectual attempts to maintain the character. His *forte* is the Improvement Trust. On this knotty question he thinks he has a monopoly of knowledge; but, unfortunately,

he is in a minority of himself in that opinion. John would fain be a reformer, but his reforming efforts are ignored by his fellows, who look upon him, when he trots out that hobby, as a bore and slightly-headed. However, he is still a young man, and, should he confine himself to themes within the range of his understanding, he may possibly become of some use in the corporation.

PASSING STRANGE.
(Scene—A parlour.)

Mrs Shaw—Oor minister's gaun tae be maerried.

Mrs Bain—Wha's he gettin'?

Mrs Shaw—A Miss Blair.

Mrs Bain—She'll hae lots o' siller nae doot.

Mrs Shaw—Nae mair nor you or me.

Mrs Bain—My conscience! Weel this is certainly an age o' wunners.

Cheap at the Money.

MR GEMMEL had before him last Friday a gentleman from Greenock, who, "while passing along Ingram Street, took all the respectably dressed women he met in his arms and attempted to kiss them." This may be the Greenock mode of expressing respect and admiration for "the sex," but the amiable philogynist was informed, to the tune of two guineas, that we are accustomed to be less demonstrative in Glasgow; and he ought to consider his bargain a good one. Two guineas are not much to pay for a series of embraces including all the feminine respectability in Ingram Street. Are they now?

"THEY ARE GHOULS!"—The members of the Glasgow Archaeological Society made an excursion to Dumfries the other day, and in the course of their explorations visited Carlaverock Castle and other spots. "In a yard or green behind Comyn's Court," proceeds the chronicler of the expedition, "which is believed to have been a portion of the burial-ground of the monastery, a skull and some other human bones were exhumed for the benefit of the visitors." Horrible! *What did they do with them?*

"TIMEO DANAOS!"—A certain A.A.—is implored, by an advertisement in the *Citizen*, to "correspond with his friends in Duke Street at once." The address is rather ominous. Perhaps A. A.— might find it advantageous *not* to correspond with "his friends" in Duke Street.

Gentlemen who get the Baby to hold—Remedy, 20s Perambulator.—GARDINER & HARDIE, 42 Great Clyde Street.

Close of the Summer Season.

GREAT REDUCTIONS IN EVERY DEPARTMENT AT
THE CALEDONIAN HOUSE.

MESSRS COPLAND & LYE invite the attention of the Citizens of Glasgow to this their ANNUAL SALE, when all Goods of passing Fashion are subjected to such Reductions that will at once effect a Clearance. In addition to the Extraordinary Reductions, the CALEDONIAN HOUSE is filled with the Rarest Bargains, which must be seen to be appreciated. We have this week received Large Consignments of Foreign and British Dress Materials at astonishingly Low Prices; also, several Large Parcels of Calicoes, Shirtings, Flannels, Towels, Quilts, Tweeds, &c., &c., at Half Regular Prices—full particulars of which are given in our catalogue, which is now ready, and will be sent post free to any address.

To all who study economy this Sale should be particularly attractive, as the Goods are all first-class and the prices astonishingly low.

Observe—Hours of Business, from Nine till Six.

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CALEDONIAN HOUSE, 165 AND 167 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

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AND

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3 Books or Magazines at a Time.

Per Annum, 21s. Half-year, 12s 6d. Quarter, 7s 6d.

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FELT HATS,

5s, 7s, 10s.

OUR THREE LEADING PRICES.

SPECIAL SMART Shapes for "Young Men"—the Best Value in the Market. Bought Direct from the Makers. All intermediate Profit Saved to our Customers.

The HATS at TEN SHILLINGS are WOODROW'S "Prize Medal Felt Hats"—the Highest Class Goods in the Kingdom.

SEE THE SHOW WINDOWS.

MILLER & CO.,
QUEEN STREET CORNER.

THE NEW FRENCH CORN PLASTER,

for effectually removing hard and soft corns and bunions, and reducing enlarged toe joints, imported by Mr M. F. Thompson, is a simple and efficacious means of effecting the removal of corns, and whilst other plasters are thick and awkward this French plaster is thin as silk and comfortable to the foot. There can be little doubt that Mr Thompson has scored a success with this French Corn Plaster. LADY MAUDE.

Packets, 1s each; by post, 13 stamps, from
M. F. THOMPSON, CHEMIST, 17 GORDON ST., GLASGOW
Note the Address.

NEW LOTS THIS WEEK.

Dickenson's Cyclopaedia of Illustrations, published at 12s 6d, for 9s; Dickenson's Homolitic Cyclopaedia, 12s 6d, for 9s; A Year's Cookery by Phillis Browne, now for 3s 9d; Richard Baxter's Saint's Everlasting Rest, &c., &c., published at 21s, now for 7s 9d; Ramsay's Poetical Works, 3 vols., price 10s 6d, now for 5s 6d; The Craftsman, an Old Essayist in the style of the Spectator, 14 vols., 1731, now for 7s 6d. Still on hand some of the Fine Repp Note-paper at 9d per pound and Repp Envelopes at 9d per 100; also just received another 100 Gross of the famous Cumberland anti-American Lead Pencil at 4½d per dozen.

ROBERT LINDSAY, 102 QUEEN STREET.

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IT has been our aim from the first to make this Department a leading one with us, and our exertions have been responded to in a most gratifying degree.

Our object at present is respectfully to invite Gentlemen to favour us with an early call, when we will show them the LATEST NOVELTIES in STYLES, suitable for the approaching Season.

SAMPLE GARMENTS OF THE VARIOUS SHAPES CAN BE SEEN.

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The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14th, 1881.

THE rather rude question, "Who is howling?" might very well be varied into "What is howling?" The east side of George's Square is howling; it has long been a howling waste, and the cost to the rate-payers of this most untuneful exhibition cannot be less than £5000 a year! One side of High Street, and also of Saltmarket, are howling, so also is the property which was purchased for the purpose of widen-

ing Stobcross Street. What is the actual loss to the city from all these culpably mismanaged schemes does not seem to be properly known, but it is admitted that the deficiency of rental upon property belonging to the Improvement Trust at present either wholly vacant or partially remunerative amounted last year to over £10,000! The total loss, as well as who is to blame for it, may be made plain before long, but meantime the muddle is not being cleared up. The Glasgow public meekly listen, being told that it is necessary—if at all practicable, that some steps should be taken in order to dispose of the unsold ground belonging to the Trust, because, so long as they continue to hold the ground, the deficiency must increase instead of diminish. Happy prospect! In a word, unless the price of the Trust property is lowered with the view of more immediate realization, it will soon eat its head off—the price obtained will not cover the cost of having held it. Who is to blame for this scandalous state of things?

TACKLED.

(Scene—Mr Cod's fishing-tackle shop with dwelling above; Jock, a passing countryman, inebriated, sees a fishing-rod hanging over the pavement with a fish attached dangling in the moonlight.)

Jock (loudly, staggering and looking up)—Hey, hey man! h-e-y m-a-n! poo up! poo up yer line, man! H-e-y! (hic.)

Mr Cod (lifting his window and looking out in great excitement, thinking of fire, thieves, and murder)—In the name o' a' that's guid! what's the matter?

Jock (lurching heavily)—Poo up, I shay (hic) poo up yer line, ye stupit eediot! Ye've got a bite! Ye've gruppit a fish, man! (hic) (whispering), Hae ye onything in the bottle?

[Enter policeman.]

A NOVEL ATTRACTION.—Somebody advertises lodgings, and adds, apparently as a recommendation, "Baby kept." My conscience! Why not say at once, "hyena," or "rattlesnake," or "ring-tailed roarer kept?"

Latest Commercial Intelligence—Great fall in Consuls—Hawaiian market *overdunn*—Result of King Kalakua's visit to Glasgow.

Edinburgh "Refinement"—Putting advertising-bills upon public monuments.

A Ready Reckoner—The Chancellor of the Exchequer.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the servants of the Water Commissioners have been more fortunate than the Police Board officials.

That the increase of salaries recommended by the former were all but unanimously adopted.

That if the discussion on the recommendations of the Police Board were to take place over again a like unanimity would prevail.

That Alphabet Smith is wild at his suggestions not being adopted in their entirety.

That he swore "at lairge" at last Council meeting.

That he dropped like a hundredweight of bricks on poor Bailie Dunlop.

That the Bailie couldn't stomach the "eternally howling" phrase.

That he was very sorry he spoke.

That he intends thinking once, or twice, or even thrice before he interrupts Mr Smith again.

That the latter has become a strong partisan of the Provost's party.

That he looks for his reward hereafter.

That the business men of the Council are becoming tired of Councillor Jackson's vaticinations.

That George needs sitting on occasionally.

That some of the more influential members of Council have made up their minds to snuff him out.

That George will take a deal of snuffing.

That the City Improvement Trustees are about to resume active operations.

That if the Trustees want their unoccupied ground feued they will require to make some abatement in their charges.

That Johnnie Neil is quite in ecstasies over the report of the Trustees.

That he knows no department of the Council that is better managed than the Improvement Trust.

That he is anxious that every member should have a copy of the proceedings to see what good work the Trust is doing.

That Johnnie is "sly, awfu' sly."

That "chill November's surly blasts" are not far distant.

That Johnnie expects to find that silence is golden, if speech wasn't silvern.

That the state of George Square is simply disgraceful.

That it seems a question whether the new granite pavement or the new Municipal Buildings will be completed first.

That the Free Presbytery has inflicted the first defeat on Dr Adam he has suffered in the Church Courts.

That he endeavoured 'to balance himself on two stools in the Argyll scandal case.

That he met with the fate of all oratorical acrobats who attempt a similar feat.

That the assessments in Kinning Park and Dundee have been reduced.

That there is no such luck for the ratepayers of Glasgow.

That some of our local Trades' Unionists are having a week's dissipation in London.

That all their expenses are to be paid by those who hired them.

That it's a glorious thing to be a spouter.

Megilp.

SEVERAL of the London weekly journals—the *Graphic*, the *Academy*, and the *St. James's Gazette*, among others—take special notice of the Black and White Exhibition in the Galleries of the Institute. "Nearly every etcher of any note in both England and France," says the *St. James's Gazette*, "has work upon the walls of the handsome galleries in Sauchiehall Street, while many really first-rate pictures in various black and white mediums have been gathered from the Hague, Brussels, Munich, and—interesting fact—from New York. The result is that the exhibition is probably the finest of its kind ever held in Great Britain. Besides the works in black and white, there is also a small but attractive collection of the Scotch Society of Water Colour Painters, which shows much improvement on previous efforts, and a generally high standard of excellence." High praise this, surely, and all the more valuable inasmuch as it comes from a competent authority, and one which is not given to over-enthusiasm in art any more than in politics.

David Law, the etcher and water-colour painter, is at present working at Brig o' Turk. His etchings of Thames scenery in the Black and White Exhibition are excellent in tone. They form an admirable souvenir of the river.

The work by the Hague artists in the Black and White Exhibition is attracting much attention among local connoisseurs. The interior with figures by Artz is beautifully drawn; and the tender feeling in Israels' "Alone," and Mauve's "Shepherd," is strongly characteristic of the artists.

Isaac Israels—son of *the* Israels—promises to be an admirable painter of military subjects. His drawing of "The Last Honour" is correct and full of spirit.

Hamilton Macallum and Miss Macaulay are the only artists at present at Tarbert. Several others will be there late in the season. William Young and J. J. Bannatyne are at Ardlui.

"Carlyle's Funeral," by Allan, which is in many respects the most noteworthy drawing in the Water Colour Exhibition, would make a splendid etching.

We may expect, in the coming picture season, one or two pictures of the Benmore Highland cattle from the skilful brush of Tom Hunt, who is at present at "The Cot-House" in Glen Echaig.

The hanging committee for the annual Exhibition of the Art Club—which will be opened on Monday next in the gallery of the Messrs Annan, Sauchiehall Street—consists of J. D. Taylor, Wellwood Rattray, and E. A. Walton. As was mentioned some months ago in this column, the Exhibition will be one of cabinet works only.

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Counterfeit Presentments.

AS in naming "the little stranger" at a christening, or a big steamer while launching, or an Emerald M.P. when thwarting Mr Spaker, so in naming a picture—the event should be one of some pith and moment. One of the BAILIE'S specially-retained art connoisseurs—otherwise the Retainer—has just been caracoling over the catalogue of the Black and White and Water Colour display, and scanning with a merry twinkle in his inviting optics the fourteen-hundred-and-one names of exhibits therein. By the used-up aspect of his "book of the words" he would seem to have thoroughly read, marked, and inwardly digested the same. The plodding little beastie suggests any number of changes in the titles—mostly in the way of aliases, re-namings, or explanatory synonyms. Here are some items from his "revised version":—

- 56 "A Sylvan Retreat"—"The new Prison at Barlinnie."
- 77 "The Trysting Place"—"The Buglits, Graham Square."
- 96 "The Magic Circle"—"A Wedding Ring."
- 111 "Waiting for Wind"—"A pumped-out Piper."
- 126 "A Study of Cows"—"Barony Board Milking."
- 138 "Study of a Head"—"Phrenological Chart."
- 145 "She Sang of Love"—"Robert, toi que j'aime."
- 168 "The Time of the Buttercups"—"The Visits of Pinafore Companies."
- 169 "When Eyes Grow Dim"—"Just a wee drap in our e'e."
- 174 "Going to the Well"—"On the Way to the Peesweep Inn."
- 178 "The Highland Cottar's Milking Time"—"Fleecing the touring Sassenachs."
- 193 "Ballade à la Lune"—"Mooning at Gartnavel."
- 196 "A Highland Burn"—"The Heather on Fire."
- 205 "The Book of Fate"—"The Volumes of the BAILIE."
- 209 "Arbroath"—"Consider the Lilleys."
- 216 "Le Marchand d'Almanachs"—"Portrait of old Zadkiel."
- 221 "The Coolest Place in Summer"—"A Hogganfield Ice House."
- 227 "Le Chasseur Malheureux"—"Coming a Cropper."
- 278 "Brig in Distress"—"The Pen Bridge, Maryhill."
- 283 "The Black Country"—"The Dark Continent."
- 294 "A Life Study"—"How to make Ends Meet."
- 353 "A Brother of the Angle"—"A Mathematical Fellow."
- 357 "A Souvenir of a Summer's Work"—"The Institute Exhibition."
- 378 "Solitude"—"Interior, Duke Street (71)."
- 386 "By the Busy Clyde"—"Sunday Bona-fides at the Clyde Hotel."
- 398 "The Coming Storm"—"Nursing her Wrath to keep it Warm."
- 431 "Sea Urchins"—"Cumberland Tiny Tars."
- 453 "A Corner (warm) of the Champs Élysées"—"The Mabbille"
- 491 "Sally"—"Portrait of an Old Aunt."
- 511 "After the Battle"—"The Roll Call."
- 512 "Grandmother's Pet"—"The Evening Times."
- 528 "Sparrows (decorative)"—"The Painted-bird Trap."
- 535 "A Hard Problem"—"Pons Asinorum."
- 538 "The Refrain"—"Tramp, tramp, tramp, my boys."
- 549 "Beauty and the Beast"—"Besant and Bradlaugh."
- 652 "At Bay"—"The Bey of Tunis."
- 732 "The Morning Post"—"A Swell Organ."
- 800 "Deep in Thought"—"A Brown Study."
- 921 "Old Clot"—"Paddy's Market."
- 940 "La Tour de l'Horloge"—"The Tron Steeple."
- 965 "Custom-House Quay"—"The Path of Duty."

- 977 "The Reader"—"Correcting Proofs."
- 1025 "Ham House"—"Lipton's Store"
- 1069 "L'Inconnu"—"The Editor of the BAILIE."
- 1077 "Homme à la Brouette"—"The Man at the Wheel."
- 1088 "His Grace"—"Ta Tuke o' Argyll."
- 1113 "Joe"—"The Member for Newcastle."
- 1144 "A Greek Game"—"The Tug of War."

A Hero and a Martyr.

"PRAISERS of time past" are in the habit of declaring chivalry and heroism to be qualities more conspicuous by their absence than their presence in this age of ours; and the BAILIE, while declining to discuss the point, is always glad to be able to point to an instance of those antique virtues. Thus, he dwells with admiration upon the dauntless assaults daily made by certain local magnates upon the English language, and he now desires to draw attention to another example in our midst of a different kind. A Paisley cleric has just been appointed to the Parish of St. Paul's, and the chairman of the induction dinner "referred with emphasis" to the new minister's "chivalrous and heroic conduct" in accepting a stipend smaller than his former one. The chivalrous hero, whose name—let it not be lost to fame!—is Paton, responded in broken accents, and the tone of the whole proceedings suggested the case of some noble spirit—a Curtius or a Regulus—who dooms himself to death for honour or the common-weal. Such deep devotion has affected the BAILIE profoundly, and even the Animile's

—subdued eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum!"

RATHER HIELAN,
(Scene—A quay.)

Gent—Could you inform me when this boat leaves?

Celtic Dock-hand—Och aye, if she kened fat o'clock it wuss ta noo.

DON'T THEY WISH THEY MAY GET HIM?—They want, for a Glasgow "Home," "an old soldier," who "must be an abstainer and non-smoker." Why not advertise for the phœnix at once, or an angel without wings, or some equally attainable phenomenon?

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"The Handkerchief!"

AN action has been going on in the London Rolls Court, "to restrain the defendants, who are a Glasgow firm, from imitating upon pocket-handkerchiefs the portraits of members of the present Cabinet, of which the London Stereoscopic Company claim the copyright." This is a case in which Mr Gladstone and his friends must take very considerable interest, and they ought to wish the enterprising Glasgow firm success. At the present moment they want all the popularity they can scrape together, and such a chance of being brought under the very nose of the Second Citizens is not to be despised. Neither is it likely to occur again.

FULL!—"Cutter wanted for Perth has," says an advertisement in the *Herald*, "been filled up." It is interesting to know that the cutter, poor fellow, has been filled up; but why not mention the nature of the stuffing?

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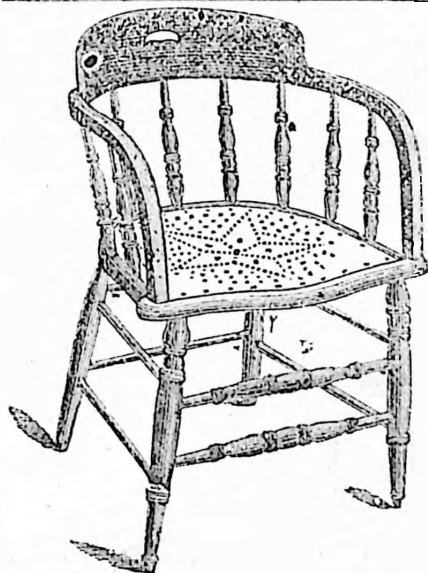
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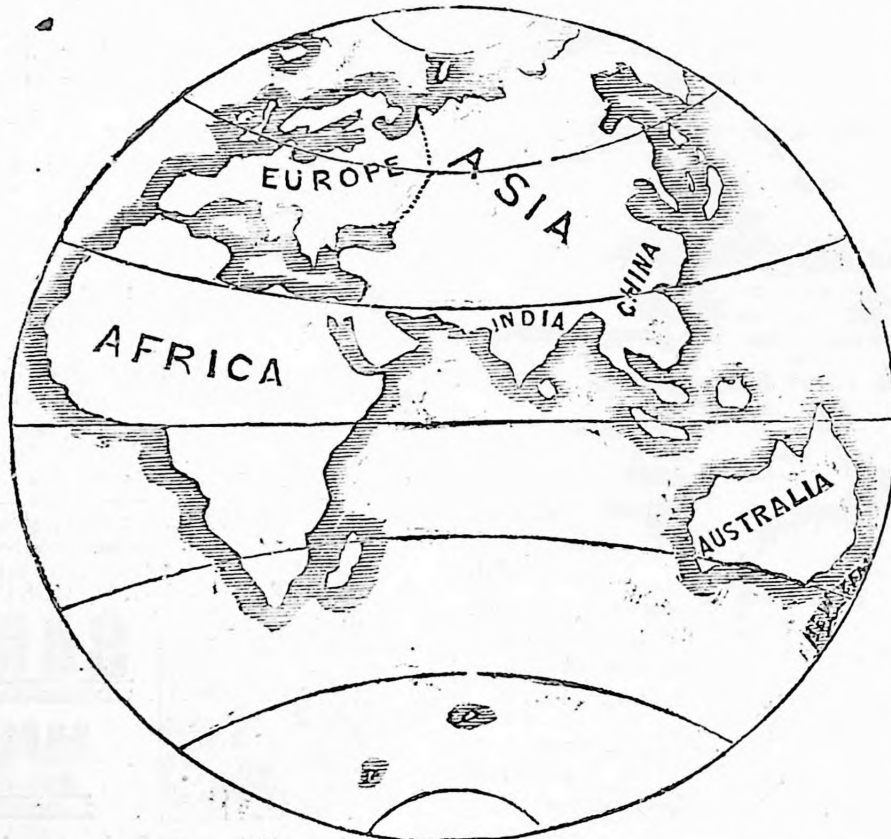
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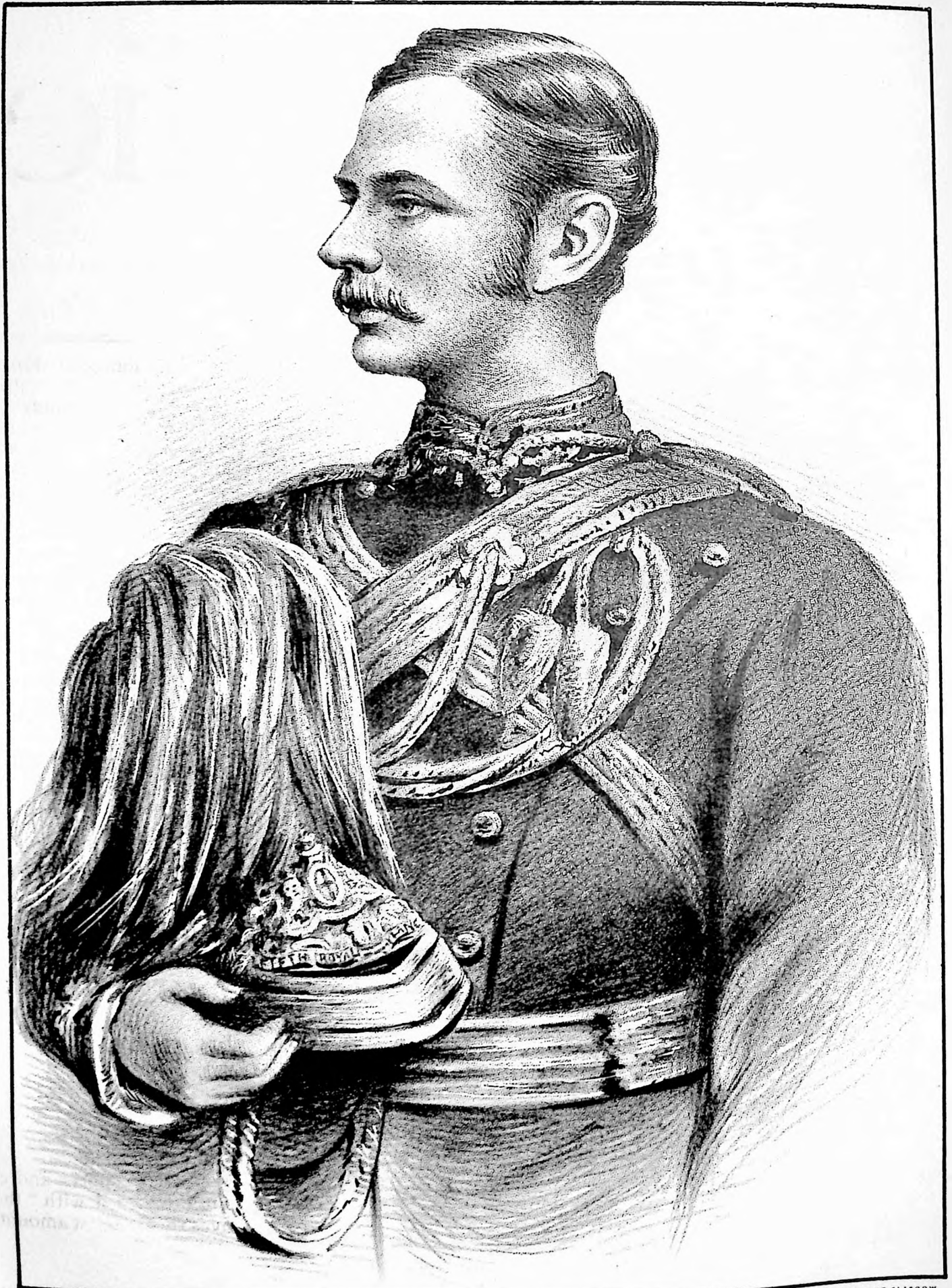
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1910

WORLD





The Bailie.

“MY CONSCIENCE!”

No. 466. Glasgow, Wednesday, September 21st, 1881. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 466.

THE Scottish racing season may be said to begin on Wednesday with the Western Meeting. In the interval between the St Leger week and the great Autumn handicaps we in the North are occasionally favoured with a glimpse of a steed that may have figured earlier in the year on the Heath at Ascot, or over the mile-course at Epsom. Nay, even the famous Fordham, and the not less celebrated Archer, have been known to figure, on occasion, inside the paddock at Ayr. Of all the supporters of racing North of the Border, perhaps the most prominent, of recent years at least, is his Grace DOUGLAS-BERESFORD-MALISE-RONALD-GRAHAM, the fifth Duke of Montrose. The colours of his Grace are known on every Scottish course. He is equally familiar on Paisley and on Kelso; his skill as a rider has been vindicated both at Musselburgh and at Perth. Easy and unconventional in his manner, the DUKE is almost the last person in the world to whom a stranger would apply the title of “your Grace.” He puts on no airs, he exacts no deference, he is hail-fellow-well-met with every neighbour whom he meets. Among his own tenantry on the Buchanan estate, and indeed all over the eastern shores of Loch Lomond, the DUKE has a large personal popularity. Whether striding along the Balmaha road for a day’s pike fishing on the Dhu Lochan, cruising in his yacht off Inch Murren, or shooting among the coverts at the base of the Red Hill, he is the same pleasant, unaffected companion, one who is always willing to talk so long as the conversation has to do with the stable or the kennel, and willing to hold his tongue when it veers round to other, and possibly, to him, less important topics. On the general subject of racing, whether on the nearer or the further side of the Border, the BAILIE

must confess to a plentiful ignorance. He regards the sport as perhaps the most exciting which has been yet invented, but he holds certain of the accompaniments of the race-course to be—well, only a shade worse, or is it better, than making a “corner” in the grain trade, or gambling in shares on the Stock Exchange. Thanks to the exertions of our Senior Member, the practice of making small bets, which threatened, some six or seven years ago, to eat like an ulcer into the general life of our working and lower middle classes, has now been practically removed. Such establishments as those of Webster—whose staff of clerks and assistants always numbered at least half-a-score—Craven, Musgrove, and Gavin Black are no longer possible. People, it is true, who are determined to bet, can still “get their money on.” There is the “Victoria Club” for your Buchanan-street lounge and a certain “howff” in Stockwell Street for your working man who has to content himself with a half-crown stake, but book-makers in Glasgow are now few and far between, and their operations have no relation whatever, so far, that is, as magnitude goes, to the business carried on by their predecessors in the palmy days of 1870-75. Coming back, at the close, to the question of horse-racing pure and simple, the Magistrate would like to say that, when kept in its proper place, the pastime deserves all the popularity it has secured. As he has already hinted, he takes, himself, a keen interest in a well-contested race. It is not given to all our aristocracy to be keen politicians like the Duke of Argyll or practical agriculturists like the Duke of Buccleuch, and when a member of the titled classes cares nothing for politics, and does not meddle with farming, perhaps he can best occupy his time with out-of-door sports, and of all out-of-door sports that connected with “the turf” is the one which gives the greatest amount,

of pleasure to "the general," meaning thereby the public at large.

The Hope of Argyll.

IN view of possible contingencies, Lord Colin Campbell has suddenly bethought him that it might be as well to profess a little interest in the constituency which he is supposed to represent, as well as in public affairs generally. At present his principal steps in this direction have been to lecture the natives of Iona on his amiable friends the Boers, to patronise certain Highland games at Oban, and to promise to take the chair at a Permissive Bill meeting—to which admission will be obtained by purchased tickets—in Glasgow. If Argyllshire is satisfied with these efforts—especially the last—nobody is called upon to complain; but there are few funnier things in contemporary politics than "wee Colin's" public career up to date.

PENNY-WISE.

(Scene—Partick toll-bar; Enter Countryman leading an ancient steed—he is evidently *en route* for the shambles; Toll-man demands a penny for toll.)

Countryman—A penny! A' wouldna gie a penny for'um a'thegither.

[Toll-man bestows a look of pity on the venerable charger, and signs to move on.]

CÆSAR APPEALING UNTO CÆSAR.—That was a solemn little farce that was played in the Kirkcudbright Valuation Appeal Court the other day. The Court consisted of the Magistrates and members of the Council, and "among other appeals was one by the Magistrates and Council against the Assessor's valuation of the new Town Hall." It is hardly necessary to say that, though the Assessor waxed wroth, the appeal was successful. How convenient it would be for these ingenious gentlemen if they could adjust their private valuations after a similar fashion!

What the Khedive said last week—"By the 'Powers!'"

The "Stock" Exchange—Cattle for cash.

A Designing Fellow—An architect.

Public Spirit—Whisky.

"They come as a boon and a blessing to men,
The Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley Pen.
Sample Box, with all the kinds, by Post, is id.
Patentees of Pens and Penholders—MACNIVEN & CAMERON,
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"A Fire, Good Curtis."

WE are more than mid-way through September—
How the days, weeks, and months hurry by!—
And a frost-breath has come with, "remember,
The winter, white winter, draws nigh;"
The winter draws nigh, that's the reason
I thrum at my shorten-stringed lyre;
And I jot down my warblings my knees on
By the light of the season's first fire.

The wind drops the dead leaves of autumn,
And my walks are all crisp with the fall;
There they lie till the rain comes to rot 'em—
Dead leaves!—what a sermon for all!
Yet old winter brings pleasures full many—
There is kindness behind all his ire—
And I'm minded of joy, if there's any,
As I sit by the season's first fire.

As I sit by the fire—take my ease on
My glossy, my cosy arm chair,
I'm thankful we're reaching the season
When the nights are all night, and the glare
Of the gas cheers the room, and my books now—
My books, are the friends never tire—
Look down, all aglow, from their nooks now,
Brightened up by the season's first fire.

APPROPRIATE.

(Scene—A spirit shop.)

Publican—'Am wonderin' what colour tae mak' the whusky barrels.

Wag of a Painter—Water colour wud be the maist suitable, Mr Gill.

WILL IT LAST?—The millennium must be somewhere "around." Granny and Sandy Macdonald lately took to exchanging compliments, and now the latter personage and "Mr Daniel Brown, secretary," occupy the same platform without using their "little hands" in tearing each other's eyes! Why, the fraternisation of the lion and the lamb would be nothing to this touching spectacle of peace and brotherly—not to speak of sisterly—love. The only question is, Will it last?

"THE BODY."—Among the "Combe Trust" lectures to be delivered here next month will be one by Professor Gairdner on "The Care of the Body." Inhabitants of the Suburb are said to be greatly exercised by the question, "Which 'body?'"

A MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR.—Somebody advertises for a "stout lad to manage pony and make himself useful inside." Inside what? The pony?

AGRICULTURAL QUERY.—Has "the devil's thumb" in the potato anything to do with "the trail of the serpent?"

A Man of Letters—A postman.

MITCHELL'S OLD IRISH WHISKY.

On 'Change.

FERMENTATION went on briskly last week upon the Stock Exchange. Everything became more or less frothy, and as yet few have been hardy enough to blow the froth off, so as to drain the genuine liquor. There was froth upon railways, upon pig iron, upon mineral and metal shares, till the actual depth of the liquid could not be seen at all. Good yeast was not conspicuous in the process of fermentation. A two per cent. dividend on North British, and a meeting of ironmasters to deliberate about reducing production, seemed to be all that entered into the operation. On the head of the 2 per cent. dividend, North British went up until it almost reached 88. Buyers must bet on prospects when they give 88 to receive 2 per cent. upon £100 stock. The prospects appear very remote, but everything in this speculative stock is purely comparative. North British was talked down until people began to believe it would yield nothing. Some had arrived at that degree of pessimism which conjured up visions of failure to pay on preferences, as happened not so long ago. Then came the soothing announcement of 2 per cent. The pessimists at once became optimists, and proceeded to buy furiously. I should not wonder if their first ideas were nearer the mark than their second thoughts.

North British stockholders have every reason to shove up their property to a high price in the market, apart altogether from its yielding capacity in the matter of dividend. They ought to be in want of money by this time, and an appeal for money is not possible with the stock at a low figure, and the possible contingency of nothing per cent. on the 1879 preference. Are we not on the eve of one of those delightful surprises which charm the financial world, while they only tend to mystify small and perhaps ignorant capitalists?

Small investors ought to take care how they put their savings into ordinary stocks just now. At present prices, most of them, are far too dear. They are hardly good enough even for a speculator to take a turn on. Caledonian may possibly go to 108 or more in this frothy condition of the market, but on its existing merits, and even on its imminent prospects, the stock is not worth the money, or anything like it. Glasgow and South-Western is better worth 118, but at that figure or upwards this stock is likewise too dear. The directors, like Rip Van Winkle, are waking up to the fact that their policy must be altered to accord with the change in the times. Their concessions to the public in the matter of fares, however, savour very much of timidity.

Coals were tolerably active last week, but Clyde Coal shares rushed madly downwards. This ought not to have happened if Clyde Coal shares were ever likely to pay any dividend at all. Such a consummation, though devoutly to be wished, seems impossible under existing conditions. The concern is too heavily handicapped. Holders have taken fright at this, and at the failure of negotiations to reduce pressing responsibilities. They appear to have sold not only all their holdings, but a great deal more, and I should not wonder if they received a kind of galvanic shock on Monday the 26th inst.

Pig iron was uncommonly cheerful all last week. It was not lively for weak bears, and the failure of one of them for the second time within this year conveys a kind of moral lesson to all concerned. In his estimate of the market he was very likely right, but he could not hold on long enough, and so failed to follow the advice of "my worthy father the Deacon, rest and bless him."

Ledru Rollin was better known in French politics than in commerce, but who is Ledru Rollin Reynolds, who has been getting up sham companies and is now sent to jail for his misdeeds? If I am not mistaken he was concerned in one of the mining affairs against which I some time ago warned my friends. These mining concerns are happily at an end for the present, but the craze is not yet eradicated.

Egyptian stock is held to only a limited extent, but small as the holdings are there was quite a flutter of excitement last week when the enforced dismissal of the Khedive's adviser occurred. The London papers were particularly lugubrious on the subject of the dulness in Egyptians, and it was noticeable, as if they

desired to intensify the decline, that they spelt "dulness" with a double L. The rally that followed seems to indicate that people have recovered from the scare. It is quite possible that the insurrection, or rebellion, or whatever else it may be called, was a mere dodge to agitate the markets. There is quite enough mystery in the action of the Egyptian officers to give colour to the idea.

The cotton "corner," about which so much has been talked, seems rather an inhuman piece of business. While it only affected the bulls and the bears the affair was of little moment. Only the bulls and the bears were interested, and they could fight the battle out among themselves. When the mills are closed, and the operatives thrown out of work, through the desperate plunges of a gang of speculators, the matter assumes formidable proportions. The resolution to curtail production for a time will no doubt bring the market round again, but the end is probably further off than the spinners and makers imagine, and the suffering entailed among the hands will be great.

SCRUTATOR.

Very Wooden.

DURING the discussion of the wood-paving scheme at last meeting of Town Council, one speaker after another declared his hostility to the system, but it was nevertheless resolved to spend a considerable sum of money upon it, "in deference," as Bailie Wilson put it, "to the wishes of the ratepayers of Buchanan Street." Now, wood-paving may or may not be adapted for Glasgow streets. That is at present a matter of opinion. But there can hardly be a difference of opinion as to the viciousness of the principle involved in the Council's decision. They are convinced the system is wrong, but they are ready to throw away money upon it because certain outsiders think it is right! Let us only carry out this principle to its logical extent and conclusion, and the spectacle of municipal government which we shall present to gods and men will be even more edifying than it is at present.

WILLIAM THE VIRTUOUS.—As we know, "out of Shakespeare's art," the whirligig of time seldom fails to bring in his revenges. It is rather refreshing, when we recollect the Mid-Lothian heroics on the subject of "faggot" voting, to read of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone's having been defeated in an attempt to substantiate a bogus claim to a place on the electoral roll of the borough of Marylebone! Oh, William, William!

A QUEER INVESTMENT.—"For Sale," runs an advertisement in a morning paper, "an old-established Tobacconist." My conscience! What is the purchaser expected to do with the old boy? Grind him down for snuff, or what?

50 VISITING CARDS (Finest Ivory) while you wait 6d.—GILLISPIE BROTHERS, 8 Buchanan Street.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE.—Mr Toole is with us again, and it accordingly behoves all admirers of good acting to give him a hearty welcome—a welcome as hearty as his own warm, kindly nature, as hearty as his vigorous, wholesome art. Perhaps of all our present-day actors Mr Toole is the English actor *par excellence*. He comes of the race of Fielding and Hogarth. There is a bluff, broad honesty about his style which bespeaks the genuine character of his acting; his pathos is as truthful as his humour.

The pieces in which Mr Toole will appear during his visit to the Royalty are "Paul Pry"—which is to be produced this Monday, evening,—"*Ici on Parle Francais*," "The Upper Crust," "Dot," "Artful Cards," "A Fool and His Money," the new farce of "Over the Garden Wall," "The Steeplechase," and "The Birth-place of Podgers"—surely a sufficiently varied and sufficiently humorous *repertoire*.

The last-named piece, "The Birth-place of Podgers" that is, was written by Mr John Hollingshead, of the London Gaiety, and is the only dramatic work he ever attempted. "One who Knows" tells me that many years ago, when "Johnny" was the "stock droll" at the London Lyceum under poor Charley Dillon, Hollingshead saw him act, and straightway set about preparing a farce in which he might appear, "The Birth-place of Podgers" being the result. Hollingshead did not then know Toole personally, but his "pal," Edmund Yates, did—the pair, Hollingshead and Yates, were both journalists and were both poor—and Hollingshead got Yates to introduce him to the comedian.

From the moment of the introduction, until Toole promised to take the farce, Hollingshead stuck to him, well, like a poor relation. When he returned home from rehearsals, there was Hollingshead waiting for him with the precious manuscript—as he emerged from the stage-door at the close of the play the man with the paper was still before him. At first "Johnny" did his best to put off this "old man of the sea" with those pleasant words which managers and actors can always adopt in their intercourse with brethren of the quill, but in the end Mr Hollingshead triumphed. "The Birth-place of Podgers" was accepted, paid for, and produced, and *Tom Cranky* was at once recognised as among our great actor's most successful parts, a position it has ever since maintained.

Daddy O' Dowd, the role Mr Sidney will assume to-night at the Gaiety, is one of those "bits" of strongly marked character, in the representation of which he is always happiest. "The O' Dowd" is an Irish play—indeed it is Mr Boucicault's latest piece—and while possessing a certain political interest, it has the further merit of giving occasion for several powerful situations, and developing a romantic and not improbable story.

Mr Bernard has underlined "The Member for Slocum"—a recent piece by the new dramatist Mr G. R. Sims—for production on Monday the 3rd of October.

While Mr Boucicault's latest Irish play is announced for the Gaiety, his earliest is to be run on the South Side, Mr Beryl having put up the "Colleen Bawn" this evening at the Royal Princesses Theatre. I well recollect when this famous drama was first performed in the Dunlop Street house, with Tom Glenney as *Myles*, and Sam Emery as *Danny Mann*. What a furore it created, to be sure, during this its earliest run! The first of a distinct class of theatrical attraction, the "Colleen Bawn" still stands at the top of the dramatic tree.

Old theatre-goers may remember pretty Miss Willmott, who was many years ago the leading soubrette of the Theatre Royal, Dunlop Street, and one of the best pantomimic "Jack the Giant Killers" who ever appeared. This lady married Mr Fred Glover, of *Sam Gerriidge* renown, but died at an early age. Two of her daughters, I am glad to know, are making fair progress upon the stage. One appeared last week at the Gaiety as the *Mother-in-Law* in "The Colonel," while the other is a member of Mr Buchanan's "Never too Late to Mend" company.

"What's de matter wid de"—bells? The neighbourhood of Portugal Street and Bedford Row, on the South-Side, is at present made musical the live-long day with the concord of sweet sounds rung out by the peal of bells ordered by the Corporation. The castings were completed three months ago; the arrangements for working the bells into melody have also been finished long ago. Why not remove them from the Gorbals Foundry to their destined position in the Cross Steeple, where they will "ring out the old, ring in the new" for generations hence? The reason may be, as I am told, that two of the sixteen bells are not yet up to "absolute pitch," which means, perhaps, that they are not yet perfectly in tune. The tuning must be a dreich affair. The other day I was treated to "Caller Herring—the tune of course—on the bells, and a lot of other airs, and couldn't detect any imperfect intonation. Look over the water, BAILIE, and "pitch" into Mr Wilson if he doesn't get the two refractory bells up to "absolute pitch" in no time.

Mr Sheriff Lees has been for some time confined to the house by indisposition. He is happily, however, making some progress, and before long will be once more among us with harness on his back.

As the shooting season is now about a close, I may mention, for the benefit of your volunteer readers, my Magistrate, that young Corporal W. Ingram, of the 3rd L.R.V., has won no less than £200 this year in money prizes. "Pot-hunting" seems to pay.

The Matthews Minstrels bring a very successful month's business to a close on Saturday evening.

An arrangement which will tend to still further popularise the Kelvingrove Museum has been all but concluded between the Parks and Galleries Trustees and the Natural History Society of Glasgow. By this the members of the society have agreed to get up a collection of the invertebrate fauna of Great Britain—special prominence being given to specimens belonging to the Clydesdale district. To ensure perfect accuracy and make the selection as complete as possible, each department of the invertebrates will be got up under the supervision of specialists—all members of the Natural History Society.

While on this subject it may be interesting to note that in a few days the zoological section of the museum—by far the most interesting portion of the establishment—will receive a notable addition in the shape of a sun-fish, *orthogoriscus mola*, caught off the steamboat quay at Greenock on Saturday week. It is a remarkably fine specimen, measuring 7 feet 9 inches, being about the same size as the one in the British Museum. This is the third of the kind captured on the British coasts this year, one having been caught in the Firth of Forth and the other off the Orkney Islands.

The Directors of the Botanic Gardens have provided a treat for the lovers of national music on Saturday first—the band and pipers, who number 45 in all, of the 42nd Highlanders, having been engaged to perform in the Gardens from 2.30 to 5.30 on that afternoon.

The legal profession in Glasgow appears to be quite over-run; indeed! it has been calculated that already there are over 150 agents more than there is really any need for. Every day is adding to the number, and should things go on as they are the profession will soon be on a level with that of the much-decried clerks.

The police band appears to be making satisfactory progress as any one may learn for himself by taking a walk through the Police Lane behind the Central Office one or two afternoons a week and listening to the dulcet strains of the aspiring musicians. "What an afternoon" that will be when the gentlemen in blue make their *debut* in public!

The County Ball at Castle-Douglas, on Friday, was made memorable by the presence of no less distinguished a personage than the far-famed "professional beauty" Mrs Langtry, who tripped it up to the latest. "They say"—and by "they" I mean two Glasgow gentlemen who were there—that the face, figure, and get-up of the Jersey lady are quite too intensely enchanting. Mrs Langtry is staying at Dalbeattie.

Glasgow's own pyrotechnist gives his annual flare-up in the Cattle Market, Duke Street, on Saturday evening. Let us hope that friend Barlow—by the way, T. C. B. looks younger to-day than he did twenty years ago—may be favoured on the occasion with such a brilliant turn-out inside the gates as will be in keeping with what is sure to be a brilliant display overhead.

Whatever may be said on "the other side," no one will deny, after yesterday, that Donald Munro has the courage of his opinions. He sat complacent as of yore, in his usual pew in Mains Street Church—in the front of the "laft"—evidently regardless of the ecclesiastical ban laid upon him.

The Sims Reeves farewell nights in Glasgow are now announced. We are promised two concerts in the St. Andrew's Halls on Monday and Thursday, the 10th and 13th of next month, and on the following Monday—the 17th of October—a performance in the Grand Theatre of the opera of "Guy Mannering."

The members of the Pen and Pencil Club will entertain Mr Toole and Mr Loveday at luncheon in the Grand Hotel, on Saturday, 1st October, at 2 o'clock.

A Creditable Movement.

IT is satisfactory that an official protest has been entered at Partick against the indecent exhibitions of those—at the best—silly men and women, puffed up with ignorance and vanity, who call themselves "the Salvation Army." The harm these people do is incalculable, and their profanities are simply shocking to anyone possessed of even the slightest sense of reverence for things sacred. "If you put these things down," says Commissioner Colquhoun, of Partick, "you will stand alone in Scotland in doing so." In that case, all the more credit to Partick, and discredit to the rest of Scotland.

HEATHERTY-TITHERTY.—A writer in that paper "by gentlemen for gentlemen," *The Pall Mall*, to wit, says in a recent article that "except only Scotch heather he knows of no English plant," etc. Will he oblige us Scots by letting us know if he can—how "Scotch" (*sic*) heather can be also "English?"

SALARIES.—On what intelligible principle is it that fish has been made of one and flesh of another? That's what the BAILIE wants to know.

A Wet Blanket—A rainy Sunday at the Coast.

Fires in Glasgow.	JENNINGS & Co., 101 Mitchell Street (off Gordon Street) have "Milner's," "Perry's," "Phillip's" Safes, Fire and Thief-resisting, Second-hand and New from £5. Safe for warehouse, 48x27x26 two drawers, a bargain: 22in, 55s; 24in, 75s; 26in, 90s; 28in, £5; 30in, £6 10s;

Proverbial Philosophy for the Season.

IT'S a long stay at the coast that has no return.

Take care of your pence, for the "coast residents" will take care of your pounds.

It's an abnormal wind that blows the watering-places no good.

A penny saved at coast piers would be a penny gained.

Penny wise (at some of the piers), pound foolish.

A fleeced paterfamilias dreads Arran.

Paterfamilias goes often to the coast, but at last he gets sick of it.

Experience teaches every fool but the coaster. There is no fool like an old coaster.

Don't speak ill of the boat that carries you safely home.

Town is town, be it never so towny.

The "early bird" is jolly glad that now he'll have time to eat his breakfast!

When the summer's away the athletes play at football.

A stitch in time may save your wife's last year's bonnet. (Ask her!)

It's a clever child that knows how to coax a three-guinea autumn bonnet out of her father.

He who goes a-borrowing your umbrella leaves you to go a-sorrowing.

A new greatcoat covers a multitude of sins.

All things have an end, and so have a domine's holidays.

Good wine for the season, that needs no bush, may be obtained at Logwood & Co.'s.*

There are none so deaf as those who won't hear the BAILIE'S words of wisdom.

* Note by Printer's Devil—Isn't this an "ad.," guv'nor?

The Upper Crust.

"Extremes are ever neighbours," Mr Toole; "'tis but a step from one to th' other."

THE true-blue blood patrician with his store
Of lordly friends and lordly fare to match:
The well-nigh bloodless pauper with no more
Of food than saves him from starvation's snatch—
What links these two in life, like death in dust?
The fact that each enjoys his *upper crust!*

HOLDING BABY.—That gallant fireman who last week rescued a large doll from a burning house in the West End, under the impression that he was saving a youthful daughter of the family, has since, it is said, had a metaphorical "baby to hold," in the shape of his comrades chaff.

BOYS' SCHOOL OUTFITS.—FORSYTH'S, 5 and 13 Renfield Street.

Our Municipal Orators—No. 7.
UNCOMPROMISING dignity! Had the late Thomas Carlyle condescended to biographise Bailie Colquhoun, he would have classed him among the men with a fixed idea. That idea is, the seriousness, the gravity, the awfulness that surrounds a magistrate. It towers for ever in his mind, and moulds his conduct. In his early municipal career he must have regarded a bailiership altogether beyond his ambition; and since the fates have thrust the honour upon him, he seems almost to totter under its weight. Time was when he passed among his colleagues as a common councillor—capable of an occasional smile, of taking a general interest in the affairs of the city, and offering an opinion thereon when the mood moved him. But all that is changed. He and laughter have become strangers, and the strife of mundane matters feeds not his serene spirit. He now sits in the Chamber on the left of his Lordship, immovable, grave as the ghost of Hamlet's father. His risibilities have been strangled, and the most absurd bull of John Neil, the most comical craze of the ventriloquial Finlay, the most carefully thought-out rheumatic joke of George Jackson, would not bring a twitch of humour to his features. Besides being a Bailie, Mr Colquhoun is a lawyer, and feels intensely the importance of his position. He has only one mission in life, and that is, to preserve in his own decorous person the severe dignity of the magistrate, and tame the spirit of levity in his brethren. In the midst of universal jangle he—prominent from his reverend top-coated form, grey beard, pale immobile face, and sunken eyes—rises and, like a cypress among troubled weeds, throws a sudden gloom around. No words may describe the serio-comic effect. There is instant attention at sight of his Solomonic mein, and an icy shiver stirs the spectators. The wisdom in his eye, and the prefatorial philosophic pause on his lips, betoken that some all-clearing opinion is about to be delivered. It is just at this point—when the quietness has deepened into breathless silence, and curiosity is on tiptoe—that he, in a low, distinct whisper, announces his mission—"My Lord, I rise to a point of order." What a fall is there! The expected oracular utterance has waned into a weakness that the stupidest member could have sounded with ease; and the Chamber expresses its relief and thankfulness in a suppressed titter. Since his elevation, Mr Colquhoun has on sundry occasions cheated his

brethren in this fashion, and will cheat them yet again. For the most part he has given up grappling with ordinary questions, and assumed the position of Policeman of debate. As a sombre, slow-worded monitor he has no fellow on the bench, and in the solitary cell many a poor prisoner must have vivid visions of that mirthless visage floating through his dreams.

A Terpsichorean Professor.

OUR versatile Professor of Humanity has "broken out in a fresh place," having been one of the judges of dancing at the Oban Highland games last Wednesday! We all know Mr Ramsay as a Radical, a gymnast, a "skatist"—and also, by the way, as a Professor of Humanity—but as a "Highland dancer" he is a novelty—though, to be sure, he has his "fling" occasionally, and "breakdowns" are by no means uncommon when he assumes the rôle of orator. Let's hope the Professor's junior class in the University, as well as the Liberal Association, will have the benefit of his new accomplishment in the course of the coming winter.

MULCT.

(Scene—Dumbarton Police Court; Farmer is being tried for putting water in his milk.)

Farmer—Weel, sir, if ye kent hoo faur I hae tae drive my watter frae ye wid beelieve me when I say that it widna paye me tae keep up man and horse and sell water in Dumbarton, let alane mulk; but if ye'll stop the case, sir, an' let yer hungry lawyers gae hame, I'll paye the fine—I canna but admit the charge seein' that although we dinna dileeberately pit watter in oor mulk we generally gee oor bines and coggies a wee bit sine wi't.

A SOUL ABOVE TABLES.—A fellow who was found guilty, in the Sheriff Court last week, of stealing a table, declared that he "wouldn't be so mean as to steal such a paltry thing." If the charge had been one of clearing out a whole drawing-room, he would doubtless have submitted contentedly and gracefully to fate.

To Mr Irving, Apropos of a Coming Production—"Wherefore art thou Romeo?"—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii., Scene 2.

Arran-t Nonsense—The latest grievance of the U.P.'s.

A Flour Show—An exhibition of cereals.

English Damsons are now at their best for preserving. Prices are right at the City Fruit Warehouse, 18 GORDON STREET.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the salary question is not yet settled.
That Alphabet Smith is about to bring it up in another form.

That it has now taken the shape of an honorarium.

That Councillors Jackson and Gray are trying to spoil Alphabet's little game.

That travels in many lands have sharpened the subtle ingenuity of Councillor Smith.

That the Trades Council have approved of the action of Councillors Gray and Jackson.

That this influential body would have been as well to have said nothing about the matter.

That they sent a delegate to the London Trades Union Congress without paying a penny of his expenses.

That another society had to "fork out the needful" for the said delegate.

That the Clyde Trustees will miss Sir James Bain.

That the interests of the Clyde were always safe in his hands.

That we are about to have a fountain demonstration.

That Sir Wilfrid Lawson has been asked to inaugurate the Sir William Collins memorial.

That there will be a spate of teetotal oratory from the two Sir W.'s.

That after the ceremony the crowd will adjourn to the nearest "pub." and drink the health of the "knightly pair."

That we want to know what has come over our third member.

That the new Glasgow prison promises to be a most palatial residence.

That our prisoners and paupers are among the best-housed portions of the community.

That the approaching municipal elections promise to be dull affairs.

That the honour of a seat at the Council Board isn't coveted now-a-days as it used to be.

That the usual valuation fights have been fought.

That some pretty hard swearing takes place in these encounters.

That Sheriff Mair has once more been down upon the police.

That he has reported to the Fiscal a charge of perjury by a Bobby.

That Sheriff Mair doesn't place much store on the members of "ta forse."

That the Incorporation of Dyers have elected "Donald" their collector, notwithstanding the action of the Old Lights.

A l'Americaine.

CAN there possibly be any truth in the awful revelations made by a correspondent of a contemporary regarding the management of J.P. business in Pollokshaws? In narrating his experience, this writer says that he was "directed to a public-house (*where the court is held*), and ushered into a witness room steaming with the vilest tobacco-smoke." Further to carry out the similarity to the manners and customs of the Far West, we may next expect to hear that the favourite attitude of your Pollokshaws Justice is a seat with his feet on the table, and that he keeps order in his Court by means of a bowie-knife and revolver!

FACT IN NATURAL HISTORY.

(Scene—Canongate, Edinburgh; *Dramatis Personæ*, Vendor of birds in cages and little boy who would like to buy.)

Boy—That ane has nae gless.

Vendor—Quite so, my little man, but the bird's a teetotaller.

STILL W. R. W.!—It is earnestly to be hoped that the Town Council will not stultify themselves at their next meeting by giving any countenance to Mr Smith's "honorarium" motion. Such a motion, if by any chance it were carried, would become a most mischievous precedent, to say the very least of it. The salaries question has been discussed *ad nauseam*, and should be considered settled for the present. If Mr Smith has not sufficient common-sense to accept the decision that has been pronounced, the BAILIE trusts his colleagues will show that they possess a sufficient quantity of that useful attribute to spare him a little.

A "MESSAGE OF PEACE."—The 10th L.R.V. seems to be a shockingly unpatriotic corps. In a recent shooting competition among its members two of the prizes consisted of *Irish* whisky. Whence this slight to Talisker, Campbeltown, Long John, and Islay? Can it be that the bold Tenth have become so saturated with these seductive beverages that a change is thought desirable, or is this patronage of L.L. and John Jamieson intended as a Gladstonian "message of peace" to the sister Isle?

A Beam-ing Eye—One that sees a mote in its neighbour.

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.

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THE CALEDONIAN HOUSE.

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in High-Class Drapery Goods and Articles of Fashion and Ladies' Toilette.

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mediate Profit Saved to our Customers.

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Medal Felt Hats"—the Highest Class Goods in the Kingdom.

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MILLER & CO.,
QUEEN STREET CORNER.

NEW LOTS THIS WEEK.

Dickenson's Cyclopaedia of Illustrations, published at 12s 6d,
for 9s; Dickenson's Homolitic Cyclopaedia, 12s 6d, for 9s; A
Year's Cookery by Phillis Browne, now for 3s 9d; Richard
Baxter's Saints Everlasting Rest, &c., &c., published at 21s, now
for 7s 9d; Ramsay's Poetical Works, 3 vols., price 10s 6d, now
for 5s 6d; The Craftsman, an Old Essayist in the style of the
Spectator, 14 vols., 1731, now for 7s 6d. Still on hand some of
the Fine Repp Notepaper at 9d per pound and Repp Envelopes
at 9d per 100.

FREE TRADE—CUMBERLAND *versus* AMERICAN.

The Free Trade Cumberland Lead Pencil is much better value
than the American, now only 4½d per dozen.

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The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21st, 1881.

WHEN will Councillor W. R. W. SMITH be thoroughly contented? The Ward Committees have incurred his serious displeasure by opposing the increase of salaries to the town officials, and Mr SMITH has accordingly made up his mind to have his revenge on them. This revenge he seeks to obtain in a way which is most unhappy and one which it would be discreditable to the Town Council if they allowed it even to be discussed and put to the vote. Mr SMITH selects three of the officials who did not get the increase which the Committee had suggested should be given to them, and gravely proposes that they should get a gift of the sum which the Town Council, after careful consideration, refused to allow them. If Mr SMITH and other members of Council

chose to absent themselves for paltry or for good and valid reasons from the voting it is no business of the remanant members of the Council or the public, but it is of consequence to them that an attempt should be made to upset a deliberate decision of the Council by what is at best a side-wind of the most doubtful competency. What is proposed is to give these three officials not an increase of salary but an honorarium. Such a gift is the appropriate reward of extra services during the year, but what extra services have been rendered by any of these three officials during the last year? The very proposal has given rise to the suggestion that the increases of salary which have been granted to other officials should be rescinded! The whole proceeding is discreditable to the business of the Council, and such an attempted irregularity should be met by summary rejection, if Councillor SMITH can't be brought to see the propriety of withdrawing his notice of motion at once.

A WANT OF POLISH.—At last week's meeting of the School Board Mr Fife remarked that "there was great encouragement in the fact that in the lower strata of society it was seen that there were diamonds that only required polishing." Is there also encouragement in the fact that on the School Board there are likewise—well, suppose we say pebbles—which require a great deal of polishing?

OBLIQUITY OF VISION.—If we may believe what she says, Granny found herself in an uncomfortable, and even painful, position last week. According to her own account, the old lady had "one eye turned on Cairo and the other fixed on Paris." Poor old soul! She had better get her optics right again as quickly as possible, or she will necessitate an operation for strabismus.

BLARNEY FOR EVER!—Noticing the revival of old Irish industries, a contemporary says that "Blarney factory" is very busy. As if the manufacture of "blarney" ever fell off in the Emerald Oisle!

IT'S "SQUARE," ISN'T IT?—If those who run upon the new pavement may not read, it isn't because it's not "punctuated."

The Land League.—Gladstone has merely cotch'd the sneak, not killed it.

Free Trade.—The freedoms of the Trades' Conference.

"Irish Affairs"—Riots and homicides.

"Cheep" Fairs—Peevish women.

Quavers.

THOUGH the musical season will not begin for a little while yet, preparations are doubtless being made, or are in the minds of those concerned with its activities. It has occurred to your contributor, BAILIE, as a preliminary to the resumption of his duties in your journal, to which he looks forward again with pleasure, that a brief account of some musical works he has been looking over during the recess may prove of value to conductors and committees arranging for the new season.

"The Blessing of the Children," a cantata by Henry Lahee, dramatic in treatment, yet solid and scholarly, can be recommended; also "The Building of the Ship," by the same composer, the latter a cheap re-issue of this well-written cantata. "New Year's Eve," by Henry Schoeller, short and dramatic rather, and in a series of scenes is lively withal but distinguished by excellent taste. "The Wreck of the Argosy," by W. H. Birch, is somewhat important as to length (26 Nos.) if not of high-class merit. These are old-notation editions of Curwen & Son's tonic sol-fa series.

"Christ and His Soldiers," an oratorio intended to be sung by children, by John Farmer of Harrow School, 24 Nos. (in two independent parts, however), comprising choruses and solos, demands approval in regard to the special purpose for which it has been written. "St. John the Evangelist," by Dr Philip Armes, the composer of "Hezekiah," is worthy of the attention of any society. It contains much scholarly yet attractive writing. "Nicodemus," in 17 Nos., by F. E. Gladstone (a relation of the Premier, by the way) is of the same character of work, and contains some beautiful music, reminding us of the Barh oratorios somewhat. "Bless the Lord, O my Soul," six (lengthy) Nos. by Samuel Weekes, may also be mentioned.

A secular cantata entitled "Silvia" by L. A. Parker, is worth looking at. It is in the German style, though not difficult. "Ruth," a sacred cantata, by A. R. Gaul, whose part-songs are favourites, is picturesque music, of some 14 Nos.; bass solos being a feature. "The Consecration of the Banner," another work to be noticed, is a re-setting of the lines associated of old with Miss Lindsay's music, by Mr J. F. H. Read, who has thrown the description of the incident into cantatina form. Embracing solos for soprano and contralto, it will make a good short piece.

Henry Leslie's Biblical Pastoral—"The First Christmas Morn"—should be looked at. It demands exceptionally good choral singing, however. The solos are exceedingly fine. An odd resemblance of one of the choruses to the opening one in Spohr's "Jessonda" is worth remarking. "Christian the Pilgrim," by Wilfrid Morgan, 26 Nos., based on the "Pilgrims' Progress," will likely be a favourite. It is clever and well-varied music, if secular rather on the whole. There are several instrumental intermezzi which might be made a feature of with a good band.

A short cantata by A. C. Mackenzie—"The Bride"—claims special attention. It is elegant and graceful music, and of much fancy. "The Widow of Nain," by A. J. Caldicott, has scholarship for its chief feature, some of which, however, is a little out of place. These two last works were sung at Worcester Festival last week. "Salvator Mundi," a sacred cantata, 16 Nos., with solos and choruses, may be looked at.

Lastly may be referred to, "The Entry into Jerusalem," by F. W. Humberstone, 22 Nos., simple music for less advanced classes, with one or two easy instrumental Nos. On the whole, a desirable work of its aim. "The Golden Sheaf," music by H. Van Landeghem, American in style and rather commonplace, and somewhat of a pasticcio, the chorus, "Come Gentle Spring," for instance, from Haydn, being included. These works are also published in sol-fa notation.

These several publications may be procured through Mr J. D. Boyack, who has recently opened a music warehouse in the City, and who proposes to devote special attention to music for societies.

Gentlemen who get the Baby to hold—Remedy, 20s Perambulator.—GARDINER & HARDIE, 42 Great Clyde Street.

One for the "Pall Mall."

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* says that Glasgow has "become black in the face with inarticulate rage" over the Prince of Wales's little mistake regarding the magnitude of Liverpool in relation to ours. Not at all, good *Pall Mall*. We only became inspired with an anxiety to enlighten the Prince on the subject. For his own part, the BAILIE always finds pleasure in dispelling ignorance, whether it take the form of a slight blunder on the part of a Royal Highness, or that of the universal benightedness characteristic of the transformed, and deformed, journal that was *once* "written by gentlemen for gentlemen."

ALL IN HER EYE.

Peggy Johnston (bargaining with a pedlar for a pair o' specs)—Na, na, they'll no dae.

Pedlar (after half-a-dozen have proved unsuccessful hands her a pair without glasses in them)—Try thae, ma wuman.

Peggy—Now ye've fittit me. Thae's the best specs ever aw had on.

GOOD CHANCE FOR THE GHOSTS.—If we may believe the Clerk of the Kilmarnock U.P. Presbytery, there is at the south end of Arran a gruesome thing in the way of ecclesiastical edifices. This is an Established Church, whose doors "have handles apparently lifted from below the ground—the handles of coffins being used for this purpose!" If that church is not haunted, the Arran ghosts must be strangely deficient in a sense of picturesque effect and the fitness of things.

BRILLIANT PAISLEY.—Baillie Cochran proposes that steps be taken for the lighting of Paisley by electricity. Should the idea be carried out, and Seestu go in for a physical brilliancy as intense as the intellectual radiance with which she has been so long and so notoriously illuminated—why, in that case, there will be no contemplating the old town without winking!

SLIGHTLY SUSPICIOUS.—The proprietor of a popular Dumbarton hotel advertises that a horse and waggonette have been mislaid at his establishment by "a party of ladies and gentlemen." Talk of "seeing the Elephant"—!

All "U.P."—United Presbyterianism in Arran.

Established upwards of half a century, Adam's fruit warehouse, 58 St. Enoch Square, where all Fruits can be had in their seasons. Only the best quality are kept. Note address, JAS. ADAM & Co., 58 St. Enoch Square, and 55 Gordon Street.

Megilp.

THE Exhibition of the Art Club has come as a surprise to the most of us. It is particularly interesting on account of the number and the excellence of the figure pieces it contains. Some of the youngest members of the club—Mann, Coventry, M'Gregor Wilson, and Guthrie, to wit—are quite able to hold their own against any artists of similar standing to themselves either in Edinburgh or in London. The contributions to the collection of M'Ewan, of Young, of Walton, of Hutcheson, of Davidson, of Taylor, of M'Kellar, of Lauder, of Rattray, of Macmaster, and of Charles M'Ewen are really of much more than average merit. They certainly differ, as may be expected, in quality, just as they differ in subject, but taken over-head their pictures are handled with great skill, and informed with much truthful and yet imaginative feeling.

The "Border of the Sea" and "The Dippen Rock" of A. K. Brown, David Murray's "Orchard," and the bovine study (No. 174) of Tom Hunt, are works which should not be passed carelessly or hurriedly by.

Among the members of the club who are not represented in the Exhibition are James A. Aitken, Duncan M'Laurin, John Miller, and Robert Crawford.

Quite a number of our local painters were in town last week, among them being Wellwood Rattray, Tom M'Ewan, John D. Taylor, John Miller, E. A. Walton, and James Guthrie. Of these, however, M'Ewan is now at Benderloch, Miller—who had just returned from Devonshire—is in Lochaber, Taylor—who painted for some weeks at Ballintrae—at Millport, and Rattray at Aberfoyle.

Davidson and M'Kellar propose to make a short stay in the course of the present month in the neighbourhood of Kirkcudbright.

C. J. Lauder is at present working on the Thames. He is growing as familiar with Greenwich and Billingsgate and Limehouse as he is with Greenock and the Broomielaw. It is reported that he finds the bargee and the coster—with all their tendency to strong language—much more agreeable and generally polite companions than the Greenock rough or the Clydeside labourer.

A general wish having been expressed that during October and November the Institute should have musical promenades on the Saturdays, it is to be hoped these will be arranged for. "They say" also that the Directors intend to have a full-dress conversazione for members and season ticket holders sometime in October.

Messrs Remington announce for October a new illustrated shilling monthly magazine, to be called "Art and Letters." It will offer to the public the combined attraction of fine art and light literature. The prospectus looks well. Among other features arrangements have been made for the publication in the new journal of some of the choicest plates that appear in *L'Art*.

WHAT IT WILL COME TO.—Another policeman has been reported to the Fiscal by Sheriff Mair, who expressed a strong opinion that the constable had committed perjury. If this sort of thing goes on, we shall have to establish a special "Police Gazette," devoted to the crimes and misdemeanours of the defenders of our lives and property.

HIS LATEST.—If, says the Animile, you wished to describe a well-"lighted" country-house, what enterprising firm of publishers might you name? Chateau and Windows, of course. Hee-haw! (*Can he mean Chatto & Windus?*)

To Be Seen at a Glance (eh?)—The Motherwell cleric's Papal fallacies.

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To be followed by the Comedy, PAUL PRY.

Paul Pry,.....Mr J. L. TOOLE.

To conclude with this night only the Successful Farce

ICI ON PARLE FRANCAIS.

Spriggins,.....Mr J. L. TOOLE.

WEDNESDAY SEPT. 21st, and Following Evenings,

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After which, first time in Glasgow, with the Original Cast, the

UPPER CRUST.

Mr Barnaby Doublechick,.....Mr J. L. TOOLE.

Concluding on Saturday, only, with the Celebrated Drama,

OLIVER TWIST

The Dodger,.....Mr J. L. TOOLE.

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MONDAY, OCTOBER 10th, 1881,

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 13.

G R A N D T H E A T R E,

Performance of the Opera

"GUY MANNERING"

MONDAY, OCTOBER 17th.

Subscription Ticket for the Three Performances 21/0.

To be had of Messrs Muir, Wood & Co., Buchanan Street.

HENGLER'S CIRCUS, GLASGOW.

TO-NIGHT AT 8.

ENTIRE CHANGE OF PROGRAMME,

THE WORLD-RENOWNED

MATTHEWS' C.C.C. MINSTRELS,

Gigantic Success. Enthusiastic Audiences.

NOTICE.—THIS WEEK, THE GREAT AMERICAN TEAM will Appear in addition to the above Extensive Company.

Prices, 3s, 2s, 1s, and 6d. Box Office at Messrs Paterson's.
Grand Morning Performance, Saturday at 3, Doors Open 2-30.

A SPECIALITY FOR £20.

WELL-SEASONED FINE ASH BEDROOM SUITES.

COMPRISING—

A Large MİRRORED WARDROBE, TOILET TABLE, with Jewel Drawers and Glass combined, Marble-Top and Tile-Back BASIN STAND, POT STAND, TOWEL RAIL, Two CHAIRS, and a PERSIAN BEDSTEAD to match, beautifully Upholstered with Wool Repp, New Designs, Superior Workmanship, and only obtainable at the

NEW HOUSE FURNISHING WAREHOUSE,
28 JAMAICA STREET.

THE CHOICE OF BEDROOM SUITES IN WALNUT, ASH, AND MAHOGANY, from £5 to £130. And SPECIFIC ARTICLES for the Part Furnishing of Bedrooms in the Spacious and Well-Lighted Saloon on the Basement Floor; and the Furniture for DINING-ROOMS, DRAWING-ROOMS, HALLS, OFFICES, KITCHEN, WOOD, IRON and BRASS BEDSTEADS, BEDDING, CARPETS, MATTINGS, LINOLEUMS, BLANKETS, CURTAINS, &c., on the First, Second, and Third Floors is well worth the Inspection of all Buyers.

JOHN MACKAY & SON, 28 JAMAICA STREET.

GLASGOW ART CLUB. CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.

NINTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION

NOW OPEN IN THE

FINE ART GALLERIES OF MESSRS T. & R. ANNAN,
153 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

A Choice Selection of CABINET PICTURES.

Open Daily from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, to 9 30 p.m.

Admission Free. Catalogues Sixpence.

BROWN'S

ROYAL MUSIC HALL,

Under the New Management.

PROPRIETOR,.....THOS. ROGERS.

MANAGERESS,.....MRS ROGERS.

CHAIRMAN,.....MR T. WELLESLEY.

OPEN EVERY EVENING WITH A STAR COMPANY.
CHANGE OF ARTISTES EVERY WEEK.

Open at 7. Concert, 7-30.

Prices from 6d to One Guinea.

TO MUSICAL ASSOCIATIONS, CHURCH CHOIRS, &c

J. D. BOYACK would respectfully invite attention to his Large and Comprehensive Stock of CHORAL MUSIC, embracing all the Standard and Newest ORATORIOS, CANTATAS, ANTHEMS, PART-SONGS, Trios for Equal Voices, Part-Songs for Male Voices, Sol-fa Music, &c.

Special Attention given to this branch of the Music Trade.

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PIANOFORTE MUSIC WAREHOUSE, 138 BUCHANAN ST.,
(Opposite Western Club and Stock Exchange.)

GLASGOW AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

AYR RACES.

On WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, and FRIDAY,

21st, 22nd, and 23rd SEPTEMBER,

SPECIAL EXPRESS TRAINS TO AYR,

AT ORDINARY FIRST and SECOND CLASS FARES,

WILL LEAVE

GLASGOW (St. Enoch) at 11.0 and 11.30 a.m., and PAISLEY
at 11.15 and 11.45 a.m.;

Returning from Ayr at 4.25, 5.40, and 5.50 p.m.

On same Dates a SPECIAL THIRD-CLASS TRAIN will
leave GLASGOW (St. Enoch) at 9.45, and PAISLEY at
10.0 a.m.

RETURN FARE,.....3s.

Returning from Ayr at 6.10 p.m.

The Special Third-Class Tickets are only available on Date
of Issue.

W. J. WAINWRIGHT, General Manager.

Glasgow, September, 1881.

SATURDAY, 24TH SEPTEMBER.
GREAT ANNUAL TANNAHILL NIGHT.

Tannahill's Songs and Pastoral, entitled

"THE SOLDIER'S RETURN."

ARTISTES—

Miss ELIZABETH HUNTER.

Miss EDITH ROSS.

Mrs WILLIAM GOURLAY.

Mr W. H. DARLING.

Mr THOMAS WALKER.

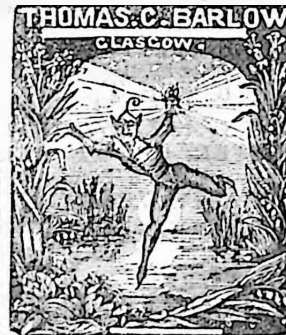
Mr WM. GOURLAY.

Mr WM. CRAWFORD.

Mr F. W. BRIDGMAN, Pianist.

Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats 2s. Tickets at
58 Bath Street. Doors open at 7; Concert at a Quarter to 8
SATURDAY EVENING SEPTEMBER 24, 1881, IN THE
GLASGOW CATTLE MARKET.

T. C. BARLOW



Has the honour to intimate that he
will, at his Annual

DISPLAY OF FIREWORKS, in the
GLASGOW CATTLE MARKET,
(Gallowgate and Duke St.),

On SATURDAY, 24th Sept., 1881,
give in a high-class style the Crystal
Palace Programme of the Firework
Display which was announced to be
given in Edinburgh at The ROYAL
VOLUNTEER REVIEW, but which
did not take place then in consequence
of the inclemency of the weather.

The Programme then announced will
be carried out in all its main parts.

A MILITARY BAND will be in attendance.

Gates open at 5-30; Display at 7-30.

Admission—ONE SHILLING. Ladies accompanied by a
Gentleman, and Children by Parents or Guardians, FREE.
VOLUNTEERS IN UNIFORM ADMITTED FREE.

FRUIT WAREHOUSES AND ORIENTAL EMPORIUMS,

97 & 99 ST. VINCENT ST. AND 25A RENFIELD ST.,
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Best Goods—Moderate Prices.

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AUCTIONER and APPRAISER,

ARGYLE SALE-ROOMS, 19 Gordon Street.

THE MOST WONDERFUL VALUE
IN SCOTLAND IS
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FAMILIES WHO ARE PAYING 2/6 PER LB. ARE RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED TO MAKE ONE TRIAL PURCHASE, AND JUDGE FOR THEMSELVES.

PURE INDIAN AND ASSAM TEAS,
AT 2/4, 2/8, AND 3/ PER LB.

These INDIAN TEAS are noted for their ENORMOUS STRENGTH and PURITY OF QUALITY AND FLAVOUR; and at their various Prices they CANNOT BE BEATEN, for Real Value and Intrinsic Worth, by the Teas offered by any Individual, Firm, Company, or Association of Planters in the World; and they are commended to the notice of lovers and Connoisseurs of the Indian Leaf.

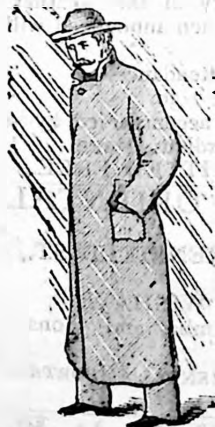
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HEATING AND VENTILATION THE BEST IN GLASGOW.

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ESTABLISHED OVER FIFTY YEARS.
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Lowest Trade Terms. Cash Discount allowed.
Sole Glasgow Agents for DR. SALVIATI'S VENETIAN GLASS, a Choice Consignment of which is just to hand, comprising many Beautifully Decorated Examples of this Celebrated Make. INSPECTION INVITED.

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Waterproof.

SCOTCH TWEED
WATERPROOFS
(Two Plies of Tweed and one of
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LOOK LIKE AN ORDINARY
OVERCOAT, AND YET IS
THOROUGHLY WATERPROOF.

SPECIAL
THE
"ZEPHYR SIPHONIA,"
Only Weighs a Few Ozs.,
PRICE 21s.

RUBBER
YACHTING SHOES,
EVERY STYLE.

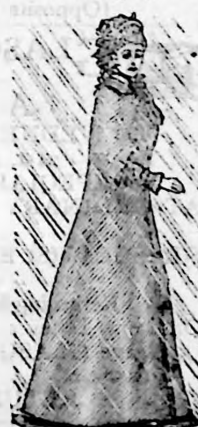
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WATERPROOFS
In every Variety of Material),
LARGE STOCK.
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ALL SIZES, 21s EACH.

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43, 45, & 47 JAMAICA STREET, GLASGOW.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Tuesday and Wednesday, 27th and 28th September.

EXTENSIVE PUBLIC SALE OF ITALIAN MARBLE SCULPTURE.

Consigned direct from Volterra for Positive and Unreserved Sale, *ex* ZELINI, from Leghorn.

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. have received instructions from Signor Del Colomba, Volterra, to Sell by Auction, in their Rooms on Tuesday and Wednesday, 27th and 28th September, at 12 o'clock each Day, a Large and Varied Consignment of Rich and Elaborately Carved Bardiglio, Agate, Yellow Sienna, Verde Antique, and Brocatello Marbles, in Polished Statuary and Vases of various styles, including a pair Handsome Agate Vases, 7 feet high; Statuettes of the "Seasons," "Venus de Medici," Canova's "Venus in the Shell," "The Greek Slave," "The Elements," and other Works of Ancient and Modern Sculpture; also Artistic Vases of Hebe, Etruscan, Medicis, Grecian, Gothic, Florentine, Neapolitan, Pompeian, and Herculanean Designs, splendidly carved in alto and basso relievo, suitable for the Decoration of Entrance Halls, Drawing-Rooms, Libraries, and Shop Windows; and a large variety of similar articles of a decorative and useful character, just imported from Italy expressly for this Sale.

On View Morning of Sale.

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AUCTIONEERS AND VALUATORS,
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Well Ventilated and Dry Stores for Furniture, Plate, and Pictures, Let by the Week, Month, or Year, at Moderate Rates.
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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.

Terms—Cash.

ADAMS & HODGE,
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Chief Agents in Scotland for
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By Special Appointment, Wine Merchants
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Descriptive Pamphlet and Price List of all kinds of Wines in
Bottle can be had Free on Application.

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87 BOTHWELL STREET, GLASGOW
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PLASTER COPIES IN ALL SIZES OF FIGURES & BUSTS
From the ANTIQUE and MODERN SCULPTURES.

FIGURES, FOUNTAINS, VASES, &c.,
In Concrete for Gardens.

Every Description of SCULPTURE Cleaned, Repaired, or
Packed and Removed.

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Sails DAILY from GLASGOW and GREENOCK, calling at KIRN, DUNOON, WEMYSS BAY, ROTHESAY, TIGHNABRUAICH, STRACHUR, and INVERARAY:—

From GREENOCK at	Trains—	A.M.	Cent.	Enoch's.	Bridge St.
.....9-15		8-0	8-25	—	—
" WEMYSS BAY at 10-10		—	—	—	9 10

Conveying PASSENGERS to INVERARAY and OBAN via KYLES of BUTE, WEMYSS BAY, and LOCH ECK route.
Full particulars of Tours, Fares, &c., see Programmes (1d each), from

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Splendid New Saloon Steamer

"CHANCELLOR" SAILS DAILY FROM ARROCHAR at 7-0 a.m. for Blairmore, Cove, and Helensburgh (Train to Glasgow at 8 55 a.m.); and at 2-30 p.m. for Blairmore, Hunter's Quay, Kirn, Dunoon, Greenock, and Helensburgh (Train to Glasgow at 5-35 p.m.)

From HELENSBURGH at 10-30 a.m. (Train from Dundas Street at 9-0, and St. Enoch and Central Stations at 10 a.m.) for Greenock, Dunoon, Kirn, Hunter's Quay, Blairmore, and Arrochar (for Lochlomond); and at 5-55 p.m. (Train from Glasgow at 4-50 p.m.) for Kilcreggan, Cove, Blairmore, and Arrochar.

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LOCHLOMOND SALOON STEAMERS sail up Daily at 8-45 a.m., 12-25 and 5 p.m. (Trains from Dundas Street at 7-40 and 11-15 a.m., and 3-50 p.m.); and on Saturdays only at 6-40 p.m. (Train from Glasgow at 5-25 p.m.)

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Sail during the Season for Islay, Oban, Fort-William, Inverness, Staffa, Iona, Glencoe, Lochawe, Tobermory, Portree, Strone Ferry, Gairloch, Ullapool, Lochinver, Lochmaddy, Tarbert (Harris), and Stornoway, affording Tourists an opportunity of visiting the Magnificent Scenery of Glencoe, the Coolin Hills, Loch Coruisk, Loch Maree, and the famed Islands of Staffa and Iona.—Official Guide, 2d; Illustrated, 6d and 1s.—Time Bills, with Maps, free by post, on application to the Proprietor, **DAVID MACBRAYNE**, 119 Hope Street, Glasgow. (The Columba or Iona Sails Daily at 7 a.m., conveying Passengers as above.)

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26 & 28 MAIN STREET, ANDERSTON.
BREAKFASTS, DINNERS, TEAS
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The ONLY Telephone Exchange now in Glasgow. Parties joining now can converse with every Subscriber to the Amalgamated Telephone Exchange.

List of Subscribers received free on application.

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WILLIAM ALEXANDER SMITH,
Chairman Local Board.

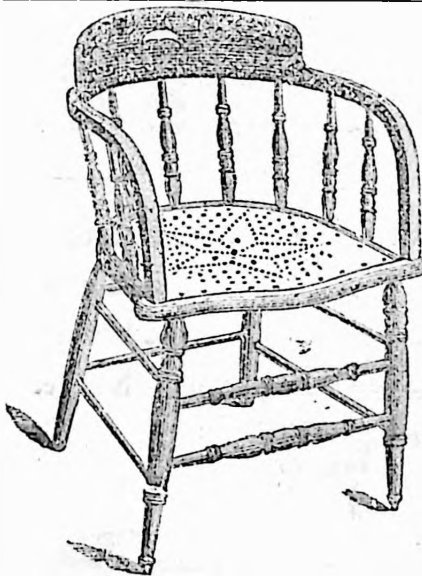
N.B.—This Company controls and can supply ALL Telephones and the Most Modern Improvements of the same.

Satisfactory Working Guaranteed.

NEW GRASS BUTTER

Of the very Best Quality at
DONALDSON BROTHERS,
9 SHAMROCK STREET,
AND 28 ST. GEORGE'S ROAD, CHARING CROSS,

COAST AND COUNTRY ORDERS
will be promptly attended to.



**AMERICAN
PERFORATED
3-PLY VENEER
SEATING,**

For Fitting up Waiting,
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Rooms, Spirit Shops,
Restaurants, &c.

SETTEES AND
CHAIRS
In Great Variety.

Eglin & Gardner,
70 YORK STREET,
GLASGOW.

**BRIDGE STREET STATION HOTEL
LUNCHEON ROOMS NOW OPEN.**

ONE OF THE FINEST DINING ESTABLISHMENTS
IN THE CITY.

CHARGES MODERATE.

A. F. SHARP & CO. Receive Advertisements
for all BRITISH and FOREIGN PAPERS.
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WASTE PAPER, Ledgers, Letters, Books,
Ropes, Ragging, Tailors' Clips—bought at PAPER
MILL STORE, 98 MAXWELL STREET, for Re-manufacture.

ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS.

By sanction of Major-General MACDONALD, and by kind permission of Lt-Col. MACPHERSON, C.B., and Officers, The BAND and PIPERS (46 Performers) of the 42ND HIGHLANDERS (BLACK WATCH),

From EDINBURGH CASTLE, will Perform
ON SATURDAY, 24TH SEPTEMBER, AT 2-30 AND 5-30 P.M.
Annual Family Ticket, 21s. Single Ticket, 10s 6d.
To be had at Mr Sloan's, 140 Hope St., and at Garden Gate.

**GLASGOW
INSTITUTE OF THE FINE ARTS.**

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BLACK AND WHITE AND WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY
SEASON TICKETS NOW READY—Family, 10s; Single, 5s.
Single Admission, Day, 9 to 5-30, 1s.
Children under 12 half-price, 6d.
Evening 7 to 10, 6d.

ROBERT WALKER, Acting Secretary.
GALLERIES OF THE INSTITUTE, SAUCHIEHALL ST.

GLASGOW VETERINARY COLLEGE,

83 AND 85 BUCCLEUCH STREET
(Established under the Authority of Her Majesty the Queen; and Incorporated in 1863, under Royal Sign-Manual, with the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons).

Patrons—
His GRACE the DUKE of ARGVLL.
His GRACE the DUKE of HAMILTON.
The PROFESSORS of the UNIVERSITY of GLASGOW.
The Hon. the LORD-PROVOST and MAGISTRATES of the City of Glasgow, &c., &c.

Principal—PROFESSOR M'CALL, F.R.C.V.S.
The Class Certificates of this College qualify for Examination for the Diploma of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, for appointments in the Army and Government Inspectorships in England, Scotland, and Ireland.

The WINTER SESSION, 1881-82, COMMENCES on WEDNESDAY, 26th October.

Prospectuses and full particulars on application to Professor M'CALL.

The OLDEST Irish Whiskey in the Market.
The PUREST and most wholesome.
As a stimulant, PREFERRED to the finest brandy.
BOTTLED IN H. M. CUSTOMS STORES.



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ONE QUALITY ONLY for home trade and exportation—
THE BEST.

SOLD by Agents in every district (Wine Merchants and Grocers) in one dozen cases, each CONTAINING TWO IMPERIAL GALLONS.

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Wholesale Agents for West and Centre of Scotland,
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LIGHT CLARET FOR SUMMER USE,
12s, 14s, 16s, 18s, and 20s per Dozen.

The above have been carefully selected from the Vintages of 1874, 1875, and 1877, and are good sound genuine Wines. Those at 18s and 20s are Soft and of Good Bouquet.

JOHN FORBES,
261 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW;
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ANGLO-INDIAN, HOME, FOREIGN, AND COLONIAL OUTFITTER.

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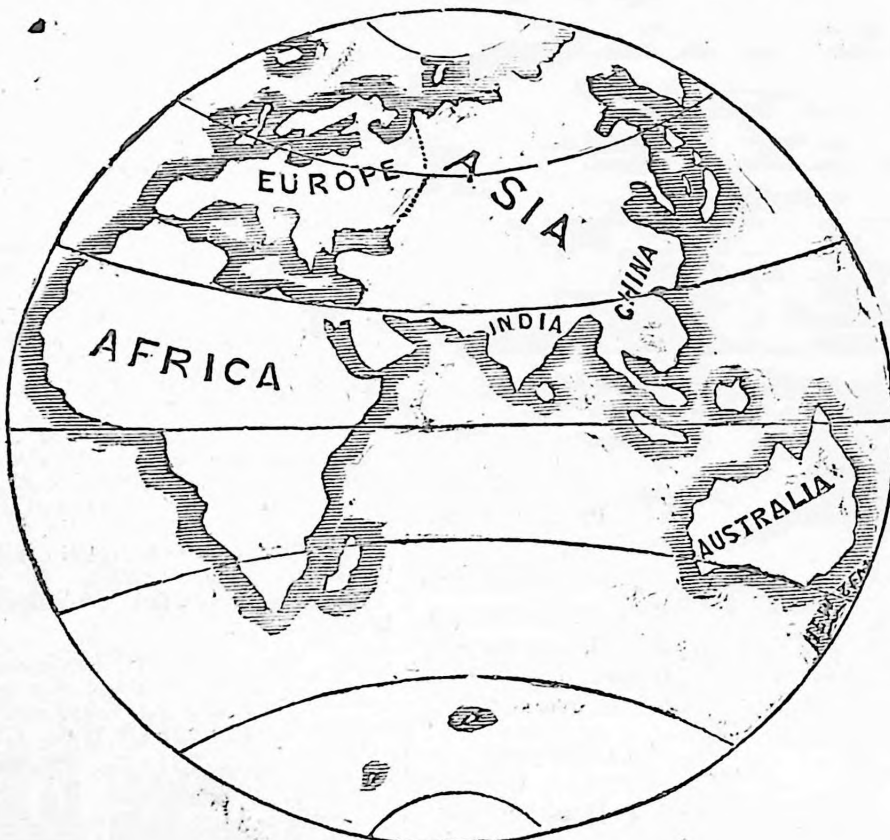
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Special Makes
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Complete Out-
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CLOTHIER, HOSIER, & MAKER OF

The "ACME" Shirt,

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THE HOUSE OF COMMONS
 A WEEKLY REVIEW
 OF THE FOREIGN AND
 COLONIAL AFFAIRS.



Published by
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 House of Commons
 and
 the
 House of Lords
 in
 the
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The Bailie.

“MY CONSCIENCE!”

No. 467. Glasgow, Wednesday, September 28th, 1881. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 467.

THE office of Lord Dean of Guild of Glasgow is only inferior in importance to that of Lord Provost itself. By a letter incorporating the Guildry with the city, dated 1605 and ratified by the Scots Parliament in 1672, it is required that the “Dean of Guild shall be a merchant, or a merchant adventurer.” As for the term “guild” itself, it may be interesting to note that it is derived from the Anglo-Saxon “Gildan,” and primarily signified a tribute or payment. It subsequently came, however, to be used in the sense of a fraternity or fellowship. So early as 1090 a Merchant Guild was established in the city of Mantua in Italy, and a similar association, as we learn from ancient charters, existed in Scotland as far back as the days of William the Lion. It has already been mentioned that the Merchants’ Guild of Glasgow formed part of the Incorporation of the city in 1605. This Guild consisted, in addition to the Lord Dean, of eight members or “lynners,” four of whom were selected by the Merchants’ House, and four by the Deacon-Convener and Trades House or crafts rank of the city. In these early times the powers of the court were much more varied than those exercised now-a-days by His Lordship and the lynners. Indeed its jurisdiction coincided closely with the functions which fell to the Cædiles of the people under the common law of Rome. It may be interesting, further, to remind our townfolk, that one of the oldest relics of the past which we now possess is the steeple of the Merchants’ House in the Briggate—the House itself was removed long ago. This was built in 1659, by Sir William Bruce of Kinross, during the Deanship of Sir John Bell. The present chief of the Merchants’ Guild, Lord Dean MIRRLEES, whose reign will come to an

VOL. XVIII.

end within the next week or two, is notable on account of having twice filled the office which he is about to vacate. Mr MIRRLEES, moreover, possesses the further distinction of having been a Bailie of the city from 1865 to 1868, and of having since been proffered, and having been forced, on account of other engagements, to decline the honour of the magistracy. Lord Dean MIRRLEES comes of an old Glasgow family. His father, who was a director of the Clydesdale Bank, was well-known in business circles in the city, and his grandfather at one time occupied the position of Deacon of the Incorporation of Hammermen. Somewhere about a generation ago Mr MIRRLEES entered into business with the late Mr Peter M’Onie as a firm of engineers and millwrights, but after a partnership of a couple of years’ duration, Mr M’Onie died. Shortly thereafter our friend assumed Mr Tait as a partner, the firm becoming Mirrlees and Tait, and continuing so till 1868, in which year it became, by the addition of Mr Watson, Mirrlees, Tait, and Watson. It still preserves this appellation, although Mr Tait has been dead for several years. The name of Mirrlees, Tait, and Watson has become celebrated, not only in this country but all over the world, as the constructors of sugar mill machinery. The LORD DEAN of GUILD will never go down to posterity as one of “Our Municipal Orators.” He speaks but seldom, and when he does speak it would be flattery to say that he speaks well. But while he has none of the graces of the trained elocutionist, no one will deny that he can think clearly, and that any speech over which he has taken pains—like that, for instance, he delivered anent the Robertson-Smith case at the laying of the foundation-stone of Westbourne Free Church—is packed full of weighty and suggestive matter. That Mr. MIRRLEES should be a capital man of business

is one of those things which go without telling. He is, however, more than this. A large-souled genial man, much given to hospitality, the Man you Know is a general favourite. Did the Provostship lie in his way he would make a capital Lord Provost. In the less prominent, but still honourable post of Lord Dean of Guild, Mr MIRRLEES has preserved the ancient traditions of the Merchants' House with distinction to himself and satisfaction to the Guildry of which he is the head.

GLASGOW "CAMPBELTOWN."

(Scene—Pans Hotel, Machriehinish Bay; Enter two female cousins (potatoe diggers) frae the Sautmarket.)

1st Cousin—Gae us twa gless o' whisky o' the best Campbeltown.

Barmaid—You'll no get the like o' that in Glesca.

2nd Cousin—Ye'r far mista'en. D'ye caw that Campbeltown whisky? It's naething but raw grain. The Campbeltown whisky we get in Glesca is that mild that it slips doon yer throat like a lump o' fresh butter.

GOOD FOR SEESTU!—At last Wednesday's meeting of the Glasgow Trades' Council it was stated that the Paisley Trades' Council consisted of 17 trades, whose joint annual income was £8 10s. What prosperous and liberal trades they must be, to be sure, when they are actually able to raise 10s each every year to protect the interests of their members!

AN UNSTABLE MONARCH.—The Emperor of Germany seems to be literally a shaky potentate. The poor old gentleman had another fall while walking at Carlsruhe the other day. Asinus says he knows what would be said if *he* went tumbling about as those Emperors and Premiers are in the habit of doing!

DARN IT!—Somebody advertises, "Darners wanted for coloured work." If the advertiser wants a good supply of the article he should go to America. He will there find that most employers of emancipated nigger labour are most emphatic "darners" of "coloured work!"

A Stable Character—An hostler.

Protect Your Valuables. JENNINGS & Co., 101 Mitchell Street (off Gordon Street), have Fire and Thief-Resisting Safes by Milner, &c., New and Second Hand, from £5. 100 in stock, best makes, from £3 10s upwards. 22 in., 55s; 24 in., 75s; 26 in., 90s; 28 in., £5; 30 in., £6 10s. State Size required. Inspection Invited.—Safe and Bicycle Agents.

A Ghostly Glee.

Sung by the Shades of the *Bailie, Owen, Francis, and Mattie*.
Symphony (with apologies to Bishop for want of musical characters):—

Bome! tiddle de rum, tum, tum, tum;
Bome! tiddle de rum, tum, tum, tum;
Bome! tiddle de rum, tum, tum, tum;
Bome! tiddle de rum, tum, tum, tum;
Bome! tiddle de rum, tum, tum, tum;
Bome! tiddle de rum, tum, tum, tum, te;
Bome! tiddle de rum, tum, tum, tum, tel

Francis.

HARK! hark! now from St. Mungo's tower
The bright new bells proclaim the hour,
The tinkling bells sing out the hour—
Bome! bome bome! bome!

Mattie.

And from the city, far and near,
The people flock the chimes to hear,
And sweet-toned sounds salute the ear,
Bome! bome! bome! bome!

Both.

Ere yet the first vibration dies
Within each heart new hopes will rise—
With olden bells the past now lies;
Bome! bome! bome! bome!

Bailie.

Hark! mark, our Mister Owen knows
His sweet Bow Bells at daylight's close—
Pray tell us are they aught like those?
Bome! bome! bome! bome!

Owen.

Bless me! O no, there's naught in London
Sounds half so kindly to the ear;
I've found, my friends—excuse the pun done—
You ring the changes better here!

All.

Home, home, we must no longer stay,
For soon will peep the morning light;
Poor ghosts at day must haste away,
Farewell at once, at once good night.
Home, home, home, home.

GRANNY'S "DOMESTIC LIFE."—Ever considerate, Granny seeks to adapt herself to the meanest comprehension by the selection of homely and materialistic illustrations. Thus, in a recent leader she remarks that, to her, Euclid and algebra "have always seemed as much one of the dualities in education as ham and egg or cake and wine in domestic life." The peep thus afforded into the old lady's "domestic life" is of itself "worth the money."

FISHY.—An advertisement appears in the *Citizen* for a "large wooden fish, to hang above door." There are some queer fish of the BAILIE'S acquaintance, large and small, who could not be put to a better use than being hung "above door"—or anywhere else, for that matter.

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.

On 'Change.

PIG iron was trump last week. The bears played a losing game, for the bulls held all the best cards. It was in vain that one eminent and highly cultured broker made a desperate onslaught upon the market, and tried to "bang" warrants remorselessly. The market would not stand it. Warrants possessed too much buoyancy, and as soon as he had finished sitting upon them they bobbed up again. Nothing from the unequal contest, he was heard to mutter, after the fashion of Richard III.—

"For Heaven's sake let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings."

NE *depression*. He had reason upon his side, and his time will come, though it may not arrive yet awhile. There has not, for a very long time, been so purely an artificial rise in the iron market as that now taking place. It has scarcely anything to justify it. Has it ever occurred to the sapient wire-pullers of the iron market that the article is very cheap now on the Continent, and that another shilling or two may encourage supplies from abroad? The proverbial coals to Newcastle would be a mere joke to this.

Mr Nathaniel Spens cannot be congratulated on the figure he cut at the meeting of the Glasgow and South-Western Railway. His theory appears to be that 2 and 2 make 5. Among railway agitators it is a theory that is respectable from its antiquity. When a sensation is desired they lay their heads together and bring out a proposal to split up stocks for the convenience of speculators. That is really the sum of the whole matter. "Our stock is worth 100," say they; "let us split it into two, and each half will fetch 62½." Nothing could possibly look more lovely—on paper—and when a proposal of this description is made the speculators rush into the market and actually help the agitator by creating a demand, and producing a purely fictitious price. The experience of the public in the Caledonian affair has not been forgotten. Little wonder that Mr Clouston, that wary old bird, should have sat upon the unfortunate Nathaniel.

The firmness in mineral oil shares is at least partly due to a similar cause, but here it is amalgamation that is talked of. There does not seem any sound reason that Broxburn should absorb Uphall. Broxburn has enough on its hands already, and is likely to leave well alone. Why don't the Uphall fellows manage their business so carefully that they can stand alone?

Clyde Coal advanced to 58s without any cause which was apparent on the outside. The inner reason, which did not outwardly appear, was that the concern cost £150,000, and that it is probably worth 6s 8d in the pound, or thereabouts. I am making a liberal estimate of the possible value of the assets, and at my rating the shareholders could not lose much, and might perhaps profit a great deal in better times than the present. Better times may not come so rapidly as we could desire, and so it is likely that my estimate is outside the reality. Put it at £3 a share, for safety, and it will appear that the prices given the other day are as near the actual value as can safely be paid, notwithstanding the accession of capital said to have been obtained for working the concern.

There is nothing like audacity, combined with a wide field for the exercise of it. An example is to be discovered in the prospectus of a company which has for its object the providing of cheap excursions, the supplying of cheap coals, and the carrying on of salvage operations in any corner of the terrestrial globe. This grand scheme requires only £250,000, in the usual £1 shares. Seeing that a good-going colliery business, if conducted on a large scale, would absorb as much or more, and that no one need attempt systematic salvage unless with capital at his back, the directors of this hermaphrodite business might reasonably have asked for double the money. They may call capital from the vasty deep of the investors' pockets, but will it come? I am inclined to think that it will not. This mixing up of pleasure trips, coals, and sunken ships, smacks of the improbable and utopian. Three times within a few lines the promoters of the concern insist that they will close the share list on Wednesday the 27th inst. Before they do so I would suggest their adding a department to utilise some of the lunar craters. SCRUTATOR.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT "wee Colin" is to preside at a temperance meeting in Glasgow.

That Sir Wilfrid Lawson is also to be one of the spouters.

That Sir William Collins and Bailie Torrens bring up the rear.

That there will be a rush by the teetotallers to see a live lord.

That last meeting of Trades' Council was a lively one.

That the councillors had something else to talk about than the salaries of the public officials.

That their unanimity was not quite so wonderful as when they were girding at Lord Provost Ure and Alphabet Smith.

That they are sorely exercised regarding the paymaster of certain so-called delegates.

That they took good care that they didn't defray the expenses of their own representative.

That "base is the slave who pays" is a fit motto for the Council.

That our local mining trade is in a perilous state.

That Sandy Macdonald has counselled the restriction of labour.

That the colliers have accepted his suggestion.

That the Scotch ironmasters have resolved to blow out a large proportion of their furnaces.

That the winter prospects of the miners are not of the most cheerful description.

That the Juvenile Delinquency Board and the Govan authorities are still at loggerheads.

That the Govan Dogberrys refuse to pay for their delinquents.

That the Board declines to assess other districts for the juvenile crime of Govan.

That there is to be a contest in one of the East-end wards.

That "oor Jeems" is anxious to be back to the Council.

That he intends to oppose Mr Bryce.

That this time he won't allow "wee Jeems" to put in his nose.

That the City Improvement Scheme has cost the ratepayers £362,500

That the loss on the scheme is increasing every year.

That we want to hang an Improvement Trustee.

BOYS' SCHOOL OUTFITS.—FORSYTH'S, 5 and 13 Renfield Street.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—The event of last week in local theatricals was of course the appearance of Mr Toole, and his company from the London Folly, at the Royalty Theatre. Mr Toole himself never to my mind seemed so happy as on this occasion. His playing of *Doublechick*, in the comedy of "The Upper Crust," was altogether inimitable. As for the general performance, it isn't too much to say that better or finer all round acting has never been seen on our local stage.

One of the secrets of this all-round excellence is to be found in the keen tact, wide artistic experience, and unfailing energy and good temper of Mr George Loveday, who for years has been Mr Toole's right-hand man, directing and managing all his affairs, from the "setting" of the stage down to the minutest detail of everyday business arrangements.

For this week we are promised two performances—to-night and to-morrow night—of "The Upper Crust," "A Fool and his Money" on Wednesday and Thursday, "Artful Cards" on Friday, when Mr Toole will take his benefit, and "Dot"—with the great comedian in his most pathetic part, that of *Caleb Plummer*—on Saturday.

One of the features of "Dot" will be the *John Peerybingle* of Mr John Billington. We have had a taste of the thoroughness of Mr Billington's art in the *Lord Hesketh* of "The Upper Crust," but excellent as this impersonation was, it must yield in colour, force, and individuality, to his *John Peerybingle*. It is interesting to note that when "Dot" was originally produced, which was at the London Adelphi on the 14th of April, 1862, Mr Billington, who was then a member of the Adelphi company, was the *Ned Plummer* of the cast.

Friend "Johnny Toole" made two holidays last week. On Wednesday he enjoyed a run to the Trossachs, and on Friday I caught a glimpse of his beaming face in the paddock at Ayr.

The London Folly Theatre is being altered and improved by Mr Toole, who is spending no less than £7000 on the operation.

Mr David James appears at the Royalty on this day week, playing the *role* of the old showman in the "Punch" of Mr Byron, a part he supports with an abundant breadth of comic humour, and not a little earnestness and force. The earliest successes of Mr James were won on the burlesque stage, but since 1870, when he became a co-lessee of the London Vaudeville—a position he still occupies—he has vindicated his right to the position of one of our leading comedians and character actors. He has created the parts, among others, of *Our Mr Jenkins* and *Perkyn Middlewick*, and has approved himself an admirable exponent, in such characters as *Zekiel Homespun* and *Sir Benjamin Backbite*, of the masterpieces of our older drama.

Mr Irving and his company appear at the Royalty this day four weeks—Monday, the 26th proximo.

A valued correspondent writes to me as follows:—It is frequently declared that Mr Toole's original successes were made in farce, but surely those who say so never saw him in Brough's or Byron's burlesques. Why, to my mind he was never more humorous than as *Autolycus* in "Perdita, or the Royal Milkmaid," as *Master Tommy* in "The Babes in the Wood," as *Khorasanbad* in "Lalla Roukh," and especially as *Birbanto* in "Conrad and Medora." His *John Grumley* in "Domestic Economy," and his *Cymon Firefoy* in "An Old Offender," were other two characters he played with capital effect in those early days. While I am on this subject, may I recal various farce parts in which we all used to admire him, but which he has now dropped out of his repertoire? These are—*Tom Dibbles* in "Good for Nothing," *Jacob Earwig* in "Boots at the Swan," *Tom Cringle* in "The Middy Ashore," *Jack Humphrey* in "Turning the Tables," *Barnaby Bibbs* in "The Quiet Family," and *John Thomas* in "That Blessed Baby."

Mr William Sidney's engagement at the Gaiety terminates this week, when the pathetics of "The O'Dowd" are joined to the whimsicalities of "My Awful Dad." Neither Mr Sidney's power on the stage nor his popularity off it gives any symptom of waning.

"The Member for Slocum," the new piece which will be produced at the Gaiety on Monday next, is the work of that most popular of all the dramatists of the hour, Mr George R. Sims. It was originally produced at the Royalty Theatre, London, on the 4th of May last, and has since been played with much acceptance in Manchester, Birmingham, and elsewhere. Quick in its action and smart in its dialogue, "The Member for Slocum" recalls "Brighton" and other like farcical comedies. The new piece, I may add, is founded on "Le Supplice d'un Homme" of M. Lambert Thiboust.

Mr Boucicault's "Nationalist" play of the "Shaughraun" will be produced at the Royal Princess's Theatre this evening and during the week. The *Conn* of the cast is Mr Charles Sullivan, the finest Irish actor of his kind on the stage. Mr Tom Nerney will, of course, be *Harvey Duff*. It is worthy of remark that when the first Shaughraun company was introduced to Scotland—appearing in Edinburgh—Mr Nerney, who then, as now, supported the role of the *Spy*, obtained a large measure of applause from our cousins in the east. What was his surprise, however, next morning to read in the leading journal, *i.e.*, the *Scotsman*, that "Harvey Duff, as played by Mr Nerney, was a restless, fidgetty, unsatisfactory performance, the actor running about all over the stage uncertain what to say or do." This was, as may be expected, a sad blow to poor Tom. However, the *Scotsman*, like other "leading papers," is sadly wooden in its knowledge and appreciation of things theatrical; and, after all, the laugh went against the Edinburgh broadsheet. When Mr Nerney came to Glasgow his performance was recognised as one of rare excellence, and this verdict has been affirmed since all over the country; and individually, I may mention, by two such competent judges of acting as Mr. J. L. Toole and Mr Dion Boucicault.

"They" do tell such a funny story anent the London adventures of three young gentlemen who recently went thither from Glasgow. The purpose of their journey was to procure an interview with Mr Wybrow Robertson on a subject not quite unconnected with business and the law of debtor and creditor. Happily they were successful so far as the finding of Mr Robertson went. Indeed they had various interviews with the astute Wybrow, who treated them, not like a single lord, but like half-a-dozen members of the aristocracy all rolled up together. Day after day went by, and still the Robertsonian effusiveness flowed on in ever-increasing volume, until at last, one of the trio, more valiant than his brother Glaswegians, ventured, though with bated breath, to hint that their appearance in the metropolis meant rather more than champagne luncheons and interminable theatrical "orders." But nothing came of the hint. Mr Robertson, speaking more in sorrow than in anger, pointed out what he had done for this ungrateful city, and then, raising his voice, demanded, in strident tones, "What he had received in return?" The demand, under all the circumstances was—well, perplexing. So unlooked for was it that the "young men from the country" could only stare helplessly at one another, the upshot of the whole being that the three were dismissed from the ex-managerial presence with their thumbs in their mouths. They returned next day to Glasgow a little wiser but certainly no wealthier than when they set out.

Negotiations are in progress for disposing of the "Lord of the Isles" to an Italian company, and it is understood that, next season, a new steamer of very large dimensions, and possessed of all the latest improvements, will be placed on the Inveraray route. "The Lord," I may add, will be withdrawn on Friday, the season—which has been an exceedingly successful one—closing on that day. One of the chief factors in this success has been the system of starting the vessel from the Broomielaw instead of from Greenock, as formerly.

It is purposed to have four orchestral concerts in Paisley during the coming winter. A guaranteed fund of £1000 has been subscribed on behalf of the series.

The volume of verses by my friend, Sheriff Spens, which I announced some months ago as being in the course of preparation, is now about to be issued by Mr Douglas, of Edinburgh. It bears the title of "Darrol, and other Poems."

—o—

I observe, my Magistrate, that an indignation meeting was held in Kirkintilloch, on Friday evening last, to protest against the imposition of a rate for the repairing of the manse. Now, to my mind, the dwellers in this burgh, through which the classic Luggie flows, have far more need to protest against the condition of the local police-station, as it hardly seems consistent with the spirit of this advanced age that a hole, some twelve feet square, without even a window—a charnel-house in fact—lying as it does almost underneath the parish grave-yard, should every other Saturday have to accommodate between twenty and thirty human beings. Talk about the "Black Hole" of Calcutta, after that!

The subject naturally calls up another, and I am now led to refer to a feeling which prevails pretty widely in "ta force" in Glasgow that promotion does not go according to length of service or merit, but more by influence and favouritism in the superior as well as in the inferior ranks—in the latter more particularly and specially so in one or two of the divisions.

—o—

The Glasgow Select Choir will give their first concert for the season on Saturday evening next in St. Andrew's Hall. Under their able trainer, Mr James Allan, they have been diligently preparing fresh music during the interval between seasons, and a selection from these newer studies will be brought forward at this concert. Among the new pieces will be Pinsuti's "The Sea hath its Pearls," a part-song which reveals this elegant composer in a deeper and broader character than hitherto. There will also be a "Hunting Song" by the veteran musician, Sir Julius Benedict, which is clever and spirited. A setting by Mr William Hume of Hood's ballad "Faithless Nelly Gray," better known as "Ben Battle," may likewise be mentioned. It is a companion-piece to "Faithless Sally Brown," produced by the choir last season. The music of the new part-song is naturally of a military character, *brucbe fermée* being freely employed in an introduction, for instance, *a la marcia*, to one of the verses. Bishop's ever-green "Where art thou, beam of light?" will also be sung at the concert, and Dr Peace will give some organ solos.

—o—

The thirty-first session of the Natural History Society of Glasgow will be inaugurated to-morrow evening, when after the election of members, honorary and ordinary, a variety of the ringed snake from Cambridgeshire will be shown by Mr John M. Campbell and papers read entitled "Apiarian Notes for 1881" and "On the Cultivation of the Potato in its Native Country," the former by Mr Robert Bennett and the latter communicated by Mr John King, British Vice-Consul, Carrizal, Bajo, Chili.

—o—

The untimely death of Mr James Fitzgerald of Messrs Arthur & Co. (Limited), has removed from our midst one who had a reputation which was even greater than the responsible position he filled in that huge concern. An Irishman of old and well-known family he retained as much of the qualities which are typical of the well born part of his race as are suited to the work-a-day world in which he found himself placed. Shrewd even to keenness, but in everything thoroughly manly and upright, simple and consistent, he did much to leaven the lives of those among whom he lived and worked. An excellent and even daring horseman, he kept up through life a strong interest in all field sports. His popularity was as great among the large circle of Irish and Colonial buyers as with the army in 78 Queen Street, by whom his loss is reckoned a personal bereavement.

—o—

On Friday, the 30th, Messrs M'Tear & Co. will sell "a cabinet of antique china, bronzes, pictures, and works of art," which includes a number of articles both valuable and curious. The collection, I may mention, was made by no less a personage than Councillor M'Gaan, of Dumbarton,

"Epigram made Easy."
GRANNY has hit upon a simple and ingenious method of manufacturing "epigrams," wherewith to enliven the "slow length" of her dreary leaders. Here are two examples of what is meant, both culled from Friday's paper. In one article the old lady talks of the Lord Advocate's "disjointed, or many jointed, constituency," in another of a recalcitrant parson's "devoted—or rather devotee's—head." A few days ago again, she termed a certain Parliamentary question a "confounding, if not a confounded" one. With respect to the last instance, Grandmamma may be recommended to take Hotspur's advice to his saucy Kate, and if she *must* swear, to swear a good mouth-filling oath, like a lady as she, doubtless, is. But may not this style of "epigram" be overdone? However ingenious and simple, it is apt, when daily repeated, to become monotonous—if not monotoned!

More Railway Tragedies.

AT last Wednesday's Glasgow and South-Western meeting a Mr Robertson talked of shareholders "who had 'daggers' opposite their names, and who had also, he might say, a dagger in their hearts for a number of years past at the small dividends they had been getting." My conscience! How quite too awfully tragic! The BAILIE knows several G. & S.-W. shareholders, and he had no idea till now that they were walking about—much after the fashion of the celebrated "Spartan boy"—with daggers under their comfortable-looking waistcoats. How little we know of our neighbours, to be sure!

THE SLEEPING MEMBER.

(John, a working mason, comes home for breakfast, and finds his wife still a-bed.)

John—What, Leezie, no oot o' bed yet, an ma breakfast never made!

Leezie—Aye, its weel enough you speakin'. Yee've nathing tae dae but gang tae yer wark. Yee never hae tae lie in yer bed an' think hoo the rent's tae be paid.

A Novel Competition—Competing for a prize story.

Black Monday—General Garfield's funera day.

An Artful Dodger—The begging letter Frenchman.

A "Joint" Occupation—A butcher's.

A Diffident "Chaumer."
WHAT an "or'nary" lot the members of our Chamber of Commerce must be, to be sure! Sir Charles Dilke having asked them to send a delegate to Paris to discuss the French Treaty, they consider that they are "not in a condition" to do so, one gentleman thinking that none of his colleagues "had made sufficient study of the question to be of any use to the Commissioners." Mr Stephen Mason, indeed, seemed quite prepared to step into the breach, but the bold Stephen was quietly sat upon. Can it be that the general diffidence was due to a suggestion that any delegate sent should be conversant with the French language?

THE SEA; THE SEA; THE OPEN SEA.

(Scene—The Bullwood, Dunoon.)

Swell (to bathers in water)—Is this a good spot for bathing?

Bather—Very good, very good, but a good many fellows have been in here this morning. If you got a bit further down you may get the water cleaner.

Swell—Thank you. [He retires to get the clean water, leaving the bathers to enjoy their laugh and their swim.]

"MUSIC HATH CHARMS!"—There was a row at the Broomielaw the other night, beginning in the performances of "several pipers" who "tried to put one another out of tune," and ending in the appearance of two "disorderlies" before Mr Gemmel. One of the prisoners was dismissed from the bar, while the other was let off with a fine of 7s 6d; and the magistrate's leniency is not to be wondered at. Fancy "several pipers" all "trying to put one another out of tune!" My conscience! It was enough to set the whole city by the ears!

HARD FARE.—The Corporation of London have invited the Member for Mid-Lothian to go in for a "bu'st." Only this time it's not to be one of turtle, venison, and champagne, but of marble!

"TIGHT."—Somebody wants a number of "empty salt beef tierces," which "must be tight." Why not go in for whisky-casks, if "tightness" is indispensable?

OF C(H)O(U)RSE!—Asinus, who claims the gallant sailor as a relative, wants to know if Admiral de Horsey is de original horse(y) marine.

Mail Coaches—Tutors.

A Benevolent Landlord.
YES, friend Falstaff, there is some virtue extant—and some benevolence too. You would say so yourself if you had been alive and present in the Valuation Appeal Court the other day, when a letter was read from the landlord of an appellant, stating that the latter's trade was in a bad condition, "and suggesting that the taxes should be remitted altogether, as he was not in a position to pay them." It is sad to have to relate, however, that this charitably-supported appeal was dismissed, the chairman pointing out, forsooth, that the landlord had not thought it necessary to reduce his unfortunate tenant's rent. Thus is philanthropic effort ever frustrated by the cold criticisms of the unsympathetic, the worldly, and the unbelieving!

PLAY OF THE SEASON IN THREE ACTS.

(Scene—Official pacing deck of "Columba" with clamorous handbell.)

Act 1st—Din.

Act 2nd—Dinner.

Act 3rd—Dinest.

MAKING THINGS PLEASANT ALL ROUND.—Last week the pastor of that Christian brotherhood, Argyll Free Church, was presented with a congratulatory address by "certain members of the Deacons' Court and representatives of the congregation." It is understood that similar addresses will be presented to the beadle, to Mr Stipendiary Gemmel, and to those members of the police force who have taken part in conducting the affairs of the church.

ALEXANDER THE FOUNDER.—At Hamilton last Thursday Mr Alexander Macdonald, M.P., posed in a new *role*—no other than that of founder of new towns in the "great West" of America! Think of that! When Sandy gets tired of Parliamentary life at home he can return to Yankeeland, get himself naturalised, and "run for Congress" with every prospect of success. We should try to survive the parting.

GORGEOUS SQUARE.—Possilthwaite says that the new pavement is vewy pitty—pock-pitty perhaps.

Shakespeare on Mr Irving's German Dignity—"O day and *Knight*, but this is wondrous strange!"—*Hamlet*, Act i, Scene 3.

After the "Separation"—the returning of the tied.

50 VISITING CARDS (Finest Ivory) while you wait, 1s 6d.—GILLESPIE BROTHERS, 8 Buchanan Street.

Our Municipal Orators—No. 8.

WHEN the City of Glasgow secured—at a considerable sum—Dr Marwick as Town Clerk, it added a rare gem to its string of officials—one whose inestimable worth it never will be able fully to understand and appreciate. His advent from the serene Edina into the western Babel of smoke and noise was trumpeted with hyperbolic recommendations—always dangerous, generally ideal—and when he did arrive he was flattered and praised as a prodigy of perfection. For a while he stood under the eye of the community a sublime wonder—a man of flawless character. Alas, for the vanity of mundane fame! Though he is still blest with the reputation of being unutterably good, no longer is he regarded as the absolute, isolated light of this dusky metropolis. The brightest star occasionally grows commonplace, and jewels are now and then purchased by the opulent only to be laid by. Yet, albeit his day of bright effulgence and laudation is over, the Doctor pursues the path of rectitude with marvellous perseverance. He is the impersonification of Conscientiousness. Duty and Care, those lean-cheeked sisters that harass the just, plague him day and night, link him about in all his ways, tease him with their attentions, crowd his life with anxieties that are fast making furrowing depredations in his classic brow, and streaking his raven locks with tresses of grey. The melancholy part of the business is that his employers cannot see his Herculean toils, cannot watch him at his mighty labours, but can only know of them by the hearing of the ear—and this they always do. Like a mole, he is obliged to work under ground; but like that little sleek quadruped, the results of his industry never fail to reach the surface. His subterranean delvings are always carefully announced. The amiable soul has but limited opportunity of airing his elocutionary gifts. When the orators get hopelessly lost in a mazy confusion of words—when W. R. W. and the other oracles are dumb—the Doctor is called upon by some of the silent members to lead them out of the jungle into the regions of reason; and then he has the privilege of displaying how learned he is in the law and the “Standing Orders.” He expounds with fluency and zest. So comprehensive is his knowledge of the two mysteries that he often mesmerises his audience—and sometimes himself; points out one, two, three, or four courses that may safely be followed; and so bewilders the arrested throng of talkers with

variety of choice that at last they are obliged to help themselves, and grope their way out of the brushwood as best they can. The Doctor's only other chance of a speech in the Chamber is when he wishes to reveal some important task that he has encompassed in the legal solitude of his office. Immediately on his rising there is a respectful hush, and in clear, monotonous tones he intimates the result of his cogitations in the interest of the Corporation. The most indifferent spectator may then observe in his animated visage, sparkling eye, and bland smile the unspoken words: “You will see, gentlemen, I am always at my post, always giving undivided attention to the affairs of this great municipality, and how well I have done my duty on this occasion.” A man of so great merit, and so belauded, cannot but have a lively estimate of his own value. After a few years of close service the Doctor took into his head that he had been working for much more lucre than his princely salary, and one day asked several thousand pounds in addition, as a kind of “overtime,” and the frugal radicals refused it! Even so does the world reward its highest virtue! Besides being meek and gentlemanly, he is wise; he saw the claim was against the grain and mildly withdrew it. Now the good Doctor plods on his laborious way as conscientious as ever.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

(Scene—Sixteenth century ruin; two Paisley bodies are standing in admiration before it.)

1st Body—That's simply grand.

2nd Body—Its a' that. Man whaur d'ye see a ruin o' the nineteenth century like that?

1st Body—Whaur, indeed!

ASINUS “SYMPATHISES” TOO.—An eccentric “heckler” having informed the Lord Advocate at Kincardine the other day that he (the “heckler”) “had a little of the Scotch thistle about him,” Mr Balfour rejoined, “I quite sympathise with you.” It would be unkind, “in this connection,” to make any reference to the animal which finds the thistle most attractive as an article of diet.

The Three F's—Free Trade, Fair Trade, and Foreign Tariffs.

Whether Profit?—The “trade” winds blowing “fair.”

Fare Trade—Tramway business.

Gentlemen who get the Baby to hold—Remedy, 20s Perambulator.—GARDINER & HARDIE, 42 Great Clyde Street.

ANOTHER WEEK OF EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS,

AT
THE CALEDONIAN HOUSE.

MR COPLAND IN THE MARKETS. LARGE ARRIVALS FROM PARIS AND LONDON.

MESSRS COPLAND & LYE have much pleasure in calling the attention of the Citizens of Glasgow to their Extraordinary List of Bargains, being the results of Mr Copland's Visit to the Markets. This Week we direct special attention to our Extraordinary Stock of Black and Coloured Velveteens, bought at a large discount off, so that we are enabled to sell them at just about half regular prices, which is the more striking as Velveteens are to be the Leading Dress of the coming Season, as may be seen from all the Magazines of Fashion. We shall also show extraordinary Bargains in Dress Materials, Rich Satins and Silks, etc. We shall also show Special Bargains in Flannels and Quilts, Cretonnes, Japanese Curtains, e'c., etc.

COPLAND & LYE,

CALEDONIAN HOUSE, 165 AND 167 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

SCHOOL

AND

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FORSYTH'S

5 and 13 RENFIELD STREET

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The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 28th, 1881.

THE continuation on Monday last of consideration of Councillor SMITH'S proposal to grant honorariums to the Chief Constable and Medical Officer of Health affords another opportunity of reflecting upon the propriety of withdrawing the motion as well as the amendment which stands on the paper. The November elections are at hand, and in the course of a couple of weeks the Ward meetings will be held, when the electors will have opportunities of communicating their views to their representatives. In the interest of the officials referred to, as well as of the public, it is extremely desirable that the feeling of irritation and precipitancy which at present exists should be avoided by the adoption of the course suggested. A morning contemporary has printed a statement with the view of showing that the charge of shabbiness in regard to the officials made against Glasgow is unfounded. Even without the figures given, most people are satisfied that there is no ground for the accusation, but it is

at the same time worth while considering the fact that officials are, as a rule, higher paid than employees in private establishments, they have more liberty, and their duties are more of the night-come-ninepence order. What Glasgow has to consider is not what other cities pay their officials, but whether her officials are adequately paid for the onerosity of their duties and the efficiency with which they are discharged. Extravagance in the matter is as culpable as parsimony.

The flag of freedom—stripe and star-field—
Half-masted droops, 'twixt high and low;
Yet may its stars arise with Garfield,
Its stripes descend—and scourge Guiteau.

Unappreciated "Friends of
Humanity."

FEW things can be more irritating than to discover, like the Friend of Humanity in "The Anti-Jacobin," that the object of our maganimous sympathy is quite unconscious of deserving any sympathy at all. The U.P. Presbytery of Kilmarnock and the people of Arran furnish a case in point. While the former have been lavishing floods of tears and volleys of groans over the oppression and spiritual destitution endured by the latter, these—clerics and laymen—hasten to protest that they are unconscious of either the destitution or the oppression! After this, no one need be surprised if the U.P. Friends of Humanity should metaphorically imitate the conduct of their prototype towards the Needy Knife-grinder, and retire indignantly from the scene of their unappreciated benevolence.

VAULTING AMBITION SOMETIME O'ERLEAPS ITSELF.—It's all very well every expression of sympathy with the American Republic, but it's going perhaps just rather too far our Municipal Buildings flying the stars and stripes over the union-jack of Great Britain.

A BIRD IN THE BUSH IS WORTH TWO ON A BONNET.—There is an Act of Parliament for the protection of small birds. There is needed another—for the protection of birds whose misfortune it is to furnish feathers for fashion.

"MASONRY."—To build a "tyled" door (say in the wall of "china").

King Arthur—The new President of the United States.

Land Agitation—Earthquakes.

"All the Year Round"—Moisture.

Shakespeare on Things in General.

OUT Gartnavel way—"That way madness lies." *King Lear*, act iii., sc. 3.

Corporal Ingram—"I am the shooter." *Love's Labour's Lost*, act iv., sc. 1.

Marwood—"You have a hanging look." *Measure for Measure*, act iv., sc. 1.

"The Upper Crust"—"It is Byron's writing." *Love's Labour's Lost*, act iv., sc. 3.

The Cross Carillon—"Peace! the peal begins." *Id.*, a. v. s. 1.

New Notationers—"An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us." *Romeo and Juliet*, act iv., sc. 5.

The Dublin Convention—"What a brood of traitors have we here!" *2 Henry VI.*, act v., sc. 1.

"Quid" nuncs—"It is no matter; enjoy the heavy honey-dew." *Julius Cæsar*, act ii., sc. 1.

The New President—"You are sent for to the Capitol." *Coriolanus*, act ii., sc. 1.

Opening of City Hall Concerts—"Where is the Provost?" *Measure for Measure*, act iv., sc. 3.

Lambeth and the City Organ—"His powerful sound within an organ weak." *All's Well that Ends Well*, act ii., sc. 1.

"Oor Jeems's" Oratorical Decline—"Now checked for silence, but never taxed for speech." *Id.*, act i., sc. 1.

The Premier's Pastime—"I have a tree which grows here in my close, that mine own use invites me to cut down, and shortly must I fell it." *Timon of Athens*, act v., sc. 1.

General Garfield—"The death is not a single doom; in the name lay a moiety of the world. A rarer spirit never did steer humanity." *Antony and Cleopatra*, act v., sc. 1.

The Mail and the Duke—"Can tell pretty tales of the Duke. Has told too many of them already, if they be true: if not true, none were enough." *Measure for Measure*, act iv., sc. 3.

The Heir Apparent—"Though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the King of Courtesy." *1 Henry IV.*, act ii., sc. 4.

Queer Queries.

DURING his industrious tour of Kinross-shire last week the Lord Advocate encountered some decided curiosities in the "heckling" line. At Scotlandwell he was asked if he was "prepared to take the opinion of every inhabitant in the country above 15 or 16 years of age" on the Disestablishment question, while the chairman of the Duncrevie meeting inquired, "Would you give us some explanation about Parnell—what sort of a man he is?" adding naively, "I think he must have a great amount of impudence." To these remarkable queries Mr Balfour replied with all due solemnity. It is to be hoped he is not gifted with a very keen sense of the ludicrous. If he is, his gravity must be sorely tried by the unconscious humour of his bucolic constituents.

THOROUGHLY TYPICAL.

(Scene—The corner of a street.)

Tougal—Fan wass she up seein' Lauchie?

Tonal—Twa nichts sin', putt she wass oot.

Often Read Of, but Seldom Met With—
"Police Intelligence."

English Damsons are now at their best for preserving. Prices are right at the City Fruit Warehouse, 18 GORDON STREET.

A Chance for the Mushrooms.

ONE of the queerest features of the day is the frantic eagerness exhibited by certain portions of the community to get into what is called "society." In the pursuit of this object your *parvenu* will sacrifice time, money, and self-respect—too often in vain. Such persons, then, ought to be grateful for the information that they may gain admission not only into "society," but into "the best society," by simply establishing themselves, at no very exorbitant rate, in a certain hydropathic establishment in a Border county of Scotland. At least, the advertisement promises "the best society," and, as we all know, advertisements *never* lie. To give particulars would be to furnish the establishment in question with a gratuitous puff; but the "society"-hunter cannot go wrong if he tries all our "hydropathics" in succession, and settles down when he meets with the object of his quest.

A RARE CHANCE.—Here's a chance!—
"Matrimony.—Young Gentleman, Abstainer, and a Landlord, wishes to hear from Christian Young Lady with about £150, with view to early Marriage.—Address—, *Scotsman Office*." Now, Christian Young Ladies—with £150—please don't all speak at once! It is not every day you have the opportunity of securing a gentlemanly and "abstaining" young landlord who pays us the compliment of sending to Glasgow for his feminine Christianity—and £150. By the way, if, say, twice £150 were forthcoming, would a Jewish or pagan young lady do?

FERGUSON'S LATEST.—Mr John Ferguson has just published a truly Fergusonian pamphlet, entitled, "The Land for the People," which professes to teach us "how to save British commerce," "how to direct the Social Revolution," and how to do a number of other wonderful things. This remarkable production has for sub-title "An Appeal to All who Work by Brain or Hand." How about those who don't work by hand and who have no brains, John?

WHAT THE "WORLD" THINKS.—In the current number of the *World* Mr Yates says, "I thought all papers and politicians were already Radicals there"—*i.e.*, in Scotland. This absurd "thought," Edmund, is simply another illustration of the average Cockney journalist's grievous ignorance regarding most men and things beyond a mile or two from Fleet Street and the Strand. Why don't you read your BAILIE, man?

MITCHELL'S OLD IRISH WHISKY.

Megilp.

ONE of the features which the three exhibitions at present open in Glasgow—the two in the Institute and that of the Art Club—possess in common, is the unusually low average of prices charged for the separate works. Not for many years have picture-buyers been so favoured in this matter. It is possible to-day to indulge a taste either for black and white, for water colour, or for oil paintings, and yet to be gifted with only a very moderate purse after all. The collections, moreover, from which a choice may be made are all of a very high standard indeed.

William Carlaw is still at Stonehaven, busy over a thirty by twenty upright picture of boats and figures. He has been interrupted a good deal, however, by the recent broken weather, and he complains of the difficulty experienced in dealing with a subject of this character on so large a scale, by reason of the shifting nature of the materials. The pleasantest, and often the most artistic work, he remarks, is secured by going out with, say, a twenty by twelve block, and starting right away with the first good "bit" one comes to.

Another artist who is at present at Stonehaven is Alexander Ballingall, the water colour painter of Edinburgh.

We may expect some further Loch Lomond pictures from the brush of William Young in the course of the present season—Mr Young contributes various charming studies made on the upper stretches of the loch to the Exhibition of the Art Club—he having been located at Ardlui for some time past.

Colin Hunter is once more painting fishing boats and fishing folk at Tarbert.

An exhibition of marine pictures, the contributors to which will be J. C. Hook, R.A., John Brett, A.R.A., Colin Hunter, and Hamilton Maccaulm, will be opened in London towards the close of the present year. Each artist will exhibit four pictures, two of which will be new and two old works.

John Pettie, R.A., is at present engaged at Corrie on a portrait of David Murray, who is represented as a Spanish matador—the costume, it may be recollected, he wore at the calico ball of some three years ago.

Etching—if we may judge from the Institute Exhibition—does not seem to have been yet seriously taken up by our professional Glasgow artists. In Edinburgh, Ferrier, Hole, and Leyde appear, as etchers, to be making steady progress.

R. W. Macbeth is one of the most original of our English etchers. His plates after his own works reproduce admirably all the characteristics of his style.

ONE FOR HIS NOB.

(Scene—Photographer's booth at country fair.)

Sandy (whose photo has just been "taken")
—Eh! man, that's no like me at a'.

Artist—It widna be sae bad if it wasna sae like ye. [*Sandy* departs meditating.]

AGAIN!—More linguistic improvements in Buchanan Street! Last Friday that incorrigible old 'un put the curious expressions "audrmpois endokias" into Bishop Wordsworth's mouth by way of Greek. It would be interesting to know how the Bishop pronounced the first "word."

"Jonathan Wild"—with joy at his further success—Winning the St. Leger.

Standing Jokes—Held-over matter.

Established upwards of half a century, Adam's fruit warehouse, 58 St. Enoch Square, where all Fruits can be had in their seasons. Only the best quality are kept. Note address, JAS. ADAM & Co., 58 St. Enoch Square, and 55 Gordon Street.

Apostles of Uncleanliness.

CERTAIN shareholders of the Tramway Company make great pretensions to godliness, but the kindred virtue of cleanliness does not seem to rank high in the estimation of the officials. The condition of most of the cars and of many of the servants is sufficient to prove this, and now a correspondent of the *Herald* writes to say that he is not allowed to travel at "workman's" fare, on the ground that, though he is an artisan, his face and clothes happen to be clean! This new departure made by an important company in favour of dirt is interesting, and the BAILIE hereby recommends it to the attention of that great sanitary pundit, Mr W. R. W. Smith.

THE SCHOOLMASTER "AT HOME."

Delightful task! to have the young idea
Taught how to shoot at home, not at the school,
To reap the credit from *your* fireside toil,
And for *your* teaching have you pay the fees.

IMPORTANT DECISION.—The Electrical Congress at Paris has, according to the daily papers, passed the following resolution:—"The name farad will be given to the capacity defined by the condition that a coulomb in a farad gives a volt." Asinus "gave a 'volt'" when he read this, and brayed out an expression of hope that our municipal authorities will fully consider so important a point before deciding to light the city by electricity.

WHICH IS THE LEADER?—In the course of some very flattering remarks about Lord Rosebery, a Canadian paper says that his Lordship "is to-day the recognised leader of Scottish Liberalism." Indeed! Then what becomes of Mr. Alexander M'Dougall—to say nothing of Mr. David Fortune—to say nothing of the Editor of the *Scotsman*—to say nothing of the Editor of the *Mail*?

THE HIDE-EA!—Asinus has just discovered that there is a "Hide-Inspecting Society" in Glasgow, and is ungallant enough to suggest that it has been established for the purpose of "inspecting" the complexions of "our girls," among whom, he affirms, the use of cosmetics is rapidly spreading.

The Dramatic Sea-son—*William*, in the play of "Black-eyed Susan."

A Peal to the People—The Cross carillon.

BILLIARDS.—Now Open, under Experienced Management, those central premises, 101 and 107 Buchanan St., as a First-Class Billiard Room, Smoking-Room, Lavatory, &c.

NOT WHAT HE WANTED.—Jones expresses his gratification that the 'cute Liverpoolians who tried the "corner" in *cotton* seem likely to get *worsted*.

"The Plagues of Egypt"—Military revolutions and financial deficits.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

MAIN STREET, SOUTH SIDE, GLASGOW.

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MISS EDITH HERRICK'S COMPANY in WILKIE COLLINS'

Great Play,

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Mr J. L. TOOLE

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THIS EVENING, TUESDAY, SEPT. 27th, at 7-30,

WAITING CONSENT,

To be followed by the most Successful Comedy of the time,

THE UPPER CRUST.

Barnaby Doublechick, Mr J. L. TOOLE.

To conclude with the Farce,

BIRTHPLACE OF PODGERS.

Tom Cranky (his original character), Mr J. L. TOOLE.

WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY, 28th and 29th,

DEAF AS A POST,

After which the New and Original Comic Drama,

FOOL AND HIS MONEY,

To conclude with this night only

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FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 30TH,

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Entire Change of Programme.

Box Office Open at Muir Wood's and Theatre from 11 till 3.

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 13.

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MONDAY, OCTOBER 17th.

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HOT SNACKS, 3D EACH.

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DINNERS OF THREE COURSES—ONE SHILLING.
SOIREES and SUPPERS contracted for.

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ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell the
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 jects" by D. P. Tenier; Superb Mantelpiece Clock in Dresden
 Case, surmounted by Figure of "Time directing the Arts and
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 and "Napoleon;" Bronze "Female Figure," 25in. high;
 Bronze Figure, "The Bather," 32in. high; Bronze and Gilt
 Clock and Pair Vases by T. Shaw, Glasgow; Antique Eboni-
 sed Casket, with Enamel Compartments and Ormolu Mounts;
 Handsome Oxydised Centre Epergne, Lady's Brass-mounted
 Coromandel Wood Dressing Case, Morocco Carte de Visite
 Album, with Wedgwood Plaque and Ormolu Mounts; Pair
 Revolving Sevres Vases, 18in., beautifully painted with Figure
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 Decanter and Goblet, Worcester China Afternoon Tea Set,
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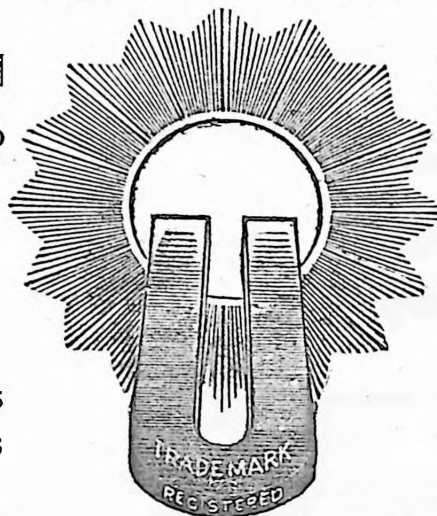
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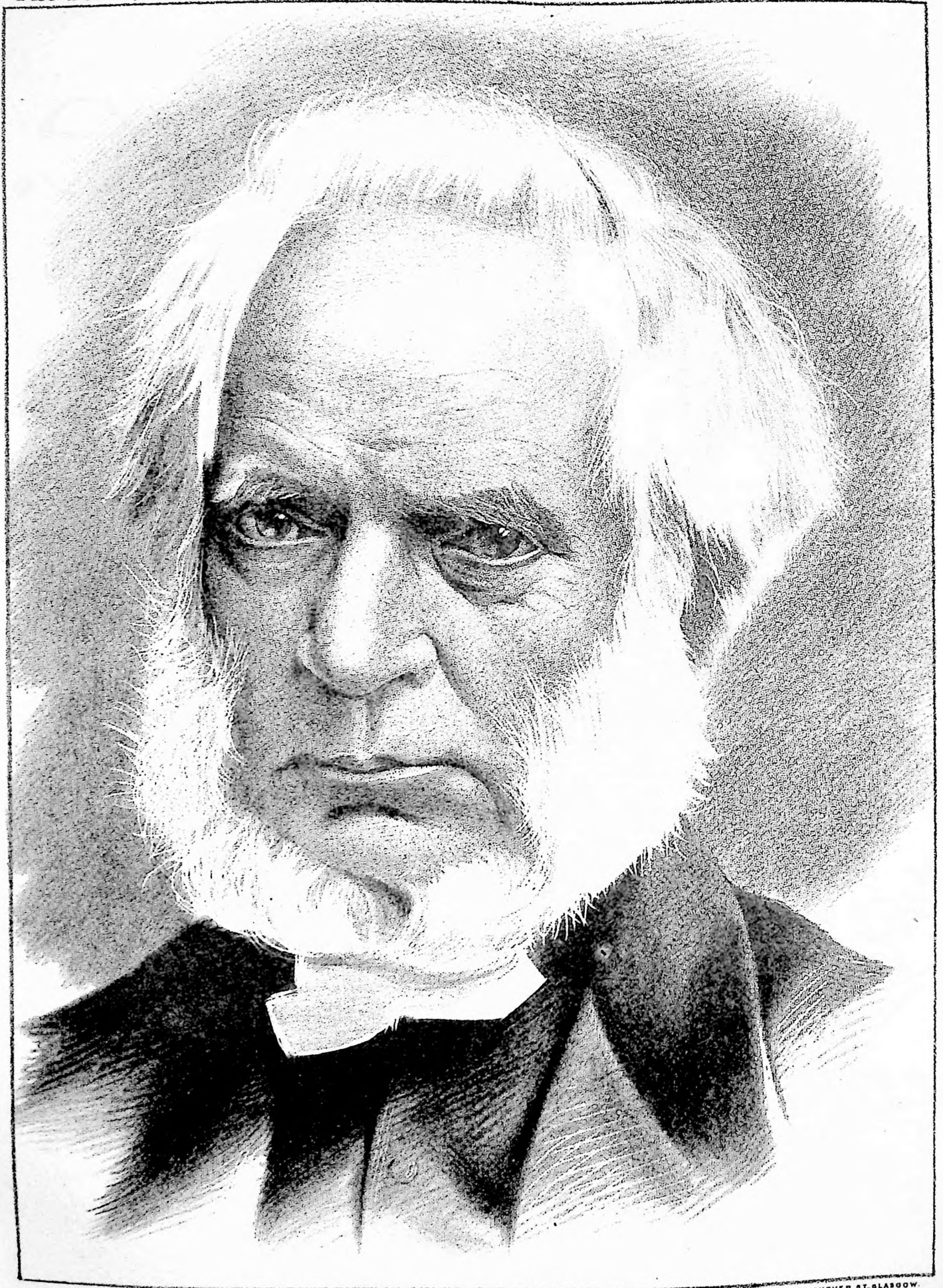
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The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 468. Glasgow, Wednesday, October 5th, 1881. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 468.

THE Man you Know whom the BAILIE today introduces to his readers may be said to possess the apparently opposite qualities of being at once "unknown yet well known." So far as his presence or prominence at merely political assemblies, or ecclesiastical contendings, or any of those sectional coteries which too often represent the uncharitablenesses of social and religious rivalry is concerned, he is totally unknown. In these departments of popular and patriotic chivalry he neither strives nor cries, nor permits his voice to be heard in the streets. But wherever a true philanthropy urges a worthy plea, or a voice is needed to be raised on behalf of those who cannot speak for themselves; and more especially in those silent ministries of benevolence which appeal to the noblest ambitions, yet attract no public notice, and promise no popular appreciation, the Man you Know is eminently well known. The Rev. DAVID RUSSELL, of Eglinton Street Congregational Church, represents a type of personal character and professional ability, which combines within it some of the highest elements of good citizenship. For upwards of forty years he has ministered to one and the same congregation, and in this fact alone affords an exemplary illustration of pastoral stedfastness which contrasts honourably with the too frequent changes of more recent times. Other spheres of labour have solicited his services during the course of these years, but always in vain. He has remained unchangeably faithful to his first and early love. We rather think he is the sole survivor of the ministry of all denominations who filled the pulpits of Glasgow at the period of his settlement. Mr RUSSELL is the only son of the late Dr Russell of Dundee, whose fame as an expositor of Scrip-

ture spread far and wide, and whose theological works are well known and held in high repute. The Man you Know was originally intended for the law, and studied with that view at the University of St. Andrews, of whose Council he is a member, but he subsequently became a student of theology in the "Hall" of the Independent Churches, then under the care of the venerable Greville Ewing and Dr Ralph Wardlaw. It is not improbable that his early legal training developed if it did not originate that faculty of consecutive thinking and precise definition by which his ministry is distinguished. He was ordained in 1839 over a congregation which, from a small beginning, has greatly increased alike in numbers, wealth, and influence under his pastorate. It met at first in an old building in Brown Street, which had been occupied previously as a Gaelic chapel. Two years afterwards it removed to the church in Nicolson Street, which had been vacated by the U.P. Congregation, then under the ministry of the late Dr John Macfarlane; and in 1866 it took possession of the handsome new church in Eglinton Street, which it presently occupies. The Man you Know has been long distinguished as a diligent pastor, and an eminent expositor of "The Word." His expositions are in many respects unique. He never attempts "flights," and is understood quietly to smile at those of his brethren who are supposed to keep a few familiar "eagles" in reserve for such occasional exhibitions. He stands resolutely by what are known as the "Old Paths" in theology, but cherishes a warm and generous sympathy for such novelties either in thought or expression as are the genuine fruit of conviction or of culture. For the mere affectation of either he is not careful to conceal his supreme contempt. He is a trustee of Hutchesons' Hospital, and one of the vice-presidents of the National Bible Society.

His position among the Congregationalists is one of the highest honour. His native sagacity and long experience, added to his frank and sympathetic disposition, render him a Nestor among his brethren, by whom his counsel in any personal or professional difficulty is much appreciated. Not a few of his occasional "Dicta" on a variety of subjects are preserved and quoted as the embodiment alike of intuitive perception and practical common sense. As a consistent representation of what are understood to be the distinctive principles of Scottish Congregationalism, and of their wise administration under the varying conditions of individual Church life (of which the BAILIE, alas! does not affect to judge) no man commands a larger confidence or exercises a wider influence. He has filled almost every office which it is in the power of his denomination to bestow. He acted as Secretary of the Congregational Union for sixteen years, and on retiring from that post two or three years ago he received a public testimonial of gratitude and esteem in the Trades' Hall of this city. For several years he was Honorary Secretary of their Theological Academy, and he is at present editor of their denominational magazine. But his tried fidelity to the traditions of his sect has never degenerated into sectarian narrowness, or impeded the generous catholicity of his sentiments towards all sorts and conditions of men. On the contrary, it is the firm conviction of the BAILIE that the Man you Know would, on an emergency, take the pulpit of any heresiarch anywhere on the single condition that he should tell the truth *he* believed, without making the occasion one of theological controversy. He is one of the most brotherly of men, and his sympathies flow from necessity towards everything that is true, and generous, and good. The BAILIE believes that if indeed Glasgow is to flourish by the preaching of the Word, according to its ancient legend, its leaf will never wither so long as it numbers among its citizens such preachers as DAVID RUSSELL.

PRECOCIOUS.

(Scene—A dining-room.)

George—Why ain't we going to London, papa?

Papa—Can't afford it, George.

George—Then you ought to try and get into the Town Council. No difficulty when you're there.

Lyon's Elegant Monograms, ready stamped, 6d per quire.—
LYON, 389 Sauchiehall Street.

October.

OCTOBER, the mellow October,
Is with us, and now all around
The crumpled leaves, yellow and sober,
Drep silently down to the ground.
Now winter comes nearer and nearer,
And our hearts are adance with the thought,
For the winter brings charms which are dearer
Than any the summer e'er brought.

October has come, soft as summer—
As summer?—ah, summer we'd none—
And O what a dear, welcome comer
Is its big, honest morning's red sun!
October has come with its long nights—
(For nights dark at six how we tire!)—
Its readings, its sweet dance and song nights,
And chats by the rosy-red fire.

October has come, and we're happy—
So happy, that sleep we could not
Till we up from the blankets so nappy
And pencil and paper had got,
And down in this poor *otta rima*
Put our burst of delight—here's the sum
(Though to take up your space you may deem a
Presumption):—October has come.

A DISTINCTION WITHOUT A DIFFERENCE.
(Scene—Highland cottage; Lachlan, the village patriarch, learning that Donald is "anither faither," pays him a visit.)

Donald—Weel, Lachie! I'm clad to see you! You'll hear I wass anither faither. Look at my son, noo, and told me what you'll thocht.

Lachlan—Och, aye! she's braw, braw! no toot, no toot! but man, Tonal, she's a mighty sma-al child! When our Neil wass porn she wiss half as pig as two of yours!

OUR "FAST" VISITORS.—Last Thursday was "the Greenock Fast;" and, says a contemporary, "the streets of Glasgow presented a more than usual (*sic*) lively appearance, being paraded by large numbers of visitors from Greenock and Port-Glasgow." According to the BAILIE'S experience of Sugaropolis, "liveliness" is scarcely a characteristic of either the place or the people. Possibly, however, the lively appearance in question may have been due to the fact of some of our visitors being in an unusually high state of "spirits."

SOMETHING LIKE A "SPREE."—A sad case of nautical depravity is reported by a morning paper, which tells us of a Glasgow ship having gone ashore at a foreign port, and "got tight." It is not mentioned whether the crew shared in the orgy, but the BAILIE is willing to give them the benefit of the doubt.

BILLIARDS.—Now Open, under Experienced Management, those central premises, 101 and 107 Buchanan St., as a First-Class Billiard Room, Smoking-Room, Lavatory, &c.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the attempt to increase the official salaries resulted in a fiasco.

That the honorarium dodge was a failure.

That even Lord Provost Ure counselled the withdrawal of Alphabet Smith's little scheme.

That W. R. W. Smith is much the same—no better.

That his travelling in foreign parts hasn't improved him one bit.

That some Councillors supplement their speeches at the Council Board by letters to the papers.

That they expect to explain this correspondence at future meetings.

That other members imagine they ought to be allowed to make speeches because they do not write to the papers.

That the public could dispense with both inflictions.

That there are some sensible men at the Trades' Council.

That one of them, at last meeting, said—"Some workmen would rather do anything than soil their hands with labour, would take money, an excursion to London, and live in a hotel for a few days."

That the Sheriff of Renfrewshire has nipped the Pollokshields Extension scheme in the bud.

That the Govan Parochial Board is once more before the public.

That Merryflatts is a distinguished, not to say notorious, institution.

That the price of bread has been raised.

That the bakers are a-going of it.

That it is some time since the price of the loaf was so high as it is at present.

That the City of Rome was brought to the Clyde to show our local builders "how to do it."

That, as it turned out, she showed them "how it shouldn't be done."

That Lord Provost Ure's speech on the murdered President was a neat and artistic piece of work.

That his Lordship knows how to do a thing gracefully.

That the retiring Dean of Guild has given a sad account of the building trade.

That he is sorry more tenements have not been erected during his reign.

That Glasgow is greatly overbuilt.

That the unoccupied property in the city would realise an income equal to that of many a German State.

That the property mania has died out.

That many speculators got most severely bitten.

That some are still holding the baby.

That the operations which have been executed during the last three years are all of a healthy and legitimate character.

That the shipbuilding trade continues brisk.

That a goodly number of contracts are coming to the Clyde.

That Barrow hasn't quite destroyed our local reputation.

That between Tailors and Hammermen, the business of the Trades' House is in a parlous mess.

That what has been done "in private" will yet be proclaimed on the house-top.

On 'Change.

SOME folk got a fright the other day when they saw their favourite stocks falling away without any apparent cause. No one seemed to have knowledge enough to assign a reason. One man laid the depression at the door of the American exchange. Another said that people had become tired of paying contango rates, and so cleared out. A third maintained that the prospect of dearer money was at the bottom of the mischief. It did not seem to occur to them that they were all correct in their surmises, though each took in only part of the truth. If American exchange goes against us that means withdrawal of gold from this country. Withdrawal of gold means dearer money here; and dearer money means that men will desire to curtail their responsibilities.

There is no doubt that the probabilities are in favour of a rise in the Bank rate within the next six weeks. No one will be much injured by the change. An advance to 4½ per cent. would not harm anybody, but it is a pity that the alteration, when it comes, should be due rather to a demand for money from abroad than to the legitimate absorption of capital for trading purposes at home.

All the efforts of the ironmasters, backed by a few sturdy bulls, have been insufficient to keep pig-iron up at its highest recent level. Warrants are still in favour, to be sure, and may possibly continue so until the present fever is followed by a chill. When the ironmasters finish the repairs they intend to make they will all want to blow their furnaces in again, and so secure the advantage accruing from any little margin that may be going.

At last the British public is to receive the inestimable blessings conferred upon the world in general by the working of petroleum in Germany. A company has been formed in London, with a capital of £60,000 in £1 shares, and the subscription is to be closed in hot haste. There is one strikingly singular sentence in the prospectus. The directors say that they "are informed" that petroleum rights in a certain district of Germany are worth £250 per acre. I should have thought that a board of directors, before bringing their scheme before a confiding public, would have satisfied themselves on the point. If they were only "informed" on the subject it would be agreeable for the investors to know the source of information.

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A Popular Educator—Music.

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Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—At the Gaiety this week they are playing Mr G. R. Sims's "Member for Slocum" and the burlesque of "Little Don Juan." Sims, as I said last week, is one of the coming dramatists, while the burlesque is an established favourite. The leading parts in both pieces are taken by Miss Kate Lawler and Mr J. L. Shine.

Miss Lawler, if I recollect aright, is new to the Glasgow stage. She has appeared with considerable success at the London Gaiety, and some months ago she undertook the direction of the London Royalty—adding the work of leading *comedienne* and burlesque actress to the cares of management.

Next Monday Messrs Robertson and Bruce's Company will appear at the Gaiety in "Caste." I should advise your readers not to lose this opportunity, as the present will probably be the last production in Glasgow for some time to come of this most unconventional, most improbable, and yet most fascinating of modern comedies.

—o—

After a fortnight's most successful engagement, Mr Charles Sullivan makes way at the Royal Princesses Theatre to-night for Miss Edith Herrick's Company, who appear in a dramatised version of Mr Wilkie Collins' novel of "Man and Wife." On the 10th of October there will be a grand production of the perennial "Rob Roy," under the joint direction of Mr Walter Bentley and Mr Cecil Beryl. The bold outlaw will of course be sustained by Mr Bentley, and it may be recollected that he sustained this *role* with much success at a recent revival of the Scottish national drama at Sadlers' Wells Theatre, London. Our veteran comedian, "Old" Lloyd, will once more be *Major Galbraith*, while Mr T. W. Benson, a comedian of approved power—and what is more, a born and bred Glaswegian—will appear as the *Bailie*. Quite a host of auxiliaries have been engaged for the piece, new scenery has been prepared for it, and altogether this "Rob Roy" of Mr Beryl's promises to be one of rare excellence. Shortly after the withdrawal of "Rob Roy" Charles Majilton will produce at the South-Side Theatre Mr G. R. Sim's new and farcical play entitled "The Gay City." I may further mention that Mr Alois Brousil, having fulfilled his Scarborough engagement, resumes his position as chef d'orchestre at the Royal Princess's on Monday next.

—o—

Mr. Knapp has put up Byron's comedy of "Punch" at the Royalty this week, with Mr David James in his original part of *Professor Mistletoe*, the puppet show-man. This is a character of the *Dick Dolland* order, one that gives ample scope for acting of the broad, vigorous school which never fails to hit an audience, and hit them hard, too. But, indeed, were the *role* even less effective than it is, Mr James would still be able to make something out of it—so much genuine power has he, so effective are his touches of pathos, so natural and unforced is his style.

Notable among the members of the company by whom Mr James is accompanied is Mr Edward Chessman, the comedian who introduced the *Cabriols* of Offenbach to the Glasgow "boards," and who was so good in the *role* as to dwarf all the *Cabriolos*—and they have been many—who have come after him.

"Punch," by-the-bye, was originally produced at the London Vaudeville towards the end of last May.

The performance of "Dot" at the Royalty on Saturday evening, by Mr Toole and his friends, was noticeable for the *John Peerybingle* of Mr John Billington. We were all familiar with the *Calob Plummer* of Mr Toole, but this picture of the "lumbering, slow, honest *John*; this *John* so heavy, but so light of spirit; so rough upon the surface, but so gentle at the core; so dull without, so quick within; so stolid, but so good;" this *Peerybingle* of Dickens, in short, was new to us, and we grew fairly rapturous over its excellence. I mentioned, last week, that Mr Billington was the *Ned Plummer* of "Dot" when the drama was originally produced at the London Adelphi in the spring of '62; but I may add that on the earliest reading of the piece he was "cast" for the *role* of *Peerybingle*, and had after-

wards to give it up to poor Sam Emery, then the "character" actor of the Adelphi Company. "By this time," Mr Billington remarks, when telling the story to day, "I had grown to love *Peerybingle*, and the transference of characters nearly broke my heart." The little story is interesting, especially when read in the light supplied by the embodiment of the carrier now given by this admirable actor.

Mr Toole appears this evening at the Grand Theatre, Leeds, as *Barnaby Ratchick* in the "Upper Crust."

On Monday next Miss Marriot will begin a short engagement at the Royalty; and among the pieces performed during her stay will be Mr Wills's new pastoral drama of "Sedgemoor."

—o—

It seems hardly likely that there will be any Theatre-Royal pantomime this season. "They say," at all events, that the rumours with regard to a new lessee and manager have been in every case premature, and in some quite unfounded. Mr Wybrow Robertson, who continues "the man in possession," is able, for the time, at least, to snap his fingers at any Tom, Dick, or Harry of them all, and in point of fact he is, metaphorically, of course, going on doing so now.

—o—

The Paisley "bodies" are eagerly inquiring as to the identity of Mr Publius Park, the starch manufacturer who is "taken-off" with such merciless severity in the new Highland novel entitled "Stronbuy." This person is described as tall, gaunt, hollow-chested, and gifted with a suspiciously red nose. Who can the satirical rogue, responsible for "Stronbuy," mean?

—o—

The training-ship Cumberland must surely be one of the most thriving "institutions" afloat. For the last financial year I find that the old hulk received an income of not less than £7,794 8s 6d. Of this, £5,859 8s 5d came from the Imperial treasury; £581 6s 3d from subscriptions; £1,194 8s 3d from Glasgow ratepayers; £17 12s 8d from voluntary inmates; and sundries totting up to £141 12s 11d. Can it be true, I wonder, that only one boy from the ship was found equal to the exam. for the Royal Navy during the whole of the twelve months. As the Cumberland gets £25 for each boy passed into the Navy the game might be made a paying one. One boy per annum in four hundred can hardly be looked upon as an equitable addition to the Queen's Navee from a vessel flying the Queen's colours, and mainly existing on national funds. There must be a screw loose somewhere. Will the great little captain see to its locale and apply the remedy?

—o—

Among the municipal schemes on foot is one to reduce the candle power of our gas, and to give it, at the same time, at a reduced rate of assessment, while another seeks to secure the exclusive right to the corporation of employing electricity for lighting purposes within the bounds of the municipality.

—o—

The Coun'ess of Eglinton gives a grand ball at Ayr to the Eglinton Hunt this week. Lord Eglinton is at the present in the Mediterranean.

—o—

Among the successes which marked the visit of Mr Toole to Glasgow must be reckoned the dinner to which, together with Mr George Loveday, he was entertained on Saturday afternoon, in the Grand Hotel, by the members of the Pen and Pencil Club. The "P. and P.'s" never showed to better advantage, and the pair of guests evidently enjoyed themselves to the utmost. In the genial, accomplished chairman of the gathering, Professor P. A. Simpson, we have, it should be further noted, one of the best, if not the very best, after-dinner speakers in the city.

—o—

Mr Taggart's male-voice choir give a concert in the Trades' Hall on Tuesday evening, with Gounod's *Messe des Orpheonistes* (No. 2) and an interesting selection of other part-music for gentlemen's voices in their programme. From the rarity of the class of vocal performance the occasion ought to command attention among musical people.

The management of the *Weekly Mail* have no end of good things in the way of stories "to be continued in our next" arranged for right into the middle of next year. James Smith, the knight-errant of servantgalism, who hit the *Mail* readers so hard with his "Wee Curly," begins his "Maggie Lauder" in November. Thereafter Messrs Besant and Rice have an innings with a domestic story, and to cap all that eminent London litterateur, Mr Henry W. Lucy, afterwards gives a vivid picture of social and political life in the "New Babylon," in which money-lending, electioneering, &c., will be sketched from life. Mr Lucy, it may be whispered, who was the original writer of "Under the Clock" in the *World*, and the first editor of the now defunct *Mayfair*, is the Parliamentary summary writer for the *Daily News*, is Toby M.P. in *Punch's* "Essence of Parliament," and also hails "From the Cross Benches" in the columns of the *Observer*.

—o—

The father of war correspondents, Dr W. H. Russell, spent an afternoon in Glasgow last week in the Grand Hotel on his way from Abergeldie to Lady Macnaughten's seat in County Antrim.

—o—

The Common Hall of the University, for the erection of which the funds were so generously provided by the Marquis of Bute, is now in a forward state, though from twelve to eighteen months are yet likely to elapse before it is finally completed. The noble donor is evidently of opinion that the work should not be run up too hastily, as is the case with too many of our public buildings, but rather that, as in days gone by, operations should go on steadily and be the result of mature deliberation. Already, however, a very good notion can be gained of the fine proportions of the hall and its prevailing beauty of detail, and a special feature—all but finished—is to be noticed in the magnificent timber work which crowns the interior.

—o—

On dit that Sheriff Lees will next month enter the holy state of matrimony for the second time—the bride on this occasion being Miss Clark of Crossbasket.

—o—

I spent a pleasant half-hour the other Saturday afternoon in Queen's Park U.P. Church, viewing the polychromatic decoration recently renewed by Messrs Bowie & Co., according to the direction and under the direct supervision of Mr Skirving, architect—names which guarantee good workmanship, and due regard for the unique designs of the eminent architect of the church, Greek Thomson. The organ, newly erected, and some other details, have been decorated by Mr Skirving in just harmony with the scheme of decoration throughout the building. Two London architects whom I saw in the church during my visit were rather astonished at how excellently Greek form and colour have been expressed in Glasgow.

—o—

Those who care to have their pulses quickened by an eerie, supernatural story, must read the "Thrawn Janet" of Robert Louis Stevenson in the October *Cornhill*. There has been nothing like it—not even Lytton's "House and its Haunters"—in recent literature. Indeed, to find a parallel to "Thrawn Janet" I do not know where to turn, unless it be to the "Winter Evening Tales" of the Ettrick Shepherd; and the work of Hogg seems coarse and splashy when placed alongside of the delicate and yet powerful art of Mr Stevenson.

—o—

The annual meeting of the Grand Antiquity Society of Glasgow takes place on Thursday evening.

—o—

Messrs M'Tear & Co. announce the sale by auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale-rooms, on the Wednesday of next week, of an authentic Water-Colour drawing by J. W. M. Turner. It will be on view on the previous Monday and Tuesday.

"The Member for Slocum" (slow come)—Bradlaugh.

The Poetry of Motion.

A WEST-END dancing-master announces, in a glowing advertisement, that he has "returned from a two months' residence in Berlin, Dresden, and Vienna;" and that "being acquainted with the language"—isn't this rather a *non sequitur*?—he "has succeeded in acquiring many dances, and beautiful novelties in waltz, polka, and quadrille dancing." The gushing gentleman goes on to say that a "special feature" of his lessons will be the practice of the "Prussian military drill," adding that he is "particularly pleased over the acquisition of this drill." There's no accounting for tastes. Prussian Hans is generally so particularly pleased with the prospect of such an acquisition that he bolts out of the country in order to avoid it! But let's hope our Terpsichorean friend intends to inculcate a somewhat milder form of discipline than that which commends itself to Graf von Moltke.

That Was It!

THE use of fine names for common things being one of the most objectionable vanities of the period, the BAILIE felt quite refreshed the other day on noticing that a firm of Greenock grocers had publicly protested against their place of business being called a "warehouse" instead of a "shop." But, alas! When his Worship came to read the paragraph in full he found that the protest had been made in the Valuation Appeal Court, and that it had originated in the fact a "shop" is rated lower than a "warehouse." So the motive of the men of tea and sugar was sordid, not simple. 'Tis ever thus!

A FACT.

(Scene—A Druggist's Shop; Sunday evening.)

Swell Youth—A postage stamp, please.

Druggist—We don't keep that kin' o' sticking plaster.

A PUBLIC SCANDAL.—The manner in which the quarry fire at Maryhill has been permitted to grow to its present alarming dimensions is simply disgraceful to everybody concerned. It could easily have been stopped at the beginning, and even after it had become dangerous, prompt action would have set things right. Now that the whole district is frightened out of its wits "serious steps" are contemplated. They had better be proceeded with seriously, or the consequences are likely to be still more serious.

"Auld Reekie"—An old tobacco pipe.

Quavers.

THE Pollokshields Musical Society begins work for the season this week. Mr Zaverthal, Jun., is the conductor as before. The two principal works selected for study are Dr Hiller's cantata, "The Song of Victory," and Barnett's "Building of the Ship." The former of these is musicianly if not very brilliant or original. It was written, as may be remembered, for the International Exhibition of 1871, and is to be considered a kind of triumphal crow over the Gaul on the German conquest of Paris. Barnett's melodious cantata is a particularly happy choice. Its clear, intelligible strains are in agreeable contrast to much of the music of the present day; and though it may be comparatively soon acquired, the society have wisely arranged for the performance of the cantata at their second concert, in place of earlier in the season, as has been usual with the leading work. The Pollokshields Society now enters on its ninth season.

The Hillhead Musical Society, which, by the way, is a year older than its scuthern neighbour—the present is its tenth season—resumes practising on Thursday, 6th instant. For the first half of the session Macfarren's "Christmas," which the association has previously brought forward, will be revived. It is clever and effective music, and there is no doubt, with the earnestness and purpose now marking the society, that it will be given a good account of, as the rather commonplace phrase is, when the time comes for reproduction. Mr Zaverthal, Jun.—we really beg his pardon, Il Cavaliere Ladislao Zaverthal (a recently-conferred and well deserved honour)—is again conductor. There is some fine *material* in the Hillhead Society, and we look with expectation for good singing and good music.

In addition to the new works recently directed attention to may be mentioned: (1) "Columbus," a dramatic cantata, for male voices, solo and chorus, by Henry Gadsby, the composer of "The Lord of the Isles." Mr Gadsby has evidently a *penchant* for male part music, and his present cantata of that cast, descriptive of the great discoverer's momentous voyage, is fresh and interesting. (2) "Prometheus Unbound" (Shelley), set to music by C. Hubert Parry, an able musician, and an authoritative critic and theorist. (3) "Out of Darkness, Psalm cxxx., for soli, chorus, and orchestra, by George Henschel, written in a scholarly style, and after the model of the English anthem somewhat. Lastly, (4) in absolutely new compositions, "The Sun Worshippers," a choral ode, the music by A. Goring Thomas, and the words adapted by C. Newton Scott from the French of Casimir Delavigne, the work showing ability as well as grace.

The large audience which assembled on Saturday evening in St. Andrew's Hall testified to the firm hold which the Glasgow Select Choir has obtained on the musical public. The choir was in good trim, and sang almost all the music in its very best style. Probably some little strengthening of the soprano part is desirable, probably, too, in the corresponding male part, the tenor, but the alto and bass are exceptionally full and of fine quality. Pinsuti's "The sea hath its pearls" was rendered with the most marked intelligence and refinement, and created a genuine impression, though, by the way, the same composer's "The Watchword," proved hardly so effective as one expected it would do from the music itself. The choir has made a hit in Barnett's song for soprano, "The Golden Gate" (chastely sung by Miss Johnstone), with the substitution of "bouche fermee" for the harmonium obligato. The idea was a happy (and legitimate) one on the part of Mr Allan. The part song, or rather dramatic ballad, "Ben Battle," met with a good reception. It is to be sung again next Saturday evening in the City Hall, at the usual Abstainers' Union concert.

Dr Peace's organ solos at the choir's concert were hardly so happy in selection as usual, excepting of course in the item the "William Tell" overture, which, by the way, Dr Peace played according to his revised arrangement for the organ. The chief feature in this new arrangement is the representation of the corno inglese, or alto oboe, in place of the treble oboe for the Alpine horn call, the "Ranz des Vaches," introduced in the overture.

De Gustibus—I

GRANNY has come to the conclusion that the unsavoury state of the Clyde is rather a public boon than otherwise. She waxes almost enthusiastic over its turbid waves. "No dweller on its banks," she exclaims, "no ferryman, no bargeman that plied upon its waters, was ever stricken down by its noxious fumes. Nay, those whose vocations compel them to pass their days and nights upon the river—the very policemen who keep their silent watch by dark on the deserted quays—are living embodiments of the maxim that 'dirt's fattening.'" A charming "maxim," truly! But if such are the old lady's tastes, why, when she was making those "palatial" alterations on her premises, did she not transport them bodily to the banks of her beloved and health-fraught stream?

LONG LOOKED FOR COME AT LAST.

(Scene—Sunday-school in Country Village. Boy in class exploding with laughter, attracts his Teacher's attention).

Teacher—What's wrang, laddie? you'll no tak ony o' your fits here, mind.

Boy—Hi, hi, hi. Oor Annie's gotten a lad, noo; they ca' him Tam. He bides at Baxter's Rest.

Teacher—Whist, laddie, keep it dark.

THE HIBERNIAN PROPAGANDA.—Closely following the railway outrages near Dundee, an attempt was last week made to upset a train between Port-Glasgow and Langbank. Such villanies are something of a novelty in Scotland. Are they to be set down to the influence of the Hibernian doctrines which have been so zealously preached among us of late? And if so may we expect them to be followed by the torturing of cattle and the maiming of men and women?

LOOK AHEAD!—Being go-ahead folks in Aberdeen, they are naturally also *look-ahead* folks—a fact which they have just proved by inviting the British Association to visit them in 1885. Should the Association not see their way to accept, it is understood that the invitation will be renewed for 1985.

Great Water—"spout"—Sir Wilfrid in the City Hall.

Reciprocity—A "fair" exchange is no robbery.

Gentlemen who get the Baby to hold—Remedy, 20s Perambulator.—GARDINER & HARDIE, 42 Great Clyde Street.

Our Municipal Orators—No. 9.

THE fates encompassed a marvellous feat when they brought W. R. W. Smith to birth. (By the way, has anybody yet solved the alphabetical puzzle?) For pure assurance he has no marrow in the Town Council. He is one of those greasy wicks that cannot be extinguished. Reckless and thickhided, and light as a magpie's feather, he will come to the surface, despite the most persistent efforts to keep him down. Nature has denied Mr Smith the advantages of depth, seriousness, and comprehensive grasp of intellect, but, as compensation, has given him one quality—the gift of manipulating humanity. Taken as a whole, the Councillor is a scraggy personage—scraggy in body and mind, in face, whiskers, and voice. In his eyes there is a weird, hungry look that compels commiseration. He knows this himself, but does not care to reflect too much on the fact. Long ago he found out that a piece of burnished brass will pass among the ingenuous, the unsophisticated, as genuine gold, and he has made admirable use of the discovery. He can palm off the counterfeit coin of his intellect with dexterous sleight of hand. So great an adept has he become that the uninitiated take him for a sage. But he is not. Mr Smith is considerable in trifles, but incapable of looking at an important question in detail, or originating any affair of consequence. At times he has a gleam of the congruous, but it does not last. It is his audacity that has gotten him notoriety. He cannot help talking; and his particular pride is in posing as a critic. On every topic he essays to orate, and generally manages to have the last word. Should he have nothing to say that would tend to enlightenment he will make a miniature joke of the matter, and sit down smiling if his words have had the effect of raising a laugh. He interferes in everything, and by energetic loquacity and gesture—never by force of argument—tries to convince his brethren that he alone sees clearly to the bottom of a subject. Like most men who take delight in setting their fellows right, he cannot bear to have himself interrupted. To be stopped in the middle of a harangue is his special abhorrence. When called to order the aspect and attitude of the restless Councillor become a study, and would provide a unique figure for the Black and White Exhibition. With a copy of the minutes in his left hand, his form bent forward, and his contracted visage bringing up to the imagination the vision of an inspired Sphinx, he waits

the deliverance of the chair with a look of "Say what *you* will, *I'm* in the right." The Lord Provost may give the most reasonable explanation in the world of the point at issue, but no sooner is he finished than W. R. W. strikes his paper, and shrieks to his Lordship that he is wofully mistaken. Mr Smith is not, however altogether oblivious to common sense. In the long run he usually intimates his willingness to withdraw any little foolish motion he may have introduced (laughter). Should the Council take him seriously he would prove a bore and a nuisance. But the members never regard him in that light. He has become the accredited jester of the assembly. How would he look on the Bench?

LAND-LORDS, LAWS, AND LEAGUES.

Down with the dust. Then "Down" with the reat.
Well if I must, will you be content?
All that I want is only what's "fair,"
What has been spent—tear, wear, and repair,
That profit and loss we may equally share.

ASS HEELAN' ASS A PEAT.

(Scene—Station on Wemyss Bay line; Highland porter pushing corpulent old lady with basket of eggs into smoking compartment.)
1st Passenger (to porter)—This is a smoking carriage.

Highland Porter—She'll knew that.

(Corpulent old lady retires.)

2nd Passenger (angrily)—I say, porter, you ought to have more sense than show a female into a smoking compartment.

Highland Porter (with blood up, but totally put off his guard by this sudden appeal to his senses)—Hold you ye're tongue. You will haff nothin' ta do wi' ta bisness, whateffer. She'll pit men in there ass long ass she'll like.

[Train moves slowly out of station amidst roars of laughter]

WANTED TO KNOW.—"Magnetic soles" are advertised in a local paper. Are they any relation to the "sympathetic souls" of which we sometimes hear, or merely first cousins of the "electric cel?"

A "Lead"-ing Part—Caleb "Plummer."

Established upwards of half a century, Adam's fruit warehouse, 58 St. Enoch Square, where all Fruits can be had in their seasons. Only the best quality are kept. Note address, JAS. ADAM & Co., 58 St. Enoch Square, and 55 Gordon Street

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The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 5th, 1881.

OF all the singularly inconclusive and inconsistent proceedings in the City Hall last Tuesday evening, none were more singular, more inconclusive, or more inconsistent than the speeches of the "noble chairman" and the "funny" baronet from Carlisle, Lord Colin,

after talking of Sir Wilfrid as "our" leader, "turned his back on himself" some half-dozen times; and Sir Wilfrid, in the midst of fulsome panegyrics of Mr Gladstone, described him as one of a lot of "unreliable, shaky, weak-kneed Liberals!" And these are but instances of the teetotal logic and consistency which made the City Hall ring again to frantic applause. One word to the "noble chairman." He declined, at the close of the meeting, to "take the pledge." Had he taken fewer pledges than he has done at various periods of his remarkable career, his political reputation would be in a state considerably less "parlous" than it is at present.

'Arry in a New Light.

MR HARRY ALFRED LONG has just been telling us, through the columns of the *Herald*, that during his recent memorable visit to Yankeeland he "hunted by scent and sight to find an atheistic debater, and could only hear of one or two in all the vast region from the Arctic to Florida." Harry, in his new rôle of a sort of elderly sleuth-hound nosing out atheistic lecturers, presents an interesting and a pleasing spectacle. Could he not get up a similar hunt through the streets of Glasgow some Sunday afternoon for the edification of the citizens? The BAILIE has no doubt he could find backers, and he has not had a sporting event "on" since his little turn-up with the Motherwell Champion—an affair in which he did not come off with much *éclat*, and the memory of which he should consequently endeavour to efface.

The BAILIE is glad to learn that a division of the famous "Corps of Commissionaires" has been established in Glasgow. These fine fellows have long since made themselves indispensable in London, and, without trenching on the domain of their non-military rivals, they will doubtless soon become equally indispensable in the Second City. In the meantime, his Worship, for one, bids them heartily welcome.

"My Awful Dad," as the young reprobate remarked when he reached home at 12.30 a.m., and couldn't find the latch-key.

A Point of Order—The point of the bayonet in Ireland).

"Down with the Dust"—By the watering-cart
All to "Pot"—Æsthetic decoration.

"Oriental Art"—East-end dodges.

A Going Business—A letter carrier's.

How to Get Up a Picnic.

AS the success of a picnic chiefly depends upon "skiey influences," your first duty will be to consult all the amateur weather-prophets of your acquaintance—that is to say, nine-tenths of the people on your visiting-list. Then get hold of all the available weather-charts, and study them in combination with the latest meteorological notes from America, London, and Ben Nevis. After finding all the predictions to disagree, you can "figure it out" for yourself, and fix the day to suit your own convenience.

The next point is the selection of the company; and, as your entertainment will, of course, be given on the co-operative principle, you must take care to select persons able and willing to contribute handsomely to the feast. Nobody can with reason expect more at your hands than the trouble of organisation, together with such necessary articles as glass, china—both of which you will insure against breakage—and salt. (You can, by the way, gain great *éclat* by producing that useful relish at the last moment, when everybody else thinks it has been forgotten.)

At the same time, the society at a picnic ought to have the piquancy of a well-compounded salad, and your guests—for they *are* your guests, even though they "find themselves"—should therefore be chosen with a due regard to diversity of tastes, opinions, and habits. A high Tory and an advanced Radical, an Agnostic and a disciple of Dr Begg—each irrepressibly given to the dogmatic assertion of his views; a slangy, cigarette-smoking flirt and a "shrieking sister"—these are types of the social condiments which, by being played off against each other, will give zest to your picnic, and prevent it from becoming dull or insipid.

You must not forget, however, that human intercourse depends to a great extent on self-sacrifice, and those who do not of themselves recognise this fact must have it impressed upon them. Any selfish and sensual preference in the way of eating and drinking should be, so far as possible, discouraged. Teach the man who confesses to a weakness for game-pie to content himself with cold beef, and should any lady "love ice-pudding" and insist on having it, supply her with the delicacy in a liquid state. Persist also in mistaking the confirmed wine-bibber for the teetotaller, and *vice versa*, ostentatiously proffering the former lemonade, and pressing sherry upon the latter.

If, again, there be any young couples present who are "engaged," or who show symptoms of

shortly entering upon that interesting estate, it will be your duty throughout the day to prevent any of those selfish *tête-à-têtes* after which their silly souls hunger and thirst. This you will do even at personal inconvenience. Conversely, any husband and wife notoriously at variance should be carefully thrown on each other's resources.

By taking these hints, and adopting others of a similar nature, which will readily suggest themselves, you will bring it about that, whatever else happens, your picnic will have a lasting abode in the memories of all privileged to be present at it.

THE VIEW CONSOLATORY.

(A country village; Nanny, old wife, meets Ralph, old man, going to his work.)

She—Ye'll be vera dowie noo, Ralph, sin' yer brother dee'd!

He—Yes, but oo was gie-an-weel through wi' oor wark whan it happened.

INTOXICATING MELODY!—The power of music is a wonderful thing. A gentleman who visited one of the Saturday evening "teetotal" concerts the other night, was shortly thereafter discovered in a state of "how came you so?" in Candleriggs. If the strains of the vocalists prove of so intoxicating a character, Mr Airlie will really have to reduce the quality of his music for the benefit of "weak brethren."

PRAISE FROM—ROBERTUS!—Last Friday Mr Gemmel had before him the owner of a vicious dog, and in the course of the evidence "three night constables" are stated to have given the animal "a good character." No wonder the Magistrate did not wait to hear more, but forthwith proceeded to fine the proprietor of the subject of this dubious eulogy.

FISHY.—Somebody advertises in the *Citizen* having "left or lost" a "bag of fish" and a variety of other articles in some indefinite locality the other night. Ahem! Looks a rather fishy case altogether, eh?

WHICH?—Three successive items in the programme of the Glasgow Select Choir last Saturday were "The Golden Gate," "The Cloud-capped Towers," and "The Cruiskeen Lawn." Is this climax or anti-climax?

Protect Your Valuables	}	By using a FIRE and THIEF-RESISTING SAFE. JENNINGS & Co., 101 Mitchell Street (off Gordon Street), have, by Milner and others, New and Second-Hand, from £5. 22 in., 55s; 24 in. 75s; 26 in., 90s; 28 in., 100s; Safe for Warehouse. Inspection Invited. State Size required.
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Megilp.

ARTISTS may be reminded that the Scottish Water Colour Society are open to receive applications for membership. The book in which candidates should enter their names lies in the Exhibition room at the Institute. Ladies are eligible for election. The Secretary, Mr Smith, will give every information.

Messrs Pettie and M Whirter were in Glasgow yesterday (Monday).

David Murray has returned from Corrie, and goes this week to Tarbert, where Hamilton Macalium is at present, while Colin Hunter is at the opposite side of Loch Fyne. Waller Paton is at Luss.

The following letter, which was received the other day by a well-known Scottish painter, will serve to show the temptations to which artists are now and then subjected. It may be interesting to note that the writer of the letter is a well-known maker of tricycles in Coventry:—

“Dear Sir,—Your picture, ‘———,’ in the Academy this year, gave me great pleasure. Unfortunately, I can’t afford to spend money to go in for it, but it has occurred to me you might be disposed to have a deal with me for it. I thought you would probably like to have one of our new tricycles. We have supplied many tricycles to artists, the following amongst them—P. H. Calderon, J Sant, S. P. Jackson, J. Clayton Adams, J. Aumonier, A. de Bréanski, William Gale, Wilmot Pilsbury, C. J. Lewis, etc., etc.—who all express themselves highly pleased. I have also some fine gold watches and diamond rings I have taken in exchange for tricycles.—Yours truly,

Looking to the circumstance that the value of the picture referred to is £100, and that a tricycle usually costs a fifth of that sum, it is perhaps superfluous to mention that the “deal” has not yet come off.

FOR BETTER FOR WORSE.

Bella Bell and Barbara Barr
Each wish'd to change her name ;
Poor Bella's changin' was for wa'ur,
While Barbara's Kames became.

The Tramway Company Again.

IN the name of common fairness and justice the BAILIE congratulates Sheriff Mair upon his decision last Thursday in the case where a discharged conductor sued the Tramway Company for the recovery of his deposit and certain wages due. No doubt, under their cunningly-devised regulations for the oppression of their servants, the Company *might* have been held to have proved their case, but it is satisfactory to see equity now and then overriding the strict letter of an unjust law. Really the Tramway Company would do well to mend their ways. The public are getting rather disgusted with such exposures as this—to say nothing of the other sins, alike of omission and commission, perpetrated by this overgrown body of monopolists.

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SARAH'S YOUNG MAN,

Followed by the New and Original Domestic Comedy,
PUNCH,

By HENRY J. BYRON.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 7th, BENEFIT OF
MR DAVID JAMES.

Mr SIMS REEVES'
FAREWELL PERFORMANCES
IN GLASGOW

Will take place as follows:—

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GRAND CONCERTS
MONDAY, OCTOBER 10th, 1881,
THURSDAY, OCTOBER 13.

GRAND THEATRE,

Performance of the Opera

“GUY MANNERING”

MONDAY, OCTOBER 17th.

Subscription Ticket for the Three Performances 21/0.

To be had of Messrs Muir, Wood & Co., Buchanan Street.

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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.

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MR TAGGART'S MALE VOICE CHOIR

IN THE
TRADES' HALL, GLASSFORD STREET,
On THURSDAY EVENING, 6TH OCTOBER,
At 8 o'Clock.

Admission, 1s. Juveniles, 6d.

PROGRAMME—PART I.

"Messe des Orpheonistes," No. 2,.....Gounod.

PART II.

Part-Song,....."Swiss Morning Hymn,".....Franz Abt.

Sacred Song,....."There is a Green Hill,".....Gounod.
(Mrs TAGGART).

Glee,....."Hail, Magic Hours,".....J. R. Macfarlane.

Boat Song,....."Hail to the Chief,".....G. W. Macfarren.

Song,....."Ruby,".....Gabriel.

(Miss J. GORMAN).

Glee,....."In a Cell,".....John Parry.

Part-Song,....."The Letter,".....J. L. Hatton.

PART III.

Glee,....."The Cloud Cap't Towers,".....Stevens.

Song,....."Tell Me, My Heart,".....Bishop.

(Mrs TAGGART).

Part-Song,....."The Tar's Song,".....J. L. Hatton.

Duet,....."Sull' Aria" (Figaro),.....Mozart.

Serenade,....."Good Night,".....Franz Abt.

Hunting Song,....."Hark! the Horn,".....Randelger.

(Mrs TAGGART).

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Address will be delivered by DR YOUNG, Professor of Natural
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Prospectuses and full particulars on application to Professor
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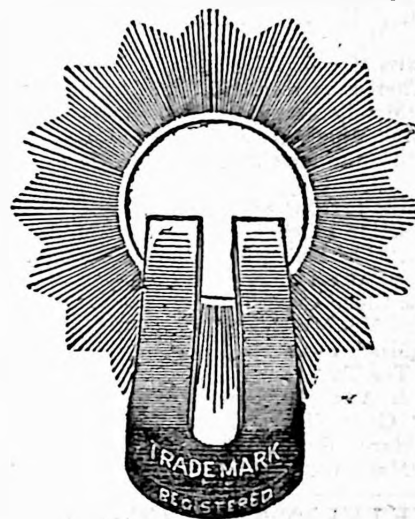
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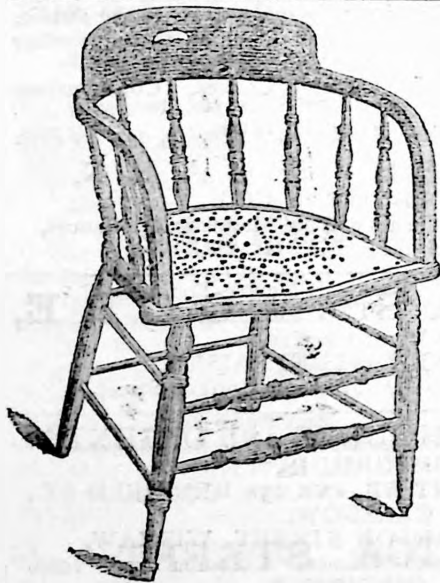
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